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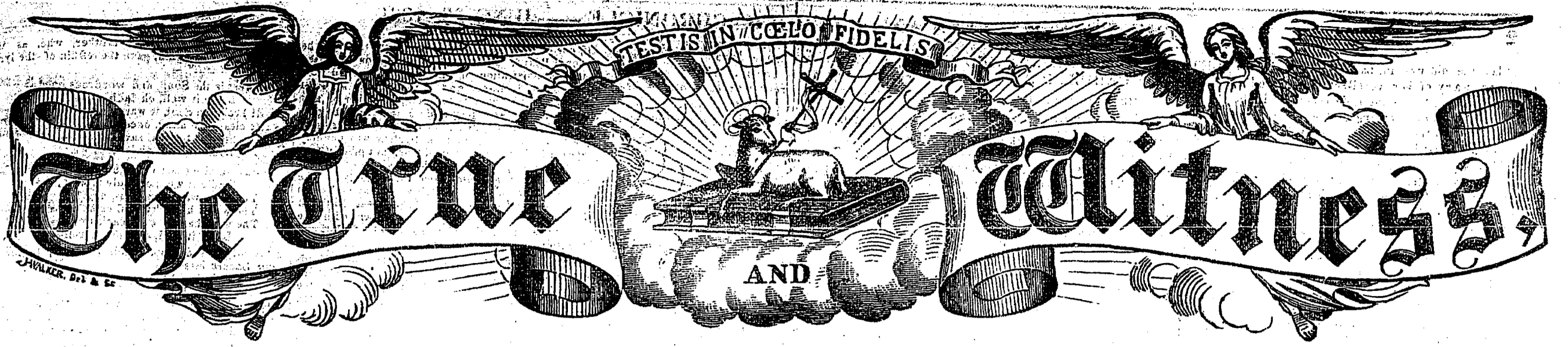
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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TURLOGH O'BRIEN; OR, THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER. CHAPTER III.—THE ROAD TO GLINDARRAGH—THE THREE HORSEMEN WHO TRAVELED IT.

It was on the evening already referred to that a cavalcade, consisting of three horsemen, might have been seen slowly approaching the steep old bridge of Glindarragh. Foremost and alone rode a young gentleman, apparently somewhere about six-and-twenty years of age, dressed in a riding suit of rich material, which was cut, moreover, in the extreme of the then prevailing fashion; a low-crowned hat, whose broad leaf was slightly cocked in front, overshadowed his handsome but somewhat sallow features, which were not unbecomingly relieved by the sable curls of his flowing peruke. The richness of the lace, which fluttered in the loose ends of his short neck-cloth, as well as in ruffles, together with the expensive elegance of his whole attire, bespoke him a gallant, profuse in his habits and courtly in his tastes; while the delicacy and hauteur of his features, and a certain negligent and graceful ease with which he sat his horse, betokened one of gentle birth and high breeding; there was, moreover, in the bearing of this gentleman a kind of bold, good-humored frankness, which indicated one who has seen the world, and knows how to make the most of it, go where he may, upon the shortest possible notice.

Behind him rode, at a little distance, his valet, a small, withered, bilious Englishman, bestriding a singularly tall and raw-boned steed, and looking with a soured expression and a careless desolation from object to object, as he mentally and not unfrequently audibly contrasted the uninviting prospect before him with the substantial comforts which everywhere greeted the eye of the traveller in his own happier land.

Beside him, and carrying behind his saddle a huge leathern trunk, containing so much of his master's wardrobe as he brought with him for present use, rode Tim Dwyer, an appendage picked up at a Dublin inn, rather for his supposed useful than for his decorative attributes, and whose office it was to have an eye after everything, and see that nothing went wrong—an office which, though apparently one of considerable anxiety and trouble, yet seemed to cost that individual marvellously little of either. His tastes ran strongly in the direction of blarney, quiet quizzing, and ardent spirits. His secret philosophy pointed to "number one" as decidedly the most important object in nature, and his leading principle was embodied in an injunction to take the world easy. Tim Dwyer's outward man was almost as lean and little as that of his companion; but, unlike him, his face wore a genial flush, which improved into a purple as it mounted to the sharp extremity of his nose; his eyes were small grey ones and seldom more than half open; and his mouth, which was remarkably wide, was singularly flexible at the corners, which were generally slightly drawn downward when the rest of his face appeared to be laughing—a peculiarity which gave habitually to his own countenance a sort of humbugging expression, strongly indicative of his propensities. When we add that this person presented, in his threadbare and slovenly attire, a marked contrast to the equipments of his natty companion, and that his years appeared to number some four or five-and-forty, we have said all that we have been able to collect respecting his external peculiarities.

As the young gentleman who headed this cavalcade rode slowly forward—for one of his horse's shoes was loose—his ruminations at length embodied themselves in a soliloquy like this:—

"And so, like a dutiful son, here I am, beset with hogs and mountains, wild geese and savages, and about to play the amorous Romeo at the feet of a rustic hoyden, whom I never yet beheld, in this old mewed castle of Glin—Glin-darragh, I think they call it—and if the lady but please to pity my amorous distress, forthwith I must be married! Percy Neville, Percy Neville, was ever filial piety like thine. Yet needs must, they say when the devil drives. A younger son, without provision, can't defend himself, lies at the mercy of his parents, and is the natural prey and sport of paternal atrocity. Here have I been for full twelve months marooned upon this desolate island; and when I expected a letter of recall, and looked day by day for my deliverance, lo! there comes a new paternal despatch—I'm ordered to the wilds of Munster, to be murdered or married, as the case may be. Oh, Percy Neville, great is thy filial obedience, and, odds my life, thou hast had thy reward, too;—for thy days have been wondrous long in this land."

The young man concluded with a discontented shrug; and speedily recovering his constitutional gaiety, he hummed a madrigal, as his eyes swept over the broad and wooded expanse which spread before him to the very feet of the Slieve-phelim hills.

"Well," said he, as if the expansive view and the freshening breeze had given a new impulse to his spirits, "who knows but the girl may turn out, after all, to be just what I've pictured to myself a thousand times, as the very creature most formed to delight and dazzle mankind; a Chloe or a Phillis—an Arcadian beauty, with the charms of Venus, and the simplicity of Flora. I'm tired of your fine ladies, with their essences, and paint, and buckram, their easy airs and their easy virtue: and, egad, if I could meet with such a damsel as I describe, methinks I could, with a good grace and heart's content, take her to wife, and help to tend her cabbages and turkeys, without a wandering wish or a roving thought to tempt me back into the artificial world again."

Meanwhile the two squires, to borrow the language of knight errantry, interchanged pleasant and profitable discourse, as they followed their master side by side.

"The more I see of it, the worse I like it," observed Gick Goslin, glancing superciliously around him; "it's all bogs and starvation."

"Bedad, it's throe for you," responded Tim; "bogs an' starvation, sure enough."

"Starvation and stink, sir," continued the foreigner, with increasing asperity. "Eugh! I wonder the very pigs don't cut and run; now, just you look round at that 'er prospect, will you?"

Tim looked round accordingly, with the good-humored compliance of a nurse "humoring" a spoiled child; and not knowing exactly what was expected from him in the way of remark, remained silent.

"You call that the country, I believe?" resumed the valet with bitter disdain; "the country, eh?—the country is the word; you'll correct me if I'm wrong?"

"The country we call it, be the hokery, throe for you," responded Tim with a contrite air; "but how in the world id the likes of us know the differ, Mistor Goslin, sir—oh murder, but ignorance is a poor thing."

"The country! Yes; ha, ha, the country!" continued Mr. Goslin, scornfully; "why not?—But do you know not I call it, my honest feller? for if you don't, I'll tell you."

"Why then, I'm ashamed to say I do not," replied Tim.

"I call it," he continued with extreme severity, "a low, dirty, vulgar, howling desert, and that's not I call it, my fine feller, do you mind me?"

"An' that's just what it is to the life, all over," chimed in Tim, "a low, dirty—phiew, it fairly goes beyant me, Mr. Goslin, there's no telling what it is—it bangs all the powers iv discourse, an' laves me that I'm fairly frustrated for the want iv words."

"And then the people—the Irishers," resumed Mr. Goslin, turning up his eyes and his hands, as well as his bold of the bridle would allow him; "did any inhuman being ever look at such a nest of land savages? for I'm consumed if ever I did."

"Throe for you—what else are we but savages, every mother's skin iv us?" rejoined his companion.

"And then, in the matter of getlemanlike amusements—why rat me, if the beighted pagans at the inn last night understood me, we'en I asked if herer they ad a bear-fight in the town; and then their cooking—faugh! it's enough to make a gentleman swear against whittles."

"Whisht!" said Tim Dwyer, prolonging the ejaculation, while he nudged his companion once or twice, and stole a furtive glance all round.

"Why, wot's the matter now?" inquired the valet, rather uneasily, and following the cautious glance of his comrade. "Nothing wrong—eh?"

"Whisht—nothin' at all, but myself that was going to tell you something," replied Tim Dwyer, speaking still in a whisper, and looking cautiously from side to side, "only I was afeared some iv the boys might hear me, do you mind, an' if they did, it might lead to murder."

He stooped as he uttered the last emphatic word in a grim whisper in the ear of his companion, and followed it by a portentous wink.

With a good deal of excitement, Mr. Goslin exclaimed—

"divil's savages, and flogs the blackimoores—divil a doubt iv it!"

"Come, come, my good man, speak out, can't you?" urged Goslin, pettishly.

"Speak out! Bedad I won't, for how 'id I know who'd be listenin'?" retorted Tim. "But the long an' the short iv it's just this, we're rale tearin', devourin' savages—devourin', do ye mind, bastes iv prey, Mistor Goslin; savages by nature, an' papists by religion, an' as hungry as vultures, do ye mind?"

"Why, you don't mean for to say as 'ow you'd eat inhuman flesh?" ejaculated the Englishman, with a slight change of color, and eyeing his companion with horrible curiosity.

"Not in Dublin, iv course," replied Tim Dwyer.

"Nor anywhere else neither, I should say—eh?" continued the valet, with increasing consternation.

"Whis—sht!" ejaculated Tim, putting his finger to his nose mysteriously; "the Munstermen has their odities, an' no wonder; it's a mighty poor place entirely, an' provisions is so murtherin' scarce; it's hard to deny the crathurs when they're cryin' for a bit; an' necessity's the mother iv invention."

"Why, strike me flat, do you mesn for to go for to say—" exclaimed the Londoner, much excited.

"I main for to say this much," interrupted Tim Dwyer, "that if I was so befrinded by heaven as to be an Englishman—do you mind me?—an' so illuminated as to be a Protestant—do you see?—an' if I found myself in a strange part iv Munster, do you consave, where I wouldn't be missed if anything was to happen me, why I'd special good care to keep myself onkinminly quiet, an' not to be lookin' in before male times especially, into the cabins iv the poor, starvin' crathurs, that's fond, to a fault, iv fresh mate and black puddins—do you understand me?"

The cockney turned very pale, and breathed hard, as, with lips compressed, and a sidelong glance of horrible significance, he exchanged a ghastly wink with his companion.

"Don't tell, for the life iv you, it was I told you. Mind, honor bright, isn't it?" urged Tim Dwyer, in a low and earnest whisper.

"Word and honor, hand and glove," replied the valet, with chivalric emphasis, and then sank into profound and moody silence, which he doggedly maintained until the three horsemen rode leisurely under the echoing archway of Glindarragh Castle.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PROPHETIC SONG—AND HOW THE CALICOON READ THE OMEN OF TURLOGH O'BRIEN.

The castle of Glindarragh occupied the bank of a broad and devious mountain river, and presented a striking and somewhat sombre coup d'œil. The buildings of which it was composed formed a quadrangle of considerable dimensions and, though varying in height, were all alike structures of an ancient date, and of exceeding solidity and strength. Its eastern side overhung the stream, from whose waters its walls arose in grey and sombre masses; and in that which looked toward the north, under a lofty arch, lay the chief entrance to the castle; in the olden time guarded by a portcullis and drawbridge, but now protected solely by an old and ponderous gate of oak, studded with huge iron nails, with beads as large as penny pieces. The fosse was dry, and choked with bushes, and at the entrance had been raised to the level of the road by which the building was approached, so that as a fortress or post of military defence, the structure had manifestly been long disused. From the western side sloped gently downward, as if in further evidence of the peaceful character and pursuits of its present owners, a closely hedged flower-garden, varied with long grass terraces, and many trim living walls and arbors of close dark yew, exhibiting the exactest care in its culture, and in the richness and pattern of a fantastic carpet. To this rich and formal flower-garden, a smaller gate or sally-port in the castle wall gave admission; the remaining side, which faced toward the south, contained those buildings which supplied, though upon an unwieldy scale, and in a sufficiently quaint and clumsy fashion, the purposes of a modern dwelling-house. At the moment when the three mounted travellers entered the great gate, which stood hospitably open to receive them, and gazed curiously around upon the antique buildings, in whose shadows they stood, two very different figures were seated within the walls of the old castle.

The chamber which they occupied was a low room of moderate dimensions; the floor was covered with matting, and the ceiling was of clumsily-joined, time-blackened oak; gilded leather hung on the walls, and a lofty mantel-piece, supported by two spiral stone pillars, masked with its projection the broad arch of the hearth, in which a pile of turf and wood was burning.

An old picture, of a gentleman, in the costume of Charles the First, much in need of cleaning,

and which had suffered, whether accidentally or of malice prepenze, a very ugly scar across the lower part of the visage, hung at the far end of the room in a dingy frame, and very imperfectly lighted.

The furniture of the chamber presented nothing remarkable, except that it was a little behind the fashion of the day, and of an unpretending and somewhat threadbare aspect, but still comfortable, and with a sort of snug air of house-keeping about it, which more than made amends for its want of elegance. A narrow bed occupied a recess in the wall, and a single window, commanding a view of the winding river, and a vast and ancient orchard, and beyond them of a broad plain, bounded by undulating hills, with the mighty Galties in the dim distance, admitted the light.

In a massive arm chair, singularly disproportioned to the dimensions of its occupant, was seated a little old woman, dressed in a sort of loose red wrapper, with short sleeves showing her shrivelled yellow arms above the elbows, and with a colored handkerchief brought over her head and knotted under her chin; a comical mixture of good nature, gratification, and self-importance, was impressed upon her withered features, round which, escaping from beneath the folds of the kerchief which bound her head, there wanted a few locks of grizzled red hair.

Seated near her feet, upon a low stool, with the guitar on which she had, but the moment before, been accompanying her sweet and silvery voice, lying carelessly in her lap beneath her snow white arm, her other hand being laid upon the old woman's knee, while with a beautiful smile, half of fun and half of fondness, she looked up into her nurse's face, was the fairest girl that ever yet combined the matchless graces of perfect form of feature with the lovelier charms of expression ever varying, ever beautiful—the subtle, heart-stirring magic of true loveliness—the witchery, that, sweetly, sadly, passionately beguiles the senses, and steals away the heart of the rapt gazer even while he looks.

"God bless you, mavourneen," said the old woman; "God keep you my darlin' with your purty lace and your purty songs; but of all the tunes you have, the one you sung the last, though it's the best maybe, I like it the least."

"And why, nurse?" asked the girl with a smile. "Is it because the tune is a mournful one?"

"It is not that alone, alanna," replied the old woman, with a shake of the head, "though it's lonesome enough, God knows, it laves me."

"What is it then?" insisted the young lady merrily. "Why does old nurse scorn my poor music? I know no sweeter tune than that; it needs must be you think I spoil it in the singing?"

"Spoil it! my darlin'—spoil it! acushla," ejaculated the old nurse. "No, no, it's only too sweet and beautiful you sing it, my darlin'; if you knew but the mainin' iv the tune—an' it's little I ever thought I'd bear one iv your name singing it, my purty child—aiah! but it's a queer way things comes round, and it's many's the day since that song was heard inside these old walls before; not since bloody Cromwell's wars: I was but a slip of a colleen then myself—aiah wisha! but time runs on, flows for ever, as constant as the river there, and no one noticin' it all along; and it's many's the acorn is grown into an oak, and many's the strong man is under the grass, and many's the purty girl is turned into a wrinkled old calicoon like myself, since then days, avourneen!"

"Well, nurse, but the tune," urged the young lady; "what harm is in the tune?"

"Harm, darlin'—why, then, it's little harm, or may be less good there's in it," continued the old woman, oracularly; "but who in the wide world larned it to you, my own purty colleen?"

"That, nurse, is more than I myself can tell," rejoined the girl, whose curiosity was a little piqued at the air of mingled mystery and anxiety with which the old crone dwelt upon the song; "I heard a girl sing it, as she went through the woods on the other side of the river, and so sweetly, that I listened until her wild notes were lost in the distance; and thus it was I learned the song, first one cadence, then another, and so on until the whole was learned; and for the words I sing with it, they are Master Shakespeare's. The girl from whom I caught the air was singing in Irish."

"I'd give a gold piece I had my thumb on her winduppe," replied the beldame, fiercely, with a sudden and savage ferocity almost appalling. "I'd have lightened her whistle for her the robber; for it's an old sayin' I have often heard, a crowing hen was never lucky."

"Tell me, nurse—do, dear nurse, tell me what is there in the song to move you thus?" asked the lady, at the same time drawing her stool closer to the old woman's feet, and coaxingly looking up into her face.

"It's a song, darlin'," answered the nurse, "that was made in the old times, by the O'Briens; before they lost this castle an' all the

lands, the last time in Cromwell's wars, as I often told you; it was med near a hundred years ago, when the Willoughbys first got the court—the time the monks was turned out of Glindarragh abbey, as I often heard my grandmother tellin'—God rest her—an' it's all full iv promises how the O'Briens is to come back, and to hold the castle and the lands again, in spite of the world; and it's well I can think iv the time before your grandfather's father—the saints receive him—its well I remember him, though I was no more nor a slip iv a girl, an' he an' an' old man—was killed in the troubles on the bridge there below, ripped up and hacked to pieces with their skeins, like an old horse they'd be tearing up in pieces for the dogs, and tumbled over the battlements, that you would not know him from a big sack of blood, if it wasn't for the nice long grey hair he wore—God rest him—into the river, that was rollin' and foam'n' bank high, and roarin' like a mill sluice under every arch that blessed day. It's well I can remember how we used to hear them in the long night before that, singin' the same song in the wood opposite the castle; and, throe enough, the O'Briens did get it, an' had it to themselves, as I told you, for eight long years, until Cromwell's war come, and your grandfather—God rest him—got it back; an' Cromwell drew them all out of the country, and left them not a sod, not a stick, nor a stone belonging to them; an' they were great men of courage in Spain—generals and the likes, as was reported here—an' was always promisin' how they'd come home some day, and win back the old castle, and the twelve townlands, and the three of the estates and the wood of Glindarragh, an' all the rest; and latterly there was talks of Thurlough Dhuiv—a young boy of the O'Briens—as it was reported here, the greatest and the wickedest of them all, a terrible man of war and blood; an' it's said moreover—the Lord guard and save us all—that he swore himself, on the altar, before the blessed and holy Pope, as I'm told, in furra parts, never to rest until he had revenge them that took the lands and the blood of his family."

"That is Turlogh Dhuiv, whose name used to frighten me when I was a child," said the young girl. "Do you remember, nurse, how you used to say, 'Don't go there, or Turlogh Dhuiv will have you, and so on! But, in truth, I do believe from all I have learned, that he is a bad and violent man—nay, if report speak truth, a very monster of cruelty. My father heard but a weak since that he is coming over to this country, and moreover, to have a command in the king's army."

"May God forbid, my darling child! God, in His mercy, an' all the saints, forbid!" cried the old woman, while her withered cheeks turned pale with horror, and in the energy of her terror she started up from her seat, and stood shaking and wan as the guilty resurrection of the old woman of Berkeley.

"Why, dear nurse—why are you thus appalled?" said the young lady, herself well nigh affrighted at the unadvised terror of the old woman.

"Ah, my child, I'm afeard the lands and castles are lost—lost to you and yours for ever, darlin'—an' what worse, I know not, mavourneen. The old prophecy is coming out: he has the mark on his forehead, they all say that; and now he's comin' to this country. Oh, wurrithru! wurrithru!"

"Dear nurse," said the young lady, half afraid that agitation had unsettled the old woman's wits, "what does all this mean?"

"Mean, darling, mean!" echoed the agitated woman; "it's too soon, I'm afeard, you'll know the meaning of it all, acushla. Hasn't he the mark: an' isn't he comin' to the country—may be in it this blessed minute—the Lord be merciful to us all; an' then it's a little thing id bring him to Glindarragh-bridge. Oh, voh, voh, but it's myself that has the sore heart this day."

"Dear nurse, tell me what so much affects you in all this?" said the beautiful girl, earnestly.

"Listen to me, mavourneen—listen to me, an' then, replied the nurse while she shook her head raised her trembling hand, "it's an old prophecy that was made long ago; an' they all knew when Cormack got the castle, in the troubles, that he'd lose it again, for he had not the marks in the prophecy. It was made in Irish when first they lost the lands, in the old queen's time, a hundred years ago, an' this is the way it runs."

The crone paused as she conned over the fatal words; her white lips moving, and her shrivelled hand and arm uplifted, while she covered over the lovely girl in the earnest effort to recall the syllables of the mystic rhyme, looking the very impersonation of one of those benevolent but hideous fairies who, in nursery tales, delight to attend at royal christenings, and mutter over the high born heroine of the story those spells of auspicious potency which guard and save her through all the enchanted dangers through which she is to pass.

At last the old woman, having satisfied herself of the accuracy of her recollection, repeated in a low and sullen tone some rude verses in Irish. And what is the meaning of the Irish, dear nurse? inquired the lady: for as yet I am no wiser than a first.

'I'll tell you that, my child,' replied the old domestic. 'I'll tell you that; I'll give you, word for word, the English of it all. This is the way it goes, then:—

'When the real O'Brien shall stand again On the bridge of Glindarragh, With a shamrock in the bone of his forehead, And a jewel round his arm, His horse shall keep holiday, stabled Under the long hall as of old, And his own shall never lose O'Brien any more.'

There it is, my child; there it is, acushla—an sure it's the thrubblin' me, darlin', this minute while I'm sittin' here.'

'It's a strange prophecy, nurse,' said the fair girl, musingly, 'and a strange mark it describes—a shamrock in the bone of his forehead! Is it not so it runs?'

'So it is, darling, and the mark is there in the bone of his forehead, sure enough,' replied the old woman, mournfully. 'A wound with a bullet that bruk the skull, left the print of the sham-rogue in his forehead forever—the three leaves, I am toulf, as plain as you'd pick it in the field; and now he's comin' to the coalbry, and what's to keep him from the castle bridge. Oh! my darlin' acushla machree, it's comin', it is, asbhora, an' nothin' can keep it back.'

At this moment a knocking was heard at the chamber door, and two handmaidens, breathless with haste and eagerness, burst into the room both talking together so loud and so fast, that it was some time ere the young lady had ascertained that the purpose of their visit was to announce the arrival of her kinsman, Percy Neville, with the nature of whose visit the reader is already acquainted. The duties of hospitality would brook no delay; and Sir Hugh, as ill fortune would have it, was some miles from his home.—So pretty Grace had no choice, awkward as was the task, but to run down to the chamber where her expectant kinsman awaited her, and herself to bid him welcome to Glindarragh. Wondering what kind of man he should prove to be, a good deal flushed, and a good deal flustered, sustained, however, against the tremors of agitation by a certain amount of pride and natural dignity which never forsok her, with a light step, and a frank and gracious bearing, she entered the room to bid the stranger welcome.

Strange to say, it required but a single glance at the pale and somewhat effeminate features of the young stranger, and at the indolent negligence of his attitude, to quiet in an instant every fluttered feeling, and restore the embarrassed girl very nearly, if not entirely, to her usual self-possession. With perfect sang froid, though with no lack of courtesy, the young man arose, and with the formal gallantry of the day, carried the lady's hand to his lips; and then, in his own light and careless way, he ran on from one trifle to another, and with, as she thought, a very perceptible indifference about the kind of impression he was making, and a total want of that kind of interest or even curiosity about the object of his destined choice, which is supposed to animate even the coldest lover. It were hard to say which of the two was most disappointed; for, though the young lady was eminently beautiful—there could be no question of that—yet her beauty was not of that saddened and gentler kind; there was not the homeliness, and humility, and piquante *mauvaise honte*—in short, there was not presented to him that entire contrast to the style of female beauty, and mein, and dress, to which he had been, in England, accustomed; nor, if the truth must out, that decided inferiority to himself, in case of deportment and self-possession, which a strange combination of caprice and vanity had led him to wish for, and wishing for, more than half to expect. In a word, never did two persons, brought together under such circumstances, stand before one another more completely disenchanted, than did Grace Wiloughby and Percy Neville, as they thus encountered, in the dark and formal old parlor, hung round with grim and faded portraits, which seemed to look down with a kind of starch and severe approval upon the singularly platonic interview.

So strongly did the absurdity of their mutual position strike the young lady, that, after several ineffectual efforts, she at last gave way to a burst of merriment, so hearty and prolonged, that Percy Neville felt himself irresistibly drawn into it; and the youthful pair laughed peal after peal of as merry and honest laughter as ever the old rafters rang with.

'Well, Cousin Percy,' said the girl at last, while the merry tears still glittered on her lashes, 'we shall at least prove good friends and cheerful companions while you stay; and if our parting, which I do really hope may be a long way off, be but half so good-humored as our meeting, why we shall separate without one particle of malice or ill-nature, and I believe without the heart-ache either.'

There was something so frank and hearty in the way in which the girl stretched out her little hand as she ended the sentence, that Percy felt, as with a half comic half cordial salutation, he took her proffered hand, that it was then and there mutually covenanted and agreed between them that marriage and love-making were quite out of the question. We shall leave Percy Neville for the present, and follow Grace Wiloughby, who, much relieved by finding that the visit of her kinsman would, after all, prove by no means the formidable and momentous matter she had so much feared, put on her hood, and ran lightly to her flower-garden to visit, ere the ruddy sunlight had quite disappeared, the flowers that, with girlish delight, she greeted every time she looked on them, as the sweet harbingers of summer. While thus employed, the notes of the prophetic song, which had so strangely fascinated her imagination, again reached the lady's ear; and little dreaming of danger or adventure, she vowed within herself that she would, with her own eyes, behold the minstrel who thus daringly chanted under the very walls of her father's castle the downfall of his family and the ruin of his fortunes.

LETTER OF THE REV. DANIEL W.M. CAHILL, D.D.

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND. U. S. America, May 20, 1861.

Fellow-Countrymen—The people of this Republic who read the news from Ireland are astounded at the scenes of mis legislation, bigotry, and cruelty, which are now become the current history of your wretched country. The sealding partialities in the appointment of all your public officers (except the judges of the Four Courts) are offences against national justice, which offences no people capable of resistance could tamely endure. The administration of your poor laws, and the avowed proselytism of the poor-house are fruitful sources of permanent contention; and the ever- vexed question of National Education presents the anomalous struggle, where it is attempted to expel the shepherd from the superintendence and care of the fold, and to introduce the wolf in sheep's clothing to nurse and feed the lambs. This outrage was inflicted in the reign of Elizabeth in an avowed persecution: we were then compelled to yield to the grinding laws of those days, as the weak traveller submits to the highwayman with the assassin's knife on his throat. The robber in those days paid no false compliments, offered no smiles while he murdered the stranger; but in our days of superior civilization, our greatest grievance is the courteous perfidy, the learned hypocrisy by which we are called on to return thanks to our deadly enemies while in the very act of poisoning the children, perverting the people, maligning our creed, and extinguishing our name and our race. Let us have any indignity thrown on our intellect; any disgrace attached to our character in these days of compulsory hypocrisy;—but, in the name of our fathers, and our ancient faith, let us be spared the burning shame of being called on to express gratitude to Henry, to do honor to Cromwell, and to receive our religious education from the successors of Judas. Let any insult be poured out on us in abundant malignity; but let us not betray the poor children, the starving orphans of the noble Irish poor man, by ever mentioning the proselytizing poor-houses, or the perfidious National Board of Education, except in terms of unmeasured indignation and religious horror.

Being acquainted with the original framing of the governmental bills (if I may so speak) by which the poor laws and the education scheme have been introduced into Ireland, I have frequently in my own mind tried to force myself into the belief that the government really and bona fide meant well towards Ireland: and that the torture, or perfidy, or failure of these measures were entirely owing to the Biblical or Orange elements which, in the practical administration of affairs, had vitiated, tainted, and ultimately defeated all hopes for success. But when years of complaints passed: and when remonstrances innumerable were repeatedly ignored by the government: and when the same suspected officers, the same abuses were recklessly continued in the face of the national discontent, the conviction arrived at in the mind of the most patient observer is, that the Government co-operates in the Biblesm and the Orangeism of the whole system: and that they are accomplices in the disorganization of Irish society. And when we see successive cabinets look on heedlessly and refuse to check Irish landlordism in the cruel extermination of the *grown Catholic tenant population*, why should we wonder if they behold with equal unconcern the scandalous perpetuated warfare carried on against the poor and the orphan children of Ireland.

All Ireland now presents one unbroken scene of social unhappiness; the extermination at Gweedore was just beginning to be forgotten when the lamentation of Glenveagh opens its doleful cry from the breaking hearts of men, women, and children.

Such a horror has seized the poor Irish people from the facts of Gweedore, Glenveagh, Derrymacash, and Coolaghmore, that these creatures are unshipped here every week in large living cargoes, from every part of Ireland. I have written to the Irish emigrant class during the last four months to remain at home till the American quarrel shall have been settled; I have assured these defenceless creatures that the next autumn will, in all likelihood, equal in this country the distress and the terrors of 1847;—and yet no disaster here, no starvation here, no plague here, could prevent them from quitting a land in Ireland, where property has no security for the poor man; where life has no protection from Orange ferocity; and where insult, proselytism, and a premature grave, are the inheritance and the cud of the poor Irish Catholic.

There is no use in offering an advice in these melancholy details of Irish misrule and misery. The only imaginable plan to stay this wholesale injustice through the entire frame of Irish society is the combination of the good portion of the landlords of Ireland. It is due to the virtuous noble poor to form a constitutional party to try to remedy such atrocities as the punishment of the little children of Glenveagh. Since the time of Herod, men have not read any similar cruelty. Mr. Herodius Adair has, beyond all doubt, raised a cry louder than the weeping of Rachel over the bleeding children slaughtered by the Roman tetrach. And decidedly every good and noble-hearted landlord in Ireland is bound in honor to come forward in these disastrous times and cleanse the land from these crimsoned stains of Gweedore, Glenveagh, and Derrymacash. This body, at the present time, would very soon, if I calculate rightly, present a large influential and valuable society; some few public meetings, and some well-worded remonstrances would stem the torrent now sweeping over your land; and would save many lives from the prisons of the poorhouse, the unprincipled snares of the lemon-colored Biblical, and the terrors of the emigration ship.

The only difficulty in this case is the eternal curse of Ireland—namely, our divisions at all our public meetings—suspicion of each other—jealousy of each other! opposition to the plans of each other! insulting rivalship! all asserting superiority! the smallest contradiction ending in a battle, in separation! This is the demon-feel-

ing which has ever made Ireland weak and a constant prey to the enemy. But if we could follow a leader—agree with each other—bear with each other—be contented with the half of a good fellow—a quarter of a good fellow—and thus employ all the force at our disposal we could succeed. The Duke of Wellington used to say, "that a drummer could gain or lose a battle," and hence he always employed all available force when necessary. But in fact several excellent men are afraid to join in our popular movements, because when a leader becomes eminent, some few will begin to envy him; and in the end they will, perhaps, metaphorically, stone him to death, like others in our past history. You know I say these things without intending any offence to any one human being: but I am grieved at the murderous facts of our recent policy, and I am trying to save the passengers of a sinking ship, to launch the boats, or to throw out a single plank or oar to save the perishing crew.

The distress of this country is at present painful. Your emigrants from Ireland are walking the streets of New York, idle, penniless, and hungry; and will no remonstrance, no reasoning, no oath of mine, induce you to stay at home for some time to come?

The awful case at Derrymacash has forced on my mind a subject which I had almost forgotten. Hear me. You all know the name and the character of Counsellor Finn, the former member of Parliament for the County Kilkenny. Now that most of his official companions are dead, and hence now that I cannot awaken any feeling of Irish jealousy in his regard, I repeat to you what I have often spoken and written heretofore—namely, that my friend, William Finn, (so I presume to call him) was, and is, one of the most accomplished public speakers of his time, a finished gentleman in every sense of the word: and a man on whose honest, disinterested patriotism his bitterest enemy (if he have one such being in the world) has never dared to cast the slightest imputation unworthy of the purest unstained honor. No Irishman has ever carried the trust of Parliamentary confidence from his constituents, through the British senate, with more deserved merit and usefulness than Mr. Finn; and he retired into private life, perhaps disgusted with the hollowness of some public men of his time, but carrying with him, in his voluntary resignation of his official position, the respect for his talents, and the admiration for his virtues of every man who had ever known his public career.

Now hear me again. Mr. Finn holds in his possession, at this moment, documents in reference to the Orange Lodges of the Duke of Cumberland, which documents, if mislaid, or lost, would inflict an irreparable injury on Ireland. The present Queen of England owes Mr. Finn a debt of gratitude, which, I regret to say, has never been paid to him; in all probability he has secured the throne of Great Britain for herself and her descendants, against a conspiracy, which, beyond all doubt, has no parallel in the history of the world. Now, as Ireland has a paramount claim on the services of Mr. Finn, what I want you to do is, to send a committee to wait on him; and to beg of him to publish these extraordinary documents of conspiracy; and to give to the world an account of the awful workings of the Orange system of Great Britain and Ireland. When your committee will call on him will you kindly ask him to explain the almost incredible labor he has had in collecting his proofs; and perhaps you have never been acquainted with any discovery more adroitly executed than the plan he adopted for success.

I beg, in conclusion, that Mr. Finn will pardon me for thus introducing his name before the public without his permission: but I fancy he will pardon an old friend, who always respected him for his spotless official integrity, and who has ever admired him for his private virtues and his stainless life.

Your attached countryman,
D. W. CAHILL.

SKETCHES AMONG THE DUBLIN SOUPERS.

(From a Correspondent of the Nation.)

In the previous communication, published in a former number of the *Nation*, we have described the origin and general objects of the Institution called The Mission House, in King's Inn-street. The chief ground upon which this Establishment claims grave notice in a Catholic journal is the fact that its two Schools are not only aided by the National Board, but that one of the Commissioners, Rev. John Hall, takes an active part in the direction of the whole establishment. The Missionary mania is so varied in its forms as to defy all attempt to treat it otherwise than by a description of each particular class, or form, or evangelisation. You find it in your area, or under your door, in the Tract dropped by the Colporteur, it awaits you in the railway carriage and in the steam boat; the Catholic domestic hears it, the bell which summons her to morning prayer, read by her Protestant Mistress; the walls of the city preach it to you; and, from the nursery rhyme to the Encyclopaedia, almost the whole English literature embodies it, in one form or another. The hungry taste it, in the crust which is tendered to them; the naked feel it in the garment which sectarian charity casts over their shoulders; and, in the glow of the fire, and the shelter of the roof, the shivering and the homeless detect the abiding zeal of the proselytiser. The Catholic sick and infirm experience it in the Adelaide Hospital; the Catholic blind perceive it in the Sackville-street Institution; the Catholic deaf and dumb are made sensible of it in Claremont; the Catholic inmates of the Night-Asylum in Bow-street are provided with Bible and preacher, but neither bed nor pillow; for the Catholic Magdalen, the missioner founds Dublin by Lamp-light; and in the moral scavengery of our streets may be seen the Catholic juvenile recruits who fill the ranks of the Protestant Ragged Schools. The Catholic Pauper feels it in the Workhouse; the Catholic criminal in the county jail; and the Catholic Felon, in the Convents' Prison. The Protestant Navy Captain pipes the Catholic sailor to prayers; General Ridley presides at the Army Scripture Readers' Association in Dublin; while Mrs. Ridley actively proselytises in the Ballinacree National Schools, in Mayo; and, while her brother, Lord Oranmore and Browne, not only defends, but applauds his kinsman, the Bishop of Tuam, for exterminating the poor Partry Catholics who blindly believe that the souls of their children are of more value than either his soup or his soil; and Colonel Mylius and his Protestant staff assume to themselves that they are in loco parentis, save in faith; to the orphans of Catholic soldiers in the Royal Hibernian Military Schools, Phoenix Park. Of all the forms, however, in which proselytising presents it-

self, one of the most insidious is that through the National Board. First, bearing the funds entrusted to the administration of that Body, it has raised from all orders and classes, and therefore, the abuse of those funds, to subvert the religious faith of any class, it deemed an injury and an insult by the parties aggrieved; and, next, because the charter principle upon which the National System was publicly proposed and openly accepted was, not merely that proselytism but, that even "the suspicion of proselytism should be banished from the schools." The readers of the following sketch will be at no loss to determine whether the King's Inn-street National Schools are so used, and if so, whether with the full knowledge of the Commissioners of National Education.

When the National System first became a handmaid to the Presbyterians, the supply of Pervert Inspectors was obtained from Trinity College, the Finns, the Sheridans, the Savages, and, later, the O'Callaghans, having all been supplied from that ancient and fruitful field of apostasy. As the operation of the system and the example of these men extended themselves, the Commission gradually raised its own perverts, until now, when it not only "grows its own mutton," but has assumed the position of a large exporter. If the Priests' Protection Society is, happily, all but empty, one of its last novices being the only clerical professor in the Central Training School, a thriving trade is done, in the Catholic lay line, through the National Board. A Priest censures or removes his Catholic Teacher; the Presbyterian or Protestant Inspector, or Professor, hears of it; suggests that he will get him a school in England; and, in several cases, such parties professed to abandon their faith, and accepted the situation, so obtained. Amongst those officials Dr. Newell, Head Inspector in Dublin, and Dr. Robert Sullivan, Professor in the Training School, are the most prominent. The Coombe Ragged School has one such pervert, who had been Master of a National School, in Cork; two others, Callaghan and Stack, are, in other Mission Schools. Until lately, the Lurgan-street Ragged School was in charge of a pervert, from one of the Model Schools; another, a young man, named Morris, late Master in the West Dublin Model School, is now a Presbyterian, and Teacher of a Presbyterian National School, in Belfast; and other Catholic Teachers, trained in the Central Model School, have married Presbyterian officials, and apostatised from their Church. One, at least, of the Catholic staff in the Convents' Prison National Schools is reported to have abjured his Faith; the Catholic Chaplain, in vain, implored the Directors to provide a Catholic Teacher; and many of the convicts have, on obtaining their discharge, become Protestants. Beady's Books are not better known to parties letting or taking Houses, than the Books of the Education Office to the Missionary Brigade who went to employ Pervert-Teachers. Messrs Barclay and Fitzgerald—First-class clerks, and Heads of Departments—O'Callaghan, Donaghey, and Savage—Inspectors—and Daly, are ever ready to promote a traffic which will extend the unfortunate class to which they themselves belong, and through which Rev. Hamilton Magee, and Rev. John Hall, obtained the services of Mr. Jordan, the ex-Catholic Teacher of King's Inn-street Boys' National School.

Mr. Jordan had been, for eleven years, master of the Lacken and Leany National School, in the Chapel-yard of Leany, a joint parish with Multifarnham, Westmeath. He was trained under Dr. Robert Sullivan and Professor McGauley, in 1855, had diligently studied the two-Sacrament dictionary, and the other Protestant works of the former, and had the benefit of the closing lectures and example of the latter. He dismissed, at once, his patron, Rev. Mr. Duffy, and the Catholic religion, and, coming with his family to Dublin, proceeded to the Central Model School, upon whose Books he registered himself as a Protestant Teacher, open to an engagement. Presbyterian and Episcopalian offers were soon made to him, but history, and special fitness, as a missionary decoy, so struck Rev. Hamilton Magee and Rev. John Hall, that they outbid the other competitors, upon which he, at once, declared himself a Presbyterian. His wife long resisted the pressure to abandon her faith; but at length, she and her four children, the eldest, a fine lad of thirteen years of age, were made to turn their backs on the fold of the Catholic Church. This man, as Master, and his son, as Paid Monitor, form the official teaching staff in one of the new Souper National Schools, which is attended by 70 boys, seven or eight of whom are Catholics. The Girls' School consists of two departments, infants and girls, attended by 130 pupils, a considerable number of whom are Catholics. It is in charge of two Presbyterian young women, both of whom were trained in Marlborough-street, and one of whom had been Assistant to Mr. Young, the Protestant Head Master of the Central Model Infants' School, and who is an Englishman. Besides Catholics, the schools contain Presbyterian, Anglican, and Dissenting pupils, and, until recently, there were four *Mormons*, and two German Jews, who, however, are expected to again return. The March number of "Plain Words," the organ of The Mission, states that the parents of these Jewish children attended the soiree given to all the pupils, on which occasion "Rev. J. Simpson, of Portrush, spoke very impressively on the subject of God's work among the young in Ulster." The ordinary course of religious instruction in the Schools is as follows—Hymn and Prayer, at ten o'clock; Scripture; Catechism, Hymn, and Prayer, from two to three o'clock, all given by the Teachers, except on Tuesday, when the Patron, Rev. Hamilton Magee, gives religious instruction, from one to three o'clock. We were present during the religious instruction; all the children, Catholic and Protestant, joined in it; notice of the fact, on the usual form, was sent to the parents of the Catholic children; nor could the most severe official censure affect any important requirement in the rules of the present National System which is not complied with, so far, at least, as religious instruction is concerned. At the close of religious instruction, all the children are marched down, in relays, to the kitchen, in the Mission House the infants first, next the girls, and the boys last, to their dinner. This consists of from a pint to a quart of soup, daily, with the meat from which it is made, and a fair proportion of bread.

The Soup-Kitchen is supported by domestic contributions of cold meat from the tables and the larders of Presbyterian and other families, Rev. John Hall and the other Presbyterian Commissioners of Education being amongst the donors. The cook is a Glasgow woman, and on our remarking that the flavour of the soup, which we carefully tasted, was inferior on the second to what it had been on the previous day, she explained the fact by stating that she had been to hear *Weaver*, the converted Collier, the night before, and, tired from the crush, and the late hour, she was obliged to leave the making of the soup to her less-skilled Irish assistant, who put neither leeks nor sufficient flavouring in the boiler. While examining the reeking cauldron, the Caledonian Cook most lustily plunged her ladle into the lower strata, from which exploration she revealed divers dainties, his knuckles of veal, blade-bones of cold shoulders of mutton, bovine ribs that, when picked, might serve the art of the archer—all of which she kept for the boys, adding "strong meat for the boys; so I ladle it well." We were particularly struck with the delicacy and tact of this compliment to the *Poet Laureate* of the Irish Missions, who, for his admirable ballad "Ladle it well," published in the *Nation*, last month, has earned for his Muse the proud position of Laureate to the Soup Brigade, the official bays of which are first to deck his brow at a solemn inauguration to be held under the Presidency of Mr. Lord Roden, at the next April meeting of the Society. The compliment was still further enhanced, owing to the presence of our fel-

lowing the Laureate's brother, who, as the *Comptroller* and again, gave the refrain of the lyric "Ladle it well!"

Sweet is the Soup, and wondrous good—
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!
It heats the Soul, it warms the blood,
It clears the mind, once dark as mud.
Oh, Soup is the real saving food—
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well.
Just think of last year's Bible class—
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!
The Soup was poor—alas, alas!
Too well I knew 'twould come to pass—
The wretches all went back to Mass!
Ladle it well, oh ladle it well!

gracefully bowed, amid clouds of steam, to the antique Lanark lassie. In these National Schools, Catholic children have the text of the Protestant Bible, "with bread and breeches," as Dr. Whately says, and they are taught to interpret the Scripture through Soup. The ladle is placed before them as the laver of regeneration, and those precious Schools—National Schools, schools under Catholic Commissioners—practically elevate soup to the dignity of a matter of the third Protestant "ordinance." The influences here referred to are only a few of the mere obvious and direct ones to which unfortunate Catholic children are here subjected. Some of them attend the Evening Prayer Meetings; nearly all of them receive copies of "Plain Words"—an infamous periodical, redolent with heretical calumnies of every order and time, from John Knox to John Hall, from Calvin to Ohniquy—the Scripture Reader of the concern visits the families of some of them, and we fear that others attend the Services held in the Mission Church on Sunday, under the National Schools, by Rev. Hamilton Magee and Rev. John Hall, a Commissioner of National Education. In connection with this, we may observe that some years ago, the under story of the Phibsborough Chapel has been used as a National School, between which and the Chapel, unlike in the King's Inn-street case, no internal communication existed, yet the National Board withdrew the Grant, and obliged the clergy to provide a new and distinct School-house. We may also mention that Archbishop Whately reported to the National Board that Confessions had been heard in a room adjoining the Rathmines National Schools, whereupon the Commissioners imperatively ordered that the practice should be discontinued or the grant should be withdrawn. Both cases, that of Phibsborough and Rathmines, will be found reported in the Proceedings of Parliamentary Committees upon National Education.

Further, we have to state that, during our visit to these Schools, the Scripture-Reader—a party supposed to have no official authority in the Schools—accosted us, and, in menacing terms, warned us not to persist in copying from the Register the names and address of the Catholic pupils. We took no notice of that functionary, beyond inviting him to send in his Principal, the Rev. Hamilton Magee, who was on the premises during our visit, but he declined our invitation.

On Monday mornings the whole staff assemble at the doors, tempting, with liberal offers of food and clothes, the eight or nine hundred children of the Convent School to enter the Souper Establishment. Some of the parents, repelled, in an unexpected form, the advances thus made. We again commend these sketches, which we shall continue, to the grave consideration of the Catholic Clergy and the Catholic Members on the National Board.

(From the London Tablet.)

A great blow has fallen and a great man has been laid low. One of the world's greatest has suddenly been called on by his Master to render his account—and he is gone.

But a few days have passed since the Cabinet of every Minister in Europe, the council chamber of every King, the public mart and Stock Exchange of every people, were disturbed by the news that Camille Count Cavour was indisposed. It was a slight attack of congestion; he had been tired and he was better; it was an attack to which he was subject; it was brought on by hard work, excessive anxiety, and over-indulgence, but it had nothing serious about it. Then it was a slight apoplectic seizure, but he was better, and all danger at an end. Then came the news that the illness was serious, that he had been bed repeatedly, but that this treatment had never failed before, and had again succeeded.—Then came the news that some alarm had been felt, that it was a case of mild typhus, that he had a slight relapse, but that his intellect was unclouded, and that he would soon be well. And then, on Thursday, June 6, the news is flashed to every capital in Christendom, "Cavour died this morning at seven o'clock."

In the breast of every Catholic the first irrepresible feeling of awe at this sudden and startling visitation could be succeeded by only one feeling—a feeling of charity and hope. God have mercy on him! May he be forgiven! May his soul have rest! No one will dare to pry into the inscrutable decision of Divine justice and mercy. But in the absence of all other news, all Catholics will dwell upon the hope conveyed in the telegraphic message of Wednesday night:—At 7 p.m., a great crowd blocked up the avenues leading to Count Cavour's hotel—Great emotion was manifested by the people when the procession bearing the Sacraments of the Church went into the Hotel." In the 12 hours from that time his soul appeared before his God.

It is not for us, standing as it were by the death bed, and over the scarce cold remains of this Arch-enemy of the Church, to give expression to any sentiments in his regard, except the hope that the grace of God was not resisted by him, that he died penitent and forgiven, that the last few hours of his life were spent in obtaining pardon for his many crimes, and that a sincere and humble submission to the authority of the Church, that benign Mother whom he had so grievously afflicted, repaired the scandal of his most unhappy career. But when the office of charity has been performed, the mind is inevitably turned to speculate on the consequences of this most important change.

Whatever they may be, one thing is clear—the first great wave which reared its threatening crest against the See of Peter has dashed against the rock and has been broken. The particular form of danger which seemed to threaten the Papacy has passed away. Other waves may succeed, other perils, and perhaps more formidable, may supervene, but the first has been dispelled. Italian unity, under the leadership and according to the plans of Count Cavour will not be consolidated.

Into the vast gap left by the departed statesman others will rush forward. The Garibaldian and Mazzinian factions will appear upon the scene. Victor Emmanuel, the puppet King, will be forced to seek for a new councillor. The French Emperor will have to modify his schemes according to the altered state of things. With Sicily ready to proclaim a Republic, Naples one scene of anarchy, the Capital of Lombardy threatened with destruction by the discontented working classes, and the usurped provinces of the Roman States groaning under the yoke of their liberators—the death of Count Cavour precipitates the crisis. Had he lived, there can be little doubt that he would in time have been overborne and swept away by the revolution which he had first fostered and then tried to control. He has passed away like Mirabeau, saying, "I carry the monarchy to my grave; its dead remains will soon be the prey of the factious." Just as seventy years ago men asked themselves what would have been had Mirabeau not lived another year, so now men will soon be asking what might not have been if Cavour had not died? Both Mirabeau and Cavour were called away before the last consequences of their revolutionary career had had time to show themselves. But the revolution, which like Saturn

devours its own children, made its first meal on them.

Before its insatiable maw is fed many others will have fallen. We doubt if even the death of Napoleon III. would have been attended by consequences more momentous than the death of Count Cavour at the present moment.

He held in his hands the thread of all political intrigues. No successor can inherit his prestige. If we turn to the lessons of history and the experience of the past, we should expect that the first era of the Italian revolution, bad and shocking as it has been, will be succeeded by another era more atrocious and more hateful still, but with even less chances of permanent success.

When compared with those who may come after him, Count Cavour, the revolutionist, may yet figure as a Conservative Statesman.

But we adhere to the conviction which we have repeatedly expressed, that the present wars in Italy are a punishment which the Italians have earned, and that the Providence of God will work out the cure of existing evils by using the instruments of evil for the chastisement of one another. There may be popular massacres, military executions, civil wars, and foreign invasions, but when the enemies of the Church shall have inflicted sufficient punishment on themselves and on one another, and shall have suffered sufficiently from foreign invasion and its attendant horrors, the swollen torrent of the Revolution will subside, and the Church will remain to pardon and to bless those who repent of modern liberalism, of sacrifice, and of anarchy.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE BATTALION OF ST. PATRICK.—Very Rev. Monsignore Forde has received from Rome, for transmission to Major O'Reilly, the decorations decreed for the officers and men of the Irish Brigade, who distinguished themselves in the late campaign. Those splendid gifts are not only praiseworthy as marks of merit bestowed by the greatest and best of earthly Sovereigns, as rewards for bravery in the most just and holy of causes; they are besides truly beautiful and valuable intrinsically. The decorations—which we need scarcely say are quite independent of the medals bestowed on all who took part in the campaign—belong to the Order of St. Gregory the Great, the Order of St. Sylvester, and the Order of Pius. That of the Order of Pius is very magnificent. It consists of a star, with eight points, on a ground of massive gold. The star is blue enamel, the groundwork spreading from the centre in waving "flame-jets" of solid gold. On the centre of the blue star is a circlet of gold, within which is a white enamel. On the circlet are the words, "Virtute et Merito," on the interior enamel, "Pius IX." The decoration is suspended by a blue and red ribbon, with a triple ring of gold. The decoration of the Order of St. Sylvester consists of a Cross in white enamel and gold. The star of the Order of Pius is about six inches in circumference; the Cross of the other Orders somewhat less. With the decorations have been received formal brevets, conferring on the recipients the honor of Knighthood of the Order, the insignia of which have been decreed them. The brevets received are for Captain Coppinger, of Middleton; Lieutenant Lynch, of Dublin; Lieut. Crehan, of Tipperary; Lieutenant MacSwiney, of Carrigrohane Castle; Lieutenant Cronin, of Killarney; Sergeants Syman, MacDermott, and Fitzpatrick.—Morning News.

THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS' SERMON.—The Rev. Dr. Anderson read on Monday evening in the Round Room, Rotundo, his own translation of the sermon of Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, preached in the Church of St. Roche, Paris, for the poor Catholics of Ireland. The Round Room was filled by a most numerous and respectable audience, of whom the Rev. gentleman was warmly applauded on presenting himself. The entire profits of the reading are to be devoted to the victims of Partry, and to other cases of unmerited distress. The Rev. Dr. Anderson having paid a warm compliment to the Rev. Mr. Lavelle (who accompanied him on the platform) proceeded to read his translation of the now widely known sermon of the Bishop of Orleans. It is scarcely necessary to say that this beautiful discourse lost nothing in its translation or in its reading by Dr. Anderson. During the reading the audience listened with the deepest attention, and frequently gave expression to their feelings in enthusiastic applause. On the motion of Professor Kavanaugh, of the Catholic University, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Lavelle, a warm vote of thanks was passed to the Rev. Dr. Anderson, who, Father Lavelle stated, intended to read the sermon in several parts of the country for the same object as that for which it had been just read. The Rev. Dr. Anderson, in acknowledging the compliment which had been paid him, said the only reason which urged him, in the face of the existence of the very able translation of Father Lavelle, to persist in his intention to undertake a translation of his own, and to write to the Bishop of Orleans to obtain his permission to do so, was—as they who knew him would bear witness it was likely to be—the advancement of the great cause for which the Bishop of Orleans had exerted his eloquence, the cause of Ireland, the happiness of Ireland, all which concerned the true good of Ireland here and hereafter (cheers.) No cause on earth had so claimed his deepest sympathy since he came amongst them years ago as this, and he hoped in God that the same feelings which directed his feeble efforts in these past years would remain to him from this time to the end of his life (loud cheers.) The assembly then separated.

WHIG POLICY IN IRELAND.—The alienation of the representatives of Ireland from the Liberal party in Parliament is a subject on which we have hitherto refrained from comment; not because it had escaped our observation, or that we were at any loss to account for the fact as it stands. It is some time since we pointed out the reasons why we anticipated the result which has now occurred, and warned those in whose power it lay to mitigate in a great degree the operation of the adverse influences we knew to be at work, that it behoved them seriously to consider the consequences of neglect or obstinacy in the course they had entered upon. The result has justified our warnings. In the late division—avowedly a party one, and upon which the predominance of the Whigs or Tories in the councils of the Crown confessedly was staked—three-fourths of the Irish members voted against Lord Palmerston and with the lieutenant of Lord Derby, while of the remainder but eighteen recorded their votes on the other side. Let us discard for a moment the petty and distracting incidents of the recent struggle, and look at the fact broadly, and with reference to its more deep-seated causes. From the time when Mr. Canning succeeded in forming a Liberal administration, in 1827, to the death of Lord Bessborough, twenty years subsequently, while occupying the post of Viceroy of Ireland, a majority of the representatives of that country, varying from sixty to seventy in number, were invariably found in the ranks of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. Every great measure of progress that obtained the sanction of the Legislature during that memorable period, had their cordial and constant support. Irish Toryism never failed, indeed, to send a contingent to the reactionary host with which the Reformers had to contend; but, taking the whole course of the great struggle for religious, electoral, municipal, and commercial freedom, which lasted throughout the successive administrations of Mr. Canning, the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Lord Melbourne, and Sir Robert Peel, the annalist cannot fail to note that upon the cohesion of the English, Scotch, and Irish Liberals success continually hung, and that without the important aid contributed by the last-named auxiliary, peaceful and constitutional triumph would often have been unattainable. How, then, comes it to pass that this goodly array has gradually been

dispersed; and why is it that at the present moment the party of reaction boast that at the next general election the number of representatives from Ireland will be still further lessened? How is it that even of the moiety to which they are reduced in the present Parliament, not more than eighteen are to be found willing to identify themselves with a Government which professes to adhere to the old formula of civil and religious liberty? We frankly own, indeed, and we do so with regret, that religious exasperation contributes to a certain extent to widen the breach unhappily existing between those who were once political friends. But what we wish to point out is this, that were religious predilections do not and cannot account for the serious diminution of the Liberal party in Ireland, or for the unconcealed indifference felt by many of its members in Parliament as to the ascendancy of these or the other men in the councils of state.—Daily News.

THE IRISH ON THE DEATH-ROLL.—Of five thousand men who marched from New York in one week for the war in the South, three thousand were Irish. From nearly every city in America, the scene of similar departures, we hear of a like proportion of the Irish element in the battalions; for whenever there is danger to be braved or courage to be displayed, the Celtic exile is to be found in the foremost ranks. Let England be troubled as she may for her cotton bales, it may be truly stated that Ireland will be more deeply, more mournfully, affected by the disasters in America, than any other country in the world. The lives of her exiled children will be offered in thousands. Many a mother's heart in Ireland, long cheered by the affectionate and dutiful letter and the generous offerings of filial love, will be left alone and widowed by the red bolts of war. Many a fireside from Duane to Castlehaven will be filled with mourning as each American mail arrives. Even already it has begun. Already, light as is the reckoning of dead, Ireland has paid the largest penalty. It was only a day or two ago we were told that three men had been killed by the bursting of a gun at Fort Sumter. We now find that of the whole garrison which defended the fort, the greater part were Irish, while of the three killed at the Sallyport two were Irishmen! One of these was Edward Galwey, of Skibbereen, in Cork county as he was a young Irishman as ever stood on tented field; and, higher tribute still, as affectionate and dutiful a son as ever cheered a parent's heart. In his native town where he and his honored parents were known but to be respected and loved by all, the news has caused a gloom and sorrow—the utterance of earnest sympathy and the presage of dark fears that threaten many a parent's heart beside that one thus stricken now. Each one begins to realize the horrors of such a war as that now enveloping America—a war threatening as much sorrow, widowhood, and affliction, to the homes of Ireland, as of America itself. To the families of our fallen countrymen it must however, be a proud feeling that they have fallen nobly, attesting the gratitude and fidelity of Irishmen to the homes of their adoption. Yet for us, as we behold this mournful spectacle of valor and devotion in such a cause—our brothers falling in a strife that never should have been waged—we cannot restrain the death-cry of Sarsfield, on Landa plain: "Oh that it were for Ireland!"—Dublin Nation.

REPRESENTATION OF MAYO.—We understand that Lord Bingham has been requested to become a candidate for the county of Mayo. He will be supported, not only by the Conservatives, but by the whole Liberal constituency of the county. The vote of Lord John Brown, in favour of the ministry which withdrew the Galway subsidy, and his acceptance of a Lordship of the Treasury, have made his appearance in parliament again as the representative of Mayo an impossibility.—Irish Times.

The Congregated Trades of Limerick had had the honour of receiving from the great and good prelate, the Bishop of Orleans, a letter of thanks in reply to a graceful and spirited address which they forwarded to him, expressive of their gratitude for his generous labours in the cause of the poor of Partry.

EVICIONS IN KERRY.—It is currently and confidently stated that upwards of forty processes of ejectment to be moved on at the approaching quarter sessions for the Killarney district have been issued at the suit of the largest and hitherto one of the most popular landed proprietors in Kerry. This does not augur well for the prosperity of the farming classes, but it is trusted that many of these cases will be satisfactorily arranged before the 18th inst., and further proceedings on them abandoned.—Cork Constitution.

The Newry Examiner, a Whig Liberal journal says:—"The Tory papers of Ireland metropolitan and provincial, are sadly disappointed, and the great evangelical organ of the conservatives of Dublin, even the Irish Times itself, has actually become patriotic and strangely sensitive to the mockery which Lord Palmerston indulged in towards Father Daly and the country collectively. For the first time since its publication has this ultra-Protestant journal had any bowels of compassion for a Roman Catholic Priest, and its ire against Whiggery must be great indeed when it takes up the cudgels for the Rev. Mr. Daly and the Catholic party. Taking their cue from the great metropolitan leader of Toryism and Souperism, the provincial journals of that school of politics are becoming very complaisant and attentive to their Catholic fellow-subjects. Souperism, revivalism, and polemical disquisitions are entirely neglected, and the great object now is to secure the wandering sheep, who having left the parent flock are in detached parties straying loosely and purposelessly about. At all events let us conciliate. The Irish interests cry the Conservatives, we can promise well, and perform at our leisure; accordingly no means are left untried to attain this end. Lord Derby who gave this contract to the Atlantic Company is contrasted favourably with Lord Palmerston who took it away—hints are thrown out that a charter will be given to the Catholic University—that efforts will be made to preserve Rome for the Pope, and mirabile dictu, the Chief of the Evangelical No-surrender Press—the organ of the Church Education Society—comes into the lists as the champion of an insulted Roman Catholic Priest. Nevertheless we cannot allow pretended friends, wolves in sheep's clothing, to enter among us and with hollow sympathy win us to espouse their cause. We know that Lord Derby is no friend of the Irish Roman Catholics, and that the Galway subsidy was at the eve of a general election given as a bait to secure the Irish constituencies, and the seemingly liberal policy of the Conservative party has the same interested object in view; and believing as we do that no real friendship can subsist between the Catholic party and the Orange Conservative one, we entirely deprecate any league with such opposite elements. The Government of Lord Palmerston have acted unwisely—they have inflicted a grievous wrong and a national slight upon Ireland by their precipitate and ungenerous conduct in the Galway subsidy affair, but they are mortals liable to err, and it is our duty to make them sensible of their error by repairing it; but it does not follow because they have done wrong that the Irish Catholics should listen to and believe the shallow protestations of their natural enemies, who can, when convenient, affect the patriot and the friend."

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.—A writ has this week been served, at the instance of a young lady of about twenty-one years of age, residing in this neighbourhood, against a faithless swain also resident in this locality, of about sixty years of age who is possessed of great wealth, for breach of promise of marriage. The trial, if nothing intervenes to lead to another arrangement, will be heard at the next sitting of the assize court here. Our readers may look forward to a treat on the occasion. The damages are laid at £10,000.—Sligo Independent.

The Galway Contract is to be brought before the House on Friday, the 14th instant, by Mr. Gregory, who intends to divide the House on the subject if necessary. It will be seen by reference to our Parliamentary summary that on Tuesday night the Marquis of Clanricarde read a letter from Father Daly, denying that he had ever pretended that he was authorised by any body of Irish members to communicate with Lord Palmerston. He denies that he offered, or attempted, any sort of bargain, traffic, or negotiation whatever:—"That what he said was, that the strongest possible and most universal feeling on the subject existed all over Ireland, and that he believed and he trusted that the Irish representatives shared in and would act in accordance with this feeling, and would prefer the plain interests of the country to all other considerations whatever—(laughter)—that in saying this he did not refer or allude to any individual, or party, or to any section of a party. He says that the phrase of "taking action" arose out of a question asked by Lord Palmerston, and did not refer or apply to any special vote whatever, but to the attitude which he expected and hoped that the Irish people and their representatives would assume and permanently maintain—(laughter)—towards the Ministry according as Ireland was dealt with. (continued laughter.) A discussion also took place on Wednesday, in the Commons, on the subject.—Weekly Register, 8th instant.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.—It appears that our Irish friends who lately emigrated to America, are in a worse condition than that which they had experienced at home. On Saturday se'night a large number of them arrived in Ennis per Bianconi's coach, from Galway, where they had landed from the Adriatic, and they each declare that "There is no place like home." It is to be hoped that the tide of emigration to America will now cease for some time, and that people will learn to live at home, and by industry and perseverance make out an honest livelihood.—Clare Journal.

The inhabitants of Tralee have unanimously resolved to erect a monument to the memory of Dean M'Emery, as a lasting tribute of their love and veneration.

A MODEL WORKHOUSE.—Since so much public attention is now directed to workhouses, it may not be uninteresting to know the doings of the Belfast Board of Guardians. The Board annually pays to officials the sum of £3,116 14s. as appears by their last printed Report. Of this sum Catholics receive £63—viz., the Chaplain £40, and a Catechist £12. The Catechist was appointed about twelve months ago, because the Catholic chaplain refused to permit any of the Protestant officials to give Religious Instruction to the Catholic children. At his appointment he was not required by the Guardians to produce letters of character or competency from any Catholic clergyman, and the only letters of character that he produced were from Protestants and Quakers. He was then directed by the Board to teach the Scriptures, and Catechism, and to say night and morning prayers; but the Chaplain having received orders not to give directions to any of the board's officers, is effectually prevented from exercising the rights inherent to his office. All the officials, excepting the Chaplain and Catechist, employed by the Union being Protestants, many unfortunate Catholic paupers register themselves as Protestants, expecting, as one of them publicly acknowledged, "to get their stinabout, better grub, and an occasional bowl of tea." The Guardians, not content with patronising Protestantism within the walls of the Workhouse, lent a helping hand to the Protestant institutions of the town. During the prevalence of fever and famine, the Guardians obtained a lease of the old Barrack, which was used as an hospital, and would be of immense service should the town be again visited by a similar calamity. Common prudence would suggest that a building so large, and so well adapted for its purpose, should be retained by the Guardians, or, at least, let in such a way as would enable them to recover possession of it at any time they might require it. No such thing. On last board day, a Resolution was passed, granting a lease for sixty years, of those premises to the Ladies Ragged School Committee, which lease permits the Committee, at the end of every three years, to give up possession of the premises, but, at the same time, takes from the Guardians the power of recovering possession till after sixty years. This school, situated in the centre of the most Catholic district in Belfast, and tempting the children with broth and clothes, is most offensive to the Catholics. In it the children are taught to say Protestant Prayers, and sing Protestant Hymns. It is stated that broth has been served out on Fridays; and it is extensively circulated, and believed, that, on Ash Wednesdays the children's foreheads were daubed with ashes, in mockery of the ancient Catholic ceremony. But it may be said, that the Guardians, by letting this to the Ragged School Committee, obtain a rent of £30. To this it may be answered that, had it been put up to fair competition, there would have been no difficulty in procuring a tenant for it at that rent, and should it please God to visit this town with famine or pestilence, hundreds of pounds would not procure so suitable a building. Mr. Editor, is it not contrary to the spirit, at least, of the law, that men who are only Taxpayers for the public, should hand over a property, paid for out of the general rates, to parties who will use it against the interest and wishes of a great portion of the ratepayers, for bribing unfortunate Catholics to desert the religion of their fathers?—Cor. of the Morning News.

Two of our Tory penny papers in this city, the Daily Express and the Irish Times, have got into a very petty quarrel with each other, and the proprietor and editorial staff of the Times are in a few days to stand their trial for a conspiracy to injure the circulation of the Express. Honourable rivalry, carried out to the largest extent, is perfectly fair; but the means resorted to by the Irish Times, to destroy its cotemporary were mean and discreditable in the highest degree. Both these papers are organs of the Tory party, but in all conscience, the Daily Express is conducted on far higher principles, and with an avoidance, for the most part, of offensive personalities, and, besides that, it gives double its value in news to that of its rival. Furthermore, during the excitement produced by the Derrymacash murder, this paper not only abstained from vilifying the Attorney-General, but even proved capable of doing justice to his motives and his conduct. The Irish Times is the organ of the vilest and lowest class of Orangemen, and, to please their tastes, it daily produces the most virulent anti-Catholic tirades. For my own part, I will say, that if the result of the present quarrel be to extinguish the Irish Times, I shall consider it a very important point gained. If a Catholic journal had descended to the same mean artifices to destroy a Catholic journal, as the Irish Times appears to have done, not only that paper, but the entire Tory press of England and Ireland, would have raised a howl of ferocity against the Catholic press.—Cor. of Weekly Register.

SECRET SOCIETIES.—In consequence of some recent party riots, and of a prevalent report of the effect that a faction-fight was to take place at the fair of Carney about six miles from Sligo, the Rev. John Nangle, O. C., on Sunday last, after twelve o'clock Mass, in the parish church of St. John's addressed the congregation on the subject of Secret Societies. We regret that we are only able to give the following outline of the Rev. gentleman's eloquent and forcible appeal. After a few but appropriate observations on the gospel of the day, and on the vice of rash judgment, equally common as it is criminal, in the world, he said—"Passing over this subject for the present, I wish to direct your attention to a matter of local, and I regret to say, painful interest—painful, not only to your good Bishop and clergy, but to every upright man—every lover of morality and social order." I allude to the attempts being made at present to revive and propagate in this town and neighbourhood

an illegal society, known as the system of Ribbonism—a system equally condemned by the laws of God and of our holy religion. After referring to and animadverting on, scandalous riots that have taken place recently, the Rev. gentleman pointed out their dangerous tendency, which, he said, was clearly exemplified in the late tragedy at Ballisodare. The Ribbon Society (said the Rev. gentleman), as a body, is excommunicated by the Church—and should its members persevere, individually they are denied all hope of pardon in this life, and salvation in the life to come. The oath, or bond of iniquity by which they are united, is illegal as it is unjust. It is a perjury, because wanting the essential qualities that make it lawful to swear at all. It is an oath without sufficient cause to justify it—at variance with truth, and sure to be violated—and generally, if not always, tending to the prejudice of those who take it, and join the illegal society. The Rev. gentleman then gave a solemn warning and advice against the dangers, spiritual and temporal, of such associations; as also against the rumoured faction-fight to come off at a neighbouring fair on the following day—appealed to the heads of families, and all those possessing influence or authority, to co-operate with Bishop and Clergy in preventing those illegal and criminal associations—and concluded with announcing that in future should these irregularities be repeated or even attempted the guilty parties would be denounced, publicly and by name, from the respective altars. The best test of the efficacy of this discourse, and of the exertions of the Lord Bishop of Bishops and his clergy, was afforded at the fair on Monday last, which passed off without the slightest disturbance. We understand that the Very Rev. Malachy Brennan, P. P. Ahamlish, and the Very Rev. P. Kelly, P. P. Drumcliffe, also exhorted their respective flocks on the evils of secret societies, at the same time warning them against joining with any disturbers of the peace, should any such make their appearance at the fair of Carney. The result has been as we have stated.—Sligo Champion.

The London correspondent of the Cork Examiner gives the following graphic account of the examination of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin before the Irish Poor-Law Committee:—

LONDON, WEDNESDAY. The members of the Irish Poor-Law Committee have been, from the commencement, most punctual and constant in their attendance; but on Monday the number present embraced the entire committee, perhaps with a single exception. The promised evidence of the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen was the attraction of the day. The committee consists of Irishmen, or Irish members, the only exception being the chairman, Mr. Cardwell, whose office gives him the right to his position upon it. Yet though Irishmen, or representing Irish constituencies, there were not a few members of the committee who had never seen the celebrated Archbishop of Dublin—than whom there is scarcely any living personage who can so justly lay claim to the distinction of being the best-abused man of his day.—"What was he like, and how would he comport himself—this formidable representative of 'crafty and inscrutable Rome'—this dangerous 'monk'—this incarnation of all that is dark, mysterious, and 'Jesuitical'?" I cannot, of course, know what was passing through the minds of those who sat near me, as Dr. Cullen took his seat in the witness's chair; but I feel sure, if any of the Committee entertained those notions with respect to the Archbishop which are propagated in the columns of certain journals, that these notions must have received a very decided shock—for not only was his presence, as well as his bearing, calculated to disarm hostility and to banish prejudice did such exist, but his evidence—given with full knowledge of the subject, and with a gravity and earnestness, the manifest result of conviction and deep feeling—commanded the attention and won the respect of his hearers. There is an honest and unpretending simplicity of manner in Dr. Cullen which at once disarms suspicion, and inspires confidence. You cannot know him without feeling that you know a good and true man; and one cannot have even the slightest intercourse with him without being impressed with his sincerity of character. Though acquainted with the fact that he had taken a special interest in the subject on which he was to give evidence, I must confess I was quite surprised at the fulness of his information, and the manner in which he was made up on its various branches. Were he a student of the Propaganda, preparing for a grand academic struggle for a doctor's cap, he could scarce have taken more labour in making his case perfect. His three hours' examination did not do anything like justice to the completeness of his information, and the range of his enquiry in order to obtain it; but it sufficiently proved that he was thoroughly master of his subject, and had sounded its lowest depths, moral and social. Indeed it was to be regretted that the cross-examination—if such it might be called, where the object was rather a desire to enquire more fully, than a wish to confound or refute—did not last longer; for it was in answer to questions put to him by Lord Naas, that Dr. Cullen more fully displayed, without affecting or intending display, the readiness and vigour of his intellect. The more he was pressed the stronger and clearer was his evidence, and the more fully did he satisfy the Committee that he was armed at all points. There was, too, kind of sacred authority in his mode of laying down those grand maxims of Christian duty and humanity which dwarf into insignificance, and indeed crush into contempt, the miserable sophisms and heartless theories with which some men defend and even vindicate the most callous cruelty to their fellows. Commissioners, and even Guardians, would make the question of mere rating—a chapel in a workhouse, a matter of mere rating—of the outlay of so many pounds more or less;—but the Archbishop placed it upon its right basis—as one involving the salvation of human souls. And in this fashion he reprobated the evils with which the present system abounds, and urged reforms necessary to the well-being of the nation. In some portion of his evidence, when his judicious examiner (Mr. Monsell) allowed him full scope, he reminded me of the impressions I had formed of Dr. Doyle when placed in a similar position; for he really rose to the dignity of eloquence—eloquence such as became his office and character—simple, persuasive, and convincing, such as moved the hearts and impressed the judgment of the able men to whom he addressed himself. But Dr. Cullen was quite as effective in other portions of his examination. He had illustrative cases at his fingers' ends, and was ready at a second's notice to get them in, one way or another; and were any impudence manifested with "details," he ingeniously urged their impotence as a means of showing the operation and influence of the evil of which he complained. I confess I was delighted with the calm, quiet, thoroughly earnest manner—matter-of-course manner—in which he insisted upon the rights of the Church and the authority of its Bishops, and demonstrated the utter futility of any attempt to deny the one or overrule the other. Nothing could be more courteous than the tone and language in which this was conveyed; yet the most self-sufficient of officials, had such been present, must have been convinced, however much against his grain, that there was, after all, something more high and sacred than his department and his authority—something in comparison to which he was as a grain of dust in the balance. Nor, while dealing with great principles, as became a priest and a patriot, was Doctor Cullen for a moment forgetful of such practical considerations as ought justly to weigh with the economist and the ratepayer. If he advocated out-door relief, it was not to such an extent as would destroy, or even weaken, individual motive to exertion, but rather to assist the industrious and deserving, and rescue the decent and the virtuous from the moral degradation of the worst calamity of poverty.—Doctor Cullen would not, as an Irishman, wish for any system which would risk the property, or un-

duly burden the toiling industry of his country; but he would prefer the application, within certain defined limits, and with every requisite safeguard and precaution, of a system which would be more economical, while more useful and acceptable. [And here it may be only fair to say that no member of the Committee favourable to out-door relief contemplates any general system of such relief—not even Sir John Arnot, who merely desires that the existing law should be practically enforced.] If Dr. Cullen advised the rearing of young girls in families, rather than in the wards of a workhouse, it is not with a view of bringing them up in idleness, and at additional cost to the community; but from a conviction that such training would best prepare them for their future struggle in life, and that in nine cases out of ten, they never would fall back into the ranks of pauperism. And then on purely fiscal questions, no ratepayer of an over-taxed electoral division could be stronger in his opposition to electoral rating, or more decided in favour of union rating. So that while he demanded grave reforms in the law, or in its administration, on the highest grounds of morality, charity, and religion, he sought for minor changes from reasons intelligible to the lowest rate-paying capacity. His picture of the South Dublin Workhouse—the model establishment, flourishing under the very noses of our model Commissioners—left little to be desired by those who relish gloom and horror. There was scarcely a flickering light to relieve its sombre colouring. It was a sad description of pauperism in its most disheartening and revolting aspect. Doctor Cullen saw with his own eyes what the Commissioners were content to learn, or not learn, from their subordinates. I shall be much amazed if this valuable evidence will not work good for the fortunes of many—perhaps many yet unborn. I cannot pause to tell you of the effect produced by some happy sallies of humour, under cover of which home truths were impressed, and well-merited reproach was conveyed. I shall only add that the evidence given by this justly revered Prelate of our Church was as honourable to his zeal, his charity, and his humanity, as it was creditable to his intelligence and practical good sense.

The evidence given by the Rev. Mr. Morris, before the English Poor Law Committee, has completely startled every one here, and within the last two days I have heard a Catholic ask a Protestant, "Where is now your solitary case of the boy Mortan, in comparison to the hundreds and thousands of unhappy Catholic Mortans, daily and hourly made the victims of Protestant bigotry?" As you may suppose, the Protestant quickly slunk away.—Cor. of Weekly Register.

Mr. Spooner having been sickened by repeated defeats of the Maynooth motion, the cause of intolerance has been taken up by Mr. Whalley, with a result upon which we congratulate the House of Commons. The Record of Monday published an invitation to "those of its readers who love the cause of Protestantism, to unite in prayer that he (Mr. Whalley) may be graciously strengthened, sustained and taught." "Much grace, much wisdom (continues the evangelical writer) will be required. May the Lord vouchsafe to bestow it." Commenting upon this pious effusion, the Star, in an excellent article, which we should have liked to reproduce in full, says:—"That Mr. Whalley needs 'Wisdom' and 'teaching'; and that 'gracious strengthening' would be a cordial balm when the 'Parliamentary Bulls of Basha' had grieved his spirit by their blowings, or tossed him on the horns of cruel dilemmas, we do not at all doubt. Our only doubt is whether, if Mr. Whalley were endowed with 'Wisdom and Grace,' we should not have heard of him at all last night. What 'Grace' would have done for Mr. Whalley can hardly be questioned—for of all the ungracious things on earth what could be more so than for a Churchman to come forward to deprive Roman Catholics—eo nomine £30,000 per annum. Mr. Seymour's motion could be maintained on the ground of equal dealing with all, but to say to our Irish neighbours, because your creed is wrong and mine right, my Church must continue to wallow in wealth conferred on it wholly by the State, while you are not even to pick up the little crumb of £30,000—this seems to us to savour more of the 'grace' of bigotry than of any other." Mr. Newdegate rejoices that Mr. Whalley has brought forward this question with a temper, ability, and judgment that is perfectly satisfactory to the Protestants of England. Among other things, this model of Protestant ability declared that at Maynooth "murder was tolerated, treason encouraged, and offences which all mankind abhorred and agreed to denounce were recommended, adopted, and justified. In proportion as they had the opportunity of committing these crimes, and violating the ordinary moral sense of the community at large, the students of the College establish their claim to the respect of their fellow-pupils, and to the hopes of advancement, temporal and eternal, which the Roman Catholic Church holds out to its devotees." Perhaps this able successor of Mr. Spooner will tell us what he means by opportunities of crime establishing our claim to temporal hopes. Again he says, "Maynooth College is the Citadel of the Pope, and students who receive their education there are the captains of the Roman Catholic priesthood throughout the world." Thus the maintenance of the College "seriously affects the claims" of England to be considered neutral in the Italian question. The doctrines taught there "lead directly to social and moral anarchy," and yet it is to be suppressed because it supplies the "captains" of the party of order in Europe. Catholics themselves own it ought to be suppressed because, says the Editor of the Weekly Register, he once wrote a letter to say that the Catholics of Ireland would not sacrifice their independence of action for a grant of £30,000 a year. He asserts that the teaching of the Maynooth priests had resulted in "absolute famine and starvation;" and soon through dull dribbles of nonsense, which were adopted as their own by Sir W. Verne and Messrs. Spooner and Newdegate, and others, to the number of 114 members of the House of Commons, who followed Mr. Whalley into the lobby.—Weekly Register.

THE PROTESTANT EVANGELICAL MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.—When a Protestant member speaks in the House of Commons on matters connected with the Church, the first thing that strikes his hearers is his ignorance; and ignorance is the most charitable interpretation of his conduct. Such a man is sometimes sincere, but not always so; at any rate, he fails to impress his hearers with the notion that he really believes all that he says. A Protestant speech in the House of Commons is a speech made for a particular purpose; addressed to somebody out of the House; to a wavering constituency, or to a county or borough in want of a vituperative gentleman to represent its anti-Christian temper. These men who, in the House of Commons, are the organs of the national unbelief, have a very commendable way of proving their case. It is by no means necessary that they should know anything of the matter about which they speak, for, in truth, the greater their ignorance the more triumphant will be their career. The chief thing requisite in the anti-Maynooth speaker is a good memory and a face of brass. The memory is required for the purpose of enabling its owner to repeat the old stories over again, to reproduce the old lies; and the face of brass is essential because without it no man could say what these men habitually say. There is a depth of meanness without example in these gentlemen who are ever repeating their mouths against the Pope. They would hardly venture to speak of their neighbors without some knowledge of the facts; and they certainly would not hurt them without some provocation or reasonable cause. But in the matter of the Church they are just like the demons, frantic, and do not care what they say or do. The presence of the Church is a dread upon them; it makes them afraid, even in their cups, and perpetually robs them of some promised satisfaction upon which they had set their hearts.—London Tablet.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1861.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE death of Count Cavour, its probable results upon the destinies of Italy, of Europe, and upon the destinies of the Church, form the chief topics of discussion in the political world. In Italy, amongst the revolutionary party, the feeling of regret is profound and universal. The great talents of the illustrious deceased are by all recognised, and no one pretends that he has left behind him any one qualified to assume the place that he has left vacant. Protestantism mourns almost as one who has no hope, over the grave of its patron; and the London Times grows savagely eloquent as it denounces, "the envious fatality"—i.e., the hand of God—which has stricken down a man more necessary to revolutionised and Protestantised Italy, than Mirabeau was to France when a similar "envious fatality" cut short the career, and arrested the progress of the only man then capable of controlling the passions which the revolution had evoked. "He has left his bow behind him," says the Times speaking of Cavour—"but who shall bend it?" and "where will Italy find another statesman whom she may confidently match under the most discouraging circumstances against the politic and inscrutable Emperor of the French?"

In default of finding such a man, the superstructure of centralised Absolutism, so carefully and elaborately constructed out of the ruins of the ancient and independent Italian States, must fall to the ground, and at this result every friend of liberty, or what is the same thing, every enemy of centralisation must rejoice. "Italian Unity," or the destruction of all local, self-government throughout the Peninsula, seemed but yesterday in a fair way of being speedily accomplished, but by the death of one man, that result seems to have been indefinitely postponed. At all events, the friends of freedom have had a respite, a breathing time accorded to them, and it is to be hoped that they will know how—especially in conquered and foreign mercenary-ridden Naples—to avail themselves of it. For the present, the direction of affairs, and the task of carrying out Cavour's Absolutist designs have been committed to Baron Ricasoli.

Of the last moments of the deceased, we have a lengthy, if not a very faithful, account from the pen of the Times Turin correspondent. From this it would appear that Cavour died, as he had lived, like a heathen; and that his last thoughts were given exclusively to the intrigues of diplomacy, the "destinies of his country," political quackery in general, and the "crops and silkworms" in particular. On the other hand, we read of priests bearing to him his viaticum, and attending at his palace with the apparent intent of administering to him the consolations of that religion which during his lifetime he had spurned and persecuted, and the last sacraments of that Church whose unrelenting enemy he had ever approved himself. We trust that the latter is the truth; and that Cavour did receive those Sacraments, did therefore die penitent, and did before his death, to the best of his power, make the *amende honorable* for the evils and scandals he had occasioned by his infamous career as a statesman. On all these matters however the Times correspondent gives us no information whatsoever.

There is little of interest to be noted down as having occurred in other respects since our last. The health of the Sovereign Pontiff is said to be much improved, and the condition of Rome is more hopeful than it has been for many weeks. France and Great Britain are alike agreed in their policy towards the United States, and alike insist upon the most perfect neutrality. In the House of Commons, Sir R. Peel endeavored to entrap the Legislature into paying an official tribute of tears to the defunct Italian Minister. This outrageous proposal was promptly and energetically resisted by The O'Donoghue; and condemned even by Lord Palmerston, it was finally abandoned. Another fact transpired in the same place, and on the same night, during the course of a desultory conversation upon "Protestantism in Spain." It seems that the Vice-Consul at Xeres, Mr. Gordon, is a Catholic; and that having declined to comply with a request to give the use of his private residence as a place of

Protestant worship, he has been summarily dismissed from his position, in compliance with positive instructions contained in a despatch from Lord John Russell to Consul Brackenbury.—The following is the essential portion of this despatch, which we transcribe, as amusingly illustrative of an English Protestant's ideas of "civil and religious liberty":—

"Foreign-office, May 28.
"Sir—With reference to your correspondence with Sir Andrew Buchanan respecting Protestant worship at Xeres, I have to state to you that the refusal of Mr. Gordon to allow Protestant service to be performed in his house on the ground that he could not, as a Roman Catholic, conscientiously do so, makes it desirable that his office as British Vice-Consul should be transferred to some other person."

Thus, in substance, the law is, that a person holding an official situation, and being a Catholic, must, upon pains of being summarily dismissed from his office, give up the use of his private house to any Protestant sectaries who may deem it convenient as a place of Protestant worship; and must open his dining-room, or even his wife's bed-room, to any impertinent fellow who may be smitten with a desire to hold a conventicle therein.

THE NOMINATIONS.

The nominations for the several Wards of this City took place on Wednesday last.

EAST WARD.—M. Dorion was proposed by M. Laflamme, seconded by M. Valois.—M. Carter was proposed by M. J. Poupart, seconded by Mr. Thomas Molson. The show of hands being equal, a poll was demanded.

CENTRE WARD.—Mr. McKenzie, seconded by M. Marchand, proposed Mr. Rose. M. Joseph Doure, seconded by Mr. Atwater, proposed Mr. Holmes, in whose favor the show of hands was declared to be. A poll was then demanded by the friends of Mr. Rose.

WEST WARD.—Mr. Holton, seconded by Dr. Leprohon, proposed Mr. McGee. Mr. Ogilvie, seconded by Mr. G. L. Rolland, proposed Mr. Thomas Ryan, without however, as it would now appear, the authority of the last named gentleman. Hereupon a row occurred of which we find the following accounts. One is from the Transcript (Opposition); the other from the Gazette (Ministerial):—

Mr. Ogilvie stepped to the front of the hustings and delivered a paper to the Returning Officer, which we believe contained the nomination of Thos. Ryan, Esq., and was stated to be seconded by G. E. Rolland, Esq. The nomination was received with yells and hisses, and something like a scuffle ensued on the platform, which resulted in Mr. Ogilvie's being pushed over the steps, notwithstanding the attempts of Mr. McGee and many of his immediate friends who surrounded him—and driven to a cab in the vicinity, into which he was pushed, with his coat torn and his hat battered. We did not learn that he was actually struck, but there were marks of violence or scratches on his face. This highly improper treatment cannot be too severely censured, and should be regarded with deep regret and shame, we must imagine, even by those concerned in it. The cab drove away, and Mr. Ogilvie proceeded, we learn, to the Court House, where affidavits of the circumstances were made.

After Mr. McGee's proposer and seconders had addressed the crowd, Mr. A. W. Ogilvie came forward and proceeded to propose Mr. Thomas Ryan, seconded by Mr. G. L. Rolland. Scarcely had he the words out of his mouth, when some of the rabble present, forcing themselves on the platform, commenced to hustle him, and, despite the quite ineffective efforts of a couple of policemen on the stand, they pushed him off, throwing him headlong down the steps.—They then threw him down, kicking and beating him. He was rescued with difficulty; placed in a carriage in a state of insensibility and driven off. As he was leaving, some scoundrel threw a large stone after him, which went through the back of the vehicle, just grazing Mr. Ogilvie. The stone weighed five pounds; and if it had struck Mr. Ogilvie on the head, it would inevitably have killed him.

The Returning Officer called for a show of hands, which was declared in favour of Mr. McGee. Nobody demanding a poll for Mr. Ryan, none apparently daring to speak, Mr. McGee was declared duly elected. He then addressed the assemblage for a few minutes.

Mr. McGee's qualification was demanded; and a protest lodged against his election on the ground of violence.

CIRCULAR OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF SANDWICH, TO THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE COMING ELECTION.

REVEREND DEAR SIR:—The approaching election suggests to me the propriety of addressing you a few words, for your own guidance and that of the flock committed to your charge. In doing so, I deem it my duty to state distinctly that I do not wish to interfere with the political rights of my spiritual children, but solely to remind them of their duty as Christians and as citizens, and of the obligation they are under of exercising these privileges with reference to the interests of religion and morality.

Let every citizen who is qualified by the law to assist in giving Legislators to his country, consider well that he is called upon to perform a moral act for which he will have to render, one day a severe and strict account to the All-Seeing Judge of men's consciences. Consequently let him be influenced solely by those unchangeable principles of eternal justice, truth and honesty, which alone constitute the moral worth of our actions.

With this view, let electors remember that it is incumbent upon them, never to give their votes but to secure the election of men truly honest, liberal, conservative, and consequently favorable to the interests of religion and morality—in a word, to men able and willing to protect our civil and religious rights. Hence it will appear how unworthy it is of the citizen and of the Catholic to allow himself to be moved in the per-

formance of his sacred duty; by selfish interests, vindictiveness, or any other unworthy motives.

Thus influenced, electors are apt to send to the Legislative Hall men strangers to religious and conservative principles, and thus fearfully prepared to jeopardize our civil and religious liberties.

Should therefore all the candidates for his suffrage be justly considered as unworthy of his confidence, justice and honesty point out to the elector the only alternative left him, not to vote at all. By thus refraining from the exercise of his political rights, he will escape the terrible consequences he would assume by placing a man in a public situation, wherein he would be able to injure his country, and oppose the just claims of his fellow-countrymen.

Bearing in mind the excesses which have hitherto been but too common at our elections, I earnestly charge you to raise your voice against the scandalous vices of drunkenness, violence, rioting, fighting, swearing, and all such iniquities, as unworthy of Catholics and destructive of morality and religion.

You will not forget, Rev. Sir, to remind both electors and candidates of the heinousness of the crime of perjury, which is too frequently committed on the occasion of elections. You cannot denounce in too energetic terms the Catholic who, yielding to the shameful bait of bribery, sells his vote for a paltry consideration; who thinks himself authorized, in order to defeat a political opponent, to have recourse to slander and calumny, by circulating evil reports, and thus sowing the seeds of lasting hatred and strife. Those guilty of such odious practices should be reminded that they are unworthy of the Sacraments, so long as injuries offered by them to the name or character of a fellow-citizen, are left unrepaid.

Acting up to the above moral principles, our Catholic citizens will be fully prepared to exercise their elective franchise with honor to themselves, and for the welfare of their country.—Then and then only, will they understand how necessary it is for the Catholic elector to shun, not only the immoral practices above alluded to, but also to discard all private rivalries, all petty jealousies, and to become firmly united amongst themselves, from one end of the Province to the other, in order to uphold manfully and honorably their religious and civil rights.

Let them therefore be prepared, by previous agreement, to vote, every where, as one man, for the sacred cause of Freedom of education and of religious equality. Let them unanimously renounce for ever all political connection with every party or candidate known as unwilling to guarantee, to their Catholic fellow-citizens, the rights of full liberty of conscience, which are wantonly trampled upon, so long as freedom of education and religious equality are not practically granted them.

Let them be convinced that the good of the commonwealth and the prosperity of the country are intimately connected with that full liberty of conscience, hitherto withheld from us in Upper Canada. Peace, harmony, Christian fraternity are universally uppermost, wherever the rights of conscience are practically respected by all;—whereas strife, hatred, public agitation are the natural consequences of the suicidal policy of those who, with a view to gratify their own ambition or their religious animosity, do not hesitate to sacrifice the rights of conscience of their fellow-citizens.

Such is the policy of those, who, upholding the principle of Representation by Population, evidently aim at placing one class of society over the other, thereby practically destroying religious and civil equality. Such is likewise the policy of those who have, hitherto, withheld Freedom of Education, so long vainly claimed by their fellow-citizens of Upper Canada.

I deem it necessary to warn you against those so-called politicians who hypocritically, to-day, smile upon you, and, to-morrow, will unite with your enemies to rob you of your just rights.—The Eternal Truth, speaking of evil and good trees, has given us an unmistakable criterion, when he said: "By their fruits, you shall know them." Let electors beware of those perjured politicians who have, in former Parliaments, betrayed their trust, broken their most solemn pledges given on the eve of their election. They also are unfit for the Legislative Hall, and unworthy of the people's confidence.

In a word, Rev. Sir, you are hereby directed to exhort the faithful under your charge, carefully to avoid all violation of divine and human laws, and to conduct themselves like true Christians and honest citizens, with charity, justice and forbearance towards all men, having solely in view the good of the commonwealth.

To the above suggestions you may add such remarks as zeal and prudence may suggest, pointing out such disorders as may have disgraced certain localities, and warning your flock against the awful consequences of the same.

Trusting that this, my direction, shall be faithfully complied with, and hoping it may contribute to the welfare of our dear country,

I remain, Rev. Sir,
Most affectionately yours in Christ,
† ADOLPHE, Bishop of Sandwich.

REPRESENTATION BY POPULATION, IN PARLIAMENT, AND IN THE PROVINCIAL PENITENTIARY.—There is nothing like impudence, cool, calm, uncompromising impudence which shrinks from nothing; which fears nothing, and which sets truth, honesty and common sense at defiance.—For such commodious brazen impudence commend us to the "Clear-Grits" or "Protestant Reformers" of Upper Canada, and to their spokesman, Mr. Adam Wilson, of Toronto—one of the great guns, or orators at a late "Clear-Grit" meeting held for the special honor and glory of Mr. George Brown, and to promote the success of his, and Mr. Wilson's canvass for the City of Toronto at the present General Election. "Oh Lord! give us a guide conceit o' ourselves," was the prayer of the worthy Presbyterian minister; and certainly in so far as the "Protestant Reformers" of Upper Canada are concerned, that prayer has been blessed, that petition has been abundantly fulfilled.

At such a meeting as that above alluded to, the question of "Representation by Population" naturally occupied a prominent place; and of course the burden imposed upon the Upper Canada advocates of that measure—now that the population of their section of the Province is a trifle in excess of that of Lower Canada—was to reconcile their present strenuous advocacy of "Representation by Population," with their former equally strenuous repudiation of the same measure, and the principle involved therein, so long as the population of Lower Canada was greatly in excess of that of Upper Canada. To ordinary mortals, oppressed with an ordinary share of human modesty, and of respect for consistency, such a task would have been most arduous, not to say impossible; to a "Clear-Grit" to a "Protestant Reformer," to a Mr. Adam Wilson, and his hearers, it was one of the easiest things in the world. Some men, having such a task imposed upon them, would have betrayed at least some symptoms of repugnance; and by means of casuistry, special pleading, and manifold wriggings, would have sought to distract attention from the real and very plain merits of the case. Mr. Adam Wilson, to whom the Lord has given an excellent conceit of himself and his fellow "Clear-Grits," and who was in consequence undisturbed by qualms of conscience, or suggestions of modesty, went roundly to work: and to the entire satisfaction of himself and audience, established the following propositions:—

1. That Lower Canada, when its population was greatly in excess of that of Upper Canada, had no moral or constitutional right, to any thing more than to an equal number of representatives in Parliament, with the latter.

2. That Upper Canada, when its population exceeds that of Lower Canada, has a clear moral and constitutional right to an increase of representatives in Parliament, proportionate to its excess of population.

The process by which the speaker proceeded to demonstrate the above apparently irreconcilable propositions was most simple and satisfactory; consisting, first, in the unblushing enunciation of the tyrannical and iniquitous designs of the Upper Canadians upon Lower Canada; and secondly, in the equally modest assumption of the intellectual superiority of the Protestants of the West—a superiority so great as to entitle them to treat the Papists of the East as beings of an entirely inferior order. In other words, the argument put forward by the Protestant Reformers was this—"We are your superiors, and as such are exempt from all obligations of honesty and justice in dealing with Papists and French Canadians." As a moral curiosity, as a specimen of the peculiar ideas of right and wrong which obtain amongst Reformers, and of their convenient mode of interpreting the golden rule of dealing with others as they would themselves be dealt with—we give the portion of Mr. Adam Wilson's speech with reference to "Representation by Population," as we find it in the Toronto Globe:—

"Now, I may say the only objections raised in the House of Assembly by the Lower Canadians to the concession of these reasonable demands are these. They say that at the time of the Union Lower Canada had the larger population of the two, yet that an equality in the representation was given to Upper Canada. Now, when Upper Canada is in the majority, why alter the representation? Then again, the Lower Canadians say—Suppose we were to give a larger representation to the Upper Province, our institutions, our language, our religion, our laws, would stand in danger of being subverted. As to the first argument—as to Lower Canada having only an equality of members in the House of Assembly at the time of the Union, although she had a greater population than Upper Canada, there is a very easy and complete answer. Everybody happens to know there were peculiar circumstances existing at the time of the Union. The object of the Imperial Government was to give the British population a preponderance in the Legislature, and it was thought that if the two Provinces were united, the members of the Anglo-Saxon race in each would combine and make it a British colony in fact and feeling. (Cheers.) At the time of the Union it was a matter of complaint that although Lower Canada had a population superior in number to Upper Canada, they gave to both an equal number of members. But at the time the Act of Settlement was under consideration, it was said Lower Canada was not in an advancing state. Although the Upper Province has a smaller population, the people are superior in education, in wealth, and will soon be in numbers, so there is no use in apportioning the representatives in a way which will have to be disturbed when an equality is reached. It was for these reasons that the same number of representatives was given to both sections at the time of the Union. But there are no such special reasons

existing why the Upper Province should not have representation according to her greater population at the present time. Not only have we a greater population, but we have a far greater degree of intelligence and infinitely more energy, and we pay two dollars to one of the taxes which support the Government of the Provinces."

That the object in assigning to Protestant Upper Canada—at the time of the unfortunate Union—with its bankrupt exchequer, and its small population, a representation equal to that of the solvent and numerous population of Catholic Lower Canada, was, as stated by Mr. Adam Wilson, to swamp the Catholics of the East, there can be no doubt; but that he should have coolly enunciated such a rascally project, without betraying the slightest suspicion that therein was involved any the slightest infraction of those laws of right and wrong which he and his incessantly evoke for themselves, is indeed most remarkable, and indeed inexplicable did we not remember that Protestant Reform principles corrupt and degrade both the head and the heart of all who entertain them; and impart an obliquity of moral vision to, and pervert both the intelligence and the conscience of, all who have the misfortune to adopt them. "The object" of equal representation, when the French Canadian and Catholic element of the population was greatly in excess, "was to give the British (and Protestant) population a preponderance in the Legislature." But as British subjects, from whom equal duties were exacted, the French Canadians had equal rights with their Anglo-Saxon fellow-subjects; and therefore the attempt to give the latter a "preponderance in the Legislature," was such a violation of the fundamental laws of right and wrong, as for ever to preclude all those for whose benefit, and with whose approbation, that attempt was made, from appealing to those laws in their own behalf. For there is no principle in ethics of more constant and universal application than this. That no man, that no community can ever assert in their behalf a principle which they have violated or allowed to be violated in their behalf. If no injustice was necessarily done to the more numerous Catholic population by the giving to the Protestant minority, an equal representation in Parliament, then no injustice is necessarily done to-day in allowing the Catholic minority an equality of representation; and it thereby injustice be done to the Protestant majority to-day, then was injustice done to the Catholic majority at the time of the Union, and for many subsequent years—for which injustice amends, full and ample, must be made by those in whose behalf the first injustice was perpetrated. In other words, if the laws of right and wrong be constant and invariable, and if Her Majesty's Catholic subjects of Lower Canada have the same rights and duties as have Her Majesty's Protestant subjects of the West, then have the former the clearest moral and constitutional right to insist upon the maintenance of equality of representation in the Legislature, until such time at least, as the excess of population in the West shall be, relatively to the entire population of Canada, as great as was the excess of the population of Lower Canada at the time of the Union. Should this excess ever be attained, then the people of Upper Canada might bring forward their claims with an appearance of justice; and then the Catholics of the East would do wisely to insist upon the repeal of the unnatural Union, iniquitously imposed upon them with the design of destroying their nationality and their religion.

The assumption of intellectual superiority by the "Protestant Reformers" we can afford to laugh at. If its impudence provokes us, we turn to the Report of the Provincial Penitentiary, wherein we find such unmistakable evidences of the superior numbers, as well as of the superior intelligence, and of the superior morality, of the superior race to which Mr. Adam Wilson and Mr. George Brown belong, that our disgust at the fellow's impudence, is neutralised by gratitude to God that the Papists of Lower Canada are so very dissimilar, in all respects, to the Protestant Reformers of the West.

THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.—It was a pleasant sight on Monday morning last, to witness the long, well-organised and imposing procession of our French Canadian fellow-citizens and co-religionists on their way to the Parish Church, duly to commemorate with holy rites the anniversary of their Patron Saint, and to commend their country and their country's cause, to the protection of the Lord God of Armies.

The French Canadians are eminently a religious people, and they are eminently a patriotic people. They are faithful to their Church, and they love their country. In these two noble qualities they closely resemble another eminently Catholic and patriotic race, whose descendants form no mean or inconsiderable portion of our Canadian population. In their firm adherence to the old faith, in their devotion to the old land, the French Canadians and the Irish have many striking points of resemblance; and as the latter have a claim on the respect and affections of every true-hearted Catholic, no matter what his origin, so every generous Episcop-

must deeply sympathise with the French Canadian, in his stubborn attachment to the laws, the language, and the religion of his forefathers. "God and our Country." This is the motto which the Irishman and the French Canadian is alike entitled to bear on his escutcheon; and whether that escutcheon be emblazoned with the mystic shamrock, or with the graceful maple-leaf, it is one from which no gallant chivalrous heart will withhold its allegiance. Honor, common honor, to the children of St. Denis, and to the children of St. Patrick!

So alike in their past, so akin to one another in blood and in religion, children of one mother, and with the same spiritual manna, menaced with the same dangers, and from the same enemy, rejoicing in the same hope, and strengthened by the same consolations—oh! why should French Canadians and Irishmen ever be divided! why should they not love, cherish, honor, and mutually succor one another! We know of no two people whose history presents so many points of resemblance as does that of the French Canadians and of the Irish. From both the sceptre, by the inscrutable decrees of Divine Providence, has passed away into alien hands, into the hands of strangers, in blood, in language, and in religion. And yet by the same inscrutable decrees, the nationality and the religion of both the one and of the other have been hitherto preserved from apparently inevitable destruction. Both find themselves in the presence of an unfriendly race, which affects to treat them as "inferiors," which hates their religion, and which relaxes not in its efforts either to seduce them, or by persecution to compel them, to apostacy. Both have proved themselves superior to the wiles of the seducer, and to the threats and hard usage of the persecutor; they have both, and under the most unfavourable circumstances, kept alive within their bosoms the sacred fire of patriotism and religion; and unlike unshaken in their fidelity to their God, both alike look back with loving remembrance to the days of old, and cast many a longing glance across the wide ocean to the dear old land, whose ancient melodies still are ringing in their ears, whose green hills and ever murmuring streams are to them sacred things,—to that dear and far off-land, the cradle of their race, and where rest the bodies of their fathers awaiting a glorious resurrection. Thus united by the bonds of a common faith and a common affliction, why, we ask, should French Canadians and Irishmen ever be divided?

And see what a glorious destiny the same Divine Providence which has chastened, has yet reserved to these two martyr people! That of being the missionaries of the Church, and the instruments for promulgating the truths of religion, and the blessings of moral civilisation, to the proud but sensual and semi-heathen races by whom they have been and are oppressed! Shall we then by our own perverseness, by our paltry jealousies, our ignoble rivalries, and our sordid squabbles, frustrate, as far as lies in our power, the designs of Providence? Shall we then foolishly and suicidally renounce the glorious destiny for which God has hitherto reserved us?

These are questions which every one who loves his country, and who loves his religion, should seriously ask himself. The common enemy of all Catholics, the enemy of the Irish Papist at home, the enemy of the French Papist in Canada, is ever on the alert to make and perpetuate strife betwixt the two races, knowing that, in their divisions, he will find his triumph over both. As there is no real cause for discord betwixt them, but on the contrary, every conceivable reason for union—the foe with hellish cunning and diabolical malice, is ever trying to invent, or rather to insinuate pretexts for a quarrel; and unfortunately, both for Irish and for French Canadians, he has in many an instance but too well succeeded. Little susceptibilities have been worked upon, foolish words inconsiderately spoken have been exaggerated and insisted upon, and every artifice has been employed to keep open and widen the breach.—The promptings of passion, and of grovelling material interests have been allowed to overpower the still small voice of duty; and thus the influence of the two great Catholic races of North America, which it united could bid defiance to all their opponents, has been frittered away; whilst the common foe looks on and laughs at the apparent success of his infernal schemes for the humiliation of the Church, and the extirpation of Popery.

For this most deplorable condition to which we have been reduced, is there no remedy?—We believe there is, for otherwise we should despair of the fortunes of the Church in Canada. We believe that it is only necessary for the two races thoroughly to know one another, to sincerely love one another; we believe, that of both, the great majority are so earnest in their devotion to the cause of their common religion, that it is only necessary to enlighten them as to the requirements of that cause, to unite them in a holy and defensive league. Political adventurers intent upon personal aggrandisement, greedy place-hunters, scurrilous journalists, and unprincipled agitators may have to a certain extent poisoned the minds of their respective

dupes—for we are far from insinuating that the fault of division lies wholly on one side, or that either party is free from blame.—But we believe that, if all true Catholics, according to their several capacities, were to address themselves to the task of showing how mutually dependent upon one another the French Canadian and Irish people are; how inseparably the highest interests of the one are mixed up with the highest interests of the other; and how, humanly speaking, the noblest of all causes which it is given to a creature to defend—the cause of God's Holy Catholic Church—must stand or fall with the union or division of the several nationalities of which our Catholic population is composed—we believe, we say, that if this were done, honestly, and incessantly by those who have the ears of the people, the divisions which we now deplore would soon be healed; and that the paltry jealousies which now interpose betwixt the two races and keep them apart, would be dissipated like the morning mist before the rays of the rising sun.

It is with sincere pleasure that we transfer to our columns from those of the Toronto Freeman of the 20th instant, an article on the duties and policy of Catholics at the present crisis. It will be seen from the perusal of the article alluded to, that on the chief questions of the day there is no longer any substantial difference betwixt the opinions of the Freeman, and those which the TRUE WITNESS has always held.—This we rejoice at; for it is most painful to all friends of the Church to see her children at strife, and to be the witnesses of contests betwixt those who profess to draw their inspiration from a common source. For ourselves, we again entreat the Freeman, to give us credit for a hearty desire to co-operate with him for the advancement of the cause in which we are both engaged; and to believe us when we assure him, that no hard words that may have passed betwixt us; that no personal considerations of any nature whatsoever, shall by us be allowed to interfere with the performance of that most agreeable duty. All who love the Catholic Church, and honestly seek to do her service, are our friends; we know no enemies save the enemies of our holy mother.

We would, however, assure the Freeman that he has in some degree misapprehended the drift of our articles against Orangism. We never intended to advocate the total exclusion of Orangemen from the Legislature or the Executive; and if he will do us the honor to refer to our columns, he will see that we have always insisted upon this—but no more than this. That all secret politico-religious societies be ignored by the Government, and that their members be not entrusted with the administration of the laws. More than this it would be unwise to ask, for more than this we could not obtain; but the Imperial Government has itself recognised the justice of our carefully limited claims, by making them the basis of its dealings with the Orangemen of Ireland.

At the same time we earnestly disclaim all semblance even of dictation to our Catholic friends as to how they should cast their votes.—This only would we say to them, in the words of the Apostle—"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." As laymen we pretend only to reproduce the teachings of that Church which alone has the right to teach. When we speak as she speaks, we demand that we be listened to, yet not for our own sakes, but for the sake of the words which we speak. When we speak contrary to her teachings, we demand to be set right, and we invite correction. Our highest ambition, as we have often said, is to serve our Catholic brethren, to plead their cause, and in so far as in us lies, to obtain for them justice, more especially in the matter of "Freedom of Education." To obtain this, we are willing to make many sacrifices; and to the political party which should undertake to accord it to us, we would ourselves give, and we would respectfully recommend our friends to give, carte blanche upon all matters of mere secular politics. Even Orangism, though a great evil, we look upon as less dangerous than a bad school system, for the latter is ruinous to the souls of those subjected to its influences. Our motto is—"Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do;" but fear that rather which hath the power to cast into hell. This power have the common schools and Godless education.

In justice to the Freeman, and as a pledge to our French Canadian brethren of the future policy of the Catholics of Canada West, we would also call attention to the conclusion of our Toronto cotemporary's article; wherein he declares his intention of opposing the designs of those who, like the red Republicans, or "Rouges" of Italy, menace our ecclesiastical institutions with spoliation. This is the avowed design of the "Clear-Grits," of all those who hail George Brown as friend and master, and who walk in the footsteps of Tom Ferguson. This too is the design of those who clamor for "Representation by Population," in order that by an increase of the Protestant element in the Legislature, the

endowments of Popery in Lower Canada may be delivered to them as a prey.

Having said this much to the Freeman, we will correct an error into which our cotemporary the Mirror of the 21st instant has fallen.—The TRUE WITNESS has not exhorted the Catholic constituencies of Upper Canada to inaction; and has not pretended that, as betwixt a "Clear-Grit" and an Orange candidate, the Catholic voter should remain neutral. Vote for the man—if such a man presents himself—from whom you are likely to obtain full justice on the School Question—no matter by what party name he may be designated. Betwixt two rival candidates, equally hostile to your claims, there is no room for choice, on public grounds; and as by these only should the conscientious voter be actuated, as personal predilections should not be allowed to interfere in the choice of representatives, so in the case of such equally obnoxious candidates, we still recommend to the Catholic voter to vote for neither:—

"THE CONFLICT OF DUTIES—THE LODGE AND THE SCHOOLS."

"The following question was put by us three weeks ago to our Montreal cotemporary, the True Witness:— 'Will the True Witness recommend the Catholics of East York to vote for an Orangeman in preference to a man who has no connection with the Order?'"

"The last issue of that journal discusses the matter at some length and enunciates views which we in part dissent from, while we cordially endorse the residue."

"The following extract which more particularly relates to the question at issue is so far as Orangism is concerned, appears to us a little weak and vacillating:— 'We abhor Orangism, but never has the True Witness advocated the exclusion of Orangemen from the Legislature or from the Executive, for it would be most impolitic to advocate such extreme claims. All we have ever contended for is this, and this we still ever insist upon.—That no official encouragement or recognition of any kind should be given to Orangism or to any secret politico-religious society; and that no members of any such societies should be appointed to offices connected with the administration of the Law. Not that in our detestation of Orangism we would insinuate that every Orangeman must be a rogue; but because a member of a secret society is exposed to influences from which others are exempt; and because to entrust to him any share in the administration of justice tends inevitably to make that administration suspect, and saps therefore the very foundations of civil order, which cannot subsist there, where the most perfect confidence in the impartiality and honesty of the duly constituted legal tribunals does not obtain. More than this we never have, and never will exact; and though we would not willingly give our vote to an Orangeman, yet would we rather vote for an honest Orangeman, from whom we might reasonably expect a good School Law, than for the Protestant Reformer or Liberal who was an opponent of Separate Schools.'"

"We have taken the liberty to italicize two or three lines in the foregoing quotation, which we regard as involving a most dangerous concession of the high ground occupied by the True Witness and Freeman alike, up to the date of the article just quoted. We have certainly always understood our Montreal cotemporary as opposed to the return of known and avowed Orangemen to the Executive power—which has also much to do with the administration of the law. Are not the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals law officers of the Crown? Are not the judges of Counties and Assize, the Crown prosecutors, Recorders of cities, Magistrates, &c., all appointed by the Executive? Is not the pardoning power too often abused under Orange influence, as well as the initiation of all Crown prosecutions under the direction and control of this Executive from which the True Witness now holds 'it would be most impolitic to advocate the exclusion' of such men as John Hillyard Cameron, for example. It cannot be possible that our Montreal cotemporary wrote with his usual carefulness, when he thus gave up all we have contended for in common—on whatever else we might differ—during the entire existence of the Parliament which has just expired."

"The True Witness understates in some measure the extent of the social virus with which we have to contend when he says, in a previous paragraph of the same article, that Orangism affects only our 'material and temporal interests.' We, on the contrary, are of opinion that it vitally affects the spiritual interests of tens of thousands by preventing the establishment of Catholic congregations, by driving out Catholic pioneers, by destroying Catholics, and by threatening and sometimes maltreating Catholic missionaries. If there had been no other class in Upper Canada, but the active members of the lodges—if there had not been intrepid men like the Baldwins, Sullivans and Blakes of times past—these would not have been to-day a mitre, and hardly a cassock, and certainly not a cross publicly visible between the Ottawa and Lake Erie. Happily, the system was kept in check, up to the time of Lord Metcalfe, that is to say, up to the accession of the Hon. J. A. Macdonald to the leadership of the lower House. From that day to this it has continued to gain ground steadily, until now it has almost everything to do with the administration of the law—at least west of Cornwall or Ottawa du Lac. The militia, the magistracy, the bar, the sheriffs, bailiffs, jailors, clerks of the Crown, and almost every class, high or low, connected with the administration of the law, are so linked in with the brotherhood, that signs are visibly given in court, between all the parties to civil and criminal proceedings. And at the head of all, demanding 'to the verge of offence' their recognition by the Heir of the Throne, stands the Attorney General West—the member for Kingston!"

"But while Orangism is so mischievous on the one hand, and its effects are of so grave a character as not to allow them to be under-estimated or too lightly passed over, we have on the other our schools, and our charitable and religious institutions menaced on all sides. Mr. Brown and his special section of the so-called Reform party have never openly or privately—so far as we are aware—renounced their bitter hostility of our Separate School system—the same freely granted by the Catholic majority to the Protestant minority of Lower Canada. Mr. Brown has never retracted, nor qualified, the statement made by him last year in the House, when he said that in his opinion the excellent community of Grey Nuns 'were not entitled to hold the property' for the sake of which they had petitioned for an extension of time. He nor his special followers have not disavowed those oft-repeated opinions which involve the sequestration of Church property and the plunder of religious communities. Neither has Mr. Gould nor any one on his behalf withdrawn or apologised for the ruffianly language which his impure and filthy imagination prompted him to use towards the virtuous and holy ladies, who devote themselves to the service of God in conventional life, and to whom we entrust the education of our daughters, as our wives and mothers have been confided to the same training. We have no pledge or promise that these and the like incendiary attacks on all that Catholics hold most dear and sacred—the right of giving our

children more especially—will be either abandoned or even postponed.

"We have rapidly glanced at some of the objectionable features which we recognize among the members of the lodge and among the avowed and dangerous enemies of our schools and our religious and charitable institutions. These it is the sacred and conscientious duty of every Catholic to uphold and defend at every risk and sacrifice. We should never forget that 'the price of freedom is eternal vigilance,' and that the only security for our freedom of education—and the only guarantee for the undisturbed possession by our religious and benevolent institutions of what is theirs by every legal and just title—is to endeavour to defeat, and at the very least to withhold our suffrages from every man, who declares war upon our separate schools and who avows his intention to inaugurate in Canada a system of sacrilegious spoliation, after the example of the red republicans and anarchists of Italy. How then are we to act between the bigot of the Lodge and the bigot of the Conventicle? Precisely as the True Witness prescribes. Our cotemporary says:— 'All other things being equal, both candidates being equally opposed to separate schools, and equally hostile to Catholicity, the best thing in our opinion that the Catholic voter can do on polling day, is to remain quietly at home, and smoke his pipe. Better not to be represented at all, than to be misrepresented; and the 'opponent of separate schools' must misrepresent Catholics.'"

"We are well aware of the practical difficulty of enforcing such neutrality for any length of time. All we ask our friends is to stand neutral for a few days. Let the different orders of bigots fight it out, and when the next election comes round, one of them, if not both, will be only too happy to have our support on the easy condition of letting our schools and our ecclesiastical and charitable institutions alone. Teach them this lesson once, and it will not need to be repeated again, during this generation."

"We equally agree with the True Witness in the sentiments expressed in the following paragraph which we adopt as our own:—

"But betwixt two candidates, of whom one is willing to engage himself to support separate schools whilst the other is their opponent, the case is clear: the Catholic vote should be cast for him who is in favor of 'Freedom of Education,' no matter by what party name designated."

"Such are our conclusions which we thus reduce to a summary form:—

"First.—Never to vote for an open and avowed Orange Leader, unless he has given unquestionable evidence of his disposition to support Separate Schools &c.; and at the same time unless he be opposed by a candidate whose political principles are at variance with the educational rights and institutions of Catholics."

"Second.—Never to vote for an open and avowed enemy of Separate Schools, whatever his pretensions as a Reformer may be at the hustings."

"Third.—If there is no other choice but between an open and avowed Orange Leader, of the John Hillyard Cameron or Tom Ferguson stamp and an enemy of Separate Schools, of the McDougall and Gould stamp, to obey the voice of conscience, rather than the voice of party, and STAY AT HOME."

"If our friends will but act upon these plain principles of duty and policy, we promise them a great and lasting triumph before the country is four years older."

* To Quanser?—Yes. During the last Parliament, Mr. Dorion constantly voted for the infamous and insupportable restrictions upon Religious Corporations, to which you allude. Under such circumstances, as you truly observe, the Catholic who should support him, would, if he had a chance, make a profit by the sale of the honor of his sister."

The Ottawa Tribune throws out a hint that James O'Reilly, Esq., of Kingston, is likely to be brought forward by his friends as a candidate for the honor of representing the County of Russell in Parliament. This is, we fear too good news to be true. Yet should Mr. O'Reilly allow himself to be prevailed upon, we feel confident that every Catholic vote will be cast in his favor; and that many a Protestant too will support the pretensions of one so long and so honorably known to the public as James O'Reilly of Kingston.

"A Partisaner" of Goderich is respectfully informed that anonymous communications cannot be inserted in the TRUE WITNESS. The name of the writer is required as a guarantee of his good faith. When this is withheld, there is strong presumption of an intention to deceive. Several communications received too late for insertion this week, but shall appear in our next.

At the Annual General Meeting of the "Erina Lacrosse Club," held on Tuesday, 18th instant, the following gentlemen were elected Office-Bearers for the ensuing year:—

- John Robinson—President.
Michael Burke—Vice-President.
William Rigney—Sec.—Treasurer.
Committee—Frank Curran, Wm. Hawley, and P. Duggan.
P. J. KEARNEY, Captain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY OF PETERBORO'.

The Catholics of this town and vicinity held a meeting on the 10th instant, for the purpose of establishing a St. Patrick's Society, when the following persons were elected office-bearers for the current year:—

- President—Very Rev. Oliver Kelly.
Vice-President—Edward Lawder.
Treasurer—James B. Dunn.
Recording Secretary—Patrick Fitzgerald.
Corresponding Secretary—David Roche.
Marshal—James McLaughlan.

Committee of Management—Christopher Boyd, Jno. Brophy, L. Lomas, D. Cadott, J. G. McAuley, J. J. Doherty, Isadore O'Connell, John McQuire, Jeremiah Carey, William O'Donnell, Thomas McCorrick, and John Delaney.

THREE BOYS DROWNED.—We deeply regret to learn that three young boys, all under 14 years of age, a son of Mr. McGinnis and two of Mrs. Brankin's, were drowned in a pond on Mr. Maxwell's property, at Ote St. Catherine, yesterday. Some of Mr. Maxwell's children went down in the afternoon to bathe, and seeing some clothes and flowers on the bank, called their fathers attention to them. He immediately suspected that some accident had taken place, and waded into the water and found the boys at the bottom. They must have lain in the water some hours.—Montreal Gazette Thursday.

The Quebec Mercury fears that the Government will find it necessary to restore the Quarantine station, as several vessels have already arrived with sickness on board, and numerous deaths on the passage.

We are informed that a number of house-holders are making arrangements to import bread from Kingston. Good brown bread, is there sold at 5d, and here in Montreal at 10d; it would be rather cruel to enforce the pay a la lanterne of the Revolutionary Parisians, but some arrangement will have to be come to, to bring down the present famine price of the "staff of life."—Montreal Gazette.

FIRE.—Messrs. Ronayne & Co's rectifying distillery in Grey Nun street, took fire shortly after 7 o'clock last evening, and was completely gutted. The stock of liquors and fixtures were all consumed, as it was impossible, from the fierceness and suddenness of the conflagration, to remain with safety, even for a moment, in the building. The neighboring houses were in danger; but, owing to the exertions of the Fire Brigade, the fire was confined to the building in which it originated. The building was owned by the Lyman estate, and insured for \$4,000.—Montreal Gazette 21th instant.

OTTAWA CITY ELECTION.—We learn, by special telegram, that the late member, Mr. R. W. Scott, was yesterday re-elected by acclamation. Although generally voting with the Ministry, Mr. Scott has earned for himself, during his past service in Parliament, the respect even of his political opponents as a thoroughly honest man. He is one of the few independent supporters of the Ministry, whose re-election to Parliament we cannot regret.—Herald 21th instant.

New counterfeit English shillings and sixpences are in circulation in Montreal. Look out for them; they are tolerably well executed. A boy was caught yesterday near one of the markets with some of them in his possession.

DEATH OF EX M. P. P.—We regret to learn that Wm. D. Mattice, Esq., the late member for Stormont, expired at his residence on Tuesday, of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Mattice was only 32 years of age, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

On the same day, died of typhus fever, John R. Clark, Esq., late M. P. P. for the West Riding of York. He had again been chosen as the Opposition candidate for that Riding. He was the only Quaker who has sat in the Canadian Parliament since the Union.—Pilot 21st instant.

DAVIDSON TURNED UP.—The Guelph Advertiser has been informed that a person now in Guelph, and lately from Aberdeen, Scotland, had seen Davidson, the defaulting Berlin Postmaster, in the latter place before leaving He was well-known there, and his rascalities had followed him closely.

It has been officially announced in the House of Commons that the discoveries of gold at Tangier harbor, near Halifax, have been verified by the personal observation of Lord Mulgrave who thinks the mines may be made "valuable by the application of capital and skill."

McDOUGALL THREATENS AGAIN.—At a meeting held in Cobourg on Monday last, for the purpose of getting up an opposition to the Postmaster General, but which resulted in his favor by an overwhelming majority, Mr. William McDougall, the leader of the Opposition in the course of a speech he delivered on the occasion, said:—

"The people had risen in the country once before, and would surely rise again if the Ministry were not ousted." His Washington friends will assist the "people" with arms and money we suppose.—Montreal Gazette.

INDIGNITY TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE.—The Halifax Chronicle narrates the following indignity to the Bird of freedom committed by the youngsters of the St. George; let us hope that President Lincoln will not make it a casus belli:—

On Thursday night, a number of mischievous belonging to H. M. S. St. George, now in the harbor, were on the shore, enjoying themselves in a not very orderly style. In their peregrinations through the streets, they observed a dazzling object on Victoria Buildings, which proved to be the sign of the American Consulate in this city. It is not to be supposed that the youngsters wished to show their contempt for the American Eagle, but true it is that their love of what they considered fun predominated over their high respect for the arms of the United States, and they removed it to one of the wharves. Six watchmen succeeded in capturing three of the deprecators, not however, until one of the former was pretty severely handled. They were taken to the station, and brought up before his Worship the Mayor on Saturday morning, when they were fined \$20 each, and ordered to make good the damage done.

Died, In Montreal, on the 24th instant, Thomas, son of Mr. John McGinnis, aged 12 years.

Drowned, on the 24th instant, James Joseph, aged 12 years and 8 months; and Thomas Henry, aged 10 years, sons of Mr. James Brankin of this city.

Montreal.—On Monday, the 24th of June, Mr. James Harrie, aged 68 years.

On Tuesday morning, 25th inst., Edward Himes, of this city, a native of London, England, aged 45 years.

At his residence in Picton, on Tuesday, the 18th inst., after a protracted illness, J. P. Williams, Esq., aged 66 years.

On the 10th May, at his residence, Perth, Mr. Duncan McDonald, aged 68 years, a native of Balquhader, Scotland, and for 35 years a resident of Perth, to which he emigrated with his father's family in 1825.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held on MONDAY EVENING, July 1, at ST. PATRICK'S HALL, at Eight o'clock.

By Order, M. F. COLOVIN, Rec. Sec.

LONGUEUIL CONVENT.

THE ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES in this Academy is fixed for the eleventh of July, at 10 o'clock, A.M.

O. J. DEVLIN,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE: Union Buildings, 28 St. Francois Xavier St., MONTREAL.

M. F. COLOVIN,

ADVOCATE, &c.,

No. 30, Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

Ayer's Ague Cure.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, June 5.—Singular times we live in! The same week—nay, the same day—sees a pseudo-Catholic government subject the Clergy of the country to the arbitrary will and pleasure of a paltry prefect, who is empowered likewise to stop the big game stipend of a poor parish priest, if he happens not to chime in with the prefectural ideas of orthodoxy.

So up goes M. Mayor to M. Prefect, and M. Prefect writes a polite note to his lordship the Bishop, conveying the alarming intelligence; and the bishop summons the unfortunate priest, when, lo! it turns out that "Ludovico Napoleone" was the right thing in the right place of a certain prayer for the eldest son of the Church, as otherwise the accusative case would have proved a solecism, while the nominative case ought to overrule all other cases, *quia nominor Leo*.

Now, sir, you will hardly believe that I am writing history such as it was actually recorded last week in the Senate by his Eminence Cardinal Mathieu, amidst the roaring laughter of his hearers. Yes, indeed, matters have come to this at last—the whole army of officials, down to the meanest scribe-writer, are set in motion to watch the pulpit and the press, and are armed with powers such as no British Premier would ever dream of.

Notwithstanding the promised modifications in the laws to which the French public press is subjected, there seems to be no change in the severity of their administration. The *Journal de Beaume* has been cited before the tribunal for having reprinted two articles from the *Avenir Commercial* without signatures.

PARIS, June 2.—The *Droit* of to-day says:—M. Mires and Solar will be brought before the Tribunal of Correctional Police on the 6th inst., charged with fraud, breach of trust, and the distribution of a dividend on the shares of the Caisse des Chemins de Fer that was not justified by the real state of the concern.

REMARKABLE AND PROPHECIC WORDS.—Madame de Crequi, at the end of her admirable memoirs, so full of the old chivalry and religion of Catholic France, concludes with the following beautiful passage, which, seeming really with prophetic voice to address the present age of Church spoliation, cannot but strike our readers.

"Eternal jurisdiction of Rome! Admirable institution of the Church of God! It was told us that the bark of St. Peter was about to disappear and be swallowed up in the abyss of the waves raised by the philosophers of France; and lo! the French Revolution has not been able to drown that vessel. Country's laws, prince's rights, people's rights, property, national monuments, civil customs, popular appellations—all has disappeared, all has crumbled under foot, all has changed before our eyes; all except Episcopal succession. Look into France, peer around you into our ancient towns. Do you see in any lay things and persons a single institution which can interest the traveller? Do you still find a magistrate with whom one can enter into relations of esteem, or a soldier or functionary of the Government who can render subjection light, in imposing sentiments of confidence and general consideration? Not Power Divine! Alas, no! Yet you will find the high Cathedral, where you will see still seated that personage who uses the words 'my dearest brethren' when he speaks to the people, and who is enthroned under a canopy despite of the constitution of the year VIII. This personage is a Frenchman of the nineteenth century, a subject of our Republican Government; this personage is one before whom incense is burnt and knees are bent, for the reason that he is the legitimate successor of a Merovingian Prelate. It is because human institutions are accessible to novelty that they lack solidity. We have nothing new amongst us historical and national, except the Bishop and the Cathedral. It is all that remains of the past. The Cathedral may fall from old age and poverty, under the efforts of time or irreligion; other men of the red cap or the black gang possibly will arise to root out its strong walls; they will knock down its campanile, and the midday will destroy the sides of the vast nave and chance; the whole roof of the Temple may fall, but the Episcopal seat will nevertheless remain in the Sanctuary—unshakable, indestructible, for firmis est in fundamento civitatis Dei nostrae."

PROTESTANT TRICKS IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the *Guardian*, in his last weekly communication, says:—"One word respecting the fly-sheet upon 'Our Holy Father the Pope,' about which so much more fuss has been made than it seems to be worth. I bought the thing by mere accident for a sou, some three weeks or a month ago, in the little Protestant tract shop in the Rue des Champs Elysees—where similar productions, according to circumstances, might have been had any time within the last ten years—and, as a matter of course, threw it into the waste-paper basket after a glance at its contents. Nor was it, indeed, worth a thought to any one who understands these sort of things in France. The locality, to say nothing of the style and the printer's name, showed at once what it was, and what was its origin—viz., strictly sectarian, pure French Protestantism, and therefore

any participation in the holy rite. The splendour, says the *Armonia*, was no less than in former years, and the devotion greater.—*Weekly Register*.

TRIN, June 6.—At the re-opening of the Chamber of Deputies to-day the President announced the death of Count Cavour amid expressions of profound grief on the part of the Assembly. He pointed out the great loss that Italy had sustained, and described the signal services rendered by Count Cavour.

Signor Ratazzi then said,—"The Chamber should participate in the Italian national mourning by suspending its sittings for three days. We are deeply afflicted by the misfortune which has deprived us of the wisdom of so illustrious a statesman. We must not, however, allow ourselves to be discouraged, nor quit the path which we have hitherto followed. Him whom we mourn expressed in his last moments unshaken faith in the future of Italy, showing himself convinced that the principle of unity and independence would fully triumph. We firmly hold this faith.—Agreeing among ourselves, let us sincerely rally around the throne of a valiant and loyal Prince, and we shall then be able to attain the end to which, thanks to our tenacity, we are happily so near."

The Tribune of the Chamber of Deputies will be draped with black for 20 days. The Senate has taken a similar resolution.

Signor Minghetti, Minister of the Interior, then announced that the Ministry felt it necessary to remain provisionally in office.

THE "ITALIAN" FETE was celebrated last Sunday, but without the "Te Deum" which the Minister, Minghetti, had demanded, and which the Bishops, in spite of the protests of sundry chapters and individual priests, had refused to sanction.

THE LATE COUNT CAVOUR.—Count Camillo Cavour was born at Turin in 1809. He was the second son of the late Marquis Cavour, a representative of one of the most ancient and distinguished families of Piedmont. During his early manhood, he resided for a long time in England. When the Reform movement began in 1847, he, with Count Balbo, founded the *Journal, Il Risorgimento*. After the fall of the democratic party, he entered, in 1849, the Chamber of Deputies, and subsequently succeeded Santa Rosa as Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. In 1851, he was also entrusted with the Ministry of Finance. In 1852, disagreeing with his colleagues, he retired for a brief space from the Ministry, but was recalled in November of the same year, and succeeded M. d'Azeglio as President of the Council. During this period of his administration he introduced the principles of Free-trade into the commercial code of the kingdom of Sardinia, greatly reduced the tariffs, and by commercial treaties with several powers, among others with England, extended the commerce of Sardinia with foreign countries.

ROSK.—I must continue to invite your attention to the Roman question—that great question on which no one can be neuter; one, if that which is being done is good, religion would have us applaud; while, if it is bad, religion would have us protest with all our energies and force. The French Government has offered Piedmont to recognise the Italian kingdom, on condition of its making no further attacks on the dominions of the Church. It has also hinted to Francis II. the possibility of his returning to his States, on condition of his making Victor Emmanuel his Vicar in Sicily. These combinations have not proved acceptable. M. Vimercati is again at Paris, and his visits are at work on the invention of new ones. I do not know what will be the result of these discussions. M. Thouvenel has nothing to do with them. But I agree with the *Independence Belge*, in thinking that Napoleon's fixed idea is to abandon Rome, and that M. Vimercati is right in saying that he has the Emperor's word to that effect. I must relate an incident which may be taken as the vanguard of the picture, if the intrigues of the revolutionists may be called its shades. Prince Piombino (Boncompagni) figures "in capite libri," among the signers of the petition addressed to Napoleon in the name of the Romans. It is known that the Pope sent for him, and it is said that he reproached him with ingratitude to the Pope, from which the nobility and riches of his family derive their origin.

On the 27th of May, the Prince was seen on his knees on the Sant Angelo bridge on the Pope's passage. This attitude of the Prince is not exactly a proof of his repentance; it is, however, sufficient to show the temper of the men who have signed this address which has been so much spoken of. After all, this address, which, as far as it is reported, contains less than 8,000 signatures, is a very poor affair, if it is recalled that Rome is a city of about 180,000 inhabitants, and that in all countries, in times of revolution, there are always many discontented and those who hope to gain by a new order of things.—*Cor. Weekly Register*.

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HUNGARY. In the Hungarian Diet, the Moderates have beaten the ultras or separatists by the narrow majority of 3 votes; 155 against 152. They have determined to send an address to the Emperor, as less offensive than a resolution; but the address and the resolution would make the same claims, and those claims are incompatible with the administrative union of the Austrian Empire. If they are conceded by Francis Joseph, he will at most be head of a confederation, possibly only monarch of two disunited and quarrelsome provinces. This is a result that the Emperor cannot be expected to suffer quietly to arise; especially when, as the Hungarians, own he has power on his side; and besides, if not constitutional and legal right, all the right which the conquest of Hungary in 1849 gave him, and the right which all rulers have of making those modifications which the circumstances of the time demand.—*Weekly Register*.

PROSPERITY OF SPAIN.—Spain offers, at the present moment, a study as worthy of attention as any country in Europe. It is a giant awakening from a long death-like slumber, not yet restored to entire consciousness, but rapidly reviving. We are not going to argue that Spain, which does not manufacture a yard of ribbon, is greatly in advance of its powerful neighbour; but its material progress has been of late more startling, and its public life is more vigorous than that of France. The press is practically as free as that of any other country. There are prosecutions and fines; but the fines are paid, the prosecutions have no ulterior effect, and the papers continue their course as before. There is a gradual but distinct growth of public life, and the representative system, if slowly, is only the more surely becoming identified with the life of the country. With the sole exception of Belgium, all ready-made constitutions have proved failures, and that of Spain had all the vices of its models. Accident has saved it from becoming not only a failure but a nuisance. Its authors were sincere only in the desire to present to liberal Europe an excuse for wishing well to a cause which was one of personal ambition. Not patriotism, but the desire of rule, was their object—liberty the pretext for working out their ends. The object of every government during the last twenty-five years has been to stultify the principle of representation, and in the Cortes they have been successful. But the check which the chambers never offer to the acts of the ministry is supplied by the press. The number of daily papers, both in the capital and the provinces, is immense, and their tone is excellent. That the public, they address is numerous is proved, if in no other way, by the fines levied on the opposition papers. The material prosperity of the country has made still more rapid advances during the last ten years of tranquillity. A network of railway has been planned, and is in great part completed, and a law has just been passed granting subsidies for the construction of branch railways to the great coal fields which abound in Spain. The government has met with the other creditors, of the State, with exemplary punctuality. The finances flourish, the floating debt only exist in name, and after paying all the liabilities of the last month, the heaviest of the treasury. But it is not only in material prosperity that Spain is progressing.

PRUSSIA. BERLIN, June 5.—The Prussian Chambers were closed to-day. The King in his speech said:—"The Session now ending has had important results, which tend to confirm the Government in the line of policy which it has hitherto followed.—These results will also augment the influence of Prussia in Germany and Europe."

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He had made great preparations.—He had the speech in his hands, after the fashion of a Cabinet Minister who has a bundle of notes, and he tried to make himself heard. The House is usually indulgent to a maiden speech; but they could not be with this one. The hon. gentleman could not make one sentence audible. Mr. Sones suggested to him to read the speech he held, and others cried, "Hear, hear." But it was no use; he could neither read nor speak. The House would not listen to Maynooth.—Even Mr. Spooner, with all the traditions of ancient speeches on his head, was not listened to for long.—A few sentences he uttered, and the House seemed to commiserate his weakness. But they could not bear it. He had not spoken two minutes, when the murmurs broke out, and soon drowned his still good voice. But I need not write more. It was evident to everybody that the House of Commons was in no mood for theological discussions, and that it was not inclined to renew the memories of battles long since over, and all but forgotten. It had got past the contemptuous stage, and set itself to work to kick the unsavoury nuisance out of doors. Poor Mr. Whalley! Never did man make a greater *fiasco*.—As for what Seymour shouted, and Newdegate moaned, and Cordwell briefly and manfully said, I need not dilate on them. Are they not written in the chronicles of the *Times*?—*By an Artist of Weekly Register*.

the trumpet blowing then to be over, or at least they thought, apparently, that it ought to be over, and that the time for shooting had come, and so they uttered the most dismal groans, and the most exasperating cheers, and the most persistent expressions of a wish to "vide, vide," which being translated into the vulgar, means "divide." Vainly he strove against the tide of sound. Now the head of what he was saying, just made its appearance above the wave only to be sunk "full fathoms five" in the depths of the resolution to put him down. A wicked member, whose name shall not be told here, but who does occasionally help a count-out, suggested to him that he should move the adjournment of the debate, and he actually did so. Then was the Speaker's chance. He rose to state the position of the question amidst roars of laughter at poor Whalley, who had sunk down on his seat, papers in hand, and now sat like a bewildered bull staring at the Speaker, whom he evidently regarded as another antagonist. But I have got to the end of the debate before I am well into the beginning. Shall the verdant Verrier, the silent Sones, the solemn Spooner, be passed unnoticed? Forbid it, Exeter Hall and you, oh Shaftesbury. Sir W. Verrier represents Armagh, and "knows something about the presidency of an Orange Lodge. On Tuesday his ferocious grey moustachios stood on end with zeal and—later—rage. No wonder. His zeal made him rise almost before Mr. Whalley sat down; his rage boiled over as the House refused to listen to him. Some persons silly hinted that he was determined to resent the encouragement to Popery recently exhibited by his gallant nephew, Major Verrier, who, although a Protestant, manfully accompanied the London Irish Rifles to High Mass at Our Lady's Church, the other Sunday. I do not believe there is to be found anywhere a body of men who know better the art of irritation than the House of Commons. Let them be in the humor for fun, and they set no limit on their enjoyment. To hunt an Orangeman into hysterics was a great treat for them, and they went to the work with thorough love for it. They shouted "Oh, Oh," they murmured "Vide, vide," they cleared "Hear, hear," when there was no hearing, and they baited poor Sir William Verrier till he withered again. Vainly he shook his fist at those whom he supposed were leading the noise; vainly he shouted at the top of his very strong voice. The "row" continued, and though slow and then there was a slight lull as if to lead him into greater extravagance, it was taken up with more vigor than ever immediately afterwards, and at length Sir William collapsed. Then, when poor, pretty Mr. Sones arose, there never was heard a greater outcry. And yet it was a pity. Mr. Sones never made a speech in his life, and one would have liked to have heard this effort. He represents the thriving borough of Hull, and a story is told that when he went down to contest it against the present member for Marylebone, Mr. Harvey Lewis, he confided to his committee that he could not make a speech. They asked him if he could read one. Of course he could. The cleverest of the party wrote one for him, and it was deposited in his hat, in such a position that he might be able to read it. Unfortunately, however, when he got to the room where the speech was to be made, the lights were so arranged that their reflection would not fall on the speech. 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be a free thinker than a slavish thinker. In other parts, that is, in Scotland, generally, the state of things is far worse. I speak not on vague rumours, but from what I know existing at the present time, and for the accuracy of which I vouch and hold myself responsible. I challenge any one to contradict my assertion, when I say that at this moment, nearly all over Scotland, the finger of scorn is pointed at every man who, in the exercise of his sacred and inalienable right of free judgment, refuses to acquiesce in those religious notions, and to practise those religious customs, which time, indeed, has consecrated, but many of which are repulsive to the eye of reason, though to all of them, however irrational they may be, the people adhere with sullen and inflexible obstinacy. Knowing that these words will be widely read and circulated in Scotland, and aware as I naturally am to bring on myself the hostility of a nation, for whose many sterling and valuable qualities I entertain sincere respect, I do, nevertheless, deliberately affirm, that in no civilized country is toleration so little understood, and that in none is the spirit of bigotry and persecution so extensively diffused. Nor can any one wonder that such should be the case who observes what is going on there. The churches are as crowded as they were in the Middle Ages, and are filled with devout and ignorant worshippers, who flock together to listen to opinions of which the Middle Ages alone were worthy. Those opinions they treasure up, and when they return to their homes, or enter into the daily business of life, they put them in force. And the result is, that there runs through the entire country a sour and fanatic spirit, an aversion to innocent gaiety, a disposition to limit the enjoyments of others, and a love of enquiring into the opinions of others, and interfering with them, such as is hardly any where else to be found; while in the midst of all this, there flourishes a national creed, gloomy and austere to the last degree, a creed which is full of forebodings and threats and horrors of every sort, and which rejoices in proclaiming to mankind how wretched and miserable they are, how small a portion of them can be saved, and what an overwhelming majority is necessarily reserved for execrating, unspeakable and eternal agony.—Buckle's Civilization.

UNITED STATES.—There is a good deal of speculation as to what ought to be done with the crew captured on board the privateerman Savannah. According to the law as it stands the offence of these men is piracy, and the penalty death. They will, of course, have a fair trial, and be furnished, if they need it, with the means of defence. As they were taken flagrant delicto, there can be no doubt as to what verdict and sentence in their case will be. It is not probable, however, that the latter will be carried out. The civilisation of an enlightened and progressive community like ours will be averse to the enforcement of the barbarous code which, in past times, would have subjected them to the forfeiture of their lives. Great as are the provocations that are being given us, we will not allow ourselves to be dragged down to the level of the ferocious passions which, in the seceded States, doom Northern men to death on no other evidence than suspicion. It will be reasoned, and justly that while the arch traitors under whose authority they have been acting are at large and unpunished, it would not be tight to proceed to such extremities against men whose ignorance and incapability of comprehending the legal merits of the question may have betrayed them into their present offence. The punishment administered by General Prentiss to the Kentucky rebels is perhaps the most judicious that can be resorted to in their case. They can be set to wheel dirt or to be otherwise employed on the public works while the war lasts. At its close means will no doubt be found by government to dispose of the prisoners that will have thus accumulated on its hands. Once it gets hold of the instigators and leaders of the rebellion, it will not be disposed to be severe with those who have been merely their instruments and dupes.—N. Y. Herald.

THE PRIVATERS—HANG THEM IF YOU DARE.—It is confidently rumored that the crew of the Savannah, which lately sailed from this port, are now prisoners on the Wabash, Capt. Mercer, and are threatened with summary punishment. With all our experience of the treachery and cruelty of Lincoln and his despotic horde of underlings and scoundrels, we cannot believe that Com. Stringham, Capt. Mercer, or others of the United States Navy, who have been recognized as gentlemen and as officers in honorable service, can descend to such cruelty and unpardonable outrage. The rights and privileges of privateering have been maintained and asserted by the United States, and the separate and distinct existence of the Confederate States as a political power has been also practically recognized, in many ways, by the Lincoln States. From the outset of the controversy the Southern States have been scrupulously exact in recognizing the courtesies and civilities of war.

Robert Anderson, who began the war, as a subordinate against pledges and promises, was treated for weeks with more attention and courtesies than were bestowed on many of our own officers. When taken prisoner, he and his command were released with unusual honors. Gen. Harney was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, and was released with honor. Lieut.-Col. Morris, United States Army, has been twice or thrice arrested on good grounds, and yet has been discharged. Many prisoners were taken in Texas, and were honorably released.

We need not multiply instances to prove that the South, if compelled to defend her rights by war, has preserved an honorable war, modified by all the limitations and amenities of modern war among Christian and civilized nations. Even the outrages and bestial excesses perpetrated by the blackguards who have been turned loose on Virginia have not provoked retaliation. This forbearance must soon find a limit if the threats above referred to are executed.—We now have the means of war and our own efforts will soon give us ample opportunities. Every citizen of a Lincoln State that is or falls within our reach will be a subject of retaliation. The property of all such citizens, situated within the Confederate States, will also be deemed subject to confiscation. We deprecate the necessity or occasion for such proceedings; but if the enemy give this tone and color to the war, we must leave the case to the judgment of the world, and use all the means of defence, retaliation and reprisals in our power. It will, perhaps, make the war more terrible, but more decisive and less protracted. It cannot make the South more determined on resistance and final separation.—It may, however, prevent, even after war, a long course of peace, the growth and re-establishment of peaceful relations of commerce and social intercourse between North and South.—We warn the foe in time, and we devoutly trust the warning will be heeded. If the motto and rule of savage and heathen warfare are established by the United States, no prisoners will be taken, or kept alive under that hateful flag. We can erect the gallows or the gibbet as well as others.—Charleston Mercury, June 13.

AN "ACCIDENT" AND A "MISFORTUNE."—The Leeds Mercury's London correspondent says—"The latest joke, not to be found in Punch, but heard at the clubs, is said to come from the 'other side of the Channel, though maybe of home manufacture, and not unworthy of Sir Robert in his merry mood.—Here it is. The Prince Imperial and the Emperor were in discussion about 'educational' subjects, and from both books had got to synonyms and equivalents of words, when the juvenile Imperial asked his parent to explain to him the difference between

the words 'accident' and 'misfortune,' which have certainly a little closer affinity in French than English, and seem to require a little elucidation. After a pause for an illustration, his Majesty said—"I will tell you, my boy, the exact difference. It would be an accident if your cousin, Prince Napoleon, were to tumble into the Seine; but it would be a misfortune if any one were to help him out again."

FOR SALE, THE LARGE STONE BUILDING, situated on the Old LAOINE CANAL, formerly belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, and now the property of the Sisters of Ste. Anne. For terms of Sale, apply on the premises. June 6.

The Sisters avail themselves of this opportunity to inform the public that towards the end of SEPTEMBER next, they will OPEN their BOARDING SCHOOL for young Ladies.

WANTED, A SITUATION as FEMALE TEACHER, by a person qualified to give instruction in the FRENCH and ENGLISH LANGUAGES, in MUSIC, DRAWING, and NEEDLEWORK of every description. The highest Testimonials can be produced. For particulars, apply at this Office. May 16, 1861.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

HIPPOTAMUS! HIPPOPOTAMUS!! HIPPOPOTAMUS!!! FROM ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, LONDON.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

M. GUILBAULT, Proprietor of the ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Montreal, has the honor to announce to Public that he has succeeded in consummating such negotiations will enable him, in the course of a few days, to add to the attractions of the Zoological Gardens, the renowned

HIPPOTAMUS From the Royal Zoological Gardens, London, this rare and wonderful specimen of Natural History having been purchased by G. C. Quich, Esq., and brought to this country at an expense of over THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. It is the first and only specimen of its kind which has ever been exhibited in America, and is the only one seen in Europe since A. D. 318. It was captured in Nubia, on the Nile, a distance of over fifteen hundred miles above Cairo, by order of Abba Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, and presented to the British Zoological Society, where he monopolized public attention for a long time, and achieved a reputation for himself and the Society which has reached to most remote nooks of the civilized world. The number of visitors to the Zoological Gardens during the first year of the exhibition in London amounted to 360,402, being an excess of 291,507 persons over any preceding year. The preparations for the reception of this ROYAL MONSTER in Montreal have been made upon the most extensive scale.

AN ENORMOUS TANK has been provided in order that the public may have an opportunity of witnessing the sportive gambols of the huge beast in his favorite element. He is at all times under the charge of his keeper Salaama, who has had the care of him from the hour of his capture, and for whom "Buechet," or "Lucky Dog," as the animal has been named, evinces much affectionate attachment.

The Zoological Gardens will be opened for the exhibition of the Hippopotamus on MONDAY next, and continue open every day and evening until further notice.

Cards of Admission 25 Cents. Children under ten years half price. June 6.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL, No. 2, St. Constant Street.

OWING to a great many Pupils of the Higher Classes of the above Establishment having gone to business, and some of the Preparatory Pupils having been promoted, there are vacancies for more in both Classes. Parents, desirous of availing themselves of the many superior advantages derivable from a Select School, will do well, on account of the number being limited, to apply without delay. A thorough English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education is imparted on moderate Terms. For particulars, apply at the School. WM. DORAN, Principal. May 23.

T. RIDDELL, (LATE FROM MR. E. PICKUP)

HAVING commenced Business on his own account, in the Store lately occupied by Mr. Constant,

No. 22, Great St. James Street. (Opposite B. Dawson & Son.)

Begs leave to inform the Public that he will keep on hand a Large Assortment of NEWSPAPERS and MAGAZINES. Newspapers Neatly put up for the Mail.

Also, a Large Assortment of STATIONERY, PENS, INK, BLANK CHECKS, &c., &c.

A Large Assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS. POSTAGE STAMPS FOR THE MILLION. Montreal, May 4, 1861.

DIPHTHERIA.

We are informed that a sure specific for that DREADFUL DISEASE, DIPHTHERIA and sore throat, now prevailing to such an alarming extent, is Perry Davis' Pain Killer. It is used as a gargle to the throat, mixed with water—two parts water and one Pain Killer. It will quickly cure the disease, and never fail, if applied in time. As soon as the throat shows any signs of soreness, gargle with Pain Killer as above prescribed, and in bad cases, use it freely to bathe the neck. This should be made known to the world, and we advise every one afflicted to give it one trial. It is sold by medicine dealers generally. Read what Dr. Walker writes us from Coshocton, Ohio: "I am happy to inform you that the PAIN KILLER cures this new disease, Diphtheria or Sore Throat, that is prevailing to so alarming an extent in this section of the country." On Walnut Creek, Holmes County, they use scarcely any other remedy; and it has never been known to fail in a single instance when used in time. This fact should be made known to the world.

CARD OF THANKS.

H. BRENNAN would respectfully return thanks to his friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage during the past three years and hopes to merit a continuance of the same. He has also to inform them that he intends to REMOVE to the East wing of the shop at present occupied by D. & J. Sadler, corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier streets, where he will manufacture Boots and Shoes of the best material and to order as heretofore.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

The most certain and speedy remedy ever discovered for all Diseases of the Chest and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, Sore Throat, &c. &c.

THESE WAFERS give the most instantaneous and perfect relief, and when persevered with according to directions, never fail to effect a rapid and lasting cure. Thousands have been restored to perfect health who have tried other means in vain. To all classes and all constitutions they are equally a blessing and a cure—none need despair, no matter how long the disease may have existed, or however severe it may be, provided the organic structure of the vital organs is not hopelessly decayed. Every one afflicted should give them an impartial trial.

To VOCALISTS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS, these Wafers are peculiarly valuable; they will in one day remove the most severe occasional hoarseness; and their regular use for a few days will, at all times, increase the power and flexibility of the voice, greatly improving its tone, compass and clearness, for which purpose they are regularly used by many professional vocalists.

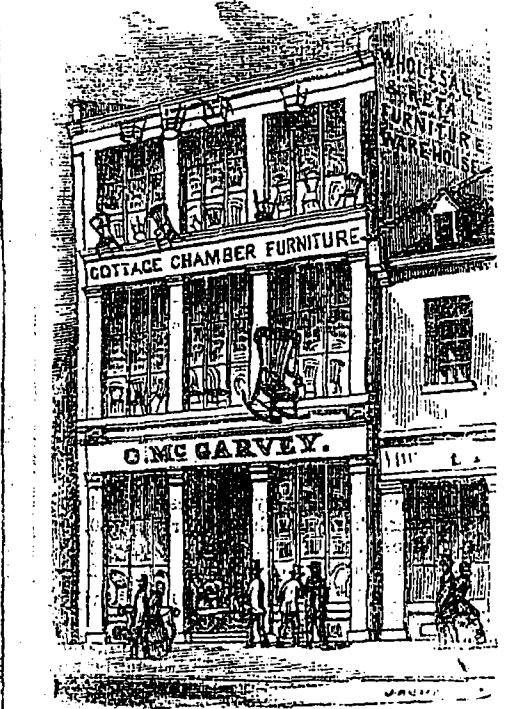
JOB MOSES, Sole Proprietor, Rochester, N. Y. Price 25 cents per box. For sale in Montreal, by J. M. Henry & Sons: Lyman, Clark & Co., Carter, Kerr & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Newcastle, C. W., General Agents for the Canadas. May 30.

DIRECT STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH GLASGOW.

ANCHOR LINE OF STEAM PACKET SHIPS.

PARTIES wishing to bring out their friends, can procure TICKETS at the following Rates:— INTERMEDIATE.....\$30 STEERAGE.....25 available for any Steamer of the Line during the season.

Apply to G. & D. SHAW, 16 Common Street, Montreal, 30th April, 1861.



SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal support extended to him during the past twelve years, would announce to them that he has just completed a most extensive and varied Stock of PLAIN and FANCY FURNITURE,—the largest ever on view in this city. It comprises every article in the Furniture line. He would call special attention to his stock of first class Furniture, such as Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, Oak, Chestnut, and enamelled Chamber Sets, varying in price from \$20 to \$225. Also to his Mahogany, Walnut and Oak Parlour, Dining, Library and Hall Furniture, of various styles and prices, together with 2000 Case and 3000 Wood Seat Chairs, of thirty-five different patterns, and varying from 40c. to \$18 each. The whole have been manufactured for cash during the winter, and in such large quantities as to insure a saving of 10 per cent to purchasers. Goods packed for shipping and delivered on board the Boats or Car, or at the residences of buyers residing within the city limits, free of charge.

Also, on hand a large assortment of the following Goods:—Solid Mahogany and Veneers, Varnish, Turpentine, Glue, Sand Paper, Mahogany and other Nobs, Curled Hair, Hair Cloth, Moss, Excelsior and all other Goods in the Upholstery line, all of which will be sold low for Cash, or exchanged.

All Goods warranted to be as represented, or will be taken back and the money returned within one month.

All sales under \$100 strictly cash; from \$100 to \$1000, three or six months, with satisfactory endorsed notes if required. A discount of 12 1/2 per cent to trade, but no deduction from the marked price of retail goods, the motto of the house being large sales and small profits.

The above list is but an outline of the Stock on hand, and the proprietor respectfully solicits a visit which is all that is necessary to establish the fact that this is the largest, best assorted and cheapest Stock of Goods in this city.

O. M. GARVEY, Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, 244 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. April 19, 1861.

ANGUS & LOGAN, WHOLESALE PAPER & STATIONERY IMPORTERS,

No. 206, Saint Paul Street, MONTREAL.

For a large supply of Printing and Mapping Paper always on hand. WILLIAM ANGUS. THOMAS LOGAN Oct. 19. 6ms.

MAYORS OF THE GREAT CITIES.

We, the undersigned Mayors, hereby certify that the Druggists, Apothecaries, and Physicians of our several cities have signed a document of assurance to us that the remedies of DR. J. C. AYER & CO., of Lowell, (Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Pills, Ague Cure, and Cherry Pectoral,) have been found to be medicines of great excellence, and worthy the confidence of the community.

- HON. JAMES COOK, Mayor of LOWELL, MASS.
HON. ALBIN BEARD, Mayor of NASHUA, N. H.
HON. E. W. HARRINGTON, Mayor of MANCHESTER, N. H.
HON. JOHN ABBOTT, Mayor of CONCORD, N. H.
HON. A. H. BULLOCK, Mayor of WORCESTER, MASS.
HON. NATH'L SILSBEE, Mayor of SALEM, MASS.
HON. F. W. LINCOLN, Mayor of BOSTON, MASS.
HON. WM. M. RODMAN, Mayor of PROVIDENCE, R. I.
HON. AMOS W. PRENTICE, Mayor of NORWICH, CONN.
HON. J. N. HARRIS, Mayor of NEW LONDON, CONN.
HON. CHAS. S. RODIER, Mayor of MONTREAL, C. E.
HON. D. F. TIEMANN, Mayor of NEW YORK CITY.
HON. H. M. KINSTREY, Mayor of HAMILTON, C. W.
HON. ADAM WILSON, Mayor of TORONTO, C. W.
HON. R. M. BISHOP, Mayor of CINCINNATI, OHIO.
HON. I. H. CRAWFORD, Mayor of LOUISVILLE, KY.
HON. JOHN SLOAN, Mayor of LYONS, IOWA.
HON. JAMES McFEETERS, Mayor of BOWMANVILLE, C. W.
HON. JAMES W. NORTH, Mayor of AUGUSTA, ME.
HON. HENRY COOPER, Jr., Mayor of HULLOWELL, ME.
HON. JAMES S. BEEK, Mayor of FREDERICTON, N. B.
HON. WILLARD NYE, Mayor of NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
HON. J. BLAISDELL, Mayor of FALL RIVER, MASS.
HON. W. H. CRANSTON, Mayor of NEWPORT, R. I.
HON. FRED STAHL, Mayor of GALENA, ILL.
HON. JOHN HOGDEN, Mayor of DUBUQUE, IOWA.
HON. THOMAS CRUTCHFIELD, Mayor of CHA TANOOGA, TENN.
HON. ROBERT BLAIR, Mayor of TUSCALOOSA, ALA.
HON. R. D. BAUGH, Mayor of MEMPHIS, TENN.
HON. GERARD STITH, Mayor of NEW ORLEANS, LA.
HON. H. D. SCRANTON, Mayor of ROCHESTER, N. Y.
HON. DE WITT C. GROVE, Mayor of UTRICA, N. Y.
HON. GEO. WILSON, Mayor of PITTSBURG, PA.
HON. C. H. BUHL, Mayor of DETROIT, MICH.

Certify that the resident Druggists have assured them, Certify that the resident Druggists have assured them, Certify that the resident Druggists have assured them,

- Ayer's Sarsaparilla
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Is an excellent remedy, and worthy the confidence of the community. Is an excellent remedy, and worthy the confidence of the community. Is an excellent remedy, and worthy the confidence of the community.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

- For Spring Diseases.
For Purifying the Blood.
For Scrofula or King's Evil.
For Tumors, Ulcers, and Sores.
For Eruptions and Pimples.
For Blisters, Bains, and Boils.
For St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysip.
For Tetter or Salt Rheum.
For Scald Head and Ringworm.
For Cancer and Cancerous Sores.
For Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, and Humors.
For Female Diseases.
For Suppression and Irregularity.
For Syphilis or Venereal Diseases.
For Liver Complaints.
For Diseases of the Heart.

The Mayors of the chief cities of the United States, Canada, and British Provinces, Chili, Peru, Brazil, Mexico, and in fact almost all the cities on this continent, have signed this document, to assure their people what remedies they may use with safety and confidence. But our space will only admit a portion of them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Ayer's Pills, and Ayer's Ague Cure,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., LOWELL, MASS., And sold by Druggists every where. Lyman, Savage, & Co., at Wholesale and Retail; and by all the Druggists in Montreal, and throughout Upper and Lower Canada.

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.

For Sale, at Wholesale, by Lyman, Savage & Co.; Carter, Kerry & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, Wholesale agents for Montreal.

A NEW AND ELEGANT PRAYER-BOOK.

ST. JOHN'S MANUAL,

A GUIDE TO THE PUBLIC WORSHIP AND SERVICES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, AND A COLLECTION OF DEVOTIONS FOR THE PRIVATE USE OF THE FAITHFUL, Illustrated with Fifteen Steel Engravings, after new and exquisite designs.

A new Catholic Prayer-book, 1201 pages, got up expressly for the wants of the present time, and adapted to the use of the faithful in this country.

ARRANGEMENT OF CONTENTS.

- Meditation or Mental Prayer.
Family Prayers for Morning and Evening.
Morning and Evening Prayers for every day in the week.
Instructions on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; Prayers before Mass; the Ordinary of the Mass, with full explanations.
Devotions for Mass, by way of Meditation on the Passion.
Mass, in Union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
Prayers at Mass for the Dead.
Method of Hearing Mass spiritually, for those who cannot attend actually.
Collects, Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holidays, including the Ceremonies of Holy Week, with explanations of the Festivals and Seasons.
Vespers, with full explanation.
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with Instructions.
The Office of Te Deum.
An ample Instruction on the Sacrament of Penance.
Instructions and Devotion for Holy Communion—Prayers for Mass before Communion—Mass of Thanksgiving after Communion.
GENERAL DEVOTIONS.
Devotions to the Holy Trinity... to the Holy Ghost... to the Sacred Humanity of our Lord... the Passion... the Holy Eucharist... the Sacred Heart; Devotions to the Blessed Virgin; Litany Office... Office of the Immaculate Conception... Rosary.
Devotions to the Holy Angels... to the Saints, general and particular.
Devotions for particular seasons and circumstances, &c., &c.
PRAYERS FOR THE USE OF THE SICK.
Order of the Visitation of the Sick... Prayers before and after Confession and Communion... Order of administering the Holy Viaticum... Instruction on Extreme Unction... Order of administering it... Last Blessing and Plenary Indulgence... Order of commending the departing Soul.
The Office of the Dead... the Burial Service for Adults and Infants... Prayers for the Faithful Departed.
Manner of receiving Profession from a Convert.
Litany of the Saints... of the Most Holy Trinity... Infant Jesus, Life of Christ... Passion... Cross... Blessed Sacrament... Sacred Heart of Jesus... Sacred Heart of Mary... Immaculate Conception... Holy Name of Mary... St. Joseph... St. Mary Magdalen... St. Patrick... St. Bridget... St. Francis... St. Ignatius... St. Francis Xavier... St. Aloysius... St. Stanislaus... St. Teresa... St. Francis de Sales... St. Vincent de Paul... St. Alphonse Liguori... Litany of Providence... of the Faithful Departed; of a good intention... of the Will of God... Golden Litany, &c., &c.
No Prayer-book in the language contains a greater number of Prayers, drawn from the works of Canonized Saints and Ascetical Writers, approved by the Church.
Various Styles of Binding, price \$1 and upwards. Wholesale and Retail, at No. 19, Great Saint James Street. J. A. GRAHAM.

PROSPECTUS OF A LARGE AND ELABORATE MAP OF CANADA WEST.

MESSRS. GEO. R. & G. M. TREMAINE, OF TORONTO,

PROPOSE to publish an entirely New and very Comprehensive Map of Upper Canada, drawn upon a large scale, making the Map about five feet nine inches by seven feet in size, and showing the County and Township Boundaries, Concessions, Side Lines and Lot Lines, Railways, Canals, and all Public Highways open for travel; also distinguishing those which are Thoroughfares or Main Travelled Roads between Towns, Villages, &c., and the Planked, Gravelled, and Macadamised Roads; showing the Capital of each County, and all Cities, Towns, and Villages, those with Post-Offices distinguished from others.

Also, all Lakes and Harbours; the correct courses of all Rivers and Mill Streams; the location of Mills the location and denomination of County Churches; the location of County School-houses and Township Halls. Also, complete Meteorological Tables; a Chart showing the Geological Formation of the Province; Time Tables; Table of Distances; and the Returns of the New Census, or so much of them as relate to the Population, &c.

The Names of Subscribers, in Cities, Towns, and Villages, will be published; also, if furnished by Canvasser, the Title, Profession, Trade, &c., of each making a concise Directory for each City, Town, and Village, which will be neatly engraved upon the Margin of the Map.

It is also intended to exhibit a History of the Province, showing the First Settlements throughout the Country, with the dates thereof; the exact place where Battles have been fought, or where other remarkable events have occurred, &c., &c.

The Map will be published in the best style, with Plans upon the margin of the Cities and principal Towns, on an enlarged scale. It will be furnished to Subscribers on Canvas handsomely Colored, Varminished, and Mounted for Six Dollars per Copy; which sum we, the Subscribers, agree to pay to the Publishers, or Bearer, on delivery of the Map above referred to, in good order and condition.

ROBERT KELLY, Agent for Montreal.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF ELLERON and SARAH MOORE, natives of the County Donegal, Ireland. Three years ago, when last heard from, they were living in New York; and where, it is supposed, they are residing still. Any information concerning them would be thankfully received by their brother, James Moore, care of John Reilly, Aymer Street, Montreal.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.
 Alexandria—Rev. J. J. O'Connell.
 Adela—N. A. Oost.
 Aylmer—J. Doyle.
 Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron.
 Arichat—Rev. Mr. Girroir.
 Brockville—C. S. Fraser.
 Belleville—M. M. Mahon.
 Barrie—Rev. J. R. Lee.
 Brantford—W. M. Mahony.
 Burford and W. Riding, Co. Brant—Thos. Maginn.
 Chambly—J. Hackett.
 Cobourg—P. Maguire.
 Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
 Compton—Mr. W. Daly.
 Carleton, N. B.—Rev. R. Dunphy.
 Dalhousie Mills—Wm. O'Connell.
 DeWittville—J. Bouffard.
 Egansville—J. Collins.
 East Haverbury—Rev. J. J. Collins.
 Eastern Townships—F. Hackett.
 Erinville—P. Gnaey.
 Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis.
 Farmersville—J. Flood.
 Gananoque—Rev. J. Hosstter.
 Guelph—J. Harris.
 Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry.
 Huntingdon—C. M'Paul.
 Ingersoll—W. Featherston.
 Kemptonville—M. Hoephy.
 Kingston—P. Purcell.
 Lindsay—J. Kennedy.
 Lansdown—M. O'Connor.
 Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley.
 London—Rev. E. Bayard.
 Lochiel—O. Quigley.
 Lobborough—T. Daley.
 Lacolle—W. Hartly.
 Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleber.
 Merrickville—M. Kelly.
 New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy.
 Ottawa City—J. Rowland.
 Oshawa—Richard Supple.
 Prescott—J. Ford.
 Perth—J. Doran.
 Peterboro—E. M'Connell.
 Picton—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
 Port Hope—J. Birmingham.
 Quebec—M. O'Leary.
 Rawdon—James Carroll.
 Russelltown—J. Campion.
 Richmondhill—M. Teofy.
 Sherbrooke—T. Griffith.
 Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton.
 South Gloucester—J. Daley.
 Summersdown—D. M'Donald.
 St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay.
 St. Athanasie—T. Dunn.
 St. Ann de la Poutiere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett.
 St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey.
 St. Catherine, C. E.—J. O'Laughlin.
 St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald.
 St. Romuald d'Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
 Starnesboro—C. M'Gill.
 Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh.
 Thorold—John Heenan.
 Thorpyville—J. Greene.
 Tyngwick—T. Donegan.
 Toronto—P. F. J. Mullen, 23 Shuter Street.
 Templeton—J. Hagan.
 West Osgoode—M. M'Evoy.
 West Port—James Kehoe.
 Westminster—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy.
 Wallaceburg—Thomas Jarmy.

A. CARD.
DR. R. GARIEPY,
 Licentiate in Medicine of the Laval University, Quebec.
 OFFICE—No. 6, ST. LAMBERT STREET,
 Near St. Lawrence Street,
 MONTREAL.
 May be Consulted at all hours. Advice to the
 poor gratuitous. 3m.
 Feb. 14.

L'UNIVERSEL.
 THIS is the title of a daily paper published at Brussels, Belgium, and devoted to the defence of Catholic interests, of Order and of Liberty.
 The terms of subscription are 32 francs, or about \$5.33, per annum—for six months \$2.85, and for three months \$1.50—not counting the price of postage, which must be prepaid. Subscriptions must be paid in advance.
 Subscriptions can be received at the office of L'Universel at Brussels. At Paris at M. M. Lagrange and Gery, and at London, Burns & Lambert, 17 Portman Square.
 All letters to the editor must be post-paid, and remittances must be made in bills negotiable at Brussels, Paris or London. 3m.
 March 28, 1861.

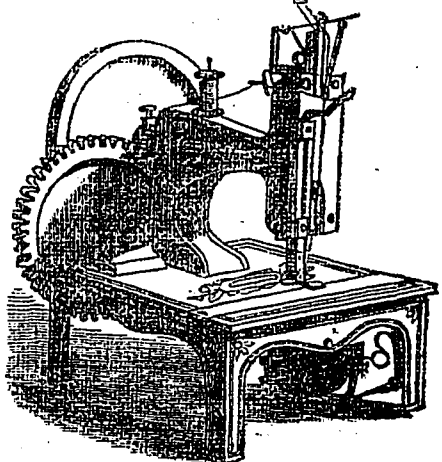
M. P. RYAN,
 No. 119, COMMISSIONER STREET,
 (Opposite St. Ann's Market.)
WHOLESALE DEALER IN PRODUCE,
 PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c.,
 TAKES this opportunity of informing his many friends in Canada West and East, that he has opened the above Store, and will be prepared to attend to the sale of all kinds of Produce on reasonable terms. Will have constantly on hand a supply of the following articles, of the choicest description:—
 Butter Oatmeal Tea
 Flour Oats Tobacco
 Pork Pot Barley Cigars
 Hams B. Wheat Flour Soap & Candles
 Fish Split Peas Pails
 Salt Corn Meal Brooms, &c.
 June 6, 1860.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.
 [Established in 1826.]
 THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a circular. Address
A. MENEELY'S SONS, West Troy, N. Y.

NEW TRUSS! NEW TRUSS!!
 ALL persons wearing or requiring Trusses are invited to call and see an entirely new invention, which is proved to be a very great advance upon anything hitherto invented, and to combine all the requisites of a
PERFECT TRUSS.
 Also, SUPPORTERS, embracing the same principle. Persons at a distance can receive a descriptive pamphlet, by sending a blue stamp. Also, constantly on hand a complete assortment of Elastic Hose for Varicose Veins, Swelled and Weak Joints.
COODMAN & SHURTLEFF,
 No. 13 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.
 Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Surgical Dental Instruments.
 September 21. 6ms.

PROSPECTUS
SAINTE-MARY'S COLLEGE,
 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.
 THIS LITERARY INSTITUTION is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. It was opened on the 20th of September, 1848, and incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament, in 1852.
 The Course of Instruction, of which Religion is the leading object, embraces the French, English, Latin, and Greek Languages; History, Philosophy, Mathematics, Literature, Commerce, Industry and the Fine Arts.
 Students presenting themselves for admission should know how to read and write. Those under ten or over fourteen years of age are received with difficulty.
 Parents receive a monthly report of conduct, application and proficiency of their children. Immorality, insubordination, habitual laziness, and frequent absence present reasons for expulsion.
 None but relatives, or those that represent them, are allowed to visit the boarders.
TERMS OF ADMISSION:
 For Day Scholars, \$3.00 per month.
 For Half Boarders, 6.00 " "
 For Boarders, 11.50 " "
 Payments are made Quarterly and in advance.
 Bed and Bedding, Books, Music, Drawing, Washing, and the Physician's Fees are extra charges.—Books and Stationery may be procured in the Establishment at current prices.
 Washing, \$1.20 per month
 Music, 2.25 " "
 Use of the Piano, 50 " "
 Drawing, 1.50 " "
 Bed and Bedding, 60 " "
 Libraries, 10 " "
 All articles belonging to Students should be marked with their name, or at least their initials
 August 17, 1860. 4ms.

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

SEWING MACHINES.

E. J. NAGLE'S
 CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES,
 25 PER CENT.
 UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!!
 These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarnia.
THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.
TESTIMONIALS
 have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:—
 Montreal, April, 1860.
 We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind.
BROWN & CHILDS.
 Montreal, April, 1860.
 We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use.
CHILDS, SOHOLES & AMES.
 Toronto, April 21st, 1860.
 E. G. NAGLE, Esq.
 Dear Sir,
 The three Machines you sent us some short time ago we have in full operation, and must say that they far exceed our expectations; in fact, we like them better than any of I. M. Singer & Co.'s that we have used. Our Mr. Robinson will be in Montreal, on Thursday next, and we would be much obliged if you would have three of your No. 2 Machines ready for shipment on that day as we shall require them immediately.
 Yours, respectfully,
GILLGATE, ROBINSON, & HALL.

E. J. NAGLE'S
 CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINES,
 25 PER CENT.
 UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!!
 These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarnia.
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 Yours, respectfully,
GILLGATE, ROBINSON, & HALL.

NAGLE'S SEWING MACHINES
 Are capable of doing any kind of work. They can stitch a Shirt Bosom and a Harness Trace equally well.
PRIORS:
 No. 1 Machine, \$75 00
 No. 2 " " 85 00
 No. 3 " " with extra large shuttle. 95 00
 Needles 80c per dozen.
EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED.
 All communications intended for me must be prepaid, as none other will be received.
E. J. NAGLE,
 Canadian Sewing Machine Depot,
 255 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
 Factory of Barley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.

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

T. C. DE LORIMIER,
 Advocate,
 31 LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET,
 MONTREAL.
 Will attend Circuits at Beauharnois Huntingdon and Soulanges.
W. F. MONAGAN, M.D.,
 Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur,
 OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
 No. 71, WELLINGTON STREET,
 Being No. 8 Ruglan Terrace,
 MONTREAL, C.B.

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L.,
 ADVOCATE,
 Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.
B. DEVLIN,
 ADVOCATE,
 Has Removed his Office to No. 32, Little St. James Street.
W. M. PRICE,
 ADVOCATE,
 No. 28 Little St. James Street, Montreal.
M. DOHERTY,
 ADVOCATE,
 No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co.,
 MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS,
 Successors to the late John M'Olosky,
 38, Sanguinet Street,
 North corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

THE above Establishment will be continued, in all its branches, as formerly by the undersigned. As this establishment is one of the oldest in Montreal, and the largest of the kind in Canada, being fitted up by Steam in the very best plan, and is capable of doing any amount of business with despatch—we pledge ourselves to have every article done in the very best manner, and at moderate charges.
 We will DYE all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woolens, &c., as also SCOURING all kinds of Silk and Woolen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.
DEVLIN, MURPHY & CO.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT,
 CONDUCTED BY THE
SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME,
 MOUNT ST. MARY, CORNER GUY AND DORCHESTER STREETS, MONTREAL.
CONDITIONS:

	Pupils of 12 years and upwards.	Pupils under 12 yrs.
Board and Tuition, embracing all the branches in the French & English languages, with Writing and Arithmetic.....	\$ 89.00	\$ 70.00
Half Boarders.....	36.00	30.00
Classes of Three hours a-day..	25.00	20.00
Music Lessons—Piano-Forte, per Annum.....	30.00	30.00
Music Lessons, Do., by a Profess.	44.00	44.00
Drawing, Painting, Embroidery,	20.00	20.00
Laundress.....	12.00	12.00
Bed and Bedding.....	12.00	12.00
Gymnastics, (Course of 20 Lessons) Charge of the Professor.		
Lessons in German, Italian, Latin, Harp, Guitar, Singing and other accomplishments not specified here, according to the charges of the several Professors.		
It is highly desirable that the Pupils be in attendance at the commencement of each Term. No Deduction will be made from the above charges for Pupils that enter later, nor for Pupils withdrawn before the expiration of the Quarter. Terms of Payment: 6th Sept., 25th Nov., 10th Feb., 1st May, or Semi-Annually.		

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

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

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S
 MARBLE FACTORY,
 BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)
WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEYPIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent. from the former prices.
 N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada, has so much Marble on hand.
 June 9, 1859.


NEW CLOTHING STORE:
BERGIN AND CLARKE,
 (Lately in the employment of Donnelly & O'Brien.)
 Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters,
 No. 48, M'GILL STREET,
 (Nearly Opposite Saint Ann's Market.)
 MONTREAL.

HAVING commenced BUSINESS on their own account, beg leave to inform their numerous friends, and the Public in general, that they intend to carry on the CLOTHING Business in all its branches.
READY-MADE CLOTHING
 CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
 All Orders punctually attended to.
 May 16, 1861.

J. O. MILLER, WOODS & CO.,
 GENERAL & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
 AND
 DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COAL,
 &c., &c., &c.
 OFFICE:
 Corner of Youville and Grey Nun Streets,
 (Foot of M'Gill Street.)
 MONTREAL.
 Constantly on hand, best qualities of COAL—Lehigh Lump, S. M.; do. Broken, S. M.; do. Egg, S. M.; do. Stove or Walnut; do. Chesnut; Lackawana; Scotch and English Steam; Welsh, Sidney, and Picton; Blacksmith's Coals.
 Also, Oils of all sorts; Fire Brick and Fire Clay; Oakum—English and American, &c., &c.
 Orders promptly executed.

PLUMBING,
GAS AND STEAM-FITTING
 ESTABLISHMENT.
THOMAS M'KENNA
 WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has
REMOVED
 his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment
 TO THE
 Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street,
 BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS,
 (Formerly occupied by Mitchell & Co.)

where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices.
 Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipe, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.
 The trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms.
 Thomas M'Kenna is also prepared to heat churches, hospitals, and all kinds of public and private buildings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has already fitted up in some buildings in the City, and which has given complete satisfaction.
 Montreal, May 2, 1861. 12m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

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

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S
 MARBLE FACTORY,
 BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)
WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEYPIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent. from the former prices.
 N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada, has so much Marble on hand.
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WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S
 MARBLE FACTORY,
 BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)
WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEYPIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent. from the former prices.
 N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada, has so much Marble on hand.
 June 9, 1859.

GOOD SAMARITAN COOKING
STOVES.
 THE most economical Stove known. We have a large variety of other patterns; also a good assortment of
MANTLE PIECES AND GRATES,
IRON BEDSTEADES,
IRON RAILING, &c.
RODDEN & MELLEUR,
 71 Great Saint James Street,
 Montreal, March 28.

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

D. O'GORMON,
BOAT BUILDER,
 BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W.
 Skiffs made to Order. Several Skiffs always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province.
 Kingston, June 3, 1859.
 N.B.—Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.

THE GREATEST
MEDICAL
DISCOVERY
OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures
EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.
 From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
 One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
 Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.
 Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
 One to two bottles are warranted to cure all tumors in the eyes.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
 Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corruptions and running ulcers.
 One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
 Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.
 Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.
DISPOSITIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.
KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
 TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
 For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
 For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
 For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
 For Scales on an inflamed surface, you will rub it to your heart's content; it will give you such relief that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
 For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; soon are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
 For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.
 This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 25 6d per Box.
 Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 150 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.
 For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.
 Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston—
ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
 Boston, May 26, 1856.
 Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.
ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB,
 Superiress of St. Vincent's Asylum.
ANOTHER.
 Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphan under your charge, from your valuable discovery. One particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.
 Sisters of St. Joseph,
 Hamilton, O. V.