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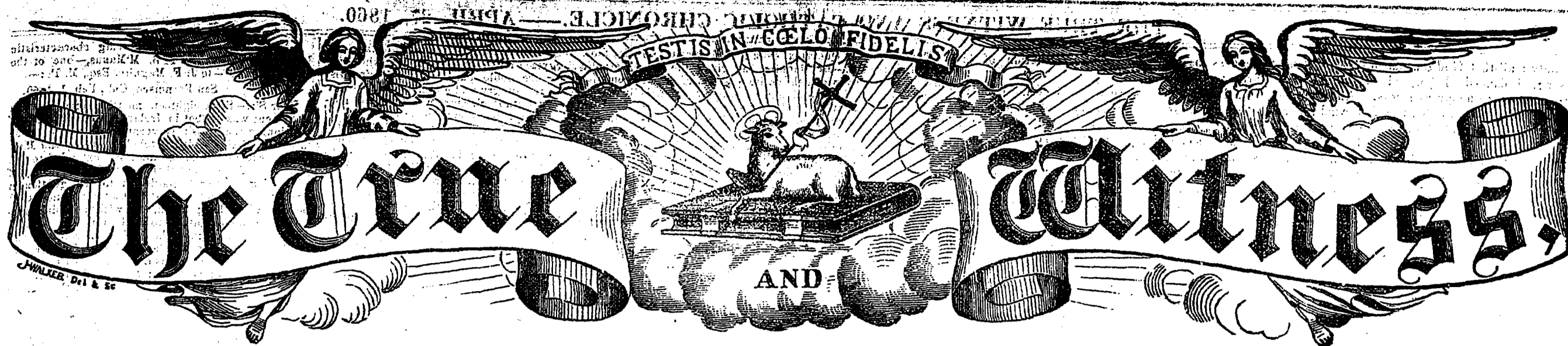
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. X.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1860.

No. 37.

THE HAPPINESS OF BEING RICH.

BY HENDRICK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

Mother Smet remained below and listened awhile to the noise that her husband made with his sabre, hewing and thrusting at the rats in the attic.

She remained some time lost in contemplation of the happiness of being rich; a sweet smile illumined her countenance, and she kept nodding with her head as though her mind were giving reality to the images which her fancy shaped.

At last she heard the stairs creak beneath the heavy tread of her husband; she looked up in astonishment, for she saw no light on the staircase.

His wife uttered a cry of terror; then she sprang up, and exclaimed—'Good heavens! what has come over you?—What have you seen?—a thief?—a ghost?'

'Silence! silence!—let me fetch my breath,' murmured the chimney-sweeper, with hushed and stifled voice.

'But what has happened, then?' shouted his wife; 'you make me feel more dead than alive.'

'Silence, I say! speak softer, Trees,' mumbled her husband, as if paralyzed by fear.—'Don't let anybody hear us.'

He came closer to her, stooped his head over her shoulder, and whispered—'Trees, Trees dear, your dream is come true—a treasure—such a great treasure.'

'Oh, poor, unhappy Smet,' shrieked his wife in alarm; 'he has lost his senses.'

'No, no; don't make any noise, or we are lost,' said her excited husband, imploringly.

'But speak out, then, for goodness' sake, what has happened?'

'I have found a treasure, exactly as you dreamed.'

'A lump of gold?'

'No, a bag of money—all silver and gold!—Come, take the lamp; I'll let you see it.'

His wife now grew pale in her turn, and trembled with astonishment. Now she began to believe that he was in earnest, and amid all her emotion a warm smile played about her lips.

Following her husband, she said, beseechingly—'O, Smet, don't deceive me; if it isn't true, I shall die of vexation.'

'Hold your tongue, I tell you,' muttered the schouwveger between his teeth, as he went up the stairs; 'you will betray us.'

above her head, ran round and round the attic, and danced and jumped, and at last shouted, with a loud cry—'Oh, oh, I am bursting! I shall split! Let me speak a bit. Oh, blessed heavens! we are now rich—rich as Jews.'

Full of terror, the schouwveger seized his wife violently by the arm, with one hand, laid the other on her mouth, and growled angrily, and with a threatening voice—'You stupid, thoughtless fool. Be quiet, or I'll pinch your arm black and blue. Do you want the neighbors to know all about it?'

'Good heavens!' groaned his wife, quite terrified; 'what is the matter now? You are making a face as if you would kill me outright.—How money alters a man! All the five-and-twenty years we have been married, I never saw your eyes glare like that!'

The chimney-sweeper seemed surprised at his own vehemence; he let go her arm, and continued more calmly—'No, no, Trees, I don't mean it; but I beg you, talk more softly, and don't make any noise. Tell me, where shall we put all this money?'

'Well, let us put it down stairs in the great chest, and lock it up.'

'And suppose thieves were to come?'

'Why should they take it into their heads to come just now? The chest has stood there these hundred years.'

'Yes; but you can't be sure about it.'

'You must put it somewhere, anyhow.'

'Suppose you hide it under our bed, in the straw?'

'Oh, one can see you are not used to money, Smet. Do you think rich people hide their money in their beds? Put it in the chest, I tell you. If you find a better place to-morrow, it will be time enough to change our minds.'

Taking the second lamp from the floor, the chimney-sweeper said—'Trees, you take the money in your apron.—I will go down and lock the door, that nobody may take us by surprise; and take care you don't let the money chink as you carry it.'

While his wife was descending the stairs with a heavy freight of gold, Master Smet locked the door, and drew the night-bolt; then he went to the window, to the trap-door of the cellar, and the back door, and tried all the bolts and bars. Meanwhile his wife had locked all the treasure in the greatest chest, and she was already seated at the table, staring into the air with heaving bosom, and lingering on the sweet contemplation of her wealth.

Her husband came close to her, stretched out his hand, and said, with a stern voice—'The key.'

'The key?' exclaimed Dame Smet, in laughing amazement. 'It hasn't come to that in our old days—that you should keep the keys. I have kept them in all honor these five-and-twenty years. You would like, maybe, to squander the money in your schouwveger club; but stop a bit—I keep the money-box.'

Master Smet shook his head impatiently.

'No,' growled he; 'it is to hinder you from wasting all the money. When we had but little, it didn't seem worth while to save; but now I'll take care that we'll leave by something for the time when we are old and infirm, else we may fall into poverty and misery before we die.'

'Well, well, Smet, my lad, money doesn't do you any good,' said the Dame, with an angry, taunting voice. 'You talk like an old miser; you make a face like an undertaker.'

'Come, Trees, give me the key.'

'How timid the sight of this money has made you. I shouldn't know you again, Smet.'

'Yes; and then consider that people wouldn't so easily believe us if we said that we had found the money. God grant that we may not have the police on our shoulders; they may think it is stolen money. Then they would carry off the treasure to the police office, till the matter was properly inquired into. If the law once lays its hand on it, get it out again if you can. Alas, alas! we should be eased of our treasure, and perhaps die in misery, after all.'

'Indeed,' said the dame, anxiously, 'I think you are right.'

'O Trees, Trees dear, do be a little prudent for once; be a little more reserved, and don't tell anybody that we have become rich.'

'Yes—if only I can be silent,' grumbled his wife, and she shrugged her shoulders. 'I learned to talk from my mother, and she didn't let her tongue grow stiff for want of using.'

'Good heavens! 'tis very unlucky.'

'If every rich man were like you, it would be unlucky indeed. But can't we let the neighbors know that we have had a legacy? I have talked long enough about it, I'm sure.'

A smile overspread the face of the chimney-sweeper, and his eyes sparkled with joyful surprise. He remained awhile in great meditation, and then said—'That we have had a legacy—but then people would know that we have plenty of money in the house.'

'Well?'

'And the thieves?'

'Oh, you have lost your wits.'

'No; what do you think we will say? that we shall soon get a legacy—that we have had tidings of your uncle in Holland?'

'Of my aunt—that will be better; and if I buy a bit of new clothes, or any little trifle, people will only think that we are using a little of our legacy beforehand.'

'Well, you see, that will do; nobody will know that there is any money in the house, and everybody will allow that you are of a good family. But, Trees, you will be reasonable now, won't you, and spare our money a little?'

'Come, now, our money—you mean my money. I won't do more than our position requires.'

'And we will tell Pauw the same story, or perhaps the lad might take a whim in his head and turn spendthrift.'

'There—I hear him coming,' exclaimed the dame; 'make haste and unbolt the door, or he will ask what is going on.'

The chimney-sweeper sprang up, unlocked the door, and sat down again with a calm countenance at the table, as if nothing at all had happened.

Outside the door, in the street, resounded the ditty—'Schouwvegers gay, who live in A. B., Companions so jolly, And frolic and folly—'

and Pauw came singing and capering into the room.

Coming up to the table, he said, in a sprightly tone of voice, and talking very fast—'Oh, oh, how we have laughed! If I had missed such a bit of fun, I should cry out, for my mouth is sore with laughing. Only think, they have made me captain of the birdcatchers' club.'

'Come, come, don't make so much noise about it,' grumbled his father.

'Oh, 't isn't about that, father,' joyously exclaimed Pauw. 'You know, father, we had laid by some money to get a new flag made for our club? The fine painter in the Winkel street—him they call Rubens, because he wears a broad hat and moustaches—well, now, he was to paint a great owl on the flag. Oh, oh, that was a clever notion. This evening, while we were sitting having a chat, all of a sudden he brought the new flag. We all jumped up, full of curiosity. Piet Kruls rolled the flag open; we looked at one another, and then we all burst out into such a terrible fit of laughter that three or four of us fell down on the ground, and the others were forced to hold their sides. But there was one who cut a very sour face, and this was the smith. Now guess what was painted on the flag?'

'Oh, always at your childish pranks,' said his mother. 'What should there be on it?—why, an owl, I suppose.'

'Yes, yes, an owl with a head as big as a child's of eight years old; but the fun of it was, that the owl and the smith were as much alike as two drops of water. There was such a laughing and such a row. The smith wanted to drag out the painter by the hair of his head—the innkeeper wanted to turn the smith out of doors;—we wanted to make it all up; three pint stroups

were broken and two hats crushed—at last, all ended in a good hearty laugh, for Rubens promised to alter the owl. But what has come to you? You are not listening to me. Father is looking so solemn, and you, too, mother. You are not ill, I hope?'

'It is no time for jesting now,' answered Dame Smet in a very serious tone of voice: 'Pauw, my lad, I want to tell you something; we are going to have a legacy.'

'Again?' shouted the youth, with mocking unbelief.

'This time it is true enough.'

'I know this song well of old. Of course, from my aunt in Holland?'

'Yes, from my aunt in Holland.'

'Come, come, mother, you have grown a little wiser now. It isn't true, father, is it?'

'It seems that it is true enough this time,' answered Master Smet, with a confirmatory nod of his head.

'Ah, well,' cried Pauw, laughing, 'then I bespeak a new pair of breeches and a dozen shirt-collars when the legacy comes.'

Both his parents held their peace, and looked grave and solemn. Pauw looked from one to the other in amazement, and grumbled; 'But, mother—but, father—you sit there quite in the dumps about the good news; tell me what you have heard.'

'I have a headache,' answered his father;—'talking worries me. I will tell you to-morrow what we have reason to expect.'

'And 'tis my aunt's legacy, which has been coming ever since—long before I came into the world?'

'Yes, yes; let us be quiet about it now.'

Pauw shook his head doubtfully, and thought in himself—'Something has turned up that they won't tell me. People who get legacies look more merry about it. Perhaps they have had some words; but I won't bother myself about that.'

He took the second lamp, lighted it, and then said—'To-morrow I must get up early, at four o'clock, to go and sweep three chimneys at the Chateau van Banst. It is a good two hours' walk from here—so good night.'

ing, as though master Smet were tormented by unseen spirits. The sweat of anguish stood in beads on his forehead; all his limbs were violently contracted.

Suddenly the struggling words broke forth from his constricted breast, and he shouted, in a tone of distress—'No, no, it isn't true; I have no money. Oh, oh, let me go; let me go.'

His wife, roused from her sleep, seized her husband by the arm, gave him a vigorous shake, and exclaimed—'Eh, Smet, what are you up to now? Is the nightmare astride of you? or are you out of your mind?'

The husband stared in horror all round the dusky room, and groaned and shuddered: 'Oh, dear, dear, where am I? I thought I was dead! Is that you, Trees?'

'Why, who on earth should it be? 'Tis all your snoring. You lie there wriggling and twisting like an eel on a gridiron. 'Tis easy enough to see that you are not used to money. It doesn't hinder me from sleeping, though I am so uncommonly glad; but, you see, I am of a good family.'

'Oh, Trees,' moaned Master Smet, wiping the cold, clammy perspiration from his forehead,—'oh, Trees, what I have suffered is not to be described! Only fancy: I was scarcely asleep, when something came all of a sudden and sat upon my chest, and I felt as if it was trying to crush in my heart with its knees. It had its claws fastened in my neck, and squeezed my throat all up together. I couldn't make out at first what it was; but it was like a wild beast, with long black hair, and it had a great knife in its paw. It wanted to make me tell where the money was; and because I wouldn't, it gripped my throat, and was going to stick the knife into my heart. I felt I was dying; then my eyes seemed to open, and I screamed with terror when I saw what it was. Oh, Trees, I tremble now only to think of it; it was a thief, a murderer.'

'Come, come, leave off your boyish tricks,' said his wife, jestingly. 'Why will you lie with your arm under your head? 'Tis that gives you the nightmare. 'Tis very late; just try to go asleep, and don't disturb me any more. Now, a good rest to you.'

In a few minutes Dame Smet was fast asleep again.

The luckless schouwveger was not so fortunate. He made no effort to fall asleep again, for his fright had taken away all inclination to rest.—For full half an hour he lay, with his eyes wide open, staring at darkness, and dreaming, though broad awake, of policemen and of thieves, so that at length he jumped out of bed and dressed, without making any noise.

Then he went, creeping along on the tips of his toes, to the place where he knew that a table stood, and felt over it with his hand, searching for something. A sigh of glad surprise escaped him when he discovered his wife's pocket. He took out the key of the chest, and went down the stairs with slow and cautious steps.

When he reached the room below, he lighted a little lamp, went to the chest, opened it, gazed a while upon the money with an ecstatic smile, then locked the chest again, and sat down with his head in his hands and his elbows upon the table.

After a little silence, he began musing aloud: 'Ha, there it lies all safe. Ha, to be rich—to have money—what a bliss! But, after all, it brings care and trouble with it, and it breaks one's night, somehow. My wife has such grand notions; she wants to live in a big house, to wear rich clothes, to buy gold and diamonds!—Pauw is young; he'll want to play the young gentleman, and spend a good deal; and so they'll make my poor money out a pretty figure. It will melt away like snow in the sunshine—and at last—yes, at last—I shall have to lie upon straw in my old age, and perhaps go a begging for my daily bread.'

'This thought filled him with alarm; he pressed his hands forcibly against his head, and remained a moment, staring with a pale and bloodless face, into vacancy. Then he continued:

'Oh, what a misfortune to have a wife who can't keep her tongue still in her head! Early to-morrow morning, by day-break at least, she will be running about her neighbors, and gossiping and boasting that she is going to have a legacy. Thousands won't be enough for her;—she'll talk of millions. Everybody will be full of it; all over the city people will be talking of the schouwveger who has so suddenly become rich. The thieves will be lurking about our house, and then one of these fine nights they will be making off with the treasure. I shall be poor again poor again. Oh, what anxiety and misery a rich man has to bear.'

After a little pause, he continued his musings: 'It is odd. I was as lively as a fish in the water; men called me Jan-Grap, because I was so full of fun. I knew nothing of sorrow or

Dame Smet fell on her knees with a suppressed cry of joy, tore the bag open still farther, buried her hands in the pieces of money, remained a short time sunk in silent amazement, and then sprang to her feet. She raised her hand

to her forehead, and at last shouted, with a loud cry—'Oh, oh, I am bursting! I shall split! Let me speak a bit. Oh, blessed heavens! we are now rich—rich as Jews.'

There are at Antwerp clubs among the lower classes, the members of which lay by a little money regularly, in order to go bird-catching in the autumn with an owl.

CHAPTER III. The nerves of the chimney-sweeper were so much shaken by the finding of the treasure, that the poor man, exhausted and tired as he was, could not close his eyes. He turned from side to side, stretched himself out and yawned, then twisted his limbs about, and moaned with long respirations. His heart beat violently and irregularly; every now and then felt as if a stream of ice-cold water were being poured down his back.

anxiety; all that God sent me was dear, to me I sang, I danced, I laughed— I thought there was nothing so happy as I was. And now?— Now I shake at the least puff of wind; I am afraid of myself and of everybody else; I can't sleep—my heart is thumping and knocking, as if something terrible was going to happen to me.— I shall get better soon;— I shall get used to my riches. And if I don't laugh or dance any more, 'tis quite natural; a rich man must look more grave and stately; it doesn't become him to be laughing and joking. A body can't have all sorts of happiness at once; and to be rich is, after all, the greatest."

This last consideration seemed to infuse some consolation into his heart; for he smiled, and rubbed his hands, and mumbled some words of gladness and content. In this mood, a new thought struck him, and he said, in a quieter and more gracious tone—

"When I was only a paltry craftsman, I helped the poor widow round the corner as far as I could.— I felt so much pity for her unlucky little lambs of children, that I often wished to be rich that I might raise her out of her distress.— Her husband—God rest his soul—was my best friend; and I promised him on his death-bed that I would care for his children. Well, now I am rich.— Won't I keep my promise? Ha, yes! to do good, to be tender-hearted, to help one's neighbor! Now—now I feel what a happiness it is to be rich. Well, what shall I give the poor widow? Fifty crowns? That's too much; they would spend it in extravagance;—and if I go to work like that, my gold will soon come to an end. Who knows if I shouldn't make her ungrateful? Suppose, now, I give her ten crowns? Aye, that's enough. They have never seen so much money in their lives. It doesn't do to give poor people too much at once; they are not used to it, and they become greedy and lazy, when they come by it so easily. One mustn't encourage begging."

The schouwveger relapsed into silence, and seemed lost in meditation. Suddenly an expression of alarm and contempt spread itself over his countenance.

"But, Jan, my lad," said he, in a tone of disgust and reproof, "when you were poor and had to save out of your day's wages, you gave them a great deal more than that, by little and little. Sometimes you put into the widow's hand the cents you were going to spend on your glass of beer; and, to make her happy, you stayed at home all the evening without seeing your friends. What a horrid thought! Can riches make a man miserly and ungrateful? Really, I feel something that horrifies me. Oh, no, no; away with selfishness. I will put aside the fifty crowns for the widow, and allow her something regularly every week out of it. Perhaps God will reward me, by making my wealth sit easier on me, and delirious me from the strange alarm which makes me shake all over."

He rose up slowly, cast a scrutinizing look round the room, and opened the chest. He stood a while in silence, gazing on the heap of money, the gold and silver pieces of which glittered before his eyes like a cluster of stars. He then took out seven ten-crown pieces, put them into his waistcoat pocket, and muttered to himself, in a joyous tone of voice—

"I'll just put two more to them; the poor widow is so very miserable, and it does me much good—the thought that I shall help the children of my friend."

Still gazing at his treasure, he fell into a silent reverie, and appeared to be calculating in his mind how much the heap of gold might amount to.

Suddenly, as if he had come to some conclusion, he began to scrape together a large number of gold pieces out of the treasure. When he had occupied himself a while in this way, he went to the table, and counted them over.— "Fifty pieces," said he, pondering deeply.— "fifty pieces make five hundred crowns; and five hundred Dutch crowns make about a thousand and fifty francs. This sum I'll hide away somewhere, where neither my wife nor my son will be able to find it. If any misfortune should happen to me, if thieves or gendarmes should come, or if my wife should squander the treasure, this would remain for our Pauw; and if he were to marry Katie, there would still be something left to set them up in housekeeping, and enabled them to open a little shop."

He rolled up the money in a rag, went over to the mantle-piece, drew forward a chair, and, standing on it, thrust his head as far as he could into the chimney. He placed the pieces of money on some projecting stones inside the chimney, and felt secure that no one would think of searching there for them. Then, jumping down into the room again, he said, with a contented smile—

"Ha, now my mind is a little easier; now I shall be able to sleep."

He was just about to blow out the lamp and go up stairs, when he suddenly checked himself, and began to tremble with alarm. He fancied he heard somebody trying to break open the window from the outside; and, indeed, there was a sound as of a man's hand touching the shutters.

The terrified schouwveger fixed his eyes upon the window, and was so paralyzed by fear that the lamp shook in his hand; when, to his great relief, he heard the sound of steps retreating from the window, and a hoarse voice singing in snatches,

"We were so jolly, and we tarried so long— Et, re, mi, fa, sol, la!"

"Oh, the drunken rascal! growled Master Smet. 'He little thinks that he has half killed me with fright—the noisy vagabond. The police are fit for nothing. Anyhow, 'tis the rich people that pay the police; why don't they at least take care that rich people may be able to get a little sleep?'"

After listening some time longer at the window, he blew the lamp out, crept softly up stairs put the key of the chest again into his wife's pocket, and lay down on the bed without undressing.

"At last he fell asleep, and dozed for, it might be, half an hour, without any other signs of rest-

lessness than an occasional contraction of his arms and legs."

All of a sudden there was a loud noise in the attic, as if something heavy had fallen on the floor. The schouwveger started with terror from his sleep, jumped up from his bed in consternation, and ran against a chair so violently that he overturned it, and fell on the floor with a loud noise.

Thereupon his wife started up, and exclaimed angrily—

"But, Smet, are you possessed, that you are playing such pranks in the dark? What's the matter with you now?"

"Oh, Trees, thieves!" groaned he, with choking voice. "Where is the sabre?"

"Come, come, you are dreaming again," said his wife with a sneer. "Do you think the thieves can smell out the money?"

"They are up in the attic; listen, listen!"—whispered the schouwveger, pointing upward, with his hair on end, and pale as a sheet. And truly heavy steps were heard on the stairs, and soon some one knocked loudly at the door of the chamber.

Beside himself with fright, Master Smet threw up the window that looked out on the street, and screamed with all his might—

"Help, help! thieves! murder!"

And in order to rouse his neighbors the more effectually, he added to this cry of distress the alarming words, "Fire! Fire!"

He saw in the distance two persons who were running at full speed down the street, attracted by his screams.

A voice cried anxiously at the chamber door—

"Father, father, open the door. Is the house on fire?"

"Oh, you fool!" muttered Dame Smet; "it is Pauw. Let him in; you'll frighten the lad out of his wits."

"Where—where is the fire?" asked Pauw, in consternation, as soon as the door was opened.

"It is nothing, nothing at all; I was only dreaming," stammered his father.

"Ha, I wish I knew what was going on!" said the lad, in perplexity. "It seems to me that our house is haunted all night long; I haven't been able to sleep a wink. Overhead the rats are at work as if they were mad; down here I hear talking going on, chairs tumbling about, cries of murder and fire; and when I ran down, with quaking heart, I find there is nothing at all the matter. Look you, father: don't be angry with me, but it seems to me as if you were playing Punch and Judy."

(To be continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

LETTER FROM THE POPE TO THE IRISH DOMINICANS.

It will gratify the friends of the Dominican Order in Ireland to read the reply from the Holy Father which has just been received by the Provincial of that religious body. We here subjoin a translation from the Freeman's Journal:—

"To his beloved Son, Robert Augustin White, Prior Provincial of the Order of Friars Preachers in Ireland.

"PIUS P. P. THE IX.

"Beloved Son, Health and the Apostolical Benediction.—We have received with peculiar pleasure the letter which you have addressed to us on the 28th of the last month, containing as it does sentiments which are in the highest degree creditable to a member of the illustrious Order of St. Dominick; for indeed you give us in that letter the clearest evidence of the zeal for our holy religion which distinguishes yourself and your brethren of the same order while you also furnish us with proofs the most convincing of your devoted fidelity to the See of Peter in whose bitter trials, brought about by the intrigues of evil-minded men, who, from their deadly hostility to the Catholic Church and its head, are intent only on the overthrow of its dominion and the sacrilegious seizure of its patrimony. You all show to us an interest, and express such a reverential and thorough sympathy, it was really a comfort to us, in the midst of our sorrows, to witness such a remarkable proof of attachment as that which has come from you and your brethren. Your expressions of devotedness are worthy of our highest praise, and serve to awaken within us an increase of the paternal love with which we must regard both you and them. Continue to offer up your united prayers to our good God, who can command the winds and the sea, that He may be pleased to restore the desired tranquillity to His holy Church, grant her deliverance from the manifold calamities which press so weightily, and by enriching her from day to day with additional triumphs, help and console us in all our tribulations. In the meantime, be assured that while we thankfully acknowledge and accept the present which you have been pleased to offer us, we humbly intreat the gracious Lord of Mercies ever to pour out upon you and all your religious brethren the abundance of His heavenly and choicest gifts. The more effectually to obtain the Divine protection which we invoke, and as a pledge of our especial good will, we most lovingly impart to yourself, beloved Son, and to each and every one associated with you, from the depths of our heart, the apostolical benediction.

"Given from St. Peter's, at Rome, this 15th day of March, 1860, in the fourteenth year of our Pontificate.

"PIUS P. P. IX."

TRIBUTE TO THE POPE.—During the coming week a list, specifying the amount contributed by each parish in the diocese of Meath, will be ready for publication. The total subscribed by this single diocese which is a rural district not comprising any district or even large town, furnishes a glorious testimony of the religious spirit, active zeal, and generous piety of its Catholic population. The Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. Cantwell, has already lodged in the Hibernian Bank for the above sacred purpose, a sum exceeding £3 350. What a noble and triumphant answer to the sneer of the atrocious Times ridiculing the Navan Meath demonstration in defence of His Holiness.—Morning News.

TRIBUTE TO HIS HOLINESS.—The Lord Bishop of Ossory, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, has forwarded to the Holy Father from his diocese the magnificent sum of £3,000 pounds, the proceeds of the late collection for his Holiness.

Mr. Bryan, of Jenkinstown, has given £100 as his contribution to the Pope, and £50 towards the building of the new Catholic Church of Thomastown.—Dublin Evening Post.

DREADFUL FIRE.—Drogheda, Monday, March 26.—We have to record the most awful fire, with loss of valuable property, which, it is said by the oldest inhabitants, has ever taken place in the town of Drogheda; and which occurred on this morning, commencing half an hour after midnight. The place alluded to is the magnificent establishment of Mr. Parsons, Fair-street. Property to the amount of £7,000 was destroyed.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.—The Irish Bishops and Government.—Mr. Maguire has given the following notice, by which the entire question of mixed education on the ground, and separate or denominational on the other, will be brought before the House and the country on the most legitimate occasion for its discussion.—

"On going into Committee on Estimates for education in Ireland, to call the attention of the House to the memorial addressed by the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland to Her Majesty's Government, on the necessity of substituting a separate or denominational system of Education for the existing system; to the answer given to that Memorial on the part of the Government; and to the rejoinder of the Archbishops and Bishops to that answer."

CASE OF THE REV. MR. McDERMOTT.—The Sligo Champion reports at great length a case that was brought on Thursday before the magistrates at the Dromore West Petty Sessions. The magistrates present were Captain L. G. Jones, and John Christie, Esq., and the charge was the Queen v. The Rev. Michael McDermott, P.P., Templeboy, for having, as is alleged, on the 23rd of January, in the Catholic Chapel, made use of threatening language towards John Whiffle King, Esq., J.P., Fortland, Dromore West. Mr. L. M. Tiernan, solicitor appeared for the Rev. Mr. McDermott, who was present. The case is founded upon information sworn by two policemen and the plaintiff. To the effect that Mr. King was denounced by the Rev. gentleman for having, as it is stated, desired Catholic children to attend a National School. Mr. King, on his cross-examination stated—"I told the tenants most distinctly that I acknowledged their right to send their children to any school they pleased, at the same time that I wished to send them to Hurs', and that they need not be afraid of anything from me; that I would not dispossess them or take their children, except that they would forfeit my good opinion. To one man did I say—I increased your farm very largely by adding several other farms, and with regard to you I may take into consideration the propriety of reducing your farm to the extent it was some year or two ago." The case was sent for trial to the assizes, the Rev. gentleman giving his own security, and that Mr. E. O'Farrell, and Mr. P. H. Finegan, for his appearance thereat.

CONVERSION.—Mr. Mathew Breen, of Dalgin, having renounced the errors of Protestantism, was received into the Catholic Church, by the Rev. Thomas O'Malley, O.C., on St. Patrick's Day, in the chapel of Milltown.

ATHLONE ELECTION.—An application, it is said, is about to be made to the House of Commons, praying for an inquiry into the circumstances connected with the abandonment of the petition against the late election for the borough of Athlone.

LONDON ELECTION.—After a sharp siege, the seat vacated by the death of Sir K. Ferguson, has been won by Mr. McCormick, the eminent railway contractor. He professes to be a moderate Conservative. The other candidates were Mr. Skipton, moderate Whig, and Mr. Greer, ultra Liberal, a Radical from the start. The Whig nowhere on the poll, and thenceforward it was a gallant race between Messrs. McCormick and Greer, the former winning by a majority of 19. The following were the gross numbers at the close:—McCormick, 326; Greer, 307; Skipton, 82.

THE CLARE ELECTION.—The Tipperary Advocate of Saturday, 7th inst., says—Mr. Calcutt may be said to be the de facto M.P. for the County of Clare. On yesterday a meeting of the Catholic Clergy of that county was held at Ennis, the Right Rev. Dr. Flannery presiding. Fifty-two clergymen gave in their adhesion to Mr. Calcutt; and the minority, sooner than convulse the county, will content themselves with simply recording their votes for Mr. White, should that gentleman go the poll. It is better that there should not be any antagonism between any section of the Catholic Clergy, for in these times we have enough to contend with in opposing the progress of the common enemy without weakening our strength by internal dissension.

The O'Connor Dun was elected for Roscommon without opposition.

J. R. Tinsley, Esq., has been appointed Justice of the Peace for the city of Limerick.

IRISH EMIGRATION.—As the season is at hand when many of our fellow-countrymen and women take their departure from the land of their birth, to seek fortune at the other side of the Atlantic, it is, we conceive, the duty of all interested in their welfare to warn them against the dangers they are incurring. We regret to perceive that the Rev. Dr. Cahill has been doing—of course unconsciously—much mischief by the exaggerated statements sent by him from America, statements which may cause irreparable damage to such of our people as are influenced by them. We have already published in these columns some refutation of Dr. Cahill's errors; and we ask our readers' attention to the following extract from a letter which the Morning News informs us has been received by an Irish Prelate from a medical gentleman in America:—"Dr. Cahill, I perceive, is writing 'to the people of Ireland,' giving glowing accounts of America. His letters betray the greatest ignorance of the state of the Irish in America. They are false, and I say so with regret. Oh, what an awful responsibility rests on him, if he be the means of inducing any one to give up house and home to come to America! In every city and town throughout the Union, the Irish are to be found degraded, neglected, and despised. He only gives the best side of the story. It is true girls send home money, but how many of them will, perhaps, crowd next day to the priest's house, begging the price of their week's board, if thrown out of work. How many thousands of them are idle, as I write, that would work for a bit to eat. Ask the physician or priest who goes among them, how far the Irish are benefited by coming to America—they can tell. Thousands of them never see a happy day after leaving Ireland. They struggle here in poverty, having nothing to cheer them but their true Catholic heart. As an Irishman, as a Catholic, I say, let every man go in his knees and beg of them to remain at home."

EMIGRATION.—We notice elsewhere the immense number of emigrants proceeding from Galway. On Thursday last, one of the Wallis's vans from Westport, passed through this town, carrying upwards of forty persons—chiefly young men and women, who were on their way from the county of Mayo to Liverpool, to embark for America. A great many from this immediate neighborhood are also leaving.—Tuam Herald.

ALARMING DISTRESS IN ERIS, COUNTY MAYO.—From the columns of the Castletown Telegraph, we have learned the heart-rending news—the awful tale of wide-spread distress. When famine has fully set in, then are sure to follow in its train the concomitant evils—pestilence and disease; and when pestilence, with its leaden wings has once begun to brood over a country, then truly, are to be witnessed harrowing scenes. Grim death stalks abroad slaying man and beast. Oh! who can remember Skull and Skibbereen—aye, and Mayo, in 1847 and '49, without feeling a thrill of horror vibrating his every pulse. None but one who saw the scenes of those years, or sat on a committee in which were read letters from all parts of the country, detailing most appalling instances of want, can have a just appreciation of the woe and sorrow, which, at this moment afflict the people of Erris. With the most laudable zeal, the local landlords, Protestant and Catholic, priest and minister—us well Father Patrick Malone as the Rev. Mr. Jackson—meet on the same platform of charity, to devise means for saving the lives of the people. One would be tempted to say that returning famine produces one good effect. It makes men of all creeds and parties feel that they have the hearts of men, the vicer instincts being trampled un-

der foot. What a pleasing sight to see Protestants and Catholic clergymen striving each other, on the same committees, for the noble purpose of relieving distress—feeding the hungry and clothing the naked.—In Erris, the Protestant clergymen exhibit no narrow-minded bigotry, they don't stoop to take advantage of the poverty of the people to proselytise them—they don't degrade themselves by offering money, meal, and soup to the poor, for the purpose of making them blasphemous God, by pretending to be Protestants. No, no, the Rev. Mr. Campbell and the Rev. Mr. Jackson, having bowels of mercy, like the good Samaritan, have united with the zealous and patriotic priests of Erris, in order that their combined appeal to a benevolent public, and their just demand on the Government may have the desired effect. The gentry and Clergy—Protestant and Catholic—of that remote district, have set a noble example. May their union be the forerunner of several such throughout this land which has been so cursed by disunion.—Connaught Patriot.

MR. LANIGAN'S MOTION ON THE TREATMENT OF THE IRISH POOR.—We (Tipperary Advocate) beg to direct the attention of our readers to the very able speech of the honourable member for Cashel in his motion with regard to the removal of the destitute Irish poor from Scotland and England. Cashel will be proud of her representative, for a more telling exposition of the atrocities perpetrated through the medium of that lever of legalised oppression—the Pauper Removal Act—we never before read. England and Scotland may empty the seams and the filth of their population on our shores, which becomes a sort of imperious pensionary on our local taxation, while the industrious and meritorious Irishman and woman, the moment their little means are exhausted, when they cease to be further able to enrich the parish of their adoption by their labour, and when age, sickness, or accident renders them objects for the attentions of humanity, are inhumanly flung forth from the ports of England, with less tenderness than are bestowed on the ruffian convicts which that country sends for life punishment to her penal settlements. This is another of the blessings conferred by the so-called Act of Union. We again commend to our readers Mr. Lanigan's speech; and we do not envy the Irishman who, in its perusal, does not feel his bosom burn with indignation, and experience a nervous clutching of his right hand as if it should grasp a sabre's hilt.

AGRICULTURAL AND EMIGRATION STATISTICS.—The Registrar-General (Mr. Donnelly) issued yesterday his tables, showing the estimated average produce of crops for the year 1859, and the emigration from Irish ports from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1859. The Table are introduced in a report addressed to his excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, explanatory of the system adopted in the collection of the information they contain, and giving a kind of statistical analysis of the produce, &c. From these returns it appears that there was a great diminution in the yield of the crops in 1859, compared with the previous year; the cereals produced less by 1,183,519 quarters. Potatoes show a decrease of 562,702 tons, or about sufficient to supply every family in Ireland (averaging five persons to a family) with a stone of potatoes each day for nearly two months and a-half; turnips show a reduction of 902,717 tons, mangold-wurtzel of 96,477 tons, cabbage of 51,487 tons, and hay of 370,227 tons. The only crop which shows an increase is the important one of flax, which yielded 3,994 tons above the produce of 1858, but this was owing to 44,638 acres more having been sown in 1859. This decrease in the average yield of all the crops in 1859 may be attributed to the extreme dryness and high temperature of the season, the weather having been for a long period unusually hot, and rain not having fallen for a considerable time, and also to the decrease in the acreage under tillage. It appears from other returns furnished that the rates of produce per acre in 1859 were lower than the average of ten years—1850 to 1859—for every crop with the exception of wheat. Notwithstanding this great diminution, the corn crops produced for the consumption of each family in the country, allowing five to each family, 212 stones for the year, or about 8lb. daily, and the potato crop was equal to nearly 22lb. daily for the same number of persons. The subject of the report is of interest, as showing that in the face of the generally admitted prosperity of the country the exodus of the Irish peasantry continues undiminished.—The emigration from Irish ports during the past year exceeded that of the previous one by 16,500 persons, 68,003 having left the country in 1858, and 84,500 in 1859; of this latter amount 46,431 were males and 38,168 females. These include 2,679 males and 1,321 females, or 4,000 persons who did not belong to Ireland, leaving the remaining 80,500 to represent the emigration of the Irish during 1859. Owing to the continued want of a general measure for the registration of births and deaths in this country, it was necessary in the computations to use the average of these events in England and Wales, as given in the reports of the Registrar-General. The births are therefore assumed to have been 1 to 31, and the deaths one to 45 of the population in each year. It is greatly to be regretted that there are not more satisfactory data upon which to base this important and interesting calculation; and it is earnestly to be desired that this session of Parliament may not pass over without supplying so great a want in the social legislation of this part of the United Kingdom, which presents the strange anomaly of being the only civilised country in the world in which the births, deaths, and marriages are not systematically recorded. According to the computation there would appear to have been in Ireland on the 1st of January of the present year 5,988,820 persons, being 563,565 less than at the time of the census of 1851. This estimate, however, should only be considered an approximation, as the emigrants who have settled permanently in this country since 1851 are not taken into account and the number of the births and deaths during the period has been obtained by using the English averages. The emigration continues to be chiefly composed of persons between the ages of 5 and 55 years; thus in Leinster 95·3, in Munster 92·3 in Ulster 91·4 and in Connaught 95·3 in every 100 persons who emigrated between these ages. The proportion who left the entire country at these ages was 92·2 per cent, while those aged from 15 to 45 included 80·9 in every 100 emigrants. Of the entire number of emigrants the largest proportion was from the county and city of Cork, which contributed more than 12 per cent. of the total emigration. The other counties in Munster also gave a large proportion owing to which it would appear that this province lost a greater number of its inhabitants by emigration since 1851 than either Leinster, Ulster, or Connaught.

According to the Limerick Chronicle "overturns have been made to that gallant Catholic corps, the Tipperary Artillery, the early disembodiment of which is expected to emigrate to New York, become United States citizens, and join a Papal brigade which is being organised in that city. The men of this fine and highly-trained corps are unwilling to go back to field labour, but seem to doubt whether the law would permit them to accede to the foreign offers made." The Times thinks this "very like a whale," but we may venture to assure our contemporary that worst fish have been caught before now. England has been eager to obtain German mercenaries to fight her battles, and the Tipperary boys would certainly have no reason to regret the cause which called them to active service. At all events, if the news be true, our contemporary may rest assured that when the Pope's Government disbanded them, it will not be under the ignominious circumstances attending the dismissal of the Tipperary Militia at Nenagh, nor will the noble men of Tipperary be sent home in a "Great Tamanna" like the wretched cast-off English soldiers in India.—Weekly Register.

No Spaniards.—The following characteristic letters were written by T. B. McManus, one of the exiles of '48—to J. F. Maguire, Esq., M. P.:

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 1. 1860.

Dear Sir,—Some eighteen months since, when a movement was on foot in Ireland for the purpose of petitioning the British Government to "pardon" the three Irish Exiles (viz., Mitchell, Maguire, and McManus) excepted from the amnesty extended to all political offenders but them.—I took the liberty of addressing a letter through you to the gentlemen urging that movement, requesting that my name would be omitted in that petition, as I wished to place myself under no obligation to a Government which I believe to be foreign to the genius, the religion, and the liberty of my native land. I now, Sir, perceive that a similar movement is on foot, and I have again through you, to repeat the request, and to entreat of the gentlemen interesting themselves in the matter to omit my name from this or any other boon they may crave from the British Government.

If the land that gave me birth—if the land sanctified to me by the graves of my forefathers—if the land of my love and affection, and for whose liberty I would cheerfully shed the last drop of my heart's blood, cannot welcome me back without the consent of a foreign ruler, then my foot shall never press her soil.

If, however, in the turmoils that are soon likely to beset Europe, she assumes the attitude of a nation and prepares herself to assert her independence, then I will consider myself welcomed back, and cheerfully and among the foremost of her exiles will I be there to aid her in that assertion. The British Government branded me as a traitor, but not to my native land. I am now, as I was then a traitor to British rule in Ireland.

I am, Dear Sir, with much respect,
Very truly and sincerely yours,
T. B. McMANUS.

ANOTHER SUICIDE IN BELFAST.—The solitary confinement system of the Belfast Gaol is not a preventative of suicide; but it would rather appear to be a provocative of it. Several suicides have already taken place in the prison. Not long since we had to record the dreadful death of one of the head wardens, as the facts transpired at the inquest; for, prior to that, no information on the subject had reached any member of the local press. A more horrible case of suicide took place on Monday; a girl named Mary Caughy, about 19 years of age, and in the goal for debt, having hanged herself; and a like silence respecting it appears to have been observed, few in town, except the family of the deceased, having heard any information of the perpetration of the act. In many respects the case in question is singular, both in the antecedent circumstances and as regards the discipline of the prison, for the unfortunate deceased appears to have attempted suicide some days ago, a second time on Monday morning, and again in the afternoon of the same day, when, unhappily she accomplished her purpose. She had been at the Presbyterian service in the goal, in going to which, or returning, all except the officers wear masks; and after she had been in her room for some time, the matron, Mrs. Ash, visited her, when she found a bed sheet fastened to the ventilator over the door, another sheet in the hand of the girl, while a table was placed near the door, as if preparations for suicide by strangulation had been in progress.—Mrs. Ash spoke to her, and left her with the impression that the act was meant simply as an expedient to obtain relaxation of the prison rules; but, on the day after the apparent preparations for strangulation had been observed, another debtor was received, and the two were placed in company in the same room, in which there were two beds. This second debtor remained till Monday, up to a little after 12 o'clock, and in a few minutes afterwards the deceased strangled herself. On the morning of the same day she had been, with the governor (Mr. Forbes) and other officers on one of the corridors, yet she managed to slip over the banister, and leap down to the corridor below, the distance being about twenty feet. How she escaped serious injury we cannot state; but she walked up the steps and lay down on the bed in her room. About half an hour after the other debtor left, the matron tried to open the door, and found the body of the deceased against it. She had fastened a sheet to the ventilator, mounted a table, secured her neck in a noose, and thus died.—Belfast News.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.—The following paragraph appears in one of the last Cork papers:—"In the office or approach to the man-of-war roads at Queenstown may be seen lying a rakish-looking clipper bark, which will be at once recognised as of Yankee build, of some 700 tons burden; and for the last four months has this gallant ship ridden out the storms and gales that beset her at the same anchorage. With her full complement of hands, and seaworthy, there she still mysteriously swings, awaiting the word 'away.' But whether shall she speed?—many inquire. Some conjecture, but all are at fault. Mysterious-looking characters have been seen to visit her—some say of foreign mould; some aver natives. But beyond the fact that this craft is called the Chas. B. Truitt, of Philadelphia, and has on board a cargo consisting of 23,000 finely finished rifles, nought is known."

"THE GREAT TAMANNA"—LIMERICK PROVISIONS.—In the evidence given at the inquest on one of 5000 soldiers who died on board the ship above named, and whose deaths were attributable to the badness of the provisions, the gratifying fact, creditable to this country, was more than once stated, that the only article on board which was pronounced to be good and wholesome was supplied from Limerick.—That sound and wholesome article was Pork, made up under Government contract four or five years ago, as Mr. Browne's evidence informs us, by the respectable houses of Thaddeus McDonnell and Patrick Hogan of this city. While the evidence abounds with the most distressing details of the absolute rotteness of the Bread, the badness of the Beef, and the almost poisonous quality of every other element of subsistence on board, Doctor Fernandez states that "the Pork was capital," and Captain Bond says, "finer meat he never tasted in his life." This fact, so highly creditable to the Provision Trade of Limerick, and especially to the two Houses named, should have a marked and decisive influence on the Government in declaring future contracts, if they desire to guard against similar shame and sacrifice of life, to those which have created so much disgust in the public mind, in the instance before us.—Munster News.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A fine little girl, aged about 11 years, died on Thursday last, 5th inst., of this terrible disease, at Oloona, near this town. It appears that she received a bite a few months ago from a rabid dog that was running through the village.—On Friday an inquest was held on the body of Dr. Hosty, Esq., Coronator, and on the evidence of Dr. Turner, a verdict to the above effect was returned.—Tuam Herald.

Cattle disease is spreading fatally in the neighborhood of Cashel. One farmer lost twelve cows and a number of calves by the disease within the past fortnight.—Limerick Examiner.

CURIOS DISCOVERY.—At Carlow, some workmen were lately employed at the estate of John de Montmorency, Esq., of Knockree Castle, county Kildare, on removing the remains of an old castle in the domain, when they came upon a walled chamber containing the skeleton of a man, in perfect preservation, in a recumbent position. In his hand, says the Carlow Sentinel, was a sword with a handsome jewelled hilt, and beside him was a breastplate and helmet, together with a drinking-cup. A box was found near him, containing some coin of the reign of King John, a small cross, and some parchment writings now yet deciphered.

THE SOUPER SYSTEM.—The Editor of the Morning News, in his issue of March 26th, 1860, writes:—It is now, ten years since this parish was set out as a likely spot to make a successful experiment in proselytism. There was not a single inhabitant in the remote headlands, and their simple inhabitants—the usual places selected for the experiment, a more promising field for a purpose than this parish. But the experiment is a failure—it is notoriously so, and the failure is admitted by its promoters.

The encouraging circumstances relied on for up- setting the faith of those people, who are all Catholics, were the peninsular position of the parish, the primitive and unsuspecting dispositions of the inhabitants, but, above all, the influence exercised by one man, who was agent of a large tract of the extreme end of this peninsula, extending from near Kilkree to Loophead with a water boundary back again by the Shannon to the Forry, near Kilkree, being 20 miles long, presenting an area of 28,000 acres occupied by about 10,000 people.

The agent above alluded to, has a power, practically considered, of life and death, over about a third of the population; and of these, the greater number reside towards Loophead.

In 1850 he took up about 300 acres of bog land from the tenants under him, all holding from year to year. In these bogs were all his hopes, at the time of growing potatoes. The re-distribution of these bogs the agent gave to his brother, and he took three years to re-distribute such portions as he did give back.

In the year 1851 the agent built up four school houses, and brought into the parish a staff of Protestant teachers and bible readers, with a Protestant clergyman at their head. This staff is here yet, with the person commanding them. They worry, but they can not pervert, the people.

The teasing and badgering received by the tenants when taking a bit of bog, and even when paying their rents, from the agent, his brother, or the bible readers, whom he made his associates and his mediators I intend to publish, but it would be too long for a newspaper letter.

The agent is Mr. Marcus Keane—his young brother Henry he made head manager among the tenants while the Bible Society at the same time appointed him head bible reader, to superintend this monstrous proceeding which did not fail in one thing—deteriorate the condition of a tenantry as respectful to a Landlord and as industrious in their habits, as were in Clare.

During the famine of 1848-9 the people of the townland of Kibbaha actually supported their own paupers; they were then well off and happy—now they are real paupers themselves.

Mr. Keane made a solemn promise he would give up superintending, and send away the disturbers; this promise he made to the county of Clare.

I have just received a letter from a Protestant gentleman of high respectability, in which he says, "The statements made by you to me, I made on your authority; they were most solemnly contradicted—would you put them on any Newspaper and let me have it?"

The principal statement is contained in this letter.—On last Saturday, the 24th inst., one of those bible readers, commonly called Denny the Dicer, went into the Moore National School, whilst the children were at catechism, and said that "the National Board was aiding and abetting idolatry, but that they must hunt it out of this nation as Garibaldi hunted the Pope out of Rome." The Teacher insisted on his leaving the school, and had to put him out by force. On his way towards Carrigrohane he met the Rev. Mr. Mahon, one of the Priests of this parish, to whom he said in a very offensive manner, "I want to be enlightened on some matters." The Priest stood on the road in order to let Denny go on, but the latter stood also, and said "You are bound to get into controversy with me for it is by alone you can bring back the strayed sheep, and you think me one." At this moment, some people coming up put a stop to his intrusion.

Your readers can have no conception of the state of torture in which the poor tenants are placed; and of their heartbroken condition under such persons as those encouraged by the agent.

He is now building a school for them, of course in his own lawn, at Kibbaha.

I think, and so do the poor tenants, that against such characters, an Agent should give encouragement and protection to a Catholic Priest among a Catholic people, and be glad to see education given to the poor children of toil-worn tenants.

I have got seven schools in these parishes, in connexion with the National Board. In these, 1,400 children have learned to read their prayer books and catechism. This, the religious portion of their education, I mention here, as it is the most important, but this they could not get in the four schools I have described.

By reference to the reports of the Inspectors, it will be seen that the secular teaching is at least as good as that given in the proselytising schools.—Yours, truly, M. MERRAS, P.P., Carrigrohane.

THE SOUPERS' 'DINNER OF TRUTH'.—A small publication has come into our hands, purporting to give an account of the 'wonderful progress' of the souper brigade in Ireland. It is published in England, and is called 'The Banner of Truth in Ireland'; but it is a tissue of false and infamous lies from beginning to end, and bears on every page the marks of the finger of lying. The emissaries of Satan who write all this fiction, and send it to London to be published, are a disgrace to the human species. They are beneath the wild Indians of the American forests, they are far below the savage Hottentots of central Africa. Their trade is to lie, deceive, and cheat, and they not only squander the funds sent them in carrying on fraud, but they cheat and deceive the English dupes to whom they write an account of their infamous conduct. If a simple liar be a thief, which is generally the case, what must these depraved soupers be? The literary liar who represents the doings of the Dundalk gang of soupers—the result of whose depraved conduct in the conversion line is nil—has given an account of the 'astonishing labors of the fraternity' whilst the Redeemerist Fathers were here in December. 'When they arrived, the first step taken was to issue a challenge.' Wonderful, indeed! The next was 'to call in all the teachers in the county, who during the entire time were actively engaged conversing with the people and distributing handbills.' How astonishing! And then placards were posted during each day, 'and the people going to and returning from the chapel stopped and read them!!' What an infamous lie. Why these placards, in which the word of God was profaned by lying soupers, were dabbed over with mud, or torn into tatters by the indignant people. Next, it is a remarkable fact that the missionaries did not complete their announced time! but—but—what? Why ran away suddenly? Well may these lying wretches be called the devil's trumpeters. They are faithfully carrying out their master's work, and in all their sayings and doings the cloven foot is visible. Fraud and lying, lying and fraud, is their daily toil. We need scarcely say that a terrible punishment awaits these lying miscreants either in this world or the next.—Dundalk Redeemerist.

THE NEXT NAVAL WAR.—It is not yet six years since we saw a war which commenced with proud fleets of line-of-battle ships and in one of gunboats, mortarboats, and floating batteries, sheathed with iron. The former very nearly captured Swenborg; the latter destroyed Kibbaha. He would have been a bold man who would then have asked for the public money to build screw three-deckers. Time has, however, rendered us already forgetful of the experience then gained. Subsequent to that Russian war we have had two more wars at great distances from

the mother country for our existence in India, for our honor in China. Did the line-of-battle ship or the 50-gun frigate do any good service there? No! it was in our seamen in India, our small craft, and gunboats in China, that the navy of Great Britain again established its pre-eminence and supported its traditional fame. Since then the rifled cannon and Armstrong shell have still further multiplied the objections to the big ship—the lofty target—the concentration of guns, and, above all, of human beings. Are we not, therefore, justified in sounding a note of warning to those who, ignoring the present requirements of Britain and her colonies, appear to satisfy themselves with picturing future state flights of line-of-battle ships, and hope to reproduce facsimiles of St. Vincent and Trafalgar, instead of looking alone to the one great result—the destruction of an enemy? And we say that, even as Solferino and Magenta were unlike all previous battles, so will future sea-fights be. Victory, we feel assured, will still be ours if we consult the genius and self-reliant courage of our seamen and officers; and, instead of cramming them together into huge slaughter-houses let them meet the tall ships of France or the long frigates of America in small handy vessels, fleet and more numerous than either, and armed with the most deadly weapons that this great mechanical country can produce. The Napoleons and Bretaines assailed by a swarm of such hornets, with a small compact squadron of screw two-deckers in reserve, will suffer the fate of former armadas; and we say, God help a vessel like the American Niagara, assailed by a dozen Yipers as fleet as herself, each armed with a single Armstrong or Whitworth gun.—Army and Navy Gazette.

THE DEFENCES OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.—We are glad to learn, from late and sure authority, her Majesty's Government is not unmindful, nor forgetful, of the words of the Duke of Wellington, "Once get a good naval station at the Channel Islands, and you will be as free from French invasion as if you were in my own room." It is now fifteen years since the Government of the day appointed a secret commission, composed of military and naval officers, to survey the Islands of Guernsey, Jersey, and Alderney, and to report upon the best means of fortifying them, and of establishing at each a naval station, or harbour of refuge, as it was called for obvious reasons. The Commissioners suggested the construction of such a harbour at the three islands, but at two only were the suggestions carried out. The harbour of St. Katherine's, Jersey, which is immediately opposite St. Malo, has one break-water complete, and could afford accommodation to a considerable squadron; but the principal works are being carried on at Alderney, whose small ordinary population of 1,200 inhabitants is now increased by a settlement of 900 artisans and 60 horses, working under the direction of Messrs. Jackson and Byng, the contractors. An immense break-water had been constructed at Braye Bay, which was capable of affording shelter to fifteen sail of the line, at a distance of about eight miles from Cape La Hogue and Cherbourg on one side, and not more than forty from Portland on the other, where there is accommodation for a powerful fleet. The new harbour is studded with recently-erected forts armed with guns of the heaviest calibre, and the whole of the works are being carried on with the greatest activity. It is the confident opinion of competent judges that when these fortifications of the Channel Islands have been completed, all chance of annoyance from Cherbourg will be out of the question. The whole of the works have been planned by, and are under the direction of Messrs. Walker, Burgess and Cooper, the Trinity House engineers.—United Service Gazette.

The United Service Gazette has received information, though it gives it with reserve, that it had been determined not only to stop the disembodiment of those militia regiments under orders for disbandment, but also to call out the whole militia force of the Empire.

The war alarmists have found another subject for their fears in the expected alliance between France and Denmark. The Morning Herald, which, however, has already been improved upon by another journalist, who notifies that the 'Secret Expedition' from Plymouth has reference to some design of France against Germany, and is destined for the Baltic Sea, and not for the Mediterranean. The supposed Franco-Danish alliance is understood to have reference to the Schleswig-Holstein question, on which it would be easy to draw the Germans into a quarrel; and no doubt, if France desired a pretext for such a quarrel, the support and alliance of Denmark would be a very obvious and useful resource. The latter power has a naval force, which, though small, is tolerably efficient, and her army is respectable for a third-rate power. But what is of greater importance is the position she holds in the entrance to the Baltic Sea, from which she could readily shut out the commerce and navy of any nation with whom she might be at war.—Morning News.

THE REVENUE.—The accounts for the quarter ending March 31 show an increase of about five million pounds as compared with the corresponding quarter last year. Out of this sum £1,200,000 is derived from walt spirits, and about £3,500,000 are yielded by the income tax owing to the increased rate, and there are small increases under the heads of Stamps, Post Office, and miscellaneous items. There is a decrease of about £360,000 on Customs, arising from the operation of the commercial treaty with France. The year's accounts exhibit an increase of about £340,000 on Customs duties, which would have been larger but for the special cause of decrease rendered from rum, tea, tobacco and currants. On Excise there is an increase of nearly £2,500,000, proceeding from almost every item; malt, spirits, barley, and oats showing the largest increase. On the year the increase in income tax will be nearly £3,000,000; Stamp Tax and Post-Office also yield an increase of five and a half millions; the one item experiencing a decrease is that entitled Miscellaneous, which last year included a large sum for the sale of old supplies, stores after the Crimean War.

THE CONFESSIONAL.—Mr. Bowyer intends to move for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law of evidence regarding privileged communications in certain cases. A correspondent of the Union says that confession, if made to a minister in the Church of England, is privileged, and that if the same privilege is not extended to the Roman Catholic Church it ought to be, in these days of boasted toleration.—The writer gives particulars of a case in which a girl, named Griffin, was brought before the late Baron Alderson at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of child-murder. She had confessed this murder, or at least said something to the effect of the Paddington Workhouse; and he thought proper to come forward as a witness against her. Baron Alderson, however, so far from admitting his evidence, expressly refused it. "By an old statute," (he said) "a Confessor was expressly prohibited from saying anything told to him in his spiritual capacity; and it was clear that, if it were otherwise, a prisoner would be altogether deprived of spiritual consolation. The mouth of an Attorney was shut with reference to anything told to him in his professional capacity; and why should not the mouth of a Confessor be closed also?" The accused was acquitted.

PROTESTANT COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY.—In spite of all the care of Parliament and all the labours of sensible and right-minded employers; the population of a Lancashire town cannot be contemplated without a certain misgiving. Watch them as they pour along the streets to dinner, observe their pale faces, their stoop, their thin hands and their somewhat unsteady gait, and it will glance across your mind that the first place in the commerce of the world may be too dearly purchased.—Times.

Dr. JOHN CUMMING, THE GREAT PROTESTANT PARAGON.—We fully agree in the justice of the following criticism on the Revd. John Cumming. It is taken from the London Leader. It is time that the millennium dodge were used up—"Is there in this great realm a more common-place person than Dr. John Cumming? Is there a rainer or more presumptuous mortal? Here we have a book of travels by an American clergyman, which could very well have stood on its own legs, made its own bow, spoken its own speech; but it cannot be introduced to us, it seems, without the bombast and the balderdash of the archplatiitudinarian who wears the world with discourses at second hand on the millennium. Besides, we thought that editing meant something.—But how has Dr. Cumming edited his work? He has not corrected the proof-sheets, for there is a pleasant variety of typographical blunders. Neither has he corrected or elucidated anything. What, then, has he done? He has contributed an introduction remarkable for silliness; and with glaring impertinence has thus: before us those millennium dogmas which are his stock-in-trade. Dr. Cumming never forgets the shop. The utterances of Daniel the Prophet, misinterpreted by one who is little of a prophet—and the Revelation of St. John the Divine misinterpreted by John the Uddivine, are the said John the Uddivine's estate. Who would ever have heard of Dr. Cumming, if Dr. Cumming had not discovered that predictions about the millennium excited the hopes and alarmed the fears of so many? As respects the millennium, those are welcome to believe in it who choose; but most certainly if we were millenniumers, and were convinced that in half a dozen years Christ was to appear on earth, and the Devil was to be chained, we should deem it our duty to act very differently from our fellow beings; we should prepare ourselves for the advent of the Messiah, and the dethronement of Satan, by prayer, by penitence, by solitude, by absolute abstinence from the cares and concerns of the world. But Dr. Cumming is the preacher to a fashionable audience; he is always glad to show his self-satisfied face with lords on the platform; and we never heard that in bargaining with his publisher about his trumpery tomes, he renounced all remuneration gave up every claim to the copyright, for the sufficient reason that the millennium is coming. We reverse every man's faith who gives proof of his sincerity; and the more faithless the age—for own it is faithless enough—the more faith should be by the faithful revered. But what proof of sincerity has Dr. Cumming given? Not even that of studying, of knowledge, of knowing the subject well of which he professes to treat. As there are few more barren thinkers, few worse writers than Dr. Cumming, so there are few more ignorant scholars or incompetent theologians. Sundry Americans have borrowed from the Germans; he borrows from the Americans, and a curious aspect the whole thing wears, when it comes before the British public. The plagiarist is half a quack. We wish we could believe that Dr. Cumming's quackery were limited to his notorious plagiarisms. But when Dr. Cumming frightens the old women in the country with his books—so twaddly in style, so big with folly—yet looks perfectly undisturbed in the prospect of the tribulations which he prophesies, and if not greedy of praise, we ask him whether he should be quite so hard on Pio Nono, and on papal impostors and impostures generally? At all events, in the present instance we could have dispensed with Dr. Cumming's millennium, advertising cards and placards; and we think that Dr. Cross could have dispensed with them too. For one reader whom Dr. Cumming's name will attract, there are ten whom it will repel.

STATE OF EUROPE.—Very careless or very stupid must that statesman be who can look without alarm on the present state and future prospects of the German Confederation. The crisis at which Germany has arrived reminds us only too forcibly, as regards her foreign relations, of the state of things in the early part of that most gloomy year of her history, 1806. At that period, as now, France was strong, warlike, and aggressive, led on by a chief of surpassing ability, and entirely emancipated from those traditions which fettered, if they could not always restrain, the ancient monarchs of Europe. Austria, then, as now, was staggering, and almost stifled under the effects of a mighty blow, for Austerlitz has found no unworthy counterpart in Solferino.—Italy was then overshadowed by French influence, and the smaller Powers of Germany, buried each profoundly in its own individual selfishness and shortsightedness, were considering, alike unmindful of the general interest, what could be snatched from the common ruin to increase their splendor, or their influence. Prussia alone stood erect, confiding in the army and in the reputation of her great King.—Prussia, which had stood aloof during the dreadful struggle between France and Austria, which had contemplated Napoleon on the morrow of Austerlitz, and which hoped, while securing the immunities of peace, to obtain for herself all the advantages which could be gained by successful war. A little time served to dispel these delusions. Austria succumbed to peace, and obtained it. The smaller States of Germany were formed into new combinations or aggregated into kingdoms under names unheard of in history, and Prussia, on the fields of Jena and Auerstadt fell prostrate before the impetuous valor of the legions of France. Such was the state of Germany 54 years ago. In those days the people went for little or nothing, but the Confederation fell because the Sovereigns were utterly unable to trust each other. Each was anxious for a general scramble, in order to gain, if possible, a little more territory, and each only awoke to find his dream of individual aggrandizement lost in the reality of universal slavery. If any one wishes to see what are the passions and feelings which actuate modern Germany, let him turn back to that announcement in our columns which tells him the decision of the Bund on the future Constitution of the Electorate of Hesse Cassel. The Bund resolves, Prussia dissenting, to reject the Constitution of 1831, and to affirm the Constitution of 1852, the odious work of Hassefluog, or Hessenfluch, "the Curse of Hesse," as the people delighted to call him. At the present moment such a decision is peculiarly significant. The deepest discontent prevails throughout Germany.—The people have lost confidence in their individual Sovereigns, and still more have they lost confidence in the combination of them by which Germany is governed. A powerful and warlike nation is concentrated in arms on their frontier, and now, if ever, it is necessary to rouse once more to the aid of German nationality that national enthusiasm which her Princes knew so well how to call forth and how to deceive in 1813. The days are gone by when nations can be saved by a league of Sovereigns. Kings must take their people with them if they expect that their deliberations will amount to anything more than impotent manifestations. It is not by riveting fetters on one of the members of the Confederation that the German Bund proves its aptitude for dealing with the emergencies of the present time. Beaten, disheartened, disjointed, politically, morally, and materially bankrupt, Austria—the living death of what was once a flourishing Empire—is still the life and soul of the German Confederation. Her spirit animates the whole mass, her blood circulates through every vein, her voice rules their councils, her intellect presides over their deliberations. The same inert regard for tradition, the same helpless inability to adopt new ideas, which rendered the defeat in Italy even more disgraceful than calamitous, give the tone to and dictate the measures of the German Confederation. Austria forms the nucleus round which the petty States of Germany love to cluster; Austria forms the head which their wise and magnanimous Sovereigns love to follow. Prussia, indeed, as in 1806, stands still erect, an exception to the rest of the Germanic Confederation. For Prussia has still a prosperous exchequer, and still a surplus revenue, and a Government which, if not

exactly liberal, has liberal tendencies. But Prussia is more than counterbalanced in the deliberations of the Bund by Austria, and, isolated as she is from the rest of Germany, she may perhaps find that she has little choice between repeating the campaign of 1806, with a strong probability of the same calamitous result, or listening to the propositions which there is too much reason to suppose that France is ready to make her, with a view of obtaining by the pen that which she is otherwise tempted to conquer by the sword. What if France be disposed to offer to Prussia, in exchange for her Rheinisch Provinces, Saxony, Hannover, Brunswick, and Mecklenburg,—territories which could offer little or no resistance to such an amalgamation? Might not Prussia think it better to surrender for an equivalent so fully adequate that which she will hardly retain after the most desperate and costly efforts? The Third Napoleon has found a better means of executing his will than the First. He views long campaigns and bloody battles as the resources of bunglers in the art of kingship. He has his choice among the Sovereigns of Europe, all competing with each other for the honor of being his instrument in the development of any policy he may choose to adopt, or the appropriation of any territory he may choose to seize. If we turn to the people of Germany, we find that their Sovereigns have little or no reason to count on their loyalty. The people have not forgotten the promises which were made and broken to their fathers in 1813, and made and broken to themselves in 1848, and they do but await a fitting opportunity to rid themselves of an odious domination.—The Tyrolees and the Croats are wearied of their allegiance to a Power which can neither appreciate their services nor reward their devotion; while Hungary, Bohemia, the Southern Tyrol, and Venetia, threaten Austria with all the horrors which the rebellion of a justly-provoked people can bring with it. Let Germany, then, look to herself; empires and provinces are won in these days by other means than by those of brute force. We have seen what can be effected by universal suffrage, by municipal demonstrations, or even, when these means fail, by nameless, unappreciated, unrecognized deputations.—Prussia may be offered a tempting equivalent, and the Rhine, after all,—is it not a national boundary? See what Sacrifices Piedmont has made in surrendering Savoy, and ask whether every considerable German Sovereign may not receive an equivalent as ample as that against which she has been content to truck the loyalty and devotion of 800 years. It never yet was known that one success blunted the appetite of the gannet for another, and when we see what has been done we may partly conclude what it is we are next to expect. Under these circumstances, we should be glad to hear what are the intentions of Germany. Is she determined to wait till the last moment? Is she to go on confiscating the liberties and trampling on the rights of mankind till the very stones of her cities rise up to protest against her cruel and callous injustice? Now, if ever, Germany needs that her Princes should be united among themselves, and her people should be confirmed in their loyalty. Unhappy is that nation to which danger cannot teach union, and infatuated are those Princes to whom a bitter experience, just about to repeat itself, cannot teach the most ordinary precepts of equity and moderation.—Times.

LES DEUX NAPOLÉONIENNES.—The complications in Central Italy and the threatened violation of the rights of Switzerland, have, to a great extent, diverted our attention from events of scarcely less interest in a quarter nearer home. At present the danger is undeveloped. The cloud is no bigger than a man's hand; and in these days, when the statesmanship of English diplomatists, seems to be wanting in its first requisite, foresight, it is quite possible that the peril may be overlooked, and that a few months hence we may be called upon to take sides in a fresh quarrel and to choose between the claims of our hereditary allies and the policy of Napoleon.—They greatly mistake the objects of our powerful ally who believe that the cession of Savoy and Nice will restore peace to Europe. From North to South and from East to West of Europe there is at this moment a system of intrigue being carried out, which aims at one sole end—the ascendancy of France. Hitherto the projects of the French Emperor have been only too successfully accomplished. He has put in practice the tortuous policy embodied in the old legend, "Divide et impera" and trite though it is, appreciable as it is to the most ordinary understanding, he has contrived to blind every Power in Europe to his persistent application of its principles. He has humiliated Russia, and made a friend of her. He has crushed Austria, and inspired her with a fiercer resentment against her traditional allies than her victorious enemy. There are two Powers which he has yet to humble before he can fully realize his ambitious dream. These are Prussia and England, and with Prussia the whole of Northern Germany. At this very moment, we believe we are correct in stating that negotiations are on foot in relation to that old sore—the Schleswig-Holstein question—which demand the serious attention of our government, and on which, not improbably, may hinge the good understanding and the cordial union of England and Germany. It is no secret that since the last resolution of the Frankfurt Diet with reference to the Duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg, the relations of Denmark and the German Confederation have gone from bad to worse. The Diet, in demanding from Denmark the redress of various violations of the constitution of the Duchies, has at the same time declared that it will if the necessity shall arise, support the claims of the population of the Duchies by military interference. It is not impossible, then, that a body of federal troops may in the course of the year occupy those territories under the plea of providing for the interests of a people who are members of the German Confederation. The Danish plenipotentiary has, in the name of the government, protested against the step. But appearances justify the conclusion that the resolution will be carried into effect, as it is not likely that Denmark will make further concessions. Public opinion in Germany approves of the attitude which the Diet has taken, and warmly expresses its approval of the action of central government. Under these circumstances we learn that Denmark, as a second-rate Power, finding her means inadequate to a successful resistance against a German coalition, has been anxiously directing her looks for assistance to one of the great powers, she has been successful. France has given a favorable answer to the Cabinet of Copenhagen, and negotiations have commenced and are actively going on, with a view to the conclusion of an offensive and defensive treaty between the respective governments. The advantages that the geographical position of Denmark would afford to the Emperor Napoleon in the event of a war with Germany, are to obvious to have been overlooked by so astute a monarch as Louis Napoleon; and there is little doubt that he has fully calculated the immense assistance which the Danish navy might render, as an auxiliary, in blockading the harbours and destroying the maritime establishments and the shipping of Northern Germany. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the advances of the Cabinet of Copenhagen have been favorably responded to at Paris, and that negotiations have been entered into for the formation of an alliance between the two governments, which may find an early opportunity of mutually and efficiently supporting each other. We have good reason for stating the reappraisal on this subject has made great progress, and that the alliance for offensive and defensive purposes will soon be an established fact. The understanding between Denmark and France in the conjuncture would in itself be a matter for the earnest consideration of the English Ministry; but its importance is considerably enhanced, if it be true as we believe it to be, that French diplomatists are busy engaged at Stockholm in order to draw Sweden and Norway into similar engagements. There exists at this moment a treaty

with France and Sweden in which England participated, and which was concluded during the Russian war, the object of that treaty, was very different from the one now contemplated; the present aim of French diplomacy being the securing of the support and co-operation of the Scandinavian kingdom in the carrying out of that policy of predominance which the Emperor Napoleon is now endeavoring to establish throughout Europe. We trust the eyes of the government will be opened to what is going on. The formation of a league of the naval Powers of the Continent against this country was a favorite project of the uncle.—It may be an "idea" of the nephew. It cannot be denied that it looks feasible, and that the members of the Schleswig-Holstein question may yet be kindled into a European conflagration. The complication in its present form is most opportune for the interference of France; and the slightest imprudence on the part of Denmark or Germany may bring about a state of things in which we should be called upon to look on at the destruction of an ally or to throw our whole strength into the scale against aggression. If our information be correct, the train is skillfully laid; but the bold action of English statesmen may yet prevent the explosion of the mine.—London Herald.

ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.—There was the usual amount of disturbance at St. George's-in-the-East on Sunday. The Evening service much interrupted whilst the lessons which were read by a clergyman, were quite inaudible from excessive coughing. The sermon was preached by a stranger, whose name did not transpire. It was a brief discourse on the death of Lazarus, and on the whole, was attentively listened to, only being once or twice interrupted. A number in one of the galleries loudly hissed the clergy and choristers as they retired to the vestry. Although the Evening hymn was sung after the sermon, the people persisted in singing the Doxology in the church, in front of the Rectory, and all up Cannon-street, whilst a group of boys indulged in some of the popular songs of the day.

The memorial-mania appears to be on the increase. A graven image of Bunsen is about to be erected under the superintendence of Lord Shaftesbury; a portrait statue of Priestly is to adorn the New Museum at Oxford; a polished granite obelisk is to commemorate the Biblical commentator, Matthew Henry at Chester; £2,000 have been subscribed for a memorial to Brand. Some Scotchmen have been actually subscribing to raise one of the Patrick Sheehy; the people of Somerset, taking up a hint from Lord Macaulay, are going to set up an image of Admiral Blake.—Guardian.

UNITED STATES.

A correspondent desires to know if there is any truth in the report that the Rev. Henry W. Beecher intends getting up a petition to the Legislature of Massachusetts, asking indemnity for the destruction of the Charlestown Convict by a mob of anti-Catholic bigots and fanatics, who were incited thereto by the speeches of his father. The correspondent expresses his surprise that a man who professes to be such a lover of liberty, should have allowed this matter to have remained so long in abeyance, and expresses the opinion, or we should say, throws out the suggestion, that it would be well for the Rev. gentleman to begin by having all his own congregation sign their names to the document. We (Northampton Record) are unable to answer the question, as we are not in Mr. Beecher's confidence, but intend to send him a copy of this week's Record, that he may have an opportunity of giving our correspondent all the information that he requires.

On St. Patrick's Day the dedication of the new church of St. Francis, San Francisco, took place. Fanny Fern is after the clergyman now. A new importation—the Rev. Mr. Guinness—displeases her. She describes him thus:—"Having nothing to say, he could not say it; so, he resorted to rolling of the eyes, clapping of the hands, and long passages to introduce the flattest platitudes. Our night laugh were it not so terrible to see Christianity so invested and profaned. The very tones of his voice are false. I measured him before he had done mouthing the first hymn. He impressed me as an egotistical lump."

BOWIE-KNIVES, OR RIFLES.—A few days ago in the U. S. House of Representatives, some excitement was caused by Mr. Lovejoy, a republican member, making a thoroughly anti-slavery speech, denouncing the enormities of the peculiar institution. For some moments a free fight was expected; but matters cooled down. During the debate, two members, Messrs. Pryor of Virginia, and Potter of Wisconsin, political opponents, exchanged some words. The latter in looking over the notes of the reporter for the official paper, inserted some words which he (Potter) alleges that he used. It appears that Pryor told Lovejoy to go back to his seat, the orator, in the heat of debate, having advanced into the middle of the hall, and that Potter had said—"You are doing the same thing!" To the insertion of these words in the report Pryor objected, and erased them, and Potter declared he would stand to them. A challenge from the Virginia was the result. A dispatch from Washington of the 13th says:—"The following is believed to be a correct statement of the Pryor and Potter affair up to noon to-day. Immediately after the occurrence in the House, Mr. Pryor despatched, through Mr. Hindman, of Arkansas, a note to Mr. Potter, asking him to leave the District to receive a written communication. Mr. Potter replied that as Mr. Pryor's note contemplated avoiding the anti-duelling penalties in the District, and that as his (Potter's) qualification was contained in the constitution of Wisconsin, he could not leave the District. On this Mr. Chisman, a substitute for Mr. Hindman, who was obliged to leave for Arkansas, handed Mr. Potter a peremptory challenge from Mr. Pryor, dated his note Virginia. Colonel Lander, who had been designated by Mr. Potter as his friend, handed, after a lapse of twelve hours, a note to Mr. Chisman, accepting the challenge, naming common bowie-knives as the weapons, and to fight in open air with two friends, each armed with Col's pistols. Mr. Chisman protests against this form of weapon as absurd, barbarous and vulgar, and offers to construe the code in the most liberal way, provided other arms are suggested. Mr. Potter authorized Mr. Lander to decline any other terms, and Mr. Lander offers to substitute himself for Mr. Potter without consulting Mr. Pryor, which proposition the first is vulgar and inadmissible, and that while appreciating Mr. Lander's zeal for his friend, they have no cause of quarrel with him, and consequently no demand to make on him. Mr. Pryor is still in Virginia and has not yet heard of the action of his second in the matter. The latter is believed to have acted after consultation with Messrs. Miles, Keit, Mason and Hammond. Mr. Potter came into the House at half past one, and was greeted by a number of his friends with whom he retired to a cloak room. Another report states that Pryor's friend offered to fight either with buckshot, with bowie-knives, in a room, or with rifles at one hundred paces.

YANKEE PHILOSOPHY.—The following is no bad illustration of the way the world goes:—"At a social gathering of the church members, among other things, each member was relating his causes of joy and sorrow, when Mr. — said:—"In my family of children, I have much cause for joy, and also much to distress me. There is my son George, a good, reverent, and dutiful boy; but there is my son Bill, he is an audacious scamp. He left his poor grey-headed father many a day ago, and has been a long time since I have heard of him; and when I last heard of him, he was way up the Galesburg river, a raftin' saw logs, plyin' saw-ug, and a horse-racin'; but, thank the Lord, he is making money by the trip. Ain't he, sister?" "Yes, he is, and no mistake."

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1860.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE most important item of intelligence, is the publication of the text of the Excommunication launched by the Pope against the aggressors upon the rights of the Holy See. The Protestant press, with, of course, the London Times at their head, would fain persuade us that this act of the Supreme Pontiff, is a mere *brutum fulmen*, a thunder clap without lightning; but fortunately for the ends of truth they themselves furnish us with proofs to the contrary. So after a column of editorial sneers in the Times against the "maundering lucubrations" of an Italian priest, we find his Paris correspondent writing to the effect that a most "uneasy feeling" exists in Paris amongst the friends of the Imperial Government lest it should be thought even that the Emperor was comprised in the excommunication. "Qui s'excuse s'accuse," says the Times correspondent; and he adds—"the note in the *Moniteur* some days back, warning the public that no Papal Bulls, rescripts, briefs, &c., could be introduced into France without an infraction of the organic laws of the Concordat; the digging by a police emissary of M. Louis Veuillot's footsteps during his journey to Rome, his stay there, and his return to Paris; and the elaborate articles in this day's *Constitutionnel*, signed, it is true, by M. Grandguillot, but most probably furnished by authority, all indicate nervousness on the subject, as well as an earnest desire to remove any impression unfavorable to the Imperial Government." These precautions, this "nervousness," and this "uneasy feeling" would seem to indicate that the persons most directly affected by the excommunication look upon it as anything but a joke, or subject of trifling. The affected indifference of the anti-Catholic world is but as the "I don't care" of the sulky schoolboy; and "don't care," as the proverb tells us, came to a bad end.

As a specimen of the dishonorable but paltry expedients resorted to by the Protestant press to excite prejudice against the Court of Rome, we may cite the following ingenious device of the Times and its contemporaries. In their text of excommunication they published it as signed by two officers, "Apostolical Curser," and "Magister Curser;" evidently with the design of impressing upon their ill-informed readers that, attached to the Roman Church, there are two official "curser," or officers whose special duty it is to "curse." The fact is, that the real word is "Curser," which is a Latin term signifying an officer whose duty it is to serve processes, and is derived from the same root as that from which in English we form the words "curator" or "curator." By the change of a single vowel, however, and with the design of pandering to the No-Popery prejudices of their intelligent readers, the Protestant press transmute the innocent Latin term "Curser" into the English "curser," derived from a Saxon root, and suggestive of profane swearing. Upon the same principle the Protestant press of Great Britain and the United States, followed therein by the infidel press of France and Canada, have been in the habit for the last hundred years of publishing as the authentic formula of a Papal Excommunication a well-known chapter of *Tristram Shandy*. There is, in short, no trick so dirty, or so trivial that Protestants and infidels will not employ it in their war against the Catholic Church.

The lately annexed portions of the Sardinian Kingdom do not seem destined to form a very happy family. "It is well the world should know the fine Parliament we have," are the words which the Times's correspondent, writing from Turin under date 5th inst., attributes to "poor Garibaldi" on coming out of the Carignano Palace. From them we may reasonably anticipate that the deputies from the several Provinces will not agree well together, and will soon be amiably engaged in the task of cutting one another's throats; indeed, on the very first evening of the Session, a very brilliant passage of arms occurred between Garibaldi and Cavour. There is an old proverb about "honest men getting their own, when rogues fall out;" and we are not without hopes that the truth of the old saw will soon be verified in Northern Italy.

Sympathy for the Holy Father is extending in France, and bringing forth good fruit. General Lamoriciere, a distinguished French officer, has undertaken the charge of reorganising the Papal army; large sums of money are being collected throughout France for the service of the Pope; and many members of ancient Catholic families, are going to serve in his troops as volunteers.—The London Times's Paris correspondent writes:—"Among these the Duke de Larocellecauld Doudeaurville gives up £10,000 a-year, the half of his income, to maintain a guard of honor;—and his son, Count Sosthenes, takes service in the Pontifical ranks." This is cheering news; and when to it we add that, in order to testify their admiration of the Bishop of Orleans, and their detestation of his persecutors, the citizens of Orleans have defrayed his law expenses by voluntary contributions, we have good reasons to

hope that even amongst his own subjects, Louis Napoleon will find serious obstacles to the further development of his anti-Catholic policy.

A Carlist insurrection, or "*pronunciamiento*," as such things are called in Spain, has been repressed; for asserting that this outbreak was occasioned by British intrigues, the *Pays* and *Patric* have received a reprimand, or warning, from the Imperial authorities.

The British news is of little interest; but it is with deep regret that we learn that another *exodus*, or wholesale emigration of the Irish peasantry is again in existence. From every point of view this is to be deplored, as morally and materially injurious to the interests of Catholic Ireland.

THE HOLY SEE AND ITS ENEMIES.

"Is the Emperor Louis Napoleon a member of the Catholic Church?" To this question we reply—No; certainly he is not a member of the Church, if he is excommunicated; if either explicitly, or by implication, he is included in the excommunication launched by the Sovereign Pontiff against all who directly, or indirectly, by deed or counsel, have been accessory to the spoliation of the States of the Church; and the annexation of the Romagna to the dominions of the dishonored and excommunicated Victor Emmanuel—whom George Brown admires, and holds up to the world as the model Catholic Prince and Statesman.

An excommunicated person is not a Catholic; is not, in any sense, a member of the Catholic Church, no matter what he calls himself, or what religious opinions he professes. The Church, taking the very lowest ground in her defence—has the right, and the exclusive right, to admit to, and cut off from, her communion. This right is claimed by, and is exercised by, and is recognised as inherent in, every society on the face of the earth; it would therefore be the height of absurdity to call in question the right of the Catholic Church to excommunicate, or eject from her communion, whomsoever, and whosoever, she pleases. Shall we deny to the Catholic Church the exercise of a right which we recognise as inherent in all other societies?—in the Methodist, in the Congregational, and in the Presbyterian organisations?

It must be remembered too, that the act of excommunication is not the personal act of Pius IX. He, in excommunicating those who have seized upon, and detained the temporalities of the Church, exercises the functions of a judge, who applies pre-existing public law—not that of a Prince, or legislator who makes law. By the Council of Trent, *Sessio* 22, c. xi., all persons, no matter of what quality, whether clerics or laity—no matter of what rank, whether Emperors or subjects—who appropriate to themselves, or keep possession of aught belonging to the Church, or who are by deed or counsel accessory to such illegal appropriation, and iniquitous detention by others—are, *ipso facto* excommunicate, that is to say excluded from the pale of the Catholic Church. This is the public law of the Church; and the duty of the Pope is merely to apply this law impartially and inflexibly, to all cases which fall within its provisions. So the Methodists, so the Presbyterians have the right, if they please, to decree that any person wearing coloured garments, or singing on Sabbath days other than nasal and lugubrious melodies, shall be excluded from the Society of Methodists, or from the Kirk; and no one would have the right to complain, or exclaim against either Methodist or Presbyterian despotism, were they to enforce that law. For, if there be one right clear, it is that of every society to prescribe its terms of membership; and to excise, or cut off the peccant member, or person guilty of an infraction of those terms.

This is what the Church has done in the case of all those who have been parties, or accessories, to the annexation of the Romagna to Sardinia. The Romagna formed part, not of the domains of Pius IX. merely, but of the domains of the Catholic Church throughout the world; of domains in the integrity of which the Catholics of Great Britain, Canada, and the United States are as much interested, as are the Catholics of Italy, as is the Sovereign Pontiff himself; though upon the latter in particular devolves the duty of representing the Church, and asserting her rights, towards and against those who seek to despoil her. Victor Emmanuel, and Louis Napoleon—if the latter has been accessory to the acts of the former—are excommunicate because they have been guilty of the offence provided for by the above cited decision of a General Council—the highest tribunal of the Church. Even had no Bull been issued from Rome, even had the Pope remained silent under the recent outrages, its perpetrators would have been nevertheless none the less excommunicate; and the action of the Sovereign Pontiff in their case has been simply ministerial or declaratory, not enactory. This should be borne in mind by those who presume to censure Pius IX for his conduct towards the sacrilegious invaders of the States of the Church. He does not make the law, he merely applies it; he does not himself cut off from the communion of the Church those who have violated her laws; he merely pronounces or declares them to be, in virtue of their violation of those laws, cut off or excommunicate, and that in virtue of the public discipline of the Church.

The question then with which we prefaced these remarks, resolves itself simply into this.—"Was, is, Louis Napoleon in any way, by advice or assistance, a consenting party, or accessory, to the annexation of the Romagna to Sardinia?" If he was, or is, he is, in virtue of the cited decree of the Council of Trent excommunicate; and is therefore no more a member of the Catholic Church, than is Joe Smith the Mormon elder, or than is his accomplice in iniquity, the King of Sardinia.

The assent of the Civil government to the publication of a decree of excommunication, is not of the slightest consequence whatsoever; and the withholding of that assent cannot add to, detract from, or in anywise effect the spiritual or ecclesiastical status of him, or those against whom it is directed. The ostrich when hard pursued is popularly said to stick its head into the sand, and

to natter itself that, because it can no longer see, it is therefore no longer seen by its pursuers. The action of the Civil Power or State refusing to allow the publication of a Papal Bull within the limits of its jurisdiction is precisely analogous to that attributed to the simple ostrich; and would find its exact parallel in that of the convicted criminal who, in the hopes of escaping sentence of death, should firmly close his ears to the words of the judge. So with the civil ruler, no matter what his rank, who, excommunicated, refuses his assent to the publication of the Church's sentence. He but adds to the burden of his iniquities; and shows himself to be an equal compound of fool and tyrant.

Whilst upon this subject we would allude to a most laughable absurdity into which the simple editors of the *Pays*—a French Canadian paper published in Montreal—have been betrayed.—The silly young men at the head of the editorial department of the said *Pays*, whose acquaintance with English literature of the last century, is upon a par with their theological attainments, have been cruelly imposed upon by some malicious wags, anxious to play off a sorry jest at their expense; and have in consequence been persuaded to publish as an authentic formula of excommunication by the Roman Catholic Church, the laughable, though somewhat coarse form of cursing given in *Tristram Shandy*, and of which poor Dr. Slop—what time he cut his fingers—gladly availed himself against the unconscious Obadiah. We have a profound commiseration for the unhappy youngsters of the *Pays*, as for the victims of a cruel and heartless joke—what the French call "*une mauvaise plaisanterie*;" and we wish that the state of the law was such as to enable them to recover damages from those who have imposed upon their credulity, and been the immediate occasion of making them the laughing stock of all the well informed portion of the Catholic community. It will however have one good effect; it will no doubt serve as a caution to our unflinching philosophers, or philosopherlings amongst the French Canadians, how they treat topics of which they are profoundly ignorant; and will we hope inspire them with the conviction that, neither the London *Punch*, nor the *Charivari*, are reliable sources of information upon matters theological or ecclesiastical.

We would also avail ourselves of this occasion of replying to another question suggested by the following passage in the *Toronto Freeman*, of the 20th inst.:

"The Irish Catholics of Toronto do not favor the oppression of their co-religionists in the State of the Church; the Pope's subjects have just the same right to elect their own rulers as the people of Ireland, Poland, Hungary, India, or the Ionian Isles have to choose theirs."

Have then, the people of the States of the Church the right to elect their own rulers—with of course the correlative right of ejecting the Sovereign Pontiff? This question is suggested, we say, by the above paragraph in the *Freeman*; though far be it from us to insinuate even, that the editor of that paper would answer it in the affirmative. But since that question is so suggested, we reply, as Catholics, that the people of the Romagna have no right to renounce their allegiance to the Pope, and therefore have no right whatever to "*elect their own rulers*." For had they that right, he or they, whom the people of the Romagna so elected, would be the *rightful* ruler, or rulers, of the Romagna; and Victor Emmanuel would not be obnoxious to the reproach of sacrilege, and what the "Protestant Reformers" of Upper Canada term "the honors of excommunication;" for there can be no wrong in accepting that which he who gives has a right to give. The right to govern the Romagna belongs exclusively to the Holy See, as the supreme administrator of the temporalities of the Church. To contest, to call in question even, this exclusive, inalienable right of the Holy See, is tantamount to an apology for sacrilege, and is a justification of the policy which has resulted in the excommunication of George Brown's *Katholic* friend. We answer then, briefly and emphatically, that no matter what may be the case with Ireland or with Poland, the Pope's subjects have not the shadow even of a "*right to elect their own rulers*;" for this would imply their right to dispose at their pleasure of the temporalities of the Holy See, which is the property of the Catholic Church, administered for the good of that Church by the Sovereign Pontiff; and would imply therefore the right of Victor Emmanuel to annex the Romagna to Sardinia.

On this point there can be no two opinions amongst Catholics, seeing that the language of the Council of Trent, with respect to those "*qui bona ecclesiastica occupant*," is clear and explicit. Without the consent of the Church, pronounced through her Chief Pontiff, first obtained, no one ever had, or ever will have any right to rule over the Romagna, or any portion of the Church's temporalities; and if the *Freeman* contests this—though such we feel convinced it is not his deliberate intention to do—we would refer him to the theologians and doctors of our common mother the Church.

Our cotemporary will also we trust permit us as Papists, to whom therefore the Papacy is dearer than any nationality, and with whom the interests and honor of the Holy See take precedence of every earthly consideration, to express our surprise and regret at the appearance of such a passage as the subjoined in the columns of a professedly Catholic journal—and which would be in place only in those of a rabid No-Popery or Orange organ:—

"The pages of Irish history in other respects gloomy and overcast, is bright in the record of the narrative of the firm and continuous opposition which the Irish people gave even to Papal Nuncios when urging a policy adverse to their views and aspirations after liberty."—*Toronto Freeman*, 20th inst.

In our eyes the brightest feature in the history of Ireland is the submission and docility of its people to the Pope; to us, the fidelity of the Irish to the See of Rome is the most glorious trait in the national character; and the worst libeller of Ireland and Irishmen appears to us—looking at the subject as simple Papists, to whom all questions of policy and nationality are paltry, are as naught, when brought into competition

with the Holy See—to be the man who represents them as rebels to the authority of the See, as "*firm and continuous*," in their opposition to the Nuncios of the Sovereign Pontiff.—There may have been, even in Ireland, a tendency to that spirit of opposition to the Papacy, which preceded and heralded the Reformation in England; which, under the name of Gallicanism was the precursor of the Reign of Terror, and its nameless atrocities; but in Ireland, thank God! that foul spirit never had the chance to develop itself. The boast, the glory of Ireland, of which no enemies can rob her, is that she has ever been the most truly Popish country in Europe; and the *Freeman* can surely hardly be serious when he reckons amongst the bright pages of her history those in which the triumphs of a secular policy, and a national or political opposition to the Sovereign Pontiff, are recorded.—We hope, indeed, that we have misapprehended him; for as Papists, and therefore lovers of Ireland, we look upon the "*firm and continuous opposition to Papal Nuncios*," to which the *Freeman* alludes, as unfounded reproaches; which, could they be established, would be a dark blot upon her escutcheon, and would constitute a very heavy drawback upon that love and admiration which every true Catholic should feel for faithful Popish Ireland. This too we assert without fear of contradiction from a Catholic; that in every dispute in which the Holy See has ever been engaged with any Prince, with any people, the latter have been invariably and entirely in the wrong, the Holy See invariably and entirely in the right.

OLD CALUMNIES IN A NEW DRESS.—We have received from a respected correspondent in Pictou, N.S., the annexed communication, to which, from pressure upon our columns, we have not hitherto been able to give insertion:—

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR—As the accompanying leaves, taken from a monthly periodical issued by the press of this town, reiterate certain charges against Catholicity in general, and the Irish in particular; which charges the author pretends to substantiate by facts and figures, I forward them for your inspection; as I know of no journal in the Lower Provinces able or willing to meet the calumnies therein contained in a better manner, and shew the truth concerning them in its proper light.

Hence I have taken the liberty of addressing you this note, and of sending to you the article therein referred to; knowing that if you can find time to notice it, the subject is one that will prove interesting and satisfactory to the many readers of your truly Catholic journal.

I remain yours sincerely,

X.

Referring to the *brochure* accompanying the above, we find that it is an extract from a periodical called the *Christian Instructor*, of date March 1860; and contains the report of a lecture lately delivered before the Nova Scotia Protestant Alliance, by the Rev. George Patterson, on "*The Influence of Popery on National Prosperity*." From its title, it is not difficult to conclude to its contents; it is in short but a *rechauffe* of the dreary fallacies, false premises, had logic, and irrelevant conclusions, which the Protestant press is in the habit of serving up as a standing dish to its guests; confident that the depraved stomachs, and voracious appetites of the latter, will enable them to gulp down its most nauseous contents. It is not a pleasant task for one of a more delicate stomach, and a more refined taste, to analyse the villainous ingredients of which the mess is compounded;—yet out of respect to our correspondent, we will do our best to comply with his expressed wish.

The lecture to which he refers us is but a repetition of the old argument, founded on the groundless assumption, that material prosperity is the sign and invariable concomitant, of the true faith; that as Our Lord cautioned His hearers against "*false prophets*," and declared that the latter may be judged of by "*their fruits*," so the comparative merits of Catholicity and Protestantism, as religious systems, may also be estimated by their respective "*fruits*"—the said "*fruits*" being the material prosperity of their respective professors. In the words of the reverend Protestant lecturer—"If it be found that those nations that have embraced the one—Protestantism—have been steadily advancing in all that relates to the greatness and happiness of man, and that those who have embraced the other—Catholicity—have been as steadily retrograding—then we claim under the authority of Our Saviour's maxim to say, that the former system is His, and that the latter is a vile counterfeit—an impudent imposture." Having laid down these premises, the lecturer then proceeds to apply his principle: contrasting, for this purpose, the condition of Protestant Great Britain, with that of Catholic Ireland; and summing up in favor of the former, because of the greater wealth and material prosperity of its inhabitants. We need not follow the lecturer through all his details; our readers are of course intimate with all that can be said upon the subject; and it is quite true that in Ireland there are, and for the last three hundred years have been, much suffering and destitution—whilst it is equally true that the physical sufferings and destitution of the Catholic Irish are, and have been, owing to the constancy with which the Irish have adhered to the Catholic faith. All this we readily admit; and admitting it, we laugh at the Rev. Mr. Patterson's argument thereon based, in favor of Protestantism, as scarce worthy of any serious refutation.

For, in the first place, material prosperity, high farming, manufactures, and a flourishing trade, are no proofs, or signs, of the possession of the true religion by those who are in the enjoyment of those things. "My Kingdom"—said Our Saviour, apparently with the very object of anticipating the miserable sophistries of men like this Mr. Patterson—"My Kingdom is not of this world." It does not consist in the possession of the good things of this world, in wealth and prosperity; but on the contrary, in the abandonment of these, in trials, in persecutions, and in many tribulations. The true follower, or disciple, of Christ is known, not by that he wears good broad-cloth, but in that he bears his cross; not in that his belly is well filled, but in that his heart is mortified, and the lusts thereof crucified

with Christ. Were it otherwise, the argument against Christianity which might be based upon a comparison of the material condition of the Christian Greeks, with that of the Moslem Turks, would be irresistible in favor of Mohammedanism, and in condemnation of Christianity.

What the Christian Greeks in the Turkish Empire have for long centuries been to their Non-Christian oppressors, that in every respect have been the Catholics of Ireland to the Non-Catholic rulers of Great Britain. The two cases are perfectly parallel. As the sufferings of the Greeks have been caused by their constancy to Christianity, in spite of the many efforts of their Moslem masters to induce them to apostatize, so the fidelity of the Irish to the Catholic faith, in spite of the cruel Protestant Penal Laws—which in brutality far exceeded the worst atrocities of the Turks towards their Christian subjects—has been the direct cause of their poverty, of their sufferings, and of their cross upon earth, which shall be one of the brightest jewels in their crown in heaven. If then we are to judge of a religion by its "*fruits*;" if amongst those "*fruits*" we are to reckon wealth, political power, and material prosperity; and since Moslem Turks are in these respects superior to their Christian subjects—we must at once conclude that Mahomet, not Christ, was the true prophet, and that the Son of Mary was but a wolf in sheep's clothing. From this conclusion there is no escape, if we admit the Rev. Mr. Patterson's premises, and with him seek for the "*fruits*" of the true religion in the material order.

But here is his fundamental error. It is, of course, true, that every religion must be judged by "*its fruits*;" but those "*fruits*" we look for in the moral, not in the material, order; and looking for them in that order, we find them in such abundance, and in such perfection amongst the Catholics of Ireland, that we at once conclude that their religious system is true, and that that of their more prosperous Protestant taskmasters and persecutors is from the devil; seeing that the fruits it produces are fruits of hell—apples, which like those said to grow by the shores of the Sea of Sodom are, it fair to the eye, full within of all bitterness and filthiness.—Great as is the material contrast betwixt Catholic Ireland, and Protestant Great Britain, the moral contrast is still greater; and if to the latter we must award the palm for its progress in manufactures, and farming, and commerce, so also we must admit its supremacy in all the arts of crime and impurity; in child-murdering, in husband-poisoning, in wife-poisoning, and in all manner of abominations, wherewith we cannot pollute our columns, or insult the eyes of our readers. Here for instance, is a pleasant picture of the "*moral fruits*" of Protestantism, as ripened beneath a Protestant sun, and on the Protestant soil of Great Britain, drawn too by a Protestant hand.

PROTESTANT ENGLAND.

The vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's face,
Till the filthy by-way rings to the yell of the
trampled wife:
While chalk and atom, and plaster are sold to the
poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means
of life.
And sleep must lie down armed, for the villainous
centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moon-
less nights;
While another is cheating the sick of a few last
gasps as he sits,
To peate a poisoned poison behind his crimson
lights.
When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a
burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's
bones!"

TENNYSON.

No one conversant with the actual moral condition of Protestant Great Britain will dare to call in question the fidelity with which that condition has been depicted by a master's hand; whilst no one would dare to pretend that the picture bears any, the most distant resemblance to the moral features of Catholic Ireland. Not that we deny that crime exists in Ireland, and that on its soil many horrid deeds of blood have been perpetrated. But justice requires that we should trace these to their true source; and he must be dull indeed who cannot find that source, not in the national peculiarities of the Irish people, who are neither treacherous nor cruel by nature; not in their religion which abhors blood and inculcates peace and forgiveness of injuries; but in the brutal misgovernment of which they for centuries have been the victims, and in the glaring political and social anomalies of which Ireland is the scene. The Penal Laws, imposed by Protestant Great Britain upon Ireland, generated and perpetuated a disregard for law. Ireland has for centuries been governed, not for Ireland, but for England; the Catholics of Ireland have been burthened with the support of an alien and hated Church Establishment; and their lands, the inheritance of their sires, have been torn from them by iniquitous laws, and parcelled out amongst aliens, with whom they have nought in common, and who have ever exercised the powers placed by the law in their hands, with the utmost severity. Under such circumstances the marvel is that men thus treated should have been so patient and enduring; that agrarian outrages, and desperate attacks upon alien landlords, and extorting tithes-gatherers, have not been more frequent and more bloody; and that the people so oppressed and misgoverned are not in a chronic state of rebellion against the foreign Government that thus oppresses and misgoverns them. How would it be with Scotland, were her people forced by law to maintain an Anglican Church, and if her soil had been parcelled out amongst the descendants of Cromwell's troopers?

Yet if agrarian crime—that is crime proceeding from the unhealthy relations existing between the legal owners of the soil, and its cultivators—is rife in Ireland, this does not necessarily indicate the same moral corruption of its people, as is established by the class of crimes which chiefly obtain in Protestant England and Scotland.—True—it is seldom that in the latter we read of a landlord having been shot from behind a hedge by an ejected tenant, because the system of wholesale ejectments is fortunately not adopted in England or Scotland. But in revenge, the

latter furnish us with a class of crimes, which have no counterpart in Ireland, or any Catholic country. It is not only of the prevalent unchastity of the women; it is not only of the disregard for the sanctity of marriage of which the Divorce laws are the symptom; it is not of these alone that we speak, but of the cold blooded murders of wives by husbands, of husbands by wives, and of children by their unnatural parents, for the basest and most mercenary motives. For these crimes, which have obtained for Protestant Great Britain an immortal, but unenviable notoriety among the nations of the earth, no plea in mitigation can be offered. They are daily, hourly committed in cold blood; child-murder has become a piece of business which the Protestant mothers of England transact as unconcernedly and as untroubled by scruples of conscience, as a Yankee pedlar disposes of his wooden nutmegs to his unwary customers.—The Mammonite mother kills the babe at her breast for a burial fee, and calmly discounts the groans and the dying agonies of her little one at the nearest gin-shop; whilst intelligent Great Britons, like this Mr. Patterson, look complacently on, and give God thanks that they are not as Papists are, and as Irishmen; that they do not sometimes rise up in armed fury against those who have made them landless, homeless, and exiles upon the face of the earth.

Great Britain is morally, what Protestantism has made it. Protestantism has had its own way in England and Scotland since the Reformation, with not only no enemies to contend with, but the entire influence of the State at its back to forward it in its work. If Protestantism be, as it pretends, a religious system, it has enjoyed advantages such as have fallen to the lot of no other religious system that the world has seen; and if it were from God its fruits would at least be manifest in this: That the people of Great Britain were the best educated, the most religious, the most honest, chaste, and sober, of any people on the face of the earth. What then is their actual condition?

For their intelligence, we need only refer to the Government statistics which establish incontrovertibly the fact, that the British ignorance of the great mass of the people of England, is not exceeded by that of the most degraded of savage tribes.

For their religion, we need again only revert to the same source of information to establish the fact that there is no people in Europe, so utterly irreligious, and God abandoned; and of which so large a proportion live without any semblance even of a form of religion. Here for instance are some facts brought out in a recent debate in the House of Lords. The speaker was the Earl of Shaftesbury; and he asserted, "without fear of contradiction, that not 2 per cent. of the working men in London attended any place of worship whatever." His Lordship also read the following statistics, laid before their Lordships with reference to the spiritual condition of the other large cities of the Empire:—

"Do you think that the active progress of irreligion is one of the phenomena that now surround us? If your Lordships will allow me to read a few numbers, I think those will speak for themselves.—In Southwark there are 68 per cent. who attend no place of worship; in Sheffield there are 62; in Oldham, 61; in Lambeth, 60; in Gateshead, 60; in Preston, 59; in Brighton, 54; Tower Hamlets, 53; Finsbury, 53; Salford, 52; South Shields, 52; Manchester, 51; Bolton, 51; Stoke, 51; Westminster, 50; Coventry, 50. I have taken 34 of the great towns of England, embracing a population of 3,993,467; and 2,107,388, or 52 one-half per cent. of the population of those towns, attend no place of worship whatever. The population is growing very rapidly in our large towns, and religion ought to grow with at least equal rapidity, but it is not doing so.—Our population in England is rapidly increasing; but it is still more rapidly becoming a town population. In 1851 we had 9,000,000 in towns of 10,000 people and upwards, and only 8,000,000 in smaller towns, in villages, and in rural districts; and at the close of the present century I believe that 70 per cent. of the gross population will be seated in large towns. Therefore, if our large towns are left to themselves, practical heathenism must inevitably soon outgrow Christianity.—Times

For their honesty, we would refer Mr. Patterson to the wholesale practice of adulteration which obtains in almost every branch of British commerce. For their chastity, we would refer him to the Divorce Courts, and to the statistics of illegitimate births; requesting him to contrast the latter, with similar statistics from Catholic Ireland.

And finally, with regard to the sobriety of the British Isles, we would refer the reviler of Catholic Ireland, and the encomiast of Protestant Great Britain, to the liquor traffic of the latter country; and to the admission made a few days ago by Mr. Cameron, a Protestant member of our Canadian Legislature, that:—

"NEXT TO SWEDEN, (PROTESTANT) SCOTLAND WAS THE MOST DRUNKEN NATION IN THE WORLD."

These then are the "fruits" of Protestantism, and by these "fruits" we judge and pass sentence upon it. "Practical heathenism," and crimes unknown even to heathenism are its "fruits."—With these facts, admitted by Protestant writers, established by Protestant testimony, it is in vain for the Rev. Mr. Patterson to try and persuade us that Protestantism is from God. Christ has never given us reasons for believing that worldly prosperity will be the recompense of a godly life; daily experience gives us no reason for believing that, in this world, the honest, the conscientious, and scrupulous are the most successful in business. But revelation and reason assure us that the "fruits" of a system which is from God, will be very different from those which in rank luxuriance grow and ripen beneath the Protestant system of Great Britain.

The evils of Ireland can easily be traced to their source; and the crimes of her people attributed to their true cause. The Catholic people of Ireland are poor to-day, because by the operation of Protestant Laws their fathers were prohibited from acquiring or holding property.—But our opponent boasts of the wealth of the Protestants of Great Britain, and therefore cannot plead these incentives to crime in their behalf. Now statistics show that, in proportion to their respective populations, crimes against person and property are not only far more rife in England and Scotland than in Ireland, but are of a far deeper dye; for we think that every

moralist will allow that the slow poisoning of the child by its mother for the sake of the burial fees—a crime which is of every day occurrence, and universal practice in England—is indicative of a far deeper moral depravity, than the murder of a harsh landlord by an exasperated tenant, driven forth with wife and children to die like dogs on the Queen's highway. To what then must we attribute the inferior morality of Protestant Great Britain, in spite of its superior wealth, as compared with the morality and material wealth of Catholic Ireland? To this question there can be but one answer. Because Great Britain is Protestant; and its people are in consequence fast relapsing into "practical heathenism."

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

Little of interest has transpired during the past week. Several Bills, amongst others that for dividing Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, into separate Electoral districts, have received the assent of the Governor General, and the new writs for Quebec have been issued. In the Lower House there has been a very pretty quarrel between Mr. George Brown, and Mr. Foley; so that the ranks of the "Outs" may at the present moment be said to be utterly disorganised.

The London Times publishes the subjoined as the text of the Excommunication pronounced by the Sovereign Pontiff upon the plunderers of the Holy See. Though probably in the main correct, the Times' version must be received with caution, as we know from experience what sad bunglers Protestants generally are when treating of matters connected with Catholicity:—

"Apostolic letter of our Most Holy Master Pius IX., Pope by the Grace of God, by which the punishment of major excommunication is inflicted on the intruders and usurpers of some of our Pontifical Provinces.

"PIUS P. P. IX.

To the eternal memory of this matter.

"As the Catholic Church, founded and established by the Lord Christ for the everlasting salvation of mankind, has acquired the form of a perfect society, by its divine character, it ought, therefore, in the fulfilment of its sacred ministry, to possess that freedom by which it may not be subject to any civil Power; and, furthermore, in order to obtain that, the Church required those guarantees which were in accordance with the conditions and necessity of the time. It was, therefore, in accordance with divine Providence that after the fall of the Roman empire, and its consecutive division into several kingdoms, the Romish Pope, whom Christ has established as the chief and the centre of his whole Church, obtained temporal power. Therefore, it has been ordered by God in the wisest manner that, as such a great number and variety of princes exist, the Holy Pope should enjoy that political liberty which is so much wanted, in order to exercise his spiritual power, authority, and jurisdiction in the whole world without any impediments. And, therefore, it was necessary that the Catholic world should not have any reason to suppose that the Romish Pope is subject to any influence of temporal Powers, or biased in the exercise of the religious powers which the Holy See has to fulfil over the greater part of the Christians. It is easily understood that the dominion of our Roman Church, although having the appearance of something temporal, nevertheless is really of a spiritual character by the holy destination which it enjoys, and by the close ties by which it is connected with all Christian affairs. But this does not prevent that all those things which conduce to the secular welfare of the peoples may be obtained by the Church, as the history of the temporal reign of the Roman Pope during so many centuries shows most clearly. The general good and welfare of the peoples being increased by the temporal power which we are alluding to, it is not astonishing that the enemies of this Church endeavoured to weaken and to embarrass it by many intrigues and all kinds of attempts.

"In these impious attempts they were vanquished sooner or later by God, who always defends the Church. The whole world knows already how during these sad times the adversaries of the Catholic and Apostolic See have made themselves detestable by their lying hypocrisy in trying to deprive the Holy See of its secular power. They could not obtain their end by an open attack and by force of arms, but only by false and pernicious principles, by cunning dissimulation in their conduct, and by maliciously provoking popular risings. They did not blush to counsel the peoples to sedition against their princes, which is clearly and distinctly condemned by the Apostle when he says, 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers, for there is no power but of God: the powers which are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.' These wicked innovators, in attacking the temporal power of the Church and its temporal dominion, and in despising its venerable authority, go so far in their impudence as to feign esteem for the Church and obedience to her commands. And it is the most to be deplored that some of those on whom, as sons of the Catholic Church, the duty was imposed to protect that Church and to maintain its power, have sullied themselves by their wicked acts. In these mischievous and perverse intrigues, which we deplore, the Sardinian Government has the principal part, as it is generally known how much in that kingdom the Church has suffered injuries and restrictions, which we have already vehemently lamented in our Consistorial Allocution of the 23d of January, 1855. The Sardinian Government has until now despised our just reclamations, and has even dared to inflict on our Church great injury, and to attack its secular power, while, according to the will of God, the Holy See of St. Peter, as stated above, ought to be protected in the liberty of its apostolic office. The first evident signs of the hostile attacks were seen at the Paris Congress of the year 1856, when that Power, among other hostile declarations, proposed to weaken the temporal power of the Pope and the authority of the Holy See; but last year, when war broke out between the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of the French and the King of Sardinia, no fraud, no sin was avoided which could excite the inhabitants of the States of the Church to sedition. Hence instigators were despatched, a great deal of money was spent, arms were supplied, excitement was created by bad pamphlets and journals, and fraud of every kind was employed, even on the part of those who were members of the Embassy of that country at Rome, without any regard to honesty and international right, as they asserted their dignity in order to be enabled to mislead it, and to pursue their dark projects for damaging our Papal Government. When, then, in some of our provinces the sedition, which for some time had already been entertained clandestinely, broke out at last openly, the agitators directly proclaimed a Royal Dictatorship, and Commissioners of the Sardinian Government were immediately appointed,

"But in being obliged by sad necessity to fulfill this part of our duty, we do not forget that we represent Him on earth who wishes not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live, for He came into the world to seek and to save those who die.' Therefore in fervent prayer we implore, and we ask unceasingly, in the meekness of our hearts, the mercy of the Almighty to enlighten by the light of Holy Grace, and by His Almighty virtue to lead back to the path of Salvation all those against whom we have been obliged to employ the severity of the religious punishments.

"Herewith by this letter and all its contents, and all that has been said above, we order all who participated in any way or in any manner, of whatever rank, dignity, or class they may be, or whether they are individually mentioned or not, for whose sake the present letter has been written, and who are not sufficiently designated, or who for any reason or pretence whatever should doubt the signature or the value of this letter, or who should be brought before justice, and should ask for grace, that this document is and shall always remain and be considered valid and shall be invariably and incontestably observed by those to whom it refers; they shall be responsible before every judge or deputy, also before the auditors (auditores) of the Apostolic Palace, and before the Cardinal of the Holy Roman Empire, and before the *ab latere* legatum and Nuncios of the See, and before all who possess or will possess similar power, and they shall be deprived of all faculty and authority of judging or interpreting; and that if they do it shall be declared invalid. As the present letter, as is well-known, cannot be safely published everywhere, and especially in such places where it would be most required, we will that this letter, or copies of it, shall be posted on the doors of the Lateran Church, on those of the church of the Prince of the Apostles (*basilica principis apostolorum*), on those of the Apostolic Chancery and General Curia (*curia generalis*) in Monte Citorio, and at the corner of the field of Flora of the city (in *acile Campi Flora* de Urbe), as is usual; and the so posted and published letters, and each of these letters, shall have the same power upon everyone it concerns as if they had been presented *nominatim* and *personatim*.

"We order that translations as well as copies of the printed letters shall be signed by some notary, and sealed by some person who holds an ecclesiastical dignity; their testimony shall be receivable in every place and in every country, as well in courts of justice as in any other place, they shall be as valid as if they were presented and delivered personally.

"Dated at St. Peter, Rome, under the Ring of the Fishers, the 26th day of March, 1860, in the 14th year of our Popedom.

"PIUS P. P. IX.

"In the year of our Lord, 1860, indict. III. the 29th day of March, the 14th year of the Popedom of our most holy lord and father in Christ Pius IX., the present apostolic letter was published, and affixed to the doors of the Lateran and Vatican Churches, the Apostolic Chancery, the great Church of Innocentia and at the top of the Field of Flora by me.

"ALOYS SERRAPHINO, Apostolic Cursor."

"PHILIPPUS OSSANI, Magister Cursor."

QUEBEC.—It is said that Mr. Alley will be returned without opposition, and that M. Simard will be the successful candidate for the central division.

* St. Paul, Ep. ad Rome, c. xiii, v. 1., et seq.

who then, in assuming other titles, undertook to govern those provinces. During these occurrences we, remembering our serious office, did not fail, in our allocutions of the 20th of June and the 28th of September of last year; to complain loudly of these violations of the temporal power, and to remind the violators of the punishment and atonement which are imposed by the canonical laws, and which they became liable to. It might have been expected that the originators of these violations would, in consequence of our repeated admonitions, abstain from their unjust projects, especially as all the chiefs of our Holy Church, as well as the faithful believers of every rank, dignity, and class, joined their own protests to ours in order to defend unanimously the rights of the Holy See, and of the Church in general, as they very well understood how much the temporal power, which is made questionable on this occasion, is necessary for the maintenance of the Papal power. But we shudder in saying it—the Sardinian Government has not only despised our admonition and complaints and our religious resentment, but, by persevering in its wickedness by force, money, threats, terror, and other cunning means, they obtained the universal vote in their favour, and dared to invade our provinces, to occupy them, and to subject them to their power.

"This is a great profanation, as rights of others have been usurped, against the law of nature and of God, every law has been overturned, and the bases of all temporal power and human society have been undermined. We perceive on one side, with the greatest grief, how useless would be all further complaints against those who, like deaf adders, close their ears, and who do not listen to our complaints and admonitions; and, on the other side, we feel what the cause of our Apostolic See and the whole Catholic world require for stigmatising the attempts of those wicked men, in order not by tarrying to prejudice the dignity of our grave office. It resulted that, faithful to the examples of our illustrious predecessors, we exercise that authority which gives us the power to loosen and to bind, in order to employ the necessary severity against the guilty, and to give a salutary example to others.

"Having invoked the light of the Holy Spirit in private and public prayers, and having taken the advice of the rev. brothers the Cardinals of our holy Romish Church, we declare in accordance with the authority which we hold from Almighty God and the most holy apostles Peter and Paul, and also in accordance with our own authority, all those who have taken part in the sinful insurrection in our provinces, in usurping, occupying, and invading them, or in doing such deeds as we complained of in our above-mentioned Allocutions of the 20th of June and the 28th of September of the last year, or those who have perpetrated some of those acts themselves, as well as those who have been their warranters, supporters, helpers, counsellors, followers, as well as those who concurred in executing the above-mentioned deeds under whatever pretence, and in whatever manner, or who perpetrated them themselves to have taken on themselves the atonement of the major excommunication and religious punishment as they are determined in our Apostolic Constitution, and by the decrees of the General Councils, especially that of Trent (S. 22, c. xi. on Reforms); and, if necessary, we excommunicate them again, we annul them further declaring that they are to lose all privileges, graces, and indulgence which they enjoyed until now from our Papal predecessors, and that they cannot in any manner be released or absolved of these censures except by ourselves or the Romish Pontiff then reigning, except at the moment of death, but not in the event of their recovery, when they are again subject to the above punishment, and are unable to receive any absolution until they have retracted, revoked, annulled, and abolished in public all they have committed, and have brought everything back fully and effectually to its former state, and have given complete satisfaction to the Papal Power. Therefore all those who in the remotest manner have participated in those deeds, and also the successors in their offices, are liable to such revocation, retraction, abrogation, and abolition of the above-mentioned sins, to do so personally, in reality, and in truth, and to give the full satisfaction they owe to the Holy See, and under no pretence to be released and freed, but to always remain bound by it until they are worthy to obtain the benefit of absolution; thus we declare by the present letter.

"But in being obliged by sad necessity to fulfill this part of our duty, we do not forget that we represent Him on earth who wishes not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live, for He came into the world to seek and to save those who die.' Therefore in fervent prayer we implore, and we ask unceasingly, in the meekness of our hearts, the mercy of the Almighty to enlighten by the light of Holy Grace, and by His Almighty virtue to lead back to the path of Salvation all those against whom we have been obliged to employ the severity of the religious punishments.

"Herewith by this letter and all its contents, and all that has been said above, we order all who participated in any way or in any manner, of whatever rank, dignity, or class they may be, or whether they are individually mentioned or not, for whose sake the present letter has been written, and who are not sufficiently designated, or who for any reason or pretence whatever should doubt the signature or the value of this letter, or who should be brought before justice, and should ask for grace, that this document is and shall always remain and be considered valid and shall be invariably and incontestably observed by those to whom it refers; they shall be responsible before every judge or deputy, also before the auditors (auditores) of the Apostolic Palace, and before the Cardinal of the Holy Roman Empire, and before the *ab latere* legatum and Nuncios of the See, and before all who possess or will possess similar power, and they shall be deprived of all faculty and authority of judging or interpreting; and that if they do it shall be declared invalid. As the present letter, as is well-known, cannot be safely published everywhere, and especially in such places where it would be most required, we will that this letter, or copies of it, shall be posted on the doors of the Lateran Church, on those of the church of the Prince of the Apostles (*basilica principis apostolorum*), on those of the Apostolic Chancery and General Curia (*curia generalis*) in Monte Citorio, and at the corner of the field of Flora of the city (in *acile Campi Flora* de Urbe), as is usual; and the so posted and published letters, and each of these letters, shall have the same power upon everyone it concerns as if they had been presented *nominatim* and *personatim*.

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COMPARATIVE MORALITY OF CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT COMMUNITIES.—The Reverend Theodore Parker, one of the most celebrated Protestant divines of the present day, writing from Rome, bears the following strong testimony to the superior morality of Catholic communities:—

"In Europe you see so many things which seem strange to an American. Take the use of wine. If I am right, the Europeans consume about 6,500,000,000 gallons of wine. In France, leave out of account the pasture land which is not ploughed, and the forests, of the actual arable land, one third is devoted to the culture of the grape. Yet there are immense districts where no wine can be raised at all. I see it stated that the Government returns make it appear that the people of France drink 850,000,000 gallons of wine, and the calculation is that the amount is not much less than 1,000,000,000! Yet I don't believe, in the year 1859, there was so much drunkenness among the 39,000,000 people of France as among the 3,000,000 of Yankees of New England! I have been four months at Rome, there are wine shops every where, I am out doors from three to six hours a day, and I have never yet seen a man drunk; now and then one is merry, never intoxicated. The Romans, Italians, French, &c., are quite temperate; they drink their weak wine with water, and when they take liquors, it is only a little glass at a time (which does not make a spoonful). I don't believe there's a bar in all Italy where men step up and drink rum and water, gin and water, &c. Excessive drinking is not to the taste of the people.—In the north of Europe, and even in Switzerland, it is not so. The English without help from the Irish and Scotch drink about 600 or 700,000,000 gallons of beer every year, not to speak of the wine, spirits, &c., they take to wash it down withal. There is drunkenness. So you find it in Scandinavia, in Holland, in North Germany."

BROTHEL LITERATURE.—We would take this opportunity of cautioning our readers, particularly all fathers of families, against a pack of blackguard *colporteurs*, or tract pedlars, who go round from door to door, hawking their filthy wares, and thrusting them upon the unsuspecting. The literature of which these dirty scoundrels are the circulators, is to all appearance of Yankee origin; but no name of printer is given, whilst at the bottom of the page it is merely announced that the "agent will soon call again." It is in case that he should redeem this pledge, that we write these few lines; and we would earnestly recommend, that, if he do "call again," he be received with a horsewhip, and that the contents of the sloop-pail be emptied over his person. A good kicking, or an unsavoury ducking would teach these nasty Yankee pedlars the important lesson that they cannot circulate their foul moral poison in Canada with impunity; and at all events, we would caution all our readers, as they value the chastity of their children, and the purity of their domestic hearths, to repel from their doors all distributors of tracts, pamphlets, and broad-sheet circulars, without distinction.

"SWADDLING.—The convict Gosselin in prison at Quebec and under sentence of death for the 27th instant, has had his punishment commuted into imprisonment for life. From the *Courrier du Canada* we learn that the unhappy man, whilst his fate was uncertain, was grievously tormented by the "Swaddlers," or agents of the evangelical societies, for bringing Papists to a knowledge of the truth.—who, as an inducement to apostasy, plied the unhappy convict with the argument, that the Governor being a Protestant would be sure to extend mercy to him if he would renounce Popery and declare himself a Protestant. Such are the means resorted to, to extend the Holy Protestant Faith.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The scandal to which "Inquirer" refers may be, and we fear is, but too well founded; yet there is ought to discourage Catholics. There was a traitor amongst the twelve, and it is not to be wondered at if there are traitors in the ranks of the Ministry to-day. Still there will be Achillis, Chiniques, Leahys, for were it otherwise, how or whence could the 'interesting Converts' from Popery or the eloquent denouncers of the 'errors of Rome' be obtained? An impure priest is but a candidate for Protestant honors; and we have no doubt but that in a short time we shall hear of the unhappy person to whom our correspondent alludes, as one of the shining lights of the Reformed Church, and as a most eminent and gracious speaker at Exeter Hall, and Anniversary Meetings.

City Subscribers who intend to remove on the first of May, will please leave their new address at this office.

SEWING MACHINES.—Among the numerous factories which have sprung up within the last three years in and around Montreal, one of the most interesting as well as useful, is the Sewing Machine Manufactory of our enterprising fellow-townsmen, Mr. E. J. Nagle, whose works are over Messrs. Bartley & Gilbert's Machine Shop, on the Laclache Canal, with Office and Show Room, at No. 265 Notre Dame Street. Formerly the Sewing Machines used in Canada were imported from the United States, and although attempts were made some years ago, both in this City and elsewhere, to manufacture these machines, yet owing to the inferiority of the Machines, added to the too common prejudice that exists against Home Manufactures, these attempts had but indifferent success. These difficulties, incident to every new branch of manufacture, have been entirely overcome by Mr. Nagle. Determined to produce machines of the very best description, he engaged some of the best workmen, from the manufactory of I. M. Singer & Co., of New York, and by confining each workman to a particular branch, a nicety of adjustment in the various parts of the machine has been attained, which makes the Nagle machine equal, if not superior to the best American machines. On this point the testimony of many of our leading manufacturers is sufficient without any further notice from us.

Mr. Nagle now employs about fifteen hands, to some of whom very high wages are paid, and his machines vary in price from \$75 to \$85, being 25 per cent under the New York prices, besides saving the duty to the purchaser. The history of Mr. Nagle's first attempts to introduce his Sewing Machines, is, to a greater or less extent the history of every new branch of industry, and should give fresh courage to those who are now struggling to obtain public patronage for their manufactures. When his first machines were ready for use he called upon all the leading Shoe Manufacturers, but none of them were willing to risk buying a Canadian manufactured article. While they readily admitted that Canadian Shoes were better than American Shoes they would not admit that Canadian Sewing Machines could possibly be even equal to those imported.

Finding it impossible to sell his Machines, Mr. N. resorted to the expedient of getting one or two of the manufacturers to take them on trial, and even this was not accomplished without considerable difficulty. In this way he succeeded getting them fairly tried, and the result was an immediate demand for his manufactures, resulting in his present large and rapidly increasing business.

THE BISHOP OF ST. HYACINTHE.—We are happy to have it in our power to state that the health of this amiable Prelate is, though very precarious, such as to encourage hopes that he may be spared to the Diocese from which constant and fervent prayers are offered up for his recovery. The condition of His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec has not changed since our last.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—We can honestly and sincerely recommend our readers in want of a good, substantial, and well made boot, or shoe to give Mr. Robert Patton, No. 229, Notre Dame Street, a call. His charges are moderate, and his work of the best description.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.—This medicine is "a combination and a form indeed," for healing and curing all the ills which afflict us in the shape of coughs, colds, and inflammation of the throat, lungs, and chest.

There's a vile counterfeit of this Balsam, therefore be sure and buy only that prepared by S. W. Fowler & Co., Boston, which has the written signature of I. BUTTS on the outside wrapper.

Births.

In this city, on the 20th instant, at No. 24 St. Mary Street, the wife of D. Shannon, Grocer, of a daughter.

On Friday, the 20th instant, the lady of Paul Coulture of a son.

Married.

At St. Johns, on the 16th instant, Joseph D. Mullin, of Farnham, to Mary Ann Brennan, of St. Johns.

Died.

In Montreal, on the 19th instant, of whooping-cough, Euphemia, youngest daughter of William Oulver, Printer, aged 1 year and 10 days.

In Lochiel, Township, Glengarry, deceased and universally regretted, in the 79th year of her age, Flora McDonnell, relict of the late Ramsay McDonnell, in his lifetime of the same place, who with her and family emigrated to this country from Knoydart, Inverness-shire, Scotland, in the year 1815.

In Montreal, on the 25th inst., Douglass Smith, book-keeper of the Montreal House, aged 21 years and 11 months.

In Glasgow, Scotland, on the 10th instant, after a few days illness, Thomas Dunn, Esq., formerly of the firm of Weir & Dunn, Montreal.

The following Commercial Review has been taken from the Montreal Witness of Wednesday last.

The weather has been very fine, and farm work must be going forward vigorously.

Flour was a little excited towards the close of last week, and holders advanced their pretensions to \$5.30, and some even higher. We have not, however, heard of any wholesale transactions at that rate, except small parcels of very choice brands. No. 2 of a very high grade has been sold at \$5.17; Double Extras are \$6.50 to \$7; Single Extras, \$6.25 to \$6.50; Fancy—none in market.

Peas continues at 75 to 80 cents, according to quality. Some have arrived in damp condition, and brought only 60 cents.

Butter continues unsaleable, there being no demand from any quarter except for Grease Butter, a parcel of which was sold at 85 cents.

Asses—Pot \$6.15 to \$6.17; and Pears \$6.50 to \$6.55.

Seeds.—Timothy Seed is worth \$3.50. Clover Seed—Northern, 10 to 12 cents; Western 8 to 9 cents.

BONSECOURS AND ST. ANN'S MARKETS.

Oats, 2s to 2s 2d. Barley, 3s 9d to 4s. Peas, 3s 9d to 4s. Buckwheat, 3s to 3s 4d. Bag Flour, 15s to 15s 6d. Ontmeal, 12s 6d to 13s. Butter, fresh, 1s to 1s 3d; salt, 7d to 8d. Eggs, 7d to 8d. Potatoes, 3s 9d to 4s 6d. Maple Sugar, 4 1/2 to 5d; Syrup, 3s 9d to 4s per gallon. Hay, 12 to 23 7s 6d; Straw, 15s to 21 5s.

Remarks.—There was a large attendance of farmers and a good supply of produce. Very little Hay and Straw in the market.

THE ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION Will give a Grand VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, IN Nordheimers' Music Hall, ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT, 30th INST, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Under the direction of Mr. CROZIER. THE ORCHESTRA, on this occasion, will consist of over THIRTY PERFORMERS. For Programme, see Daily Papers.

NOW PUBLISHING, IN PARTS, (8VO. DEMI SIZE) A THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON ALGEBRA. First Part Just Ready. THE WHOLE, when issued, will be found to be a complete and comprehensive Volume on the Science. For Sale at the Booksellers', and at the TRUE WITNESS Office. April 19, 1860.

REMOVAL. J MAHER, 31 SANGUINET STREET, WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he will REMOVE ON THE FIRST OF MAY NEXT, TO No. 8, St. Claude Street, Near the Bonsecours Market, where he intends to carry on his former business, with, besides, suitable accommodations for travellers and country people. Montreal April 19, 1860.

R. PATTON, CUSTOMER BOOTMAKER, No. 229, Notre Dame Street, RETURNS his sincere thanks to his kind Patrons and the Public in general for their very liberal patronage during the last Seven years; and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. R. P. will, in future, devote his whole attention to WORK MADE TO ORDER. Now is the time! Montreal, April 19, 1860.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

THOUVENEL'S REPLY TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S PROTEST.—The following is the latest dispatch addressed to this Court by M. Thouvenel.—It will be seen that France accepts Savoy with its engagement.

Paris, March 26, 1860.

M. le Comte:—I have the honor to transmit to you herewith a copy of the dispatch from Lord John Russell, which Earl Cowley was instructed to communicate to me officially, and which contains the reply of the Government of Her Britannic Majesty to the statement of the Government of the Emperor, concerning the annexation of Savoy and the arrondissement of Nice to France.

I cannot but experience a very lively feeling of regret that I have not succeeded, as I desired, in modifying an opinion which was already known to me through the previous communications of the English Ambassador; but the prolongation of any discussion on this subject would have no practical result, and I prefer, rather than provoke a fresh exchange of explanations equally painful to both countries, to confine myself to asserting that Lord John Russell's despatch has not the character of a protest. In a word, the Government of Her Britannic Majesty declares that it does not share the opinion of the Government of the Emperor; but this divergence does not constitute an opposition of a nature to affect the relations of the Cabinets of Paris and London. I am sincerely pleased at this, M. le Comte; and there are only two points in Lord John Russell's argument which I wish to examine summarily, so as to leave in the mind of Her Britannic Majesty's principal Secretary of State neither a misunderstanding nor a doubt as to our intentions. I believe that I had established that the Emperor in making use in his speech to the great bodies of the State of the word 'revendication,' never had an idea of referring to any diplomatic act, or to any circumstance of other times. The explanations which I have given on this subject to his Majesty's representatives at the German Courts have been everywhere considered as satisfactory as possible, and I had requested you to transmit to Lord John Russell a copy of the despatch which contains them. I renew these explanations to-day with the confidence that, on examining them closer, Her Britannic Majesty's Government will not receive them less favorably than the Powers to whom they were more specially addressed.

As for the neutrality of Switzerland, M. le Comte, which Lord John Russell considers to be menaced by the annexation of Savoy to the territory of the Empire, I will content myself with remarking to you that France attaches the greatest interest to preserving it from injury. The Emperor's government, therefore, has not hesitated, in order to prove the sincerity of its disposition in this respect, to insert in the treaty which it has just concluded at Turin a clause in these terms:—

It is understood that His Majesty the King of Sardinia cannot transfer the neutralized portions of Savoy except on the conditions on which he himself possesses them, and that it will appertain to his Majesty the Emperor of the French to come to an understanding on this subject both with the powers represented at the Congress at Vienna and with the Swiss Confederation; and to give them the guarantees required by the stipulation referred to in the article.

It appears to me that all apprehensions should disappear in the face of this spontaneous engagement and that henceforth Her Britannic Majesty's Government, certain of having the opportunity of discussing the guarantees which shall, in pursuance of a European agreement, be judged to be best fitted to realize, in their relations with the permanent neutrality of Switzerland, the object of the stipulations relative to the contingent neutralization of a part of Savoy, has no reason to fear that this interest, the importance of which we have thus recognized, will not be settled in a satisfactory manner.

You are authorized to read this dispatch to Lord John Russell, and to give him a copy of it.—Receive, &c.

(Signed)

THOUVENEL.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says:—"Public opinion in the financial and commercial world is greatly agitated by alternate hope and fear, in consequence of the uncertainty which prevails with respect to the future position of the country.—The Government has made extraordinary efforts to restore confidence, but without success. Every commercial man one meets admits the gravity of Lord John Russell's last speech on the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France. All men engaged in trade were accustomed to regard the English alliance as the best guarantee for the peace of Europe, and now that they are told by the highest authority that Great Britain will seek an alliance elsewhere, they are filled with dismay. They still, however, have faith in the Emperor's sagacity, and they expect that he will yet make such concessions as may restore, if not the entente cordiale, at least friendly relations."

"In my letter of Wednesday it was said that the Swiss Government intended to protest against the occupation, military or civil, by France of the neutralized provinces of Savoy. I have now to state that the Swiss Government has done what it intended.—Dr. Kern, the Swiss Minister in Paris, deposited yesterday in the hands of M. Thouvenel the new protest on the part of his Government against all or any execution of the treaty of the 24th of March concerning the cession of Savoy to France; that is, Switzerland protests against the taking possession, in any form, of the neutralized provinces until a previous understanding with the Powers and with Switzerland, which, in accordance with the principles of international law, is absolutely necessary, and which by the second article of the treaty is expressly reserved, be effected."

"The *Moniteur*, as you will have learnt before this has published the contract, deed of conveyance, treaty, or by whatever name the instrument by which 500,000 or 600,000 Savoyards are bodily handed over by the 'Re galantome,' to France, ought to be called."

A despatch announces that the bull of excommunication has, after all, been published in Rome. It mentions no names, but is directed against all the actors, promoters, condutors, advisers, and adherents of the invasion of the Romagna.

The Nuncio is about to leave Paris, but it is said

that diplomatic relations with Rome will not be generally broken off. The French Government has commissioned Comte Herbingen, a captain in the Imperial navy, to prepare a report on the capabilities of the port of Villefrance, in the newly acquired territory of the county of Nice. It is said that it is to become a naval establishment of the first order, and a station for part of the Mediterranean fleet. Magnificent quays are likewise to be constructed to facilitate the landing of merchandise.

The Government deems it right to inform the public, through the *Moniteur*, that the Organic Law of the Concordat prescribes that—"No bull, brief, rescript, decree, mandate, provision, signature serving for provision, or other documents from the Court of Rome, even relating to individuals, can be received, published, printed, or otherwise carried into execution without the permission of the Government."

This warning has reference, of course, to the Papal excommunication just pronounced against the "abettors," &c., of the annexation of the Romagna to Piedmont.

It is reported that a note has been addressed by the French to the Belgian Government. As it is always agreeable to communicate favorable intelligence, I do not hesitate to mention what I have heard about the matter, though I am not in a condition to vouch for its correctness. In this note it is said that assurances of a satisfactory kind are given to King Leopold's Government, viz., that the annexation of Savoy was an incident of an exceptional nature, which cannot occur again with respect to any other country; that the united kingdom of the Low Countries was constituted, on the fall of the first Empire, to serve as a check on France, but that their separation in 1830, by a revolution, removed what was objectionable in its character; that Belgium is now an independent kingdom, of which the neutrality is guaranteed by the European Powers, and that consequently there is no ground whatever for apprehending anything on the part of France against that country. A note of a similar kind is said to have gone to Berlin. I hope, though I cannot positively affirm, that this statement is correct. I also hope that, if it is correct, the assurances are more seriously and sincerely meant than those which we have for some time back been accustomed to.—*At any rate, I give them as they have reached me.*—*Times's Cor.*

Bullier's lithographic sheets contain the following:—

"Great activity is observable at present in the military ports of France. Experiments are being made with newly-invented engines of war, which it is said will astonish the world even more than the rifled cannon. Trials made at Lorient with newly-invented bullets, and with rifled cannon on an improved system, have it is said, produced most satisfactory results. A combined system of concentric batteries has been proposed for the defence of the French coasts which, it is asserted, will render the approach of an enemy's fleet impossible."

FRESH MEAT NECESSARY TO LABOR.—In an elaborate paper by Dr. Londe, of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, Paris, recently read before its members, he lays it down as a fundamental principle in the philosophy of diet, that the use of fresh meat daily is necessary to the health of the working classes, although he admits that persons leading a comparatively idle life may do well on fish, poultry, and other lighter forms of nourishment. In support of his opinion he produces a number of facts, of which the following is one:—The Rouen Railway Company of France having conceded the working of their line to English Engineers, the latter brought over a band of English laborers, who performed one-third more work daily than could be got out of the French laborers. The latter were put on meat diet, similar to that of the English workmen, and in a short time they were able to do as much labor. If the conclusion of the doctor is correct, it becomes a matter of political as well as of individual economy, that the price of fresh meat shall be reduced low enough to allow laborers to eat animal food, otherwise the wealth of the nation is in danger of being diminished one-third.

THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.—Chambery, March 28.—Consummation est.—This morning, at half-past 9 o'clock, the first detachment of the French Army—four companies of the 80th of the Line—arrived here from St. Jean de Maurienne. To-morrow an equal number is expected, until the whole regiment has arrived. Although the first French troops passed, as you know, on Friday last into Savoy, and although every one knew that it was not merely to pass through, but to remain there, up to this morning one could always keep up to a certain point the fiction that the glorious army of the invincible ally of good King Victor Emmanuel was returning home laurel-crowned. This is now over. Chambery, the capital of Savoy, is occupied by the troops of His Majesty the Emperor of the French.

All along in this Savoy question there was a feature which we find in every phase of it, and which will characterize this transaction as one of the most curious of our times. It is that all parties concerned in it seem ashamed of the part which they have to play, and are always trying by subtle compromises to justify their own actions before themselves and before the world.

The reception of the French troops this morning had quite this character. They had been expected from day to day, and thus there had been sufficient time to make all preparations. Some of the most ardent supporters of the annexation to France—*propagandists, febricitants, and lampists*—had been preparing French flags, French transparencies, and lamps, and yet no one seemed inclined to make a beginning by buying, much less exhibiting, them. Those who are loudest in their praise of the future were as much behind when the decisive moment came as those who looked more gloomily at events. The result of this was that the *propagandists and lampists*, seeing themselves deceived in their expectations, relented somewhat in their patriotic ardour, and when at last the arrival of the French troops was officially announced there was not a sufficient supply of their patriotic articles.

With regard to our relations with France, it seems evident that Lord John Russell's speech has had the effect of reviving in the latter country a large share of the slumbering animosity towards this country; and it is not unlikely to be pointed out that so long as the Emperor Napoleon was supposed to be carrying out an anti-Papal policy in Italy, he was highly applauded by English statesmen, whereas every attempt to increase French influence in any other direction is now declared to be dangerously aggressive and injurious to the peace of Europe. The result of this change in opinion is that the French journals are denouncing with the greatest energy what they consider the double-faced dealing of *la perfide Albion*.

Meanwhile we have rumors of a hostile movement on the part of France directed against Germany and England. The ratification, as it is termed, of the French frontier towards Germany is alleged to be in immediate contemplation, and great preparations are making for the defence of the Upper Rhine. The formation of the Camp of Châlons renders this precaution absolutely necessary, for not less than 100,000 French soldiers will shortly be encamped at Châlons, which is in too dangerous proximity to the German frontier. The French Government, however, to a certain extent, disavowed any aggressive intentions by issuing a circular letter of a reassuring tendency, in which M. Thouvenel attempts to show that there exists no analogies between the French position with respect to the Alps and the situation on the Rhine. "The situation," says the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, "which it is endeavored to represent as similar, bears no resemblance whatever, and the weighty considerations which oblige us to claim the annexation of Savoy are without any possible application to the state of things in the East and North of France. This combination will complete that which Europe herself has

adopted, by placing the instrument of stipulation manifestly conceived in a spirit of distrust and aggression with respect to us; Germany, therefore, finding a motive therein of dissimulate, should only send a new condition of stability and the duration of peace." It may well give cause for alarm that it should be found necessary to give assurances of peaceable intentions, and after what has transpired, of course only a limited amount of faith is to be reposed in such assurances.

France is reported to have entered into an alliance with Denmark, and it is alleged that Sweden and Norway are about to form those powers in a maritime league. If these proposals are to obtain their friends, it was surely advisable for us to obtain their friendship. That Denmark would be found a useful ally to France there can be no doubt, for as the *Herold* points out, in the event of a war with Germany, the Danish navy would be a valuable auxiliary in blockading the harbours and destroying the maritime establishments, and the shipping of Northern Germany.

The Northern Powers have distinctly refused to take part in a European Congress on the subject of Savoy. The *Moniteur* reports the joy of the Savoyards at the annexation, and while other accounts represent the inhabitants as submitting to their fate, some with resignation, others with grumbling, the official French journal declares that the entrance of the French Regiments has been signalled by the most strongly marked demonstrations of attachment towards France.—*Weekly Register.*

The *Ami de la Religion* and its editor the Abbe Sisson have received a second warning for an article published in that journal, in which the writer had mildly ventured to call in question the propriety of reviving the action of the organic law of the Concordat, which not only has never been accepted as binding by the Church, but has been allowed to fall into disuse until now. M. Veillot, late of the *Univers*, has been also subjected to a gross outrage by the French police.—*Weekly Register.*

No REDUCTION IN THE FRENCH ARMY.—The *Moniteur* of Wednesday morning formally denies the report that the effective of the infantry regiments is about to be reduced by two companies per regiment.

A HOAX.—A few days back the *Siccle* published in a prominent part of its columns the formula of excommunication pronounced by the Court of Rome as *apropos* of the censure issued by the present Pope against the "actors, promoters, advisers," &c., of the annexation of the Romagna. The formula given by the *Siccle* was copied by the *Opinion Nationale*, and subsequently by the other less known Governmental papers. The *Siccle* and *Opinion* accompanied the formidable document with divers remarks on its enormity, and expended a good deal of learning on excommunications in general. Both those papers pique themselves on their theological learning, and are popularly considered as infallible authorities on those subjects. M. Louis Jourdan and Gerault having formerly been themselves high priests, or something of the sort, in the St. Simonian Convent founded by Pere Enfantin, were naturally supposed to be strong in the theology, canon law, Papal bulls, briefs, rescripts, &c. When the *Siccle* and *Opinion Nationale* first gave to the world this excommunication it struck me that I had seen something like it before, and I suspected that, like the old in science which Martin Scriblerius took for an ancient Roman shield, the *Siccle's* excommunication was of doubtful genuineness. In truth, what it took for Pius IX's excommunication is nothing more or less than the grotesque malediction in Tristram Shandy, which Dr. Stop reads while "my uncle Toby" whistles *Lillibullero*. I see some one has given a hint to the *Monde* about the matter, and the *Monde* very naturally makes the most of it.—*Times's Correspondent.*

The Paris correspondent of the London press gives some particulars of some disgraceful proceedings on the part of the Paris Police directed against M. Louis Veillot, late of the *Univers*. It seems that he arrived in Paris from Rome a day or two ago, charged with the special mission of delivering a sealed letter into the hands of the Papal Nuncio, Monsignore Sacconi. No sooner had M. Veillot alighted at his own door than a commissaire de police claimed, in virtue of his writ, the right to search the portfolio of which M. Veillot was known to be the bearer. The letter was found and carried off, whereupon M. Veillot, hurrying to the Nuncio, recounts the scene in all its details; and the Nuncio, feeling himself powerful in his diplomatic inviolability, and in his sacred character, without losing a moment, despatched a message to the Minister, to the purport that if the letter addressed to himself and wrested from the person of his official bearer, were not immediately handed over to him with the seal unbroken, he should lose no time in picking up his valise and returning to Rome. The message, I think, says the *Star* correspondent, must have been more significantly put than here reported, for the command thus conveyed under guise of threat was immediately obeyed; the letter was returned sealed as it had been seized, and by way of compensation for disappointed curiosity, the whole of M. Veillot's papers were immediately fetched away by another commissaire de police, and borne in canvas bags to the Prefecture, where they still remain. The second warning given to the *Ami de la Religion* is thought to be entirely a precautionary measure, to prevent by dread of a third (which is killing time) the story from appearing in that paper to-morrow.

ITALY.

With regard to the recent elections in Sardinia, we have some extraordinary revelations as to the abstention of voters, and the means used to bring about the desired result. According to the *Armonia*, out of 1,080 names on the list of the electoral college of Turin only 692 voted. Now, that capital contains at least 130,000 inhabitants; and it seems a very strange kind of constitution which awards only that quota of voters for such a population.—This is a question very important in gauging the work of constitution liberties in any of the continental countries that pretend to have a Liberal Government; and it is worth while knowing this clearly, when annexation brings on the countries subject to that infliction an increase of not less than fourteen francs a head of taxation in the Duchy of Modena, thirteen in that of Parma, twelve in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and ten in the Romagna, to bring them to the Piedmontese level of thirty francs taxation for each of its subjects yearly.—*Weekly Register.*

ROME.—PASSION WEEK, MARCH 31.—On Sunday it was made known, by well-informed persons, that the Holy Father had released the members of the Sacred Consistory from the obligation of secrecy, and wished it made known that the excommunication would be published on one of the days of the present week; and that, following the example of that issued by Pius VII. in the case of Napoleon I., it would mention Victor Emmanuel by name, but would strike only those who have been guilty of seizing the estates of the Church. On Thursday, accordingly, it appeared. I was thinking of sending you news of this by telegraph, but ascertained that it had already been telegraphed to London, so that my telegraph would have been late. I presume the Protestant papers will make a strange medley of mistakes about this document and its effects. As far as regards Victor Emmanuel and his ministers and advisers, it makes no difference whether the excommunication mentions them by name or not. They are equally cut off from the communion of the faithful, and are outcast from the body of Christ. They have incurred the greater excommunication, with all its results. The difference is in its effects on others, and those, in many cases, innocent persons. Christians are bound to avoid and shun all communion with persons excommunicated. If the King were mentioned by name, his being a Sovereign Prince would in no degree affect this duty. No man would be able, without sin, to share his table or his church-seat. Nay, should he presume to enter a church,

the Priest, not having the power to remove him, would be obliged to break off, at the sacrifice of the Mass. The rules on these points are precise. If the consecration had not taken place, he must break off at once; if he had, he could continue only until after the Priest's Communion, and then break off abruptly. I need hardly add that the name of the excommunicated monarch might not be publicly mentioned in the prayers of the Church. It is clear that such a sentence, unless the principle of faith were strong enough in a nation to lead to one consistent and united action on the part of all classes, laity as well as clergy, would be sure to expose those who were faithful, especially among the clergy to a severe persecution. But by the laws of the church this duty of avoiding the excommunicated person is not binding on any one monarch, unless they have been excommunicated by name. Pius VII. therefore spared, not Napoleon, but those who would have suffered under his persecution, and the same may no doubt be said of Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel. If, however, the Sardinian monarch is tempted to congratulate himself on what may seem to him his immunity, he may well ask himself whether he is content to choose the part of Napoleon after he had been struck by the sentence of the church. When he heard of that sentence he dared, in the madness of his pride, to treat it as the impotent protest of a powerless old man.—*Cor. Weekly Register.*

The *Giornale di Roma* publishes a letter of General Guion, declaring that several journals have given a very inaccurate account of the proceedings of the 19th of March. He says he cannot admit, as has been pretended, that the French officers brought the release of the persons arrested by the Pontifical gendarmes. The General also protests against the supposition as incompatible with discipline, and concludes by saying: "We are all conscious of our duty, and the object of our mission is to assist the Pope to the best of our power."

A telegram received on Thursday, the 5th instant, reports a disturbance in Naples. Persons attacked the troops at Palermo, but were bravely repulsed and dispersed to the cry of "*Viva il Re*." The city was tranquil.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Cabinet has resolved to protest solemnly against the annexation of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena to Piedmont. A note to this effect, dated the 24th March, has been directly addressed to the Cabinet of Turin. In this note Austria first establishes, by historical and legal considerations developed at great length, her positive and incontestable right to oppose an act which, in despoiling legitimate Princes of the States guaranteed to them by European treaties, would also destroy the rights of succession and reversion which these same treaties secure to the House of Hapsburg with respect to the said States. Austria then proceeds to demonstrate that Sardinia has participated in the engagements contracted by France, who, in consideration of the treaty of 1795, has guaranteed the possession of Tuscany to the House of Lorraine, in order to indemnify this dynasty for the cession of her ancestral heritage. The note of Austria further recalls that, by virtue of the treaty concluded in 1753 by the mediation of George II., King of England, and countersigned by him in his quality of head of the House of Este, the right of succession in the Modenese States was conferred, in case of the extinction of the male line, upon the third son of the Emperor Francis and Maria Theresa, whom it was designed to unite to the granddaughter of the Duke of Modena. With respect to the Duchy of Parma and Piacenza, the treaty of the 10th of June, 1817, concluded between Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Sardinia, explicitly confirms in favor of Austria the rights of reversion stipulated by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, dated the 20th of May, 1815.—These rights of reversion have received a fresh sanction by the treaty of Florence, concluded on the 29th of November, 1844, between the Courts of Lucca, Modena, Tuscany, Sardinia, and Austria. Thus, then, the King of Sardinia, in accepting the annexation of the Italian Duchies, openly violates not only the public treaties of 1815, but also the treaties which he has signed as a direct contracting party with Austria. Such a violation is so much the more flagrant from having been accomplished upon the morrow after the Peace of Villafranca and Zurich, of which the essential condition was the restoration of the legitimate Princes. Induced by all these motives, Austria protests in the most peremptory manner against this illegal annexation made by the King of Sardinia, and appeals to the conscience of all Europe on the subject. To this end, at the same time that this protest is forwarded to Turin, a copy will be furnished to all the foreign Cabinets, to whom also a circular note is addressed by Austria, in which it is said, that Austria, in confining herself at the present time to protesting against the said annexation, hopes that Europe will recognize in this proceeding a most convincing proof of her moderation and of her desire to maintain the peace of the world.

SPAIN.

A private (Spanish) letter from Madrid of the 27th says that, in addition to the terms of peace concluded between the Moors and Spaniards, there is a proviso that the Moors are not to surrender, cede or sell to any foreign Power the fortified place of Tangier. It further mentions that, "the telegraph despatch of yesterday (the 26th) from the headquarters of the army announcing the preliminaries of peace, contained in cipher the said proviso." The mere temporary possession of Tetuan, the writer says, finds no favor with the political parties.—"The Minister of the Interior," he continues, "is the more ardent partisan of the permanent occupation of Tetuan, and of the whole of the territory gained by our arms. The reason probably is, he feels that the last hour of the Ministry is approaching; he affects some political motive as the cause of his fall, and thinks it popular to adopt the cry of war at all risks, and of indefinite conquest, like those conquests which for 30 years back France has obtained in Algeria."

THE WOMAN IN GREY.—A CREMEAN EPISODE.

The barren plateau, on which the allied armies were encamped before Sebastopol, was naturally suggestive of many superstitious fancies among the troops. The outlying sentinel, with his eye at the utmost degree of tension, to detect some crouching spy, eventually saw imaginary forms around him, and the darkness became peopled with the denizens of another world. Many stories of ghostly manifestations were current, very few of them possessing any other foundation than the imaginary fancies of the credulous soldier; but there are one or two authenticated stories of ghosts, one of which I will tell here, as I heard it from the lips of an officer of an Irish regiment, who was conversant with all the details.

A soldier, on being relieved from guard one winter's night, swore stoutly that he had been haunted during the whole period by a woman in grey, who made signals to him, which he, good Catholic as he was, declined to follow. He was laughed at; but when the sentry on duty the next night told the same story, the most incredulous began to believe. When a week had passed away, and each night the same occurrence happened, the argument was so infected with alarm, that the captain of the day thought it high time to interfere. For this purpose he summoned to his counsels one Patrick Leary, a colour sergeant, who was popularly supposed to fear neither man nor devil. The captain lent the non-commissioned officer a revolver, bidding him fire if he found it absolutely necessary, but to do his best to capture the woman alive. Mr. Pat took a hearty drain of rum and went on sentry go, much to the relief of the men warned, for that night's duty. It was a dark and misty night when Pat commenced his duty round, and it was enough to make

any man feel uncomfortable. The gallant Pat, however, so long as the effect of the rum lasted, whistled the "Night before Leary" was stretched, "sotto voce," and stamped his feet to restore the chilled circulation! "Some blow or another, though," he began to grow very lonely, and almost wished that the ghost would come, if only to bear him company.—His wishes were soon fulfilled; for hearing a slight sound, and raising his rifle to his shoulder, he saw a dusky form gibbering at him in the distance. Pat began rooping and mowing in reply, and the woman, apparently encouraged by this, drew nearer.—Pat laid his firelock on the ground, as if to encourage the other, but placed his hand carefully on his revolver. There was nothing like being prepared; but if it were a woman—the thought fairly turned the honest sergeant's mind. Ere long the figure approached so near that Pat was enabled to challenge "Who goes there?"

"A friend!" the stranger replied, in a musical though foreign voice.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," the sergeant mechanically said.

Just as the figure approached Pat, the moon broke from behind a cloud, and enabled him to see the woman's features. The most astounding thing was the immense grey beard the figure wore. Pat, as a traveller, was accustomed to strange sights, but this surpassed all. In a second, though, the truth flashed upon him, and he made ready for action.

"Come here, my darlint," Pat said, artfully, but the woman did not seem inclined to obey. The moonlight had evidently destroyed the stranger's calculations. She fell back a step or two, and then turned to fly. But it was too late; Pat was after her with a tiger's bound, and, impeded by her petticoats, she stumbled and nearly fell. In a second, however, she recovered, and turned on the Sergeant with a most uncomfortable-looking yagghann.

"Tear 'n' ouns," the Sergeant shouted, "the woman's the devil—I can stand nulle, but these are rather too sharp."

A low mocking laugh burst from the stranger's lips, as he tried to get between Pat and his musket. But the Sergeant was on his guard; pretending to fly, he managed to bear down within grasp of the woman, and caught at her capote. The next moment the yagghann had passed through the fleshy part of his arm, but he did not relax his hold. He grappled with the stranger, but meeting with an unexpected resistance, he drew his revolver. The stranger clutched at it with frantic energy, and a terrible struggle ensued, which terminated by the pistol suddenly exploding; and the stranger fell to the ground with a groan, while Pat, weakened by loss of blood, followed the example. The quarter-guards, aroused by the shot, soon hurried up to the spot, and both were born into the camp. The stranger was placed in a hut, and a surgeon fetched, and it was evident that the ghost in grey was a fine looking old man. He was, however, declared to be in a very dangerous state, for the ball had passed through his lungs. His condition was kindly explained to him, and he told his story readily enough.

His name was Constantine, and he was by birth a Pole. Having been engaged in the revolution of 1831, he was saved from the death that fell to the lot of his comrades, to endure a worse faith. He and his family were transferred to Russia, and he was forced to perform the most degrading duties in the secret police. For twenty three years he had endured the humiliation, for the sake of his wife and child, but he little reckoned what was in store for him.—When the war with the allies became imminent, he was ordered with his family to Sebastopol, for he was a perfect French and German scholar; and when the campaign commenced, he was compelled to risk his life nightly, by going out to spy the progress the enemy made. Death stared him in the face either way; if he refused, the sentence passed upon him at Warsaw still remained in force, which, if he obeyed, he was in hourly risk of detection. Why not desert, you will ask? But the Russian police were Machiavels. His daughter, Eudoxia, a lovely girl of three and twenty, was taken into the governor's house, ostensibly to protect her from the horrors of the siege; but Constantine was given fully to understand that her life depended on his fidelity. The poor father was sorely distracted; his hatred of the Russians was counterbalanced by his love for his daughter, the only treasure he possessed in the world for his wife had succumbed under the privations and exposure of a winter journey across the steppe. Need I say that the father triumphed over the man? Constantine was a nightly visitor to our lines, and by the cleverness with which he played the character of a French or English linesman, long escaped detection.

At length, a dreadful ordeal was offered him: he was told that if he could only induce an English soldier to desert, from whom some valuable information might be obtained, his sentence would be reversed, and he would be free to go where he pleased with his daughter. Maddened by the thought of freedom, Constantine attired himself in feminine garb, hoping thus to attract some sentinel from his post. He would then wound him, though not dangerously, and drag him into the Russian lines. In fact, it grew a madman with Constantine, that he must first catch a Briton alive; but, unfortunately, in Sergeant Leary, he caught a Tartar. Such was the story he told, and which aroused considerable interest among the hearers. It reached the ears of Lord Raglan himself, who visited the prisoner, and bade him be of good cheer: no harm should befall him. But Constantine shook his head sadly; of what value was life to him now, when he was separated from his Eudoxia? I need not say that every kindness was shown to the poor fellow, and the doctors vied with each other in their attention to him. But there was little chance of saving him; the wretched conical ball was apparently embedded in his back bone, and there was no prospect of moving it.

Lord Raglan, such a common-place story, but the end is not yet.

Two days later, Sergeant Leary, who had bound his flesh wound up, and laughed at it, was at work in the front parallel. He was sitting in the trench, smoking a very dirty short pipe, and growling wildly, when his wound gave him a twitch. It was a lovely night, and double caution had to be exercised, for the Russians were all alive, and seemed shooting for a wager at the men in the trenches.—Pat philosophically took off his shako, and placed it on the top of the earthwork. In five minutes he took it down again, and lo! there were three Minio balls crouching through it.

"Wirrah!" said Pat, as he comically surveyed the damage; "here's a patent ventilator."

"Lucky for you," a young ensign remarked, "that your head wasn't in it!"

"Arrah, your honor, and do you suppose that these dirty bullets would go through my head? Its all very easy with a regulation shako, for we know what that is made of; but an Irishman's head is formed of stronger materials."

A suppressed laugh ran along the trenches, but Pat was not at all put out.

"Boys," he remarked, with a solemn pathos, "since the unlucky day that I landed in this filthy country, not a night has passed that I haven't put at least a pint of bad spirits into this carcass of mine, and there is not a man among you that can say he has seen me the worse for it. It wants a pretty decent head to stand the raking we get up here, for it would take the roof of a house; so I think my head is safe against a ball sent by Russian powder. Hillo! what's their game now, I wonder?"

The men jumped up involuntarily, for the firing from the Russian guns had grown tremendous. Forgetting all caution, they sprang on the breastwork, naturally supposing that the enemy meditated a sortie. They were in perfect safety, however, all the bullets were at present directed at a single figure, which was crossing the open at frantic speed. Our men cheered heartily, as the stranger passed on, ut-

AGENTS FOR THE TRUTH WITNESS.

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Sherbrooke—T. Griffith
Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton
South Gloucester—J. Daley
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St. Raphael—A. M'Donald
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West Port—James Kehoe.
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CAST STEEL CHURCH BELLS.



THE Subscribers having been appointed AGENTS for CANADA, for the sale of CAST STEEL CHURCH and FACTORY BELLS, are now prepared to execute Orders for them to any extent that may be required.

These Bells are made by Messrs. NAYLOR, VICKERS & CO., of Sheffield, England. They have a pure, melodious sound, peculiar to steel, owing to the elasticity of the metal the sound penetrates to a great distance.

Cast Steel Bells are much lighter than those made of ordinary bell-metal of the same size, and are consequently more easily rung; and owing to the density and also to the well-known strength of the material, it is almost impossible to break them with ordinary usage.

These bells have been successfully introduced in some of the largest cities and towns in the United States and Canada, for Fire Alarms, Churches, Factories, &c.; and being sold much cheaper than Composition Bells, this fact in connection with their lightness, strength and sweetness of tone, cannot fail to commend them to public favor.

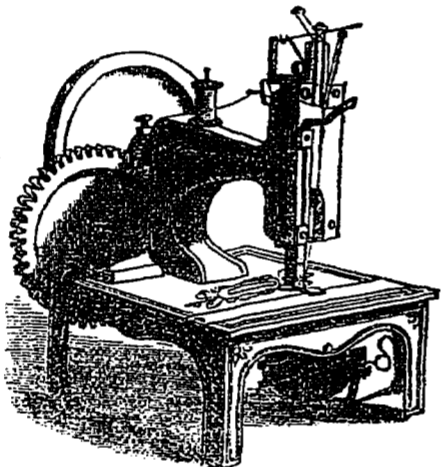
Cast Steel Bells combine, therefore an improvement in quality and power of tone, with greater facility for placing and ringing them, from their diminished weight and a very material saving in price.

CHIMES CAST TO ORDER WITH GREAT ACCURACY. Every Bell is warranted for one year, with proper usage, in any climate.

Printed Circulars, with descriptions, recommendations, prices, &c., will be furnished on application to FROTHINGHAM & WORKMAN, Montreal, Agents for Canada.

January 7.

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



ONLY \$75 FOR ONE OF SINGER'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, WARRANTED TO BE THE SAME. In every respect, as those sold by I. M. Singer & Co. in the States for \$110.

THIS PRICE INCLUDES AN IRON STAND such as Singer sells for \$10. I have made an improvement on Singer's large sized Machine, by which patent leather can be stitched without oil.

CALL AND EXAMINE! CALL AND EXAMINE! All intending purchasers are invited to call and examine the BEST and CHEAPEST SEWING MACHINES ever offered for sale in Canada.

ALL losses promptly and liberally paid. OFFICE—38 St. PETER STREET, Lyman's New Buildings. Sept. 22, 1859.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, that has ever been on view in this city, comprising every article in the House Furnishing line.

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

Wishes to inform them that having re-leased his store for a number of years, and made extensive improvements in order to accommodate his daily increasing business, he has just completed one of the largest and best assortments of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, that has ever been on view in this city, comprising every article in the House Furnishing line.

PATTON & BROTHER.

NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. 42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street. MONTREAL.

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

DR. ANGUS MACDONELL, 18 1/2 Notre Dame Street. (Nearly opposite the Donegana Hotel.)

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

RYAN & VALLIERES DE ST. REAL, ADVOCATES, No. 59 Little St. James Street.

W. M. PRICE, ADVOCATE, No. 2, Corner of Little St. James and Gabriel Streets.

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

COLLECT YOUR ACCOUNTS IN DUE SEASON.

THE undersigned gives Solvent Security and respectable reference.

P. TUOKER, Collector of Accounts, 53 Prince Street.

D O'GORMON, BOAT BUILDER, BARFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W.

Skills made to Order Several Skills always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of P. ovine. Kingston, June 3, 1858.



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

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

that has ever been on view in this city, comprising every article in the House Furnishing line. To enumerate his Stock would take so large a space, that he will only name a few of the leading articles, with the prices of each:—Parlor Suits, in Rosewood, B W and Mahogany, from 125 to 500 dollars; Chamber Suits in Rosewood, B W, Oak, Chestnut and Ennanelled, from 20 to 250 dollars; 200 Mahogany Chairs, upholstered in the different styles, from 3 50 to 9 dollars each; Mahogany and B W Sofas, from 14 to 50 dollars, 4000 Gane and Wood Seat Chairs, of 30 different patterns, some entirely new, from 40c to 4 dollars each; Spring Curled Hair Mattresses, Palm Leaf and Corn Husk Mattresses, from 4 to 25 dollars each; with a very large stock of Bedsteads, of Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, &c., of different styles and prices, from 3 to 40 dollars each; a very large assortment of Marble and Wood Top Centre Tables, Looking Glasses Eight-Day and Thirty-Four Clocks, Self-Rocking Cradles; an extensive assortment of Iron Bedsteads, Bed Stands, Swinging Cots, Marble Top Saloon Tables, Corner and Portable Washstands and Towel Racks. The above will be found one of the largest and best assortments of Furniture ever on view in this city, and as it has been got up for Cash during the winter, will be sold at least 10 per cent below anything in the city.

Please call and examine the Goods and Prices, which will convince all of the fact that to save money is to BUY your FURNITURE at O. M'GARVEY'S, 244 Notre Dame Street, where all Goods sold are warranted to be what they are represented; if not, they can be returned three months after the date of sale, and the money will be refunded. All Goods carefully packed, and delivered on board the cars or boats, or at the residence of parties inside of the Toll Gates free of charge. — Always, constantly on hand, Solid Mahogany Venues, Varnish, Curled Hair, and other Goods suitable to the Trade, for Cash or in exchange for First Class Furniture. One and Wood Seat Chairs furnished to the Trade, Finished or Unfinished, as may be equiped by OWEN M'GARVEY, Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, No. 244 Notre Dame Street, near the French Square, Montreal. TWO good CABINETMAKERS and ONE CHAIRMAKER WANTED. April 26.



SPRING AND SUMMER, 1860.

Grand Trunk Clothing Store, 87 M'GILL & 27 RECOLLET STREETS.

THE Proprietors of the above Establishment beg to notify their patrons and the public generally, that their SPRING assortment consists of Cloths, Doestkins, Cassimeres, Tweeds, Vestings, underclothing, with a beautiful selection of Shirts, Collars, Scarfs, Ties, &c., have now arrived.

We also beg to draw the attention of the public to our Stock of SUPERIOR

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

In consequence of our extensive business, and great facilities for getting bargains, we are enabled this season to offer Goods much lower than any House in our line.

DONNELLY & O'BRIEN, Montreal, April 19, 1860.

NEW YORK INSURANCE COMPANIES.

COMMONWEALTH FIRE AND INLAND MARINE, Office—6 Wall Street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL.....\$250,000 SURPLUS, OVER.....40,000

MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Office, 65 Wall Street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL.....\$200,000 SURPLUS, OVER.....50,000

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Office, 43 Wall Street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL.....\$200,000 SURPLUS, OVER.....40,000

HOPE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Office, 33 Wall Street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL.....\$150,000 NETT SURPLUS.....32,587

REFERENCES:

- Wm. Workman, Esq. E. Hudson, Esq.
B. H. Lemoin, Esq. T. Doucet, N. P., Esq.
Wm. Sache, Esq. Canfield Dorwin, Esq.
Edwin Atwater, Esq. N. S. Whitney, Esq.
Henry Lyman, Esq. D. P. Jones, Esq.
Ira Gould, Esq. John Sinclair, Esq.
H. Joseph, Esq. Messrs. Leslie & Co.
Messrs. Forester, Moir & Co.; Messrs. Harrington & Browster; Messrs. J & H Mathewson.

THE Undersigned, Agent for the above First Class INSURANCE COMPANIES, is prepared to INSURE all class of Buildings, Merchandise, Steamers, Vessels and Cargoes, on Lakes and River St. Lawrence, at LOW RATES.

First-Class Risks taken at very Reduced Rates. All losses promptly and liberally paid.

OFFICE—38 St. PETER STREET, Lyman's New Buildings. AUSTIN OUVILLIER, General Agent. Sept. 22, 1859.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, & C., FOR SALE, At 43 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

TEAS (GREEN) GUNPOWDER, very fine. YOUNG HYSON, best quality. IMPERIAL. TWANKY, extra fine. BLACK TEAS. SOUCHONG (Breakfast) fine Flavor. CONGOU. COLOG.

SUGARS. LOAF. DRY CRUSHED. MUSCOVADA Sugar, very light. COFFEE, &c. JAVA, best Green and Roasted LAQUIARE, do. FLOUR, very fine. OATMEAL, pure. RICE. INDIAN MEAL. B. W FLOUR. DRIED APPLES. GIBBERE, American (equal to English.) WINES—Port, Sherry, and Madeira.

BRANDY—Plantain Pale, in cases, very fine; Martel, in bids. and cases. PORTER—Dublin and London Porter; Montreal Porter and Ale, in bottles. PICKLES, &c.—Pickles, Sauces, Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Shelled Almonds, Honey Soap, B. W. Soap, Castile Soap, and English do.; Corn Brooms, Corn Dusters; Bed Cord, Cloth Lines, Shoe Thread, Garden Lines, Candies, Lemon Peel, Orange and Citron do.; Sweet Oil, in quart and pint cans.

STARCHE—Glenfield, Rice and Satined, fair. BRUSHES—Scrubbers and Stove Brushes; Cloth and Shoe Brushes. SPICES, &c.—Figs, Prunes, Spices, whole and ground; Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, White Pepper, Black Pepper, Allspice, Cayenne Pepper, Macaronie, Vermicelli, Indigo, Button Blue, Segoe, Arrowroot, Sperm Candles, Tallow do.; fine Table Salt; fine Salt in Bag; Conare do.; Salt Petre; Sardines, in Tins; Table Cod Fish, Dry; do., do., Wet; Cream Tartar; Baking Soda; do., in Packages; Alum, Copperas, Sulphur, Brimstone, Bat Bricks, Whiting, Chalk, &c., &c.

The articles are the best quality, and will be Sold at the lowest prices. J. PHELAN. March 3 1859.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

THOMAS M'KENNA.

PRactical PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER, No. 52, SAINT PETER STREET, (Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets) MONTREAL.

BATH TUBS, HYDRANTS, WATER CLOSETS, FORCE AND LIET PUMPS, &c. Constantly on hand, and fitted up in the best manner. Jobbing Punctually attended to. September 15, 1859.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS JOHN M'GLOSKY.

Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer, 38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last 12 years, and now solicits a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality.

He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moroccan Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentleman's Cloths Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.

P.N.B. Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer. Montreal, June 21, 1853.

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 Pimple 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 bottles are warranted to cure the worst caker in the mouth and stomach. Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.

One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes. Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers. One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.

Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

Directions for Use.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, two 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 Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.

For 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; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.

For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days; but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.

This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box.

Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.

For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.

Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the Truth 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 SIBOR, Superioress of St. Vincent's Asylum. ANOTHER.

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

Sisters of St. Joseph, Hamilton, C. W.

COMMERCE.

It has no limit. Its domain is widespread as civilization itself; wherever it comes life, wealth and progress appear, like the sun's light it stirs into action the whole face of nature. It is a lordly tree with many branches. It has a stream for every land and a tide for every sea. It is the pulse of nations, the forerunner of storms, and is yet the very repose of peace. It is the poor man's staff, the rich man's ambition, and one of the brightest gems in the diadem of royalty. It builds cities, maintains the army, and gives character to nations. Its influence is felt everywhere. It dries up the bitter tear and spreads a scene of gladness and content where poverty and despair held their dismal sway. It gives strength to the arm, action and enterprise to the mind, and honest pride to the man. It engages the professional, fosters the fine arts, and keeps up a constant interchange of thought between nations and men. It is a sort of a universal passport or medium, or language by which all countries and peoples come to know each other as circumstances may require.—System and Commerce are the two main-springs by which the whole machinery of society is kept in active motion. Commerce transports the products of our soil to distant lands and returns to us with the most beautiful fabrics that inventive genius can design. As a further illustration, we would advise an early inspection of the late fashions just arrived at the CLOTH HALL, Notre Dame Street.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ASTHMA.—FOR THE INSTANT RELIEF AND PERMANENT CURE of this distressing complaint use FENDT'S

BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES, Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., 107 NASSAU STREET, N. Y. Price, \$1 per Box; sent free by post. FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL.

No. 2, St. Constant Street. A THOROUGH English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education is imparted in this Institution, on moderate terms. As the strictest attention is paid to the Moral and Literary Training of the pupils attending this School, there are none whose conduct and application are not satisfactory allowed to remain.

For particulars, apply to the Principal at the School. W. DORAN, Principal. Jan. 6, 1860.

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, AND INFLUENZA, IRRITATION, SORENESS or any affection of the THROAT CURED, the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, CATARRH, RELIEVED, BY BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or COUGH LOZENGES. A simple and elegant combination for COUGHS, &c. Dr. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston. "I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPEAKERS."

Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, New York. "Two or three times I have been attacked by BRONCHITIS so as to make me fear that I should be compelled to desist from ministerial labor, through disorder of the Throat. But from a moderate use of the 'Troches' I now find myself able to preach nightly, for weeks together, without the slightest inconvenience."

Rev. E. B. RYCKMAN A. B., Montreal. Wesleyan Minister. Sold by all Druggists in Canada, at 25 cents per box.