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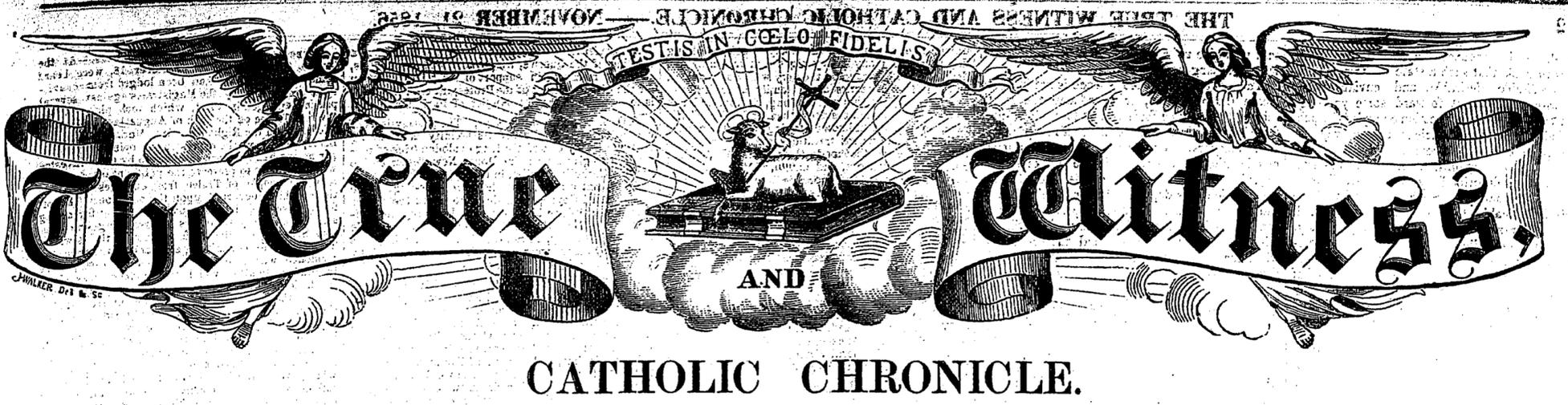
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VOL. VII. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1856. No. 15.

REV. DR. CAHILL
ON SPAIN.
Ballyroan Cottage, Oct. 22, 1856.
(From the Dublin Telegraph.)

All the political convulsion and civil strife which have occurred in Spain during the last forty years, may be truly ascribed to British interference and intrigue in that chivalrous and divided country. Indeed from the earliest period of Christian history: from the fifth to the sixteenth century, Spain may be said to be under foreign dominion, and has been, from many relations and circumstances, the most eventful nation in Europe. It was successively overrun by Vandals, Visigoths, Goths, and Moors: although reduced, and conquered by the warring wars of eleven hundred years, yet it was never subdued; and thus it stands before mankind as a triumphant instance of the ultimate success of the cause of national liberty, when the flame of independence is kept continually burning, and the cry of freedom is raised from age to age by succeeding generations pledged and bound together. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, they expelled the Moors, after a struggle of more than seven hundred years: and Spain, in the year 1516, for the first time since the year 427, saw all her children united under one Government, ruled by a King of her own choice, and raised her proud head free from civil war and foreign yoke. The discovery of America, under her favorite Queen, Isabella, opened mines of gold, and added extensive territories to proud Castile; and for upwards of two centuries with some slight political and national disasters, Spain ranked, amongst the surrounding nations, the first-rate power of Europe.

But how trivial the cause, and unexpected the event, which sometimes lays the foundation of the humiliation, or the overthrow of national greatness; in fact, nations, like individuals, bring on paralysis and death from neglecting to remedy symptoms of disease or decay. And the French Revolution, which was foreshadowed at least fifty years before the explosion of the disastrous event, reached Spain like the shock of an earthquake, and well nigh buried every vestige of her former power, and wealth, and liberties, in one confused wreck of national ruin. And neither the Visigoths nor the Goths were so much to be dreaded as the enemies who began to overrun that country in the year 1808, and who, up to the present year, exercise dominion over her liberties, her morality, and her Christianity, far and away more fatal than all the Northern Pagan Invaders, united in one army, with Atilla (the scourge of God) at their head. The man who has not had time to read the history of the Spanish Peninsula since, cannot conceive what is the cause of the permanent civil strife, social divisions, and ecclesiastical disasters in a country containing, by almost common consent, the most noble, the most generous and the most religious people on the face of the earth: while the individual who happens to read the "Foreign Correspondence" of the English press is so completely deceived by the mis-statements of these hired defamers, that he is loud in his indignation against their Kings, their Laws, their Religion, their Priesthood; and as a remedy for all these supposed evils, he cries out for a monarch nominated by England, for the laws framed by England, for institutions borrowed from England, for the Anglican Bible, and for the Anglican rope, and gibbet to re-enact in Hispania, the murders of Mullaghmast, to light the fires of Smithfield, and to recount the canon of Tom Cromwell for the total extirpation of the Priests, Nuns, Friars, Monks, and even for the demolition of the very stone walls of the Catholic church. The writer of this article regrets he cannot devote in the present publication sufficient space for the full development of these important issues; but he hopes to say enough in the current number of this journal to enable the reader to comprehend the main prominent features of the subject under consideration.

The French Revolution, completed in the year 1793, was the volcano that shook France, remodelled her very surface, and spread a terrific commotion throughout all the surrounding states; and in the eruption of this volcano, Napoleon the First was ejected, raised high above all his fellows, and ruled the tempest, and rode the political whirlwind up to the year 1806, when with his own hand, in the presence of the Pope, he placed first on his own head and next on the head of Josephine, his wife, the two imperial crowns of France. He had already conquered the four best Generals of the Austrian army; he had reduced Italy; he had humbled Europe; and his Imperial enlarged fancy now decided on giving new monarchs (like himself) to several neighboring kingdoms, and putting the crowns on their heads as he had already put one on his own imperial brow.

Francis IV. of Spain had at this time, from state necessities, abdicated the throne in favor of his son Ferdinand VII.; Napoleon summoned or inveigled the father, and the son to meet him at Bayonne; induced the son to restore the crown again to his father, who, on the spot,

made a present of it to Napoleon, and thus abdicated the Spanish Throne in favor of the French Emperor. The son Ferdinand was instantly made a prisoner, and Napoleon sent his brother Joseph to the Escurial, and crowned him King of Spain. Every one of feeling, reason, and patriotism in any country, must feel unbounded humiliation and irresistible indignation to see a father and son thus give away, like an old hat, the crown of Spain, the throne of their ancestors; but in Spain this feeling rose into frenzy, and Spanish pride was so mortally wounded that the nation struggled, as it were, in a death agony against this baseness of their King, selling or betraying the crown of Charles V., and covering with cowardice and dishonor the national pride of Arragon. This act of Charles and his son divided the Spaniards into two hostile parties; the one hating, abhorring the race, the name of Bourbon; the other, amongst whom the nobles and the clergy were found, still clinging to their legitimate King, and hoping that in some favorable turn of affairs, the old regime would be restored. This act of Charles had also, as is clear from the premises, the further effect of alienating a large section of the people from the clergy, as each side maintained antagonistic opinions and feelings in reference to the Bourbons.

This part of my case brings me to the beginning of the Peninsular War, where the two hostile camps—namely, the French and English, amounting on both sides to two hundred thousand men—reddened the fields of Spain with blood up to the year 1813; and worse than even the blood of the dead, leaving behind them for examples for the living the demoralisation, the cruelty, the obduracy, the irreligion, the sins, and the scarlet crime which invariably follow in the guilty track of contending armies. Who does not see that a country thus deluged with war for seven years must have been drained of her resources, must have had her agriculture, her commerce ruined, and must in the tumult of battle and in scenes of blood have had their religion blunted, their conscience seared, and their very faith imperilled? Add to this that the Duke of Wellington, under pretence of taking away all mode of defence from the French, threw down all the Spanish mills, factories, &c., and thus annihilated their trade. This glance at Spain about the time of the battle of Waterloo will give some idea of the material state of the country, and will also furnish some imperfect notion of the division of parties, and of the state of national feeling between the clergy and a large section of the people. But when to this heap of confused grievances we now add the new fact, that the hated, the vile Ferdinand is restored to his kingdom in 1814, we may conclude that the swollen rage of the people boiled over, at seeing the mean betrayer of their nation again placed on the throne. The worst part of the case is, that it divided the clergy and the people! and again, that division became so wide, from the terrors and crimes of a long war, that the section of the people referred to not only were simply divided but were inoculated with infidelity towards the creed and with insatiable hatred towards the restored vile monarch, and revenge towards the persons and names of the priesthood.

This part of my narrative ends the period during which Spain was overrun by the French: and now commences the epoch when it is doomed to be overrun by the English; and this era, unless checked by an overruling Providence, tended of itself to be more fatal to Spain than the most terrific, thrilling period of the very worst days of her past history. The hour when the filthy Ferdinand was restored, two results clearly followed—namely, National division became enlarged and confirmed; and next, England assumed the reins of Government, and really and *bona fide* ruled Spain through her agents and her Ambassadors. It may be well supposed (now a historical fact) that England moved the mind of Ferdinand to reduce the power of the Catholic Clergy; and as Ferdinand's brother, Don Carlos, the heir of the throne, was devotedly attached to the Church—and as Ferdinand had no son (his children being two daughters) it formed part of the English stratagem to abolish the Salic Law in Spain (forbidding females to ascend the throne), and thus exclude Don Carlos, the legitimate heir, and the friend of the Clergy, of order, and religion.—In 1831 the shabby King fell into a lethargy, in which he remained, with limited intervals, for two years; his daughters being then respectively one and three years old. When he awoke, in 1833, from this partial insensibility, he abdicated (abdication was his forte) the throne in favor of the present Isabella; and a law was passed, through English intrigue, repealing the Salic Law, and excluding Don Carlos. On the knowledge of this treachery being circulated, the kingdom broke out into open revolution: England despatched her navy to the Spanish coast, and commissioned Sir De Lacy Evans to the command of the British Legion, ten thousand strong, to support the young Queen against her uncle; and in two or three partial engagements, overthrew the Carlist party, and supported the usurper. In

the same and following year all the Church lands were confiscated; the churches, in several instances, were converted into theatres; seventy-five thousand friars and nuns were forcibly expelled from their convents; and one hundred and ten priests were shot in the streets of Madrid, or burned alive in their houses, on the 31st March, 1833. This is the picture of Spain, overrun, not by the leader of the Huns, but by the English. On the death of Ferdinand, the Queen Mother Christina, married a handsome Lieutenant of Cavalry, the son of a country tobacco-merchant, (now Duke of Rianzaves), with the approbation of Lord Palmerston: and thus England added scheme to scheme, and covered the crown and the name of Bourbon with such contempt and infamy that the people (as a nation) were ashamed of their name, and maddened with the outrages of the throne. England, which, since 1813, has created all these divisions, has pushed her advantages to the last point of even Spanish endurance; her press has misrepresented everything Spanish, has belied the Spanish clergy, although now beggared and denationalized, and has repeatedly calumniated the habits, the characters, and the virtue of the Queen. England meditated a still deeper wound on Spain: she planned the ruin of her Catholic faith; her agents, her ambassadors, urged it; her statesmen precipitated it; but yet, like Ireland, although Spain has fallen, she abhors the lies, the crimes, the treachery, the persecution of England; and, like Ireland too, though some of the children of Spain are traitors to their country, she has never changed her faith, or bent the knee before the golden calf of that Protestantism which she abhors with all the furious combination of hatred and contempt which the Irish feel towards a calumniating tract-distributing parson, or towards an apostate perjured souter.

The present Queen is one of the most amiable creatures in existence: and ornaments the throne with every virtue which can give value to life, add grace to woman, elevate Christianity, and adorn the palace. But, placed as she is between two hostile parties: being dependant on England, while she is the guardian of her own royalty: sincerely devoted to the Church, while compelled to assent to the sequestration of its sacred property, it is almost impossible to steer a safe, steady course through such impending dangers on all sides. The removal of England from all connexion and control with the throne is the only remedy, under wise heads, to heal divisions, to unite all the people, to make peace with the Church, to arrest infidelity, and to give security to the throne. All these desired results are by none more ardently wished for than by the Queen and on a late occasion, when Napoleon gave some indication of lending his support to the Spanish Queen, England has become wrathful, the *Times* has given up all *future interest* in Spanish affairs, Palmerston is dumb. Spain seems to have enlarged its views, to have grown in power, to speak in tones of National confidence, since Madrid has been saluted in the unmistakable language of protection and friendship, from fifteen thousand armed Frenchmen, encamped in the famed Bayonne, where the father of the Spanish Queen, and her grandfather, formally resigned the Spanish crown into the hands of Napoleon I., on the 10th June, 1808. After England will have been expelled from Spain, from Portugal, and from Naples, the days of English domination will have passed away; and Catholic Europe will be freed from civil strife, the Catholic faith from English infidelity: and, indeed, the Gospel of Christ will be released from bribery, apostacy, and the mockery of worship. The affairs of Spain must undergo a change in the right direction, as long as Napoleon will evince the same feeling of support, which he has lately shown at Bayonne; and England has somewhat too much to do just now in other quarters to exercise her usual dominion in Spain; and the policy of Lord Palmerston is doomed to receive a shock from which it can never recover. By the power, the decision, and the Christian faith of Napoleon, France will command the destinies of the surrounding nations, and thus the English revolutionary schemes, the proselytising views of the last forty years, worked at an expense of hundreds and thousands of millions of money, are defeated and blasted by a single blow. England once removed, the discontented, the factious, the infidel party must unite with the friends of order and religion, and the whole nation will be free to frame their own laws, and adopt those institutions which are suited to the genius of the country, and the national character of the people. The year 1856 is likely to be the epoch of England's downfall; surpassed by France in the Crimea, laughed at in Naples, ousted in Spain, despised in Florence, baffled in Rome, and challenged and kicked by Austria, now armed to the teeth in Lombardy, England at length feels the disgrace of Palmerston's policy, and has no shelter from the universal contempt of Europe, save in the further humiliation of licking the feet of Napoleon, and uttering through her press, her literature, her despatches, her music, her very dinner toasts, the meanest

adulation of the greatness, the glories, aye, and the *friendship* (?) of France! The year 1856, beyond all doubt, will witness the downfall of Protestantism, and England's cruel domination: and it will also herald before the world, the elevation of Catholicity, and of true human liberty in the surrounding countries.

THE ESTABLISHMENT.
(From the Tablet.)

There are a thousand things which everybody knows and owns, in defence of which nobody has got a word to say, and yet people fear to attack them, or, if they summon courage so to do, they simply vex their readers' spirits, and give occasion to the shrewd and practical men of the day so lecture, banter, and deride them on the injudicious selection of their topics. It requires some skill, and, indeed, it is said to be the chief essential in a journalist, to discern the right moment when his views on any point will find an echo in the public mind, and touch some chord in his readers' breasts that will yield a responsive vibration.

It is not enough that the writer of a leading article should extort the assent of his readers to his arguments; they require to "know the reason why" their assent should be demanded and their feelings put in motion on this particular question at this particular time. This want of "rapport" between the speaker and his audience, between the writer and his readers, is the gravest charge that can be brought against either an orator or a journalist. And thus it often happens that one is compelled to wait for some event which may arrest public attention, and afford an excuse for treating of a general question in connexion with it. The case of Archdeacon Denison is one of those events which has obtained such notoriety, and on the ulterior consequences of which speculation is so rife, that it has naturally led writers to look beyond its special bearings, and treat it in connexion with the wider question of the Church Establishment. We, Catholics, are too apt to confine our views to our own section of the population. We look at our own numbers, our diminished, divided political strength, the small effect that our united action would produce upon the nation, and withhold our interest from any measures which our own strength would prove unable to carry. But we constantly forget that, besides ourselves, there are hundreds of thousands of our Protestant countrymen, with the same ends as ourselves, thoroughly hostile to the same abuses, suffering under the same grievances, and desirous of the same redress as we ourselves. The Denison case has called for demonstrations from some of the ablest and most influential organs of public opinion, which show that so far from a dislike to the Establishment, a conviction of its hollowness and falsehood, a contempt for its absurd pretensions, and a hearty desire for its downfall being confined to Catholics, these feelings are not only shared, but far more strongly felt, by a large portion of the community exercising great influence, wielding immense resources, and ready for action on the first favorable opportunity. It scarce seems wise or right that we, more interested than any others in the result, should be the slowest and slackest in the strife.

Yet so it is. The *Morning Star*, the new cheap London morning paper, which rivals the *Times* in ability, and in which, of all the Protestant press, we find the nearest approach to accord with the aims and objects of the Catholic party, has fired a broadside into the Establishment, which, for telling force and damaging effect, surpasses anything we have met with from a Catholic source since the unapproachable exposures made by his Eminence the Cardinal at the time of the Papal aggression, and the lectures delivered by the Rector of the Catholic University. The *Morning Star* finds that the recent case of Archdeacon Denison "is suggestive of some very painful reflections as to the position occupied by the Clergy of the Established Church." The article is directed against the Clergy, but, of course, the case of the laity is involved in that of those whom they deliberately follow as their spiritual teachers. The *Morning Star* finds that the Denison case, taken in conjunction with that of Mr. Gorham, reveals a state of things as existing in the Church "which is really appalling to the unsophisticated and moral sense of the community." It says:—

"The case may be stated thus. Every individual who takes Orders in the Church of England does, at the most solemn moment of his existence, and in language of most unequivocal explicitness, subscribe willingly and *ex animo* the following things:—That the Book of Common Prayer and of Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, contained in it nothing contrary to the Word of God, and that all and every one of the Thirty-nine Articles are to be agreeable to the Word of God. That there may be no mistake as to the sense in which this is done, we are told, on the authority of 'the supreme Governor' of the

Church, that 'no man hereafter shall either print or preach to draw the Article aside any way, but shall submit to it in the plain and full meaning thereof; and shall not put his own sense or comment to be the meaning of the Article, but shall take it in the literal and grammatical sense.' Let it be remembered that all the thousands of the English Clergy throughout this realm are bound by these declarations. But it is a fact perfectly notorious and undeniable, that there are in this body different classes who profess and teach—and that in reference to the very doctrines embodied in the Articles and canons of the Church—views that are diametrically opposite the one to the other. Nay, more, every candid man will admit, that among them there are those who seem, to the plain understanding of common men, to preach doctrines that contradict in the most express manner, in some cases the formularies, and in others the Articles, which they have sworn to believe and defend. These are the views also they entertain of each other; for nothing can be more explicit and emphatic than the language in which charges of heresy and false teaching are exchanged between them. Now, the question which startles and bewilders multitudes of honest persons, who are as far as possible from being unfriendly either to the cause of Christianity or to the Church of England, is this: How is it possible that men who hold and propagate sentiments so utterly discordant and repugnant, can use the same formularies and subscribe the same Articles? In answer to this simple question, we are met with a variety of shifts, subterfuges, and evasions, which, in connexion with any subject, would be most pitiful, but when taken in connexion with the solemn belief and offices of religion, are absolutely revolting. Sometimes we are told that the deliberate assent and consent given, and the willing *ex animo* subscription made, does not mean a declaration of belief in all things that are contained in the forms thus ratified, but only a promise that the declarant will or may hereafter, believe them when he comes to understand and approve them. Sometimes we are told that every man has a right to make these declarations with a mental reservation, or to interpret the words in his own sense, though the authoritative language of the Church expressly demands that they be admitted in their plain, literal, and grammatical sense. So, again, when any of those whose ministrations appear to differ from either the formularies or the Articles are charged with this divergency, there ensues such a distortion of words, such tortuosities of evasion, such hair-splitting distinctions and refinements, that plain men become utterly bewildered, and begin to doubt whether it is possible ever again to attach any definite significance whatever to the English language. Most certain it is that, if any individual in ordinary commercial transactions, or in the common intercourse of society, were to adopt such a mode of interpreting his own declaration and promises as are deemed allowable by those who have subscribed religious formularies in the presence and in the name of God, he would be, if not branded as a knave and a cheat, most certainly avoided as a man utterly unsafe to be dealt with.

"Now, is this a desirable state of things? Is it honorable to religion? Is it safe for the Church? Is it consistent with either the integrity or dignity of the Clergy? Is it perfectly manifest to every man who pays the least heed to Ecclesiastical matters in this country, that there is no real unity in the Church of England? Noah's ark did not hold a more promiscuous population. Then why attempt to maintain the outward semblance of unity at the cost of everything that we ought to hold most dear? Is it meet, or comely, that that institution, which is hypothetically the fountain whence those moral and spiritual influences flow that are to purify and invigorate the national life, should itself exhibit a conspicuous example of equivocation and sophistry?—of playing fast and loose with the claims of truth and the obligations of conscience?

"It is not for us to prescribe a remedy. Indeed, it seems to us that no thorough remedy is possible, save one: to sever the golden chain which binds the Church to the State. And would not this be felt by the worthiest and noblest of her sons to be an infinite deliverance? Is it not an unspeakable degradation for a spiritual body, which professes to derive its authority and inspiration from Heaven, to be obliged to go, with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,' to ask of the secular power what it must believe and teach in the name of its Divine Master? It is not necessary for the Church to be clothed in purple and fine linen, to dwell in kings' houses, and to 'lift its mitred front in courts and parliaments.' But it is necessary, if it would be saved from dishonor and contempt, that it should speak its message from God to man, with a bold and unfettered utterance. It is necessary that it should bear firm and high before the eyes of the world, the standard of truth and righteousness."

"We can add nothing to this scathing denunciation; but let it be remembered that this is no *ex-parte* statement. Its truth is universally ad-

mitted. It is announced in the Times, which seems to think that such a state of things is rather creditable, desirable, and enviable than otherwise. It was put forward some years ago when the Convention question occupied the public mind, as the one sufficient reason why the State should not be removed from the mouth of the Anglican Establishment. The Conservative party was described by Mr. Disraeli as an organised hypocrisy. Such terms would be wholly inapplicable to the Church of England. It is open, brazen, and bull-headed profanity. It is an impudent lie upon common sense, common honesty, and common decency. Its hours are numbered; and when our descendants read of the tenacity with which Smithfield Market clung to life—the vitality of the London Corporation—the destructible nature of London, sinks, cesspools, and drains, and of the abominations of the river Thames, they will subdue their wonder, and say, in a contemptuous tone, "Why, at that time they hadn't even got rid of the Established Church."

"STATE-SCHOOLISM."

Public men, who interest themselves in the question of education, seem, with few exceptions, to take it for granted that the State ought to teach the people knowledge. From this principle they are led, not by force of reasoning, but by the force of circumstances, to tolerate, and next to recommend, what is called secular education. They will not stop here, for the same conditions that brought them thus far on the wrong road will carry them still further, and before long we shall have them insisting upon secular education. People may talk for ever about forms of government, but there is no human government which may not become despotic, if its administrators are deficient in common sense. Parliamentary institutions are no safeguards of personal liberties any more than absolute monarchy, if the representatives of the people have theories of their own which they prefer to the opinions of others, and force them into practice contrary to the very primary notions of equal law.

The men who would force a State education on the people, do not come under the law themselves. Not being poor, they can educate their own children as they please, and they are not robbed by the State of their natural tutelage over their own families. If they like a secular education they can have it of course; but, as a matter of fact, these gentlemen do not wish to see their own children like themselves. The tyranny is therefore complete; the law falls heavily on the poor, upon those who cannot withdraw themselves from its grasp, and their personal liberty is infringed in the most important matters, in questions touching their individual conscience. All this is quietly done in a constitutional country, in the name of liberty and progress, and nobody thinks it worth his while to say a word for the defenceless poor, whose children are about to be violently educated for tickets of leave.

We do not think that this view of the question will make any impression on the partisans of this doctrine of State education; we therefore turn to another view of it, which will come to them more nearly, but especially to those who are likely to be the instruments of the State despotism. Government can but direct education, the Vice-President of the Committee of Council cannot give lectures or keep school himself. He must do his work by deputy. It is the deputy of the vice-president that is most interested in the question. The schoolmasters throughout the country will be the agents of the State and the channels of knowledge. It is worth their while to consider beforehand what their position will be. Let them look at what passes in a constitutional kingdom, where there is liberty of conscience, and where every man may ruin his soul in any way he likes, without incurring any rebuke from the civil authorities of the country.

This constitutional kingdom is Belgium, and there the State undertakes to educate every man that likes to submit to its teaching. The Government begins with the alphabet, and ends with a doctor's degree in civil law. It teaches even the Catechism to children, and leads them on to the abstruse mysteries of chemistry and law. The State—that is, the civil power—appoints all the teachers and professors, and the people pay. And this is the latest instruction given by the Government to its professors:—

"The Government does not mean to impose upon you the obligation of discussing religious questions in the exclusive sense of any positive religion, but the Government may, and ought to order you, out of respect for liberty of public worship, to abstain from all direct attack upon the essential principles of the religions practised in Belgium. . . ."

Further still: the professors will "not be allowed to publish—as other citizens are allowed—the results of their investigations even on subjects not comprised within the course of their teaching, if such publishing should be grating to the public conscience." Now, these are the conditions upon which the State employs its professors. Education is not free, and it is impossible in a country where there is more than one religion. If the professor be a good Christian, he cannot tell the truth in his lectures, because he will thereby attack some principle of the dissenting religion. If he be an unbelieving professor he is in the same difficulty, for he must abstain from saying anything that is in opposition with any positive system of religion. The Ministerial theory is very well on paper, but how is the professor of the law of nations or of nature to abstain from trenching upon some religion or other? He cannot move a step. He may present himself in the lecture-room, but before he has completed half a dozen sentences, he will have offended some conscience or other, and denied the essential principles of some sect; but more likely those of the Catholic Church. There is no such thing as a colorless or tasteless instruction. Human language cannot steer between yes and no; it either blesses or curses, and there is no middle course without contradiction. Men may give up property for the sake of peace; and they are respected for their disinterestedness, but

men who give up principles without conviction, without anything but contempt. This system of eloquent silence is not likely to please the professors, or to educate the youth subject to it. The former must lose all respect for their position, and the latter all respect for their teachers. Though the fundamental principle of education is destroyed in the ruin of mutual regard, the professors exultate (the Government which thus deprives them of their liberty, and the Government must despise men whose convictions it silences, the young men will despise both the Government and the professor, who have not the honesty to say what they really think on any given subject. This is the system that enslaves the soul and trammels the intellect. It is nothing less than an immense imposture practised by dullness, and paid for liberally by the taxes wrung from the poor, who are, by their poverty, shut out from its advantages.

This is the system of secular education to which we are tending. It is practised in the two State Universities of Belgium. The theory of it is given us by the present Secretary of State for Home Affairs, and the practice of it is that the professors deny original sin, the Divinity of Our Blessed Lord, the existence of Heaven and Hell. They tell us that our souls, when they leave our bodies, go into other bodies, and that they have been in other bodies before they animated those in which they are to-day. This has been the public instruction in one of the State Universities; but for the future the professors are to say nothing which shall grate upon the feelings, or hurt the consciences of Christians, Protestants, and Jews. The necessary result must be silence. How can men with such principles teach anything connected with the business of life without coming into contact with the principles of some of their hearers? If they abstain, they will not be the less propagators of evil opinions, for their silence will not be without meaning, and the absence of all reference to principles will be nothing less than the teaching of unbelief. This is and must be the end of all education undertaken by the State when it has no religion, or when it is bound to respect the differing religions on the subject.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

FATHER PETREMAN'S ILLNESS.—The readers of the Tablet, and the Catholics of these Kingdoms generally, will regret to learn the serious indisposition of the Rev. Vladimir Petchemin, the much-beloved and admired Redemptorist Missionary. He has been confined to bed for the last five days, at the residence of the Venerable Archbishop Berden, P.P., Tintern, New Ross, where the Fathers of his Order have just concluded a most laborious and successful mission. His disease is pronounced by the physician in attendance, Dr. Rossiter, of New Ross, to be malignant typhus fever, of which no one can yet foresee the termination. He fell ill on Thursday and Friday, but would scarcely acknowledge it to his Rev. brethren, and on the latter evening, being that of the dedication of the parish to the Blessed Virgin, he preached to a congregation of eight or nine thousand persons, with an eloquence, fervour, and unctious worthy of his illustrious founder, the author of "The Glories of Mary." The effort was too much for him. Next morning he was in fever. Yet he was rushing to his overcrowded confessional, with his usual ardour, when the orders of his Superior confined him to his room. The fever is increasing every hour since then. The readers of the Tablet, lay and Clerical, will not grudge a prayer for his recovery, and the letter will feel pleasure in recommending him to the prayers of the poor, whom he loved so much and labored for so unselfishly day and night, for the last twelve years. May Jesus, Crucified, whom he always preached, and Immaculate Mary, in celebrating whose praises he fell ill, preserve to his Order, and to the Irish Church, a life in many ways so precious.—Tablet.

MISSIONS OF THE DOMINICAN FATHERS.—The Very Rev. Dr. Russell and other Fathers of the illustrious Order of Preachers have been holding a mission for the last three weeks in the town of Listowel. Within two years the mountains of Kerry have thrice echoed the call of St. Dominic's sons. Tralee, Cahirciveen, and Listowel, have seen them toil, as only the Church of Christ can toil, to bring back souls to her Divine Spouse. And great and glorious has been the harvest reaped. We have not to look far back for many bright examples of Ireland's undying faith and piety on such occasions, and, therefore, it would be only repeating an oft-told tale to describe the heroic self-sacrifice of the missionaries and the devotion of the people in Listowel, for neither have failed to tread the same bright path. In another week the Mission will be brought to a close.—Freeman.

THE JESUIT FATHERS IN BRISTOLTON.—OPENING OF THE MISSION.—October 21, 1856.—The mission of the Jesuit Fathers opened here yesterday with High Mass, Sermon, and Benediction. From an early hour the country round about appeared to be astir, swallowed up, as it were, within the strong vortex of religious enthusiasm, while the crowds might be seen flocking into town from all quarters to see and hear those holy missionaries. The day's toil was beautifully fine, giving an increased stimulus to the enthusiastic feelings of the people, while the sun shone out gloriously in summer brilliancy and intensity. For two hours before last Mass the multitudes kept streaming without intermission into the house of God, until every available space, every spot where the could stand was filled to suffocation. 'Twas truly a monster-gathering, reminding one of the anxious multitudes following the Redeemer to be comforted by him—to get enanoured of the glad tidings of salvation, such as the world never heard before—and to be fed with the words of life which fell from his lips. Altogether it was cheering to see such vast masses come together at the call of religion, after years of famine, of extermination, after the ravages of the clearance system and crow-bar brigade had done their best, leaving traces of desolation over the fair field of Clere—burning of hamlets, throwing down of villages, and smoking ruins—unlike the desolating march of an invading army, No; from the Alma to Inkermann the march of the allies, in the very face of the enemy, left not such a dismal track—not such havoc was witnessed in the bloody track of war as the laws and their sanction perpetrated in unfortunate Erin during the famine and since. In spite of all these desolating exhibitions, it was matter for congratulation to behold the religious fervor of the countless numbers flocking into the chapel—that fervor which in the ages of faith immortalized our country—when occasionally kindles into the living spark of undying piety as of old, and cannot be extinguished in the hearts of our people. Poverty is a demoralising agent—proselytism is like a cancer, creeping over the land, debauching some stray one from the ancient faith, and alluring them by bribes, into the meshes of unbelief and heresy; Landlordism with its oppressiveness, and despotic sway—enabled to work its wantonness in the form of law, is driving the people, in many melancholy instances, to madness and despair, hunting them like beasts of prey from their own homes, and driving them to the walls of hospitals, to die of starvation. Every day—and moment in the day—there is some heartburning—some scalded tears—let fall, some notice to quit served, some bailiff with an

unwelcome message at the door. Each revolting day there are many heavy sighs and lamentations, deep and loud, burdening the very winds of our skies, as the rail train carries away family after family—and the emigrant ship starts along, as from a plague spot, over the boundless deep, thousands of the Celtic race, to regions unknown, taking with them only their faith and ancient traditions, and furthermore a hatred of the law that made them exiles. Yet, with so much discouragement and untoward fate—with all these drawbacks—and more, is it not a matter of surprise, almost miraculous, but certainly to be rejoiced at, to find so much religion in a devoted land so circumstanced—so oppressed—so unhappy—as if no bad impressions could ever be made on the religious sentiments of our race by their evil destiny, as if they suffered nothing from constant misgovernment from penal laws—or ages of persecution.—Tipperary Vindicator.

The reported conversion of Mr. Cliffe, of Belview, one of the principal landed proprietors of the County of Wexford, is confirmed. Mr. Cliffe has been always remarkable as a most excellent landlord, and for the practice of all the moral virtues. In a letter from Mr. Cliffe to John Green, Esq., J.P., published in the Wexford Independent, that gentleman says, in allusion to the rumour:—"Do not hesitate to announce to you, officially, that the report is a correct one, and, moreover, that since the reception of my son and myself two other members of my family have been received into the Catholic Church, and another portion of us hope to embrace the same faith in a few days." The Independent offers its congratulations to Mr. Cliffe, on his having had the grace and fortitude to obey the dictates of his conscience in embracing the tenets of the true faith, and on the happiness it must afford him to see the inheritor not only of his princely fortune, but also of his virtues, with other members of his amiable family, imitate the noble example he had given them.

CONVERSIONS IN TEMPLEMORE.—We have received a letter signed "Edward F. Rembaut, Curate of Templemore," in reference to the paragraph which recently appeared in our columns as to the number of conversions to the Catholic Church, which a Correspondent alleged to have taken place in that Parish recently owing to the indefatigable exertions of the truly respected Pastor, the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, P.P., V.G., and the zeal and piety of the Curate, the Rev. Messrs. Fennelly and O'Connor. The Rev. Edward F. Rembaut does not deny the accuracy of our Correspondent's statement; on the contrary he admits it; but he seeks to qualify its effect by alleging that one of the converts in particular is a woman who moves in an humble sphere, though she bears a genteel name, and that the effect, consequently, cannot be so very triumphant, as the paragraph in which the announcement was made, would induce the reader to suppose it to be. We are aware that the Rev. Edward F. Rembaut is a Clergyman of the aristocratic creed—that he is a minister of the Law Church—that that Church is not remarkable for its devotion to the interests of the poor—that that Church could not have the sympathies of the poor, because it spoliated their patrimony and gorges itself on their plunder—and now participates in the Rent Charge, which must be paid prior to any other claim on the property from which it is exacted. We are aware that Christian humility and that Church are antagonistic in all things; and it does not surprise us, with all due respect for the Rev. Edward F. Rembaut, that he should endeavor to make light of conversions which are not in the higher or the more refined walks of society. But we are at issue with him on that point; conversions among the lowly are as acceptable in the eye of the Catholic Church as those among the most aristocratic; and for many reasons they are more difficult. But conversions among the powerful and wealthy and educated of the Anglican Establishment are of daily occurrence, and we cannot understand, except for the reasons we have already advanced, why the Rev. Edward F. Rembaut should enter the lists not against the allegation of our Correspondent as to the fact that conversions have taken place, but simply because the conversions are not from among persons with large estates and with pretensions presentable in the drawing-room and saloons of the high aristocracy. We should allow the Rev. Edward F. Rembaut to speak for himself in our columns only that his letter does not become the spirit by which a Gossiper should be actuated, and that it sneers at the poor in the person of one of that class who have embraced the ancient faith of Templemore.—Tipperary Vindicator.

ATTEMPTED PROSELYTISM IN CORE.—In our profound ignorance as to the state of things in our local world, we (Cork Examiner) were culpably uninformed of the existence of a body called the "Cork Protestant Association." "R. B. Tooker, Hon. Sec.," a meeting of which, as we see by a report in the Daily Express of Saturday, was held on some recent occasion. Where this meeting was held, or who were the individuals who attended it, the report is prudently silent. But it states that at the meeting the secretary above named read a correspondence, consisting of a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant against Sir William Mackert, and Messrs. Murphy and Donegan, on account of the part taken by them in the late Biblical case, as casting "an unjustifiable censure upon the Missionary Clergy and other agents of the Irish Church Mission Society, whose objects are in full accordance with British law, and as inconsistent with the principles of a free Protestant constitution." We need not give at length the rubbish called "the memorial," being merely the usual ranting stuff. But the Cork Protestant Association, with their honorary secretary, have been effectually squelched by his Excellency's reply, which is as follows:—

"Dublin Castle, Oct. 14th 1856. Sir—I am directed by the Lord Lieutenant to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., with its accompanying enclosures, relative to a case of riot and assault which was brought before the Magistrates at Cork on the 13th ult., and with reference thereto I am directed to state that his Excellency perceives that the magistrates unanimously decided on receiving informations; and sending the parties charged for trial, and the papers having been laid before the Attorney-General, that officer has directed a prosecution.

"His Excellency further directs me to state that, as a general rule, he deems it unfit to interfere with justices of the peace in the responsible performance of their duties, or to check the free expression of their opinions on the cases before them; and that the exceptions to this rule should be of rare occurrence. His Excellency also considers that it would be inexpedient to interfere in the matter in question, especially as prejudice might thereby be occasioned to the cases now in course of trial.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant. THOMAS A. LARCOM.

R. B. Tooker, Esq., Martyke, Cork. MAGISTRAL PREVENTION OF STREET-PREACHING IN BALINA.—On Monday last an application was made by two ministers, one of them a general missionary, to two magistrates—Protestants—one living in and the other near this town, for the protection of the constabulary, whilst they should address the country people on the street, it being the market day. After a consultation, we understand, those magistrates came to the determination of not allowing any protection to be extended, forgetting a late legal decision pronounced it legal to do so. A similar application, if we be correctly informed, was made to the officers of constabulary, but his answer was somewhat of the same character. It was, consequently, not found expedient to hold an open air service on that day.—Connacht Freeman.

The Catholic church at Banark, which is being built by Robert Monteith, Esq., of Carstairs, is progressing rapidly under the superintendance of Mr. McGovern. As the building was only commenced in August, 1855; another year at least will have to elapse before it can be opened. The cost is calculated to be about £8,000.

A requisition is in course of signature, calling a meeting of the Queen's, Kings, and Kildare counties, to adopt measures in support of Mr. Mill's motion for the disendowment of the Protestant church, which is to be made in the next Session of Parliament.

A Dublin contemporary says, "The proselytisers of every degree in Dublin and its vicinity are making all the use they can of the long exploded trick of pretending to give a genuine Douay New Testament to humble Catholics, whilst, in reality, they hand them a Protestant version, with the forged title-page of the late Richard Coyne, Catholic printer, and the forged approbation of the late Most Rev. Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin. Protestants, even in a respectable position in society, do not shrink from backing this forgery by all the weight of their character, and by all the solemnity of their sacred word."

IRISH TENANT LEAGUE.—At the weekly meeting of this body the Secretary read letters from Mr. Brady, M.P., and others, approving of the project for holding a general meeting of the friends of the League. Letters were also read from Catholic Priests, one of which ran thus:—"A general meeting is most desirable at this time, and although I live at a distance of 200 miles from the council rooms, I would feel a pleasure attending if other circumstances would permit. I would sacrifice everything, even life itself, for some abatement of the terrible sufferings of the tenant from landlord oppression, which is becoming more intolerable each succeeding day." Another wrote from Castlejordan, Meath:—"Every day's experience convinces me of the necessity of having the relations between the landlord and tenant placed on a satisfactory basis. There can be no hope for Ireland till this vital question is settled, a question on which the spiritual as well as the temporal happiness of the people so much depends. The work of extermination is still going on, the strength of the nation diminishing, and gloom and desolation spreading far and wide; the country is drifting on to destruction, and if the landlords be allowed to pursue their career of spoliation much longer it will soon be reduced to a perfect desert, where nothing will reign but horror and desolation."

"I don't think there was ever a stronger determination on the part of the landlord to fleece the tenant than there is at present. They are raising the rents in many places, under threats of extermination when the less exact, and exacting terms from the tenants which they will never be able to fulfil, and which show that neither humanity, charity, nor religion sways their conduct. The reign of terror will continue—the road of extermination will be in constant requisition, unless the farmers and all the friends of tenant-right unite together, take a safe and determined position, and maintain it till justice be done to them."

"The traveller, in passing through the country, can see everywhere dismal ruins and traces of the crowbar-men; he can see the desolation and wide wastes caused by the destroying angel of extermination. One shudders when he hears of the persecutions and sufferings of the Christians under the Saracens, Moors, and Turks, but these sufferings were nothing compared with the sufferings which the farmers of Ireland had to endure during the last decade of years. They were evicted in thousands, their houses levelled, and their lands cleared to make room for sheep and bullocks.

"There is no nation under the sun where such inhuman cruelties are practised on the people as are practised on the unfortunate farmers of Ireland. Not in the slave states of America—not in any part of Russia—not in Tartary—nor under the despotic sway of the mandarins of China, are the people exposed to endure such sufferings as the people of Ireland are exposed to endure, and all this under the sanction of British law—under what is called by some 'our glorious constitution.' They are, as far as the law is concerned, as much at the mercy of the landlord as the Russian serf is at the mercy of his feudal lord—as the American slave is at the mercy of his ruthless keeper. It is not preposterous and revolting to human nature to see this honest, industrious, virtuous class of men, on whom all depend so much for support; exposed to such barbarous treatment, and often reduced to the lowest ebb of misery and degradation, their hopes blasted, their industry paralysed, and their spirit and energies broken under the chilling influence of landlordism.

"What scene can be more heartrending than to behold four or five bailiffs, the sheriff and the landlord, protected by a large force of peels, surrounding the poor man's house, breaking in the door, pitching out the little furniture, and then chasing away the poor terror-stricken inhabitants to herd with the beasts of the field and sleep under the winds and snows of heaven? In what country of Europe, Asia, Africa, or America are there such barbarous deeds committed? In what country of Europe, or any other quarter of the globe, does the government send an armed force to protect one man while he is exterminating his fellow-creatures—while he is hunting them from the land which God made for their support—while he is flinging them out on the road like stones, or weeds, or noxious vermin? These poor victims may die of cold and hunger as fast as the landlord is concerned; he is not accountable for them in this world.

"The Neapolitan question is now attracting the eyes of all Europe. Are the Neapolitans, about whom there is so much noise and fulsome clamour, for whom there is so much pretended sympathy displayed, subject to the same privations and sufferings as the Irish people are? Is the iron rod of extermination always hanging over them? Do they always live in fear and trembling? Are they reduced to the wretched condition of slaves? Have thousands of them been driven into the poorhouse—into the sea—into the grave? Not at all; these cruelties are confined to Ireland. So much for the refinement, civilization, prosperity, and happiness which reigns in Ireland under Britain's boasted constitution—so much for the protection which she affords her most useful and loyal subjects.

"As charity begins at home, England should first reform the Irish code, and liberate the people from worse than Egyptian bondage, before she sends her feet all the way to the foot of Vesuvius (a hot spot, I fear) to ameliorate the condition of strangers. Will England do this? No. Hence the people should strive to redeem themselves. Now is the time for the Priests to rally the people—now is the time for the people to help themselves—now is the time for every honest man, every lover of his kind to join the League, as the best, the only means of redeeming his country. The League has justice, charity, and religion inscribed on its banners. Its only object is to promote social order, to protect the weak, to stop crime, to establish justice between man and man, in fine, to remedy the abnormal state of Ireland."—This letter was signed by the Rev. Lawrence McKeon, C.C.

"The Priest of Castel, county Longford, wrote:—"The more I reflect upon the importance of the sacred cause, the stronger I am confirmed in the conviction that every Priest having the welfare of the country at heart should exercise legally and peacefully his patriotic energy, and influence to procure an equitable settlement of the present state of the law of landlord and tenant, and obtain through the legislature some legal protection and security for the meritorious and industrious class of her Majesty's inoffensive and loyal subjects, the tenant farmers of Ireland, instead of the heavy discouragement to the industry, and the check to the prosperity of the nation; a law would give them security for their property and encouragement for their industry. The system of wholesale evictions without cause or necessity, which is about to be attempted in some parts of Ireland, and in my own parish here at present, is wholly inconsistent with the best interests of society, and ought to be deprecated by every honest man in the country. It is all very well to speak of the sacred rights of property, but were there no rights of humanity or rights of life? If we go back to first principles, no man will dare deny that property was for the benefit of all, not the select few." (Signed) JAMES SWIFT, P.P.

REPRESENTATIVE PEERAGE.—At the Tralee Court Sessions, October 18, were heard some appeals which had been lodged from convictions pronounced by the Magistrates against several parties engaged in a riot, which took place in the town of Tralee on the 15th of August last, and which elicited from the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Catholic Bishop of Kerry, the expression of opinion that proper means had not been resorted to by those invested with authority to preserve the public peace, and protect the people of Tralee from outrages similar to those which occurred upon the occasion. The offence described in the conviction was "for aiding and assisting several others in assaulting one Maurice Scanlan, on the 15th August, in the town of Tralee, and for committing a breach of the peace." Evidence was gone into in the several cases; seven in number, in all of which the evidence was either insufficient, or the parties were not properly identified, or the offence proved was different from that in the conviction. The scene was truly ridiculous, no evidence being at all produced to prove the particular offence described in the conviction, whilst, as each case was dismissed on the merits, the poor fellow charged seemed much at a loss to discover what providential interference he could attribute to his safe deliverance. The convictions were all reversed on the merits to the agreeable disappointment of the rioters, and the evident chagrin of the convicting magistrates, whose incompetency to punish the violators of the public peace, has been so signally and so ludicrously manifested in the denouncement of the self-laudatory drama in which they have recently been engaged.

REPRESENTATIVE PEERAGE.—We have learned that Viscount Mountmorris has commenced a canvass to fill the second vacancy.—Sligo Chronicle.

The High Sheriff of Galway presided at a meeting in Galway at which nearly all the landed proprietors were present when resolutions were adopted to guarantee by the County £5,000 a mile to construct a railway from Athenry to Tuam—from Tuam to Castlebar—and from Ballinasloe to Loughrea, Gort, and Ennis.

A serious misunderstanding now exists among the Protestant congregation of Down in Ireland, in consequence of the cathedral church containing a window of pictured glass. The window has been frequently broken, and the opinion is that the obnoxious figure will have to be removed.

IRISH POOR LAWS IN ENGLAND.—The Globe states that the 10,000 Irish people landed in Holyhead this year for the harvest and "hopping" are returned home again. This we hear is absolutely false, as 10,000 have collected into the small towns and London, where they are starving.—Limerick Chronicle.

THE TIPPERARY BANK AND THE ENGLISH SHAREHOLDERS.—It is announced that the English shareholders, whose appeal from the judgement of the Master of the Rolls is still undecided, have offered a sum of £10,000 to free themselves from all further liabilities, and thus put an end to litigation as far as their case is concerned. The proposition is said to be favorably entertained by the official manager, and the negotiations for a final settlement and wind-up of the affairs of the bank are believed to be rapidly progressing.—Times.

The search for coal, in the immediate neighborhood of Carrickfergus, is proceeding vigorously. The shaft has now been sunk to the depth of six hundred feet, and the engine and hands are at work both day and night. Till this time, not the slightest indication of the valuable mineral sought to be obtained has been discovered. The miners have passed through about sixty feet of coarse sandstone, with thin layers of gypsum, and latterly, they have been boring through about fourteen feet of rock, which bears a slight resemblance to the scales of the leading coal measure of England, though its mineral characteristics do not differ materially from some of the grey lias or blue marls of Collin Glen, and its neighborhood. Nothing in the shape of a fossil has yet been observed to mark the strata of the district, and no accurate conclusion can, therefore, be come to as to the success of future operations.

MINISTERS' MONEY.—THE CORE CORPORATION.—The government appears determined on testing the endurance of the people by an endeavor to force the exaction of this iniquitous impost, notwithstanding the vehement protestations of the corporations to which the gathering in of the black mail has been delegated by act of parliament. A special meeting of the Cork Corporation was held on Monday, when the following letter was read from Mr. Kemmis, the Crown Solicitor:—

"45, Kildare street, Dublin, 23rd Oct, 1856.

"Sir—I beg to intimate to you, for the information of the Town Council of the Borough of Cork, that it having been made appear to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland, that three of the half-yearly instalments for Ministers' money, under the statute 17 Vic., chap. 11, had become due, and payable out of the several parishes within the borough of Cork, and that no portion thereof having been raised or paid, the several sums thus become crown debts. That his Excellency had in consequence been called on to make, and had made, an order in pursuance of section of the statute, that the demand should be recovered and paid over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and I have received directions to institute proceedings for the recovery of the instalments due against the Corporation of Cork, and shall be obliged to exhibit an information against the corporation in the first day of ensuing term, unless the demand shall be complied with in the interval.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant.

Wm. Kemmis, Crown Solicitor
Alexander McMarthy, Esq., Town Clerk of the Borough of Cork.

Mr. Fagan, M.P., who took an active part in the parliamentary discussion of the question, and many of the members of the Town Council, were present, when the above notice from the Crown Solicitor was read by the Town Clerk. Several strong expressions were used against the perseverance of government in relation to an odious and detestable tax which should have been wholly abolished years ago, and of which the act of Charles II., under which it was initiated, and which confined its collection to "walled towns," never contemplated the extension to the limits so widely enlarged by the statute enacted in the seventeenth year of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. A sum of three thousand and odd pounds is assessed on Cork. Mr. Fagan moved, and Mr. Sugrue seconded, a resolution to the effect:—

"That, having found the impossibility of collecting Ministers' money, in consequence of the refusal of Mr. Griffiths to amend his valuation of the borough, and it appearing to the council that there is a just and legal defence at law to the demand now made for the collection of the arrears of Ministers' money, resolved, that our law agent be instructed to take the most effective steps that may be best advised, to oppose the demand of the government, either in the Court of Exchequer or in the Court of Chancery." This resolution was adopted by a majority of 22 to 31. Some of the members thought that law would make the matter worse. The law agent said there was no defence to the threatened proceedings of the government except in Chancery! To this there was no objection on the part of the majority. We thus have the Whigs enacting those accursed harassing oppressive litigations which went hand-in-hand in the 1832, 33, 34, and dragging from a reluctant people the means of supporting a Church Establishment already overladen with the spoils plundered from those whom it now compels, through the instrumentality of a Liberal-professing government, to seek protection by the expensive and tedious process of the Court of Chancery.—Limerick Reporter.

Irish Emigration.—The *Daily News*, in an article on this subject, makes the following remarks:—“The accounts that have lately appeared in leading Irish newspapers of the extensive emigration which is taking place to South America have probably astonished many readers. The first impressions of the difficulty and discomfort caused by the difference of language, and of manners, and customs. The fact is, however, that the Irish of the really, Romish districts have sympathies with continental and colonial Catholicism which go much further than community of language, and there are pains and penalties to be connected with immigration into the United States which it is worth a good deal of, merely external trouble to avoid. The Irish in the South American States are forming an element of society analogous to that of the Flemings and French immigrants into Great Britain; Ireland, and these board states of North America, which has been of great and permanent value wherever it was introduced. The French and Flemings who had settled in our southern provinces, pursuing their useful arts, and having their own churches and pastors, and (for a time) schools, seem to have found the difference of language no serious drawback. The traditions which hang about the Dutch Church, and the French Church in Norwich and other towns, and the records of public institutions there, seem to show that the strangers speedily became a prosperous and honored class of citizens, and in each locality where they settled some of their names have been kept alive; by the efforts of their posterity. What the continental Protestants did and became in Great Britain and Ireland, the Irish Catholics may do and become in South America. Our Protestant immigrants were great manufacturers; our Catholic immigrants promise to become great agriculturists. If some of the needy laborers who went out, with nothing but the clothes they wore and the tools they carried, are now worth £5,000 and upwards, there is every reason to hope that a substantial and respectable Irish class will mingle with the Spanish blood of the *ciudad* in European colonies. Irish energy, amalgamated with the vivacious, yet indolent, graces of the people of Buenos Ayres and Rio Janeiro. They will not have to build churches, as the continental Catholics had in our Episcopal country. The churches, with their services in an unknown tongue, are ready and open; and those who have happened to visit the parish chapel of Galway will not apprehend that the observances of Spanish churches can be too objectionable for Irish Catholics of the half-educated class. They carry their own pastors with them; and their whole Priesthood is in favor of this new emigration in comparison with that to the United States. On the whole, the Priests had rather the people remained in Ireland; but if they will go forth in the hope of improving their fortunes, it seems that those have been best advised who have preferred the Southern American continent to the northern. We have heard more of the warnings sent to Ireland by the Priests in the United States since the rise of the Know-Nothing party than ever before; but the Know-Nothing party is only a mushroom growth, which ought not to affect the permanent destinies of any substantial class of immigrants. There is a hostile and detrimental influence which was daily growing in force before the Know-Nothing party existed, and which will operate against European immigration long after that organization ceases to be heard of. It is painfully and morally dangerous to the Irishman in the United States to find his religion persecuted and himself cast out from one settlement after another on account of his creed; but it is worse in every way to find himself despised, oppressed, and subjected to overwhelming temptation on the ground of his being of the industrial class.”

Some of those old arguments used at the late Dublin Crimean banquet, having through inadvertence got into the hands of children, one poor child died from having eaten a portion of them.

There is rather a good story of an adventure of the Mayor of Waterford. On one occasion he went to the Belgian Embassy, and commenced an interview with one of the officials there, in French, but was interrupted by him in excellent English, but with that touch of Doric in the accent, which proved at once the truth of his statement, when he said:—“Oh! you need not speak French; I am an Irishman, like yourself. On went the Mayor to the Spanish Embassy, where he was received by a certain Don Fernando de Comyn, and was again struck dumb by a request to use his native language, for that the attaché to the Minister for Spain was also a countryman of his own! These little incidents are curious.”

Some of those old chronicles have long since disappeared before the Iconoclasts of past years. The green mounds of the dead, the traditional reverence of the people, the drooping willow or the hoary ash tree, spreading her branches over these consecrated spots, which demons in human shape have uprooted and profaned, alone mark the site where generations have knelt and prayed. The grey walls of ivy-mantled ruins of others stand still monuments of better days, records of past ages, heirlooms of piety and charity, speaking to the heart and recalling memory to those ages of faith and philanthropy, when, says Dr. Johnson, “Ireland was the school of the West.”

It is a historical truth, which even the most prejudiced enemies of Ireland are obliged to admit, that this country was once pre-eminent for literature and practical religion. All Europe testifies that crowds of Irishmen, in the early ages of our Church, flocked to the Continent, with the lamp of religion and the torch of learning. So that, before the Irish battle was heard at Stafford, Marsiglia, Valenza, and Namur, before Irish blood ran in torrents at Sienkirk, Spire, Blenheim, and Malplaquet, before Irish valor shone conspicuous at Ochemona and Fontenoy, before Irish bravery, suffering, fidelity, and devotion enlisted in our behalf the sympathies and admiration of Europe, legions of Irish, on a holier mission, gave this country a claim on the gratitude of the Christian World. The learned Camden, induced by the force of truth, although no friend to Ireland, observes:—“No man came up to the Irish Monks in Ireland and in Britain for sanctity and learning; and they sent forth swarms of holy men all over Europe; to whom the Monks of Lullin, in Burgundy; Bobbio, in Italy; Wurtzburg, in Franconia; St. Gall, in Switzerland; and of Malinesburg, Linz, and many other monasteries in Britain, owe their origin. Why should I mention almost all Ireland, with its ‘crowd of philosophers,’ despising the dangers of the sea, and flocking to our shores?”

The Saxons also, at that time, flocked to Ireland from all quarters, as to a mart of literature, whence they frequently meet in our writers of the Lives of the Saints, such a one was sent over to Ireland for education; and in the life of Fulgenius—“Exemplo patrum comitatus, amore legendi. Iratad. Hibernos, sophia mirabili claros.”

By his ancestor's bright example moved, He sought abroad the learning which he loved, And in Iberia skillful masters found, Whose wisdom is through all the world renowned. Even Mosheim, from whom such a testimony might not be expected, adds:—“That the Irish were lovers of learning, and distinguished themselves, in those times of ignorance, beyond all other European nations, travelling through the most distant lands with a view to improve and communicate their knowledge, is fact with which I have been long acquainted; as we see them in most authentic records of antiquity discharging with the highest reputation and applause the functions of Doctors in Rome, Germany, and Italy.”

“Ireland,” says the *North American Review*, “is a country which has produced more illustrious names than any other in the world. Hence, Sir James Ware in his *Treatise on Irish Writers* remarks:—“Ireland for ages after the coming of St. Patrick, and was justly called the Island of Saints. These saints, who for the present will suffice. Such was Ireland in the good old Catholic days.”—*Tablet*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A correspondent informs us, that Lord Walpole, eldest son of the Earl of Orford, has been recently received into the Catholic Church, at Farm street, Berkeley-square, London. His Lordship was born in 1813, and married in 1841, Miss Harriet Bettina Frances, Pelletier, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Fleetwood Pelletier. Lord Walpole is a distant cousin of the celebrated Horace Walpole, of literary celebrity, the collector of the treasures of Strawberry Hill. The first earl was the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole, renowned for having been the first who reduced political corruption to a system, and, consequently, the founder of the Whig policy. The earl died at the death of his son Horace, third earl, 1797; but the barony of Walpole reverted, under special remainder, to a distant cousin, who eventually obtained in his favor a revival of the earldom in 1806.—*Tablet*.

LORE ERNEST VANE TEMPEST, TO BECOME A PROTESTANT PARSON.—It is believed that the dismissal from Her Majesty's service of that misguided young man, Lord Ernest Vane-Tempest, is of more serious consequence as far as he himself is concerned than is generally supposed; it not only entirely precludes him from ever again entering the army, but will, it is understood, be a total bar to his employment in any civil capacity, whether in this country or in the Colonies. This, it is now said, his Lordship—freed henceforward from the evil examples which in his results have proved so injurious to his prospects—feels both deeply and acutely. In fact, it is whispered that his more mature and chastened inclinations now incline towards the Church, a field in which he may be employed as honestly, as honorably, and as usefully, both to himself and others, as in that of Mars. As the noble family to which he may still prove an ornament have more than one living in their gift, it is not improbable that this may be his destination.—*Newcastle Guardian*.

Rir R. Peel has, at a public banquet, told his hearers (he being a member of the government, who was in Russia at the coronation), that the peace now nominally existing is precarious, and that we are on the edge of a volcano, which may break forth at any time. As we have told our readers this repeatedly during the last three months, when all our contemporaries prophesied peace, “we are not surprised at this, and we state it as an official confirmation of our independent and well-informed authority.”—*Weekly Register*.

The greatest danger to Europe, morally or politically, is England. Her greed and avarice are insatiable. Her claw is stretched out in every part of the world, grasping at every piece of territory, she can possibly seize; nothing too small to excite her cupidity, nothing too large for her rapacity, no right too sacred for her evil disposition. Internally her society is a scandal and a bad example to all nations. She chooses to prate of brigandage in Greece, but she herself is overrun with burglars and robbers. Men are waylaid and garroted in her streets, poison is at work continually, suicides are of every day occurrence, and we find the little children play at hanging! An intervention is wanted—an intervention of Providence for the sake of humanity.—*Nation*.

The numerous small clouds to which we have lately adverted as visible in the political horizon, instead of dispersing, seem to increase in magnitude, and to lower more and more ominously over us. The relations between France and England would seem to be undergoing a change. With regard to the Danubian principalities, as with regard to the Neapolitan question, there is not only a divergence, but opposition in the counsels of the two allies, and in both quarters the star of Austria appears in the ascendant. On the Danube it is Austria's policy which is supported by England against France and Russia (the attitude of Turkey being for the moment doubtful), at Naples, it is Austria's policy which is supported by France and Russia against Lord Palmerston alone. In both instances, the noble viscount has been like himself. He did his best to send a hostile fleet into the Bay of Naples. Falling in that, he at least keeps his ships of war in the Black Sea. The situation is what diplomatists call strained. But though Sir Robert Peel announces the likelihood of another war, there is a difficulty in the way which is not likely to be overcome. In these days of material prosperity when the universal increase in the world's wealth is the subject of everlasting boasting, the nations are suffering from a want of petty cash.—*Tablet*.

THE NEXT SESSION.—A feeling gains ground that the next session will be the last of the present parliament; and the feeling betrays itself not only in the solicitude which members show for the good opinion of their constituents, but in the current rumours and speculations. One of the reports is, that Lord John Russell is busy upon a new Parliamentary Representation Bill; and that Lord Palmerston intends to cut him out in this coquetting with the constituencies, by proposing a smaller measure of his own. The conjecture as to Lord John's doing is not altogether absurd. When the Whig leader, out of place, took up his quarters at a hotel in Edinburgh, and was supposed to have exchanged politics for literary society, and family delights, out came that celebrated London letter which precipitated the corn-law crisis. But Sir Robert Peel, who was one of the strong men, accepted the Whig invitation, and brought in a rival and not a smaller measure. The formal preparation of reports from “the parliamentary heads of departments” shows anxiety at headquarters to keep parliament together, if possible, by doing some work next session, or at least by being expected to do it; but if a dissolution cannot be diverted, a Reform Bill would give the minister something to hold in his hand on going to the country.—*Spectator*.

A PROTESTANT MISSIONARY.—The Yorkshire papers state that some excitement was created last week in a town in the West Riding of Yorkshire by the appearance there of a most impudent and ruffianly impostor who had been kicked out of several towns in the south whilst attempting to get up an excitement against Popery. The *Hull Advertiser* remarks:—“Very likely we shall have the stamp here in a week or two, trying to preach upon Dr. Armstrong's manor. It is for the hitherto misguided patrons of such arrogant impostors to consider whether they cannot discover some more innocent kind of excitement, than the exalting to the rank of their spiritual guides, and teachers the scum and sediment of the seething cauldron brim full of the rascalism of Europe.”

The *Morning Star* of Wednesday contains the following:—“We had all thought that Dr. Tait had, in reality, become Bishop of London; but that was not an accomplished fact till yesterday, when the face of the conge d'etre was enacted. In olden times, the Church claimed the right to elect its own Bishops; it is now the right of the State, but the ancient form remains. The practice is, for the State to make choice and for the Church to receive liberty from the State to choose as the State has chosen. This is the conge d'etre—simply a contemptible piece of imposition—and it was gone through yesterday in St. Paul's Chapter-house with a *Te Deum laudamus* at the end.”

CHURCH LIVING FOR SALE.—The dull season for the sale of church livings is passing away, and Wednesday's *Times* contains a few advertisements from patrons eager to effect a speedy sale. There is a living in Somersetshire, beautiful situation, with an income of £400 a year, the present incumbent of which is 99 years of age. Interest is to be allowed on the purchase money until possession of the living is obtained. The next is a living in Suffolk, beautifully situated, with £500 a year, population 1,000, and early possession. Then there is a living in Norfolk, also beautifully situated, near a railway station, with £500 a year, population small, and a prospect of immediate possession. Another is in a good county, and in the midst of good society; population small, duty light, and an income of £300 a year. The last that may be mentioned, is in a beautiful part of the south of England, income about £400 per annum, with an old

fashioned roomy house and the present incumbent nearly 90 years of age. At present these desirable benefices are somewhat scarce, but by Christmas the market will no doubt be well stocked.

Archdeacon Denison has had a brilliant success. He has succeeded in procuring the condemnation of a doctrine which he evidently thinks more important than any other in, or not in, the Bible. Of course, he must be congratulated on a result which he could not but have foreseen, about which nobody within our knowledge had any manner of doubt, and which, indeed, was inevitable, if words were to be allowed their usual significance. His act has been that of the boy who drops a stone into a well for the pleasure of hearing the splash. That is only a question of time, and in fact, the boy sets about counting the moment he drops the stone. It knocks once or twice against the sides of the well, and by the time the boy has counted a dozen or so there comes up the sharp, grateful sound, of a palpable and final result, bringing the assurance both that the well is deep and that the stone will rest for ages in its watery bed. The Archdeacon has counted about a dozen terms. His cause has been knocked about from one court to another, and his delighted ears have just caught that very hard knock which by a brief interval precedes the final splash. On the 5th of next November he will make his appeal to the judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and before long the Archdeacon will have his happiness consummated by a final judgement against him and his doctrine. It is hardly necessary after what has passed between us, yet to be on the safe side, we give the Archdeacon distinct notice that we will not admit his controversy into our columns. [After transcribing the Twenty-ninth Article, and a distinctly contradictory passage from Mr. Denison's Sermons, the *Times* proceeds.]—The two passages thus so plain were as plainly contradictory, and there was no alternative but to pronounce the sentence of deprivation against Archdeacon Denison, who, of course, appeals, with the certainty of a similar judgement in any court in this land. Now, we have no wish to speak ill of the Archdeacon; there is no provocation to it, for a man who torments himself in this fashion would be too happy to stand, like St. Sebastian, stuck over from head to foot with the missiles of controversy. Whenever we have had the misfortune to differ from him he has not hesitated to call us Sons of Belial, agents of Satan, and the like; but we don't think him possessed with anything worse than an immense opinion of his own powers. He is not a good writer, or a clear-headed man; much less has he common discretion. For the latter it must be remembered that, knowing these two Articles were right ahead of him, knowing that he could only muster, at the outside, a few score Clergymen of his own opinion—he has been several years driving, might and main, at the present decision. It is not Mr. Ditcher but Mr. Denison who is the real aggressor. The Archdeacon began the war when he was examining chaplain, by rejecting those candidates for orders who would not answer his questions as he wished. When the Bishop, acting instead of the Bishop of the diocese, nevertheless ordained them, Mr. Denison protested against it. Such a line of conduct put him out of the pale of that forbearance which the Clergy of our Church are generally so ready to exhibit one to another. Indeed, the Clergyman of the Church of England has no one but himself to complain of if he gets into trouble. He commonly takes orders with very little inquiry, or at least with a prevailing wish to take things for granted. He acts on the old saying, “*Oporet discere credere, edocuit dubitare*.” If he is a man of social and practical qualities, with a keen sympathy for the distresses and troubles of his flock, he finds his time, hands, and heart too much occupied for abstract investigation. For doctrine he goes on as education, friendship, or neighborhood may incline. If, on the other hand, he is of a studious, reserved, and inquisitive turn, and spends his mornings in his library, he is sure to find himself bothered with doubts about this doctrine or that text in this article or that prayer. Every body knows how this has ended in instances too numerous to be called few, yet, after all, really few, compared with the whole body of the clergy. That “great body,” after pondering for a while in the great dismal swamp, the sinuous paths, and tangled thickets of controversy, after plunging into the Charvbidis of patristic theology, and encountering the Scylla of continental Protestantism, after getting every bone broken and the very skin torn from their backs in the unequal contest, have come at last to the humbling conclusion that they have not the capacity for these tremendous questions. It is not their vocation. They must take the Church of England as it is, and compound by lives of practical utility for the want of a perfectly consistent theological system. There can be no question that this is a very allowable course; for it is a necessity. It cannot be every man's business to harmonise the Bible, the Fathers, the Reformers, the Articles, Prayer book, homilies, and the leading divines of the Church of England into one consistent whole. Indeed, there are too many who undertake the task only to fail; for few, very few, are the writers who do not add to the obscurity which they wish to dispel. In our opinion, Archdeacon Denison is one of those who have mistaken their vocation by plunging into controversy. He has not the fitness of perception, or what is commonly called the acumen, for it. As a country clergyman he might have been both an ornamental and a useful character; and he might even have expressed himself in strong generalities on the subject of the Sacrament, with no worse result than driving away a few humble Christians from the altar. But he has not the qualifications for controversy, and, as far as he is concerned, it is a positive kindness to give him his quietus; if he will be pleased to take it.—*Times*.

A London daily paper, of Protestant notoriety, has a long article to prove that the Bishop of Oxford is laboring to introduce “Popery” into England; and adds in illustration of the system, which his Lordship holds, that “the King of Naples has just issued a medal for the Lazzarini with the inscription, *Dea immensitate Colori Liberatoris*.” The immaculate Goddess, Deliverer from Cholera! All this would be amusing, if it were not so; to know that hundreds of thousands of our countrymen greedily swallow lies such as this, and keep them as admitted facts always ready in their minds to meet any argument which may come to their ears or eyes, or any motion of Divine grace in their hearts, in favor of the One Church.

It is not perhaps generally known that the new Protestant sect of Agapemones consists chiefly of seceders from the Establishment. The Somerset papers relate some curious particulars in reference to the leading persons of this institution. Brother Prince, who is at its head, was educated at St. David's College, Lampeter, and was afterwards ordained and made curate of Charlton, near Bridgewater, of which parish, Brother Starkey, second in command of the Agapemone, was at that time Rector. While acting as curate, Mr. Prince preached extraordinary doctrines, divided his congregation into two classes, “the blessed” and “the cursed,” and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper doctory young children. This course of conduct brought down ecclesiastical censure upon him, and he retired from his curacy. While at Charlton he made such a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Starkey, that he gave up his benefice and joined with Mr. Prince in the delusion which they have, since that time, so assistantly propagated. Mr. Thomas, who ranks third in importance at the Agapemone, was also at one time a clergyman of the Established Church, officiating in Somersetshire.

The Mormons have taken a beer-shop at West Ham, near Bow, and have converted it into a chapel for the purpose of expounding their peculiar religious views.

ENGLISH MORALITY.—On Thursday, William Jackson, a paper hanger, was arrested for the murder of his two children. The bodies of the children were found in a garden, with their throats cut.

MURDER OF TWO CHILDREN.—Last evening, (Friday the 31st Oct.) an inquest was held relative to the death of a newly-born female infant found dead in Hyde Park, London. The jury returned a verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown. Another inquest was held upon the body of an infant found dead in Warwick-square, Pall-mall. In this case also a similar verdict was returned.

Three boys are in custody, at Leeds, charged with hanging a companion, twelve years of age, who lies dangerously ill, at the hospital.

Two murders were committed this week in the little Island of Alderney.

A large number of burglaries have recently occurred in the neighborhood of Bristol.

DREADFUL MURDER AT DOVER.—A dreadful murder has been committed at Dover by a young woman named Frances Wallace, the victim being her own child, a little girl about five years of age. It appears that the child was illegitimate; and the father of the child was the husband of the mother's sister.

HOW ENGLAND BECAME PROTESTANT.—It was this spirit of persecution which elected the Protestant Reformation. It has been said and the people of England have in these latter times been persuaded, that their ancestors, from being Catholics became Protestants from conviction; that they freely renounced what are called the errors of Popery, and embraced what are called the Truths of Protestantism. It is asserted, and Englishmen are ignorant enough to believe, that this change was brought about by argument—by reasoning—by the study of Scriptures, and the preaching of learned men. Alas! there never was a greater or more palpable delusion. There never yet were more distinct falsehoods promulgated or credited. It is not only untrue but it is false to the most emphatic extent, that the minds of the people of England were converted from Catholicity, or that their judgment was persuaded in favor of Protestantism. The arguments the Reformers used were quite of a different nature. They were penal laws and persecuting statutes; for reasoning, the Reformers employed prisons, and scourges, and instead of Scripture and preaching, there were the rack, the torture, and the reeking scaffold.

These were the means by which the people of England were compelled to abandon the ancient faith. There were the penal laws for not going to Protestant churches and for not having their children baptized by Protestant clergymen, and against the husband when the wife went to Mass—and against the father who sent his child abroad for education—and there were the gallows and scaffold erected for them—and the cutting up alive, and the embowelling before death—and the tearing out the hearts of the still writhing victim!

To show how literally true this statement is, let me give you some examples. I will give you from contemporary writers an account of the death of Dr. John Haughton, the Prior of the Charterhouse, in London, then a great Cartesian monastery. He was the proto-martyr of this savage persecution. Just listen while I read his horrible fate:—

“This holy prior was the first person who was publicly executed during the arbitrary reign of Henry VIII, for refusing to take the oath of Supremacy, as framed by the King and Parliament. He was, together with Father Humphrey Middlemore, the procurator, ordered to be immediately confined in the Tower prison where they lay for one month. At this juncture Robert Daurence, the worthy prior of Beau Valle, arrived in London, and within two days more, Augustine Webster, a monk of Shene, and prior of the house of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, also visited the metropolis. They were shortly after brought to their trial before Cromwell, Dr. Latimer, &c. On the 28th of April sentence of death was passed against them in the usual form. They were then sent back to prison, where they remained five days before they were executed, during which time they suffered inconceivable hardships. On the 4th of May, 1535, they were taken from the Tower and placed on hurdles at full length on their back. Dr. Reynolds, and the Vicar of Thistleworth, now Isleworth, were also in like manner drawn with them to the place of execution. Upon their arrival at Tyburn, the holy prior Haughton was first taken from the hurdle; the executioner then knelt down and asked his forgiveness; he kindly embraced him, and offered up his prayer for him; and for every one then present. After this he was desired to ascend the ladder, which he immediately did, and was attached to the gallows by a thick rope, which it was imagined would not produce strangulation as soon as a thick cord.

At the conclusion of [his] prayer the ladder was turned on one side, so that the holy father was suspended from the gallows; the rope was almost immediately cut, and he fell to the ground while yet alive. As he began to revive they dragged him to a short distance, and stripping off his clothes, commenced the work of butchery; they ripped him up, tore his heart and entrails from his body and threw them into the fire. The blessed man not only uttered no complaints in the midst of his torments, but, on the contrary, prayed incessantly until his heart was torn out, and conducted himself with patience, mildness, and tranquility, more than human. When he was at the point of death, and almost disembowelled he exclaimed with fervor:—‘Most holy Lord Jesus have mercy on me in this hour.’ And credible persons who were present at the execution, have affirmed that when his heart was extracting he uttered:—‘Good Jesus, what wilt you do with my heart?’ and then expired. His body was separated from his body which was afterwards divided into quarters, and thrown into a cauldron to be parboiled; these quarters were again subdivided, and fixed up in different parts of the city. Thus died the good Prior, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the fifth of his Priestship.

I relate these instances merely as a specimen of the nature of the persecution which forced the Catholic people of England to renounce ‘the faith their fathers held to God.’ The cruel and profligate Henry—the first hero of the English Reformation, saturated his diabolical spirit with blood. In the few last years of his ill-fated reign, the persecution against the Catholics raged with sublimity; that no less than sixty martyrs shed their blood on the scaffold.—(Hear, hear.) Each and every one of them could have had his life spared, and even wealth bestowed upon him, if he would—but renounce Catholicity and take the oath of supremacy. They all preferred death to apostasy.—(Hear, hear!) There were sixty of them slaughtered in little more than three years. Of these sixty, one was a bishop—the amiable, the accomplished, the pious Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Fisher. Another had been Lord Chancellor, the ever renowned Sir Thomas More. Three were Benedictine Abbots, three were Knights of the Garter, and one was a member of the House of Commons, rather than violate their consciences by taking an oath contrary to the truth of God.—(Hear, hear.) Three were Carthusian Priors, equal in rank as well as in courageous virtue with the Abbots. Sixteen were Carthusian Monks; other religious, twenty-three were secular Priests; and the rest were knights, gentlemen, and yeomen. Nor did the direct persecution end here—sixty-four more were condemned to death; and died in prison; most of them having been actually starved to death! They suffered these glorious martyr deaths, all the lingering tortures of public execution, or the still more agonizing sufferings of starvation—and this is England! Add this to your Protestantism!

It is true that these noble spirits were constant to the last; but how many timid and weak are there in every society. The example of the constancy of these martyrs, it is true, encouraged some—but alas! how many did their sufferings terrify. A large portion of the English people yielded to their terrors, and were, by mere fear of pain and death, driven into Protestantism.—(Hear, hear!)

But the hideous cruelty of Henry VIII was calculated to strike terror at every side. He slaughtered with indiscriminate barbarity the Protestants who

refused to square their Protestantism with his, as well as their Catholic countrymen. He put to death by public execution no less than nineteen Protestants, frequently burning them in the same fire with Catholics.—(Hear, hear.)

Thus, having acquired justly a character for satanic vindictiveness, he inspired such fear and apprehension in the minds of his subjects, that the first great step was taken in driving the English people into Protestantism.—(Hear, hear.)

In the succeeding reigns, similar persecution was exercised with similar success. But it was not the punishment of death alone which was used to compel the English people to desert Catholicity. The more emaciating cruelty of plundering statutes affecting their property; robbing them of their means of existence, and rendering them beggars, was resorted to.—(Hear, hear.) Listen to the following catalogue of statutes:—

Act passed in 1528.—any person reconciling another to the Church at Rome, shall have judgment, suffer, and forfeit as in the case of high treason. All Jesuits, seminary and other priests, remaining in England, or entering the kingdom after forty days, shall, for this offence, be adjudged as a traitor, and shall suffer, lose and forfeit, as in cases of high treason. Receiving or relieving such a person shall be felony; and sending money or relief to such persons shall be punishable with transportation or forfeiture of property. Any one knowing where a Jesuit is in the kingdom, and not discovering it, shall forfeit 200 marks.—*Speech of Daniel O'Connell, London, 1839.*

UNITED STATES.

We learn from a correspondent of the *Telegraph* that on Sunday week last, a new church was dedicated to the service of Almighty God under the patronage of the Holy Angels, at London, near Springfield, (O.) The Mass was celebrated by the worthy Pastor, Rev. Mr. Howard, of Springfield; the ceremony of the Dedication was performed by the Rev. Michael Carroll, of Alton, Illinois, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Quilan, Cincinnati. A large crowd from Springfield and the country around assembled on the solemn occasion; many of our dissenting brethren were present also, and erinced, by their respectful religious demeanor, that they were deeply affected throughout. The church is a handsome frame building, large and convenient enough for some years for the attending congregation.—*American Celt*.

Any one who supposes fanaticism to be confined to a portion of the country, or to one particular sect of Protestantism, may read with advantage the following editorial notice from the *Savannah Georgian*:—Madame Swett, clairvoyant lady, since her arrival in Savannah, has had a tremendous rush to her rooms. Old and young, grave and gay, are daily consulting her, all of whom are astonished and delighted with her mysterious talent. She is certainly a marvel in her way, and merits the attention of the scientific and curious.—*American Celt*.

The police of Portland have arrested a gang of seven incendiaries all but two of them over 21 years of age, who have caused numerous fires in that vicinity during the past year. Two or three of them have confessed.

IRISH HEROISM.—Monday afternoon, four men, named Henry Moran, William Short, George Jacobs, and John McGee, started in a small sailboat from Chelsea Beach on a fishing excursion. In going out the wind was so light that the sail was not used, but the men rowed a distance of two and a quarter miles from the shore, where they fished for several hours. Having concluded their fishing, the wind sprang up a little, and one of the men attempted to put up the sail. From some cause or other the sail fell over the side of the boat where Moran and Short were seated, and they both being heavy men, caused the boat to upset. Moran and Short could not swim at all; and Jacobs could swim but little, and the three were obliged to cling to the bottom of the boat. McGee, who is a very expert swimmer, told the others that he would swim ashore for assistance, assuring them that he could do it easily, and directing them to hold fast upon the boat until his return. McGee had swam about half the distance to the shore, when Moran began to grow disheartened and weak, thinking that McGee had gone down, and his hands soon slipped from the boat. He went down once, and on coming up he seized hold of Short, pulling him from the boat, and both, of them then disappeared beneath the waves. Jacobs still clung to the boat. When McGee had got within half a mile of the shore he was seen by some workmen employed in building a new hotel on the Beach, and they instantly went to his assistance in a boat. When they reached him and offered to take him in, he refused, saying that he could swim ashore, and told them to proceed with all haste to the rescue of the men left on the upturned boat. The men did as they were directed; but they were too late to save any but Mr. Jacobs. The heroic McGee reached the shore in safety, swimming two and a quarter miles.—*Boston Times*.

A SILENT SINNER.—The Pilot heads an account of a child being carried off by a bear in the backwoods of Wisconsin with, “A Nice Place to Emigrate to.” For our part we had rather risk our children among the bears of Wisconsin than the proselytizers of Boston or the reform school of Westboro’. Such sneers at Wisconsin do not well become the Pilot, or any other paper pretending to benefit the Emigrant.—*American Celt*.

A lady correspondent of the *New York Mirror* says that she has heard it said that the only difference in the theology of Unitarian and Universalist Christians was this:—“The former believe themselves too good to be damned; and the latter believe God is too good to damn them.” A nice distinction certainly.

ABOLITION PHILANTHROPY.—Here is a good specimen of it as we find it in the *Providence Post*:—“A manufacturing firm in this city, the members of which are loudly proclaiming their love of freedom, and are battling warmly for the republicans on account of their hatred of slavery, men who go about charging democrats with being pro-slavery men, during the present season have secured a debt in the south by attaching negroes and selling them at Auction under an execution, and now have in their treasury the proceeds of a sale of negroes. Oh, what beauties you screechers for freedom really are!”

The ladies of Aurora, Illinois, have passed the following resolution:—Resolved, That if we, the young ladies of Aurora, don't get married, this year, somebody will be to blame.

The Altonian, Pa., *Tribune* says, “A colored man, said to be 103 years old, passed through that place, this week, on his way to Philadelphia. He says he was in that city when Gen. Washington first took his seat as President of the United States, and thinks he can easily find the State House, since he remembers the location of the two creeks. The fact that they are now trunked through under the city, and built over, appears to him incredible. At all events he wishes to see the city once more before he dies. He states that he was with Gen. Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and recounts scenes and incidents connected with the days of the revolution, with so much accuracy, as to leave little doubt of having participated in them. Ninety-nine years of his long life were spent in slavery. This is one of the few survivors of the revolution, who are still among us! We consider how few, who are now living will ever see their three score years and ten, a man of the above age stated, becomes a curiosity.”

A Missouri paper—the *Warsaw Democrat*—says:—“We strike the names of two of our subscribers from our books this week, who have recently been hung in Texas.”

THE READING QUADRANTION.—It is said that 400 persons in Connecticut were disinherited this month, by the new constitutional provision requiring that they should know how to read and write in order to vote.

REMITTANCES
 TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND & WALES.
 SIGHT DRAFTS from One Pound upwards, negotiable at any Town in the United Kingdom, are granted on The Union Bank of London, London; The Bank of Ireland, Dublin; The National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh; By HENRY CHAPMAN & Co., St. Sacramento Street. Montreal, December 14, 1854.

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 21, 1856.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We have Liverpool dates to the 8th inst., by steamer *City of Washington*, but there is little new in the aspect of European affairs to report. The financial crisis was somewhat subsiding in Paris, though, it is said, that much discontent still prevails amongst the commercial and manufacturing classes. The squadron destined to coerce the King of Naples had not, at the last accounts, made its long threatened appearance, and the Neapolitan Minister still remained in Paris. Russian influence in the Principalities is said to be increasing daily, and the general tone of the press would seem to indicate the probability of another European war at no very distant period.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

What is the use of opposing the actual Ministry? We have heard asked—"Would not their successors be worse? and is it not better to bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of?" The questions are asked triumphantly; and the impossibility of replacing the present members of the Administration by men more honest, or more favorably disposed towards Catholic interests, is cited as a conclusive argument in favor of putting up with their insults, and of overlooking their treachery upon the "Religious Incorporations Bill," the School Question—and other matters deeply affecting our rights as citizens and as Catholics. The above questions are easily answered, and it is by no means difficult to refute the argument.

It is of use to oppose the present Ministry—it is of use to endeavor to hunt them from place and to strip them of their official salaries, because, by so doing, a salutary lesson is given to their successors—whomsoever they may be—that they also, if they imitate the policy, will surely share the fate, of their predecessors. It is of use to punish, if possible, those who have betrayed us once, in order that we be not betrayed by others, again. "Our rights" as the *Catholic Citizen* truly observed some months ago, and whilst still worthy of his name—"our rights have been offered up as an acceptable holocaust;" and we know of no more acceptable method of reciprocating the compliment, than that of devoting the present Ministry to the infernal gods.

But "will not their successors be worse?" Impossible we reply—because there cannot be worse, and because, in all probability, their successors will be the open and avowed enemies of Catholicity. We have nothing to fear from our enemies. False friends—time serving, luke warm, moderate, liberal *Katholics*, who boast that they take no extreme views, and that they are not "ultra-montane" in their opinions—these are they whom we have to fear; these are they who always have been the most dangerous to the Church, and who alone have hurt her, who alone can hurt her. "God protect me from my friends; I can protect myself from my enemies"—is an old proverb and a true one, and especially applicable to the Catholic Church in Canada at the present moment, with reference to the Cauchon Ministry.

Granted that the only possible successors to that Ministry are our enemies—fanatical enemies if you will. We care not—for they cannot hurt us, and will, by their impotent efforts against us, only bring ruin on themselves. Granted that they hate Popery; but they love place and salary even more than they hate the "Scarlet Woman" and much as they may abuse the old lady behind her back, they will not, for the sake of venting their old grudge against her, risk the loss of that which they most love upon the face of the earth—the patronage and emoluments of office. Besides, if the independent Catholics of the country will but do their duty, they are still numerous enough to secure the return to Parliament of a sufficient number of representatives to render innocuous the malice of a George Brown, and to counteract the hostile manoeuvres of the "Clear Grits." If not strong enough to nominate a Ministry themselves, the Catholic electors of Canada have the power, if they will but exercise it conscientiously and discreetly, to make an actively Anti-Catholic administration an impossibility. If they cannot put a Ministry in, they can always, if they will but act together, put any Ministry out.

And what could a Ministry, even if composed of the most rabid "Clear Grits," and ruddiest complexioned "Rouges," do to injure us, that the present Ministry has not done, and is not prepared to do again, if necessary, in order to enable

it to retain office a few months, or even weeks, longer? What more could a George Brown do than was done by a Cauchon, and his colleagues, when he and they voted for the "Religious Incorporations Bill" of last session? when, by their votes in Parliament, they put on record that, in their opinion, our Catholic Bishops and Clergy, our Nuns and Sisters of Charity, are such a villainous set of swindlers, such a set of greedy, rapacious vultures ever hovering over the death beds of the sick and dying, ever intent upon defrauding the children, and robbing the natural heirs of the unhappy victims of priestly intrigues—that it was absolutely necessary, in Canada, to enact laws interfering with the natural right of testament—a right inherent in every one, and interference with which can hardly be justified in any case, or even upon the most pressing grounds of State necessity. And yet this right, so sacred, so respected even by the heathens of old, must be interfered with, restricted, and prohibited in Canada, so great is the rascality of the Canadian Catholic clergy, so monstrous the frauds perpetrated by our "Religious!" This is what M. Cauchon, and his Ministerial colleagues, have proclaimed to the world; and it is because they are, or rather because they profess to be, Catholics—and indulge in much periodical "blague" about, "notre sainte religion"—that the world attaches credit to their testimony against the Catholic Church in Canada. It is only because they are believed to be honest Catholics, that our Clergy and Religious are believed to be consummate rogues. For, mark it well. It is only upon the hypothesis that the Ministerial "Religious Incorporations Bill" was absolutely, imperatively, and indispensably necessary for the safety of society, that its despotic and arbitrary interference with the sacred "right of testament" can be defended. But this interference can be justified only upon the plea that it was necessary to check existing abuses of the grossest description, and universally prevalent—for assuredly one or two, or even hundreds, of instances of undue interference, on the part of a few ecclesiastics, would offer no excuse for such arbitrary exercise of power. And therefore, if such abuses were not in existence, if it were not the constant and universal custom of our Catholic Clergy and Religious to rob, cheat and pillage their dying penitents—there was no necessity, therefore no excuse for such a Bill as that introduced by our present Ministry; and the introduction of it by them was therefore a wanton and cowardly attack upon a body of men, whom, with their accustomed "blague," they pretend to "surround with their respect and devotion." Of two things therefore one. Either our Canadian ecclesiastics are a vile set of mercenary scoundrels—in which case, and in which case only, was such a measure as the "Religious Incorporations Bill" necessary or excusable; or, M. Cauchon, and his Ministerial colleagues, are—what the *True Witness* and the *Catholic Citizen* of Toronto have pronounced them to be—and should therefore be the objects of the contempt and loathing of every honest, unbought Catholic layman, as the libellers and calumniators of those whom every honest Catholic is bound to honor and respect. It is impossible, we repeat, to serve God and Mammon—to maintain truth, and to support M. Cauchon; and for the same reason it is impossible to respect our Canadian Bishops, and to vote for the Ministry who endeavor to impose upon us the infamous "Religious Incorporations Bill."

And granted that if G. Brown and his friends were in office, they would introduce (as they probably would) just such a Bill as that introduced by Mr. Drummond, and warmly supported by M. Cauchon—no harm would thereby be inflicted on us, no insult offered to our revered Clergy. For, in the first place, legislate as they will against us, we can always drive a coach and four through their Acts of Parliament, and will we trust ever treat such Acts and their authors with contempt; and in the second place, the hostile legislation of an avowedly anti-Catholic administration would afford no argument against the honesty and disinterestedness of our Bishops and Clergy. As it is—our enemies here and every where, meet us with the taunt—"Oh your Priests and Nuns must be a precious set of cheats and scoundrels, when even such a good Catholic as M. Cauchon finds it necessary to introduce Bills into Parliament with the object of checking their knavish propensities." This is what is said every day; and if we admit the "goodness" of M. Cauchon's Catholicity—how can we answer it?

Besides were such a Bill to be introduced by George Brown and his friends, being in office—we may be sure that M. Cauchon and his friends, being in opposition, would strenuously oppose it; using for that purpose the eloquence, and unanswerable logic with which in May last the *Journal de Quebec* attacked M. Cauchon's Bill—ere yet the Commissioner of Crown Lands had issued orders to his docile "hacks" at Quebec to keep "silent as the grave" upon the painful subject. Thus all we, as Catholics, gained from the fact that M. Cauchon and his friends were in office was this—that, instead of vigorously opposing, they cordially joined with the enemies of our Church in endeavoring to impose upon her, the most insulting and the most iniquitous restrictions ever devised by the worst of European despots in the XVII. and XVIII. century; whilst had they

We are indebted to the *Journal de Quebec* of the 22nd May, for much of our argument against M. Cauchon's "Religious Incorporations Bill." We have but to quote the *Journal de May*, to refute the *Journal* of November.

been in opposition they would have boldly and eloquently denounced them.
 We have therefore the best of reasons for opposing the present ministry, and we have no reasons to fear anything from their successors; for though no doubt the latter have the will, they have not, if Catholic electors will but do their duty, the power to hurt us. Neither "Rougeism" nor "Clear Gritism" are really dangerous, for they are our enemies, and we can always defend ourselves against our enemies; our liberal friends, our venal, time serving Ministers, with their Judas-like professions of veneration and respect for our holy religion—"notre sainte religion" as the *Journal* has it—can alone hurt us.

"A LITTLE CLOUD."

It is useless for the English press to pretend indifference to the symptoms of an approaching rupture betwixt France and England. The language of the *Moniteur* is but a sign of the feeling that exists generally amongst our late allies towards us; and is important only, in so far as it indicates that they no longer consider it necessary or politic to disguise their real sentiments. The Anglo-French Alliance was useful, perhaps necessary, to Louis Napoleon a few months ago, but it is so no longer; and as he is evidently prepared to contract another engagement, he, as the old song says, thinks that "it is well to be off with the old love, before he is on with the new." Amongst the great mass of the French people, and with the army especially, an alliance with the Czar would be more popular than one with the "perfidious Albion." It is easier for them to forgive the disasters of Moscow than of Waterloo; nor do the snows of Russia recall such painful memories, as do the thunders of Mont St. Jean. An "entente cordiale" is possible betwixt the Eastern and Western Empires; betwixt the latter and Great Britain it was never at best any thing more than a sham—a mere commonplace, conveniently adapted for rounding off a newspaper paragraph. Such as it was however, the *Moniteur* has effectually blown it away.

On the other hand, a cordial alliance betwixt Great Britain and Austria is now spoken of; but this also seems improbable, unless the former is prepared to desist from her revolutionary intrigues in the "Italian Peninsula." Like Mr. Augustus Moddle "the youngest gentleman" of whom honorable mention is made in one of Dicken's novels—England has, or believes herself to have a mission; that mission being to revolutionise Continental Europe, and to diffuse the blessings of cotton goods and a reformed faith throughout all the nations of the earth. "By the labors of the missionary" said a speaker at a recent evangelical "feet" at Liverpool—"a taste was spread over all the world for the manufactures of Great Britain." The "Word" is preached unto the nations sitting in Popish darkness; and lo! the people forthwith put on English broadcloth as a garment of righteousness—and a superfluous British beaver for a helmet of salvation. These are the fruits of the Gospel according to Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham; twice blessed are they—blessed to him that gives and him that takes; and these blessings the Saints of Exeter Hall would have to renounce, ere such an alliance as that spoken of betwixt proselytising and revolutionising Protestant England, and conservative Catholic Austria could be consummated.

All then seems to indicate another outbreak of hostilities in Europe; and that Great Britain will find herself involved therein single-handed—without an ally, without a friend upon the Continent of Europe, except amongst the infidels and red republicans who look up to her as the natural protectress of revolution, scoundrelism and Continental Protestantism generally. The *Times* indeed, in one of its late editorials affects to make light of the menacing storm; and boastfully pretends to place reliance upon the inexhaustible material resources of the empire.

"Our resources are untouched"—says the Thunderer—"our spirits are unbroken"—we have been obliged on one occasion to undeceive foreign nations as to the extent of our devotion to peace. It is by no means impossible that we may be called upon to repeat the lesson."

But it is not only from without that the stability of the British Empire is menaced. Discontent is rife within. Chartism is still a great fact, for which the operatives, under the guidance of talented and indefatigable leaders—men whom no defeat can discourage—are as clamorous as ever. And then there is Ireland—Ireland the perennial difficulty of England; which will not be swamped beneath the green waves of the Atlantic, and whose people when they cry aloud for bread, will not be content with the hard stone offered to them by their unnatural sister. These things are not unknown to, or unnoticed by the present ruler of France. They have no doubt entered largely into his political calculations; and should a war betwixt him and his late allies break out, he will be prepared to take advantage of them, and of the example which Great Britain has herself set, of interfering in the domestic affairs of the Continental nations. By the last steamer we learn that the French Squadron had not up to that date made its appearance in the Bay of Naples; it is not impossible that the present generation may hear of the landing of a French Army of deliverance upon the pleasant shores of Ireland. That expedition would however, have what to the former is refused—the hearty sympathies of the people whom it was intended to deliver, and the fervent prayers of all Christendom for its success.

Indeed there can be no doubt that, by its officious intermeddling with the affairs of Naples, Great Britain has not only exposed herself to the most severe rebuke ever received by one independent Power; from another, but that she has established a precedent, most dangerous to the integrity of the Empire. No matter what the

faults of the Neapolitan King, or the sufferings of his people; they are not so glaring or so grievous as the faults of Protestant England towards Catholic Ireland. The prisons of Naples are not, and no one pretends that they are, pleasant abodes; but at their worst, they are better than Protestant poor houses at their best; nor in the most loathsome dungeons of the Italian Peninsula are there to be seen sights so revolting to humanity and Christianity, as in those fetid dens to which the poor and friendless are consigned in that country which presumes to read high moral lessons to its neighbors. Neapolitan tyranny is not so cruel as the charity of Protestant England.

The *Times* falls not only into the error of underrating the dangers to which Great Britain would be exposed by a war with France and Russia—but of overrating the material resources of the Empire. Money no doubt, one, but not the only requisite of war, would not be wanting to it; but men, men for its armies and its navies would not be so easily obtained. Even in the last short war, the want, not of disciplined soldiers—but of men, the raw material whereof soldiers are made—was severely felt by the British Government; which in consequence was, obliged, at the risk of involving itself in war with the United States, to have recourse to very extraordinary—if not very dishonorable—means of filling up the gaps in its home population. Ireland has been decimated by famine and emigration; the Highlands of Scotland have been made desolate by the landlords; and if the manufacturing cities of the Empire still teem with a numerous population, it is a population far different from the stalwart yeomen, who in a former generation recruited the ranks of Britain's army. Worn out for the most part with premature toil, and precocious debauchery, its members, miserable abortions of gin and mercury, are physically as little fitted to endure the hardships of a campaign, as morally, they are incapable of the virtues of the gallant soldier. Even honest Jack Falstaff would be ashamed to be seen marching through Coventry with such a set of scare-crows, tattered prodigals, lately come from swine keeping, ticket of leave-men in reduced circumstances, and broken down swell-mob-men, as compose the bulk of the urban population of Great Britain.

"Put red coats on the sheep, and see if they will do instead of men in the field of battle"—was the answer made by the Scotch Highlanders to the importunities of the recruiting sergeant during the last war. The experiment was not tried; but we have little doubt that, if it had, it would have been found that hardy black faced sheep from a Scottish glen would have made as stout soldiers as most of those that the back slums of our large cities would furnish. And yet, in case of a war, it is there, and there only, that the recruits for the British army will be found.—Herein lies the secret of Britain's military weakness, as well as of her commercial greatness.—Everything has been sacrificed to the commercial and manufacturing interests; the policy of the nation has been to raise machines instead of men; and now, that in the prospect of a war, men are wanted, it is the natural consequence of that policy that men are not to be had. These were the symptoms that preceded the decline and downfall of Rome's vast and wealthy empire; and to the attentive reader of history, it must seem that as these symptoms have been always indicative of deep seated, and mortal disease, wheresoever and whensoever they have declared themselves—so in the case of Great Britain, they are calculated to give rise to strong suspicions, that the "material resources" on which the *Times* places its reliance may, in the hour of need, be found wanting; and that the vaunted "commercial policy" of the British Empire is a sign—not of health and strength—but of disease and weakness. This at least is certain—that no purely commercial nation—neither Carthage in ancient times, nor Venice in modern—has been long able to maintain its military superiority, or its national independence.

COMPLIMENTARY LECTURE OF MR. M'GEE.

In compliance with the request of several friends, Mr. M'Gee will deliver a lecture on "The Irish Brigade" on Monday evening next, after his return from Quebec, in the Theatre Royal, Cote Street. The subject of this lecture is one of surpassing interest, embracing some of the most stirring events of modern history. The Irish Brigade in the service of France played an important part in the great wars which convulsed Europe from the latter part of the seventeenth, to the middle of the eighteenth centuries. What student of history is unfamiliar with the glorious valor of the Irish Brigade on the memorable fields of Ypres, Ramillies and Fontenoy, and during the famous siege of Cremona.

"When on Ramillies bloody field, The baffled French were forced to yield, The victor Saxon backwards reeled Before the charge of Clare's Dragons!"

Of the battle of Fontenoy it has been said and sung:—

"And Fontenoy, and Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo, Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true."

No better subject could be chosen by an Irish lecturer, or more likely to please an Irish audience than the history of those heroic bands of exiles—the best and noblest blood of Ireland—who did such good service to Catholic France, and whose valiant valor, turned against England, made the English monarch of that day exclaim: "Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such subjects."

Let all then who take an interest in the name and fame of Irishmen be sure to attend this lecture on Monday evening, so as to shew their appreciation of Mr. M'Gee's talents, and of his devotion to the cause of Ireland and her exiles at every time and in every country. The Rifle Companies, Nos. 4 and 5, will attend in uniform, accompanied by Prince's Band.

MR. M'GEE'S SECOND LECTURE.

EDMUND BURKE.
 Mr. Darcy M'Gee delivered the second lecture of his course, in "Illustration of Irish Genius," on Friday evening last—Subject, "Edmund Burke."
 The lecturer commenced by observing that if Great Britain kept a record of Irish crime, she ought also, in common justice, to keep a record of Irish virtue and Irish genius. If she charged Ireland with Burke the *burker*, she ought equally to credit her with Burke, the impeacher of Hastings, and the most powerful foe of the French revolutionary ideas. It was common to hear and read of "Mr. Burke, the celebrated British statesman." Sixty years had elapsed since his death, and every year he was more and more confidently spoken of as a *British* celebrity.—But he (the lecturer) proposed to show that by birth, by education, by temperament, and by the whole tenor of his public life, he was eminently entitled to be quoted in illustration of *Irish* genius.

Edmund Burke, born in 1730, entered public life in 1765. His mother was an exemplary Catholic—one of those Nages of Garnavilla, celebrated for their beauty in the songs of Munster. His father, a Galway Attorney, was of a Norman-Celtic stock, naturalized in the most purely Celtic part of Ireland, for near a thousand years. His youth was chiefly passed on the banks of the Blackwater; that lonely river, well called "the Rhine of Ireland," and celebrated in the early strains of Spenser. His first teacher—O'Halloran—"a Philomath" of the old school—doubtless taught him, not only a familiarity with Greek grammar and Latin prosody, but also a sympathy with the people, and a hatred of the penal laws, which then existed in full virulence. We can also imagine his excellent mother—one of those mothers who *make* men;—we can well imagine her saying to him as he knelt at her knee—"Edmund, my son, God has blessed you with talents, and He may also give you a high position in life: if so, remember the religion of your mother, and render it a service if it is in your power." Like the children of mixed marriages generally, the sons of the Burke family went with the father, and the daughters with the mother. This supposed exhortation was certainly well illustrated in the public life of Burke, who drew the first Catholic Relief Bill (in 1778);—who founded—for Burke's advocacy virtually founded—Maynooth College;—who procured a refuge for the 8,000 French priests who, in the year '92, landed on the shores of England. On that one occasion, England conquered France—conquered her by generosity and charity; but let it be remembered that she did this under the inspiration of a generous *Irish* man of genius.

Burke made literature his pathway to Parliament. With him the ambition *to rise* was inspired by the better ambition *to serve*. His whole life was animated by two strong passions: the pursuit of injustice in high criminals, and the exposition of justice towards all men. Goldsmith's humorous lines in "The Retaliation" had given a very false popular idea of Burke's public career. To say of an Imperial statesman, who gave ten years of his life to the study of American affairs, (*then* so little cared for beyond the Atlantic), and fourteen years to the exhaustion of Indian politics, whose greatest work was written on the revolution in France and its consequences towards all governments;—to say of such a man, that—

"He narrowed his mind, And to party gave up what was meant for mankind," is surely not historically true. Burke himself did not exaggerate the dignity of his position when, as Chief Manager for the Commons in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, he said that they were there, "to try the cause of Asia in the presence of Europe." Africa also shared his unlimited sympathies. Witness his "Sketch of a Negro Code" presented to Mr. Pitt, when the subject of the Slave Trade began to attract serious attention in Parliament.

In range of thought and labor, Burke was certainly cosmopolitan; in temperament, in inspiration, in style, he was distinctively *Irish*. His first and last writings were dedicated to the land of his birth. Though by conviction he felt "the sphere of his duties to be his true country," yet his heart always gravitated to Irish soil. When a journey from London to Dublin was as tedious and almost as perilous as a journey from England to America is, now-a-days, he frequently contrived to visit the haunts and friends of his youth. He rushed out on one of those visits, half shaved to embrace his old Munster schoolmaster, whose accent, not less than his other lessons, he retained to the last. He took the liveliest interest in the politics, the religion, and the education of Ireland. In his conversations with Dr. Campbell and others, he speaks of his Irish studies, and declares his belief that "Ireland has the greatest *unwritten history* in Europe." He laid the foundation of modern Celtic research, by procuring Sir John Seabright's collection of Gaelic MSS. for Trinity College. He also first suggested that Irish scholars should "print the originals" of their history with a literal translation. A great deal has been done in this direction since his time: a great deal to make the story of that nation intelligible and respectable. I speak (said the lecturer at this point) in the presence of one, who to all the gifts of her own sex, has added the mental energy, the industry, and the power of ours—of one whose works ought to shame many of our men, out of their un-Irish objects or their culpable inaction.

[This allusion to our gifted townsman, Mrs. Sadlier, excited the warmest approbation of the whole audience.]

Mr. M'Gee continued to show that Burke had never lost sight of the religion of his mother.—He suggested and set on foot a fund for the defence of Father Sheahy and other Catholics condemned to death at Clonmel, in 1776, on a trumped up charge of conspiracy. He was the most active promoter of the public and parliamentary aid to the refugee French clergy, 8,000 of whom landed in one year on the shores of England.—He—not George III.—was the founder of Maynooth College. His correspondence, published by Earl Fitzwilliam and Sir Richard Bourke, shews that Maynooth owes its existence more to him

...to any one man. His fearless conduct at the Lord George Gordon riots is well known. He gave his only son to be Secretary to a voluntary association of Irish Catholics. He was the friend of the Challoners, the Butlers, the O'Learys, the Husseys, the Kennemes, the Keoghs—those ornaments of a bygone Catholic generation. On his death bed, Dr. Hussey first President of Mayo, was with him; and perhaps he then received the highest reward of his many charities, in the twofold graces of Baptism and Extreme Unction.

Burke's greatest achievement was his wrestle with the first French Revolution. Alone amid the first-rate men of Europe, he grappled with that monstrous apparition. If any young man present desired to contemplate the sublime of political science—the astronomy of affairs—he (the lecturer) would give him three authors: first, Burke; second, Burke; third, Burke. The fervor, the fire, the reverence, the deference for the past, exhibited in the "Recollections on the French Revolution" were eminently Celtic—were noble illustrations of Irish genius.

[After a peroration, which we confess ourselves wholly unable to report, the lecturer concluded amidst loud cheers.]

THIRD LECTURE.

THOMAS MOORE, AS POET.

Mr. McGee's lecture on this subject—the last of his course before the St. Patrick's Society—was given on Monday evening, to an audience much increased. It was an easy, conversational comparison between the schools of Wordsworth and Moore, extending into a striking contrast between Burns and Moore, Scottish and Irish melody, in which impartial justice was rendered to both sides. Mr. McGee maintained music to be an essential element of true poetry, and Moore as the most musical of poets, likely to be one of the most permanently popular. He did not by any means hold him up as a perfect or admirable character: Lord John Russell's late publication left no possibility of maintaining any such thesis. But as a public reputation, Moore was, on the whole, honorable to Ireland; and his published works were exquisite illustrations of Irish genius moving in the fetters of the English tongue.—This lecture was happily illustrated by anecdotes and readings from the poet's works.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Toronto, Nov. 17, 1856.

MR. EDITOR—I see with pleasure that the public mind is gradually, but surely veering round to the Anti-State School views which, with pertinacity and a high degree of consistency, you have so long advocated. At first your journal stood alone, maintaining its ground with vigor, and shielded by the invincibleegis of the truth. Your contemporaries looked on, and either sneered, or were silent. The True Witness was ultramontaine—soundly Catholic, but Utopian. To destroy the mis-called "Common School" system, was the chimera of a fevered imagination, not the matured resolve of a severely disciplined mind. But a change has come over the spirit of their dreams. Many even amongst the Non-Catholic press—the Leader for instance—admit the possibility of such an issue to the agitation on that School system; while your warm friend and admirer, the Toronto Mirror; seems to be silently gathering his forces for a charge in that direction. Indeed, I am morally certain of this intention of the Mirror, for I have remarked, under its present management, that when it remains cool for a time, and apparently undecided, as it is now in regard to the principle of independent opposition, it is engaged in a species of political retreat, during which it is reflecting, or looking back upon the past, in order to deduce from the floating debris of experience on the great stream of time, some settled and decided line of action for the future. This course of your cotemporary is rendered more evident when we reflect upon the improbability of ever obtaining, under present circumstances, any amendment to the actual Laws, or any new School Law, which, with a Protestant Superintendent of Education, will be really advantageous to our Separate Schools. The truth is palpable, that with the vast sums accruing from the Clergy Reserves in the hands of the partisans of State Schools, there is no other safety for Catholic education than their final destruction. Granting to the County Municipalities the hundreds of thousands of pounds which they will each receive from the sale of these lands, the State School Trustees will not only have the means of educating Protestant children, but will actually be possessed of public money sufficient to give complete suits of clothing, food, &c., to those Catholic children, whose parents should be weak enough to submit them to the proselytising process. Thus every school house in the land is, or will be before twelve months, converted into an educational soup kitchen—a kind of "Upper Canada Catholic Children Missionary Society," by the aid of grants of public money annually doled out by our Provincial Parliament. This circumstance, Mr. Editor, combined with disgust at the Saddletrick jobbing of some professing Catholics after the disgraceful conduct of the Administration on Mr. Boves' Bill, is fast increasing the number of those who are determined to act in concert with you for the total abolition of State Schoolism—a principle which is fundamentally opposed to the first, and boldest rights of the parent, and of the Catholic. I hope that you will soon have the aid of your Toronto cotemporary in your noble work; for as it is his boast that his influence extends to Protestants as well as to Catholics, it will be the more valuable in this case.

I see many indications just now that your policy of destruction to State Schoolism is popular, not only with Catholics, but with a large and reflecting portion of the Protestant people in this section of the Province. It strikes them as the only logical conclusion possible, in view of the new difficulties which are every day springing up around us. They see the people—the officials—the press—the Assembly—in a continual state of turmoil and agitation; and on coolly counting up and reflecting on, the cost of all this, they begin to believe that there is something radically wrong, about the whole Common School System, which is in dispute. The scenes of violence and bloodshed which are continually occurring in the neighbouring Republic, go far also to disgust the people with a plan of educational training which has had its origin in that land of anarchy and bloodshed. Thus we have Representatives of different parties coming forward and pledging themselves at the polls to the abolition of the mis-called Common School System.

"I will go further than this," said Mr. John Simpson, the Member elect for the Queen's Division. "If such a system cannot be established, as both Catholics and Protestants will heartily concur in, I would then abolish the system of State Education, and fall back upon the Voluntary principle." Now, John Simpson is a member of the old Reform party—a man who is liberal, who was supported by the Globe, and who was (on this and certain private assurances) supported by the Mirror also. John Simpson, on these principles, carried the Queen's Division by some 3,000 majority.

Mr. Beatty held the principles of the Leader, which are—(I quote from memory, from that journal)—"That if the present twofold insane agitation be

continued concerning Separate Schools, it must end in the destruction of the Common School system, which is perhaps, after all, the only possible issue. Mr. Beatty, with these principles, polled nearly one-third the votes of the vast Division of Sauguenay. Colonel Prince is also pledged to the abolition of the whole Common System, and so is Messon of Mills Isles.—Yours, &c.

THE RACE THROUGH LIFE.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

"A man's a man for a' that."—BURNS.

SIR—Now that our railway has been consummated, and moreover, "celebrated"—trumpeted forth to the world—proclaimed an accomplished fact;—now that the flood of popular excitement has ebbed back again to the level of the current of sober thought;—now that the pageant has passed, and the show over;—now that he is asked, what is to be the moral of the grand affair—this groundwork of Canadian prosperity?—What is to be the ultimate result of Railway traffic on mankind in general, and on the working classes in particular—on the class who have dug the track—who have battered down the rocks—who have filled up the morasses—who have bridged the ravines, laid the rails, made the engines, built the cars, and whose wants and wishes and demands must create the traffic, and fill them, and empty them, and send them away for fresh supplies; in short, on all those whose sinews were instrumental in carrying out the gigantic system—on that class who earn their subsistence by the labor of their hands, or the sweat of their brows—what is to be to them the result of this hurry, this headlong race through life?

In its application to human purposes, that mighty agent steam is yet comparatively in its infancy; but the day will most assuredly come when, through its help, machinery simplified, and divested of its present complexity, the commonest household drudgery will be performed. Our housewives, for their mere amusement, may again, as in the olden time, superintend the weaving of their own linen, the churning of their own butter, the shearing of their own sheep and their corn fields, and in their visits to and from their friends, conduct through the streets their own little carriages, while their own little men—once big men—stay at home minding baby.

The songs of the tea-kettle have long been time-hallowed links in the chain of fireside associations; but the steam boiler on our fireplaces, or stoves, must now be taught pleasanter, because more profitable music; and by-and-by that pleasant emanation of our better nature, "the prevention-of-crudely-to-animal-society" will be a thing only to read about.—Iron horses will be seen standing in our thoroughfares, consuming not hay, but hard wood; not oats, but anthracite, and will not, as their predecessors did, vex the sight of passers-by, standing shivering in the cold, or sinking inane through heat or fatigue; but, unaffected by either trial below, or one hundred above zero, bid defiance equally to horse diseases, horse medicines, and horse-doctors, which, in the lapse of time, will become forgotten things.

Now, that both savage and civilized beings have secured in their interest the services of those powerful and subtle agents, fire and water—now that we have managed to press into our service those two arms—steam and electricity—to help us on with the business of life—I am anxious to know, Mr. Editor, if the possession of these agents will ever be made conducive to the moral, as well as to the material benefit of us same civilized beings. Shall we, by the possession or assistance of those agents, obtain more opportunities of rendering ourselves happier in this life, and of securing a happier existence in the life that is to come? The solution of this problem is of mighty importance.

Because you know that, in order that a man be happy in this world, he must be moral—he must be virtuous—he must do to others as he would that they should do to him—and that, ere this headlong race of life be ended, he must, in order to secure a continuance of happy consciousness in a future state, make adequate preparation thereunto in this.

Are Railways, then, calculated to secure to mankind the chance or opportunities for such preparation? Is it possible that any class whatsoever of the society of this beautiful and promising city of Montreal are happier in each other's society now, or will be in a year or two hence through the possession of railways, than their fathers were fifty years ago, ere Watt began to dream—when steam was but a small affair, and when the old slow coach only was in motion, and the fat old horses munched their corn?

Now, Sir, I think it will be plainly apparent to any one who is willing to observe, that Virtue and the iron-horse do not keep pace together in the journey through life. The latter gets fast and far ahead. Wherever the iron-horse has thrust his nose, he hastens to prepare the way for the progress of vice, and straightway the monster follows in his train. It does not seem as if Virtue cares very much to ride on railways, nor loves to gallant gaily in steamboat saloons. If she does, she acts very decorously; keeps her face veiled, or sits in a corner with tearful eye, watching the follies of the human apes that caper near her. This world only, and exclusively engrosses their affections. They say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry;" and to our Lord's question—"Simon Bar-Jonah, lovest thou me more than these?"—they reply, "Nay, Lord, Thou knowest that we love these more than Thee."

I have no quarrel with railways, Mr. Editor; but would rather rejoice in their extension when they secure to us an equality, or, if possible, a superiority in material wealth over our neighbors, on principles compatible with religion and morality. But have railway and steamboat business been hitherto conducted strictly on these principles? Will any one who has been employed, as I have been, in cotton and linen mills, and acquainted with their "interior life," say that in these nurseries, religion and morality are worshipped? I could tell you, Mr. Editor, something of the tricks practised therein, not merely by the wretched and debased workers, but of their overseers—tricks the common talk of those workers—tricks, the example set before their dirty ignorant minds, which they take the earliest opportunity to imitate. No Religion and morality are there unknown. It would seem as if they could not breathe in the air where drums and drum-belts play. In these prison-houses, these schools of vice, virtue forgets to blush, and inhaling the moral poison of the tainted atmosphere, dies. The mills of other places, besides those of Glasgow and Manchester, are less or more, doubtless, of the same noxious character.

"Oh, but what an abundance of employment steam machinery gives to the working classes. Vice or virtue—it is of no consequence—steam keeps their jaws going!"

These admirers of modern machinery talk as if working people did not, but with difficulty, obtain a living previous to the introduction of the steam engine—as if the crews of sailing vessels did not get as much to eat and as good pay—as if the handloom weaver did not live as comfortably—and as if the old coaches of the elder Mr. Weller class were not as fat as the conductors of railway trains. These gigantic schemes of modern progress carried out by the help of steam, although doubtless very glorious to their projectors, have been to the working classes, whose brawny arms and horny fists, must carry them into consumption, not a good but an evil, just as wine, made to cheer, is swallowed to inebriate. What might have been a blessing is converted into a curse. "Hoot! nonsense! I'm losin' patience wi' ye," says Sandy Macsiccar. "Railways and other sorts o' mayshinnery are o' aimence national advantages; and as to either wine or whisky—mair especially Scotch whisky bein' a curse I—only—beg to differ wi' ye, that's a'."

There are plenty of Macsiccars in the world who would like to lengthen out their day of life, by running as fast through it as the elements will permit.—Like "fast" men who do not fast, or pray either,

unless for one bottle more, in order to be detained a little longer on, and to sweeten the hours of life's journey, they think to spin out their thread by encircling the globe with railways, and seeing all that may be worthy of being seen; they think they will thus add to the sum total of their life's hours and their life's happiness. Just as Madame de Staël—I think it is—predicted the possibility of enjoying the lifetime of a thousand years in the space of an hour, or perhaps a single night, through the multiplication or continuity of delightful sensations—with the assistance of good liquor, doubtless, the penalty of relaxed nerves next morning being unworthy of consideration. According to this pretty theory, pretty generally acted on, does this fast system, then, really conduce to the prolongation of human happiness? and enable man to prepare for his final journey to his long home, on which we have not heard he will be assisted by steam in any way applied, although there is a probability there may be heat enough.

The fastest runner through life's race, even until he is sick-tired of riding on rails, pleasant though those rides may be, as Longfellow insinuates, will find life's journey short enough; and may think, when he looks back, that it is possible the slow coachman of the olden time got to his journey's end quite as satisfactory, and with a more contented mind, and a clearer conscience, than he of modern days. And when he carries his cogitations farther down the stream of probabilities, when he tries to imagine a limitation to the further progress of steam improvement, what can he suppose will be—not what ought to be—the end, the result, to that class of society who live by their labor, which labor—modern "improvements"—are introduced to diminish.

This question arises not from querulous shortsightedness. I will endeavor to show next week—for I feel I have encroached too much on your valuable space—that the tendency of all modern improvements hitherto—the object being to supersede manual labor—has been to lower the character of the working class, instead of elevating it; and the degradation of that class, by modern men, has been intentional, and has been successful to too great and too melancholy an extent. Morally and mentally shortsighted, they—the working class—accept the show of a useless "celebration" for what will ultimately, to them, be a sacrifice.

"They threw their caps As if they'd hang them on the horns of the moon, Shouting their emulation!"

WHIFFLE WHIFFTOP.
Nov. 19, 1856.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR,—It is written in Holy Scripture [1 Tim. iii. 17.] for our information, that "Priests who will preside are worthy of a two fold honor"—especially those who labor in word and doctrine. Hence, from time to time, we hear of congregations, who, to testify their respect for their pastors, and as a tribute of gratitude for his services, offer him their presents.—Some present their Priest with a purse well filled with their well earned dollars. Such testimonials to pastoral zeal are of frequent occurrence in the gold abounding States of the American Union. Others, to make it appear how much they appreciate the labors of the husbandman in the Lord's vineyard, furnish him with a stout horse, or sometimes even with an elegantly and commodiously devised carriage. Sometimes the offering of the faithful makes its appearance in the shape of a gold watch—an appropriate emblem of the care and vigilance with which, by day and by night, the good shepherd should watch over the flock committed to his charge—and not infrequently a handsome chalice for the use of the Holy Sacrifice, attests at once the people's love for their pastor, and their zeal for the service of the altar.

But the truly good and zealous Catholics of Ingersoll have shown forth their kind wishes towards their respected Priest—the Rev. Mr. Kelleher—in a very peculiar manner, gratifying to him, and to themselves exceedingly honorable. They have erected for him, and his successors in the sacred ministry, a house of considerable dimensions, and of fair proportions, and which will I trust long be a memorial both of our gratitude, and of our Pastor's worth.

The work has been entirely achieved by means of voluntary contributions from our people; without assistance of any kind from any quarter whatsoever, and without any of these rhetorical appeals, to which, upon such occasions, resource is so often had. In this case all such modes of stimulating the indifference to exertion, and warming the tepid up to the proper pitch of excitement, were unnecessary. Spontaneously the Catholics of Ingersoll came forward, and nobly accomplished the good work.

Hoping Mr. Editor that these remarks may find a place in your excellent Catholic journal, I have the honor to sign myself,

Yours Respectfully,
INGERSOLL, C. W., November 15th, 1856.

AWFUL CALAMITY AT SEA.

THE FRENCH STEAMER LA LYONNAISE RUN DOWN BY AN AMERICAN CLIPPER.

On Saturday, November 1st, the iron screw steamship La Lyonnaise, Captain Devaulx, sailed from New York for Havre, with thirty-eight passengers, a crew consisting of ninety-four men, including the officers, an assorted cargo, valued in all at \$46,282, and \$20,000 in specie.

On the night of Sunday, the 2d instant—the night being dark—Nantucket light ship bearing N. N. W., and distant 60 miles, the ship was run into by an unknown vessel, which immediately bore away, apparently without being much injured, but without offering any assistance to the steamer. La Lyonnaise was struck well aft, and her after compartments, which were very large, immediately filled with water, and went down so as to throw her bow high in air. The utmost confusion prevailed for a short time on board the steamer, but order was soon restored, and the crew immediately set about constructing a raft. The ship was provided with six boats, two of which were life boats. One of the latter only has been heard from.

On Monday morning, at day-break, it was decided that it would be no longer safe to remain upon the wreck. About forty persons, including passengers, were got on board the raft, and the boats were then launched. One of these was broken up immediately and those on board clambered upon the raft. It is supposed that the raft has gone to pieces and all on board perished, but there is room to hope that some of them may have been saved.

In another boat was the commander with some of the passengers. The boat was well provided with provisions, compasses, &c. It was the intention of the captain to pull for Montauk Point. This boat has not yet been heard from.

Another boat contained the second-mate, Laguiere, the second-engineer, Desfour, and several of the crew and passengers.—This is the only boat heard from so far.

The list, then is: saved sixteen; missing and probably lost, one hundred and sixteen.

The boat in charge of the second mate was without a compass and short of water. They drifted about for six days, guided only by the uncertain land breeze, and enduring the most extreme sufferings from cold and thirst, of which two of the sailors died. On the morning of Sunday last, the survivors were discovered by the Bremen bark Elise, Captain Nordenholz, and in the afternoon they were all taken on board of that vessel, when everything was done to make them comfortable. The next day they were transferred to the Hamburg bark Elise, Capt. Neilson, bound for this port, where they arrived last evening. Two of the passengers, Mr. Schedel and lady, remained on the Bremen bark, preferring to go to Europe.

Statement of Mr. Laguiere, Second Mate of La Lyonnaise. We left New York on Saturday, Novem-

ber 1st, at 12 o'clock. All went on pleasantly until 11 o'clock on Sunday night, November 2nd, 68 miles to the northward of the light on the Nantucket Shoals, when just immediately after the passengers and many of the crew had retired, leaving the watch on deck, a three masted vessel was observed bearing down upon us.

We did all in our power to avoid a collision with her, by ringing our bells and blowing the steam whistle to warn her of our vicinity; but before we could head off she struck us amidships, tearing out an entire square of the plate iron. The water rushed in with great force; and, although every effort was made to stop the hole, by plugging it with mattresses, quilts, pillows, &c., it was discovered that the water was gaining very rapidly.

Half an hour had hardly elapsed ere the fires in the furnaces were quenched. The steam pumps having previously become choked with coal, were of little service in freeing the ship. All on board were seized with panic and it was with difficulty that the Captain could calm the fears of the passengers, and induce the crew to bale the ship. He finally succeeded in mustering the crew together, and with the aid of the passengers, who formed in bailing parties, rigged a cable in the hold, and by this means was able to reach the water.

The passengers and crew worked heroically, until worn out, and finding the water gaining on them rapidly, at an early hour the following morning (Monday) they commenced constructing a raft, and by 4 o'clock, P.M., it was finished.

At this time the vessel was sinking rapidly. By 5 o'clock, five boats (the ship's complement) were launched and quickly filled with passengers. The captain gave directions to those in the boats to steer to the northward. The boats, however, were unprovided with compasses and badly provisioned, the water in the ship having spoiled; the bread and other provisions could not be obtained from the store room on account of the storm. Hardly had two of the boats left the steamship than they went down, and those who were on board endeavored to reach the raft, which was crowded with about fifty persons. Many, in their efforts to preserve their lives in this death struggle, sank to rise no more. Of the forty or fifty persons in these boats, at least two-thirds were drowned.

I had proceeded some little distance towards these unfortunate sufferers, and with my boat tried to reach them, but not having any oars, or even anything that would serve as a paddle, I was obliged to leave them to their fate. Night coming on, I lost sight of the other two boats and the raft. By the dim light the moon afforded, I saw the steamship some distance off, but gradually lost sight of her. I left the captain on board the vessel, and as to his fate I have no knowledge. A few of the crew remained by him.

I forgot to mention that the vessel that came in collision with us, although apparently uninjured, made no effort to render us assistance, or even to ascertain what injury we sustained, but steered away. Little do I know, however, but she, too, has sunk into the depths of the mighty deep, and all on board perished.

On Tuesday morning the weather began to show unfavorable signs, and at midday it commenced snowing, hailing, and raining violently. Judge of our pitiable condition, in an open boat, leaking at the rate of eight barrels per hour, keeping us continually bailing. We suffered severely, the storm increasing in violence, and next day dawned upon us no better off than the day before. Our scanty supply of eatables, which consisted only of preserves, were greatly diminished. We had no water, and it was pitiable to hear the cries of my poor companions; they were such as would make the stoutest heart quail. The next day our sufferings were augmented by the renewal of the storm, which pelted upon us pitilessly.

That day will be long remembered by those in the boat. To imagine the agony of an old gentleman of sixty years struggling with death in its most harrowing aspect, will fail to realize the scene. He died before nightfall. Many began to think that they would soon follow him to eternity. During the night a seaman and myself found it difficult to keep our companions alive. By dint of much exertion, however, we succeeded. Several however, including myself, were severely frost-bitten.

We are now entirely out of provisions, starvation staring us in our faces. Want of water compelled us to drink sea-water but this, of course, only increased our thirst. We now made up our minds that we were indeed lost. It is impossible to describe our frightful condition; no water, food, clothes frozen to our backs, feet wet and frozen, and strength exhausted with bailing out the boat.

Saturday morning we discovered a sail; oh! how glad were our hearts at this sight! but many of my poor companions were too helpless to see even this coming succor. On making signals to her by raising of hands and a handkerchief, she bore down for us. She proved to be the bark Elise, Capt. Nordenholz, from Baltimore for Bremen, who took us on board, and in the kindest manner did all in his power to alleviate our sufferings and make us as comfortable as he could under the circumstances.

CELEBRATION STATISTICS.—It is of course impossible to estimate the number of persons who visited this city during the great railroad celebration, as thousands of them were accommodated at private houses, still it is interesting to have statistics from some of the hotels regarding the number they accommodated. At the St. Lawrence Hotel, from the 10th to the 13th, both days inclusive, 1009 persons entered their names on the register. On Wednesday night over 500 persons were provided with sleeping accommodation in the house, and over 500 more were provided with meals. On Wednesday and Thursday evening dancing was carried on with great vigor in the splendid drawing room of the hotel.

At the Donegana Hotel about 350 persons were lodged, and 100 more were furnished with accommodation in houses leased for the occasion, taking their meals at the hotel. On Thursday evening a ball took place, where many who were squeezed out of the City Concert Hall, enjoyed themselves. On Friday evening there was still 200 visitors staying at this house.

At the Montreal House about 400 persons were lodged, and some 1500 were provided with meals. Mr. J. W. Coleman, the worthy proprietor, catered for the Boston City Council.

The Ottawa Hotel was crowded from Tuesday evening. Over 400 were provided with sleeping quarters, and hundreds more dined there.

Those who boarded upon the steamers speak in glowing terms of the accommodation. We do not know how many they accommodated, but the number must have been very large. Every evening dancing parties were held, and the utmost good feeling and hilarity prevailed.

The returns of the number of passengers brought into Montreal to the Railway Celebration by the Grand Trunk Railway, during the first three days of the week, having been made up, are found to be nearly as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: No. of Passengers, Miles. 3,000...Travelled...333 each. 1,000...292 " 600...200 " 600...168 " 800...80 " 1,000 travelled shorter distance 50

Total...6,800 Three-fourths of the above are estimated to have left the city by the Grand Trunk trains Friday and Saturday.—Pilot.

We regret to learn that, some persons found their way into the banquet hall on Thursday morning and carried off, not only the small flag, ornamenting the shields, but some of the shields themselves, and valuable banners lent for the occasion by public bodies.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Beauharnois, J. Quig, 12s 6d; Dewittville, P. Hughes, 12s 6d; Ste. Monique, Rev. Mr. Rousseau, 12s 6d; Bath, U.S., Rev. P. McLaughlin, 10s; Osgood, P. Kearns, 6s 3d; Chatham, J. Mason, £1 17s 6d; Greenville, R. Gilie, 12s 6d; St. Jude, Rev. C. Drolet, 12s 6d; Kingston, P. McGrogan, 12s 6d; St. Andrews, H. R. McGillis, £1 5s; Hamilton, P. R. Cusack, 12s 6d; Kingston, Rev. J. O'Brien, 5s; Granby, M. Gannon, 12s 6d; St. P. Acome, Rev. F. Begio, 12s 6d; St. Jean Baptiste, Rev. Z. Gingras, 12s 6d; N. Lancaster, K. McLaughlin, 10s; Belford, W. Mallon, 10s St. Raphael, D. McPherson, £1 5s; St. Hyacinthe, Rt. Rev. Dr. Prince, 12s 6d.

Per A. Larocque, St. Mary's College, Emmetsburg—£1 17s 6d.

Per Rev. P. Dollard, Kingston—Self, 16s 3d; P. Daley, 12s 6d; Rt. Rev. Dr. Phelan, 12s 6d; J. Hawkins, 12s 6d; M. Flanagan, 6s 3d.

Per M. Heaphy, Kempville—M. Cass, 10s; M. O'Connor, 5s.

Per T. McCabe, Peterboro—C. Beaudry, 5s; J. Slattery, 5s.

Per P. Doyle, Toronto—Self, 10s 6d; Dr. Hayes, £3 4s 6d.

Per J. Hagan, Templeton—M. Conway, £1 5s.

Per J. Doyle, Aymer—G. Rainsboth, 12s 6d; M. O'Keefe, 12s 6d.

Per Rev. R. Keleher, Ingersoll—D. McHugh, 10s. Per M. Barrett, St. Sylvester—Self, 5s; J. Hagan, 5s.

GREAT FIRE IN THREE RIVERS.—A fire broke out in Three Rivers on Saturday morning at four o'clock, which destroyed fifty houses in the business part of the town comprising the best part of the buildings. The loss is estimated at £100,000; on which there is insurance only to the amount of £12,000 or £15,000. Fortunately no lives were lost. Among the buildings destroyed is the Printing Office of Le Bas Canada, with the whole of its material.

We regret to learn that many of the old and respectable families of the place are utterly ruined.

COMMUTATION.—The sentence of Maroon, convicted of cutting his wife's throat, has been commuted to five years imprisonment. That of Gallagher also for physicking his sweetheart with Croton Oil, to the same term. In the latter case we hope the prerogative of mercy will be still further extended, as there is no doubt that the act was merely a joke, and unattended with any evil consequences beyond a thorough purgation.—Commercial Advertiser.

BERGLARY.—On Sunday night the office of the branch of the Montreal City Bank, of which Daniel McGie, Esquire, is agent, was robbed of about £900. The thieves were apparently well acquainted with the locality, entered the cellar below the banking office, industriously removed the bricks between and below the outer and the inner iron doors of the safe, got a crowbar under the inner door, pressed it open, unlocked an iron box inside, emptied it of its contents took everything valuable deposited elsewhere, locked all up and departed, fastening the outer door so that a locksmith was sent for to open it. Quebec is going a-head.—Quebec Colonist.

THE OTTAWA AND PRESCOTT RAILWAY.—Everybody will be glad to hear of the success of this spirited enterprise, which has always been pushed ahead with a degree of vigor and judgment, which alone could have carried such an enterprise through.

GRAND TRUNK AT KINGSTON.—As for Kingston, we have authority which cannot be doubted for saying that her interests are in good hands and will not be forgotten. Not only will she have local trains at the latest, early in the spring, but we have much gratification in being enabled to assure our fellow-citizens (and we also speak on this subject with authority), that the Grand Trunk Depot will assuredly be brought into the City in a very short time. Where it will be located we believe has not yet been decided upon, but in all probability somewhere near the centre of the city, in the neighbourhood probability of the City Park, but of course in the selection of a location, the wishes of the citizens will probably be consulted.—Kingston Paper.

The Leader says:—"We believe that it is not possible for a state to be in a more dangerous position than we are at present (that is, some few weeks ago.) A ministry—without principle—without shame—without character—and without truth—bent on sustaining themselves in defiance of all opinion, simply by corruption, is the first spectacle which meets the eye; and by their demoralization, the whole community is affected. To buy and to sell, seems to be the first essential of executive fitness, unless we give precedence to the more plausible virtue of cajoling by false promises.

New York, Nov. 17.—The bark Dahlia, from Quebec for Plymouth, was abandoned on the 9th of November, in lat. 44, lon. 51, in a sinking condition. Her crew was brought here to-day.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

COMPLIMENTARY LECTURE.

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE, ESQ.,

BY REQUEST,

WILL DELIVER A LECTURE

ON THE

IRISH BRIGADE,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, IN COTE STREET,

On Monday Evening next, 24th instant.

Doors OPEN at SEVEN o'clock.

Lecture to commence at EIGHT o'clock.

Tickets 1s 3d; can be had at Sadler's Book Store; Franklin House, and at the Doors on the evening of the Lecture. Boxes Reserved for Ladies.

N. B.—Nos. 4 and 5 Volunteer Militia Rifle Companies will attend in uniform, accompanied by Prince's Splendid Band.

November 20, 1856.

THE MEMBERS of No. 4 VOLUNTEER MILITIA RIFLE COMPANY are requested to meet at the ARMORY, on MONDAY EVENING next, at SEVEN o'clock precisely, in Uniform, from which they will march to the Theatre Royal, to attend Mr. McGee's Lecture upon the "IRISH BRIGADE."

By order of the Captain,
JOHN GILLIES,
Secretary.

Nov. 20, 1856.

P. J. FOGARTY,

ACCOUNTANT,

AND

GENERAL AGENT,

28 St. Nicholas, off St. Sacrament Street.

FOR SALE,

D'KUYPER'S GENEVA GIN—in Hhds.

BRANDY—Pale and Dark.

TEAS—Twankay, Old and Young Hysons, Congou, &c., &c.

P. J. FOGARTY,
28, St. Nicholas Street.

FOUND,

IN Notre Dame Street, on Tuesday Evening last, a small sum of MONEY. The owner, on calling on the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, at the Seminary, before the 1st of January, describing same, and paying cost of this advertisement, will get

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

There is the following important communication relative to the British Press... The Times Paris correspondent states that whether well founded or not, the opinion is very general that not only does there exist a serious difference between France and England on more than one point, but that the latter has been completely reconciled to Austria, and that the former is on more than friendly terms with Russia...

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News insists that there is discord between the Governments of England and France, as well as between their organs and diplomatists. He writes: "At the risk of uttering what the Monitor may perhaps denounce as an 'odious calumny,' I feel it an imperative duty to say emphatically, that instead of being in harmonious relations, the Cabinets of London and Paris are at this moment almost at daggers' draw."

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At the Protestant Conference of Dresden, held last May (and in which the Protestant Commissions of Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and many other German States, were represented), the necessity of re-establishing private confession and absolution was agreed upon. The decisions of the Conference are contained in twenty-three articles, from which we quote the following remarkable passages...

The German journals mention that the Court of Wurtemberg has sent certain deputies to Rome for the purpose of submitting to the Holy See the project of a Concordat. This news is correct. His eminence Cardinal Reisach has made a report on the subject, and this report has been submitted to a meeting of Cardinals. We are assured that the conclusions arrived at are favorable as regards the acceptance of the propositions made by the Wurtemberg Government, and it is most probable that the negotiations opened between the Holy See and the Wurtemberg Government will shortly end in a satisfactory solution.

NAPLES.—A despatch from Naples announces the departure of M. Brenier from that capital. Mr. Petre most probably left at the same time. Captain Gallwey, Her Majesty's Consul, is left in charge of British interest. On the 15th Oct., the vanguard of the British squadron arrived at Civita Vecchia, composed of the Centaur, steam paddle-wheel frigate, Captain W. C. Clifford, C.B., 6 guns and 200 men; and the Osprey, despatch gunboat, Captain H. J. Blemfield, 4 guns and 100 men. These vessels left the port of Ajaccio on the 14th Oct., and are to remain at Civita Vecchia until further orders.

Prince Petrucci, the Neapolitan Ambassador at Vienna, has presented a note in answer to the representations made by Count Martini. In this note the King of the Two Sicilies acknowledges the efforts of Austria in favor of conciliation, but declares he cannot accept her proposals, since any concession to the Western Powers would be equivalent to a renunciation of those rights which he is called upon to defend in common with all the Sovereigns of Europe.

Admiral Dundas has arrived at Malta with his squadron. Two British steamers had also arrived at Civita Vecchia, for the assumed purpose of completing the communication between London and Naples.

Le Nord says that the Grand Duke of Tuscany complains of the crowd of English tourists who invade his State, and who put themselves in communication with the revolutionary chiefs, thereby encouraging agitation.

The Journals of Lombardy continue to express themselves in the strongest terms of hostility towards England. The Bilancia, of Milan, describes Lord Palmerston as "the firebrand of Italy."

There is something positively atrocious in the bad faith of our Liberal politicians towards Italy. Only two or three weeks since, one of our journals, to whose announcements an official importance is usually attached, authoritatively declared that the allied fleets would enter the Bay of Naples, and held out encouragement to the Neapolitan Liberals that the time was at hand when an insurrectionary movement would be favored by the Western Powers.

Lord Palmerston has managed this dispute with Naples with his usual skill: he has contrived to involve France in the contest against her will, before she has recovered from the effects of the late war. Is there a living man who believes that England cares whether the government of King Ferdinand is conducted on principles somewhat more or somewhat less liberal? Certainly her ministers do not, and yet England was the first in the Congress to pronounce Naples a kind of moral outlaw, and to compromise her government both at home and abroad.

France dared not contradict England, and besides looked on all that passed on the subject as mere words. The moment that these discussions were published, all parties felt that discussion could not stop there, although each knew he was treading on a mine which might explode at any moment. Lord Palmerston has prevented the King from making any concession, and has involved France in his schemes for the purpose of appearing more than ever the champion of liberal opinions.

Spain.—The Madrid journals of the 25th contain nothing of much importance. A Royal decree, based on a report of the Minister of Grace and Justice, which report is written in terms of the utmost respect for the Church and Clergy, enacts that a general statistical account of the Clergy shall be drawn up. It was said that General Prim was about to place himself at the head of the progress party. It was also reported that M. Barzanalla, Minister of Finance, was about to resign, and to be replaced by M. Bravo Murillo, but the report was considered unfounded.

Italy.—There is every reason to believe that the Holy Father will henceforth be permanently represented at the Court of Russia, and that an Envoy Apostolic will very soon take up his residence at St. Petersburg.

GERMANY.

At the Protestant Conference of Dresden, held last May (and in which the Protestant Commissions of Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and many other German States, were represented), the necessity of re-establishing private confession and absolution was agreed upon. The decisions of the Conference are contained in twenty-three articles, from which we quote the following remarkable passages...

Art. 13. To ensure success in re-establishing the use of regular confession and absolution, a commencement must be made by the introduction of private absolution, and the restoration of the practice of refusing absolution.

Art. 15. The pastor has the right of withholding absolution from such as profess heretical doctrines (doctrines antichristian), or contrary to the Gospel, if they refuse to be converted.

Nay, more. A form of confession and absolution has been agreed upon. The absolution is pronounced in the following form: "Almighty God have mercy upon you, and by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, I absolve you from all your sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Go in peace. Amen."

The Austrian Correspondence defends the occupation of the principalities against the French journals, which it justifies upon the double ground that the question of the new frontier line is not yet settled, and that Austria and the Porte are quite agreed as to the period for the evacuation. This latter statement is a direct contradiction to the note in the French semi-official journals.

SWITZERLAND. In parts of this country, says a Protestant paper, Romanism is gaining as rapidly as Protestantism is losing.

The Evangelical Protestants themselves despondingly declare, that by far the majority of the German-Swiss clergymen are infidels, followers of Hegel; and that in Eastern Switzerland, the Roman Catholic population has become more moral and respectable than the Protestants.

The Madia case is still, we doubt not, in our readers' recollection, if only for the sake of the triumphant retort upon the Protestant sympathizers by which our great Parliamentary champion covered them with scorn. Instead of occupying himself with the refutation of the absurd exaggerations and misrepresentations in which they had wrapped up their case, Frederick Lucas directed their attention to Protestant Sweden, and showed there a state of things with which nothing that was ever alleged against Tuscan could bear comparison.

It was a good deed well done, and we know not but that the news we now give from Sweden may be in part the fruit of his labors. In opening the Swedish Diet on the 23rd, the King of Sweden said—"An enlightened toleration for the faith of others, based upon the love of one's neighbor, and inspired by an indomitable conviction, constitutes the essence of the dogmas of the Protestant Church."

CRUEL TREATMENT OF AN EDITOR IN SWEDEN.—A correspondent of the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung writes from Stockholm, September 25th:—"The responsible editor of the Swedish gazette, the Federnland, (Fatherland), Mr. Steuermann Lindstrom, who some time ago was condemned to pay a fine of about \$150 for his article on the right of succession, being unable to do so, has been committed in the Långbols prison for the period of four months, where he is obliged to dress in the prison clothes and live in company with the vilest criminals. His presence being required at Stockholm to answer a similar charge, he was not permitted to resume his own clothes, but had to travel in the felon's dress and in wooden shoes, which wounded his feet severely. Though unable to walk, he was forced to return on foot, after his examination, to his prison. This cruel treatment of a political prisoner has excited general indignation, and is commented upon very severely by the united press."

RUSSIA. The Monitor de la Flotte contradicts the statement circulated by several journals that Russia is building a new Black Sea fleet at Nicolaieff, and that she is reconstructing the defensive works of Sebastopol.

A recent letter, it affirms, shows that the Russians are scrupulously executing the treaty of Paris, that they are not restoring any of the old land or sea defences, and that at Nicolaieff and Kherson they are only building the number of light boats which they are entitled to have according to the terms of the treaty of peace.

TURKEY. A despatch from Vienna, dated Monday, announced that the Turkish ministry had resigned. Later dates confirm this news, but also mention that the resignations had not been accepted.

ITALIAN AND BRITISH PATRIOTS.—Signor Felice Orsini, whose repeated imprisonments and recent escape from an Austrian dungeon are making such a noise in the world, bids fair to take the bread out of the mouth of our Charles patriots, John Frost, who having for fourteen years experienced and witnessed the kept her engagements. France, alone free from reproach and aversion towards the Congress of Paris cannot allow to any one power the right to judge and arbitrate. And this, which we say to Austria we say to every other power which may find itself similarly circumstanced.

ITALIAN AND BRITISH PATRIOTS.—Signor Felice Orsini, whose repeated imprisonments and recent escape from an Austrian dungeon are making such a noise in the world, bids fair to take the bread out of the mouth of our Charles patriots, John Frost, who having for fourteen years experienced and witnessed the

THE ARROWSMITH HOAX.

We (Weekly Register) have already stated that the author of the extraordinary narrative published in the Times, under the head of "Railways and Revolvers in Georgia," has avowed his name and address. The Standard of Wednesday says: "Both are well known wherever the Journal in which his tale appeared, or any papers which copied the story from that journal, have penetrated, and if he had given a false name, or had described his residence a street or house which had no existence in Liverpool, he would probably have been detected before the lapse of twenty-four hours. His explanation of the alleged inconsistencies in the narrative are perfectly satisfactory, and the reason which he gives for not having told the story while in America is not without plausibility. He says that he was afraid to do so. His opponents declare that such an answer is absurd; and that neither in Augusta nor in New York could free speaking bring any one into peril. This is certainly inconsistent with the ideas generally entertained in England on the subject of American society, but whether Mr. Arrowsmith's fears were well founded or not, no one can be surprised at his entertaining them. A man who believes that he has just seen four fatal duels and an infanticide treated as a matter of course, might well hesitate to provoke both the actors in the tragedy and the people by whose toleration such tragedies were permitted."

The most plausible as well as the most charitable interpretation is, that Mr. Arrowsmith himself has been hoaxed. He says that he was under 21 at the time of the transaction which he narrates. We can imagine that on the entrance of a boyish quiet-looking Britisher into a railway carriage, the idea of hoaxing him might occur to the Yankee mind. Travellers, and especially if their exterior is of that kind technically called "mild," have always been held fair game; people who have a reputation for being rough-handed do often take pleasure in representing themselves as rougher than they are, and the Yankees of to-day may resemble the Irish of 50 years since in this propensity, as they are certainly held to resemble them in pugacity. "Railways and Revolvers" is very like a story told in "Charles O'Mally," and probably founded on fact, as most of Lover's best stories are. The hoax is described as being practised upon a Cockney at an Irish gentleman's dinner table:—"Why, after your great opportunities for judging," said Phil, "you ought to speak out—you've seen us in a way, I may fairly affirm, few Englishmen have, and heard more."

"That's it, that's the very thing, Mr. Macnamara, I've looked at you more closely. I've watched you more narrowly. I've witnessed what the French call 'your meintime.'"

"Begad you have," said old Burke, with a grin, and profited by it to the utmost. "I've been a spectator of your election contests—I've partaken of your hospitality—I've witnessed your popular and national sports—I've been present at your weddings, your fairs, your wakes; but no, I was forgetting, I never saw a wake."

"Never saw a wake," repeated each of the company in turn, as though the gentleman was uttering a sentiment of very dubious veracity. "Never," said Mr. Prettyman, rather abashed at this proof of his incapacity to instruct his English friends upon all matters of Irish interest.

"Well then," said Mr. Macnamara, "with a blessing, well show you one. Lord forbid that we should not do the honors of our poor country to an intelligent foreigner when he's good enough to come amongst us."

"Peter," said he, turning to the servant behind him, "who's dead hereabouts?" "Sorra one, yer honour. Since the scrimmage at Portanna the place is peaceable."

"Who died lately, in the neighbourhood?" "The Widow Macbride, yer honour."

"Couldn't they take her up again, Peter?—my friend here never saw a wake."

"I'm afeard not, for it was the boys roasted her, and she wouldn't be a decent corpse for to show a stranger," said Peter, in a whisper.

"Mr. Prettyman shuddered at these painful indications of the neighbourhood, and said nothing. "Well, then, Peter, tell Jimmy Divine to take the old musket to my bedroom, and go over to the Clunagh bog, he can't go wrong, there's twelve families there that never pay a halfpenny rent, and when it's done, let him give notice to the neighborhood, and we'll have a rousing wake."

"You don't mean, Mr. Macnamara, you don't mean to say—," stammered out the cockney, with a face like a ghost.

"I only mean to say," said Phil, laughing, "that you're keeping the decanter very long at your right hand."

Burke contrived to interpose before the Englishman could ask any explanation of what he had just heard—and for some minutes he could only wait in impatient anxiety—when a loud report of a gun close behind the house attracted the attention of the guests—the next moment old Peter entered, his face radiant with smiles.

"Well, what's that?" said Macnamara. "Twas Jimmy, yer honour, as the evening was rainy, he said he'd take one of the neighbors, and he hadn't to go far, for Andy Moore was going home, and he brought him down at once."

"Did he shoot him?" said Mr. Prettyman, while cold perspiration broke over his forehead. "Did he murder the man?" "Sorra murder," said Peter, disdainfully; "but why wouldn't he shoot him when the master bid him?" "I needn't tell you more, Charley; but in ten minutes after, feigning some excuse to leave the room, the terrified cockney took flight, and offering twenty guineas for a horse, to convey him to Athlone, he left Galway, fully convinced that they don't yet know us on the other side of the Channel."

horrors to which the government of free and enlightened England subjects political prisoners, had made up his mind to devote the remainder of his life to making his fellow-countrymen aware of what he believed to be the true state of the "charges" were found guilty of treason against the crown. These are days in which escaped criminals are in great and especial request, and therefore it must be with a feeling akin to envy that some of our readers will learn that both these rare and exquisite specimens of a class of men who find little favor in our eyes, were in Leeds within the last fortnight; and that neither of them condescended to indicate an intention of visiting Hull. But, while both were well received in the commercial capital of the West Riding, we are concerned to know that more popular commiseration was manifested towards the interesting, but more guilty Italian, than for the veteran and heroic Briton, who, more, insensibly than it reasonably, summoned Englishmen to abjure liberty, by making themselves masters of the little town of Newport. And, in all sober seriousness, with Frost's revelations of the horrors of Norfolk Island staring us in the face—with a full official knowledge that in that most miserable and most wretched island, the convict population have been abandoned to the open and shameful perpetration of crime, with a parliamentary blue-book record of the tortures inflicted upon the people of India, with the connivance of the British authorities in order to wring money out of the flowing blood, the lacerated bodies, and the broken bones of the plundered natives, it does seem, ridiculously, inconsistent to see crowds of people rushing open-mouthed, prepared to swallow any horrible story told them about how traitors, rebels, and felons are dealt with in prisons on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. Certainly, if we read the history of how treason has hitherto been punished in England—if we read how the latest over-manifestations of rebellion in Ireland and Scotland have been trodden out—if we refer to the pitchfork and riding-school cruelties in Dublin within the memory of our Premier, and many members of the two Houses of Parliament, we shall be slow to boast that, under such circumstances as distinguish the proposed schemes for revolutionizing Italy, we should be found much more humane than our Continental neighbors. It was consequent, upon the last attempt at revolution in Italy—and in sympathy with it—that rebellion was manifested in the Ionian Islands, and we all know how mercifully the Lord High Commissioner extirpated it, and how the crown promoted him for acts of terror far exceeding in horror anything done in any part of the kingdom of Naples. But our native insular curiosity prompts us to delight in the exhibitions of foreign strollers and mountebanks. Besides, our national pride is flattered by their appearance before us as supplicants. Political and religious sympathy is a cheap commodity, and so long as that contents them we do not like to refuse it. Nevertheless, if by the eager reception given to individuals of this class an insult is understood to be offered to the religious convictions of at least nine millions of her Majesty's faithfully loyal subjects—to nearly a third of all the men composing the British army, it might be well to consider whether good feeling and good taste do not alike suggest the having nothing whatever to do with such figures and refugees, save in the exercise of such almsgiving as their physical necessities may require.

AN INCIDENT AT THE TUILERIES.—With the Empire, the fortunes of the Tuileries flourished. Its saloons were thronged with military prowess, with diplomatic distinction, with the wisdom of statesmanship, with illustrations in every order of intellect, the abstractions of science, the practice of politics. Amidst this crowd of princes and soldiers, of ancient nobles, and ennobled children of the people, one venerable figure claims a special notice, and attracts regard, which pierces the present, and traverses the long vista of six centuries. It was in the full tide of the middle age that Pope Innocent the Second visited Paris, and his footsteps have left their prints in the old chronicles of the time, of faith. "We guided his way," says an ancient French historian, "in a procession, glorious in the eyes of God and of men, and singing a song of gladness we embraced him. His people attended him in the mode of the Roman court, with a profusion of ornaments most admirable to be seen, and with, for sign of his power, the Ursa, topped with a crown of gold. And his servants and guards, richly habited, advanced on horseback, two by two, clad all in white, and chanting hymns. But the barons, and the vassals of the church, and the noble chateaux were on foot. And there were some in front who threw silver pieces before them to withdraw the crowd somewhat aside, and leave free the way, strewn with branches, and shaded with rich tapestry descending from the trees." Since then six centuries are gone. Innocent revisited Paris, in the person of Pius the Seventh. But the middle age has ebbed. We cannot look for veneration in the first decade of the 19th century; we must be content with a decent respect. Yet the papal guest of Napoleon experienced a reception at the hands of the people generally, which surpassed the expectations of the faithful, and thousands knelt for his benediction. Amidst the throng, one young man does worship to the dead age of doubt with covered head. "Decourrez-vous," was the Pontiff's mild rebuke, "an old man's blessing has never hurt any one." And the recent champion of the 18th century knelt obedient with bare head. In the brief moment of his genuflection, we retrace six hundred years, but cannot recall the barons, the vassals of the church, the noble chateaux, of the days of Innocent. France has kept its religion, but changed its politics. Louis the Eleventh, Mazarin, the Emigration, have haunted, drawn, and quartered Feudality. The new French society does not depend from above, it drops from beneath.

And the Seventh was lodged at the Tuileries, where the delicate attention of his Imperial host has prepared for him an apartment precisely similar, in its furniture and appointments, to that which the Pope was used to occupy at the Quirinal. An empty compliment to the man, which did not please Napoleon to proffer a sincere respect to the Pontiff, in whom he wished to find a servant, not a master.—Irish Quarterly Review.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—It is a notorious and undeniable fact, that the African Slave-trade always has been, is now, and in all probability always will be carried on by Northern hands. The vessels engaged in that trade are built in and owned in New York, and New-England, and are manned mostly by New-Englanders. It is not of course, the better portion of the Northern people that embark in, or countenance this traffic: it is the refuse and scum of Northern Society, who would be equally ready for piracy, if it yielded equal profits and could be perpetrated with equal impunity. There are wretches who would commit any crime to make money, who would engage in any business, no matter how destructive to the morals or the welfare of a community, so that it would put money in their purse. It is this class of Yankees, and this alone who are engaged in the African slave-trade, and who would like to see it revived: it would seem a little inconsistent that Abolitionists should be in favor of the slave trade, with all the horrors of the middle passage but the inconsistency is not real. Revive the slave trade, and they enlarge the sphere of their commercial operations; supply the South with negroes, with one hand and steal them away with the other. This has been their mode of operation from the beginning. They brought the slaves here originally, and having received the purchase-money, are eternally endeavoring to rob them from the purchasers. Should the South propose a revival of the slave-trade, they will be a proposal made in good faith, but when the proposition is favored by slaves or the friends of another section, we look upon it as the old Abolition game, selling articles that they may have a chance of not only pocketing the proceeds, but plundering the purchaser of the article sold.—Irish Quarterly Review.

Riots in Baltimore. Baltimore was the scene of a desperate and bloody riot, the work of the Know-Nothing party...

Curious Names. What queer names some unfortunate mortals are blessed with! We heard of a family in Detroit whose sons were named One, Stickey, Two Stickey, Three Stickey, and whose daughters were named First Stickey, Second Stickey, &c.

CHURCH ARTICLES. SACRED VASES, CHALICES, VESTMENTS. MONTREAL No. 78, NOTRE DAME STREET, (BRANCH DEPOT FROM NEW YORK.)

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ENGLISH EDUCATION. A. KEEGAN, ASSISTANT-TEACHER in the MONTREAL MODEL SCHOOL, has opened an EVENING SCHOOL at No. 27 CHEVENEVILLE STREET.

NEW CATHOLIC BOOKS, JUST RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS, Cornelius a Lapide's Commentary on the Sacred Scriptures (in Latin) 4to, 20 vols., half bound in Morocco.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS. Madden's Life of Robert Emmet, with notes; Napier's History of the Peninsula; War, 5 vols., with maps and plates.

ON SUCH SUBJECTS THE TESTIMONY OF WOMAN SHOULD BE CONCLUSIVE. New York, August 2, 1856. Mrs. Glute, of No. 272 Second Street, believing her child, about three years old, to be troubled with worms, purchased one bottle of DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE.

EMIGRATION. PARTIES desirous of bringing out their friends from Europe, are hereby notified, that the Chief Agent for Emigration has received the sanction of the Provincial Government to a plan for facilitating the same.

EMIGRATION. Upon payment of any sum of money to the Chief Agent, a Certificate will be issued at the rate of Five Dollars for the Pound Sterling, which Certificate on transmission will secure a passage from any Port in the United Kingdom by Vessels bound to Quebec.

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Dr. J. C. AYER. Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst headache any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which they cleanse at once. If you will cure others as they do me, the fact is worth knowing.

Indigestion and Impurity of the Blood. From the Rev. Dr. Hines, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston. I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ.

For Dropsy, Plethora, or kindred Complaints, requiring an active purge, they are an excellent remedy. For Costiveness or Constipation, and as a Diaper, they are equally available and effectual.

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TERMS: The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150. For Students not learning Greek or Latin, 125. Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra, 15. French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20. Music, per annum, 4. Use of Piano, per annum, 8. Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges. No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c. Rev. P. REILLY, President.

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