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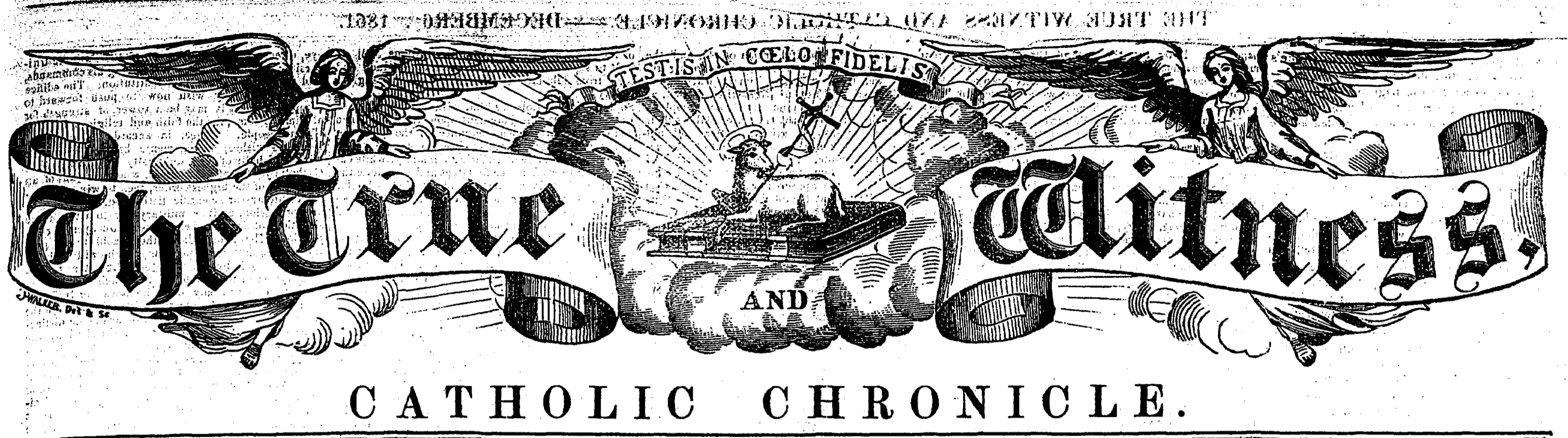
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TURLUGH O'BRIEN;
OR,
THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER.
CHAPTER XLII.—LOVE AND GLORY.

Fast as old Time sweeps in his swarth, fresh weeds and flowers spring up beneath his scythe. Old actors pass away and are forgotten, and new ones take their places.

Thus, as the current of our tale flows on, we lose sight, and mayhap forever, of many a familiar personage and place, while strange faces and new objects rise around us, as we drift onward toward the close. A year has passed—the sunshine, and the rains, and winds of a long year have fallen upon the grave of Lady Willoughby. Sir Hugh—landless now and homeless—still, with his fair child, dwells in the same lodging where we saw him last. To attempt to leave the city were, under existing circumstances, a dangerous, if not an impracticable enterprise. Stern proclamations, dictated by the dread urgency of the impending crisis, and enforced by the prompt and unsparring sanctions of military law, restricted all suspected persons to the immediate neighborhood of their dwellings, and in the majority of cases had even placed them under the rigors of actual imprisonment.

It was the eve of the First of July, 1690, that memorable day on which was fought the battle of the Boyne.

The old city of Dublin was now comparatively deserted. Scarce a red coat was to be seen in its gloomy and shattered streets; a handful of militia kept guard at the Castle, which had sent forth its king, with all his goodly company of generals and courtiers, either to take an active part in the long-deferred struggle, or to witness its issue as spectators.

The stillness and languor of the town, contrasted with the recent hubbub and bustle attending the transit of thousands of stern and reckless soldiery, upon their march to the scene of danger, had in it something at once depressing and indefinitely exciting.

Upon the fortunes of the coming battle each party felt that their destinies were suspended. The hustled and agitating prevalence of a suspense, which came home not only to the soldier and the politician, but to every private man, in the shape of alarm for his property and his safety, pervades every street and dwelling, and clouded every countenance in the city with awe. Business was entirely neglected; men kept restlessly toiling and fro-ing, and grouping together in little knots, gossiping at the street corners, in low tones, and laughing strangely, in the almost hysterical excitement of the crisis—the long-looked-for crisis, that was now at last, in fearful earnest, indeed, present and upon them.

A tall and singularly handsome officer of dragoons, fully equipped in the splendid uniform of those days, and wearing in his face an expression at once lofty and melancholy, was upon the night in question, ascending a dark and old-fashioned stair in the city of Dublin. He paused at a door, which opened from the first landing-place. A feeling which he could not for a moment overcome, held him doubtfully at the threshold.—He entered, however, and, raising his plumed hat, and staking back from his noble features his long black hair, Turlugh O'Brien stood in the presence of Grace Willoughby and her father.

How did her shifting color show the beating of her little heart, as, between smiles and blushes, she greeted her true lover. How did the soldier's eyes, with the passionate fire of his own fierce and melancholy nature, requite her softer looks.

'Sir Hugh,' he said, having returned the old man's cordial greeting, in language not less generous, 'it is long—to me how long—since I have seen you, and it may be long, very long, ere I see you again.' And he glanced towards the fair girl with a fondness all the more touching for the stern and haughty beauty of his face.—'I have but a few hurried moments to stay here. I cannot and will not, waste words. What is so near my heart must be spoken—spoken, perchance, with a soldier's bluntness, but yet with the feeling that all my hopes, my happiness, are wound up in your answer. You remember—you cannot have forgotten—our conversation on the evening when I saw you last. Sir Hugh, it is no light fancy, no trivial feeling, that could lead Turlugh O'Brien thus to sue on in spite of a repulse. I love your daughter—Miss Grace—I love her dearly—desperately—with all the love and all the loyalty—with every feeling, and passion, and thought, and hope of my heart;—say, if I live to-morrow's battle, will you at last consent, and give her to the fondest and truest lover that ever yet in honor and devotion sued for the hand of maiden?'

Sir Hugh was shaken. He looked at his daughter, and then at the noble face of the handsome soldier, and then once more at his own loved child.

'Turlugh, Turlugh O'Brien, she has been my only child—my darling,' he said, at last, in a

broken voice; and the tears, which the dangers of adverse fortune had never yet wrung from his eyes, began to gather thick, and coursed one another down his furrowed cheeks as he spoke—'She has been the comfort, the stay, the pride of my old age; she has been, indeed—indeed—a good child to me: and if she loves you, why should I mar her happiness or yours. Let her, then, choose now and forever for herself.'

'Grace, dearest Grace, you bear him,' said Turlugh, passionately turning to her: 'say but one word; deign but one smile; consent but by look, and flood with joy the heart that loves you well—the heart that by to-morrow night may beat no more.'

The last words of his appeal smote home to her true heart—the bashful struggles of timidity were over in a moment.

'Oh, Turlugh, Turlugh!' she wildly cried;—and, pale and sobbing, the light form of the noble girl, in a moment, lay folded fondly and trustingly to the heart of the soldier.

We need not follow to its close that hurried but eventful interview, nor say how the old man blessed his beautiful and blushing child; how fondly he blessed them both, and how he pressed their hands together. After many and many a fond farewell, at last he was gone, indeed; and even the receding clang of his charger's hoofs sank into silence.

Thus Turlugh O'Brien, in wild and happy ecstasy of triumph, rode rapidly towards the camp of King James, and never thought the while that fortune may interpose "full many a slip between the cup and the lip."

While Turlugh O'Brien, thus absorbed in glorious reveries, spurs onward towards "the tented field," we shall avail ourselves of the interval, unwilling as we are to interrupt his entranced and happy silence, to say a few words touching the progress of events, which we trust may suffice to give the reader some general notion of the actual state of things at the period at which we have now taken up our tale. If, however, as is by no means impossible, the gentle reader care marvellously little for such dissertations, he can easily escape the present by what is technically termed "skipping" the next dozen or so lines.

The presence of William's powerful and splendidly-organized army in the North, and the arrival of the prince himself to take their head, had stimulated the fierce excitement of the country, and intensified by the darkest forebodings the inveterate malignity of old feuds and jealousies. The exhausting fiscal exertions which the state was forced to make, the prostration, or rather the ruin of all trade, the general neglect of tillage, and the frightful waste committed by the raparees, had so devastated the country, that famine, and its attendant pestilence, threatened, with the invading sword, to consummate the desolation of the land.

In addition to all this, the cause of the unfortunate James had sustained sore loss more directly still, by multitudinous desertions, which transferred in detail much of the energy and influence of the Jacobite party to the camp of the invader. With few exceptions, indeed, such apostacies were confined to men of second-rate importance and ability; but still the traitors, however individually despicable, disheartened the faithful by their numbers, and almost invariably carried with them intelligence of the weakness, the apprehensions, and the plans of their former associates, which proved valuable to their opponents.

Among many better men, Miles Garrett had played his royal master false; incapable of enthusiasm, cold, selfish, and phlegmatic, his calculations were untinged by passion, and need we add, unwarmed by patriotism. He understood the difficulties of the Jacobite cause, and weighing the chances with the nicest scrutiny, it seemed well to him to desert at once, and while yet he might make a merit of so doing, to the party in whose favor the odds seemed multiplying every day.

King William's camp occupied the rising grounds upon the northern side of the river.—The hoarse murmur of the broad-breasted Boyne filled the still air between the two great armies, whose prowess was next day to determine the fate of the kingdom, and mingled sadly with that confluence of petty sounds, which, like the solemn murmurings of a mighty tide, over arches the myriad gatherings of living men.

A sultry summer's night wrapt the wide landscape in darkness. The tents of William's splendidly appointed army spread like a canvas city over the undulating ground, and the dusky fires, at intervals glared strong and red upon military forms and ammunition waggons; while from across the river, far away, came the softened sounds of shouting, and the sullen roll of drums, with the rumble of provision cars, and the faint clear call of the trumpet, incessantly filling the air with the exciting evidences of the presence and preparation of the hostile army.

It was now about the hour of twelve, when, as Story tells us, William of Nassau, his sword

arm in a sling (for he had but that morning' while reconnoitering, received a wound which had well nigh proved his last) mounted upon his war steed, accompanied by his staff, among whom we recognize, among the dashing horsemen, our old friend Percy Neville, rode forth in person, through the camp.

The guard, bearing torches, rode with them, and thus under the lurid illumination, growing duskily on tossing plumes, and flashing upon burnished cuirasses, did the martial cavalcade tramp onward—its progress marked by the ruddy glare that crimsoned the air above them, and by the stern huzzas of excited welcome that greeted the soldier king wherever he appeared.

There was an officer, a captain in one of King William's regiment of dragoons, with plumed hat, and buff coat, standing by as William of Nassau, accompanied by his staff, thus moved onward through the camp upon the memorable night to which our tale has brought us.

This cavalry officer stood listlessly leaning against a provision wagon, and smoked on in contemptuous indifference, while a tattered, scared, and travel-soiled man, of mean aspect and small and unsightly figure, stood near him, with hat in hand, and earnestly urged his disregarded suit. In the lank, ungainly form, and sinister face of the officer, and in the crouching mien, and cadaverous, villainous aspect of his humble suitor, no person who had seen them once could have failed to recognize Miles Garrett and his now cast off dependant, Garvey.

CHAPTER XLIII.—GARVEY'S QUARTERS.

'As soon as they missed your honor,' said Garvey, they took me up to General Lauzun's tent—me that knew as much about it, God knows, as the babe unborn, and it was just the loss of a shilling I wasn't shot; they said I was your secretary, and must produce the correspondence; and as you very well know, sir, I had none to show, not that I would have shown it, even if I had—God forbid—do such thing, of course.'

'Of course,' echoed Garvey, sneeringly. 'Of course,' reiterated Garvey, in a tone of deprecatory humility; but in this case, you know, noble captain, it was out of my power. What had I to declare?—what could I tell? I knew none of your secrets; and you'll bear me witness, Mr. Garrett, I never tried to learn them.'

'Yes, you did try,' said Garrett, who had removed his pipe for a moment, and now for the first time deigned a look, though no very auspicious one, upon his petitioner.—'Yes, you did try, and you told all you could; but I found you out, and saw through you, when you thought I trusted you, you shallow miscreant; but no matter.'

'I never wronged you, Mr. Garrett; by this cross, I never did you one hap'orth of harm, sir,' urged Garvey, advancing nearer, and cowering still lower in his urgency.—'never, sir—never—never, your honor, by every saint in heaven; may I never live till morrow,' Mr. Garrett, if I did.'

Garrett knew as well as Garvey did himself, that the wretched, short-sighted tool of Satan, that cowered, and cringed, and cursed before him, lied in every word he said; but he made no other answer than, with a faint and ugly smile, to puff a thin stream of tobacco smoke into the air, and watch it as it curled up into the dark.

'Well,' said he, after a second or two,—'they did not shoot you; and what did they, pray?'

'They tossed me in a blanket, noble captain, for a full hour; whimpered the wretched man; for a full hour, I'm bruised from head to heel, as 'so sore, I scarce can stand, or walk, or life.'

Garrett took his pipe from his mouth, and laughed outright, and the miserable, servile creature before him essayed to join in the caecination.

'It was very funny—very funny,' he said, 'but they kept it up too long—if it was not for that, I'd have laughed myself, indeed I would;—but they kept it up cruelly long, and let me strike the ground every time; I'm aching from head to foot. It was at seven o'clock they turning me out of the camp, without a protection, so I dared not go towards Dublin, for you know all the passes are guarded, and I could not get thro' Drogheda to come here, for the king's—that is, King James's—soldiers have it, too; and there is not a creature in the country, and I had not a penny in my pocket, nor a morsel of food, and only for a drink of milk I got last night, I think I'd have died before morning, and a little girl ferried me over two miles below Drogheda; and I had such a round to come, keeping out of the way of the soldiers, for I was as much afraid of one side as the other, until I knew I was near where I could see you, sir, God bless you; so I was hiding in bushes and ditches the whole day long—and running this way and that—and as God is my judge, this day, I eat nothing but a handful of cold potatoes I got out of a pig trough, early this morning; I'm half dead, Mr. Garrett—I'm starving, sir.'

'I suppose you'd like to quarter here with me?' said Garrett, with a pleasant twinkle in his eye.

'If you don't let me, sir, I'm afraid I'll starve. I'll never live through the night without food,' returned Garvey, imploringly; 'since seven o'clock yesterday morning, I declare to God, I never eat a bit but half a dozen cold potatoes, not the size of walnuts. Oh, Mr. Garrett, Mr. Garrett,' and the wretched man sat down and crawled almost to his feet, in the desperate endeavor to catch the imperturbable captain's eye, now fixed upon the ground, 'sure you won't refuse me, sir? you would not turn me off; you would not have me starve.'

Garrett again took his pipe from his mouth, and spitting upon the ground, asked with a tranquil leer—

'And why should not I?'

'Because I served you, sir, in all your plans, Mr. Garrett; oh, sir, you mustn't forget, you won't forget,' replied the familiar, with agonised entreaty in every look, and tone, and gesture.—'Oh! Mr. Garrett, think, think of it—think of it all; remember Sir Hugh's business—remember Lady Willoughby: did I not help you every way; did I stop at anything?—and am not I ready for whatever you please again?—sure if I was only your dog that served you through thick and thin, Mr. Garrett, you would not refuse me a morsel of food, when I'm famishing with hunger.'

'And yet I have shot more than one dog in my time, for turning on his master; what do you say to that?' retorted Garrett, calmly.

'Why, Mr. Garrett, you don't mean—you can't mean—what is it—what is it at all?' cried the trembling villain.

'I'm not going to shoot you, you blockhead; but you had better let go my coat, or I'll hack your fingers off with my rapier; there, that's better,' said Garrett, roughly; 'you want, it seems, something to eat, and a place to lie in: that's reasonable enough, after all; you shall have them. Here, Corporal Ford, turn out four of your men,' he continued, addressing that officer; 'and now, Mr. Garvey, it is right to tell you, he resumed, after a considerable pause, and interrupting his address at every half dozen words to pursue his smoking, 'it's right you should understand that provisions are unusually dear—(here came a long whiff) and hungry mouths, on the contrary, unusually plenty—(here another puff); so that, you see, his majesty's officers must all, in their several capacities, exercise the strictest economy—(another whiff)—and as it happens that you will probably eat as much as another man—(here came a long, thin stream of smoke, which seemed, as it were, attenuated and extended by the length and subtlety of the calculation); and as unfortunately there is no conceivable useful purpose to which we can turn you here—(another stream, if possible thinner and longer); why it seems to me advisable, for the better service of his majesty, to quarter you for this night, upon the enemy—do you comprehend? So, here Corporal Ford, take this little Tory gentleman down to the river's bank, and—and the water is not yet too high to ford it—put him into the stream, and make him cross.—If he durns, send a ball or two after him, and I'll be bound—wherever he goes—he'll not return.'

In vain the affrighted wretch pleaded in an agony of terror—implored in the name of all the saints of Heaven, and for the sake of God Himself, to be turned out in any direction but the one which the inexorable captain had selected. He was hurried down to the river's brink, pouring forth prayers, imprecations, and entreaties at every step—shoved at last, actually weeping, into the stream—and then, under muzzles of the soldier's carbines, forced, willy nilly, to wade onward towards the hostile bank—often turning, often hesitating, now emerging nearly half way—and now nearly chin deep in the waters of the Boyne. At last, he hid himself, cowering among the sedges at the opposite shore—while every moment the rising tide forced him to shift his position, and gradually rendering his retreat impossible—while at the same time his teeth began to chatter, and his limbs grow numb, as he squatted in the chill waters.

Feeling at last that his strength was failing him, the wretched, terror-stricken creature, through very fear of the imminent death which threatened him, should he endeavour to maintain his precarious and miserable position, summoned up resolution, and splashing softly through the long grass and reeds, emerged at once upon the dry and solid sward. Creeping from bush to bush and shivering so that his very joints ached, the exhausted wretch endeavored by stamping his feet, chafing his limbs, and blowing upon his numbed fingers, to recover some of the vital warmth which seemed fast expiring within his chilled and travel-worn frame. Spite of all the caution, however, with which these comfortless proceeding were conducted, his movements were not long unobserved. An

unlucky sentinel, after dodging about in vigilant suspicion, with his piece cocked, at last descried the object which had alarmed him.

'Hola, who goes there?' was the stern challenge which arrested unfortunate Garvey, in his dreary *pas seul*.

He essayed to answer, but terror deprived him of utterance.

'Stand,' cried the soldier, making his way leisurely up to him—'stand, friend, or I'll blow your head off—stand, I say.'

As Garvey made no attempt to move, the hand of the musketeer was soon clutched firmly in the little man's cravat; and shaking him—perhaps a little more roughly than was strictly necessary, the soldier hauled him along with him, at every dozen steps propounding some new question, backed by an oath or two, and followed by a few additional chucks by the throat.

'Never an answer for me, is not there?' said he; 'well, I'm bringing you to a place where they'll find a tongue for you, if you were as dumb as a red herring.'

With this cheering assurance, Garvey was passively conducted by his captor to a roofless hovel, which answered for a guardroom, where two or three soldiers were sleeping, stretched on the ground, and some were smoking and chatting together; and having been catechized there again, with no better success, he was placed under a further escort, and conducted, as a suspected spy, to the tent of the officer in command of the division, who, unhappily for the wretched Garvey, turned out to be the notorious Lord Galmoy.

Passing the sentinel who kept guard outside the tent ropes, the little party found themselves in the presence of that cold-blooded and cruel nobleman. He had but just dismounted, and his military hat and gloves had not yet been removed. He sat beside a rude table, on which a pair of candles were burning, some reports and writing materials, along with his pistols, lay beside him; and a piece of tarpaulin stretched along a pole, fenced off a portion of the area for his lordship's bed-chamber. Beside him stood a stiff military attendant, who was receiving orders touching his lordship's personal equipment for the morrow; and his cuirass, together with his military saddle, and emblazoned saddle-cloth, lay upon a form close by.

As the party entered, his lordship looked up, and the light fell full upon his cadaverous face and hooked nose, and his bristling masses of light moustache; while his small, indolent eye coldly scanned them; and he said, in a drawing, careless tone, so slow and quiet, that but for its impassive coldness, it might have bespoken the very gentlest purposes:—

'A prisoner, so—what of him, corporal?'

'Crossed the river—so, so; and then crept up among the bushes—so!' resumed Lord Galmoy, as soon as he heard the statement through; 'and, as you say the very man, Miles Garrett's secretary, who was, yesterday morning turned out of the camp, a suspected traitor, there; and now, your prisoner—so, so. Have you any information of importance to give us?' he continued, lazily turning his eyes upon Garvey; 'if you have, say so, and it may possibly save you.'

'Ah, my lord general—noble, generous sir,' cried Garvey, whom the frenzy of actual despair had now at length restored to speech; 'I'm no spy, as God is my witness—I'm no traitor; don't, for God's sake, don't have me blanketed again, noble general. I'm as honest as the king himself, ask any one that knows me. If they toss me again, it will be the death of me—I'm just dead as it is.'

'I'm not thinking of any such thing, my good fellow,' said his lordship, tranquilly.

'Lord bless you, sir, my lord Galmoy, your noble honor; the Lord and all the saints of Heaven reward and prosper you.'

'Hold your tongue, fellow, if you can,' said his lordship, in the same even tone, and staring upon him with the same unmoved but singularly repulsive countenance—'hold your tongue and listen to me.'

'That I will, my Lord—noble general—' 'See, my good gentleman,' interrupted Lord Galmoy, in the same quiet way, 'if you won't hold your tongue, I'll make you do so. How long is it since you left the prince's camp?'

'Well, I should some twenty minutes or half an hour—perhaps more,' said Garvey, whose thoughts, just then, were none of the clearest.

'Is the prince still living?' pursued his lordship.

'I do suppose he is,' replied Garvey, more and more perplexed; 'but I know not that his life is in question.'

'Come, come,' said the officer, while, for the first time an imperious and measured emphasis slightly marked his calm address, and something indescribably intimidating overcast his features, though their tranquillity remained undisturbed, 'your simplicity is a little overacted—you really must manage to know something; take my advice, and remember something; I ask you sim-

ply, what opinion is pronounced on the price of your wound—is it mortal, dangerous, or trifling?—It's a plain question; do manage to answer it.

As I'm a living man, my lord general, I did not so much as hear he was wounded before now, replied Garvey.

Hum—ha!—I see—very well, Mr. what's your name?—I understand—you're a very clever person—very profound—or else really very stupid—stupid or contemptuous.

Mullins, said his lordship, suddenly addressing the military servant, who was standing by, as I live, I had well nigh forgotten to tell you to punch another hole in the left shoulder-strap of the inland cuirass; see, bring it hither? And his lordship went minutely into detail; and having concluded, he turned once more toward the party who awaited his further orders.

So, he offers nothing, continued his lordship, in the same calm tone; very well, you know what to do with him; and, serjeant, observe me, before you hang him, it will not be amiss to try him with the strappado; you may get something from him yet?

Good gracious—oh, mercy! cried the frantic prisoner; noble, good, kind, worthy general, it is not—it is not—it cannot be possible.

During this burst of agony, Lord Galmoj nodded impassively to the guard, who had hurried the wretched man from the tent long before he had concluded this incoherent appeal, the last he was ever to utter to the mercy of a human tribunal.

(To be Continued.)

PASTORAL LETTER.

TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESES OF CASHEL AND EMLY.

We make some extracts from a Pastoral upon Temperance, addressed by His Grace the Most Rev. P. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel and Emlly to the Clergy and Laity of the Dioceses:—

Look at man in the possession of his faculties and senses, such as God made him, and then look at him brutalised by excess, such as the demon of intemperance makes him—alas! how changed! Alone of all beings on earth, if in a state of sobriety he possesses the use of reason unclouded except by the shadow of the first sin, and in the light of this ray of heavenly intelligence beaming in upon the soul he is enabled to see and to know God in all that his eyes behold. Other beings see all these things as well. Man alone understands them, alone is able to glorify the Maker of all, alone is privileged to join the angels in the hymn of praise extorted at creation's dawn when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted with joy. Then again he possesses that other faculty of free will, which makes him like unto God, the master of his actions, with liberty to choose between good and evil, and choosing what is good to render to his Maker the homage of body and soul. Besides being adorned with these natural gifts of reason and free will, reflecting the image of God, as they do, man through grace is constituted an heir to the kingdom of Heaven, coher with Christ, own brother to Christ and so may he said with truth to be little less than the angels of Heaven. Such is man in the order of nature and grace, a rational being, a free being, a heaven-determined being, a god-like being. Such he is, or may be, so long as he retains the possession of his sober senses. But behold him in a state of intoxication, alas! how fallen! how utterly degraded! In the first place, his reason is fled, his light is extinguished by the fumes of liquor, and the ray of heavenly intelligence which before shone out from the human face divine is lost in that stolid drunken look. In the next place, all power over the will, all control over one's actions, is lost, inasmuch that the unhappy man either breaks out into the violence of a maniac or sinks into a state of utter helplessness like one struck with death. And so he biots out the image of God from his soul, may more, reduces himself below the level of the beast, for he deprives himself of the use of the senses that God gave him, a thing which the beast of the field never does. And this he does for the short-lived indulgence of his appetite. O! it is the sin of Adam and Eve repeated outside the gates of Paradise. What wonder that it should bring with it a similar punishment and involve the unhappy person guilty of it in similar ruin? And it does, for as our first parents were excluded from the earthly paradise for having preferred the gratification of their sensual desires to the command of God, so is the unhappy drunken man excluded from the kingdom of heaven if he happen to die in his sin, as he sometimes does, or without repentance as he oftentimes does. Of this we are assured by the Apostle, who, after enumerating several grievous sins, asserts that "they who do such things shall not obtain the kingdom of God."—Gal. v. 21. Well may you weep over any one who falls into the sin of drunkenness. If Jeremiah wept over the desolation of Jerusalem, much more may you weep over the ruin of God's work, the soul, which Jerusalem faintly shadowed in ruin as in beauty; and if the Prophet in most feeling words poured out his heart's sorrow over the departed beauty of that fair city, far greater reason have you to cry out, when you see God's fairer work, a living soul, brought to ruin, with its gifts and graces gone, with all its beauty effaced, and this you see when you see a drunken man—far greater reason have you then to cry out in the pathetic words of Jeremiah, "how is the gold become dim, the finest colour changed?"—Lam. vi. 1. But, let us look more into the evil of drunkenness, for this soul-destroying sin brings with it other and other evils. Yes, truly, every cup of the intemperate man quaffs is brimful of evil, and of all bitter cups it is the bitterest. He puts it to his lips to enjoy a momentary gratification but with the draught, sweet for a moment though it be, he is sure to drink of misery to his very dregs—misery to himself, misery to all whose fortunes are linked with his, for better, for worse. The intemperate man destroys his own character and blasts his prospects in life. Puffed he may be by a few persons for his weakness, despised he certainly will be by most persons for his degrading habits, and distrusted by all as one utterly unfit for any employment requiring the smallest degree of steadiness. Let him be a hardy workman with hands to do whatever hands could do, let him be a skilled artisan with all the intelligence which belongs to his vocation, let him be a professional man with a store of knowledge which it cost him long years to lay up—let the intemperate man be this and more yet it is all in vain. In vain does nature lavish her gifts upon such a man and fortune add her favours to nature's gifts—he is inevitably thrust aside to make way for others not to be compared with him for one moment in anything save and except the one essential requisite of sobriety. With everything else to command success in life he miscaires in everything, and, whilst he might have wrought out a respectable competency and secured a large amount of happiness, as sure as cause produces effect his one unfortunate propensity will render his life an insupportable burden, his lot one of unmitigated misery. He will live only to realise the truth of the saying of Ecclesiastics. "A workman that is a drunkard shall not be rich."—Ecc. xli. 1; and again of the wise man's proverb, "He that loveth wine shall add things shall not be rich."—Prov. xli. 17. Not so the temperate man. Even with comparatively little else to help him forward than his best friend, temperance, he goes ahead in the race of life, wins his way to respectability, and realises independence and

happiness. Enter into the home of the temperate man—do you find the same domestic happiness?—Alas! domestic happiness is a rare and a stranger thing for one, another though his home were ever so humble, might be a happy home. Enter in and see what manner of home it is. You may not find him there, for he may be on his revel in some of his wretched haunts; but you may find there hearts that ache for fear of what may befall him, eyes that watch, and are weary and wailing with watching for his return; if he escapes the many dangers which threaten the drunkard's steps, and which the loving waylay the drunkard's path, and brooding over ones at home have been boding and brooding through the long, weary, dismal night, he comes to relieve these dangers and comes home, he comes to relieve these poor anxious ones from the misery of wearing only by plunging them into the misery of wearing out the night in company of a wild beast in human form, and of having to listen to the sounds of discord, the curses, the blasphemies that ever and anon come forth upon his polluted breath, as from the mouth of one already damned. Is this lot one's son? He brings down the gray hairs of his parents with sorrow to the grave. Is he a husband and a father? Besides being a spendthrift of the worst kind who consumes upon one vile appetite the substance of wife and children, he gives bad example to the innocent little ones, he breaks the heart of their poor mother, and the home which for her and them ought to be a happy home, he turns into a hell upon earth. Oh! the misery of the drunkard's home! This is none worse out of hell. This misery it is, which the inspired writer has before his eyes when he asks, "What hath woe? Whose father woe? Who hath contentions? Who falls into pits? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" To his own question he gives the answer? "Surely they that pass their time in wine, and study to drink of their cups."—Prov. xlii. 29 & 30. The intemperate man in many an instance sinks into an early grave. How many examples of young men cut short in the very prime of life, some of them the victims of that fatal delirium brought on by their own excesses! How many a fine stalwart Irishman leaves his native land to seek his fortune, but only to find the drunkard's dishonoured grave? What with hard labour to earn his bread, and what with his own wasting excesses, his frame, though an iron one, could not stand for any time. Ere long his health is undermined, his once athletic frame is wasted away, he betakes himself to the hospital; the poor Irishman's last refuge in a foreign land, lingers there for a while, then dies before his time, and leaves his bones to be written beneath an American or an Australian sun. Is not this the history, the sad history, of many a fine Irishman? To die thus before one's time is, truth to say, a bad enough end; a worse end, however, oftentimes overtakes the drunkard, and that is a sudden and unprovided death. One man is killed by a fall from his horse, another is drowned, another is smothered in a ditch, another receives a death blow from the hand of a drunkard like himself, and so these unhappy sinners go before God in the midst of their sins without time to ask pardon for them or perhaps even to say, "Lord have mercy on my soul." And if the drunken man sometimes meets, he sometimes also inflicts a sudden death. Without any control over his passions, he quarrels upon the slightest pretext, and then his first impulse is to snatch up any dangerous weapon that may be next to hand, a stick or a stone and level it at the head of a fellow-creature. The hand which deals that blow or which launches that stone is the hand of a murderer, for who can say when he strikes another with such a weapon that he may not inflict death? that when he launches that stone from his hand it may not be the messenger of death? Although, God be thanked for it, such deeds are now of rare occurrence, and this part of the country is as peaceable as any portion of the realm—a state of things for which the county of Tipperary is much indebted to that alike upright and efficient judge, Serjeant Howley—yet many a time has the drunken man himself met and inflicted upon others a sudden and unprovided death. How many souls of our countrymen are thus as in divers other ways lost for ever through intemperance, some launched at once into eternity, others getting time indeed to think of themselves but not the grace, others getting both time and grace, but not availing of either—how many are so lost God only knows. This, however, may be confidently asserted, that, speaking of the people of Ireland, intemperance causes more souls to perish than any other single evil, even if the people of other countries be more intemperate, which is the case. But the intemperance of our people derives, if not a form of its own, certainly a very deep aggravation from this—that of the seven days of the week the one frequently selected for the indulgence of excess is the Sunday, on which day many persons go straightway from the house of God to the public-house, and there protracting their carousals all through the day and far into the night, to the scandal of all good persons, to the shame of religion, and to their own spiritual and temporal ruin, consecrate to the service of the devil the one day which God set apart for His own service under that most solemn command, "remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." This unchristian desecration of the Lord's Day and of the Church's Holidays fearfully aggravates the sin of intemperance. To wear our otherwise excellent people from this their besetting sin, their sin of sins, is about the greatest service spiritual or temporal which it is possible to render them. It is not too much to say that the people of Ireland are as religious and moral as any in the world. In piety to God, attachment to the faith of their conviction, parental and filial affection, female chastity, conjugal fidelity—in these and other high religious and moral attributes you will be at a loss to find their equal, you cannot find their superior. When the people are such, when even those who become the slaves of intemperance may for the most part be said to be betrayed into excess through the proverbial generosity and social dispositions of our countrymen—when this is so, pity it is that any portion of so fine a people should be wanting in any one virtue, or addicted to any one vice that could mar their happiness on earth and exclude them from the ever enduring happiness of heaven. In this our day I know of nothing more worthy of the clergy whose mission is under God to save sinners, nothing more befitting every good man interested in the amelioration of his fellow-creatures, than to devote whatever energies of mind or body one may possess, whatever authority he may be invested with, whatever influence he may command, to the high and the holy end of propagating temperance through the land and as far as possible making it a national virtue. Whoever does this is a benefactor to his countrymen.

Full of the responsibility of providing for the safety of the great mass of the people, your Lordship cannot share the sympathies of those who would sacrifice to the interests of an Establishment which is not the Church of the people. The recent revolutions which the Italian Peninsula is shaken, have been often the theme of your Lordship's eulogy; nor can we readily forget the fervour with which, at the close of the last session of Parliament, you hailed the success of the Sardinian arms in the unfortunate Kingdom of Naples. You are not ignorant how the Church of Piedmont—the Church of the people—has been plundered by the same Sardinian Government, and its revenues confiscated, and its convents suppressed, not to save the lives of its starving subjects, but to meet the enormous expenses of aggressive inroads on the territories of its neighbours. If you can reconcile with a just and sound policy to have transferred to the service of the State, funds that fed the hungry, that clothed the naked, that educated the young, and diffused the consolations of religion amongst all classes without even knowing or requiring the equivocal benefit of the Establishment to their original purpose of serving the State, and supporting the people, and sparing the continuance of the taxes for the poor, which the sacrilegious seizure of that property first occasioned. I need not remind you that there is not a period since the first dawn of any liberality, or any respect from the Penal Laws in which the monstrous encumbrance of this plethoric Establishment did not evoke the indignant condemnation of every man of whatever creed or country, Protestant or Catholic, be he Irish, or English, or Scotch, who had the least pretension to justice or humanity. Nay, more, your Lordship must know it is not in the nature of any justice-loving people (and for that love of justice the Irish have been noted), to be content under the mass of evils which that Establishment has continued to engender from its first inauspicious importation into our land.

Some of the members of the administration have set out, we are told, on a tour of inspection through the distressed districts. This information is gratifying, provided they do not travel, as the Italians say, like trunks, and provided they come in contact with the poor people, or put themselves in communication with reliable sources. An honourable baronet, an influential member of the Irish Government, has travelled, I understand, through Connemara, with something of railroad speed, and, if his celebrity be such as is reported, it is no wonder if it should be barren of that ample and minute information which his duty as a statesman and the safety of the lives of the people require. But, whatever were his inquiries regarding the extent of the failure of the potato, he has been, it is said, most inquisitive about the National Schools and the numbers of children who frequent them. It would seem as if his mission had rather for its object that scheme which has so long occupied the Government, the seizure of the entire control over the education of the country, through the despotism of the National Board, than affording prompt and efficient relief to the destitute population of Connemara and other suffering districts.

It is a remarkable coincidence that it was in the midst of the famine of thirteen and fourteen years ago, and during its most terrific ravages, that Government was so solicitous about founding infidel colleges for the education of those whom they were allowing to starve. And now, too, when another famine threatens to be let loose upon the people, we have a repetition of the same educational policy by kindred statesmen, thus striving to divert attention from the public calamity, affecting the utmost concern for the people's education whilst the same people are dreadfully suffering from the combined horrors of hunger and intense cold. I have the honour to be your Lordship's faithful servant.

JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin has addressed a Letter to his Clergy on the subject of Education.—We make some extracts in which he alludes to the "Godless Colleges"—

"Our Secretary of State, in his zeal to promote the condemned system has, it is said, given several endowments to the Queen's College; and, as if anxious to increase the number of the few unhappy Catholics who set at defiance the decisions of the Church, he has been writing letters to Catholic gentlemen, or otherwise communicating with them, for the purpose of inducing them to imitate his own example by endowing scholarships or exhibitions. I make this statement on the best authority; it is open to Sir Robert Peel to contradict it if it be not correct. We are told it is through love for the Catholics of Ireland that the zeal of the Secretary of State is so active in this matter. I cannot adopt this view. I do not pretend to judge Sir Robert's merely political opinions; but, in a religious point of view, I do believe that he is a most determined enemy of everything Catholic. He began his career by destroying the influence of the Catholics of Switzerland; he has lately vented his anger on the Catholics of Spain, where he formerly labored with the zeal of an Exeter Hall enthusiast. His eulogies of the arch revolutionist and enemy of the Church, Count Cavour, still echo through the halls of Westminster, and I need scarcely add that on every occasion he has displayed the bitterest hostility to the venerable Pottif who fills the chair of Peter, and to the institutions of the Holy Catholic Church. In confirmation of these statements I give two extracts from speeches of the right hon. gentleman. Speaking of the affairs of Italy, he says:—

"The chief difficulty of Italy is not at Venice, nor at Gaeta, nor at Massina: it is at Rome. The Reformation has commenced in Italy; I believe that the desire of civil liberty in that country is united with a strong desire for religious freedom, and that which has already been accomplished in Germany in England, and in Scotland, has been commenced in Italy. I say that the Reformation is growing apace in Italy in spite of the Court of Rome and in spite of the bishops. This accounts for the zeal of the Church of Rome to stop the march of Italian revolution, which it perceives is every day sapping the foundations of priestcraft and priestly intolerance. But, Sir, the great movement has gone on; and I may be permitted to express my hope that, as that system of progress which checks superstition and religious intolerance continues to take still deeper root in the minds and affections of the people, so it will contribute to the promotion of that material development and the future happiness of Italy. These are my feelings on Italy, and I have not exaggerated. I believe I have spoken the truth with regard to the bigotry of the Church of Rome and the intolerance

of its conduct, and I believe the Italians will do well to separate themselves from that conduct and turn from idle tales to these blessings of religious liberty."

So much for Sir Robert's kind wishes to the Pope. Let us now hear his judgment upon those holy men and devoted virgins who renounce all the pleasures and riches of this world in order to devote themselves to the service of suffering humanity, while endeavoring to walk in the footsteps and to imitate the example of the immaculate Lamb of God, who for our sake became poor and led a life of humility, obedience, and suffering on earth. We must recollect, says the right hon. baronet, "That the movement now going on in Italy is not merely a result of political feeling; the regeneration of Italy has a higher cause. The present movement for the regeneration of Italy is also a religious movement. The political and religious impulses are acting together. Dull ignorance and the nummities of superstition are giving way before the broad features of religious toleration. What recent decrees have most excited the admiration and gratitude of the people of Italy? The decrees that have broken up the monastic institutions and nunneries. These institutions are unseparable to civil society, and can only exist upon its destruction, or upon the want of it."—[Hunt, vol. 10, 1860—61.] As Sir Robert Peel has so openly and so emphatically declared his hostility to our holy religion I need scarcely ask—Will the Catholics of Ireland be guided by his counsel in affairs connected with religion and conscience? Will they allow him to take into his hands the education of their children? The peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all, brethren.

PAUL O'LEARY, Archbishop of Dublin.

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IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE APPROACHING CRISIS.—THE FAMINE.—The wall of apprehended distress reaches us from all sides—and yet, with few exceptions, the landlords have been deaf. The want of fuel is a great calamity. In Tuam, those who would purchase turf, are now using coals. The small farmers about Tuam, who paid a good part of their rents by means of that commodity, have sustained a great loss—their turf failed—potatoes blighted—oats inferior in quality. What shall become of them? How will they procure fuel even for themselves during the winter? To meet the whole of the rents is out of the question. To attempt to exact would be the greatest cruelty—it would be endeavoring to "extract blood out of a turnip." Captain Lalor, county of Tipperary, has promised a half year's abatement to his tenants, in consequence of the failure in the crops. Our talented and enlightened county member, W. H. Gregory, Esq., has ordered that the timber on his property should be cut down and distributed as fuel amongst his tenants.—Connacht Patriot.

DEARTH OF EMPLOYMENT.—The number of English and Scotch tradesmen at present visiting Belfast in search of employment is greater than at any period since 1847. Unfortunately, too, they are mostly unsuccessful, as many of our workmen are wandering about, with a similar object, on the other side of the Channel.

SCARCITY OF FUEL.—There is much turf cut in the bogs and lying about rotting for want of weather to save it; and we learn from various sources that the scarcity of fuel will not be so severely felt as the want of fuel to cook it, and warm the hearth of the cottier and small farmer, during the severe winter weather that must shortly set in with severity, and bring on pestilence and death, more than the scarcity of provisions. This state of things is not without a remedy if the influential members of the human family in the rural districts, particularly the boards of guardians of the several unions, would only look the matter in the face, and by a little energy on their part mitigate, if not altogether do away with, this unhappy state of things. There is no turf bog that we know of in which, by a little exertion, one or more drying kilns could not be erected and shedded over with rough timber, and covered with scraws, rushes or aquatic weeds, in which the turf now scattered and rotting on the surface may be speedily dried, and as fast as dried stacked outside. A little money judiciously employed in this way while we have fine weather, would tend to avert this evil and save the lives of thousands of our population which, for want of fuel, must be sacrificed. We trust some steps will be taken to get up some such plan before it be too late, and not let his down under such an awful calamity, calling upon the world at large to help us, while we have yet life and strength to help ourselves.—Farmer's Gazette.

A TRUE TEST OF THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.—At the late quarter sessions in this district of the county Kilkenny, we called attention to the significant fact that there were 512 processes; but here is something more extraordinary still.—In the Ballinakill quarter sessions district of the Queen's Co. no less than thirteen hundred and forty-nine civil bill processes were served at these sessions. Let no one of the Orange organs dare to talk of exaggerated statements after this, for in nine-tenths of these cases the processes were undefended and admitted, but beyond the power of payment, exposing the unfortunate defendants to be sold out to "the last stick." And this is happy, prosperous Ireland!—Kilkenny Journal.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The following circular has been sent to the Irish Catholic press for publication:—

Catholic University, Dublin, Nov. 4, 1861. Reverend Dear Sir—I have been directed respectfully to call your attention to the following resolutions, adopted by the Bishops of Ireland, at their general meeting, on the 25th April, ultimo:— "We unanimously agree to fix the third Sunday of November as the day on which the Catholic University Collection shall be annually held in every parish of every diocese of Ireland."

"We also declare our willingness to permit the rector, or other duly appointed authorities, to communicate with the clergy of our diocese with a view to the proper organization of the collection." In accordance with the commands of the bishops, I take the liberty to ask, reverend dear sir, your cooperation, and through you, the generous aid of your good people, in the collection which will take place on November 17th, the third Sunday of this month. We do not expect large contributions, although at a crisis like the present in the cause of Catholic Education, they will be specially useful.—But we do ask something, be it but small, from every parish, and from every Catholic throughout the land. It was chiefly by means of the small contributions of the masses that our country has been studied with churches and convents, and schools, and religious institutions of every kind. Even a few pounds each year from every parish will be sufficient to amply support the Catholic University, and to create for Ireland a centre whence may radiate the most brilliant light of knowledge to every part of our country—a seat of learning, which, through God's blessing, will, ere long, complete the literary glories of Catholic Ireland. Since the opening of this University, in 1854, many circumstances have, as often happens in the like cases, hindered its full development. But the time has now come when that development can be no longer delayed. The enemies of the faith of Ireland seem determined to complete that plan which the Holy Father, condemned as dangerous to faith and morals; they wish to found, even in this metropolis of our Catholic country, a college or university, in which the very name of the Catholic Church shall not be mentioned; they wish to hand over to the Government of this country, which must necessarily be Protestant, the education of the faithful people of Ireland. Forseeing this, our Holy Father, who guards Ireland even as the apple of his

eye, directed the establishment of the Catholic University, and, on receiving his commands, laid the foundation of this institution. The edifice thus founded, they wish now to push forward to completion; it may be a tower of strength for all time to come, for the faith and religious liberties of our people. Hence, in accordance with their lordships' wishes, arrangements have been made by which the halls of this university are now open to Catholic youths of every class, who by means of an education of the highest order, seek to win for themselves literary or scientific distinction, to advance in any profession, civil or military, or to attain those situations of honor and emolument now open to competition. Here, then, the Catholic nobility and gentry can acquire an education which will fully fit them to sit side by side with their Protestant fellow-countrymen in the senate, on the bench of justice as magistrates, or in any other honorable or lucrative position to which their birth entitles them; here the literary aspirant can obtain those academic distinctions which, although now not recognised by the Government of this country, on account of the unhappy change of religion, will be acknowledged by Europe and America, indeed by all Catholics at home and abroad, as emanating from that source of literary and scientific honor whence the older Universities of Oxford and Cambridge derive the right of granting degrees; here the children of the middle classes, who seek to advance in the social scale by honorable industry, can, at little expense, acquire that knowledge which will, through God's blessing, enable them to gain the pre-eminence to which they may lawfully aspire; here, in fine, even the humblest of our Catholic people, to whom at times the Almighty grants an unusually large share of intellect, while he denies them the goods of fortune, may, perchance, under the guidance of the Church, attain eminence like that to which she has in every age led many of her children through the paths of learning. Even in our own days, have not many risen from the humblest grade in society, by means of extraordinary talents, developed by scientific or literary acquirements? Is it impossible for young Irish Catholics to do the same, by receiving an education equal to the requirements of the age? The generosity of Catholic Ireland will, without doubt, open to many a deserving youth the halls of our Catholic University. Within the last few days a gentleman of this city has placed at my disposal £100 a year for ten years, as an endowment for five scholarships of £20 each. Every class of Catholics is, therefore, interested in the success of our University. A Protestant writer, in a work just published, says:—"The most detestable of the Penal Laws, morally speaking, were those which bribed conversion, by enabling convert children to dispossess their parents; but the worst were those which denied to the mass of the people and to their clergy the liberty of education." "To render men patient," said Burke, "under deprivation of all the rights of human nature everything which could give them a knowledge or feeling of those rights, was rationally forbidden. To render humanity fit to be insulted, it was fit that it should be degraded." The love of the Irish for knowledge is great. It broke out with singular strength in the earliest period of their history; it has broken forth again with the same strength, now that the means of education are once more afforded to them. It was not entirely quenched even by the Penal Laws, or by the social misery which prevailed during the same period. Hedge-schools were set up, when to open a regular school was forbidden; and the country presented the singular spectacle of a people, feebly but earnestly struggling to stain knowledge and intelligence, while ignorance and brutality were imposed upon them by the law. Ignorance and brutality are, it is true, no longer imposed on us by the law, yet we have to carry on the glorious work in which our fathers laboured so faithfully. The chief seat of learning in this Catholic country, the University of Trinity College, Dublin, is a Protestant institution. Some few clergymen of the Established Church, which, out of a population of five millions and a half, reckons little over half a million of members in Ireland, monopolize all the highest education of our people; and if the rising generation desire to quench their thirst at the fountain of knowledge, they must beg the waters of learning at the gate of an University whose rulers are aliens to our faith, or they must drink of streams which our Holy Father has declared to be poisoned at the source. Will Catholic Ireland allow this state of things to continue? Will she stand by and let her faith be taken from her, little by little? No; it must not be; with God's blessing, it shall not be; our country will have her own University, ray of the soil, ray of the old faith; and, therefore, rev. dear sir, we appeal to you and to your good people on behalf of the Catholic University of Ireland.—I have the honor to remain, rev. dear sir, your faithful servant in Christ.

BARTHOLOMEW WOODLOCK, Rector.

THE FUNERAL OF T. B. MACMANUS.—The funeral procession of our honored and lamented fellow-countryman, on Sunday last, was what we expected and foretold in this journal that it would be. It was attended by the patriots of Dublin in a multitude.—The procession was unparalleled in this country for its numbers; it was most orderly in its conduct, and was, on the whole, a magnificent national demonstration.—Dublin Nation.

The Dublin Irishman notices as a marked feature of the celebration of the MacManus obsequies, the non-prominence of Catholic emblems. He says:—"Another peculiarity about this great funeral procession was, the almost complete absence of any ceremony or device peculiar to Catholics alone. A stranger from another country could hardly tell, on looking at the funeral, to what sect the deceased belonged."

THE MACMANUS OBSEQUIES.—The following notice of the great funeral procession through the streets of Dublin, in honor of the late T. B. MacManus, is from an English paper, the Morning Star:—

If Ireland were not now united to Great Britain by ties stronger than what O'Connell used to call the golden link of the crown, or by that link, together with an English landed proprietary and an English Church, the demonstration which took place in Dublin on Sunday, on the occasion of the MacManus obsequies, would not have been made a subject of cynic sneer and ribald banter by the journal personifying the baseness which worships only success. And as it is, that demonstration ought to make the English Government and people carefully consider the relations between themselves and the Irish people, with a view of strengthening the real and permanent bonds between the two countries, and of eradicating those feelings of disloyalty which are still so strong in Ireland. For this is the significance of the Dublin display of Sunday. MacManus was an Irishman, who did with all his heart and soul what he could to overthrow the rule of England in his country. That he and his associates were mistaken, we may well admit; that they were utterly unsuccessful is matter of history; but the impartial judge will not allow failures, or the error which a failure involves, to lower his estimate of the patriotism and purity of purpose of the men. Perhaps Englishmen are not quite in a position to form an impartial judgment on the men and the events of 1848, nor can they be very much blamed for denying to the disloyal Irish what they so eagerly concede to the disloyal Poles. Consistency in such matters, where interest and dominion are involved, is a virtue which has never yet been found in any nation or people. But the recognition of it as a virtue ought, at least, to make us moderate our tone of rebuke when admonishing our disaffected fellow-subjects across St. George's Channel; and none but low-minded persons, who are constitutionally or by habit, incapable of understanding the feeling which makes high-spirited honest men cling to an idea or a cause although it is sinking, would see in the MacManus de-

LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE VISCOUNT PALMERSTON. St. Jarlath's, Tuam, Nov. 9, 1861.

MY LORD.—In the brief interval that has elapsed since I drew your Lordship's attention to the sad condition and gloomy prospects of our people, you have had opportunities of receiving fuller information on this subject from other quarters. And though it may not be long again until I feel it an imperative duty to address you again, the practical aid of the Government will be solicited, in the meantime, by similar and still more practical communications. However stubborn was the incredulity of the selfish regarding the impending famine, it is yielding at length to the notoriety of the extensive failure of the potato crop and of that indisputable fact—the most direful distress throughout several large districts must be the inevitable consequence.

To satisfy the craving exigency, it will not be enough to receive the official assurances that the subject has been and is still occupying the consideration of Government. Such cold and formal answers will give neither raiment nor nutriment to thousands on the brink of famishing from want of fuel as well

monstration an opportunity for rife and jeers and insults. M. Manus was not such a hero as Kosciuszko, or Poniaowski, but he represented what is essentially the same cause—the cause of nations struggling for their independence; and although the independence of Ireland is now irretrievably lost, while the extinction of that of Poland is only doubtful, the honours just conferred upon the deceased Irishman reflect as much credit upon those who bestowed them as the demonstrations in Warsaw do upon the patriotism of the Poles. But whatever the ethical and sentimental view of the fact may be, the fact itself is undoubted; and it is a great fact. A strong sentiment of disloyalty to the English Government pervades the mass of the Irish people. This rebel Irishman, we are told, whose body was conveyed all the way from the far-off shores of the Pacific to his native soil, had a funeral which, in popular enthusiasm, surpassed that of O'Connell himself. Although under the ostensible ban of Archbishop Cullen, the procession gave a glimpse of what could be evoked in the Irish capital, in the shape of physical force, by the influence of a disloyal sentiment. The procession itself extended over an area and from ten to twelve thousand—'all men,' says one account, 'who marched six or eight deep, with as much steadiness and regularity as could be expected from men whom the law prohibits from being drilled.' The honours paid by the procession to the memory of Emmet, when passing by the spot where that unsuccessful rebel was executed, bring the real significance of this demonstration into a clear light, and do not permit a doubt as to what the active sympathies of the mass of the people are. Had Dr. Cullen not seen reason to discontinue these honours to the memory of M. Manus; had he opened the Church of the Conception in Marlborough street to the catafalque, and allowed one of his clergymen to pronounce a funeral oration, to what proportions would the great rebel demonstration not have expanded? The Pagan Legate, however, is wise in his generation. He is unwilling to forfeit a chance of success in the effort he is making to obtain substantial advantages for his Church from the British Government, for the sake of indulging in a display of what he justly concludes to be only sentiment after all. But the strength in which, despite the archbishop's ban, the disaffected and disloyal feeling of the Dublin people showed itself, ought to leave no doubt on the mind of the Government as to what they have to deal with. It is of little use to say that these feelings are confined to the low and ignorant class. They who know anything of the real sentiments of the Irish middle class, when it is not dependent on official influences, know well with what detestation English rule is regarded amongst them. The Government itself seems quite aware of it, and the refusal to permit the formation of volunteer corps in Ireland must be taken as a fruit of that knowledge. If the Irish middle classes were sound there could be no motive for that refusal. The English volunteers belong exclusively to the middle classes, and it would be so in Ireland; but it is not against a French invader their rifles would be first turned. It is the lower classes that are most amenable to such tact orders as that issued by Dr. Cullen, not the middle; and we are inclined to think that the ten or twelve thousand men who, with ribbons on their arms, and in military order, marched to Glasnevin last Sunday, were composed mainly of the same class whence our own volunteers are drawn. The ties that bind Ireland to England cannot be broken. They are the ties of a considerable and increasing commerce, of a steady growth of community of ideas between important classes in both islands as to what constitutes good government, and the multiplication, slow it may be, but sure, of family relations. These are bonds conferring mutual benefits, and which are joyfully acquiesced in by both parties. In this case, participation increases the share of each. It is to the multiplication of these that the policy of the English government ought to be directed, and no policy can so effectually promote their extension as that of establishing perfect equality of laws and political rights between Great Britain and Ireland. At present the sister island is held as a conquered country, so far at least as one very offensive badge of subjection is concerned. How can thoughtful Englishmen imagine that Ireland can ever cease to feel discontented as long as the Protestant Church Establishment, imposed by English authority, is maintained there? That Church Establishment is the rallying point of what remains of the English garrison in Ireland, so that it is not alone an ecclesiastical grievance; it is also a great political oppression and injustice, and of course a standing incentive to disaffection. It serves also as the point d'appui of administrative exclusiveness and of much social intolerance. The mass of the people who do not belong to its community are in the administration of the law treated as an inferior caste; hence deep resentment and disloyalty in the minds of the people, who naturally confound the English Government and the Established Church. While perpetuating these evils, political and social, the Church does nothing that a Church ought to do; it is a negation of religion and of all good. Its evil influence has been considerably diminished of late years by a better spirit in our legislation for Ireland, and in the higher administration of the country; but as long as it remains, the Irish Church will prove an effectual obstacle to the conversion of the Irish people from disloyal to well-affected subjects of the Queen.

IRISH TALENT ABROAD.—It is extremely gratifying to learn from the following paragraph, taken from the Cork Constitution, that in a work of art an Irishman has won distinguished honours in India, exciting extraordinary number of 180 competitors:—"Designs having been called for in India for a monument to those who fell at the siege Delhi during the late mutiny in India, 180 were sent in. The successful one was by E. G. Martin, Esq., Assistant Executive Engineer, Delhi. Mr. Martin, is son to Mr. E. G. Martin, builder, of this city.

THE DERRYMASSIE AFFAIR.—The Lurgan magistrates on Monday, completed the inquiry into the charges preferred by the Protestant party against the Roman Catholics, for assaults committed on them at the well-remembered Derrymassie riot on the 12th of July, 1860. The bench determined on granting informations to be returned to the sessions against five individuals—two of them females!

DEADLY SUICIDE.—On Monday last an inquest was held at the Court House, Mitchelstown, before Mr. Henry Barry, coroner, and a respectable jury, on view of the body of a woman named Abigail Shea, who committed suicide by hanging herself in the bedchamber of that town on the previous Friday, where she was confined on a charge of passing base coin. It appears that after getting her breakfast in the morning she was put into her apartment, which was open on the yard outside, and having found a thin rope or line used for drying clothes, which was stowed away in a recess near the cell door, she inserted the ends of it through the iron bars of the cell window from the inside (as is supposed), and having gone outside the yard, which is considerably lower than the floor of the cell, she made a loop at the end of the rope, and having placed a pail belonging to the place under the window, by standing on it made a regular gallows, and thus effected her purpose. When discovered by the bedchamber-keeper the feet were found actually resting on the handle of the pail, from which it would appear, that the purpose to destroy herself must have been, most determined, as she could, from the position the body was found in, have released herself, or perhaps in the death struggle the feet may have become contracted and rested on the bucket. When taken down the corpse was warm, but on a medical examination life was found to be extinct. Evidence of the above facts having been adduced, and it being also proved, that she was acting in an incoherent and strange manner on the previous day, the jury returned a verdict, that she destroyed herself when in a state of temporary insanity.—Cork Examiner.

THE PROSECUTION OF THE MORNING NEWS.—An action for libel is at the present moment pending in Ireland which possesses more than local interest, and in which important public issues are involved. We do not allude to the law of libel especially, nor the oppressiveness with which it may be turned against an honest and truthful journalist. It is the administration of the criminal law as a whole which is about to be placed on its trial in the hearing of this action, brought by the under-sheriff of Armagh, against the proprietor of the Dublin Morning News. That functionary was accused, by a writer in the paper in question, with unfairly manipulating the jury lists, so as almost to exclude Roman Catholics from them; whereupon, deeming himself libelled, he has brought this action. A plea of justification has been filed, so that in reality the jury system, as at work in the north of Ireland, which is about to be placed on its trial. It is fortunate for the interests of justice, that the light of a judicial inquiry, and of the publicity which accompanies it, should thus be shed upon the subject of jury packing. Not, indeed, that there has been any mystery or obscurity about it. On the contrary, what surprises us is the fact of the under-sheriff's extreme sensibility in considering that to be a libel, which whether true or not as regards his individual case, is notoriously so in general. Nobody who has any acquaintance with the way in which criminal prosecutions are managed in Ireland, doubts the allegation that juries are expressly packed, now to secure a conviction, now an acquittal. The government law officers themselves resort to the nefarious practice occasionally, and it is so much a matter of course in those districts where, as in Armagh, Catholics and Protestants are mixed in nearly equal proportions, that one is astonished to find a sheriff complaining of being charged with it. What the trial of this action will do, however, is to compel attention to the system, and ensure some consideration of the complaints on the subject which the Catholics of Ulster have never ceased to utter, but hitherto without much effect. It is the business of the entire United Kingdom to see the sacred forms of justice are not in any quarter of the Queen's dominions made the cover of fraudulent perpetration of injustice and oppression; it is the imperative duty of the Government to apply a remedy to a state of things which is degrading to the great majority of the Irish people, while depriving them of what Englishmen justly look upon as the foundation of all our rights—fair trial by jury. We are not by any means attempting to prejudice the sub-sheriff's action, but this plea that he summoned the Catholics of Armagh on the jury panels in a fair and just proportion seems not to be reconcilable with the facts, and implies, besides, the assertion of a great deal more power in such functionary than a wholesome administration of the law would permit. As to the facts, they appear to be very plain. According to the late census there are in Armagh 92,100 Catholics out of a total population of 189,382. Every second man you meet will be a Catholic. Such is the proportion of Protestants and Catholics. Now what is the appearance of the jury panels? In a panel containing 314 names, we are told that no more than forty-five are Catholics, the remaining 269 being Protestants. At the last summer assizes, out of 189 jurors summoned, only eighteen were Catholics. Suppose a prisoner, an Orangeman—and Armagh is the head quarters of Orangemen—arraigned for shooting a Catholic in one of those periodical fights with which party spirit enlivens the records of Ulster. See the door of escape from justice which the combined character of the jury panel, and the just and fair proportion observed by the under-sheriff in summoning open to the accused. There are fewer than 30 Catholic jurors in attendance and the prisoner has the legal right to challenge twenty jurors peremptorily—that is without being obliged to assign any cause. He can thus secure a jury exclusively of Protestants, and the spectacle is exhibited of if not a failure of justice and impunity to murder, at any rate an exclusion of Catholics from the administration of justice in a case in which impartiality demanded their equal participations. It is of little consequence, as affecting the broad conclusion, whether the fault lies with the under-sheriff or on the original making up of the jury list. In the present case it is not improbable that the plaintiff may support a case by showing that, in summoning the panel to serve at the assizes he selected as many Catholics, in proportion to the whole number of Catholics on the list, as he selected Protestants. A comparison of the numbers might bear out some such conclusion. So far, that would probably be held to exonerate the sub-sheriff. But why leave it to that officer to make any selection at all? If we mistake not, a sheriff's duty in summoning a jury panel is comprised in taking from the general list of those qualified to serve as many names as he requires, with "perfect indifference." This indifference, prescribed by law, is the only guarantee possible against favouritism, and prejudice, in constituting the most essential portion of a court of justice. An indifferent taking would substantially result on an average of cases, in the same proportion of Catholics and Protestants being summoned, as that in which the names of the two parties stand in the general list; and the sheriff, therefore, would do better not to know any distinctions, but to take the names by lot. If, seeing the enormous disproportion in the general list, he had, to produce a somewhat better mixed parcel, summoned purposely all the Catholics on it, and made up the remainder of those required with Protestants, he would have been equally guilty of exceeding his legitimate functions as if, as is alleged, he purposely summoned a smaller proportion of Catholics than are on the list. However this may be, no matter in which stage of the process the exclusion of qualified persons of that denomination is affected, the fact is glaring that they are excluded systematically. Indignation at being thus branded as unworthy to take an equal part with their Protestant fellow subjects in the administration of the law, at being carefully shut out from the jury box as unworthy, is a very natural feeling to rise in the breasts of the Irish Catholics. The action against the Morning News has, as we are not surprised to learn, called out an immense amount of this feeling, which has taken substantial shape in the form of a Catholic Rights Defence Committee, and the collection of a fund to sustain the paper in its defence. It would be to fall short of the object and the occasion, and to miss a favourable opportunity, for the committee to confine itself to the support of the journal; its aim should be to force a radical change in the mode of preparing jury lists in Ireland, and to exact guarantees for the protection of a fair and impartial system from perversion by partisan officials.—London Star and Dial.

The leading topic here at present is the distress in the west of Ireland. Happily, it has not yet assumed a formidable aspect, nor is it likely to acquire the dimensions of famine. It is only in some limited districts that the potato crop has been lost to the extent of three-fourths. One-half is the general estimate. The floods in some places have added materially to the destitution. The want of fuel will be most severely felt, especially as the winter threatens to be a hard one, being ushered in by frost and snow, very unusual at this early period. The wet season prevented the saving of "turk" or peat, on which the people of Connaught rely almost entirely for fuel. "Fuel Committees" have therefore been formed in several places, and this is the direction in which the benevolence of the public will probably be most needed. It is hard to conceive anything more dreary or pitiable than the condition of the Connaught peasant in his miserable ill-tatched cold, damp cabin, on the bleak mountain-side, or in the low-lying flat country, generally flooded in rainy weather, without his customary turf fire, around which his half-clad children crouched, content with this source of comfort if they had potatoes enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It appears that in consequence of the failure of employment in the manufacturing districts of England many of the Connaught workers are returning home, which adds to

the demands on the scanty supplies of food. The destitution is beginning to tell on some of the workhouses, but not very seriously, yet. The number of inmates does not exceed one-third more than the number at this time last year, which is not much; considering that the number was, then, very small. Sir Robert Peel has judiciously resolved to seek information on the spot before taking any action on the part of the Government, in compliance with the urgent solicitations which have been addressed to him. By conversing with the local gentry and the clergy, the magistrates and the Poor Law Guardians, and comparing their different statements, he will be able to get at the truth—no easy matter for a stranger in that part of Ireland, as the Protestants and the Roman Catholics, the Saxon and the Celts, look at social as well as political matters from opposite points of view, and exaggerate so much that often, without meaning to deceive, they produce false impressions. This contrariety might puzzle the Chief Secretary, as, without local knowledge he could scarcely estimate properly the value of conflicting testimony. But he has prepared himself in the best possible manner to meet this difficulty. He is accompanied on his tour of inspection through the districts where distress prevails by Sir Henry Browne, Inspector-General of the Constabulary, who, both from personal observation during many years, and from his official position, knows the people of Ireland better than any other man in the country. He receives reports constantly from the county inspectors, and sub-inspectors, and these, again, derive their information from the constables, who are intimately acquainted with all the people in their respective localities, and have no motives to deceive. With such an interpreter of the feelings of the different classes, there is little doubt that the Chief Secretary will be able to ascertain the true state of things beyond the Shannon, and until he makes known the results of his examination it will be well for the benevolent public in England to wait, in order that the contributions which, real suffering will be sure to call forth may be rightly directed and honestly applied.—Times' Dublin Correspondent.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, DUBLIN.—LIBEL.—Hardy v. Sullivan.—Mr. Hamill applied, on the part of the defendant, who is the proprietor of the Morning News, to plead several defences to an action for libel, brought against him by Mr. Hardy, the sub-sheriff for the County Armagh. The article complained of as a libel charged the sub-sheriff with not having summoned a sufficient proportion of Roman Catholics upon the juries at the assizes, having reference to the relative proportion between them and the Protestants on the grand panel. There were two counts in the declaration—the first simply setting out the alleged libel, and the other setting it out with certain innuendoes. To both counts the defendant asked leave to plead that the publication was not a libel; and that the alleged libel was a fair commentary by a newspaper proprietor in such capacity upon the acts of a public officer; and thirdly, a plea of justification.

Judge Fitzgerald—What is the justification? Mr. Hamill—We first say that the facts are true, and that an unfair proportion of Roman Catholics were summoned by the plaintiffs as jurors.

Judge Fitzgerald—That is, you declare a certain statement to be true, and the truth is a justification in an action of libel. Was there an affidavit of these facts?

Counsel stated that Mr. Sullivan had been ill, but a draft affidavit was prepared which that gentleman would swear that day. In this affidavit the defendant stated that only nineteen Roman Catholics served at the late summer assizes out of a panel exceeding 280 names, which was a much less proportion of jurors of that persuasion than ought to be serving, inasmuch as the Roman Catholics constituted a moiety of the inhabitants of the county of Armagh, as appeared by the last census, and were in a majority in the city of Armagh, and for several years past the panel contained much less than a due proportion of Roman Catholics.

Judge Fitzgerald—The imputation is that the sub-sheriff made out the panel improperly.

Mr. Hamill—It is.

Judge Fitzgerald—And you say that the comments were fair comments on the acts of a public officer.

Counsel—We do.

Judge Fitzgerald—Is there any precedent for this second plea?

Mr. Hamill referred to the Earl of Lucan v. Smith. The Court allowed the defendant to plead these several defences.

THE KENMARE ESTATES.—A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—About three miles from the town of Killybegs there lives a farmer named John Connor, who holds thirty acres of splendid land in the parish of Ardagh, under Lord Castlerosse. During the life of the late Mr. Galloway, the land was occupied by Connor from Mr. F. H. Downing, solicitor; Connor's lease from Mr. Downing for five years having terminated, the land was given to another farmer named Dawley on the conditions of paying a fine of £120 before he got possession, which Connor had refused to pay. Dawley having become the in-going tenant, proceeded to take possession of the house and farm. Connor, who has a family, and whose wife was then *en route*, requested to be left until the following day as the weather then was very inclement. Dawley, without the least compassion, commenced to fling Connor's beds and bedding into the heap of marshy manure which is generally allowed to accumulate outside the threshold of dwelling houses in this part of the country. Connor's wife was obliged to stay in the cow-house during the night; and was pleased at having even this shelter from the harshness of the weather. This sad and almost incredible tale having been related to the agent of the Kenmare estates, Mr. Galloway, whose courtesy to all members of the community—particularly to the tenantry on the estate—is too well known to need comment, the matter was immediately stated to Lord Castlerosse, who promised Connor, when an opportunity would offer, to put him in as comfortable circumstances as he had been in. Dawley's lease having expired and the last gale day having arrived, Connor was reinstated on the same terms as he held the farm previously; and Dawley, who, long before this occurrence also held an extensive farm near Melbliffe, under the same nobleman, was then served with a notice to quit, for the harsh manner in which he acted towards Connor, and to mark Lord Castlerosse's disapprobation of the intolerable proceedings.

THE LATE EXPLOSION AT BALLINGOLLO.—The mystery which hung over the cause of this awful calamity has been resolved, up to a certain point at least. It is now almost beyond a doubt that drinking was the cause. One of the men engaged in the mill had some time before got into ill health, and was about to leave the employment. This made the occasion for offering his comrades a treat, and with that object he went out and procured some porter. The house in which he obtained it is known. While there the boat arrived, and the men belonging to the mill had to hurry off carrying the pot which held the liquor with them. The pot has since been found amongst the ruins. There is something of the horrible ludicrous in a link of the evidence, for it is known that when the explosion took place the women who sold the liquor exclaimed "Who is to pay me for the porter?" Once the fact that drinking had taken place in the mill is established, it is pretty evident that, in an establishment, where caution of the rigid kind must be the rule, the occasion of danger would at once arise. It is a fearful warning as to the consequences of yielding to a momentary temptation, while on the other hand, it is in a certain degree satisfactory, for the sake of those engaged in similar operations, to know that the catastrophe arose from causes which were avoidable, and that it would probably never have occurred had the unhappy victims not adhered to the rules of the establishment.—Cork Examiner.

The adjourned investigation of charges against nine Catholics for assaulting Orangemen at Derry-macnab, county of Armagh, was resumed and concluded. The cases were sent for trial.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE LONDON TIMES' ON MONASTIC ESTABLISHMENTS.—There is a great deal to be said for Monachism, and it has been said, in hundreds of volumes. In this busy modern world, however, we must treat it as a political problem. We need not go back to the "Pillar," Monks, or the "Grazing" Monks, or discuss whether sound piety or whimsical fanaticism formed the spring of action which set men moving upon a pillar or cutting herbage for their moals. We may deal with it as we find it in the Middle Ages, when all Europe was in a state of tumult and disorganization, when the barbarians from the North swept in successive waves over the civilized portions of the earth, and when, to perpetuate the disorders, the Saracens from the South trampled into ruins all that Goth and Hun had failed to destroy. In those days Monachism did good service to the world; the Monasteries were little sacred islets, round which the floods of martial fury eddied, and against which they burst, for the most part, innocuous. They were cities of refuge where the fugitive escaped the oppressor, where the slave became free, where men of peaceful avocations could halt for a moment and draw breath, where the student could shut out the noise of arms and give himself up to the records of the past. We owe to those monasteries almost everything we have saved, wrecks of that great era of destructive tempests. It is scarcely too much to say that but for them we should be cut off from the great master thoughts of Greece and Rome, as we are from the great builders and mound-pilers whose relics alone give us to suspect that there was a race before our history whose thoughts must have been as massive as their works. Let us not be ungrateful to the Monks. They were the historians, the agriculturists, the mathematicians, and, above all, the perpetrators of the literature of the written traditions of the human race. They curbed the rich and fed the poor; they were a moral power when there was no other power to stand between the weak and the brute force of the strong. These were their virtues, and we still enjoy the fruits of those virtues.

The result of the suppression of the Monasteries is thus portrayed by the Times:—"At the dissolution of the Monasteries England was overrun with bands of mendicants, who had never known the necessity of work, and who had been accustomed to pass from Monastery to Monastery, eating the bread of idleness. The difficulty of dealing with this mass of sturdy idleness was very great, as well as the memoirs of the time witness, but the embarrassment is most especially apparent in our statute-book. The Acts of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. exhibit the most frantic efforts to get rid of this intolerable evil. Every penalty, except that of imprisonment, was enacted against beggars. Almsgiving to a beggar was made a crime. A mendicant was to be whipped for the first offence, branded for the second, and hanged for the third. In the reign of Edward VI. a mendicant who begged an alms might be seized upon as a slave, and for a second offence might be held in slavery by any one who would claim him for life. We tried benevolences for the maintenance of the destitute, we invented our first rudimental law of settlement by giving licences to beg in the pauper's own neighbourhood. But all did not do. We read still with a half incredulity of the numbers of sturdy beggars who were hanged in the reign of Elizabeth.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.—A rumour is abroad, and it has reached us through a channel which we are disposed to confide in, to the effect that the conduct of the Duke of Cambridge to Lord William Paulet, at a late inspection of troops at Portsmouth, led to a sharp reprimand on the part of Lord William, and ultimately to an apology being made by the Duke. We notice this matter, because our attention has been repeatedly called to occurrences of a somewhat similar kind, in which his Royal Highness was reported to have been an actor by no means "well graded." We allude particularly to the occasion of his late visit to the Curragh, and we do so, subject of course, to correction. If the stories we have heard be true, the Duke of Cambridge is unfit for his position: if they be untrue, he should be made aware of them in order that the calumny may be corrected, and the columnists brought to disgrace.—Dublin Evening Mail.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.—An entirely new fashion has been introduced by ladies who are justly entitled to be looked up to as models: It has obtained the most unbounded approbation from gentlemen who have the happiness to be fathers or husbands. It consists of those dresses which were purchased last winter, and which, having been carefully put away, come out with all the advantages of novelty and economy. Some leaders of the fashion have gone so far as to place in the Savings' Bank the money which new dresses would have cost, but this habit is at present confined to ladies of the most exquisite taste and judgment. So graceful and well-fitting a habit, it is prognosticated, have many imitators.

The orders for the despatch of the 12-pounder battery of Armstrong guns to Quebec have been countermanded in consequence of the advanced state of the winter season. One hundred million of rifle ball cartridges are ordered to be got ready for transport by the mail packets for Canada.

HOW WELL BREAK THE BLOCKADE.

(From Punch, November 16.)
Cousin Jonathan, listen, and don't make a row,
Nor fancy you'll see the B. Lion afraid,
We beg to inform you we've taken a row,
On the earliest occasion to Break your Blockade.
We'll do it, old hoss, we'll have cotton, yes, Sir,
Though your lying old Herald may splutter and rave,
If we don't, say the Lion aforesaid's a cur,
And bid Mrs. Britannia stop ruling the wave.
Would you like to know how, Sir? Then don't be an ass.
Ground rifle, old hoss, leave that bowie alone:
A quarrel wants two, and in spite of your sarce
We won't be the Party to shy the first stone.
But we'll break your blockade, Cousin Jonathan yet,
Yes, darn our old stockings, C. J., but we will
And the cotton we'll have, and to work we will set
Every Lancashire hand, every Manchester mill.
We're recruiting to do it—we'll make no mi stakes
There's a place they call India, just over the
way;
There we're raising a force which, Jerusalem,
snakes!
We clean catabompus your cruisers, C. J.
And we won't have our eggs in one basket, dear
boy,
There's a place called Brazil, which you know's
real jam,
The order's gone out, and the world's to employ
All hands that can help us to wop Uncle Sam.
More power to our elbow, have ever you heard,
Of Venezuela?—come answer us, do;
There, Cousin, we hear from a nice little bird,
That a nice little rod is in pickle for you.
Et nihil nisi, but that won't be said
Of a certain rich valley, that nurses the Nile:
We're recruiting there, too, hoss, so hang down
your head
As if you'd no end of a brick in your tile.
You immortal old goney! you reckon to lick
The web-footed Lion that swims every sea!
We rather imagine he knows of a trick
That will turn on your backs, both—yourself and
Legree.
You needn't be nervous, no war flag shall flaunt,
Nor powder nor steel will be troubled for aid,
But we'll have all the cotton our mill-people want,
And so—and so only—we'll Break the Blockade.

We entertain a feeling of very serious alarm when we find our interests and the interests of mankind entrusted to a man whom no experience can teach and no responsibility can restrain; to whom age brings no discretion and power no dignity; and who writes from the Foreign Office essays whose style and quality would hardly pass muster in a college debating club. A war between England and America, at the present moment, would be a calamity to the world. In its immediate and material effects, indeed, it might be a gain to this country; for we should re-open our vast trade with the South; and with the North, since the Morrill tariff we have no trade to lose. But such a war would leave behind it feelings fatal to good relations between the two countries. It would throw the Federal Government into the hands of the despotic Powers, whose alliance they have always shown a strong disposition to court—a disposition natural to all democracies and sure to be fostered by a bitter quarrel with England. And such a war would force us into a closer alliance with the Confederate States than we ever ought to entertain with a power resting on the basis of slavery. Unless manifestly forced upon us, it would be regarded in Europe, and by a section of our own people, as a war for the sake of cotton on behalf of slavery. There is only one thing worse than such a war, namely, the submission to insult, menace and outrage. We are not a little afraid that we may incur both. It is possible that, after Lord Russell has alternated for a while between impertinent lectures on the Federal Constitution and quiet endurance of robbery and outrage on British vessels and citizens, he may find that he has "drifted into war" again; dishonoured his country as he dishonoured her at Vienna; again imperilled her interests, as he helped to do in 1855.—London Herald.

UNITED STATES.

THE BISHOP OF BUFFALO ON DELINQUENT NEWS-PAPER SUBSCRIBERS.—The Right Rev. Dr. Timon, Bishop of Buffalo, in a recent number of our Toronto Freeman excellent contemporary, the Sentinel, addressed an official letter to his Clergy, on the necessity of urging their flocks to support that journal, by paying up all arrears. As his Lordship's remarks bear strongly on our own case, we copy the concluding portion of them, in the hope they will be read and digested by those to whom they apply among our patrons. We trust, too, they will produce good fruits. Our readers will see from the views of this eminent divine, that it is a more serious affair to cheat a publisher of his just claims than many newspaper subscribers imagine. His Lordship enjoins upon the Clergy "to examine whether those who have taken the Sentinel for a year or more, who can pay for it, yet do not, but either refuse, or unjustly delay, payment, until the existence of the paper is imperilled, are worthy of absolution."

The following are His Lordship's words:—"The Catholic Sentinel has done good service; it has battled for our holy faith; it has spoken loudly and usefully for Ireland, and for the Irish; yet it suffers, through the non-payment of subscriptions. This is as much against the law of the land, as it is against the law of God; by the law, those who take a paper are required to pay for it; by the law it is forbidden to stop a paper before paying up the past arrears. The refusal or delay of payments has greatly injured the Sentinel, and threatens the very existence of the paper. I cannot for a moment think that any Catholic, who hopes for eternal life, would take the paper without intending to pay for it. The ruin of a Catholic paper is generally caused by delays of payment, based upon this supposition:—'What I owe is a trifle; the delay of paying a few dollars cannot much hurt or help the editor.' But if all would reason in the same way, the Editor would be ruined; and if, as is true, many reason thus, the paper is crippled, it languishes and dies. The Catholic Sentinel would have been long since enlarged had the honored subscribers been punctual in their payments."

By the kind and zealous patronage of the Venerable Clergy, and by the generous co-operations of the faithful, this Catholic paper of the diocese may soon be placed in a position that will make it a welcome visitor to every Catholic fire side. I therefore earnestly request you, Rev. Sir, and each Pastor, to read this circular to your flock, and exhort the faithful to take the official organ of the diocese, in preference to other papers, when they can take but one; and to pay for it in due time.

I also request your Reverence to examine whether those who have taken the Sentinel for a year or more, who can pay for it, yet do not, but either refuse, or unjustly delay, payment, until the existence of the paper is imperilled, are worthy of absolution; and, in the sacred tribunal, or from the pulpit, as your better judgment may dictate, announce your conviction on the subject.

With great respect and esteem, Rev. and dear Sir, your obedient and humble servant,
+ JOHN, Bp. of Buffalo.

The N. Y. Herald says that, when President Lincoln was informed of the arrest of the Confederate ambassadors, he declared emphatically that they would not be given up by the American Government, even though a war with England should be the consequence.

It is pretended by the Federal journals and the Pro-Yankee organs here, that the right of search of neutral vessels as a belligerent right, was never denied by the United States. To settle this falsehood we (Commercial Advertiser) make the following extract from President Madison's Message to Congress, May 25th, 1813:—"The British Cabinet also must be sensible, that with respect to the important question of impressment, on which the war so essentially turns, a search for or seizure of British persons or property on board neutral vessels on the high seas, is not a belligerent right derived from the law of nations; and it is obvious that no visit or search or use of force, on board neutral vessels of one independent power on the high seas, can in war or peace be sanctioned by the laws or authority of another power."

THE MASON AND SIDELL CASE.—It is now ascertained that no papers were found among the luggage of Messrs. Mason and Sidell, nothing to establish their quality of despatch-bearers or envoys.—They could only have been seized, therefore, as political refugees, and political refugees are not contraband of war, but, on the contrary, entitled to the protection of the flag under which they are found.—Thus the finding of papers is clearly of the greatest consequence in establishing the rightfulness or wrong of such a capture.—Montreal Gazette.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce transfers from the sacred columns of a "religious newspaper" into its own worldly space, for the perusal of sinful man and woman, the following manifestation of pious itching for second matrimony:—
Sonny Hs Did it.—Mr. E. C. Winter, editor of the Quincy (Ill.) Union, a German Republican paper, laments his support of Lincoln in this wise:—"Cursed be the vote that we put in the ballot box for Lincoln. Even Buchanan never deceived his party like Lincoln has deceived his. The diplomatist, Seward, was dropped in order that we might have an honest man for President, but how shamefully have we been deceived. We supported Lincoln—Oh, God, forgive us that sin! This lament was called forth by the President's rebuke of Fremont in the matter of the proclamation.
An Irish couple a few evenings since, at about nine o'clock, rang the door-bell of one of the Protestant clergymen of New Bedford. The door was opened by the clergyman, who, on enquiring what they wanted, was informed by Michael that he and Bridget came to be married. "But why," asked the parson, "don't you go to the priest?" "And sure we did," said Michael, "and he told us to go to the devil, and so we came to you."—Springfield Republican.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1861.

TO OUR READERS.

Mr. Gillies, of the TRUE WITNESS office, is now on a collecting and canvassing tour through Canada West. He has full authority to receive all monies due to this office, to give receipts, and to make such arrangements as he shall deem most convenient. We would respectfully bespeak for him a good reception from our numerous, delinquent subscribers.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

OUR readers will find much to inspire them with hope and confidence in the news from Italy which we publish on our sixth page. General Borjes is at the head of a very respectable force of Neapolitan patriots, and has inflicted several very decided thrashings upon the Piedmontese invaders. The cruelties of Cialdini—the butcher—as he is appropriately styled—have thoroughly aroused the latent hostility of the Neapolitans against the alien rule attempted to be imposed upon them; and a struggle as desperate as that which the brave Spaniards engaged in, when the first Napoleon tried to force his brother upon them as a King, is now raging in the south of the Italian Peninsula. Borjes is himself a Spaniard, and greatly distinguished himself in the civil wars of the Christians and Carlists in his native country. Every Catholic, every friend of liberty and justice will pray that God will be pleased to bless his arms, and enable him to purge the soil of Naples of its foreign invaders.

Until the Kingdom of Naples be thoroughly conquered, and its brave patriots exterminated, or reduced to subjection, the Kingdom of Italy cannot be regarded as un fait accompli; and it is only as the capital of such a Kingdom that Rome is of supreme political importance to Victor Emmanuel. It is not therefore so much from a desire to see the Bourbons reinstated on the throne of Naples, as from the desire to keep Victor Emmanuel out of Rome, that we interest ourselves in behalf of the oppressed Neapolitans. The latter, fighting for national independence, are at the same time fighting the battle of the entire Church.

Up to the time of going to press, the hourly expected steamer had not been telegraphed; we cannot therefore say how the tidings of the piratical searching of the Trent, and the capture of Messrs. Siddell and Mason, have been received by the British Government.

In the orations given to Capt. Wilkes by his countrymen, and by several of the most important municipalities of the Northern States, it is impossible to avoid recognising the manifestation of a spirit of bitter and determined hostility towards Great Britain; a spirit of hostility none the less bitter, because unprovoked by any act of aggression on the part of the British authorities; none the less determined, because it is generally and firmly believed that, no matter what the provocation, Great Britain will not fight. The "Lion" is said to be aged and toothless; therefore every petty Mayor believes he can insult the decrepid animal with impunity, and is pot-valorous accordingly.

There is nothing very brilliant in Captain Wilkes' exploit, considered in itself; and we know of no people, except our neighbors, who would attach much value to the bogus heroism displayed by the American man of war, in stopping, and searching an unarmed vessel, and capturing therefrom two unarmed and helpless men. If the American navy had no brighter deeds than this to boast of, its annals would be scarcely worth perusal.

It is therefore rather as an insult to Great Britain that the conduct of Captain Wilkes is valued, and approved by a large body of his fellow-countrymen, than as a feat of arms calculated to shed additional lustre upon Yankee laurels. It is in this light that we view the orations with which he has been welcomed; and viewed in this light, these orations are of grave national importance. They mean that an insult offered by an American naval officer to the British flag, is so grateful to the feelings, and so perfectly in harmony with the sentiments, of the people of the Northern States, as to entitle its perpetrator to honors which other and less enlightened communities reserve for the conqueror in the hard fought field.

Such being the feelings of our neighbors, and

such their sentiments towards Great Britain, it is difficult to feel very sanguine with regard to our international relations. Much as every Christian must deprecate war, ardently as he must pray for the preservation of peace, it is not easy to believe in the realization of those cherished aspirations. You can always find a stick when you want to beat a dog; says the proverb; and so with those who, like our neighbors, seem intent upon provoking a quarrel; if determined to fight, they will be at no loss for a casus belli.

The Message of the President of the N. States to the Congress which opened on the 2nd inst. is not reassuring. It is, considered grammatically, a villainous document, slip-slop in style, weak in argument, and remarkable only for its turbidity, reminding one of those Speeches from the Throne which Lord Castlereagh had the credit of composing, and which Cobbett so unmercifully criticised. Mr. Lincoln recommends his Congress to turn its attention towards the "great lakes and rivers," and suggests the propriety of forming thereon depots of arms and ammunition, at certain selected spots. As the Northern States can have no cause to apprehend an invasion from Canada, these preparations are manifestly aggressive, and seem to point to a premeditated attack upon British North America.

There are certain people who are popularly said to "rush in, where angels fear to tread;" and without the most remote intention of comparing our contemporary, the Montreal Witness, to "an angel of light," we cannot but feel that, in his presumptuous intrusion upon ground from which the Witness prudently keeps aloof, the Toronto Christian Guardian betrays some striking points of similarity to "the other party;" that is to say, to those who popularly and profanely are spoken of as "fools." For instance, the Witness has always observed a most discreet silence whenever by us challenged to give a full, concise, clear, and exhaustive definition of the terms "Protestant," and "Protestant Faith;" the latter, or Christian Guardian, however, not having the fear of the Dictionary before his eyes, rushes impetuously to the rescue of his evangelical brother, and thus attempts to meet our challenge:—

"The only definition of a Protestant is—Every one who protests against Popery on the ground that the Holy Scriptures are the only authority in matters of doctrine, and that we are justified only by faith in Christ."—Christian Guardian, 13th inst.

Our cotemporary adds:— "Will the True Witness please in future construct his arguments against Protestants in harmony with this, which is the only true signification of the word."—Id.

To this request we give a most unqualified denial. We can conceive, indeed, of no reason, based upon history or theology, upon grammar or etymology, why the Christian Guardian should make such a demand upon us; and guided always by the light of history, and by the principles of etymology, we reject in toto the definition of the word "Protestant" assigned to it by our Methodist cotemporary.

In its origin, the term Protestant signified every one who joined in the "Protest" made in the Sitting of the 19th of April 1529, by the minority of the Diet of Spires, against the decree of the majority of the same assembly, which virtually repealed or annulled the decision of 1526; in virtue of which a large amount of freedom in the choice of religion had been, in spite of the Edict of Worms, secured to the dissentient States and Cities of the Empire.—This "Protest" was based upon political, rather than upon religious grounds; and was defended rather by appeals to the public law of the Empire, than by appeals to Scripture. As Ranke, the Protestant German historian, tells us, in his "History of the Reformation in Germany," "They—the Protesters—especially insisted on the fundamental principles of the law of the Empire"—and declared that "they could not be obliged, without their consent, to give up the privileges secured to them by the Recess lately drawn up at Spires." In short, it was against the invasion of their civil rights, as members of the Empire, that the first Protestants protested; and in the words of the Protestant historian writer by us above quoted:—

"The discussions of the Diet of 1529 turned rather on a question of public law, than on any point of doctrine."—Ranke's Hist. of Reformation in Germany lib. v. c. vi.

The definition of the word "Protestant," given by the Christian Guardian is therefore historically false; it is also repugnant to sound etymology.

Applied in a general religious sense, instead of in the earlier political, and politically restricted sense in which it was first applied, to denote those who adhered to the Protest against the invasion upon the civil rights, or autonomy of the members of the Empire—of which invasion the majority of the Diet of 1529 was accused by the protesting minority—the word "Protestant" implies simply one who protests—irrespective both of the reasons for that protest, and of the particular opinions upon religious matters which he who so protests may chance to entertain; and it is in this sense, and in this sense alone, that we employ it—restricting its use however to those who by Baptism have been

made members of the Catholic Church, and Christian community. It is for the Christian Guardian, and he impugns the propriety of this employment of the word in question, to show from historical, theological, and etymological considerations, how, and wherein we are in error.

Considered theologically, the Christian Guardian's definition is worthless, because imperfect and ambiguous. It consists of two parts. The first is simply the negation of any authority in the religious or supernatural order besides that of the "Holy Scriptures," but it does not logically imply the recognition of the doctrinal or supernatural authority of those Scriptures, as an essential condition of Protestantism. Every man—even according to this part of our cotemporary's definition—who rejects the doctrinal authority of the Papal Church is ipso facto a Protestant; because he "protests against Popery on the ground that the Holy Scriptures are the only authority in matters of doctrine"—though the person so protesting need not necessarily recognise those Scriptures as of any great doctrinal authority at all. The second part of the definition is ambiguous; for it is impossible to tell whether it exacts as an essential condition of Protestantism, the recognition of the truth of the old Lutheran formula, that "man is justified by faith alone,"—that is, by a faith unaccompanied by good works, and formed or vivified by charity; or whether the faith whereof a justifying efficacy is therein predicated, is identical with that faith which, according to the teachings of the Papal Church justifies—that is to say, a faith vivified and working by charity.

Besides, the Christian Guardian assigns—suggests even—no means by which his Protestant is to ascertain what "Scriptures" fall within the category of "Holy." This is a point of doctrine which every man must settle for himself; for if he accept the doctrinal authority, or inspiration, of certain scriptures upon the authority of history, tradition, or any authority whatsoever, extrinsic to those writings, he recognises that the "Holy Scriptures are not the only authority in matters of doctrine. If, however, he reject all authority in the supernatural or doctrinal order, extrinsic to the scriptures, he must claim for himself "a verifying faculty," or intuitive capacity for testing the truth of any pretended revelation—the possession of which faculty would render all revelation, ab extra—whether by means of a book, or of a Church—superfluous. In practise however, most Protestants do, and must assert, the existence both of a doctrinal authority extrinsic to the scriptures, whereby they learn of what writings the "Holy Scriptures" consist; and of a "verifying faculty," or inward light, whereby they discover the hidden meaning of those Scriptures. When the Protestant asserts the sole authority of the Bible, he really means the Bible as interpreted by his private judgment.

We understand, however, the Christian Guardian's meaning; for it is the custom of the little clique to which he belongs to restrict the employment of the generic term "Protestant," to that section of the Protestant world which calls itself "evangelical" and "orthodox;" and to refuse it to that other and far more important—numerically and intellectually—section which is generally known as "Liberal;" and which always rejecting Calvinism, embraces within its ranks, Arrians, Socinians, Unitarians, Universalists, Swedenborgians, &c., &c., &c. This assumption on the part of the "evangelicals" is untenable, for if submitted to, it would un-Protestantise the most illustrious of Protestants. For instance, the great Protestant poet Milton was an Arian; and an Arian or semi-Arian Christology is necessarily accompanied by an anthropology more or less Pelagian; which again, however modified, is incompatible with the doctrine of "justification by faith alone." So too with most of the great writers and thinkers of Protestantism, whether in England or on the Continent. They were in their several generations, and are for the most part to-day, Arrians or Unitarians; and if the Christian Guardian insist upon our using the term Protestant in harmony with his definition—he must be prepared to renounce all Protestant partnership with Milton, Locke, Newton, and hosts of others, of whom hitherto the Protestant world has been accustomed to boast, as of its brightest ornaments. Even Luther must be renounced; for Luther was not a Protestant in the sense of admitting the "doctrinal authority" of the book which the Christian Guardian reveres as the "Holy Scriptures." Luther rejected not only the Apocalypse, but the Epistle attributed to St. James; and therefore, if belief in the doctrinal authority of the entire book which the Christian Guardian calls the Bible, be an essential condition of Protestantism, Luther was not a Protestant, because he denounced that book as containing much that was apocryphal, and much that was certainly false, and an "epistle of straws."

For these reasons we reject the definition, which, without a show of argument the Christian Guardian desires to impose upon us; and shall still continue to use that definition which alone is complete, clear, concise, and exhaustive—viz. "A Protestant is any baptized person who protests against the authority of the Papal Church."

A VERY SILLY QUESTION.—We find in the Montreal Herald of the 28th ult. a very silly argument against the right of the Southern States to secede, couched in the following (Socratic) terms:—"Suppose there were Lancashire seceding from England instead of the South from the Northern States; might not any foreign friend use precisely the same argument of expediency as the Times now tenders to the North Americans? Would not the shortest way to peace be to let Lancashire go? And yet what Englishman would say so? Nay, more, if not Lancashire only, but several counties were to secede, and that in such force as to make it doubtful how long the struggle would last, or whether the old or the new kingdom would in the end be successful, would any Englishman for one moment say that at all hazards the unity of the realm must not be maintained?"

Yes! certainly. For in the case of a Lancashire secession, or the secession of any county in England, the argument used to justify the action of the Southern seceding States would be palpably inapplicable; because betwixt the relation in which Lancashire stands to the British Empire, and to the Imperial Government, and that in which the several States of the Union stand to the Federal authority, there is not any, even the most remote, analogy. Even in the Legislative Union of the several once independent States which now compose the British Empire, it is absurd to look for the most distant analogy with that Union that binds together the still Sovereign States of this Continent. The one is a Legislative, the other a Federal Union; and these two kinds of Union are radically or essentially different, indeed incompatible, the one with the other; and no one but a nincompoop would attempt to compare them, because they differ, not in degree but in kind.

The several States of which the American Union consists, and till lately consisted, are, and were, in theory and in fact, Sovereign and Independent States, with regard to one another; each having its own independent Legislature and Executive, with supreme or sovereign powers within its borders—and that power, not a delegated power or authority, as in the case of a British Colony, whose right of self-government is derived from the central authority—but inherent and inalienable. It existed in its plenitude before the Union; it was not lost or taken away by the Union; and no action of the Federal Government can in any wise impair or even modify it. The essential condition of the American Union, its form, or vital principle, consists in this—that it is a Federation of Sovereign and Independent States; each member thereof retaining all of its sovereignty and independence, which, by the Act of Union, it has not explicitly consented to waive, as the condition of being admitted with that Union.

It is therefore childish, worse than childish, to argue against the right of the Sovereign and Independent State of South Carolina to secede from a Federal Union into which it entered as an independent State, from the admitted illegality of an English county, which never was either Sovereign or Independent—and which as such never entered into a Federal Treaty, either with the other counties of England or with the Imperial Government at Westminster—to "secede from England." The local authorities of Lancashire for instance, derive all their legitimate power from the Imperial Government; the Governor and Legislature of South Carolina do not derive their authority from the Federal Government; the former, therefore, has, and can have, no right to secede; the right of the latter to take such a step may also be contested, but upon entirely different grounds, from those taken up by the Montreal Herald.

We must admit, however, that the argument of the Herald in behalf of his Yankee friends, vicious though that argument be, is not his own, and that therefore, he is not exclusively responsible for its absurdity. It is an argument which, in substance, underlies all the pleas put forward by the Northerners for maintaining the Union by force of arms; and its constant recurrence is a convincing proof how completely the political principles of the founders of the Union are either forgotten, or deliberately trampled under foot, by its self-styled "armed defenders." The course which the latter are pursuing is certain, if successfully followed out, to destroy that Union, or form of political government, which the great statesmen of the last century established, because it runs counter to all their principles, and political axioms. Never did Washington, never did any of the brave and wise who fought by his side, and sat in council with him, dream of such a Union as that which the Northerners are now seeking to impose upon a conquered South—a Union, the counterpart of that which the Jacobins succeeded in imposing upon France; and certainly the fathers of American Independence little imagined that they were fighting for a centralised, despotic—for a public "one and indivisible," in which the several Sovereign and Independent States to which they belonged should subside into the condition of English counties. If the defenders of the Union are but giving utterance to their real sentiments when they advocate their cause in language such as that which their friend the Montreal Herald employs in their behalf; if the precedents of an English county are indeed to be made applicable to the political status of the Sovereign States of which

the American Union has hitherto been composed—then are the Secessionists fairly entitled to the admiration and sympathies of every honest man, and intelligent lover of freedom of every one who believes that defensive war is legitimate, and who has sufficiently profited by the lessons of history to know that centralisation invariably means ruthless, intolerable despotism. The Herald generously furnishes the seceding States with an argument which is unanswerable. "We are fighting" they may now say, "in order that we may preserve our autonomy, and that sovereignty and independence which the original Union professed to secure to us; we are fighting that we may not become mere Provinces or municipalities; and in so fighting, we are doing battle in the cause of true freedom, and of true Conservatism."

We do not presume to dogmatise; nor will we assert that according to the letter and the spirit of the original Treaty or Act of Union, any one State, or party thereunto, has the right to secede from the Union, or to retract its consent to that Treaty, contrary to the wishes of the other contracting parties. Much we believe may be said on both sides; and whilst history furnishes us with no precedents by which to examine the value of the respective pleas; and whilst there is no tribunal competent to pronounce a decision in the case, we think it more prudent to abstain from expressing any very decided opinion upon the subject in dispute. In the case of the United States the *contract social* is a reality, and not the idle dream of a social visionary, or rather political charlatan. The Act of Union is an Act of partnership betwixt several sovereign and mutually independent States, voluntarily entered into, for certain defined objects, and upon certain specified conditions. It would seem therefore that, like an act of partnership, contracted betwixt individuals, similarly situated with regard to one another, and under analogous circumstances—the Act of Union is conditional, and liable to be cancelled, either by the mutual consent of the contracting parties, or by the failure of one party thereunto faithfully to fulfil its terms, and to carry out the objects for which it was designed. This position may be taken up, and logically maintained; and from it, no doubt, the lawyer may be able to show—according as his Northern or Southern proclivities predominate—that the Southern States have, or that they have not, the right to secede; and that secession involves, or does not involve, a breach of contract. But to argue from the stand point occupied by the Herald is absurd, or rather amounts in substance to conceding the right of the South to take up arms against the North; because it implies that the latter claims the same rights of sovereignty over South Carolina, as those which the Government of Queen Victoria claims over Lancashire; and because the assertion of such a claim is the negation of the fundamental or formal principle of the American Union, which is based upon the inherent inalienable sovereignty of the several States of which it is composed. Destroy, or seriously weaken, that principle, and there may remain no doubt an American Republic; but it will no longer be, or bear any resemblance to, that Republic which Washington founded, and which has hitherto been paraded before the world as the *chef d'œuvre* of political wisdom.

THE MACMANUS OBERQUIETS.—The honors lately paid in Ireland to the mortal remains of Terence Bellew MacManus have, of course, provoked many comments from the press. The Morning Star's remarks upon the subject are, if not altogether, unexceptionable, at all events in much better taste than are those of the majority of its Protestant contemporaries, and for this reason we transfer them to our columns. Its reflections upon the origin of the Protestant Establishment, and the effects of that hated institution upon the minds of the Catholics of Ireland are worthy of attentive consideration.

For it cannot be denied that there exists amongst the majority of the Irish Catholics a feeling of strong, deep-seated disaffection with the British Government; and that this feeling is the natural result of long generations of misgovernment, of which the Protestant Establishment of to-day is a standing memorial. In a spiritual point of view, the Parliament Church has, indeed, done but little harm; it may be doubted even whether it has been the instrument, or cause of the apostacy of a single Catholic; and perhaps it is not too much to say, that tepid or indifferent Papists have been established in the faith by the very sentiment of hostility to Protestantism which the sight of that Church could not fail to elicit. As a political grievance however, the existence of such a monstrous anomaly as a Protestant Church, "By Law Established" for a people of whom the overwhelming majority are, as they ever have been, Catholic and intensely Catholic, can scarcely be exaggerated; and to its perpetuation the British Government owes that ill-will of which it undoubtedly is the object, and of which the late "MacManus Oberquets" were the outward and visible sign to assure it thereof. The British Statesmen who

should undertake to grapple with this monster grievance, and who, respecting the vested rights of the Protestant minority, should dare to venture upon a course of policy having for its object the rendering even of an instalment of justice to Ireland; by a fair redistribution of ecclesiastical property amongst the several denominations, would deserve the best thanks both of Ireland and of England.

It is in vain to expect that the majority of the people of Ireland shall be rationally attached to British connection; so long as in virtue of that connection, a badge of inferiority or servitude is imposed upon them. Had the policy of the Stuarts triumphed in Scotland; had they permanently succeeded in imposing a detested Protestant Episcopacy upon its strongly anti-Episcopal people, we should have witnessed in Scotland as much disaffection towards the Union, as that which undoubtedly exists in Ireland, and which displayed itself in the form of posthumous honors to a man whose claim to distinction was that he had taken part in an abortive insurrection against the British Government. It is absurd therefore, or rather it is most unjust, to accuse Irishmen with want of loyalty to British rule as a crime, when it is that rule alone which provokes that disaffection by its incomprehensible fatuity in upholding a monster political grievance which has no parallel either in ancient or in modern times, and which the loyal people of Scotland rejected with arms in their hands. If the latter are loyal to-day, it is solely because their ancestors were successful rebels; if a large portion of Queen Victoria's Irish subjects are still disaffected, it is because, the odious policy which was defeated in Scotland has been, and unfortunately still is, triumphant in Ireland. It is becoming the fashion now-a-days to laud the Covenanters because of their stern resistance to a Government which endeavored to impose upon them an ecclesiastical form of policy repugnant to the majority of the people. In time we hope that equal justice shall be rendered even to Irish malcontents; and that their opposition to the hated and alien Church Establishment which the sword of the conqueror has forced upon them, shall meet with censure not more severe than that with which the Protestant historian visits the contumacy of Scotch Presbyterians.

The marvel is, under actual circumstances, not that Irish Catholics are ill-disposed towards the British Government, but that they should be so patient under grievous wrong, and so obedient to alien rule, as they actually are. This marvel is the work of that persecuted Church which every Protestant declaims against, as the fautor of sedition; and were the moral influence of the Catholic Bishops and Clergy of Ireland over their flocks to be considerably impaired, the consequences would soon display themselves in a more strongly marked form than that in which the sympathisers with MacManus deemed it prudent to indulge. It is because the majority of the people of Ireland are thoroughly Catholic, and because their religion imposes upon them the duty of obedience to the civil magistrate, that their expression of disaffection towards British rule is confined to such harmless and bloodless demonstrations as those which the streets of Dublin lately witnessed. A Non-Catholic people, treated as the Irish have been treated, and groaning under such a wrong and such an insult as that of which the Catholics of Ireland have just cause to complain, in the shape of the Protestant Church "By Law Established," would quickly seek redress for that wrong by an appeal to arms, and would endeavor, at all events, to efface every vestige of that insult in blood. Thank God! however, in spite of the bluster of demagogues, and infidels, in spite of the "Swaddlers," and the legions of Parsondom, Ireland is still in the main truly Catholic; and therefore religiously obedient to, even if not affectionately disposed towards, those rulers whom Divine Providence has placed over it—and we trust that it may continue to be so. We believe in the cause of Irish "Nationality;" we believe that better and halcyon days are yet in store for her; but we do not believe that the cause of Ireland can be promoted by an unholy and unnatural alliance of Catholicity with nineteenth century Liberalism; but we are sure that the worst enemies of Catholic Ireland are they who, directly or indirectly, strive to sever the ties which bind the Irish priest to the Irish people, and the Irish people to the Irish priest.

THE "LOW ORANGEMEN."—His Excellency the Governor General has already had the misfortune of giving offence to some of the "tag-rag and bobtail" of the "Protestant Ascendancy" party in this Province, by his courteous and gentlemanly demeanor to all Her Majesty's subjects, whether Catholic or Protestant. He has visited, received, and replied to addresses from, Catholic Educational Institutions at Quebec, and has won golden opinions from men of all classes and origins by his evident determination to act impartially towards all. At this the "Low Orangemen" are very indignant; and their organ breaks out into the following strain of invective:—

that this policy will at all events, not be tolerated in Protestant Upper Canada. His Excellency will not we think be much frightened by these threats of the "Low Orangemen." He will remember how they were treated at Kingston by the son of His Royal Mistress, and the great British statesman who accompanied our illustrious visitor; and with this vision of the snubbing of a drunken drabble-tailed rabble before his eyes, he will be well fortified against the terrors of the pot-house tempest which these "low Orangemen" are trying to conjure up against him.

HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF TORONTO.—We much regret to learn from the Toronto Freeman that the health of this estimable Prelate has been such of late as to cause uneasiness to his numerous friends, and to his attached flock in particular. Incessant labors, and the fatigues caused by the charge of his large diocese, are mentioned as the provoking cause of his Lordship's indisposition. We therefore reiterate the Freeman's hope that "a little repose from incessant labor may effectually and soon recruit our good Bishop's health."

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.—Our fellow-citizens of Scottish origin celebrated the time-honored festival of their Patron Saint on Monday last.—Their Procession was remarkably well organized, and much larger than usual, whence we conclude that the ranks of the St. Andrew's Society—whose services to the poor are worthy of all praise—have been greatly recruited of late. In the evening there was the usual Annual Gathering of the children of Caledonia in the City Concert Hall, which was well and numerously attended. The Festivities, which were under the direction of the St. Andrews, the Thistle, and Caledonian Societies were admirably managed, as was attested by the numbers, of all origins, who crowded the Hall anxious to participate therein. The proceeds of the evening's entertainment are destined for the support of the St. Andrew's Home.

CENSUS OF NOVA SCOTIA.—By the last Census, recently taken, it appears that the population of this Province amounts to 330,857. Of these, 86,281 are put down as Catholics, whilst the most numerous of the Protestant or Non-Catholic sects, can boast only of 69,456 adherents. Of the minor Protestant sects, the Methodists seem to be one of the least influential, numbering only 27 members; and we meet with another denomination whose name is new to us, that of the Sademianians, whose force is put down as 46. In what particular form the Protestantism of the last named sect manifests itself, we are not informed.

Mr. P. P. Lynch has kindly consented to act as Agent for Belleville and vicinity.

VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY LORD MONCK TO THE SEMINARY AND LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

On Tuesday afternoon 26th ult., His Excellency Lord Monck, accompanied by Lady Monck, and the Misses Monck, Mr. Godley, and Lieut. Brand, A.D.C., visited the Quebec Seminary and the Laval University.

On entering the Seminary the distinguished party were received by the Superior and Directors of the institution and conducted to the public hall, where His Lordship, M. de Tloa, Administrator of the Diocese of Quebec, was in waiting, surrounded by the priests of the Seminary and a number of other clergymen. There also the pupils of the Seminary, to the number of four hundred, were assembled. A throne, surmounted by a beautiful canopy of gold and damask, had been prepared for their Excellencies, and when they had taken their places an address was presented to them in the name of the pupils of the Quebec Seminary. An address to Lady Monck was also read by one of the youngest scholars; and to both addressees, as well as to the solicitation of one of the pupils who prayed for a holiday for himself and his brethren, His Excellency replied in fitting terms, expressive of the interest which he took in the progress and welfare of his young hearers.

The distinguished party then, at the solicitation of the Superior, visited the principal apartments of the Seminary—the recreation and class rooms, the chapel of the Congregation and the Seminary chapel. The visit to the Seminary being thus terminated, their Excellencies proceeded to the Laval University. The Rector, accompanied by the Doctors and Professors of the University, met them at the door and conducted them to the reception room, where a number of ladies and gentlemen, who had been invited to accompany their Excellencies in their visit to the University were assembled.

Their Excellencies then proceeded to the great hall of the University, which presented a most imposing coup d'œil. This hall, which is undoubtedly the largest and most beautiful in the city, had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. It was richly carpeted throughout its whole extent, while banners suspended from the galleries or tastefully draped above the throne, added to the effect. The students of the different Faculties of the University, in full academic costume, were ranged on both sides of the entrance. When their Excellencies had taken their places the Rector came forward and presented the following address, in the name of the University:—

"To His Excellency the Right Honourable Charles Stanley, Viscount Monck, Governor General of Canada.

"May it please Your Excellency:— The safe arrival of Your Excellency and Lady Monck in our midst, after the dangers of a long voyage, has been a cause of great joy for all the inhabitants of this Province.

"The Laval University could not remain isolated from this universal joy, and it is therefore with pleasure we embrace this opportunity of expressing our respect and our homage to our respected and our honored visitor. If our prayers are heard, the time which Your Excellency may spend in Canada will be for yourself and your family a period of true happiness.

"The interest which Her Majesty takes in the prosperity of Her numerous subjects, and the choice She has made of Your Excellency among the many distinguished men of the United Kingdom, are to us a guarantee that the Government of this Province could not have been confided to more skillful hands. And it is therefore with sentiments of the most profound respect and the most lively gratitude that we hail, in your person, the worthy representative of our Most Gracious Sovereign to whom this University is indebted for its character.

University consideration of honor, and duty to yield to no one in this respect. Your Excellency will see, assembled in this Hall, with their Professors, the different classes of our studious youth who are preparing, in silence and study, to occupy at some future day, high positions in the different ranks of Canadian society.

"Encouraged by this mark of condescension which Your Excellency has conferred upon them—all have resolved to increase their zeal and ardor to become one day useful members of the country which now acknowledges you as its chief, and as the personification of its unity, force, and hope for the future. In working earnestly to deserve still more the favor of Your Excellency we believe we are all working for our country; and in our prayers for the happiness of that country, we cannot but associate with it the names of Your Excellency, Lord Monck and family."

His Excellency replied, in his usual happy manner, in the following terms:—

"Gentlemen— I thank you for the manner in which you felicitate Lady Monck and myself on our arrival in Canada.

"The Queen, our august Sovereign, has been graciously pleased to appoint me her representative in this Province—I accept, therefore, the homage which you have tendered me, as being offered to Her Gracious Majesty rather than to myself.

"You also, gentlemen, occupy a very important position, full of difficulties and demanding great zeal, indefatigable energy and profound devotedness. I hope and feel certain that your labors will be rewarded in seeing the young men whose education you have undertaken, and whom I now see around me, becoming every day more diligent and more convinced of the importance of profiting by the liberal education which is offered them here; so that, when they leave the University, they may show themselves worthy of it, and may sustain the high reputation which it has already acquired."

Their Excellencies then visited the splendid library, the lecture-rooms, the different museums and other departments of the University, in all of which they manifested a lively interest. They then took their departure, their visit having lasted a little more than an hour.

IN MEMORY OF TWO "CHILDREN OF MARY."

(For the True Witness.)

"Too young to die!" oh! speak not thus, They were too pure to sary; The God, who shed his blood for us, Has called them both away. Their youthful hearts, He loved so well, He claimed them—both have flown; "No eye hath seen, no ear hath heard," The joys, 'e'en now their own.

Six auns have sunk in glorious rest, Since, from our Mother's feet, A band of Mary's children blest Arose, two souls to greet; Swiftly they came, each cohort bright, Uprising, as they passed; For oh! their robes were dazzling white, Of beauty unsurpassed.

On each a Guardian Angel smiled, Then spoke in accents sweet: They raised their eyes, soft, calm, and mild, To fall at Mary's feet, Loud, from the Court of Virgins rung— Regina Virginum; The Martyrs' Court, in answer sung— Regina Martyrum.

Then, in the voice that Jesus loves, The Queen of Heaven spoke: "Arise, my beautiful, my doves, Your earthly chains I broke. I saw the Wounds that Jesus bore, The Blood He shed for you; I knew dark Satan's wiles in store, And dangers, not a few.

"My children! it was from the Cross God gave you both to me; Your young hearts, filled with earth's vile dross, I could not bear to see; But now, oh! spouses, you are found Coronas Accipe, Angelic chorus echoed around— 'Jesu! Laudamus Te.'"

Then flashed a burst of gorgeous light Around our Mother's Throne; And lo! two wreaths, so passing bright, In her loved hands there shone; She raised them, and on each young brow She placed her mystic gem, Of lilies white as purest snow, And diamond sparkling gem.

Swift to the God-Made-Man she bore, The hearts earth loved so well; Oh! there are joys for them in store That mortals cannot tell! We know that Death for each was gain, That they are with the blest; Then, wherefore weep for them? 'Tis vain— They are in endless rest.

"Children of Mary!" pray that we, Your sisters, who remain, May ever keep our poor hearts free, From sin's dark deadly stain, And now, on earth, it is God's will, That we should say—"Farewell!" But in His Church you're with us still, Heloise and Isabel!

Montreal, Nov. 24th, 1861.

ORDINATION.—On Thursday, 21st instant, the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lynch, conferred the Holy Order of Priesthood on Rev. A. P. Finan, in St. Michael's Cathedral. There was a large number of the Rev. Clergy of the Diocese present on the solemn occasion.—Toronto Freeman.

FIRST MASS.—Rev. A. P. Finan celebrated his First Mass at 9 o'clock, on Sunday morning, at the High Altar in St. Michael's Cathedral. He afterwards imparted his blessing to those who did not receive it on the day of his ordination. The Rev. gentleman will proceed to Brock as assistant Pastor to Father Braze.—It.

The Toronto Mirror complains of "jury packing" in Toronto:— "Any one who passed into the Recorder's Court last Monday, might see the operation of Orange instincts in a signal degree. On the bench sat the Recorder, formerly an Orangeman—before him the Clerk, a sworn Orangeman—on either side of him the clerks, all Orangemen of various degrees, from the purple to the black—and found about were the bailiffs, tipsy, and constables, also Orangemen—and a sworn brother—a. Bannister, it is true, but still a sworn brother—conducted the prosecution as Attorney for the Crown. Well, one might exclaim surely this was Orangism enough! The pay and the power in this place most assuredly attaches to the clerical class. The Catholic by-stander might not be surprised to see Orange curtains placed on the windows of the Court Room, or to perceive the image of King William and his favourite charger prancing over the head of the Recorder instead of the royal arms! But, perhaps, the paying places being filled—the fat salaries appropriated, Orange greediness stopped here? Not a bit of it! Name after name of the Grand Jury were called. The Orange orator counted one, two, three—all over the number to twelve. And will any man of intelligence believe it? There was not one Catholic on the

panel! Carefully, studiously, with malice aforethought (as the lawyers say it), the Catholic gentlemen of Toronto were excluded—the educated Catholic mercantile and professional men were excluded—the Catholic ministers, mechanics and contractors of Toronto were excluded. And in their place was put more than a dozen men, five-sixths Orangemen, and some of whom were in every respect, in education, in intelligence, in property, inferior to their Catholic fellow-citizens. Catholics were nowhere to be seen on this Grand Jury of Monday last. There is something amazing about this Recorder's Court Grand Jury, amazing in the impudent exclusiveness with which the panel has been struck. On the long list of the petit jury, there are just three Catholics to counterbalance the intolerance of the other though in both cases, a proportion of one-third would be nothing more than justice.—One would have supposed that, knowing the exclusively Orange character of the officials of the court, and knowing that public attention has been directed to the fact, a Grand Jury would have chosen, so liberal and impartial, as to demonstrate the injustice of the charge, that Orangemen, by reason of their secret casts, are incapable of dealing justly with their Catholic fellow-subjects.—But the stupid and ignorant bigotry which directed the choice of the aforesaid Jury, forbids the possibility of its authors being directed by any such wise and polite feeling.

REACTION OF BATTERIES AT TORONTO.—We (Leader) understand that it is the intention of the military authorities to erect immediately two or more batteries in the vicinity of the old fort. On Tuesday the work was commenced upon one of them, on which will be mounted six guns of heavy calibre and of the most approved modern pattern.

TROOPS FOR CANADA.—Mr. S. Cunnard, of the well-known steamship line, passed through this city on Friday afternoon, for Quebec, at the request, it is understood, of the Canadian Government. The 62nd and another regiment are to be sent to this Province, from Halifax, forthwith; and it is surmised that some arrangement may be made with the Cunard Company to bring up these troops as far, at least, as Riviere du Loup, before the close of navigation.—Commercial Advertiser.

RIKOUSKI, Dec. 2.—The Government schooner La Canadienne, Commander Fortin, was wrecked near the Carillon Islets on the north shore of the river St. Lawrence, below Pointe des Pontes, in a snow storm. There were 37 people on board, including the crew and wrecked sailors; all saved. The schooner received considerable injuries to her keel, but is not a total loss. The sea was most terrific when she struck. They came to Pointe des Montes on the 28th, and crossed on the 29th to Little Matane in boats. The loss of the schooner cannot be attributed to anything else but the deviation of the needle, caused by the attraction of iron on shore.—When the schooner was lost she had not been more than five hours from Seven Islands. Plenty of snow and severe cold on the North Shore. One large black bark wrecked 10 miles below the Canadienne during the same storm. Could not know her name. Crew supposed to have gone to English Point. One brigantine passed Bernabie Island last night bound up.

The London Times of the 16th says: all the gunboats at Portsmouth had received orders to hold themselves in readiness for active service at an hour's notice. The arrangements for manning and fitting them out had been completed. It was supposed that this was only to test their state of efficiency, but the quid nunc think it may mean something.

A company of Sappers and Minors from Halifax for Canada, is on its way, and may be expected in a few days. We believe their first work will be the construction of defences for the Beauharnois Canal.

Another London paper of the 16th ult., in its shipping intelligence says, that the steam frigates Phlox, Firebrand and Fire Queen, had been despatched to watch the U. S. war steamer James Alder, which was daily expected in the English Channel, to intercept the West India mail steamer, which was expected to arrive with the Southern Commissioners on board. This may have given rise to the statement telegraphed from Halifax, by the Himalaya. We cannot say what importance to attach to this information. But it would seem that Messrs. Mason and Slidell were expected in England. We find it exceedingly difficult to believe that Com. Wilkes did not receive instructions from the U. S. Government through the West India U. S. Consul, with whom he was in communication, to make the arrest. It could readily be done through their secret police and espionage system.—Montreal Gazette.

We understand that the men of the Grand Trunk Railway are about to form several batteries of Volunteer Artillery. They are admirably adapted for this arm of the service, from their intelligence and mechanical skill, and we have no doubt they will soon become thoroughly efficient. It is proposed to form a battery also at Lacbina among the members of the old Cavalry troop and their neighbours. As they possess their own horses, they could in a short time turn out a fine field battery. We trust they will go ahead with the movement.—Commercial Advertiser.

Four twelve-pounder brass guns of position have been ordered by the Commander-in-Chief to be taken from the stores on Saint Helen's Island, and delivered to the Foot Artillery Companies, who will be forthwith instructed in the use of heavy artillery.—Commercial Advertiser.

It is reported that the unmarried class of the Militia will be called out for drill this winter; the drill hours will be four evenings and two afternoons in the week; and those who require it will be paid one dollar and a half per week. By this means during the winter a large force may be made efficient for defensive purposes without taking men from their work, and without incurring a large expense.—It.

THE GRAND TRUNK CITY TERMINUS.—The Bonaventure Street Depot will not now be opened as a Grand Trunk passenger station, until the 9th December, several reasons having induced a postponement of its opening on the 2nd. The Company has commenced erecting the freight station in the same locality, and we understand that it will be sufficiently completed for the reception of goods by the 7th January next.—Montreal Pilot.

A SWINDLING OPERATION.—The London (C.W.) Free Press calls attention to a new swindling operation. That journal, in common with other Canadian papers inserted the following advertisement, forwarded by a Boston agent, which now appears to be a snare for "taking in" silly "young men":—

"Employment.—The undersigned are desirous of securing the services of a few young men to engage in a Travelling Agency, upon a salary of Forty Dollars per Month, and all expenses paid. This is an opportunity seldom offered, and to those who merit the approbation of the subscribers by strict attention to business can rely upon constant employment for a term of years. For further particulars address (post paid) 'COMANET & DRAKE, 31 Main Street, Atkinson Depot, New Hampshire, U. S.'"

A young man residing in Komoka, C. W., wrote to the firm in New Hampshire, asking for all particulars. He received word in reply that they were selling off a large lot of gold watches, belonging to a bankrupt firm in England; to forward \$40, the price of a specimen one, would be sent him, and by it he could obtain orders. The verdant youth forwarded his \$40, but since then has heard nothing of his money or the watch.—Moral—Young men should learn by honest industry, assiduity, and diligence to earn a livelihood, mayhap wealth, but to such representations as are made in advertisements like the above they should pay no attention.

There are at present in the Montreal jail eight lunatics for whom accommodation cannot be found in the St. John's Lunatic Asylum.

THE MAYORALTY OF TORONTO.—The Globe says:—"It seems to be a foregone conclusion that the contest for the Mayoralty will be between Mr. J. G. Bowes and Mr. Sam. Sherwood."

Mr. Pope has been re-elected Mayor of Quebec without opposition.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Joliet, U. S., Rev P Farrell, \$1; Teuton, F J Maguire, \$3; Colborn, D Connolly, \$5; Goderich, Rev P Schneider, \$2; Beaverton, A Campbell, \$2; Kingston, E Byrne, \$2; Long Point, E Quinn, \$4.50; Carillon, J Mason, \$2; Beauharnois, J McQuill, \$5; St Sophie, J Griffin, \$2; Hawkesbury Mills, W Lator, \$4; St. Phillips de Chatham, Rev J Joutant, \$1; Granby, P Hoakett, \$2; Godmanchester, J Flynn, \$2; Boucherville, J Munro, \$2; Sandwich, C Cole, \$3; St. Therese, J Lomeran, \$4; Belleville, J P McDoell, \$2; St. Hilaire, Rev J Soly, \$2; Valleyfield, P Lyach, \$2; Osgoode, M Tobin, \$12; Smith's Falls, L Furlong, \$2; Simcoe, Rev J Wagner, \$1; Paspebiac, Rev Mr Fournier, \$2; Sherrington, H Blake, \$2.50; Norton Creek, A McQuillan, \$4.50; St Jerome, F O'Shea, \$1.75; Richmond, L Dempsey, \$2; Marysville, D McLeary, \$2; P Kilmurry, \$2; Fredericteburg, W F Gannon, \$4; St Johns, N B, F Collins, \$10; Nepan, R Doyle \$1; Beauharnois J Quig, \$3.374.
- Per P Maguire, Cobourg—E Maguire, \$2.
- Per P Parcell, Kingston—D Hallinan, \$2.50; M Bayes, \$1; P Daley, \$2.50.
- Per R Supple, Ottawa—Rev Mr O'Keefe \$2; Whitby, R Kelly \$1; J Spirrell, \$1; J Twobey, \$3.75; J Sullivan, \$2; J Friche, \$1.66; E Conary \$2; J Parker, \$2; C Casman, \$2; P McGrath, \$1; J Johnston, \$1; D McOrogan, \$2; P McGrath, \$1; D Dolury, \$1.84; Brooklyn, O McMealey, \$2.
- Per W Featherstone, Ingersoll—J Murdoch, \$8.25.
- Per J Carroll, Rawdon—B Cahill, \$2.50.
- Per J Murphy, Huntingdon—J McDonough, \$2.
- Per M O'Leary, Quebec—Rev L J Canutt, \$3; J Jordan, \$3; M Scott, \$3; T Lane, \$3; M McIvor, \$1; St Foy, J French, \$2; Valcartier, J Lannan, \$1.25.
- Rev J R Lee, Barrie—Self, \$2; Creemore, J Burles, \$1.
- Per Rev G A Hay, St Andrews—J McDoell, \$2; A Chisholm, \$3.
- Per J Furlong, Alesonville—J Kennedy, \$1.
- Per M Heaphy, Kempsville—J Murphy, \$6; R Mc-Cahill, \$1.
- Per P F Gouin, Yamachiche—Self, \$2.50; Three Rivers, P Scannell, \$3.50.
- Per R A Chisholm, Kincairdine—Self, \$1; J Secher, \$1.
- Per A McFaul, Wellington—Self, \$2; M Delaney, \$1; G McFaul, \$2.
- Per Rev L A Horvut, L'Islet—Rev F X Delage, \$7; St Roch des Annuets, Rev L Tenu, \$2.
- Per P P Lynch, Belleville—J Dolan, \$1.

Remittances from Mr. Gillies in our next.

Birth. At Sorel, on the 30th ult., the wife of James Morgan, Esq., of a son.

Married. In this city, on the 26th ult., at St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Dowd, Mr. Michael Oloran, to Miss Susan Rosalie Clarke, eldest daughter of Mr. James Clarke, both of this city.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Flour Pollards, \$2.50 to \$3; Middlings, \$3.25 to \$3.50; Fine, \$4 to \$4.20; Superfine, No. 2, \$4.80 to \$4.95; Superfine, \$5.10 to \$5.15; Paucy, \$6.40 to \$6.60; Extra, \$5.80 to \$5.90; Double Extra, \$6 to \$6.30. Supply and demand moderate. Wheat Fair to Good samples in cars and store \$1.06 to \$1.08. White Wheat \$1.10 to \$1.18. There is a better demand for Wheat to-day. Corn per bbl. of 200 lbs.—\$4 to \$4.30. Scarce. Barley 48 to 50c per 50 lbs.—\$5 dull. Corn per 56 lbs.—52c to 55c. Nominal. Oats No wholesale transactions. Peas per 66 lbs.—45c to 73c. Ashes Pots, \$4.10 to \$6.15; Pearls, \$6.20 to \$6.25 per 112 lbs. Butter Grease, 6c to 7c; Poor to Good Butter, 8c to 12c. Pork Mess \$14; Prime Mess \$9 to \$10; Prime nominal. Dressed Hogs \$4.50 to \$5.25. Cheese 5 to 7c.—Montreal Witness.

GRAND CONCERT, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ORPHELINS CATHOLIQUES, ON TUESDAY, THE 10TH INSTANT, AT THE CABINET DE LECTURE PAROISSIAL.

"LE DESERT," by Felicien David. Doors open at half-past Seven, p.m.; Concert to commence at Eight. TICKETS—25 cents.

TO SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

A MALE TEACHER, holding a First-Class Provincial Normal Certificate for U. C., desires an engagement. Address (pre-paid) A. B., Arlington Post Office, County Simcoe, C.W. Dec. 4, 1861.

TO THE REVEREND CLERGY, CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS, BOOKSELLERS, &c.

An Extensive Stock of about \$50,000 worth of Books and Stationery, SELLING OFF AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH!

In consequence of the present Unsettled Condition of National Affairs, the undersigned have concluded to REDUCE their present

EXTENSIVE AND VARIED STOCK OF CATHOLIC, SCHOOL AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

PAPER, STATIONERY, RELIGIOUS ARTICLES, &c. Comprising a Large and Varied Stock of FOREIGN BOOKS, viz., Liturgical works, Missals, Breviaries, &c., &c., Theological, Aesthetic, and Devotional Works, in the Latin, French and English Languages, which they are now prepared to SELL OFF, by Wholesale or Retail, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH.

Such as may desire to avail themselves of this opportunity, will do well to call, or send early orders. MURPHY & CO., Publishers, Booksellers, Importers, Printers, &c., 182, Baltimore Street, Baltimore. December 5, 1861.

LANDS FOR SALE, TOWNSHIP OF STONINGTON.

LOT No. 26, 11 Concession, Township of Stonington, 200 acres; Lot No. 2, 15 Concession, do, 175 acres. Apply to G. H. PARKER, Esq., Druggist, Kingston; or to the undersigned, DUNCAN MACDONALD, December 6, 1861.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

PARIS, Nov. 14.—The *Moniteur* of this morning contains decrees nominating M. Fould as Minister of Finance, and M. Forcade de La-roquette, present Minister of Finance to the post of Senator.

The *Moniteur* also publishes a letter addressed by the Emperor to the Minister of State, wherein His Majesty approves of the financial programme drawn up by M. Fould, and acknowledges the necessity of confining the budget within invariable limits.

The Emperor continues:—"The only efficacious means to attain this end is to resolutely abandon the faculty which appertains to me of opening a fresh credit in the absence of the Chamber.

"I am determined to introduce changes, and the *Senatus Consultum*, which will be presented to the Senate on the 2nd December, next, will contain this resolution, and determine your budget and those of the different Ministries by large sections.

"In renouncing a right which equally appertained to the Sovereigns—even constitutional ones—who have preceded me, may I do a useful thing towards insuring the right administration of the finances.

"Faithful to my origin, I neither regard my prerogatives as a sacred deposit which cannot be touched nor a heritage from my ancestors which must be transmitted intact to my son.

"Elected by the people, and representing their interests, I shall always abandon without regret every prerogative useless for the good of the public, as I shall likewise preserve unshaken in my hands all power which is indispensable for the tranquillity and prosperity of the country.

"The *Moniteur* then publishes a letter from the Emperor to M. Fould, approving of his financial programme, and charging him with the carrying out of the same.

The *Moniteur* also publishes M. Fould's programme, which demonstrates the necessity for the suppression of extraordinary credits, and examines the financial situation. It recalls that recourse has been had to credit under all its forms, and calculates that the deficit has reached the amount of 1,000 millions of francs.

M. Fould's programme continues:—"The fears which the faculty of directly disposing of all the resources of France inspires in all our neighbors obliges them to maintain immense armaments. To renounce this power, more apparent than real, more menacing than efficacious, would not only give confidence to France but would calm the uneasiness of Europe, and would remove all pretext for hostile measures.

Even admitting all probability that Europe might, from a state of complete peace, immediately pass into one of war, the abandonment of these prerogatives of the Emperor would be without danger, as the country and the great bodies of the State would afford him their devoted concurrence."

The *Weekly Register* remarks that:—"A great revolution has been accomplished in France. Power has passed out of the hands that penned the vile circular letter in which religion, charity, and decency, were outraged by the classification and condemnation of the admirable Society of St. Vincent de Paul and the Freemasons in the same category.

If Count Persigny still holds the office of Minister of the Interior, he does so upon the mere suffrage of his enemy, Achille Fould, whom the French despot finds himself compelled to invest with plenary powers, in order, if possible, to avert the tremendous financial crash which looms largely in the short distance, and threatens to shake the Empire to its base. It is found that the year's expenditure upon steel-plated ships, and rifled cannon, and infernal machines, and an enormous army, and all the other implements of aggression upon his peaceable neighbours by which Louis Napoleon has kept Europe in a ferment of apprehension, and invention of means to repel his treacherous onslaughts for the last two years, exceeds the year's income by the trifling sum of only forty millions sterling. This deficit, a short harvest, slack trade, heavy taxes, dear bread, low wages, and short time, have made the despot tremble for himself and his dynasty. He does not dare to meet the difficulty by drawing the sword against this country or Germany, for he has no money to move his legions; and he wisely resolves to cut down expenditures to something like moderate limits.

The *London Times* says:—"The hour of reckoning has at length overtaken France, and M. Fould has been called to a financial dictatorship hardly less arduous than the task of Turgot or Necker. For some weeks past the impending crisis has been foretold, and by none more plainly than ourselves. The pace was evidently too good to last. An expenditure more than twice as great as Napoleon I. considered necessary for France in time of war, and more than thrice as great as that which he fixed for a normal Budget in time of peace, could only be borne with patience during prosperity. A bad harvest, the temporary loss of a good customer by the American war, a vague disturbance of confidence among the dangerous classes especially in the great towns, were singly sufficient to put the soundness of the system to a severe test; no wonder that it has broken down under their combined pressure.

The French Bishops have not ceased to protest against the attack of the Government upon the Societies of St. Vincent de Paul. The *Monde* publishes a letter of the Bishop of Nimes, answering the objections made by the Minister, and especially protesting against the placing of the religious societies on the same footing with the Freemasons. The Society of St. Vincent is well known in this country, and needs no explanation to English Catholics. The question has been asked, what are the other two societies mentioned in the same act of suppression? We have inquired upon this point, and are able to answer the question. The Society of St. Francis Regis is an especial organization, for the remedying invalid marriages in France, the law authorising merely civil marriages, nor is any one,

though a Catholic, obliged by law to contract a Catholic marriage. Yet (the Discipline Decrees of Trent having been published in France) no Catholic marriage is valid before God and the Church unless it is celebrated according to those Decrees. Thus there are many couples united according to law, but whose union is not blessed by God, nor indissoluble. The Society of St. Francis Regis (an eminent Jesuit missionary) has been founded expressly to remedy this evil, and a large number of the laity as well as clergy in France belong to it. As to the other Society, that of St. Francis of Sales, its especial object is to counteract the devices of Protestantism. It especially takes care that wherever a Protestant school is erected, a Catholic school shall also be provided. The Bishop of Nimes says:—"These societies have the most holy origin, for Christian faith is their inspirer and their bond of union. Their objects are most sacred—the relief of distress, the preservation of the morals of the people, the triumph of truth. To effect their object they begin by labouring for the sanctification of their own members."

H. W. W.

The *Monde* publishes a letter from Algiers, giving a flourishing account of the colony. It adds:—"Although the civil institutions are in progress, it is otherwise with the religious. The Sisters of St. Vincent or Paul, who daily relieved a number of labourers out of work, and of convalescents, have been dismissed in consequence of the recent dissolution of the Society. They were some time since dismissed from the prisons. There were four or five of them in the civil prison, and twelve in that in which the natives are imprisoned. These last were in despair at the departure of the Sisters, some of whom had learned their language, and all had made them the object of their charity. One of them who was suffering from wounds said, 'In a few days the Sisters will no more dress my wounds, and in a few more I shall be dead.'"

WHAT A PATERNAL GOVERNMENT HAS DONE FOR PARIS.—The most terrible feature of the present condition of things in Paris is the poverty. Since 1848 nothing has been seen like it. If you take long walks in Paris now you will most likely be several times accosted by decently-dressed people of both sexes, but principally by elderly ladies, actually begging! I have seen this phenomenon perpetually within the last three weeks. It is since the change in the weather that it is most to be noticed; for with bread, meat, and wine at the price they stand at now, it is impossible for people with narrow means to live. In each of the sad cases I mention the individuals belonged evidently to the better class of society.—*London Review*.

The maritime prefect at Toulon received a despatch from the Minister of Marine on the 4th inst. instructing him to disarm and to lay up in ordinary the following ships of war,—the steam-frigate *Cacique*, *Canada*, and *Labrador*, and the steam transports *Finisterre* and *Aube*.—Is this order to be regarded as the first step towards the reduction of the immense naval force of France?

PARIS, Nov. 13.—Besides the extraordinary Cabinet Council held yesterday, the Privy Council is convoked to deliberate on divers urgent affairs of public interest. Among those urgent affairs are, no doubt, the deficiency of the harvest, the state of the finances, and, perhaps, the uneasiness, not to say discontent, which seems to be spreading. Concurrently with these embarrassments is the increasing impatience under the restraints imposed on the press, and the desire for the moment to arrive when the long promised "crowning of the edifice" shall take place. The representatives of the country may also profit by the comparative liberty of speech which has been graciously accorded to them by the Emperor. They may ask, with a Budget such as the one last presented, and with finances described as flourishing, fresh burdens on the taxpayers are contemplated? The fear of *censuraments* or of prosecutions, does not suffice to impose silence on the few papers that have a claim to independence. Articles now and then appear which we should consider as timid essays at plain speaking, but which, under present circumstances, are bold enough. Last Sunday week appeared in the *Courrier du Dimanche* an article from the pen of M. E. Pelletan, headed "La Liberté comme en Autriche," contrasting the liberal institutions awarded by the Emperor of Austria to his people with those existing in France; and the contrast is greatly to the advantage of the former. It appears that it has given offence to the Minister of the Interior who has no great admiration for Parliamentary Government, and that the paper has been seized with a view to prosecution.

For some days past the public attention at Marseilles has been occupied with a remarkable trial.—The question related to the ownership of two frigates the *Santia* and the *Saetta*, which belonged to the Neapolitan Government. Just before the fall of Gaeta, Francis II. sold these two vessels—one of which was under repair in the port of Toulon, and the other at Marseilles. The sale was effected on the 23rd of January last, to M. Gaune, shipowner, at Marseilles, who had furnished considerable supplies for Gaeta, and to M. Serre, then a banker in Paris. These sales were made to pay for the supplies sent to Gaeta. The consuls of King Victor Emmanuel at Toulon and Marseilles claimed these vessels for their Royal master. Their position as consuls of the King of Italy not Italy not having been then recognized, the tribunals could not admit their claim. After the kingdom of Italy had been recognized by France, the claim was again made before the Tribunal of Commerce at Marseilles, and the case has just been pleaded at Marseilles. The demand was opposed by M. Berryer, in the name of Francis II., while M. Thourat pleaded for Victor Emmanuel. After hearing eloquent speeches from the counsel of both sides during the 8th and 9th inst., the Tribunal adjourned till yesterday, when it gave judgment. Taking into account that when the sales were effected Francis II. was still fighting for his Kingdom, and was looked on as a King by almost all the Powers whose representatives were still at his Court, although he was forced to take refuge at Gaeta; considering further that under such circumstances the sale of the vessels must be regarded as valid, the Court rejected the demand of the Consul of Italy.

The following letter, dated Cagliari, the 15th of October, is published in the *Ami de la Religion*:—"Decidedly the English and the ultra-Italians must by degrees reconcile themselves to the idea of the eventual cession of the island of Sardinia to France. The idea, or the chimera, is beginning to

enter strongly into people's minds here; and it is spreading in a wonderful manner through the island. The Sardinians appear to have very little affection for the House of Savoy. A part of the population was seduced for a moment by the idea of a great Kingdom of Italy. At present everybody believes that the attempt is repugnant to the traditions and interests of the country, and that, by belonging to France, or becoming French, on the contrary, is gaining all the ground which the Piedmontese policy is losing.

ITALY

The Turin Parliament is to re-assemble soon, and our thoughts are mainly directed to it. Contrasting the large promises made by the executive, with the present condition of Italian affairs, the prospect is not cheering for those who love the Robber King and his aid.

Rome and Venice were to be given to Italy—Rome for certain. Naples was to be cleared of "brigandage." European confidence in the new Kingdom was to be shown by the price of Italian funds in the different exchanges, and a golden age was to bless the land.

But we find Rome and Venice as they were, or further than ever from the grasp of the Piedmontese. The loss of five hundred million of francs, raised with such difficulty is all gone, in payment chiefly of outstanding liabilities, the funds having fallen from 72 to 68; the treasury is empty; Naples is further from pacification than ever; for "brigands" are now regularly embodied with all the munitions of war. Although the best part of the Piedmontese regular army have been sent to the South to inaugurate liberty and free institutions; in which herculean labour they have not only been more than decimated, but demoralized by guerrilla fighting, and all in vain. The taxes have been increased to an insupportable extent, and "ragged misery" hangs on the backs of the oppressed people in all the annexed territories. Thus the Piedmontese Government cannot expect to get quarter from any class in the kingdom. Burns, in his "Address to the Devil," speaking of the horrors of Hell, says:—"I'm wae to think upon yon den, E'n for your sake."

Were Victor Emmanuel not quite so bad a man, and representing a system not quite so hellish, I could find it in my heart to pity even him!

In this desperate plight, aggravated by the renewed activity of Mazzini, the Ministry of Turin have taken a step by which they hope to conciliate the revolution by meeting it half-way, instead of waiting to be overthrown by it. They anticipate its wishes, and offer up the Church as an acceptable victim, whose existence is incompatible with "progress," and in so doing they make a fresh bid for the favour of Protestant England. Such is the object of the circular just addressed by Signor Miglietti, "Minister of Grace, Justice and Worship," to the "Archbishops, Bishops, and Capitular Vicars of the Kingdom."

ROME.—The accounts from Rome are most favorable regarding the health of the Holy Father. It is a subject of general remark among the Romans and the visitors in the Eternal City, that the Sovereign Pontiff has not exhibited such physical energy and elasticity and cheerfulness of mind for the last two years, as he has at the present moment, when the enemies of the Church had foolishly expected to witness the fulfillment of the Robber-King's impious threat that the standard of Savoy should be raised on the Castle of St. Angelo. The scoffers and infidels, seeing the abandonment of the Vicar of Christ by a selfish and calculating world, flattered themselves that there was nothing to check the march of the excommunicated spoiler upon Rome; and too many even of the Faithful, weak and faint-hearted, gave way to shameful apprehension, and looked upon the Holy Father's temporal sovereignty as irretrievably lost. Not so the Supreme Pontiff himself. He put his hope not in Princes or earthly Powers, but in his Divine Master; and in the Blessed Mother of God, and his faith and patience are rewarded by the confusion of his enemies. The fall of the insolent heretical Minister who announced that the Sardinians should be in Rome as his masters before the first of this present November, is a point already settled, and will probably be announced in a few days as an accomplished fact. Even the shed-shirted idol before whom English noblemen have basely bent the knee, and at whose Fetish shrine the whole host of English Journalism—Radicalism, Whiggism, and even Toryism, have offered up the incense of their flattery and praise—even Garibaldi now preaches moderation to the Filibusters, and beseeches them to turn their eyes and their thoughts away from Rome. Nay, so downhearted is he, so completely has his hope of overthrowing that supernal Power, before which the Han and the Goth quailed, deserted him, that he appeals to his profligate confederates to abandon for the present the idea of forcing their way even into Venice, the possession of which by the Austrians is, undoubtedly, a check upon their malign designs upon Rome. Victor Emmanuel claimed Rome as his capital, not because he had, or pretended to have, any right to it, but because he considered it necessary to the consolidation of that Kingdom of Italy which has been created by falsehood, fraud, robbery, and sacrilege, and which will not last even for his generation. Is he sure that he shall retain Turin even to the day—not far distant perhaps—when the measures of his iniquities being filled up, he shall be summoned to answer for his multifarious crimes? When the Buonapartes were under the ban of Europe, and outcasts of the earth, they found an asylum in Rome through the benevolence of the Pope, whom Napoleon had insulted, robbed, dethroned, and imprisoned; may not it be the fate of the House of Savoy-Garriano to seek and find an asylum in Rome yet, from the Holy Father, whom it has so cruelly injured and reviled?—*Weekly Register*.

We (*Tablet*) translate the following from the *Monde*:—"NAPLES, Nov. 2.—The Piedmontese troops which had followed Borges from Calabria into the Basilicate, but without venturing to attack him on his march, have at length combined their movements with those of the troops in the latter province, and attacked the Royalists. But, unfortunately for them, Borges was on his guard. The battle took place on the 28th, at Lago Pesole, in the centre of the Basilicate. The Piedmontese suffered horribly. It is even said that they were killed, wounded, and prisoners, half of their effective strength. Two regiments of the line were nearly destroyed; their wrecks have returned to Naples. A colonel and many officers have been taken prisoners. The day after this brilliant victory, General Borges, in full uniform, and surrounded by his staff composed of Spanish and Neapolitan officers, received the aides-de-camp of the chiefs of the different Bourbonist bands of the Capitanato, who came to receive his instructions. The operations concerted are as yet unknown. I think he will march into the Hither Principato, to join the invincible columns of Cipriani and Crescenzo, and put himself into communication with the bands of the Matese, and through them with Chiavoae, in order to march on Naples with imposing forces.

General Cialdini left last night for Upper Italy. The police tried to organize a firewell demonstration but in vain. Thirty or forty people of the lowest class came under the windows of the Hotel de Rome, where the ex-lieutenant of King Galatunome was staying. A considerable crowd of curious spectators had assembled to watch the proceedings, when just as Cialdini appeared on the balcony an unknown voice exclaimed, "Remember, butcher, the burning of Ponte Landolfo, the shooting of our citizens in the provinces, the tears and wretchedness of the whole kingdom." Cialdini re-entered immediately, and was seen no more. I am assured that he made some answer to this apostrophe, and the persons nearest said that his words were, "It is not my fault. Blame Turin."

NOVEMBER 5.—Precise details have arrived here

respecting the continued successes of Borges and the Calabrians. The intrepid General after his brilliant victory at Lago Pesole, has again beaten the Piedmontese completely near Avigliano, a town with 12,000 inhabitants, 10 miles from Potenza, and is now at the head of considerable forces on the confines of the Basilicate, and the province of Avellano. Four battalions of Bersaglieri have captured and after laying down their arms, have arrived at Naples by night, whence they embarked for Ancona, according to the stipulation made with them not to fight again in the Neapolitan provinces. In the evening of Oct. 30, the Bologna Brigade, under the orders of General Pinelli, entered Naples in detachments en echelon. The Brigade returns from fighting with the Brigands and is reduced to a skeleton.

On November 3 and 4, a proclamation was posted up all over Naples, and even on the tombs in the Campo Santo. It is dated Oct. 18, Headquarters of the Army of Independence, and signed Jose Borges, General Commander in Chief, in the name of his Majesty Francis II.

We have a letter in the *Monde*, dated Naples, Nov. 9, announcing that Borges, by a concerted movement with the bands of Cipriani and Crescenzo, has outflanked General Della Chiesa, and forced him to retire to Salerno. The following telegraphic despatch from General Della Chiesa to General La Marmora tells its own story:—"Salerno, Nov. 7.—Surrounded on all sides by the insurgent masses, I have been forced to retire to Salerno, where, by reason of the small number of troops under my command, I shall only be able to hold out by barricading myself."

At Naples the workmen are in a kind of permanent revolt. Our popular masses, which now know no restraint, show on all occasions, and I had almost said at every instant their hatred and contempt for the Piedmontese. There is no kind of railway, of insulting nickname which they don't address to the Bersaglieri, and especially to the gendarmes, of whom large numbers are continually arriving from Genoa and Leghorn.

A catastrophe is feared from one moment to another. The numerous employees of the now suppressed *dicasteria* and their families, have made a demonstration to reclaim the arrears of their pay and the means of living. All these employees belong to the National Guard, and are therefore armed. United to the Royalists, they make a formidable force, which from one instant to another may arise and crush the Piedmontese, who are abhorred by all parties.

The *Weekly Register* says:—"Our accounts from Naples lead to the inference that the atrocities of the miscreant Cialdini have aroused in that kingdom a strong feeling of hatred of the Piedmontese, and such a reactionary spirit as to render the establishment of Sardinian domination an impossibility.

HOPES OF THE EX-KING OF NAPLES.—The ex-king of Naples, in reply to an address presented with a sword of honour for himself and a diadem for the Queen from the Neapolitan nobility in exile at Rome said:—"The Queen and I shall preserve eternally engraved on our hearts the names of you all; and the sword which you offer to me I hope shall soon rise in its scabbard in defence of its sacred rights. If the chances of war have been one day unfavourable to us, when we essayed with our brave soldiers to repulse an invasion, as unexpected as it was unworthy, I have full confidence that we shall see better days, and that supported by the concurrence of my people, and surrounded by you, I shall remount the throne of my ancestors, to restore, like the immortal Charles III., for the second time, the independence of my well-beloved people. Be, meantime the interpreters of my sentiments and those of the Queen towards all those who are associated with you in this new and striking homage of attachment and fidelity. Communicate, I pray you, the expression of our sentiments to the absent, who, wandering in the different kingdoms of Europe, co-operate by their incessant efforts towards my restoration; and with that good feeling which distinguishes you, find a way to make known the expression of our gratitude to those who, though abiding under the ferocious yoke of the foreign invader, have not hesitated to inscribe their names alongside of yours."

SPAIN

The Queen of Spain opened the Cortes on the 8th Nov. with a speech in which she announced that the Government had obtained from other nations guarantees for ensuring to the Holy Father in his States the peace and security necessary for the independent exercise of his holy ministry. The Mexican intervention and the annexation of St. Domingo were then spoken of, and the conclusion of satisfactory arrangements with Morocco was announced.

Lisbon, Nov. 3, 1861.—The only circumstance worth noticing since my last, was the celebration, in spite of the opposition of patriarch and parish priests, of a Mass for the Count Vaurou. You recollect that the patriarch first directly refused to leave, and subsequently resisted the official solicitations of government to sanction the celebration of solemn obsequies for the deceased statesman. The parish priests of Lisbon unanimously refused the use of their churches for what they knew to be only a simple political display. But the Piedmontese Ambassador and his friends were not satisfied. They solicited, and obtained, from the municipal corporation of Lisbon, the use of a small church belonging to the municipality, and exempt from the jurisdiction of the patriarch. In Lisbon they could not get a single clergyman to celebrate the Mass or assist at the ceremonies. Three regimental chaplains were found weak enough or daring enough to condescend to the solicitations of those people, and a priest from the provinces became the eulogist, from the pulpit, of Count Vaurou. This priest had not the necessary permission from the patriarch to preach in his diocese. At this mockery of religious ceremony, much to their dishonour, assisted all the King's ministers, the members of the municipality, the officers of some of the regiments, and the Sardinian Ambassador, Comde de la Minerva. So conscious were these folk of the political nature of this display, that the preacher was occasionally interrupted by shouts of bravo!

I must not omit mentioning that the Diplomatic Corps unanimously refused the invitation to attend at this display. They considered it would be a want of respect to the Nuncio and to the ecclesiastical authority of the patriarch. It was also noted by the public press, that not a single person from the palace was present, and that the officers of the cavalry regiment, commanded by the King's brother, Don John, would not and did not appear in the Church. The people also protested, for though the Church of St. Anthony is very small, it was never full.—*Cor. of the Dublin Nation*.

RUSSIA

St. Petersburg, Nov. 5.—The day after the Emperor's arrival in St. Petersburg, when no one knew what his Majesty would do in the affairs of the University, and when many persons thought, and every one hoped, that he would take some decisive step on behalf of the students, a good story was circulated about the instructions sent from the Crimea by telegraph to General Ignatieff, and of the manner in which that functionary interpreted them. The following is said to have been the first despatch forwarded by the General:—"Great disturbances at the University. The students will listen to no one; neither to the Rector, nor to the Curator, nor even to me. What is to be done?" To which the Emperor is reported to have answered: "Make every effort to calm the students. Treat them like a father." General Ignatieff telegraphed: "I have obeyed your Majesty's commands. The students are in the fortress." "What do you mean? You have committed some dreadful blunder," was, according to popular rumor, the Emperor's reply. When General Ignatieff went to meet his Sovereign at the first station on the St. Petersburg and Moscow railway, he was very coldly received, and finding that his conduct in connection with the "demonstrations" at the University was highly disapproved, is said to

have observed in self-defence: "I intended, sire, to execute your orders, and arrested 283 students last Thursday, and many of them were badly wounded. Your lamented father could scarcely have done more." The explanation of poor General Ignatieff's supposed mistake is to be found in the fact that there are no articles in the Russian language, and that in such phrases as, "like my father," or "as my father" (would have done) the possessive pronoun is usually omitted.—*Times Correspondent*.

The following letter, from St. Petersburg, dated the 31st of October, is not without interest:—"The Draconian system to which we are reduced both by day and night; the numerous arrests, all that is passing, in fact, lead me, to fear, that this letter may fall into the hands of the agents of Schouvaloff, of Patkoul, of Dolgoroukoff; and increase the number of victims who at this moment, languish in the damp cells in the fortress of St. Peter and Paul. Absent from St. Petersburg for the last two months, I have travelled through a great part of Russia, and I can assure you, *à vis et de auditu*, that this country is progressing towards a revolution such as that of 1793, will give you but a very faint idea. At no previous period has popular agitation reached such a height; nor never was it so universal, as I can vouch, as it is at present. The peasants are exasperated against their ex-owners, whom they accuse of not having fulfilled the wishes of the Czar, who commanded them, according to the peasant's statement, to cede the entire of their lands to their ancient serfs. The landed proprietors, on their part, are furious with the Emperor and his counsellors for having stripped them, arbitrarily, of a fortune of which the annual income is estimated at five millions of francs. The manufacturers and merchants are the more indignant against the Government as its ill-calculated measures have ruined both manufacturers' industry and trade to such a degree that nobody can foresee the period at which commercial transactions will recover their former elasticity. In a word, I have everywhere found discontent, violent irritation, and implacable hatred among all classes of the population—ones against the other, and of all classes against the Government.

CHINA

THE LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA.—The North China Herald makes a praiseworthy attempt to sketch the leading events in the late Emperor's career, but seems to suffer from want of material.—"The late Emperor Hien Fung was the son of Tau Kwang, who died in February, 1850, after a reign of 30 years. According to the Chinese laws of succession, the Sovereign has the power of nominating any male member of the Royal family as his successor. It is not necessary that he should be the eldest son, and he may even appoint a brother or uncle to succeed him, provided he has exhibited capacity and talents for governing more conspicuously than any other possessor of the blood royal. In this instance Tau Kwang nominated as his successor Hien Fung, his fourth son, stepping over the heads of three others. On his accession to the throne in February, 1850, great hopes were entertained of him, as it was evident that he possessed administrative capacity in a high degree. But he was a young man of a lascivious disposition, and abandoned the severe discussions of his council for the more palatable society of his harem, where he revelled in the luxury of a Sardanapalus, and like his Assyrian prototype, clasped in the arms of Myrrha, while Nineveh was surrounded by the Scythian hordes, so he sat in the Summer Palace of Yuan-Min-Yuen among his wives and concubines, while the guns of the allied army resounded in his ears; and he had barely time to escape to the Tartarian Alps, when he was sacked, burned and demolished. The place of his retreat was the palace of Zehol, on the frontiers of the empire, where it is hemmed in by the precipitous mountains of Tartary. Here he wiled away his time in indolence, while his brother, Prince Kwang, assumed all the cares and responsibilities of government at Peking. From the date of his retreat early in October, 1860, he evidently languished, as reports of his illness from time to time were spread abroad, until from mental and bodily affliction, which reduced him to a state of imbecility—like his contemporary sultan, the Sultan of Turkey—he died ingloriously in his 30th year, amid effeminate luxury, at 9 p. m., on the 2nd of August, 1861, a victim to his appetites and a slave to his passions, which made him an imbecile despot, and the first Emperor of China who has succumbed to European power."

THE ENORMOUS ARMAMENTS OF EUROPE.—Some correct statistics have been collected respecting the number of men employed in the armies of Europe, and it is really almost enough to make one despair of the progress of mankind to find that something like 4,000,000 of men, at the lowest computation, are under arms. Here is a list:—Army of Austria, 738,344; Prussia, 719,092; Russia, 850,000; France, 626,000; Great Britain and India, 534,627; Denmark, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, 302,407—total, 3,771,760. The cost of maintaining clothing, and paying these men, at the low average of £40 per head, is £150,000,000 per annum; but the loss is not to be measured by this sum, enormous as it is for we must also reckon what would be gained were the mass of labour productive, instead of unproductive. The labour of 3,771,760 able-bodied men cannot be calculated as producing less than £120,000,000 per annum, so that virtually between the cost of their maintenance and what they ought to produce were their labour utilized, there is a difference of something like £300,000,000 a year. We are quite sure this sum is rather under than over the mark. The worst feature of all this is, that we can see no termination to this expenditure. Since the breakdown of popular institutions in America, and the outbreak of the savage war which the Republicans and Democrats of that country are waging against each other, we may turn in vain for consolation from the Old to the New World.—*Money Review*.

We find the following clever acrostic on the name of the French Emperor in the *Dublin Telegraph*:—"The striking similarity between the career of the first and third Napoleon is remarkably evident in the following acrostic on the name of the first of the Bonaparte dynasty. It was placarded upon the walls of the Tuilleries soon after his elevation to the Imperial dignity:—

N ationibus
A uctoritatem,
P rincipibus
O bedientiam,
L ibertatem
E clesie,
O mni modo
N egans

B ona
U rsupavit
O mnium,
N eutrum
A urum,
P opulorum
A nimas;
R overa
T yrannus
E xecrandus."

* TRANSLATION.—By every means refusing power and authority to nations, obedience to their rulers, and liberty to the Church, this truly execrable tyrant usurped the possessions of every one, the gold of neutral states, and the lives of the people.

IGNORANT ENDS OF THE GREAT EASTERN.—Nautical men in England express very discouraging opinions in regard to the Great Eastern. They think it doubtful whether she will ever make another sea trip; and think that after remaining a while at Milford Haven she will be converted into a bath house or a floating hospital. The captain and crew have been paid off, and the unlucky shareholders are called upon for more money for repairs.

A WIFE WANTED.—A missionary's home has been rent by the death of a beloved one. He needs a comforter, and a confessor, and a friend. The vanity of this world and the things of it put them all together, and they will not make a help meet for man. They will not suit the needs of the soul, nor supply its needs, nor satisfy its just desires, nor run parallel with its never failing "ardour." Therefore, it being not good for man to be alone, God created woman to be a help meet for him. See Genesis i, 18; Prov. xv, 22. The applicant must possess a healthy body, in process of formation, six hundred thousand volunteers, and the enlistments for the regular service are more than heretofore numerous.

It has been officially ascertained that the American Government has now in the field, in camp, and in process of formation, six hundred thousand volunteers, and the enlistments for the regular service are more than heretofore numerous.

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BETHLEHEM, By Frederick William Faber, D. D. CONTENTS.

Chap. I.—The Bosom of the Eternal Father.—Chap. II.—The Bosom of Mary.—Chap. III.—The Midnight Cave.—Chap. IV.—The first Worshipers.—Chap. V.—The Infant God.—Chap. VI.—Soul and body.—Chap. VII.—Calvary before its Time.—Chap. VIII.—Heaven Already.—Chap. IX.—The feet of the Eternal Father.

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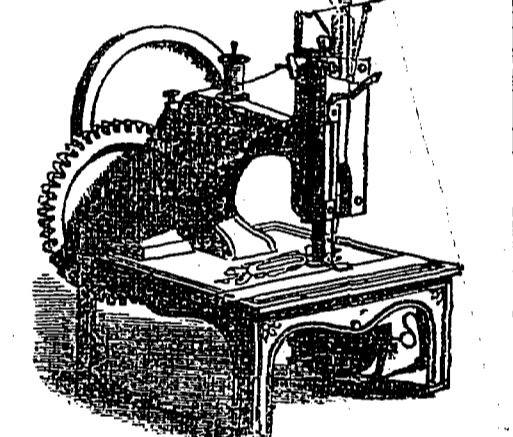
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WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has REMOVED his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment TO THE Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street, BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS, (Formerly occupied by Mitchell & Co.)

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Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.

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