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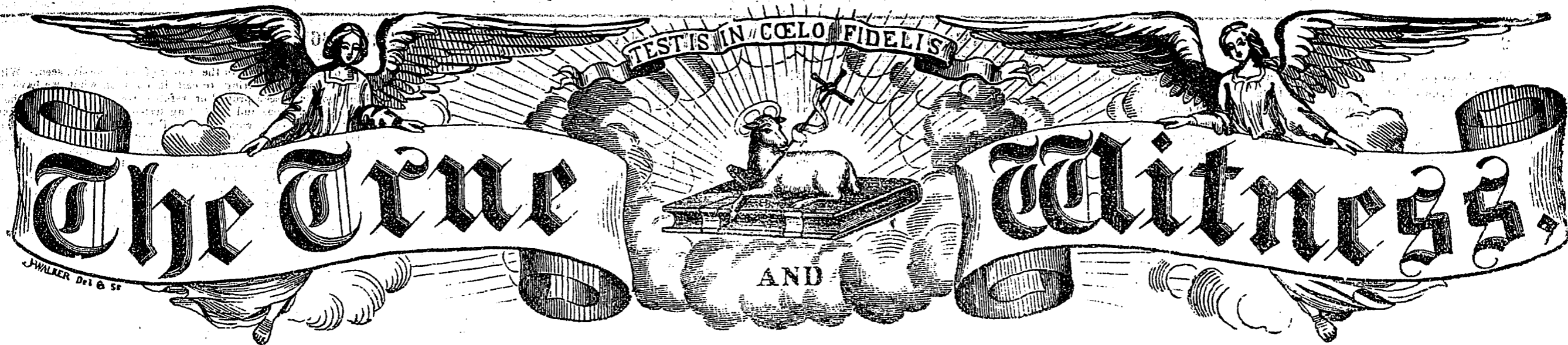
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1862.

No. 18.

THE FATE OF FATHER SHEEHY. A TALE OF TIPPERARY EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. J. SADLER.

CHAPTER IV.—LAW AND JUSTICE AS OPPOSED TO EACH OTHER.

The first trial that came on was that of Edward Meighan, the alleged murderer of John Bridge. When placed in the dock, the sunburnt face of the prisoner wore a satisfied and even an exulting smile, and there was triumph in the glance which he cast around.

The two magistrates whom we have seen discussing the question of attempting to bribe Meighan knew not that one of their brethren had already tried, and failed. This fact they only learned in the course of the day.

Early in the morning as Meighan sat alone in his dreary cell, thinking of his approaching trial, with the sad forebodings so natural to a husband and a father in such a position, the door opened, and in came—not the jailer, but one of the magistrates, whom Meighan well knew.

Meighan, said the gentleman, you are aware, I suppose, that your trial comes on to-day.

Of course I am, your honor—I know it well.

Has it ever occurred to you that you have it in your power to escape even a trial?

Well, no, sir, said Meighan—how could I think of such a thing—once in here? and he looked around him with a visible shudder.

Once in here, there's no getting out without a trial—every one knows that.

And yet there is a way, returned the visitor, speaking slowly and distinctly. It is in your power—and I put it to you as a husband and father—ay! and as a son, if you are not bound to war! off the impending danger?

I don't know, sir, till I hear how I'm to do it, then I'll tell you whether I'm bound or not. You know me, sir, and I know you—it's many a long day since you knew I was neither afraid or ashamed to profess my religion, and it's just as long since I knew that you had no love for Catholics, and would go any length to see one of us out of the way.

There was an angry flush on the cheek of the magistrate, but he chose to assume a smile. This is bold talking, Meighan, he said, but it is quite characteristic—let us, however, come to the point at once. What hopes have you, in case you stand your trial?

Well—not much, your honor, not much. There's no one knows better than yourself that innocence is no security now-a-days. To be sure I have witnesses plenty to prove that I had nothing to do with this murder—even if the deed was done, but that won't save me, I know well—nor his reverence neither, God help us both!

You say you have no hope, said the visitor, not seeming to notice his last words—Well, here I stand who can set you free, even without a trial, and restore you to the wife and children and aged father who are depending on you for support.

Meighan's eye glistened, and his cheek glowed. And what would you have me do, sir? what price would you lay on my freedom?

Only turn king's evidence, confess yourself guilty, and swear that Sheehy employed you to make away with Bridge, and you are a free man—ay, and a rich one!

Don't say another word! cried Meighan, don't insult me any farther. I guessed what you were at from the very beginning. If I wasn't a prisoner, you daren't make such an offer to me. Och! then, this is the worst of all, indeed it is! and the poor fellow's tears burst forth like rain, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain them.

Then I suppose you reject my proposal? said the magistrate coldly.

Reject it? said Meighan, in a voice half choked with emotion. Oh! indeed I do then reject it. Although I am in jail for murder (here he made the sign of the cross on his forehead), God hasn't given me up that way.

Life is very sweet! said the magistrate, and it is the part of a fool throw it away.

Well! I'd throw away a thousand lives if I had them, exclaimed the prisoner fervently, before I'd consent to swear away any one's life, and the priest's above all—och, then, Father Sheehy! he added, clasping his hands together, did any one ever hear such a thing as them to ask Ned Meighan to turn informer against you—you that's as innocent as the babe unborn—

och, then, is there justice in heaven, for if there isn't God help us all. Ay, that 'd be a hearing and a seeing, sure enough—Ned Meighan confessing himself guilty of such a crime—such a black crime as that, and swearing that Father Sheehy bid him do it. I'll just tell you what it is, sir, he added with a sudden change of manner—the sooner you take yourself out of my sight, I'll be all the better pleased.

But remember your wife and children, and your old father.

I do remember them, and I could never look one of them in the face if I thought even for a minute of doing the likes of that. If it's God's will they must all bear up agin their heavy loss when I'm taken from them, but they'll never have it thrown in their faces that I done anything for them to be ashamed of—and that 'd be the shame of the world if I tould a lie, and swore to it, to add a few years to my life.—Don't be uneasy about my family—for I know they're a great trouble to you all out—but just go your ways. I'll not spake another word while you're in the place, so you'll be only losing your time.

Well, depend upon it, both you and the priest shall swing for it.

And if we do, too, we're not the first that suffered in the wrong—nor we'll not be the last either, while the law is in the hands of you and the like of you.

Two hours later, poor Meighan stood in the dock, and what wonder was it that his fine, manly face wore a look of triumph. But a saddened expression soon came over every feature, when in a corner of the court-house he recognised his aged father leaning on his stick. A glance of mournful meaning was exchanged between them, and then the old man raised his eyes to heaven, and pointed upwards with his finger. Just then the trial commenced. The witnesses for the prosecution were Mrs. Brady (reader! it was the miserable prostitute Dunlea, who had borrowed the name of the soldier Brady with whom she then lived, in order to give a show of decency to her evidence)—Toohy, the notorious horse-stealer, and the vagabond Loneragan. These worthies all swore that Meighan had murdered Bridge, on the night of the 24th of October, by striking him on the head with a bill-hook, at a signal from Father Sheehy. Oh, then, glory be to God! cried the prisoner when he heard this sworn for the first time, if that doesn't beat all the swearin' ever man or mortal heard—oh—oh!—isn't it a wonder that the ground doesn't open under their feet an' swallow them up.

Silence there! cried a stentorian voice, not another word. The prisoner was silent, but a deep groan burst from the oppressed heart of the poor old father, and he was heard to murmur, Wirra! wirra! is it him—is it Ned to split any one's skull—oh, sweet mother Mary, are you listenin' to that? Silence in court, roared the loud voice again, and all was still save the witness on the table. It was Toohy, who, dressed up for the occasion in a superfine blue coat, with black silk vest and knee breeches (as an eye-witness described him) made a very respectable appearance. Then followed Loneragan, who being no more than sixteen, and small in stature even for that age, was equipped in a long blue coat, reaching to his heels, with a view to make him appear older. All three had their lesson well learned, and there were no lawyers bold enough to cross-examine them, at least so as to test their evidence, and so the prosecution was triumphantly closed. Well! but we have plenty of good, decent witnesses, said the father of Meighan in a low voice to those about him. Thanks be to God! poor Ned has no want of evidence—these wretches 'll not have it all their own way.

Hush! hush! Atty, said a friend near him, in a low whisper. God help us all; there's not much law for us; any one of the blackguards that we heard swearin' sich barefaced lies will be worth half a dozen of Ned's witnesses—for all they'll be swearin' the blessed truth. But, hush! we must keep silent or we'll be put out.

The witnesses for the defence were numerous and of good character, and furnished overwhelming proof that Edward Meighan did not leave his own house all that night, when Bridge was said to have been murdered. Ay, it was proved beyond a doubt that the same Bridge had not been murdered, nor even molested on that night, having been seen by more than one individual some days later, and two men of fair, unblemished reputation swore positively that he had told them he was about to leave the country for fear of being taken by the soldiers. Such a body of clear, direct testimony in his favor might well lead the prisoner to reckon on an acquittal, and it was not strange to see the old man, his father, raise his hands and eyes to heaven with a fervent thank God! when the last witness for his son had left the table. As for Meighan himself he was thinking at that moment of the priest, and, knowing that the two cases were so closely connected, he, too, thanked God that Father

Sheehy might yet escape. But all this was soon changed—the judge rose to charge the jury, and while he dwelt on the positive evidence for the prosecution, he declared all the other unsatisfactory and deserving of little or no attention. A faintness came over the prisoner, and he leaned heavily against the railing of the dock, but in a moment he turned and looked towards his father. The poor old man was still there, leaning on his stick—his thin white hair thrown back from his forehead, and his eyes fixed with a wild, eager stare on the door where the jury had disappeared; nor did he once look at his son while the jury-box was empty, probably fearing that the sight might draw from him some exclamation which might attract observation, and be the cause of his being expelled from the court-house.

After a short deliberation the jury re-entered their box, and pronounced Edward Meighan guilty of the murder of John Bridge. A wild scream was heard from the body of the court-house, and poor old Meighan was seen lying pale and motionless in the arms of a bystander. The unhappy prisoner, forgetting even the awful words he had just heard, thought only of his father.

Och, then, isn't there some good Christian there that'll see to the poor old man—the poor heart-broken old man?

Ay, in throth is there, Ned, said one and another, and several sturdy farmers gathered around the old man. Don't be frettin' about him, for he'll never want a friend—God pity him an' you—an' us all for the matter o' that.

Well, said poor Meighan, with a faint attempt at a smile, well, sure enough if this is law it isn't justice—but it isn't the same in the other world—there we'll get justice—and sure that's comfort. There'll be no perjured witnesses heard there. I suppose there's no use in me saying anything more, even if I was allowed—for what could I say only repeat again, which I will till my last breath, that I never harmed John Bridge, nor any other man—and God knows that as well as I do.

Take him away, shouted a loud authoritative voice, and bring in Nicholas Sheehy.

A low murmur of indignation ran through the court, notwithstanding that scarcely any of the friends of the prisoner were present. The sound rose higher and higher during the time that intervened between Meighan's removal and the entrance of the priest, but when the latter was brought in and placed at the bar many voices were heard in various parts of the court-house crying out:

May the Lord deliver you from your enemies, Father Sheehy dear—but, ochone! you've only a poor chance after how they've thrated Ned Meighan!

The perjured villains, cried others—they'll swear whatever comes before them, and a man's life isn't worth twopenny in their hands.

But all these friendly voices were speedily silenced—the prisoner was forbidden to speak—and the trial commenced.

While the first witnesses were examined, Father Sheehy appeared to listen with an expression of earnest curiosity on his face, but he remained perfectly silent. From time to time as the wretched witnesses proceeded with their respective tales, he was seen to raise his hands and eyes to heaven in mute astonishment, as though wondering how any human being could imagine and relate such barefaced falsehoods—sworn to, moreover, on the Holy Evangelists. There was a mournful look in the eyes, and a paleness on his cheek which denoted a failing spirit, but still he bore it bravely, considering his recent imprisonment, and the announcement of Meighan's conviction, which had reached him just as he entered the dock. The witnesses were the same who had sworn against Meighan; and when Moll Dunlea made her deposition, and swore positively that she had heard the prisoner tell Meighan to give Bridge a dose (meaning to strike him with his weapon.) Father Sheehy was heard to murmur in an under tone—Thou knowest, oh Omnipotent God, that I never saw this unhappy woman till this present moment, though from her scandalous life I was obliged to excommunicate her.

Yet, though the scandalous creature and her worthy accomplices swore in the most positive manner that Bridge had been murdered with his consent and approval—and though Meighan had been so lately condemned on the same testimony, notwithstanding his having abundant proof of being entirely innocent, yet still did Father Sheehy appear to hope on, while a shadow of hope remained. He had just drawn himself up to his fullest height, after the examination of one of these hired witnesses, when he heard Patrick Herbert called, and forthwith that individual appeared on the table. A mortal paleness overspread the face of the prisoner, a sudden faintness came over him, and he would have fallen to the ground had he not caught the railing of the dock.

Why, he said in a low voice, leaning over to his lawyer, why this was one of my witnesses—he knows very well that I wasn't within some miles of the spot where they say Bridge was murdered, on the night in question. Good God can he, too, consent to go against his conscience?

Alas! he found that Herbert had been gained over by the threat of a prosecution for Whiteboyism, if he persisted in giving his testimony for the priest, and the crown lawyers fearing that the prisoner might have other witnesses brought forward in his place, if his dereliction were known to him in time, had purposely kept it concealed. Herbert was evidently a man of a timid, irresolute character, and now when he was swearing in direct opposition to his conscience, there was a tremor in his voice, and an agitation in his whole demeanor that spoke a mind ill at ease. It is true, his testimony was not very important being rather of a negative than a positive character, but still the desired end was gained, the prisoner was robbed of one of his best witnesses. Once, and once only, Father Sheehy forgot himself so far as to speak to him. Herbert, Herbert, said he, do you forget that God sees and hears you? The judge sternly commanded him to be silent, and Herbert went on, though his varying color and faltering voice showed how deeply he felt the appeal. But he never once dared to raise his eyes towards the prisoner, but kept them cast down, while he hurried over the shameful business in hand scarcely making his replies intelligible, from the low, indistinct tones in which he spoke. As he was quitting the table, the full, deep voice—the well-known voice of the priest again reached his ear.

Thank God! your conscience is yet alive—I see you are already tortured! Go, poor man—go and do penance; and may God forgive you as I do.

The prosecution was closed and the defence commenced. Few were the witnesses called, but they were well worthy of credit, and their testimony, if not conclusive, was, at least, strongly presumptive of the fact that Father Sheehy was innocent of the crime laid to his charge. Still nothing very important had been gained for him, and his lawyer began to manifest a certain degree of impatience, when Mr. Keating, of Turbid, was called, and instantly ascended the witness table. Mr. Keating was a man in the prime of life, with a singularly handsome countenance, whereon was stamped the candor and uprightness which belonged to his character, together with that look of benevolence which lends such a charm to the human face divine. His fine person was attired in those rich but unostentatious habiliments which distinguish the man of education and of good standing in society from the ephemeral fops who, having little else to recommend them, seem to devote all their energies to the one great business of 'dressing fashionably.' When Mr. Keating had bowed to the court he turned and saluted the prisoner in the dock with as much respect as though he stood at the altar. A cheerful smile lit up the wan features of the persecuted priest as he returned the salute, and, moving a step forward, he seemed to await what was coming with renewed hope. He glanced towards certain of the magistrates, where they sat near the judge, and he could see that they regarded Keating with a scowl of suspicion and dislike. Of course they hate him, thought he, for they know that his testimony cannot be set aside, and must be conclusive in establishing my innocence. But he can set them at defiance—his character and station place him beyond their reach—heaven bless him and his.

The testimony of Mr. Keating was to this effect, that Father Sheehy had slept at his house on the night when the murder was said to have been committed, and that he could not possibly have left the house during the night without his knowledge. Being asked could he then swear positively that the prisoner had not gone out in the night, he answered, Yes, I can—on my oath, Father Sheehy went to bed at a rather early hour of the night, and did not leave it again till the following morning was somewhat advanced.

Thanks be to God! murmured the prisoner, they cannot go beyond that? And he saw with satisfaction that even the judge seemed strongly impressed with the conclusive nature of this evidence.

From the body of the court-house arose an enthusiastic shout of gladness, that made the roof ring, many voices, too, were heard calling out, Long life to your honor! it's you that can tell the truth. Success to you, Mr. Keating! Many's the good turn your honor done before now, but this is the best of all! God reward you, sir, cried another, while several were heard to say; And sure I could swear to the same thing—I was talking to him that evening on the lawn at Turbid! and so forth.

Mr. Keating was cross-examined according to the most conclusive method of making a witness perjure himself, but not a particle of contradic-

tion could be elicited from him—his evidence was plain, unvarnished truth, and he was not the man to be embarrassed by the quibbling, or quirking, or punning of a crown-lawyer. Seeing that his inquisitor had paused, and manifested no intention of renewing his examination, the witness said—

I presume, sir, you have nothing more to ask of me—may I be allowed to go down?

Ay, you may go, said the man of law snappishly, we have done with you.

Just then stood up the rector of Cloughera, the Rev. Mr. Hewitson, and his rubicund face was bursting with importance. Is not this, said he, James Keating, commonly called, of Tubberett or Turbid?

Why, certainly, Mr. Hewitson, that is my name, and the name of my residence, replied Keating, with evident surprise, I should think the question was altogether superfluous here; there are few in this assembly to whom I am unknown.

Well, said the portly dignitary of the established church, deliberately unfolding a written document, and glancing over its contents, such being the case, I have to inform this worshipful court that said James Keating is on my list of disaffected and dangerous persons.

I? cried Keating in amazement—I am your list?—why, in the name of all that is sacred, how came I on your list of disaffected persons? Who has dared to accuse me of crime? He spoke with warmth—the honest fervor of indignant innocence.

Pray be cool, sir, said Hewitson, with a sneering smile—you are down here in black and white (laying his finger on the paper in his hand) as having been accessory to the murder of a sergeant and a corporal at New Market. As a natural consequence, your evidence is inadmissible.

Gracious God! exclaimed the prisoner, what thou endure this?—wilt thou suffer this innocent man to be made the victim of these men's hatred of me?—is he to be involved in my ruin, because he loved justice, and gave testimony to the truth? Oh, Lord—oh, Lord! I beseech thee that thou save him from the vengeful malice of our enemies. Do with me as thou wilt—I am a poor insignificant individual, whose life is of small moment to any one—but, oh, my God, his life is valuable, and let not the persecutors of our faith take it away. He spoke almost aloud, at the same time covering his face with both hands, as though to shut out the visible world, and for a moment there was a death-like silence in the court. It was but a moment—cries and sobs were heard around, and Mr. Keating spoke, but he spoke not for himself thought not of himself. Turning towards the prisoner he said:

Father Sheehy, they have devised this plan to deprive you of the value of my evidence—may the All-merciful God protect you, for your last earthly hope is thus wrested from you.

Take him away!—take him away! shouted Hewitson. Handcuffs here quickly for the prisoner Keating! And instantly two constables advanced to seize him.

Stand back yet a moment, said Keating, waving his hand with an air of dignity that awed the men; I must say a word at parting. My lord, he said, bowing respectfully to the judge.

I address myself not to that man who has so conveniently found my name on his list—with him I have nothing to do, but to your lordship, and this honorable court, I must be permitted to say that, on the word and honor of a gentleman—nay, on my solemn oath, Father Sheehy is as innocent of the crime laid to his charge as I am of this newly-coined indictment, and I think even those who are prejudiced against this persecuted priest must see that this accusation has been brought against me solely to deprive him of the benefit of my testimony, which they dared not attempt to set aside. Whatever comes of it, with regard to myself, I will bear my fate as a Christian and a man, and as I now see that my reverend friend is doomed, and perhaps myself, too, I can only pray that he and I may meet in that world where Justice reigns supreme. Men! you can now put on your irons—Catholic gentlemen are well used to such ornaments in these ascendancy days.

My lord, said Maude, rising from his seat behind the judge, for Hewitson was literally speechless with anger—my lord, is not this man's insolence deserving of punishment?

Which he is about to receive, said the judicial functionary, with a bland smile. You seem to forget, my excellent friend, that he is to be taken to prison forthwith, and there kept in chains, until such time as his trial comes on.—Our reverend friend here has ordered him to prison, so rest contented. Maude bowed, and smiled, and resumed his seat. Keating was quickly handcuffed, and carried off to solitary confinement—but before he went he bade adieu to Father Sheehy, and requested him to pray for him and his family.

'The blessing of God, and my blessing, be about you and yours, best and truest of my friends!'

'Prisoner,' he said, with solemn emphasis, 'I command you to be silent. Dare not again to disturb the peace of the court.'

The prisoner bowed in silence, and folding his arms on his breast, stood calmly regarding the scene—as calmly as though he were no more than a casual spectator.

The novel method taken to do away with Keating's evidence had an effect which probably its inventors might have foreseen, viz: that of deterring others who had it in their power to give evidence for the defence from coming forward.

'Why, then, Paddy Cusack,' said one farmer in a low voice to his neighbor, 'didn't you say a while ago that you'd go for'ard and prove that you were talking to Father Sheehy that very night in Mr. Keating's parlor beyant—when you went to spake to him about christening the young one?'

'To be sure I did,' replied honest Paddy, 'but where 'id be the use of me doing it—don't you see how they handled Mr. Keating himself, that's so high up in the world? and brad it's hard to say they'd let me off any, that's only a poor cottier, God help me.'

'Ay, but aren't you bound to tell the truth,' persisted his friend, 'and more especially when it might save Father Sheehy?'

'On, ay, if 'id save him,' said Paddy briskly 'it's myself that would soon go for'ard if they were to hang me for it to-morrow; but you see, they're determined to bring him in guilty, and all the evidence that we could give would be of no use—none in the world. Moll Dunlea and Jackey Lowergan—the evil's own boy—'id be listened to, because they're paid to do the dirty job, but for an honest man to go up and tell God's truth, as his conscience bids him, there'll be a deaf ear turned to him, and he'll be marked into the bargain. God help poor Father Sheehy any way!' concluded Paddy with a deep-drawn sigh.

When the lawyer for the defence was asked whether he had any more evidence to bring forward, he answered in the negative, and begged to know whether Mr. Keating's evidence might not be allowed to stand good. He was roughly and sternly answered 'no, sir' and the judge arose to address the jury. He spoke for a considerable time, dwelling particularly on the well-known character of the prisoner at the bar as a demagogue and a political agitator, as a man who encouraged the ignorant and misguided people to throw off all restraint and rebel against the lawful authorities.

After a little circumlocution he came to the murder of Bridge, and described it as being of the most atrocious kind. It had been clearly proved, he said, that the assassin at the bar had, at least, encouraged the actual assassin to do the dreadful deed, and he charged the jury as loyal subjects and friends of humanity to do their duty fearlessly, as indeed he was convinced they would. The only allusion he made to the evidence for the defence was somewhat characteristic of the time. 'There is abundant evidence,' said he, 'of the prisoner's guilt, but he has not a single witness to prove him innocent, notwithstanding his well-known and, indeed, baneful influence over the people.—The only individual who could be found to give any important testimony for him is now in prison, on a charge of precisely similar nature. Gentlemen of the Jury, the case is now in your hands, and I am sure you will decide justly and according to the evidence before you.'

The obsequious jurors bowed low to the compliment, and marched in rank and file from their box with becoming dignity of mien, to decide the fate of the celebrated Father Sheehy—the famed defender of the people's rights, and the benevolent consoler of their griefs and misfortunes. While the jury-box was empty, the lonely occupant of the dock stood mute and motionless—his head thrown slightly forward, and his arms still crossed on his bosom. His eyes were fixed on vacancy, for his mind was far from the present scene—far, far away in the viewless realms of thought.

Suddenly a door opened, and he raised his head. The foreman of the jury entered the box, and after him came his brother jurors in succession. When all had gained their places, the foreman advanced to the front of the box, and announced that after the most mature deliberation they had found the prisoner, Nicholas Sheehy, guilty of the murder of John Bridge, that is to say, as having aided and abetted Edward Meighan therein.

Again was the voice of wailing, loud and deep heard echoing through the building—sighs and loud groans, and *ohone! ohone!* gave note, that many a heart even in that packed assemblage sympathized with the unfortunate victim of injustice. But the prisoner himself only raised his eyes to heaven and said, 'Even this, my God! even this can I bear! all things, whatsoever 'thou wilt, whether they be good or evil, so long as 'Thou keepst me in the state of grace, I can cheerfully submit to 'Thy holy will.'

He was then removed, to be brought up the following day for sentence.

No sooner was the trial over than the most indecent triumph was manifested in and around the court-house. The magistrates hurried out to congratulate each other on their success, and were to be seen here and there through the town shaking hands in open exultation. 'Ha,' said the Bagwell-brother, who had been present at Father Sheehy's last trial, 'ha! ha! Sir Thomas had but his Dublin mob this time at his back—it was easy to see that we were the rulers here,

and I say now what I said then, that if he had been tried in Clonmel for that last affair, he would have had his desert long ago. But you know what the old saw says.

'Ay! ay!' laughed Maude, 'Better late than never—so say I, too; and it is well we have him snugly trapped at last.'

Meanwhile a heartrending scene was going forward in that darksome cell which contained the prisoner, Meighan, Father Sheehy's companion in misfortune. An old gray-haired man, and a young, fair-faced woman were with him; it was his father and his wife, the mother of his three children. They had been admitted by the jailor as a special act of grace, and for some minutes none of the three could speak, they could only weep and look at each other in mournful silence—the silence of intense anguish. The convict spoke at last, when having once more embraced his wife, he took hold of his father's hand. 'Sure I was looking at you in the court house, father dear, and God help us all, it was you I was thinking of, most of the time, except when poor Biddy and the children 'id come into my head,—well, Biddy darling, this is a black day to you ma colleen *thas!* and one that you never thought to see. But don't cry so, Biddy—don't dear, don't, it goes to my heart to see your tears. And then there's no use in murruring or repining; if this wasn't the will of God it 'id never come to pass, so let us try to bear it as stoutly as we can.

'Oh, but, Ned—Ned!' cried his wife, with a fresh burst of tears, 'what in the world put it in any one's mind to swear murder against you?—oh! oh!—you of all people, you that wouldn't harm a dog, much less a Christian; aren't they worse than the devil himself that brought such a thing against you?'

'Well, you needn't wonder so much at that Biddy dear,' said her husband, 'when they're now turning Father Sheehy for the same offence. Oh, then, it would be no way strange if God would rain down fire from heaven and consume them off the face of the earth!'

'But, Ned dear,' said his father, wiping away the tears with the back of his hand—'do you think what'll they do to you and Father Sheehy—if they bring *him* in guilty, too?'

'And they will, father, you may be sure they will,' said Edward earnestly—'they're bent on doing it, and do it they will, by hook or by crook. Sure wasn't one of the magistrates here with me this very morning wanting me to turn King's evidence and swear against him, and if I would that they'd save my life—ay! without ever a trial at all—and make me a rich man besides?'

'And you refused to do it?' cried the wife and father in the same breath, and with startling earnestness, leaving it doubtful whether they approved of the step or not.

'Refused!' repeated Edward—'refused, is it? why don't you both know very well that I wouldn't listen to such an offer!—God sees only I was handcuffed I'd have sent him out head foremost, prisoner and all as I was. I would indeed—worse than hang me they couldn't do, and that they'll do any way. Refused to do it—to be sure I did, and why not?'

'That's my own darlin' son,' said the old man fervently, 'if you consented to do such a shameful thing you'd be the death of your father, but now I'm proud and happy—proud and happy though my one son is in your place, Ned Meighan. I can bear all now,' murmured the poor old man.

'And me too, Ned, me too,' and the heart-broken wife fell once more into her husband's outstretched arms—'thanks be to God you had the grace to thrate their offer as it deserved.—I'll be a poor, sorrowful woman all the days of my life if they take you from us, agra gal, but then I'm thankful withal that you have done your duty to God and to his reverence that's in sore peril. Oh! but then when I think—when I think of the time that's comin'.'

'Come away both of you, the time's comin'!'

'Come away both of you, the time's expired,' growled a voice at the door, and in a moment the old man and his daughter-in-law were hurried away without being allowed to say farewell.

CHAPTER V.—THE LAST ACT OF THE TRAGEDY.

At an early hour on the following day the prisoners were brought up to receive their sentence, and poor Meighan's turn came first. He received the sentence of death with surprising fortitude, considering him as a man without education. But though wholly ignorant of book-learning, he was a Catholic, and well instructed in the elevating doctrines of the Christian faith, and such a man can never be called uneducated, for he is educated for eternity. His wife was present, and so was his father, and when they heard the dread sentence pronounced, they clung to each other, as though for support, one deep, heart-breaking groan from the old man, and a single exclamation of—'Oh, God pity us, God pity us!' from the pale lips of poor Biddy, and then both were silent—they did not even shed a tear—such grief as theirs cannot weep. Poor Edward Meighan was removed, and a dead silence fell upon the crowded court—expectation was on every face, and all eyes were turned towards the door leading from the jail. It opened, and Father Sheehy was brought in. He walked with a firm step to the front of the dock, and placing his two hands on the railing, made a low bow to the judge, and then looked around as though to see was there any one face that he could recognize as that of a friend. There were many, for the trial was over, and the prisoner convicted, and it was just as well to let the papists be present to hear the priest sentenced. Many a kindly eye was beaming on him—many more were filled with tears as they gazed, and a faint gleam of satisfaction flitted over his face. Having returned the salute of those who ventured to bow to him, Father Sheehy turned towards the bench. The judge had on the awful black cap, and his long pale face looked ghastly and grim as he gazed on the prisoner, but the latter shrank not. 'Nicholas Sheehy,' said the judge, 'I have you any reason to offer why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?'

'My good lord!' said the priest, with a simple earnestness of manner that touched every heart that was not steeled by prejudice—'my good lord! I am aware that your question is a mere form, and that anything I can or could say would have no effect—still, as the opportunity is afforded me, I must say that I am entirely innocent of the crime—the heinous crime of which I have been convicted. Not only am I innocent thereof, but, to the best of my belief, no such murder has been committed. I am almost fully persuaded that this very John Bridge is still living, for we have the clearest evidence that some days subsequent to the date of the supposed murder the man was seen alive and in good health, and took leave of his friends to go to either Cork or Kinsale to embark for some foreign country.

Here the excitement throughout the court became so great that the judge was obliged to interfere, and commanded all to be silent, under pain of being expelled from the court-house.—To the prisoner he said: 'This is totally irrelevant. Have you nothing to say that bears upon your own individual case?'

'My lord!' it appears to me that I speak to the purpose—surely I do when myself and another are to be put to death for a crime which never was committed by any one. Knowing, or at least believing this to be the case, I protest against the entire proceedings, as regards Meighan and myself, and will protest until my latest moment against the shameful injustice, the gross perjury, the deadly malice of which we are the victims. In conclusion I must declare that notwithstanding all this, I bear these unhappy men who persecute me even to death not the slightest ill-will; I leave them in the hands of a just God, knowing that He will deal with them according to their deserts. That is all I have to say. I leave God to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty!'

(To be continued.)

TO THE LIBERAL REPRESENTATIVES OF IRELAND.

Gentlemen—The correspondence of the Poor Law Commissioners, published last week in the Dublin papers, deserves your attention. On the registry of the Borriakoo workhouse it appears that there are 45 children capable of receiving religious instruction—40 Catholics and 5 Protestants, and of these 5, two are the children of a Catholic father, and were baptized by the priest; but the father having left the district, his children were put into the workhouse and registered as Protestants by their mother.

To provide for the instruction and education of those children the guardians elected and appointed a Protestant mistress, but being remonstrated with on the unfairness of thus dealing with poor Catholic children, they very properly yielded, and at once cancelled the appointment. This act of simple justice aroused the bigotry of the union, and the guardians, mastering in great force to assert their ascendancy, opened the question anew, and reinstated the Protestant teacher by a majority of two in a large board. Amongst those who supported the right of the defenceless children were, I rejoice to say, several Protestant gentlemen, grand jurors of the county—men of liberality and intelligence.

The injustice and insult to a Catholic people involved in this appointment would not be attempted nor tolerated in any country in Europe; and it is only because we are so accustomed to affronts of this kind that we are not more shocked at their recurrence; and as long as we tamely submit, we shall be supplied with abundant opportunities of practising patience.

When this act of a bigotted majority was brought by the Catholic Chaplain before the Poor Law Commissioners, how was the subject disposed of? Did the Commissioners respectfully submit to the Board that the justice of the case was evidently with the Chaplain? That such an appointment in England for Protestant children would not be tolerated for a moment? That a proper feeling for the unprotected condition of a Catholic peasantry, who value their religion above all other things, would have suggested to Protestant guardians an opposite course? That, in fine, the vote of the Board was a manifest violation of that divine law of Christian harmony—'of doing unto others what we would wish they would do unto us?' Did they recall to the recollection of the guardians that one thousand fruitless efforts of the kind had been hitherto made to de-Catholicise Ireland? That educational systems had been adopted, and barbarous laws enacted, to check the progress of Popery in vain; and that therefore, a conciliatory course in the 19th century, with a people who alone in this world are taxed to support a church of a small and rich section of the population, whilst they have to bear the entire support of the pastors of their own communion, would have been far more desirable. Our people, Heaven knows, have more to suffer than falls to the lot of any other nation, without adding to their misery by exposing their children to the danger of proselytism. Did the Commissioners adopt this line of argument? Nothing at all of the kind. They have no reason for bigotry—no remonstrance against acts of injustice—no perception of what is due to a Catholic nation; all their censure is reserved for the Chaplain who brought the case before them. See how they deal with him in the correspondence referred to. They remind him that he is a *paid officer* of the Board, and that, therefore, his communications should be made.

'With bated breath and whispering humbleness,' that he has no right to designate the act of the Board as opposed 'to any sense of propriety, justice, and fair play,' and the expression which escaped his pen of 'proselytising propensities,' was language unbecoming and unnecessary; and after administering this reproach to the Chaplain, blandly turning to the guardians, they confirm their vote, sanctioning the appointment of the Protestant teacher—suggesting, however, the propriety of selecting a pauper inmate—quite good enough for Romanists—to assist in the religious instruction of the Catholic children at a fixed hour of the day.

These Commissioners, gentlemen, treat Ireland as if you had neither sense to feel nor spirit to resent an insult. Their theory is falsehood and mockery, and their practice oppression. The system of Poor Laws, as administered by them, is a complicated and expensive machinery for the degradation, demoralizing, and extermination of the peasantry, and has succeeded to an alarming extent. No nation, of which we have any record, has lost one-half of its population in so short a period. The refusal, as a general rule, of out-door relief, which no Board in England would dare to refuse, has swept the peasantry from the rural districts where they are wanted, into the towns and villages, enormously increasing the burden of poor rates upon those least able to pay. Shopkeepers, where trade and commerce have fallen away with the decrease of population, are taxed two shillings in the pound, whilst the lands around pay five or six pence, not indeed for the support of the poor, but as salaries for Poor Law officials and establishment charges. It required all the ingenuity and indifference to our increasing miseries which Englishmen philosophically display to bring us into this condition.

There is no petty tyranny in existence; no oppression in Europe claiming the sanction of law, equal to that of the Poor Law Commission in Dublin, directing and controlling the Irish Boards of Guardians. The condition of the peasantry committed to their care is the scandal of Christianity. The falling

away of all the resources of the nation, the decrease of all the elements of prosperity, are, I rejoice to say, beginning to attract general attention. The labouring classes, the vigorous and able-bodied, the flower and strength of a kingdom, have been literally starved out of house and home. They have crossed the Atlantic; they have gone to the antipodes, to earn bread refused in their native land. Oh! it is a suicidal policy to exterminate the sons of those who fought for England's glory at Corunna and Waterloo, and in their absence we are beginning to discover that the productions of the soil have to an enormous degree diminished. Men decay, but wealth does not accumulate. This is a lesson which Providence seems resolved to teach us. The London Standard remarks, 'that Ireland is under a colossal exhausting receiver, by which her population, her live stock, and her agricultural produce are disappearing with all the certainty and regularity of a scientific law,' and when the day of trial comes, he adds, it will be found that the arm on which we may have largely relied, lies listless by our side.

The Commission is, moreover, a most expensive nuisance. Look at the returns of its expenditure. The estimates for the cost of the English Poor Law Commission for the year ending March, 1859, with a staff of 68 persons, superintending poor relief to about 928,000 paupers daily, is stated to be £37,349. The Scotch Commission, with a staff of 14 persons, administering relief to about 120,000 persons, cost £5,580 whilst the Irish Commission, with a staff of 59 persons, attending to the wants of 46,000 poor people, cost £26,192. Scotchmen, in their own country, under the direction of Sir John M'Neil, superintended the relief of 120,000 paupers, at £5,580. The same services in Ireland, to less than half the number, cost £26,192!

The heads of this expensive Commission, in their evidence before Parliament, in 1861, declared that adequate relief was given in Ireland, and that the administration of the Poor Laws was very satisfactory. From what quarter did the Commissioners derive satisfaction, when everybody else saw an awful amount of unrelieved misery around? In looking into 'Thom's Directory' for the year 1861, I find a clue to the mystery: I find that the maintenance of the poor, not including establishment charges, in the ten following unions—Dunegal, Dunfinaghy, Gortin, Killeel, Letterkenny, Lowerherston, Newtownhamilton, Oughterard, and Stranorlar, cost £2,972 3s 3d, whilst the salaries of two of our Poor Law Commissioners, Messrs. Power and Senior, amounts to £3,200—thus paying more by several hundreds to two English officials, whose duty it is to see that the poor are fed, than is paid for the feed of the entire population of ten distressed Irish unions. This is an extraordinary state of things to which Ireland ought not to submit for a day. Very satisfactory, I make no doubt, to well paid Commissioners. What matter whether Lazarus receives a crumb from a rich man's table or goes away empty, provided officials pocket their thousands annually! How long, gentlemen, how long will you remain silent, whilst the laws are thus administered, and your countrymen are fading off the face of the earth. The neglect of the poor will not go unavenged, for it is written—'Propter misericordiam inopum et sanctorum pauperum nunc exurgam dicit Dominus.'—p. 11.—I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

Carlton, Nov. 10, 1862. JAMES MAHER, P.P.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

THE PAPAL IRISH BRIGADE.—The Roman Correspondent of the Northern Press writes:—

'I was surprised to see in the Roman correspondence of the last number of the Tablet that the regiment of the Irish Brigade had left Rome. Such, I am happy to state, is not the case. Some of the men have returned to Ireland, but the officers and non-commissioned officers have been attached to other corps in the Papal army until the reorganization of the battalion, which it is hoped may shortly take place, if Ireland be willing to send out men. Much surprise is felt here that the Irish nation, from which so much was expected, and which, on the occasion of the formation of the first battalion, behaved so well, should now appear so indifferent to the cause, and so remiss to the service of the Church. It is of the utmost importance that the Pope should have an army of his own, and on whose courage and fidelity could be reckoned with more confidence than on those of Irish troops! The first battalion, though sent out so late, that, at the commencement of the war, it was not sufficiently well organized to take the field with the other troops, has left behind it in the minds of the authorities here, a high opinion of the military aptitudes of the nation. It is well known here that there are hundreds of young men in Ireland willing to come out at their own expense if they could afford it, but the want of organization hinders the accomplishment of their desire. There is still time, however, if steps are promptly taken in the matter, to make up for past delays, and have a well drilled body of men under arms before spring; for it would be a disgrace to Ireland if petty jealousies and intrigues were to hinder the re-establishment of the Battalion of St. Patrick.

In a leading article, the Editor of the Northern Press says:—'We have, both whilst conducting the Scotch Catholic Press, and since undertaking the conduct of the Catholic press of the North of England, received many applications for information from persons who were anxious to join the Irish Brigade, embodied for the most glorious object that ever offered itself to military chivalry—namely, to defend the sacred person of the reigning Vicar of Christ on earth from the violence of the revolutionary ruffians who are seeking to tear from him the territories of the Church, of which he is entrusted with the guardianship. Hitherto we have been unable to satisfy these inquiries. We are now in a position to give all such valuable information; and we hope, and expect, to be able shortly to afford every requisite information and facility to all those Irishmen who may wish to join this glorious service. We need scarcely say that what the Minister of War at Rome requires is sufficient, highly-disciplined corps commanded by officers, not such as have led the North Americans to slaughter, but such as know how best to economize, and to use the valor of the glorious troops under their command. Only such a corps as this could reflect the lustre on Ireland due to the elevations spirit and Christian valor of Irishmen. We shall be obliged by all those who require information as to the Irish Brigade, directing to us, S. B. Harper, Esq., Northern Press Office, Old Post Office-place, Liverpool.

The movement lately organized in this city, on behalf of the O'Connell Monument Fund, has been very successful. Nearly £100 has been subscribed. Of course, the principal contributors are our Roman Catholic fellow citizens, whose subscriptions were given with a hearty unanimity which shows that they have not forgotten their great political benefactor. Several Protestant gentlemen following the generous example of their more distinguished co-religionists in other places, handed in liberal donations, by way of honoring the memory of one who was the consistent advocate of civil and religious freedom.—Derry Advertiser.

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT.—A few months ago the name of O'Connell was never heard at the political assemblies in which eloquence and patriotism were the order of the day. They 'never mentioned him,' or alluded to his great services to his country; and it seemed as if the dark shadow of oblivion had been passed over the memory of that mighty man. But he lived in the hearts of a grateful people. In those districts of the Great Mountains where diamonds are found, the natives assert that if one of those precious products of their country were returned to its mother earth, it would grow and increase year by year in size and beauty and value, and the longer it remained to draw mysterious nutriment from its hidden source, the richer and more beautiful it would

return to the sower of such costly seed. Without venturing to call in question what we have never seen proved or refuted, we simply mention the curious and interesting statement, as affording a convenient comparison. For fifteen years the memory of Ireland's greatest patriot was buried in the hearts of his countrymen. Amidst the chaos that succeeded the disappearance of that brilliant star from the political horizon, the treachery of some who professed themselves his followers while he lived, the utter forgetfulness of his counsels, and the despair, succeeded by a profound and dangerous apathy, of the loyal and honest millions who followed him as their leader—the deep, the abiding, and indelible devotion to the Emancipator and great Repeal Agitator, existed in all its pristine vigor and unselfishness. Nay, more, it had become intensified, enlarged, and even purified, in the breasts of honest Irishmen, and it only required to have the overlying deposit removed in order to show the wonder-working effects of time.—Waterford Citizen.

There was a grand display of religious zeal and liberality made by the people of Bulgaddan on Sunday last when £200 was subscribed in aid of the new church, projected by the Rev. Marcus O'Clery.—Limerick Reporter.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.—At the charity sermon preached on Sunday last in aid of the funds of this Society, a sum of £166 10s was collected, which with a sum of £116 18s collected at the doors of the different chapels, makes it a total of upwards of £283. This is, of course, exclusive of the donations which are still coming in.—Cork Examiner.

RICHARD MARTIN, OF GALWAY.—In one of his speeches in the House of Commons upon the subject of cruelty to animals, he was interrupted by ironical cheers; but he went on to the end without stop or notice, and when he had finished, stepped quietly across the floor towards the quarter whence the noise had proceeded, and with the utmost mildness of manner presumed to ask who it was that cried 'Hear, hear!' To an Irish gentleman, and one famous, too, for his skill in the duello, it was no trifle to volunteer a reply to such a question, and the divisive 'Hear, hear!' was unacknowledged—only a member in the back seat pointed slyly down to a city representative sitting on the bench below him, and Martin's wrath was instantly appeased. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'was it only an alderman?' and turning on his heel, walked back to his place. Another of his parliamentary escapades was yet more laughable. A leading morning journal incurred his ire by a report of his speech, and he waited upon the editor for an explanation. The Editor stated that it was written by one of the most intelligent and accurate reporters upon his staff, and he could hardly imagine any, far less deliberate, intention to misrepresent the hon. gentleman. To this excuse the complainant only replied by pulling a copy of the paper out of his pocket, and indignantly pointing to the abusive passage, exclaiming, 'Sir, did I ever speak in italics?' The effect was so ludicrous, that both parties burst into a fit of laughter, and the affair was comprised without rancor or bloodshed.—Cork Journal.

IRISH EDUCATION.—On Sunday next the Catholic University will receive from the people of Ireland their annual donation to its funds. Largely, freely and with an earnest heartiness has their support been hitherto accorded to that institution. It has grown from their liberality. It has sprung up from their generosity. It testifies at once to their nationality and their faith. Its endowment and its existence depending upon the people, the claims of the people upon its resources have been always as deep a consideration to the minds that guide it as its resources themselves have been the people's gift and the people's creation. It has been established to give a higher order of education to Catholic youth principally than before has been open to them in institutions where bigotry or infidelity bars them out with equal hand from the nobler honours of an academic career. But it has not been forgetful that from humbler ranks of the community than those which usually can avail themselves of the advantages of an University education there has often arisen the noblest lights set by the hand of science in the firmament of time. To them the Catholic University has opened wide its gates by affording opportunities for intellectual preparation which nowhere else is offered to them in Ireland. Richer and wealthier are the collegiate institutions which may be regarded as its opponents in a race for rivalry; but in none of them has there been given to the people any encouragement towards intellectual progress like that which the National University of Ireland has so appropriately put forward.—The movement begun in the erecting classes of the University, and consummated in St. Patrick's College, is one whose spring has had its origin in a desire to advance the people—or rather the youth of the people—in the path of progress in intellectual and intellectual honour, so long the heritage of their Irish name.—Nation 15th ult.

PROTESTANT WORKHOUSES.—Dublin, Nov. 13.—If disaffection and disorder in a community are the results of misgovernment, the South Dublin Workhouse must be one of the worst governed institutions in the British dominions. The officers and inmates are continually troubling the police magistrates with their complaints of assaults and riots on the one hand, and of oppressive treatment on the other. At the late commission a number of young girls were sentenced to penal servitude for setting fire to their beds in the dormitory of the workhouse. They seemed delighted with their sentence, as it would remove them from the place where they had been supported for a number of years. The Judge on that occasion made some severe remarks on the management of the institution which produced such unhappy relations between the papers and the officers. It was expected that his remarks would have the effect of producing some change in the spirit of the government, while the exemplary punishment of the refractory girls would deter others from imitating their disorderly conduct. But no such effect has been produced. On the contrary, four of the men were brought before the police magistrate yesterday, charged with maliciously setting fire to the beds and bedding in the male dormitory; they were also charged along with eight others with assaulting a number of the officers by throwing stones at them. It was proved that they struck matches and deliberately set fire to the bedding, thereby endangering the lives of the inmates. Mr. Bell, magistrate, deposed that he looked up all the prisoners in the yard for the purpose of pumping water for the use of the house. In about an hour afterwards he saw a man named Moriarty in the act of taking off the lock of the door, assisted by others. They put holdfasts in the wall to make the door fast, and placed large stones against the door for the purpose of preventing them getting in. Witnesses went for some of the officers to force open the door, when they threw stones at them.

It appears that the inmates feel aggrieved at being treated as prisoners and locked up as a punishment. At any rate, they so hate this workhouse that they were rejoiced at the prospect of exchanging it for a prison. At the request of the master the case was remanded, as one of the officers, a wardmaster named Francis was so seriously injured as to be unable to attend.

The Earl of Norbury has, through his humane and kind-hearted agent, Robert Studdert, Esq. J. P., Coole, made a free grant of one half acre of land at Killeen, parish of Feakle, to the Rev. A. Connelan, P. P., as the site for a new chapel, in place of the wretched cabin in which the people of that remote locality were obliged to assemble.—Limerick Reporter.

The late John Bell, Esq., of Clonmellon, County Westmeath, has left the magnificent sum of £171 to the parishes of Clonmellon and Kiltinan.

TEN IRISH HARVEST OF 1862. — With the single exhibition of the lamentable season of 1816, the present harvest is the latest known in Ireland for the last 46 years. It has been said by those who remember the season of 1816 that the grain was then to be seen out in the fields at the end of October; but in the present year in the first week of November not only are there large quantities of oats still out in the corn lands, but in the mountains, districts many fields are yet unreaped. When with this remarkable lateness of the season we couple the lamentable decrease in the acreable produce of nearly every district, the subject excites very grave interest, affecting as it does the prospects of farmers and farm laborers, in the first instance, and next those of the mercantile and general community. So far as relates to the grain now unharvested, a great proportion of it will only be fit for fodder. The oat crop raised on the 'model' farm at Malone is about the most melancholy exhibition of grain-growing ever seen in low land districts. Any sturdy old woman could carry, with ease, three of the stunted stalks, and, as for yield, portions of it lying near the line of the Ulster Railway will probably not exceed six bushels to the acre. Altogether the season from the beginning of February last down to the present has been very unfavorable. Rains almost continuously poured over the earth, and even in the intervals of dry weather the absence of heat was much against healthy vegetation. Low-lying soils were saturated with upper water throughout the greater part of the spring months, and, even in cases where drainage had been effectively carried out, it was found difficult to get the seed into the ground. Early in the year very extensive preparations had been made for potato planting, but such was the ungenial state of the weather that the original intention of many farmers was given up, and the land so prepared had to be sown with turnips. The result has been that one fifth of the breadth of land which had been set apart for potatoes in several counties could not be got finished with that crop, and was ultimately used for other purposes. Whether in consequence of these unfavorable changes in the seasons, or because of a growing disposition on the part of farmers to narrow the bounds of cultivated land, certain it is that each year shows a narrower area of corn and root crops. Within the last four years the ground occupied in potatoes has been lessened by 150,000 acres, and during the same period the decrease in wheat lands has been about 200,000 acres. Altogether, the reduction in the area of cereal crops in Ireland for the four years has been from 2,748,380 acres in 1858 to 2,552,223 acres in 1862. So far as thrashing has been carried on during the last few weeks, the turn-out of wheat and oats has fallen far under the lowest average of the past 25 years. Only last week a farmer resident in one of the finest and most fertile districts within a ten mile circle of Belfast, sold the produce of a six-acre field of wheat, and the total weight of the whole was only a ton and a half! The same farmer has often, in peculiar seasons, raised off the same land 40 bushels to the statute acre, and his average for the six years ending with '61 was 33 bushels per acre. This is not a solitary case, for one grower who has been fortunate enough to take 20 bushels off his wheat lands there might be found a dozen whose crop will not exceed 12 bushels to the acre. Oats are equally deficient in bulk. Half a ton to the acre is a rare turn-out, the great proportion of the later lands falling considerably short of this amount. Some few instances have been mentioned in which the yield was so high as 20 cwt. to the acre, but these are but exceptions. Barley in most cases has been pretty good, the ear well filled, and the straw excellent. As a whole, straw has turned out very favorably, and will prove an important adjunct to hay. In every case of corn being allowed to stand over on long the straw of this season cannot fail to be even more valuable for feeding purposes than a great proportion of low meadow hay. For sale the potatoes grown this year are much superior to any we have had for a long period. As to yield, the gross produce of Northern lands will not exceed what the farmers call 'half a crop.' The 'crabtree' variety, usually very tender in its constitution, suffered awfully by the wet and cold weather of that portion of the season which was known in former days as summer, in and nearly all parts of the country farmers complain of the yield. The 'white rocks,' though not so much injured as the other, did not flourish as in other seasons, the produce in stiff soils being very inferior in extent. 'Skerries' have borne the atmospheric warfare with less loss, and in favorable situations are likely to turn out nearly three-fourths the usual average. Stock-farming, from causes nearly similar to those which have pressed so hard on grain-growers, has been very unsatisfactory this year. The grass lands suffered from want of heat, and the state of the weather had the worst influence on the cattle; in fact, the value of such in August last was quite as high as it is at present, and the condition of the cattle two months ago was in many instances better than it is now. Prices of highly-finished stock are favorable, while for cattle for the stall the reverse is the case. Pork now sells at about 11s per cwt. below the figures ruling at the like period of last year, the current rates being under those required to pay the cost of feeding. On the whole the Irish farmer has had a most unsatisfactory season. Hundreds of them will find it hardly possible to meet the landlord's claims, and at the same time reserve sufficient portions of their produce to furnish food for their families during the coming winter. — Northern Whig

The Cork branch of the Bank of Ireland has been robbed of £300 by a clerk named Hoare who has absconded.

It seems that we may at last congratulate the people of the west of the county of Cork upon the prospect of a railway being constructed through that district. The contract, so far as we can understand the summary furnished to the public, binds an eminent firm to the construction of the railway from Bandon to Drimoleague. This point is twenty-five miles from Bandon, and nearly three-fourths of the whole distance from that town to Skibbereen. It passes by the villages of Ballinacorney and Eniskinn, and the town of Donnanaway. It is at that spot, to the present mail road forks, in one direction to Skibbereen and the other to Bantry, both being about equidistant from it. So far as Bantry is concerned, therefore, the completion of this portion of the railway will give it as much advantage as is contemplated by the present scheme, which, however, we hope at no distant day to see developed into a much more magnificent undertaking. Once the line is completed to Drimoleague, we may rest assured that its extension to Skibbereen, which must be its main feeder, cannot be very long delayed. — Cork Examiner.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland has decided a very important question relating to Catholic charitable bequests. The facts are shortly these:—The late Rev. W. Walsh P. P. of Monacoin, by his last will bequeathed his property to the Bishop of Ossory, and a Priest of that diocese, leaving also a memorandum to the effect that he wished his shares in the National Bank to be converted into cash, and the proceeds appropriated to the establishment of a branch of the Christian Brothers in Kilkenny. The heir-at-law took measures to set the will aside, and filed a petition in Chancery to obtain an order that the memorandum constituted a portion of the will, and rendered the whole void as a bequest in favour of 'Monks,' who were declared an illegal body by the Catholic Emancipation Act. The Chancellor referred to the Act in question, and finding that the word 'Monk' was not there used, decided that the will was good and the bequest legal, and dismissed the petition with costs. His Lordship added that as the Christian Brothers devoted themselves to the education of the poor, he could not conceive a more charitable use for which money may be bequeathed than for the establishment of such a body. — Weekly Register.

DECADENCE.—What do we grumble about under the constitution we enjoy? Why should a number cross our lips—we who have trial by jury, repression and liberty of the press? Cannot we say anything, cannot we do almost anything short of manslaughter, and cannot we vote for anybody? The answers to these questions are obvious. The usual comment upon them is, we live in a free country—glorious by law; splendid by liberty, and finally, 'an example for the surrounding nations; and yet we are always grumbling. Vain is it to tell reasoners who adopt this kind of rationalization that our liberty is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare, 'a goodly apple rotten at the core' as ever were the fruits by Locke Asphaltus. Vain is it to point to cabins in civilized Ireland equalled only in savage Ashantee, as a proof of its effect—vain is it to picture a people poorest in all the range of a civilization suffering under such liberty—vain is it to point to a country depopulated, and a nation fading away, as its normal effects; in our ears are for ever denied the happiness of our constitution, the beneficence of our laws, and the longevity of our rulers permitting us to traduce them. Poor liberty surely, miserable criterion or privilege is this! but yet the cant thrives withal. Sometimes however, in the ranks of the very men who uphold those views there stand forth champions who only need to be Irish and national in sentiment to be the foremost opponents of the system under which we decay. But little more than a week since, Mr Fisher, of the Waterford Mail, a Conservative in politics, a man thoroughly identified in feeling with the existing state of things in Ireland, an admirer of the British Constitution, stood forth to prefer a charge against that constitution, more potent than the most violent declamation could furnish. Above all places in the world, where it should be propounded was at one of those bucolic dinners where the members of farmers' societies ordinarily exist in fat sheep and the improvement of Devon. However, in this instance, and at this dinner, there were more humane views prevailing. The members of the Portlaw Farming Society, although landowners—although lords of the peasant serfs in Ireland—seem to be actuated by a spirit of Christian kindness towards their dependents, and not at all disposed to bark the truth or conceal their approbation of it when its accents are heard amongst them. Mr Fisher ventured to tell them in words, unusual amidst such scenes as that where they were heard, that Ireland is far from prosperous. Thirteen millions sterling represents the deficit in our exports of corn between 1849 and 1861. That is, we produce less of grain by the annual value of thirteen millions of money than we did in the year 1857. What a decay of resources is here manifested—what a lapse in means! But naturally it might be said that this has been made up in some other way. Such is not the case. In the last year a sum represented by £914,847 has been withdrawn from the investments in the P. & F. on Irish account such being the figure of their difference between the month of October 1849, and the present month of 1862. This has been evidently withdrawn for the purpose of meeting the pressure of current claims uncovered by the current circulation of money in Ireland. This is bad enough, as showing that we are drawing upon the savings and profits of former years, but what evidences that the decrease is accumulative is the fact that, as compared with the investments of 1859, our decrease in the same account is four millions. What renders this decrease still more alarming is the fact that this withdrawal of money for its support is not keeping alive the trade of the country at its former pitch. The export of butter is decreased by a money value of five hundred thousand pounds in this one year, and Mr. Donnelly asserts that in cattle we count a deficit of one million and a-half of money. Add up all these decreases, if we take in addition the alarming deficit in stock since 1859 calculated at four millions, they represent a sum of twenty-three millions of money annually—no longer produced in Ireland—or above four pounds per head for every man, woman, and child existent in the country. A balance sheet like this, as the produce, of a wise good and beneficent constitution, is something too hard to bear, when there are despotic unparliamentary constitutions, and even constitutions of gagged presses, and no public speaking, producing a far different result. But, when to this we add the fact, that two millions of additional annual taxation have been imposed upon the country, under such circumstances, what must we think of this system of Government under which we live. It was the language of inspired prophet: 'By your fruits shall ye know them!' In more than morals does the criterion hold. And if we take it here, how deep and condemnatory is the judgment it will give upon such results. These are not the testimonies of a fiery 'Nationalist,' or of an Irish revolutionary guide, to the wrong done us. How strong, then, is their meaning, how full their accusation, and how forcible the indictment they create against this foreign legislation for Ireland. In the face of it—in its utter failure—in the blind recklessness of its contemplation of our ruin, who is there can attempt to say that there is criminality in the thought that would yearn for its end, soon, speedily, and utterly? — Nation.

The Waterford Mail reports a daring attempt to burn the workhouse of that city on Wednesday evening last by three women who had been refused admission. Fortunately, Mr. Ryan, the master, discovered the smoke issuing from the ward where women of ill-fame were placed, and on searching it found a quantity of the bedding on fire. The women attacked him with stones, and it was not until he had obtained further assistance that he could succeed in extinguishing the flames, which were commencing to spread to the bedding material in the room. The women were given into custody. In the same county, on Thursday night, the house of Mr. Edmund Power, of Springfield, was attacked by some persons, who threw heavy stones at it from the road, and smashed all the front windows. Mr. Power lately acted as solicitor for Mr. Higgins in prosecuting some persons for trespass, and it is believed that this outrage is a manifestation of their revengeful feelings. — Times Cor.

IRISH RELIEF FOR ENGLAND.—At a meeting held at Nenagh, on the 31st October, for the purpose of collecting funds for the relief of the Lancashire operatives, among other speakers who addressed the meeting was Mr. P. E. Gill, T. C. He said:—Mr. High Sheriff and gentlemen—P. E. G. is from me to utter one word against the free use of charity; but there is a golden maxim which tells us that 'Charity should begin at home.' It is not set down in the Gospel that the Samaritan passed by the suffering fellow-beiue at his own door to lift him up elsewhere. I am prepared to prove that at this moment there exists in the North of Tipperary (outside the workhouse) a greater amount of human misery, in its various forms, than perhaps there is in all England together. The small farmers are reduced to bankruptcy and beggary; their crops are all but gone.— They would not pay for seed and labor. What did not rot in the land is rotting on the land on account of the inclemency of the weather. At the Thur's Quarter Sessions, before Sergeant Howley, this week there were over 1,100 civil bill entries; in most of all these, decrees were granted. What were the majority of these decrees for? They were against the small farmers for the cost of seed with which they sowed their land, and for the provisions which supported them during the summer. These decrees were nothing more or less than the death warrants, at all events the work-house warrants, of these poor people. There were sixty applications for admission to the Nenagh workhouse within the last ten days. Numbers of poor laborers in the rural districts were clinging to life on a scanty meal a day. Three hundred families in and about Nenagh rose this morning without the price of their breakfast, to whom one shilling each would be a boon. And yet, in the face of this state of things they were appealed to for the relief of the distress said to be prevalent in England. Was not wealthy England competent to relieve her own poor without seeking alms from

a pauperised and enslaved country like Ireland, the victim of her plunder and misrule? Why should the people, or the gentlemen of North Tipperary, pass over the poverty staring them at their very doors, and send relief to the people of this wealthy country? It was said there were Irish amongst the distressed. If so, they would receive neither in-door nor out-door relief in England. Almost all of you, gentlemen, are ex-officio guardians. Need I tell you of those laws by which the Irish pauper is treated in England as an alien, and hunted and hustled from post to pillar, cast on some Irish sea-port, pale and emaciated, with his bare and tattered garments soaking in his fleshless bones—the noise of the factory in his head, the blood gone from his cheeks, and the marrow sopped from his bones, sent home to die in—

Mr. Minnitt here interrupted the speaker, saying that the sending of poor people from England was the law of the land, and that they had nothing to do with it.

Mr. Gill.—It is British law; but it is not justice.—Last year the Nenagh Town Commissioners, in consequence of the distress prevailing for want of food and fuel, got up a relief committee, and the Loan Fund contributed largely towards it. Numbers had been partially relieved by that committee who should otherwise have gone into the poorhouse or starved to death in their cabins. Did any of you, gentlemen, who are so eloquent to-day about the distress of unemployed operatives in wealthy England, subscribe to that fund? No. The only gentleman of the neighborhood who did contribute was Councillor Finch. I know hunger and want to prevail at present on the estates of some of those gentlemen I now see around me. While such a state of things exist, while so much poverty stares us in the face at home, I protest against subscriptions being raised for the poor of another country, and that country reputed to be the wealthiest in the world. While such a large portion of the people of this country are exposed to the extreme of misery, your proceeding this day is a mockery of the Divine precept of charity—at variance with the infallible laws of God and His unerring Gospel, and a cruel and heartless insult to the feelings of the famished Irish.—

Here there was a general expression of displeasure at Mr. Gill's observations, and cries of shame, while others said he should not be heard.

Mr. Galwey said, if he wished to shut his own pocket he should not attempt to shut the pockets of others.

Mr. Gill did not persist in further addressing the meeting. He merely remarked if they would open a subscription for the relief of those in distress at home he would cheerfully subscribe £5.

In answer to a circular sent to S. Cooke, Esq., to convene the above meeting, the following was that gentleman's reply:—

Brownstown, Thurday, Oct. 21, 1862.
Dear Sirs—Your circular, inviting me to sign a requisition, calling on the High Sheriff to convene a meeting to aid the distress in Lancashire, did not reach me until yesterday. This will excuse me for not having sooner replied to you. Much as I would wish to follow the example of that amiable resident nobleman, Lord Dunally, and Count D'Alton, particularly in a work of charity, I cannot do so on the present occasion. The poverty and wretchedness in Ireland has the first claim upon the resources of such of her children as can afford to subscribe to rescue the victims of starvation. St. Paul himself says that 'if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel' (1 Tim. ch. v. 8). Far be it from me to say that distress in Lancashire should not be relieved; but I do say, the miserable in Ireland—in the West, in Donegal, in Partry, &c., &c.—have a prior and a paramount claim upon Irishmen. In England the distressed have the fore-going, the nobility, and myriads of resident wealthy commoners to apply to, and manufacturers of every sort to give employment; though there may be a temporary short demand for goods at present. And yet they are distressed! What, then, must be the situation of poor Ireland, whose nobility and opulent commoners (with a few most honorable exceptions) abandoned her—whose manufacturers were discouraged and extinguished, and of whose people thousands have been expelled most ruthlessly from their farms, reclaimed by them from the desolate valley, or the heath-clad mountain—their fires quenched, their roof-trees torn down to make room for cattle; or worse, to glut the vengeance of a frantic woman, or titled clerk baffled in their attempts to rob the poor of their hopes of heaven? I repeat, what must be the situation of poor Ireland? If our High Sheriff should call a meeting to relieve distress in Ireland, and, at the same time, to investigate the cause of our perennial famine, I would feel happy in attending it, and contributing my mite to such a charitable and holy purpose.

I remain, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,
Saxul Cooke.
To J. R. Minnitt and E. Galwey, Esqrs.

DEPORTATION OF PAUPERS.—Kells, Nov. 8.—A very distressing case, connected with the deportation of paupers system, came before the Board of Guardians of the Kells Union on this day. A woman named Mary Byrne, aged about twenty-six years, with two young children, aged respectively three years and eighteen months, was introduced by the relieving officer of the Moyalty district. She was sent over here by the authorities in Scotland. The circumstances of her case are these:—She was a native of Moyalty, but had been in Perthshire from the age of twelve years. She was obliged, from want of work, to apply for outdoor relief, and when the authorities found she was originally from Ireland, they decided upon sending her here without giving the slightest notice of their intention. In reply to the chairman, she stated that she did not wish to go into the workhouse, and would prefer going back to Scotland, where she had some friends, and where she could earn a little support. She was not married. She had 10s in her possession, and stated, if the Board enabled her to return, she believed the laws of Scotland would prevent the authorities sending her to Ireland a second time. She was sure she could earn from 8s to 10s a week in one of the mills. The Board not having the power to advance money from the rates, and pitying the poor woman and her children, a small subscription was set on foot by John Ritchie, Esq J. P. chairman, to which all the guardians present subscribed, and 10s were made up for her, which with what she had would convey herself and children to Perthshire.—Cor. of Nation.

THE SEARCH FOR HAYES.—Castletown, Berhaven, Saturday.—A report was prevalent in this locality that Hayes, for whom the police have been so long in search, had arrived in the town and was ferried on board the barque Margaret, of Bristol, which entered our harbour last Sunday, and is bound for New York on Monday last a fishmonger was arrested as the culprit. During the week short tacks and a general desire for company keeping on the part of the revenue cruiser, appeared to indicate that the barque had become an object of special attention.—On Thursday evening I am informed that Hayes really did enter the town, leisurely walked down to the quay to enter a vessel called the Delegate, being discharged, cast loose the painter of her jolly boat, and pulled away to the barque. Some information of the occurrence seems to have reached the police, for about midnight a party of them embarked from the 'watch house' in two boats, and pulled to the Margaret. Here they were informed that Hayes had been on board at four o'clock that afternoon, but having been refused a passage to America, had 'pulled up the harbour.' The village of Dreshort was the next object of search, and after disturbing the slumbers of the inmates of a dozen houses in that peaceful townland, the police returned to barracks at dawn, with a keen appetite, but without Hayes.—Cork Examiner.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS.—The most recent work on the Sandwich Islands appeared during the present year. Its author, Mr Manley Hopkins, who does not conceal his sympathies with Protestantism, was the Hawaiian Consul General and his book is dedicated by permission to Earl Russell, and published with a laudatory preface by the Protestant Bishop of Oxford. We could not desire a more unexceptionable witness. 'The missionaries,' says Mr Hopkins 'clothed and converted the natives, and they produced not, alas! a regenerated people, but a nation of hypocrites.' Of their universal immorality he gives an account for which we refer to his own pages, and by which he explains, like the writers on New Zealand their rapid progress towards extinction. All his statements are confirmed by the confessions of the missionaries themselves, and by pregnant extracts from the official report of Mr Dana, whose candid praises of the Catholic missionaries, he remarks, were quietly suppressed by the Missionary Society to whom his report was addressed, lest they should prove 'unsatisfactory to the supporters of the mission.' 'I visited,' says Mr Dana, an Episcopal Protestant 'several churches and schools under the jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic Bishop, which extends over all the islands of the group. So far as I observed the missions are successful: the churches are well filled, and the priests bear good reputations for fidelity and self-denial, and several whom I met I found to be men of thorough education. They gained especially in public esteem by their conduct during the terrible visitation of the small-pox a few years ago. Finally, Dr Rae's series of articles published in the Polynesian, in 1861, gives the following decisive testimony: 'I do not recollect having been in any mixed company in these islands where the subject of the Protestant mission was introduced, without hearing either a sneer, a sarcasm, or a reproach against it. On the other hand, wherever I have been, and with whomsoever I have met, I have never encountered any one except in controversy, who did not speak in terms of respect of the Catholic Priesthood. . . . I simply note a fact—it is for the reader to draw the conclusion.'—Weekly Register.

In so far as London is concerned, the anticipations of those who feared that the cause of the Irish would be injured by their recent proceedings, and with reference to the Garibaldi meetings, have been entirely and satisfactorily fulfilled. The Irish never stood better in London eyes than at this moment. The very fact of their rendering themselves formidable has commanded the respect which they could never have secured by quiet good behaviour at home. Nothing goes down here but power. There is no conscience, I fear, to which justice can appeal. There is no moral sentiment which can respond to truth. Force is only felt, whether put forth on the side of right or on the side of wrong. This is a lesson which will not be lost upon the guardians of Irish rights. The universally acknowledged good behaviour of the Irish at home, for a number of years, did nothing to mitigate their wrongs. They were still unfit to weigh against Lord Carish's favorite cattle and green crops. Anything that could be said of them or for them went for nothing, so long as they did not raise a hand, or in any other way make themselves seriously felt. It mattered not that the wrongs inflicted upon Ireland were becoming patent to the world; it mattered not that people were wasting away on their native soil; it mattered not that the soil itself was refusing to yield its fruits, at the solicitations of scientific Anglo-Saxon farming even. In fact, Ireland might any day go down under the green wave, and its history become part and parcel of the legend of an 'Eltia na h'Éire.' But what cared those who rule in England, and form the opinions of the English? Nothing in the world Power, good, bad or indifferent, is all that 'England' acknowledges, and all who have to do with her must bear this in mind. The case of Garibaldi himself is much to this purpose. So long as he was in the ascendancy he was the 'fair-haired boy' with all classes; but so soon as he was struck down, and actually required sympathy, his noble, honourable, and gentle friends in England drew back; and their influence proved great enough to deter the Lord Mayor of London from attending the intended great Garibaldi meeting, and to drive the meeting itself from the Guildhall. The Irish who opposed Garibaldi demonstrations at last, did so at first. They were consistent throughout, and shrunk not from their principles because Garibaldi was victorious. They enlightened the noble, and the powerful followed the red shirts in triumph—but dropped their shoulders and turned their backs when the red shirts no longer symbolised power.—Cor. of Nation.

We read in the Oxford Herald that the friends of Dr. Hobhouse, the Anglican Bishop of Nelson, in New Zealand, have been holding a meeting at Oxford and making a collection for the diocese. Mr Hutchinson, one of the Protestant clergy of the Diocese of Nelson, attended to describe the state of the diocese, and the 'Bishop of Oxford' presided. Among other things the following narrative was given in the terms of Dr. Hobhouse, who, he observed, is a High Churchman, and we believe formerly a Chaplain to the 'Bishop of Oxford.' Mr Hutchinson gave the following as an extract forming part of a description of the Bishop's visit to a dying notice: 'I came purposely to administer the Holy Communion, but I looked round in vain for the means there was no wine nor any bread, but I could not go away without an eulogium to show the 'Lord's death.' In some way or other the Lord's own appointed circumstances permitted. I therefore made vessels of the beautiful mussel shells which abound on the sea beach, filling one with water and laying on on the other a piece of travelling biscuit crumbed with water, and in this way I succeeded in celebrating the Holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our sacrificed Saviour, not doubting but earnestly believing that I was pleased to grant to that faithful pastor as full a share in all the benefits of His Passion as if a chalice had been over our heads and golden vessels on the altar.'

A RADICAL OPINION OF RADICALS.—Answers tell us that if 800 Conservative voters promise to vote for a Liberal, 700 of them will keep their word. If 1,000 Liberals promise, not more than 700 will regard a promise as a thing to be redeemed.—Liverpool Daily Post.

GREAT BRITAIN.
THE DISTRESS IN LANCSHIRE.—We are requested by the President of the Society of St. Vincent in England, to communicate to our readers the following extracts of letters recently received from districts where have been distributed the sums contributed for the relief of those suffering from the prevailing distress. Letters have also been received by the Council of the Society from Wigan and Preston, expressing thanks for the assistance sent to those towns, and reporting that the distress continues unabated in both places:—

St. Alban's, Blackburn, Nov. 2, 1862.
Special attention shall also be paid to the expenditure of £1 towards counteracting the abominable proselytizing of the Penny Bible Reading Classes. Unfortunately this system has prevailed in our immediate locality, I have denounced it from the altar for several consecutive Sundays, and I believe my admonitions have not been disregarded. Unfortunately, we have a veritable Protestant Clerical fiend in our immediate locality, who is stirring heaven and earth to gain proselytes. I feel quite sure he will not succeed; but still it is well to be able to counteract their unworthy efforts by means supplied to us from a distance. Protestant Parsons appear to have abundance of means at their disposal, in answer to their widespread appeals; but we, as Catholic Priests, have comparatively little; for our poor resources are sadly diminished by reason of our poor people being out of employment.

Believe me yours sincerely in J. C.
'THOMAS IRVING.'

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A RADICAL OPINION OF RADICALS.—Answers tell us that if 800 Conservative voters promise to vote for a Liberal, 700 of them will keep their word. If 1,000 Liberals promise, not more than 700 will regard a promise as a thing to be redeemed.—Liverpool Daily Post.

ANGELICISM AND RATIONALISM.—Dr. Murray, of Maynooth, wrote in 1850:—'I most cheerfully admit there is infinitely less danger from 'high-church' Anglicanism than from rationalism; partly because in its higher and purer developments the Anglican doctrine approaches so near to the Catholic; and because in its merely isolated, self-centered form, the still a wine of error, it is flat and heavy beside the sparkling, intoxicating liquor of rationalism. For to a mind unimbuéd with the spirit of veneration, self-relying, daring, speculative, wanting a lively faith and not knowing the clear light and perfect security and peace of soul which it brings, the way of rationalism has certain attractions. It solves difficulties so quickly, and smartly, by a metaphor, a humorous or sarcastic turn or misrepresentation of a fact, by a pretty fancy or an ingenious hypothesis; generally, however, by an ingenious lie it gives such free scope to the wantonness of thought and such simple sedative to the agonings of scruples and such unlimited sanction to the attainments of passion. Not so Anglicanism. It forbids without helping, it is the law without its grace, the yoke without its sweetness, the burden without its lightness. It solves nothing but for itself, and speaks only within itself, muttering powerless apothegms. It fears to call on reason, and faith is deaf to its call. It thinks to bring inward peace and obedience by always uttering words of peace and obedience, and they are but the broken accents of a sad spirit. It sinks for rest in its easy chair, and it is restless and rocks to and fro. It thinks itself a mighty power and a queen, and it has but a narrow spot of earth and a handful of sinners to call its own and calculate on reigning. It professes to stand in the midway between Catholicism and infidelity, and no traveller rests there, but passes from the one extreme to the other: it has neither celestial life of the former nor the terrible energy which the Devil, the world, and the flesh impart to the latter. It is a sinful thing and will not wash out its sin and unite itself with the untailing flock of Truth, nor yet throw itself openly into the ranks of the Evil One, and write his name on its forehead. It will be alone in its pride, though it has nothing to be proud of but that alone. It will not be the vine which its right hand has planted, nor will it be the thorn choking up the good seed, but it will be the barren fig tree—leafy, fruitless. It has not wherewithal to draw the truly humble of heart, and it has that which repels the thoroughly proud of heart. 'I would thou wert cold or hot; but because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth.'

ESAYS AND REVIEWS.—The Rev. Professor Jowett, of Balliol College, Ragius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, is the writer of the article 'On the Inspiration of Scripture,' in the 'Essays and Reviews.' There seems to be a desire in some quarters to add his name to those of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, whose cases are sub-judice, and with that view a 'case' has been submitted to Sir R. Phillimore. The following is the 'Opinion' in 'Essays and Reviews': 'I have seen the article in the Quarterly Review, and I am confident that it is a masterpiece of reasoning, and that it is a position which subjected him to the law. First, with respect to the doctrine of the Atonement. Satisfaction for Sin, Vicarious Suffering of our Saviour, I am of opinion that various passages in the Commentary, entitled 'On Atonement and satisfaction,' are plainly at variance with, and contradictory of, the second, fifteenth, twenty-eighth, and thirty-first of the Thirty-nine Articles, and also with various portions of the Liturgy upon these subjects. (The learned civilian quotes at some length the passages commencing—'The doctrine of the Atonement has often been explained in a way at which our moral feelings revolt, &c.) I find that the writer, in those and in other passages, and, as it seems to me by the whole tenor of his argument, does contradict the doctrine contained in the Thirty-nine Articles and the Liturgy, and sets up another and a different doctrine in the place of it. Secondly, as to the inspiration of Holy Scripture. In the essay on the Inspiration of Scripture, the passages contained in pages 342, 343, 345, with respect to this subject are certainly at variance with, and contradictory of, the doctrine of the Church of England, as contained in her formularies, according to the recent judgment of the Dean of Arches, in the case of the 'Bishop of Sarum v. Williams,' and 'Pendall v. Wilson.' Thirdly, as to the creeds; the eighth of the Thirty-nine Articles says that these creeds 'ought thoroughly to be received and believed, for they may be proved by the most certain warrants of Holy Scripture.' It appears to me that the language of Professor Jowett, in pages 353, 354, in Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture, plainly contradicts this article. Fourthly, as to the Divinity of our Blessed Lord; and fifthly, as to the personality of God the Holy Ghost. I doubt whether the doctrines of the Church upon these subjects are so distinctly contradicted in the passages referred to as to found a charge in criminal articles against the writer. Sixthly, as to the doctrine of Original Sin. Though it seems to me clear that the writer does not agree with the doctrine contained in the ninth of the Thirty-nine Articles, yet I doubt whether there be passages contained in the Commentary or the Essay which a court admitting criminal justice would hold to be certainly and unquestionably contradictory of the Articles and formularies. Seventhly, as to the harmony of the Old and New Testaments. I have considered the passages in pages 553-554 of the Commentary. I incline to the opinion that a learned court might hold that these passages admitted of an interpretation which would not necessarily place them in opposition to the ninth of the 39 Articles.'

GARBOTINO.—The garrotte outrages continue unabated. Hardly a night passes in which these ruffians are not at work in our quarters or other of the town. On Friday week a case was brought before the magistrates at Westminster. In this case four ruffians sat upon a gentleman when he was within a few yards of his own door, and while one of them clasped his throat and nearly strangled him in his powerful gripe the others rifled his pockets, and having done that they knocked him senseless on the ground that his cries might not impede their escape. Two of them, however, were captured, and were remanded in the hope that their companions may be also brought up. On Tuesday morning the police reports contain no fewer than five cases. It seems the commissioners have issued orders to the police to watch all suspicious characters loitering in the streets; and we only hope they will not be over nice in the exercise of their functions. Every ticket of leave convict ought to be made to show cause why he is in the street after nightfall.—Standard.

POISONING.—Another charge of poisoning has in the small hamlet of Ludwell, Wiltshire.

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY At No. 223, Notre Dame Street, by J. GILLIES.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

TERMS:

To all country subscribers, or subscribers receiving their papers through the post, or calling for them at the office, if paid in advance, Two Dollars; if not so paid, then Two Dollars and a-half.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 12, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE affairs of Greece and the question of who shall succeed to its vacant throne may yet give rise to serious complications. Prince Alfred seems to be the choice of the people; but Russia has, it is said, interposed, and has intimated to Great Britain and France, that she will not recognise him as King of Greece.

Skirmishes, but no decisive battles have occurred betwixt the Federals and the Confederates since our last. The severity of the weather may probably account, in part, for the inaction of General Burnside, but it is pretended that his Government has but very poorly provided him with the material necessary for an offensive movement.

THE MONTREAL "WITNESS" ON MIRACLES.

Our contemporary of the 3rd instant tells us, "that many thoughtful people are still at a loss to know what to think of" several rapid and extraordinary cures which have lately taken place at the Hotel Dieu Hospital of Montreal; and which cures were preceded by a Novena, and recommendation to the prayers of St. Michel Des Saints, of whom some relics were lately brought from Rome to Montreal by the Bishop of the last named City.

He argues that although "the perfect honesty of the nuns and their clergy" is not questioned, the hypothesis of any miraculous or supernatural factor in the process of cure of the several patients must be rejected; and this chiefly because it is absurd to suppose that, "the apostolic era of miracles is to be re-enacted here in Montreal through the instrumentality of the doubtful bones of a Spaniard hitherto unknown to the world, who has been created a saint only a few months since, through a canonising power which rests entirely now upon twenty thousand French bayonets."

We say then, that in the first place, and with regard to its statements, the Witness is in error in asserting that St. Michel Des Saints "has been created a saint only a few months since;" for an act of canonisation is simply an act declaratory, and cannot in any sense affect the status in the other world of him to whom it refers.

line of the Catholic Church which they criticise; but charity bids us hope that amongst the most ignorant of our separated brethren, there is not one so stupid as to believe that Catholics attribute to the Pope the power of "making" Saints; or of doing more than simply declaring, after a careful and most rigid scrutiny of all the circumstances connected with the life and death of one eminent for piety and holiness of living, and of the marvels by which God has been pleased to attest His pleasure with His faithful servant,—that he or she is indeed reigning with Christ, and is entitled to be venerated accordingly by the faithful upon earth.

In the second place, it is equally false to pretend that this declaratory power is in any manner connected with the support given to the Pope, as a temporal sovereign, by the French army of occupation at Rome. The temporalities of the Pope are at the present moment it is true, supported by French bayonets against the hostile designs of the King of Sardinia, who desires to make himself master of Rome; but the spiritual authority of the Sovereign Pontiff, on which alone his "canonising power" depends, would be the same if he were in exile, or like his predecessors in the Chair of Peter were driven to seek shelter from the fury of the persecutors in the bowels of the earth.

Why it should be "absurd" to believe that miracles, or supernatural cures of the sick, should be wrought in Canada, and in the nineteenth century, as well as in Palestine and in the first century of our era—we cannot understand; unless it be absurd to believe that the person known in history as Jesus Christ was really invested with supernatural power Himself, was capable of imparting a similar power to others, and was also one whose word and most solemn promises might be relied upon. If Christ was an impostor, it is we admit, "absurd" to believe that miracles ever were, or can now be, worked in His name, and by the prayers of His servants. But if He was not an impostor, and a wilful deceiver, then is there nothing "absurd" in such a belief in any place, or in any era; for the promises of Christ to them that believed, were not limited to any particular century or to any particular country, but were general as to both time and place.—There is therefore no greater antecedent improbability in the account of a nineteenth century, than in that of a first century, miracle. If honest and naturally intelligent witnesses to the facts to which they deposed were competent to establish a miraculous interference with regard to what are vaguely called the "laws of nature," eighteen hundred years ago—witnesses equally endowed with honesty and natural intelligence are competent to establish the fact of a similar interference at the present day.

That miracles should occur "privately in the hospitals of the nuns," rather than in a public place, cannot seem "absurd" to those who remember that Our Lord Himself refused to gratify the curiosity of the incredulous—and that it is recorded of Him, that "he did not many mighty works there, because of their unbelief."

Nor does it seem more "absurd" to believe that restoration to health may be effected by the "instrumentality of the bones" of one who in his lifetime had been a zealous servant of Christ, than it is to believe that—(we quote from the Protestant version of the Bible)—when in haste a dead man was cast into the sepulchre of Elisha and touched the bones of that prophet, "he revived and stood up on his feet" II. Kings 13—21. Apply the test given by the Montreal Witness—and Dr. Colenso does apply it—and much of the Old and New Testament must be rejected as "carrying about itself such a stamp of absurdity as to find, we should think, but little credence amongst the intelligent and educated."—Witness 3rd instant.

It is also urged by the Witness that the hypothesis of a supernatural factor in the cures which have lately taken place at the Hotel Dieu must be rejected, as these cures differ "from those of the Gospel in an important particular:—"

"For, while the latter followed instantaneously the application of the miraculous power, those of the Hotel Dieu have required eleven and a half hours to three days, thus affording time to the healing process."—Witness 3rd instant.

This argument is inconclusive, because based upon a false assumption of facts. It is not true that all the miraculous cures effected by Our Lord Himself were instantaneous, or followed immediately upon the application of the miraculous power. The miracle recorded by St. Mark viii. 22, 23, 24, 25, is a case in point: for it is evident that the restoration of sight to the blind man at Bethsaida was a gradual process—the first application of the miraculous power having effected only a partial cure. Again in the Old Testament we read how King Hezekiah was "sick unto death;" and that sent by the Lord, the prophet Isaiah warned the king "thou shalt die, and not live." At the earnest entreaty of Hezekiah, the

Lord promised to heal him: yet was not this cure effected immediately, or simultaneously with the application of the figs which the prophet enjoined. It took three days to effect the perfect cure of Hezekiah; yet in his case the interference of a supernatural agent is expressly asserted by a book which the Witness calls inspired, and the Word of God—2 Kings xx. Our contemporary therefore should be cautious how from his premises given above he concludes against the presence of a supernatural factor in the production of the phenomena at the Hotel Dieu.

It will be seen that we express no opinion of our own upon the subject; and that—whilst we contend that the reasons assigned by the Witness for discarding the "miracle," or supernatural interference, hypothesis is "absurd," are insufficient—we do not presume to assert the truth of that hypothesis. We can only state facts: we can say and from personal knowledge of the fact—that whereas certain patients* were a few days ago seriously ill, they are to-day, and after certain prayers, in the enjoyment of all the outward and visible signs of robust health. As the blind man to whom Our Lord restored sight would only reply to the questions of the incredulous Pharisees—"one thing I know that, whereas I was blind now I see"—St. John ix. 25—so all that we can presume to say of the lately cured at the Hotel Dieu is this—"one thing only we know that, whereas, they were sick, now they are well." From these facts every one is at liberty to form his own conclusions.

Before concluding we must however notice two other assertions of the Witness: one with reference to La Salette: the other, to the well known miracle of St. Januarius at Naples. With reference to the first he says:—

"The remembrance of the celebrated miracles of La Salette in France is quite fresh, and although Bishops endorsed them with all their pastoral authority, and the Pope sanctioned them, yet, after two years of successful imposition, the lady who personified the Virgin Mary, in the original miraculous apparition, was traced, arrested, tried before a French court—and sentenced to the penitentiary."—Witness 3rd instant.

We take the liberty of asking our contemporary to produce his authority, and evidence for the truth of the above story, which we trust his well known regard for evangelical truth will induce him not to withhold. With reference to the miracle of St. Januarius he says:—

"The annual miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in Naples has acquired a world-wide notoriety. The miracle which for ages has been managed by the highest priests of Naples, under the control of the hierarchy, with the sanction of the Pope and the approbation of the whole Catholic clergy has been unmasked, its secret is known, and it can be performed by any chemist here; the blood coloured coagulated composition melting in a few minutes by the sole contact of the hand with the bottle which holds it."—Id.

There is but one objection to be raised against this explanation of the asserted miracle, and it is this. That, as the bottle, said to contain the blood of St. Januarius, is not held in any body's hand when the phenomenon of ebullition is elicited, that phenomenon cannot be owing to the "sole contact of the hand with the bottle." This argument is somewhat the same in principle as that of the father in the Critic who tells his distracted daughter:—

"... The Spanish fleet thou canst not see 'Cause 'tis not yet in sight;"

and we claim therefore no credit for originality in urging it; yet to most minds it will appear conclusive—for even an "intelligent Protestant" can hardly fail to perceive that, if the bottle is not held, or touched even, when the phenomenon of liquefaction displays itself—it cannot be any additional heat given out by the hand grasping it—which causes the liquefaction of the bottle's contents. Now the bottle or phial containing the blood is so arranged that it is impossible that it should ever come in contact with the hand, or any part of the body, of those who display it. It is enclosed betwixt two plates of crystal, somewhat in the manner that, at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the latter is enclosed in the Remonstrance. To this is attached a base, or handle by means of which it can be elevated, and its contents exhibited to the public; and the phenomenon of the liquefaction and ebullition of the blood is elicited, not when it is held or exposed,—but only when the case containing the head of the Saint is brought into proximity with it. Again we do not presume to explain the phenomenon; but the explanation proffered by the Witness, is one which, though it has been often put forward by half-educated persons, and by persons unacquainted with the particulars of the ceremony known as the "miracle" of St. Januarius, is now abandoned altogether, as too ludicrous, too puerile to stand in need of serious refutation. It supposes or assumes that which in fact is notoriously false—that the phial is held in the hand when the mysterious liquefaction of its contents occurs; and thence it concludes that it is the heat communicated through the glass, from the hand, to the contents, which causes the liquefaction of the latter. The simple fact however, that, when the latter phenomenon manifests itself, the phial is neither held in the hand, nor in communication with any heat giving surface, satisfactorily disposes of this time honored solution, which intelligent Great Britons have been in the habit of putting forward for the last hundred years or more, and which therefore as an old friend the Witness finds it difficult to abandon.

* Of the case of Mary Connolly, we know nothing personally.

IS PROTESTANTISM A RELIGIOUS SYSTEM ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND?—Abandoning the historical line of defence of Christianity, as untenable, it is the fashion of many Protestant writers to appeal to the subjective evidence of its truth, and to cite its marvellous and universal adaptation to the wants, and to the capacities of men. Such a religion, it is argued, and well argued, must be from Him Who made man, and Who alone knows all his wants.

Let us apply this argument to Protestantism, considered as a religious system, or as a phase of Christianity; and as a test of its origin, divine or diabolic—let us consider whether it is really adapted to the wants and capacities of man as he is. If it is not, if it is evidently useless as a religion to a large mass of the people, it evidently cannot be from God, and must therefore claim 'the other party' as its spiritual father.

Protestantism asserts, if it asserts anything, that the book called the Bible is the sole rule of faith, or authority in the religious order, that God has vouchsafed to man; and that as there are no divinely appointed interpreters of that book, none who, speaking in the name of God, have any authority to declare its meaning—every man must, and is bound, thence to deduce for himself his own religion, to the best of his abilities. The Bible, and the Bible alone, as interpreted by the individual for himself, is, according to Protestantism, the only chart given by God to guide the tempest-tossed soul safely across the great ocean of life, to the haven of eternal rest. The question therefore arises—is this chart adequate for that purpose?—is it such a guide as the great mass of the people do, or even can, avail themselves of?—is it universally adapted to their wants, and their actual condition at the present day?

As a reply to this question, we will cite the London Times of the 15th October on the actual intellectual condition of the great mass of the laboring population of England, both in town and in country; and we will leave it to the unprejudiced reader to determine how far a religious system, which imperatively requires of all its votaries the intelligent perusal of the Bible as the sole exponent of God's will, and dealings with man—is suited to the actual intellectual capacities of such a population:—

"Our agricultural population are still very helpless and thriftless, still unable to extricate themselves from a passing difficulty, and to get a living if turned off by an employer or out of a cottage. They are still often disqualified for employment they would otherwise deserve, by not being able to write, or even to read. They are still generally so ignorant that no reasonable being, for pity's sake, would ask them a question of history or geography out of their own village, or more than fifty years back. They are still a prey to the first fanatic or impostor that chooses to work upon them. They are still so incapable of distinguishing between truth and error that, were they once deprived of the guidance of the gentry and the clergy, they would be positively dangerous to order by their mere simplicity and credulity. This is the case of our now educated peasantry. When we turn to the artisan the case is certainly worse."—London Times.

To such a people, it is, we think, evident that the Bible, and the Bible alone, as the sole rule of faith, or guide and teacher in the supernatural order, must be utterly useless, or worse than useless; and therefore, unless God has by His eternal decrees excluded them from the blessings of Redemption; if the religion revealed by Christ be not purposely hidden from their eyes, it is equally evident that He must have made some other provision for their salvation; and have furnished them with some other means for acquiring a knowledge of all the essential truths of Christianity, than that with which Protestantism can alone supply them. Protestantism, whatever it may be for the intelligent, the studious, and the learned, is not—in so far as it necessarily presupposes an obligation incumbent upon every man to interpret the Bible for himself—a system adapted to the wants and intellectual capacity even of England's "educated peasantry;" it cannot therefore have for its author a Being who desires, and has made ample provision for the salvation of all His creatures.

Indeed the Times, unconsciously perhaps, but most fully pronounces the condemnation of the fundamental principle of Protestantism, when it tells us that, the great mass of the people of England, of Protestant Bible-distributing England, "are still so incapable of distinguishing between truth and error," that they would be positively dangerous to order "were they once deprived of the guidance of the gentry and clergy." The Bible then, the Bible alone, is not sufficient even for the preservation of the natural order, and of the peace of society, unless its teachings be supplemented by "the guidance of the gentry and clergy;" much more then must the Bible alone, be insufficient in the supernatural order, and incompetent to teach the "educated peasantry" of England the way of eternal life.

And if the Bible, and an abundance of Bible, has, as is admitted by the Times, proved itself inadequate to prevent the great mass of the working classes of England from falling into the deplorable condition of moral and mental darkness by it described, so that they are a "prey to the first fanatic or impostor that chooses to work upon them"—how can it be expected that the circulation of the Bible amongst the benighted heathen, amongst the Kafirs, and the Hottentots

—the black men of New Holland, and the degraded races of China—shall have the effect of raising and improving their moral and intellectual condition? It is not too much to say that the 'Bible alone' has proved an arrant failure; since there where the experiment has been the most fully and fairly tried, there the people, even the 'educated peasantry,' are in such a condition that they would be 'positively dangerous to order,' if they were 'once deprived of the guidance of the gentry and clergy.' Is not this tantamount to the confession that Protestant England is indebted for what of 'order,' for what of social security against revolution and anarchy it still enjoys—not to an 'open Bible;' but to the influence of the lauded aristocracy, and of a body of spiritual teachers of whom some derive their authority from the State, and the remainder from sources equally apostolic?

The mere existence of such a body amongst Protestants, is in itself the complete refutation of Protestantism, in so far as the latter is based upon the all sufficiency of the Bible as the rule of faith, or as of itself able to make men wise unto salvation. If it is, the people have no need of any other guidance; if God has Himself appointed, or commissioned no body of teachers as expounders of His written Word, no man, no body of men, has, or can have the shadow of a right to arrogate to themselves the functions of religious guides and teachers. With an open Bible, and the Bible alone, in his hands, every man is, if Protestantism be not a lie, fully competent to do all his own religious thinking, and to be his own religious guide, pastor and minister. The consistent Protestant stands in no need of, and should spurn with contempt, the impudently proffered suggestions, interpretations of or comments upon, the sacred text, which a Protestant 'clergy' obtrude upon him. Who gave you authority to preach to me, or to lecture me upon my religious belief, or my duties towards God?—should be his indignant protest against the first manifestation of an intent to infringe upon his sacred and heaven-derived right of 'private judgment,' and the fundamental principle of Protestantism: 'Have I not the Bible also? am I not fully as able to rightly interpret its meaning, and to appropriate its contents as you are? and am I not bound by our common Protestant Faith to interpret that book for myself, and to abide the issue?' There are the questions which must come to the lips of every intelligent and consistent Protestant, at the aspect of such a ludicrous anomaly as an interpreter of a book which is of itself all-sufficient, and which God Himself has given to man as his sole rule of faith and spiritual instructor.

And if the Protestant would not be justified in holding such language, would not be justified in rejecting with disdain all attempts made by others to bias his mind in favor of one interpretation, rather than of another, of the sacred text, it can only be because the Bible alone, and as interpreted by 'private judgment' is not the divine scheme for man's redemption; because the Bible is not all-sufficient to make men wise unto salvation; and because, as the Times admits, and as all experience testifies, without some other guidance than that which the 'Bible alone' affords, these would be no security for order, no protection to society against the passions of the great mass of the population, who in spite of an 'open Bible' are 'still incapable of distinguishing betwixt truth and error.'—London Times.

And in conclusion we would ask of the Missionaries to French Canadian Papists, who are endeavoring to reclaim us from the errors of our ways, and to overthrow the influence of the Romish priesthood—what guarantee they can offer—what assurance they can give, that—when they shall have fully succeeded—the then Protestant people of Canada shall be in a better moral and intellectual plight, than are the Protestant people of England? If the latter, after three centuries of an "open Bible" and of deliverance from the soul destroying, and intelligence-crushing errors of Popery, are "still incapable of distinguishing between truth and error," is it to be expected that the poor French Canadians shall leap at once from thick darkness into the full glare of light? If three hundred years of 'open Bible' have left the Protestant masses of England "a prey to the first fanatic or impostor that chooses to work upon them," are we to believe that, naturally, the French Canadians are so vastly superior even to the "educated peasantry" of Great Britain, that there is no danger of similar results with an 'open Bible' in Canada? And if, with the blessings of the Protestant Faith, and a Protestant civilisation, the masses, the laboring classes of Protestant England would be "positively dangerous to order" were they once deprived of the guidance of the gentry—how can we flatter ourselves that, in Canada, where with one or two exceptions there are no "gentry" properly so called, social order shall be maintained, when the mass of the people shall have been taught to despise and to reject the influence of their "clergy?"

Mr. Francis O'Neill has kindly consented to act as agent for the True Witness for Pakenham and surrounding neighborhood.

SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS.—It is not often that the Great Britain will avow himself in error, and when he does we may be sure that the facts are very numerous, very strong, and very clear against him.

The error in the existing mode of treating criminals in Great Britain is now frankly admitted, but no remedy for the evil has yet been suggested; nor do we think that, even in the present penitentiary state of the British public, were the only practicable remedy to be suggested, it would be favorably received—seeing that it would prescribe the reintegration of the whipping post, and the restoration of the gallows to its legitimate position of a time-honored institution.

As to the reformation of a hardened criminal in goal, we all know now that the thing is a mere delusion, founded upon the weakness or the conceit of some theorist, or some simple-minded goal chaplain. We have a thousand testimonies to this effect.

From personal experience we can corroborate the testimony of the Times. Whilst, many years ago, it was still the custom to send convicts to New South Wales, the reformed juvenile criminals from Pentonville were notorious and infamous even amongst the doubly dyed scoundrels of Botany Bay, and were distinguished in consequence, by the name of "Penton Villains."

with full assurance of impunity, or at all events of that which to him is tantamount to impunity. Not that we are advocates of the system of a long-continued imprisonment. If short periods of imprisonment, coupled with the reformatory system, and supplemented by 'tickets of leave' are morally bad, long continued imprisonment is even worse.

One thing therefore is now settled beyond the possibility of dispute. It is now ascertained, in the first place that the 'reformation' of the convict, through and by means of Prison or Penitentiary discipline, and that whether the periods of confinement be long or short, is morally impossible; and in the second place, that the entire system of secondary punishments, consisting as that system does in the imprisonment of the convict for periods varying in length according to the supposed heinousness of his offence, has resulted in ruinous failure.

THE "SUPERIOR RACE."—Two persons were hung on the 8th instant in Upper Canada, for the crime of murder. A large crowd was assembled round the scaffold; and some delay having occurred in bringing forward the convicts, angry cries arose from this crowd, which—so the Belleville Intelligencer informs us—"exhibited their impatience at the delay by using such expressions 'Hurry up there! Bring them on.'"

"REGINA CELI, BY M. JUNG.—We have much pleasure in introducing to the notice of our readers, the piece of music with the above title, composed by M. Jung, Professor of Music in this city. His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, having received a copy from the author—has been pleased to express his satisfaction in the following terms:—

"Sir, I have received with gratitude your beautiful Regina Celi, and I thank you heartily for having presented me with it. I feel confident this fine piece of music will contribute greatly to the glory of the Queen of Heaven, and that it will be sung with joy and harmoniously in all the religious communities and churches of this Diocese."

At a meeting of the Erina Snow Shoe Club, held a few evenings since, Mr. Wm. Rigney was elected President, and Messrs. James Rooney and J. A. Rafter, Vice-Presidents.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Sir—You have already referred to the melancholy display of cant and fanaticism which, under the title of a "Revival," has lately occurred here under the auspices of the soi-disant evangelist Hammond; and as you have exhibited this chosen vessel in his true colors to your readers, I venture to hope that you will also introduce to their notice another mountebank or street-nuisance who styles himself the Rev. Mr. Barnett, of this city. The fellow is a minister of the Presbyterian sect, and had the impudence to come and preach, uninvited, outside of Mr. Beatty's tavern last night after dark.

one week ago," and as except from the Sheriff's officers, we have received of late no visits from any distinguished strangers, I am inclined to think that by his disciples the Rev. Mr. Barnett is looked upon as "the Lord," and that the delusion has communicated itself to the mass.

The preaching being over, four little girls were brought forward—their ages, poor things, being apparently from 9 to 12 years. At the instigation of the reverend gentleman they sang something which might have passed for a hymn, if it had not borne a strong family resemblance to the well-known and touching popular ballad "Jump Jim Crow."

No disturbance, I am glad to be able to inform you, followed the exhibition I have above detailed. Whatever may have been his intentions, Mr. Barnett failed in provoking so much as an angry word from any of our Catholics of Hamilton—a fact which I am happy to place on record, as it redounds greatly to their credit; seeing that our Bishop and clergy can hardly escape insult and abuse when, in the pursuit of their sacred vocations, they hurry along the streets at the call of the dying sinner, to administer to him the last rites of the Catholic Church.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—We hear of a school-master in this city at the head of one of the common schools, who indulges himself in pounding boys about the head with a ruler or any other weapon that may come handy. It is hardly necessary to say that a young child's skull is generally thinner than his school-master's—and cases have been known of idiosyncrasy for life produced by a blow on a child's head inflicted by one of these brutal Squeezers.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—A most horrible accident occurred in this city on Wednesday 3rd instant. A man named John Carson, employed in Mr. Andrew Hood's soap and candle manufactory, for the last eight years, was, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, attending to the lye vat, after which he sat down on a soap box to rest himself for a few minutes. He appears to have dozed off here, for shortly after, one of the men called him from another part of the building, when he jumped up suddenly and started off, thinking probably that it was his master who called him, as he answered 'Sir' when called. Instead of going between the vats, horrible to relate, he ran against the lye vat, and fell headlong into it. The lye was about five feet deep at the time at a distance of about seven or eight feet from the spot was one of the workmen, named Ricard, who although he had a candle in his hand, could not give the unfortunate man the benefit of it, the great steam from the boiling lye preventing the light from being seen. Ricard, however, heard the splash, and immediately rushed up. After a great deal of exertion he succeeded in seizing hold of Carson, and with a desperate effort he dragged him out. The task was not very easily effected, as Carson was a very heavy man. Mr Hood and the other men did all in their power to alleviate the suffering of the young man, until the arrival of Dr Reddy, who attended him until death came to his relief at half-past nine the same evening. He was perfectly conscious from the time of the accident until his death, but his sufferings were frightful; in fact no words could describe the agony he must have endured. He was literally boiled to death. He was a native of Sligo, and only 28 years of age. He was unmarried, but leaves a mother and sisters in this city, to mourn his dreadful end. —Montreal Herald.

DR. HELMUTH AND THE HURON COLLEGE.—Some liberal member of the Church of England has presented to Dr. Helmuth, now in the Mother country, the sum of £5,000 sterling, as a contribution towards the College, which the Bishop of Huron is desirous of forming in that Diocese, and for which Dr. Helmuth is now collecting. The donor thinks it desirable to form such a College to counteract the Romanizing influence which he believes to be too general in Canada, and especially the teaching in that direction which prevails at Trinity College, Toronto. —Montreal Herald.

INCREASE OF CRIME.—No reader of newspapers can fail to be struck with the alarming increase of crime, not only in the crowded communities of the Old World, but in this Canada of ours. Scarcely a week passes over without its story of murder, rape, or other abomination. Even Huron and Bruce is swelling the list as will be demonstrated at the ensuing assizes; for we believe the docket has not been so heavy on any former occasion. It is now an acknowledged fact in the history of depravity that certain crimes become epidemic. At one time it is infanticide, and so through the black list, but the most intense phase of the disease is when it takes the form of murder. Let a fearful murder be committed and it is almost certain to be followed by others until it culminates in wholesale slaughter. It is a humiliating thought that notwithstanding the elevating influences of Christian civilization men will continue to make brutes of themselves, but so it is, and so we fear it will continue to be, judging from the number of dissolute youths hanging about our street corners. One of the chief promoters of crime in this country is intemperance, to which we believe nearly three-fourths of the murders committed are directly attributable, and my philanthropist who can diminish the increasing list of drunkards will deserve the highest meed of praise from his fellow-men. —Huron Signal.

FOUND DEAD.—A man named John Baxter was found dead on the premises of John Wallace, Deviennes street. It is supposed the deceased died from natural causes. The Coroner was notified.

LOOK OUT FOR PICKPOCKETS.—Two ladies have had their pockets picked within the last few days, while in the Bonsecours Market. One was robbed of her purse, which contained \$4 in silver, and the other of a silver snuff box. —Herald.

On Wednesday, between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, the body of a very small, newly born child was found in the Bonsecours church. The child was wrapped up in a small bundle. There was no mark of violence upon the body, which was immediately conveyed to the Central Police Station. The Coroner was duly notified. —Com. Advertiser.

The Post Office will, on and after to-day, receive American silver at the rate of 96 cent per dollar, in halves and quarters, and dimes at nine cents. It will be well for the public generally to adopt the same arrangement, and thus put an end to the influx of deteriorated coin circulating above its actual and bankable value. —Commercial Advertiser.

STRANGE DISCOVERY IN THE COPPER MINES.—A strange discovery has recently been made in the Copper Mines of Lake Superior, which adds another to the mysterious chain of events connected with the miners of an extinct race on the shores of the fresh water sea. It comes in the shape of a mass of copper found a great distance from a vein, the existence of which it gave the indication, weighing 20 tons, and measuring 16 feet by 4, with a thickness of one and a half. Some miners' tools were found near the place, leading to the belief that a tribe of aborigines had removed it at some distant period, long anterior to the discovery of Canada by Jacques Cartier, or the exploration of the Huron country by Governor Champlain. The mines of Lake Superior are becoming more famous every year, and combined with the discovery of gold on the Saskatchewan, are an evidence of future prosperity for the West.

ARRESTS ON SUSPICION OF MURDER.—On Saturday night, about twelve o'clock, Sergeant Melville and Constables Wilson and Hunt, arrested two men, residing in Griffintown, named Daniel Hogue and Patrick Cuddy, on suspicion of having murdered private Andrew McGinn, of the 47th regiment.

POOR PROSPECTS.—The trade prospects for the winter in Upper Canada are not very satisfactory. Notwithstanding the fine promise of the harvest, the yield of grain very generally falls short of anticipation, and in large sections of the newly settled country, especially in Grey and Bruce, the crops turn out almost a failure. This, with the prevalence of low prices, has retarded the deliveries from farmers during the autumn, and much less than the usual amount of money has been sent into the country in consequence. You will have observed that the last Bank statement shows a circulation of some four million less than in the same month last year. This amount short in an average circulation of twelve millions will make a very serious difference in the collection of accounts, and more than the usual difficulty will be experienced by country dealers in meeting their engagements to wholesale dealers. So far in the season there has not been above the usual number of failures, but there is no question but there is no question but the winter will severely test a great many retailers throughout the country. There are many first class men in Upper Canada whose assets show 30s to the £, whose surplus is all out in the hands of farmers, and who if called upon to pay at maturity could not yield more than 10s. Your large importers will have to exercise unusual patience this season, and what is more will see wisely in restricting their orders for Spring goods to within narrow limits. Several of the English buyers representing Toronto houses leave for Britain this week. —Cor. of Montreal Herald.

EXECUTION OF AYWARD AND HIS WIFE.—The following account of the execution of William and Mary A. Ayward, for the murder of Wm Muoro, we copy from the Belleville Intelligencer extra of December 8th.—At ten o'clock, the hour fixed by the Sheriff for the execution, there could not have been less than from four to six thousand people on the ground. Some estimate the number present at from eight to nine thousand. A delay of over an hour was caused in consequence of the caps not being made. In the meantime, the vast multitude swayed to and fro, and their attention was diverted by one or two small fights and wrestling matches, but nothing serious occurred. Some unfeeling wretches in the crowd exhibited their impatience at the delay by using such expressions as, 'Hurry up there! Bring them on,' &c. It was not until a quarter past eleven o'clock that the sad procession solemnly approached the gallows, and as the culprits stood upon the platform every breath was hushed, and they saw nothing but a sea of upturned, eager anxious-looking faces. First came one or two of the deputy sheriffs and bailiffs, then the unfortunate Ayward, looking haggard and over-worn, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Lawlor, next came Mrs. Ayward, habited in white, with a crape over her shoulders, and she walk tremblingly to the platform. Both culprits stood with folded hands, offering up their prayers, and in this position, and while still praying, the fatal bolt was drawn, and the spirits of the unfortunate creatures stood in the presence of their Maker. The woman died with but a few struggles, and in a minute and a half life was extinct. The man struggled for some time, and died in fearful agony; but the doctor pronounced him dead after hanging for two minutes and a half. The bodies hung for about thirty-five minutes, and were then taken down, placed in their coffins, and taken possession of by those who had been most assiduous in their attention to the unfortunate victims during the last few days of their earthly existence. The bodies were buried in the Roman Catholic Cemetery. Thus ended the sad tragedy.

LOOK AFTER THE SIDEWALKS.—The City police have received strict orders to summon before the Recorder, every individual who neglects clearing away the snow from before his door, or, when the sidewalk is slippery, permits it to remain so without skidding it or scattering cinders about. The fines will be pretty heavy; but the exercise of a little energy and obedience to the law will save much trouble and expense. —Transcript.

CONSCIENCE IN THE CONGRESSIONAL.—One of the American agents of the Royal Insurance Company has recently forwarded to Mr. Dore the sum of £80 received through the agency of a priest from some penitent sinner who is anxious to make reparation to the Royal for a fraud committed upon it. The money was accompanied with imperative instructions that no questions were to be asked, from whom it came, or why it was sent. —Com. Advertiser.

AN ELEGANT VOICE.—Some people have fine, musical voices naturally, but you can easily cultivate a fine voice. Try Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers; they will cure a sore throat, hoarseness, cough, cold, &c., in a short time. 25 cents a box.

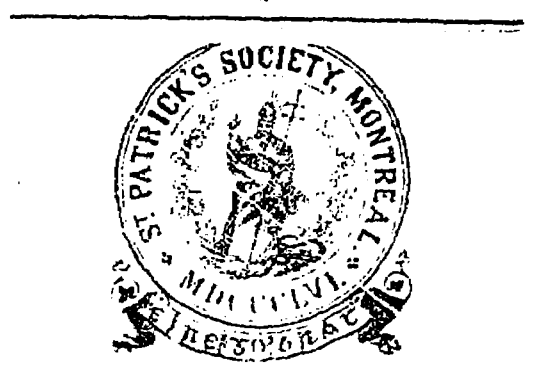
Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clark & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lumphough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

Died, In this city, on the evening of the 5th inst., Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas Hanley, aged 20 years, 3 months and 9 days.

At Cornwall, C. W., on the 29th ult., after having received the last rites of the Catholic Church, of which he had been through life a practical member, Robertson Macdonald Esq., Greenfield, aged 34 years. The deceased was the 3rd son of the late Deputy Adjutant General of Militia for Upper Canada, Col. Donald Macdonald, Esq., of Greenfield, Glengarry, and had for many years previous and up to the time of his death, the office of Deputy Clerk of the Crown and Pleas, and Clerk of the Court for the United Counties of Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry, discharging the duties appertaining thereto in a manner satisfactory to all parties with whom he ever had any business relations. On the first instant his remains were followed by his three sorrowing brothers, and by a large and respectable concourse of the citizens of Cornwall of all denominations, to the Catholic Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul, and a sermon in keeping with the occasion was preached by the Rev. Mr. Naughton, O.M.J., at the request of the esteemed Pastor, Rev. J. S. O'Connor. At the conclusion of the burial service his body was lowered into the grave, in presence of his sorrowing relatives and friends, there to await the sound of the last trumpet, which shall summon him to appear before the judgment seat of Christ. Requiescat in pace.

At Port Huron, Mich., Michael McDonnell, of Windsor, C. W., aged 30 years, formerly of Montreal, C.E. He was a loving husband, a kind father, and an affectionate friend; cut off in the prime of life, although of a stout, healthy, and strong constitution. "How true it is that in the midst of life, we are in death." Requiescat in pace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Montreal, December 10th, 1862. Flour—Pollards, \$2 25 to \$2 50; Middlings, \$2 05 to \$2 30; Fine, \$3 00 to \$3 80; Super, No 2, \$4 10 to \$4 20; Superfine, \$4 35 to \$4 45; Fancy, \$4 60 to \$4 65; Extra, \$4 85 to \$4 90; Super Extra, \$5 10 to \$5 30. Bag Flour, per 112 lbs, \$2 40; Scotch Wheat, \$2 45. The market continues firm. Oatmeal per brl of 200 lbs, about \$4 50. Wheat—Canada Spring, 91c to 93c ex-cars; U. S. White Winter, nominal, \$1 04 to \$1 05. Peas per 60 lbs, 70c to 72c. Ashes per 112 lbs, Pot, \$6 75 to \$6 80; Inferior Pot, \$6 75 to \$6 80; Pearls, \$6 35 to \$6 48; Inferior Pearls, \$6 35 to \$6 40. Butter—Fair demand; all the various grades find purchasers at quotations, viz:—Inferior, 10c to 10 1/2c; medium, 11c to 12c; fine, 12 1/2c to 13 1/2c; choice, 14c to 15c. Lard per lb, 7 1/2c to 8c. Tallow per lb, 8c. Hams per lb, smoked, 6c to 8c; unsmoked, 8c to 10c. Pork per brl, Mess, \$10 50 to \$11 00; Thin Mess, \$9 00 to \$9 50; Prime Mess, \$8 00 to \$8 50; Prime \$8 00 to \$8 50. Beef per brl, Prime Mess, \$8 00 to \$8 50. Nominal. Dressed Hogs, \$3 50 to \$4 00. Live, \$3 00 to \$3 50. Seeds—Clover, 8c to 8 1/2c per lb; Timothy, \$1 85 to \$2 00 per bushel; Lucern, \$1 80 to \$1 85 per bushel. —Montreal Witness.



A SPECIAL MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, BONAVENTURE BUILDING, on Monday Evening, 22nd inst., Subject of debate:—"Should Emigration from Ireland be encouraged?" The Chair to be taken at half-past seven o'clock. (By Order)

Dec. 12. P. O'MEARA, Sec.

DR. CAHILL'S LECTURE ON IRELAND. Just Published, in Pamphlet form, a full Report of the above LECTURE, with a PORTRAIT of the Rev. Gentleman, and a brief Sketch of his Life. For Sale at the Book and News Stores. Price 12c. Copies mailed to any part of the country, by the undersigned, on receipt of 12c in stamps. W. DALTON, News Dealer, Montreal, October 30th, 1862.

TO CONTRACTORS. The Syndics of the Parish of Sts. SOPHIA, County of Terrebonne, will receive to the 20th of the present month, TENDERS for the CONSTRUCTION of a CHURCH AND SACRISTY, at the said Parish of Sts. Sophia. Plans and Specifications are deposited in the Office of the undersigned, in the Town of Terrebonne. Tenders must be post-paid, addressed either to the Rev. M. Payette, Priest and Care of Sts. Sophia, or to the undersigned at Terrebonne. The works must be completed by Christmas, 1864, and the Syndics do not engage to accept the lowest Tenders. J. C. AUGER, Notary and Architect. Terrebonne, 3rd Dec., 1862. Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. Jan. 17, 1862.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Nov. 14.—La France of this evening maintains the accuracy of the analysis it lately published of the answer of M. Drouyn de Lhuys to General Durando's circular, and adds:—"The analysis we have given even weakens the force of the original. M. Drouyn de Lhuys states in his note that General Durando, in his circular, desires, like Garibaldi, to deprive the Papacy of Rome."

The Journal des Debats publishes the following remarkable article on M. Drouyn de Lhuys's circular proposing an intervention for putting an end to the civil war in America:—"The language of the note is clever, and not a word goes beyond the rights that the constant usages of civilized nations attribute to neutrals when in the interests of humanity they intend offering themselves as arbitrators of a sanguinary quarrel. But all the skill, all the prudence, and all the good intentions of the Minister of Foreign Affairs do not succeed in dissimulating the almost insurmountable difficulty which would present itself when, on going beyond general considerations, the positive conditions of the armistice should be discussed. What would be done while the war was suspended on the Continent, if it is the South that would be disarmed. If the blockade were to be raised during those six months, it is the North that would open to the South fresh sources of abundance and vigour. Thus one or the other of the parties would have reason to object that the proposed armistice was detrimental to it. However, we have not yet arrived at that eventuality. The insertion of the despatch in the Moniteur, when that document is compared with the texts of the intelligence received from England and Russia, appears to us to be intended rather to explain the conduct of the French Government than to prepare the public for an approaching mediation. England hesitates to attempt a step which might possibly lead her further than she intended, and as yet the Russian Government has only spoken by the organ of the Journal de St. Petersburg, which has pronounced against the intervention. Not having at least, according to the rumours which prevail in London, succeeded in getting its plan accepted as soon as it would have wished, the Imperial Government could not better exculpate itself from the suspicion of partiality towards the North than by publishing an official document in which, while admitting the extra-official designation of 'Confederate States,' it attributes its reasons for acting to the old friendship of France for the United States, and loudly affirms that her good offices could not lead her to cease to be neutral. Since a rigorous impartiality is the first duty which it imposes on itself in this sad affair, the Imperial Government will not have to regret having failed in an effort of conciliation, which might have insensibly led our diplomacy into a path in which it would have been difficult always to maintain the exact balance between the North and the South, and in which the equilibrium, if it were to be destroyed, would not have been (it was at least feared) in favor of that one of the two causes which is the most just, the most popular, and the most French."

The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne is to leave Paris in a day or two for Rome, and M. de Falloux will leave at the same time for Turin. These two diplomatists are to bring to the Papal and Italian Courts the new proposals which the Cabinet of the Tuilleries offers, in order to conciliate, if possible, the rights of Italy with the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff. The general opinion expressed here is that the proposals will be rejected by both parties.

THE PLOT AGAINST THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.—PARIS, Monday Evening.—All the ministers left Paris on Saturday evening en masse for Compiègne. As they did so very unexpectedly, this circumstance had the effect of strengthening a current report that the Emperor had been hired at the same evening by a soldier of his body guard. All Paris is this evening filled with stories of the conspiracy, to which is alluded in my last letter, as the cause of the inauguration of the Boulevard du Prince Eugene being put off. I did not like to give a circumstantial account of what I had there heard, passing from mouth to mouth, on the subject, feeling that it was too serious to treat as a mere anecdote. But as there is now, for a wonder some reason to think that there is a basis of truth for this report, I do not feel the same hesitation about going into some details when speaking of it. The story goes that fifteen men, armed with pistols, who were generally said to be Italians, were to have been posted along the Boulevard du Prince Eugene when the Emperor was to be passing. If one failed in carrying out his object, the second was to have made an attempt to accomplish it; and if the second failed the third was to have taken his place, and so on till one of the fifteen had succeeded. I have also heard, but I do not know whether it is the truth or not, that all the conspirators have escaped, and that the Government are in a state of great alarm. As for the Parisians, they are, from the Arch of Triumph to the Barrière de Trône, and from Montmartre to the Barrière du Maine, calling to mind the clairvoyant's prediction that a terrible catastrophe is to occur about the end of the decade which commenced with the destruction of the Republic. I know several persons whom all this talk has so alarmed that they will not go to see the pageant which is to come off on the 7th of December, lest they might meet with a stray projectile. Several ladies, I am told, also refused to order court dresses till after the first week of December shall be tied over by the Government in safety, so as not to have their wardrobes filled with useless fluff in case any public catastrophe should take place. The feeling which prevails here can only be compared to the panic which some years since took place in different parts of the United Kingdom in consequence of some sensation preachers having announced that according to their calculations of the prophecies the world would be destroyed on a certain day. The Emperor, it is believed by many of his subjects, is also influenced by the same fears as to what the end of the decade may have in store for him. The Emperor has also, by always professing to believe in fate or destiny, done much to originate the popular superstition of which I speak.—Morning Star.

The Journal de Rennes relates the following:—"Two religious of the Redemptionist order, who were to be followed by twelve others, came at the request of the Bishop of Quimper, to establish themselves in a new monastery, near Morlaix. The wiser heads of the falsely called Liberal party, discovered that this clerical intrusion boded danger to the country. They, therefore, organised a species of emette against the convent. Accompanied by a hundred ragamuffins, the so-called Liberals presented themselves at the residence of the Fathers, on the evening of the 19th of October, and assailed them with loud cries."

This would have been a serious offence. According to the Journal de Rennes no police made their appearance; this would have been even more reprehensible.

The same journal states as a fact that the Redemptionists have been ordered to quit the country.

A CONNOISSEUR.—A gentleman recently visited the Campana Museum, for which the French Government gave 1,000,000 dollars. Every object he saw made him cry, "Admirable! first rate!" One of the keepers saw him, and was so pleased to see at last somebody delighted with the Museum that he went up to him and said, "You are familiar with the archæology I see;—doubtless an antiquarian from Heidelberg or Vienna, or Jena?" "No, sir, but my wife's dead and gone used to sell butter in just such spots as them there." The keeper vanished, and now speaks to nobody until after a regular introduction.

ITALY.

TURIN, Nov. 16.—The Turin journals of to-day publish a despatch, signed by M. Nicotera, denying

in the name of Garibaldi the truth of the rumour lately circulated, that a Dictatorship of Italy had been proposed by him to the King, and stating that no such arrangement, or anything approximate to it, had ever been entertained by Garibaldi.

The Italian Government has not replied to the note of M. Drouyn de Lhuys on the Roman question. Indeed a reply was hardly necessary, for that note was itself meant as an answer to General Durando's circular. The papers connected with the subject will be laid before the Chambers as soon as Parliament meets, and Parliament will meet in a few days. In the meantime strenuous efforts are made to bring together the factions that formed the powerful majority under Count Cavour, and rally them round the Rattazzi Ministry, with what result a very short time will tell. It is hoped here (perhaps against hope) that Rattazzi will weather the storm, especially if the more obnoxious members of the Cabinet be swung overboard, and the vacant places filled by the really influential men of the majority. The coming struggle, particularly since the change in the conduct of foreign affairs here, is looked forward to with anxiety by the friends of United Italy.—Times Correspondent.

The official Gazette of to-day decrees the abolition of the state of siege in the Neapolitan provinces and Sicily.

The Prefects of Naples and Palermo retain the power of making some exceptions.

TURIN, Nov. 18.—The Chamber of Deputies was opened for the session to-day.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs laid upon the table diplomatic documents relating to the Roman question.

Signor Boncompagni asked for an explanation of the policy adopted by the Ministry.

Signor Rattazzi declared himself ready to afford an exposition of his conduct as a Minister, and the debate was appointed by the Chamber to take place on Thursday.

Information has reached us that several of Garibaldi's partisans have long been in Corfu, from which island they have kept up a very active correspondence with the "anarchists" in the kingdom of Greece.

Sir Henry Stokes is aware of what is going on, and it is here said that he is well prepared to maintain peace and order in the Ionian Islands.

ROME.—The committee which directs the organisation of the distribution of Catholic offerings to the Pope, has announced that the drawing of the prizes will take place on the 5th of December next, and that the hall of the Conservators, in the capital Palace, where these offerings are exhibited, will remain open on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays until that day, to enable the public to admire the richness of those gifts of the Catholic world to the venerated Pius IX. Crowds are joyously coming to see this extraordinary sight, and do not seem weary of contemplating the rich jewels of princesses exhibited by the side of the modest ornaments of the maiden, a collection trebly precious in the aspect of art, material and love, and which gives a high idea of the sentiments of the donors and of the value of the offerings. This idea is taking a further extension when the thought travels to the places whence these gifts have been sent to the Eternal City; when we observe with what unanimity that voice of Christian charity has been heard when it imposed the faithful obligation of assisting their Father in the Faith, sacrilegiously dispossessed of the territory of the Church. But these offerings, transmitted to Rome as an evidence of the progress of the Catholic world to assist the Pope and the Holy See, are but one of the fruits of the impulse which the piety of the Faithful of the whole world has taken during the last three years, by contributing to the Peter's peace. In addition to the gifts now about to be distributed to the Pontifical treasury, since the month of November 1859 to October 1862, the sum of five millions, one hundred and fifty thousand roman dollars (£1,107,500) sent from both hemispheres to the city of the Prince of the Apostles. Such a fact observed on the heights of the capital, in presence of the testimonials of faith and devotion which the Sovereign Pontiff receives from all parts of the world, shows clearly how much greater is the triumph of the Papacy over the passions of the world, than that of the consuls and emperors of antiquity who assailed to the capital, dragging after the trophies of conquest: nations.—Cor of Weekly Register.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Prince of Prussia have been received by His Holiness in private audience.

The Archbishop of Gox, whose pretensions have lately been repudiated by the Propaganda, has arrived in Rome, to make his submission, and renounce his exaggerated claims to jurisdiction over the East Indies.

From the month of November, 1859, to the end of October, 1862, the Peter's Pence tribute has produced the sum of 1,107,500. The collection has averaged 369,000 per annum—about 1,000 per day; but the collection for the present year will exceed that rate.

The Roman correspondent of the Union writes that the whole Episcopate of Portugal, announcing the false position of extreme reserve which drew from the Holy Father so remarkable a reproof, have forwarded to Rome an address of warm devotion to the Holy See, and of adhesion to the address of the Bishops assembly last June.

KINGDOM OF NAPLES.—The Times correspondent asserts that:—"Society is completely disorganized in Southern Italy. There is no public or private morality; the labourer in the country districts is half workman, half brigand, and if there be any difference between him and the employer or the galestano of the towns, it is that while the former uses violence the latter resort to the refined arts of lying and cunning. It is a wise resolution of the Government to send more cavalry into the provinces, and the fine regiment called 'Saluzzo,' which was reviewed by La Marmora last week, is to leave for Puglia.

Except the reported change of Ministry, and the expected meeting of the Turin Parliament, there is little political gossip about here to afford your readers much interest. The life seems fairly crushed out of the heart of Naples, and though a careless visitor will notice little change—will point to the high price of houses in the fashionable quarters, and the stream of carriages along the Chiaia as a material sign of prosperity, the smiling surface but thinly covers over depths of misery he will never care to fathom. The Assize Courts are again at work, and are giving to the dungeon and the chain-gang fresh supplies of unhappy Royalists against whom the war is now becoming one of social extermination in the cities, and literal extermination in the rural and mountain districts.

Your readers may recall the details I gave through your pages a few weeks since of a flagrant case of torture inflicted on a respectable tradesman named Tangretti, to force him to make revelations regarding Colonel de Preati and others connected with the coming trial of Baron Cosenza, it being sought to mix them up in this imaginary conspiracy and send them to the galleys. Tangretti's firmness, however, has saved these gentlemen; they were set at liberty on Saturday after seven months' causeless imprisonment and to the utter devastation of their prospects in life, three of them being employed in public offices have lost their daily bread, and their health has, besides, completely failed. Cosenza is, therefore, alone in his process; of course, his companions being set at liberty, the conspiracy charge would, but for the favorite and beautiful fiction of the Neapolitan Courts have fallen to the ground; but he was considered too formidable an enemy to escape the Sardinian proscription. His acquittal was looked on as so certain and the evidence for prosecution known to be so slight, that it reached the ears of La Marmora. He immediately sent for the Procurator-General, and said, "I hear your charge in the Cosenza process is too favorable, and that the Baron will be acquitted. Now, though it is quite possible there was nothing against De Preati and the rest, we are morally sure Cosenza is guilty, and it would have a very bad effect for him to be set at liberty in Naples." The

Procurator at once replied that he would consult his colleagues and alter the indictment; and, of course, in a few days we shall hear that Cosenza is found guilty and sentenced to the galleys. He with the Baron Tortora were removed suddenly, at midnight on Sunday last, from Sta. Maria, it is said to be thrown into the subterranean prisons of Ostile Dorò, and very strange rumors are about to which I will not allude till I can give the truth of them. The whole of the prisoners condemned in the late trials are to be removed in a few days to the horrible prison of the Vicaria, where fever has been raging all the summer in consequence of overcrowding, there being nearly 2,000 persons confined in it.

The prisoners confined in Sta. Maria, headed by Captain de Blasio and Don Achille Carracciolo have publicly protested in the English press, against the statements of the Times correspondent, and their letters have doubtless, ere this, removed every doubt previously existing as to the cruelty exposed in your columns and those of the Conservative Press. It is no small act of courage on their part to have come forward, as they have so honorably done, in defence of their fellow sufferers, being as they are at the mercy of the police.

There is now in the lower range of prisons at Sta. Maria a commencement of the new system of reclusion. Eighteen miserable Royalists are incarcerated during the past three months in one small room, watched day and night by a staff of Piedmontese gaoles, they are not allowed to speak to each other, to work, or read, or smoke, or take the air. The consequence is that ten are seriously ill, and one, Rainondo Cirello, is dying of spitting of blood. None of them can obtain hospital admission, and if they make the slightest complaint they are beaten and threatened with being put in irons. Cirello's mother and sisters came from Proccida to see him the other day, but, though he is dying, they refused the poor women admittance in the most brutal manner and drove them from the door.

GERMANY.

The Evangelical Gazette, edited by the Protestant Minister, Dr. Hengstenberg, publishes an appeal by direction of the Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth (Prussia) to 'Evangelical virgins.' The document is bitter in its tone against the true faith, but is instructive, as showing how futile are the efforts of Protestantism to curb the charitable action of the Church. The wording of the appeal is in that peculiar style of convoluted periphrasis which finds such favour with elderly Protestant ladies of a certain school; though it would seem, by its own account not to have made much way amongst those of less mature age. It furnishes an instructive example of what zeal becomes when it has no other ailment than the sentiment of the individual. The appeal is entitled, 'The Death of Deaconesses'; and is as follows:—"From all the countries of the world we are receiving calls for Sisters for the service of the sick, of the poor, orphans, schools, for attendance on families, parishes, and prisons. All these we should be glad to furnish if we could. But where are the Christian virgins who will give themselves up body and soul to the service of the Best of Masters?—There are thousands who are not under ties of domestic duties, but very few of such order themselves. In the Roman Catholic Church there are every year hundreds of Sisters of Charity who devote themselves to the practice of charitable works, and who often forcibly insinuate themselves (such endearments) into Protestant circles, and inflict sad losses on the Evangelical Church. O! ye, German Virgins, who live in idleness and yet have tasted of the sweet honey of eternal life, and who may receive a vocation so pleasing to the Lord and so blessed for yourselves, will you not become deaconesses to attend the sick and instruct the ignorant? Do we live in days when ladies have nothing to do but to sit with their hands crossed, or to knit a little, or sew a little, or play a little on the piano, and let all their time slip past in inaction whilst the powers of darkness are busy in the destruction of souls? May the Lord shake ye with the breath of his mouth, and cry mightily to your conscience, How long will ye slumber and sleep? Happy the true and faithful handmaid who shall answer, 'He awakeneth mine ear and should I have not been dislodged into his word; nor gone away backwards.' The allegation, that the Catholic Sisters' institute themselves forcibly into Protestant circles, is a calumny. The fact is, that Protestant families often prefer the Catholic Sisters of Charity to the Protestant 'Deaconesses,' and that the 'Deaconesses' often insinuate themselves into Catholic families, when they drop their religious tracts, and follow them up with nice social commentaries. The 'Death of Deaconesses' deplored by the Evangelical Gazette ought to teach our worthy Protestant friends that, after all, the Evangelical Councils are of some value. Cannot they find them in their Bibles?"

RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 15.

The Journal de St. Petersburg of to-day contains the reply of Prince Gortschakoff to the note of M. Drouyn de Lhuys.

The Prince, after recalling the constant efforts of Russia in favor of conciliation in America, says:—"It is requisite above all to avoid the appearance of any pressure whatever capable of chilling public opinion in America, or of exciting the susceptibility of the nation. We believe that a combined measure of the Powers, however conciliatory, if presented in an official or officious character, would risk arriving at a result opposed to pacification. If, however, France should persist in her intention, and England should acquiesce, instructions shall be despatched to Baron Stockhol, at Washington, to lend to both his colleagues, if not official aid, at least moral support.

The latest accounts from Warsaw tell of disaffection in the Russian army, of the spread of the Polish Secret Society—which one might have been sure would not be diminished by the exile of Count Andrew Zamiatki, the recognized spokesman of the moderate and therefore distinctly anti-revolutionary party—and of profound irritation among all classes, caused by a new mode of conscription, or, rather, proscription, which leaves the selection of recruits entirely to the police, and by which any young man between the ages of 20 and 30 may, on suspicion of patriotism, not likely to be ill-founded, and on the report of a spy, be sent off to the army. Significantly enough, the peasants are exempted from the action of this decree. It is to be applied almost exclusively in the towns, which are naturally the great centres of political and national feeling. Numbers of young men were trying to escape from Warsaw, and it was to be expected that some terrible act of vengeance would be provoked by the tyranny and injustice of a measure which it would be difficult to match, even in the history of the Russian rule in Poland.

The Poles have no distinct army. There is now only one for the whole Russian empire, and the most devoted patriots of Poland in making their demands in full do not think it necessary to ask the Czar to grant them one national regiment. All they desire is that the inhabitants of that part of Poland which produced Kosciuszko, Mickiewicz, and the Czartoryski family may be governed as Poles. They have no wish to injure Russia or to keep her in that constant state of irritation from which it is evident she cannot escape until she recognizes the legitimate claims of all her Polish subjects. At the present moment this curious anomaly is presented in the Russian empire. In one portion Alexander II. is endeavoring to introduce trial by jury, and a law equivalent to our habeas corpus Act; in another he is ruling by the sword, and striving to maintain a system based entirely on the barbarous right of conquest. To carry out Anglo-Saxon principles and Mongol principles side by side will be found a more difficult task than to govern Russians as Russians and Poles as Poles.

CHINA.

The Asiatic Review of St. Petersburg of the 31st of October publishes an article on the internal affairs of China; it appears from the facts stated in the Russian paper that, notwithstanding the assistance afforded by the British and French troops to suppress the insurrection, the insurgents do not appear to intend the European allies of the Emperor of China.

UNITED STATES.

It is stated in Yankee papers that ex-Senator Bigler, of Pennsylvania, has written a letter proposing a plan of peace. We have not seen it, nor any hint as to the terms he suggests, but as we suppose he was in earnest and meant to submit something practical, we are forced to conclude that he advises the North to abandon the war and let the South alone. Nothing less than this would be practical, or have the appearance of being in earnest. With his appreciation of the merits of the controversy and his knowledge of southern character he can have no doubt that so long as the North continues to make war the South will continue to make resistance, and there can, consequently, be no peace. The first step toward pacification can come only from the North, and must be a suspension of hostilities; and the pacification can then be completed only by making the suspension permanent. This is inevitable from the character of the war itself; they invade, we resist; they assail, we defend; they seek to subjugate, we to assail, and to attempt to subjugate, for we cannot cease to resist and defend without ruin. All this must be plain to Mr. Bigler; and when he talks about peace, he will talk idly and insincerely unless he calls on the North to stop making war on the South. This is all we ask, or have ever asked in the long controversy that preceded and brought on the war, the cry of the South was always 'Let us alone.' Aggression was from the beginning the policy of the abolitionists. They sought by every possible art of legislation, by all the influence of popular commotion, by stealing our slaves or tampering with their fidelity, and through every means by which they might render the possession of such property insecure and dangerous, to destroy the value of the institution, and to compel us, against our wishes, our rights, and our interests, to give it up.—We protested and deprecated, and implored. If we attempted legislation, it was only to repair some wrong of theirs, or guard against some impending danger. We acted always on the defensive, and with a patience and forbearance that were but little short of pusillanimity. But nothing could make them pause. After years of outrage and endurance, finally despairing of any reformation, we resolved that, as we could not enjoy our rights in the Union to separate; and this we proposed to do peacefully, with no intention of taking or claiming anything that did not belong to us; willing, indeed, to relinquish much that did belong to us, and to have an equitable reckoning with our late partners upon all questions of property that were inevitable from the act of separation. In this painful but unavoidable step, we again besought them to let us alone, to let us go in peace. But they would not. Their infatuation and rage broke forth with redoubled fury, and they precipitated war upon us. It is sheer nonsense to contemplate even for a quibble, to talk about our having begun the war, because we fired the first gun. The fact is they had been pressing us back for thirty years. When we reached the wall and could go no further, we struck. It was a blow of self-defence. Every blow that has been struck since has been prompted by the same impulse. We fight because we are unwilling to be overrun, plundered and enslaved. We will continue so to fight as long as we can lift an arm. The simple question then for Mr. Bigler and the northern people to consider is whether they will cease to make war upon us. When they have determined on this, the formal stipulations of peace can be easily arranged. Until they have so resolved, they will get no hearing from us for anything they have to propose. Of this they may feel assured.—Richmond Whig, Nov. 29.

GENERAL McNEIL.—The St. Joseph (Missouri) Journal gives the following account of a recent visit of Gen. McNeil to St. Louis:—"This officer, by whose order ten secessionists were shot at Palmyra, Missouri, because an old gentleman, (a loyal Unionist) was missing, but who afterwards turned up in Illinois, met with several merited rebuffs at St. Louis lately. He approached General McKinstry and offered him his hand. The General said, 'I don't shake hands with a murderer.' McNeil afterward asked three gentlemen to drink with him in the Planter's House Saloon. They turned on their heels and said, 'We don't drink with a murderer.' This was the reception he met with almost everywhere he went in St. Louis.

How TO FIGHT SAVAGES.—A letter in the Richmond Whig from Columbia, S. C., on the threatened retention by J. F. Davis for the murder of ten rebels by Gen. McNeil, contains the following paragraph:—"Georgia has enacted by her Legislature that every Yankee found within her borders after the 1st of January, shall, if caught, be hung. Governor Pickens has recommended the same, and our Legislature will enact it. Such should be the action of every Southern state. Have you reflected upon the consequences of Lincoln's proclamation, if it could be carried out? Read the history of massacres in St. Domingo, the horrid outrages committed by mere brutes, uncivilized negroes, upon tender and defenseless women. Thank heaven! we can have no apprehensions from our faithful negroes; but the crime has been none the less upon the part of the vile abolitionists. They gloat in anticipation over the scenes of horror which they fancy will ensue. Let but one thought animate the hearts of our brave soldiers, and nerve their arms—to have the heart's blood of every scoundrel who pollutes our soil, and whose soul is black with the infamy of the deeds which fortunately, they are impotent to execute.

INCOMPETENCY OF ARMY SURGEONS.—We have on several occasions called attention to the importance of a thorough reform in the medical services of the army, which is notoriously tainted with men not only dissipated in their habits, but utterly ignorant of their professional duties. Owing to one or other of these causes, nothing has been more common than for amputation to be resorted to where it was not at all necessary, and instances have even been known in which, where an arm and a leg were wounded—amputation being in one case necessary—the surgeon sent to perform the operation was so drunk that he took off the wrong limb. These facts, which have hitherto only occasionally reached the public ear through the complaints of the victims or their friends have recently found the fullest professional confirmation. In an able address from a number of prominent Boston surgeons, the Surgeon-General is informed that, "from their extensive field of observation among the wounded sent to that city, the army is sadly deficient of competent medical officers;" and, furthermore, that "the profession has been disgraced by many of its members who, having no just conception of the sacred duties of their calling, have entered upon it for selfish and mercenary motives. It seems that the service is polluted by men incompetent to judge when operations are required."—N. Y. Herald.

AN ANUSING DOG.—A few days since at Elmira, N. Y., while some laborers were engaged in digging a cellar, the owner of the premises picked up from the dirt a \$20 gold piece, which he took particular pains to show about town. The excitement became intense, and the cellar was quickly filled with volunteer laborers, who threw out the earth with a rapidity that must have been exceedingly gratifying to the person interested in having the work finished. Occasionally an old copper would turn up, and soon silver were in requisition. One 25 cent piece was discovered. At length the excitement became so in-

terense that one fevered bystander actually paid the owner \$4 for the privilege of digging 3 hours.—He was rewarded by the discovery of four coppers! The cellar was full of volunteer diggers from about 9 a. m. until nightfall, at which time a sufficient excavation having been made the owner proclaimed that more digging would not be allowed.

A correspondent of the Morning Herald says that a recent steamer from Liverpool took out twenty-four French guillotines, consigned to President Lincoln's agent in New York. Now that this secret has leaked out, we may add that one of these guillotines is so constructed as to be worked by steam. It is on the rotary plan and has six axes, so that six persons may be decapitated at each revolution. This one will be erected in Capitol Square, at Washington, and will first be tried on the Sioux Indians captured by Gens. Sibley and Pope. It is in a view of the arrival of this guillotine that the President has thus far declined to order the execution of the Indian murderers. Should it work according to expectation, it will become a 'permanent institution,' and will save the Government a considerable outlay for hemp and powder when Jeff Davis and his fellow-traitors are caught. As there is no longer any reason for keeping this remarkable importation a secret, we trust the people will have a chance to inspect the machines before they are forwarded to Washington; and for the purpose of gratifying public curiosity, we call upon Marshal Murray [the confidential agent alluded to by The Herald's writer] to give due notice of the arrival of the steamer. We may further add that unless the steam guillotine should prove a failure, the other twenty-three which are common affairs of the Robespierre pattern, will be used for chopping sausage-meat for contrabands desiring to return to Slavery.—N. Y. Herald.

A DISTINCTION.—'Is Mr. — good?' said a bank officer to a director, the other day. 'That depends on whether you mean God-ward or man-ward' was the answer. 'God-ward,' continued the director. 'Mr. — is good. No man in our church is sounder in the faith, or prays oftener in our meetings, or is more benevolent according to his means. But man-ward, I am sorry to say that Mr. — is rather theatrical.'

VIOLATION OF THE RECIPROCCITY TREATY.—The St. John's News publishes three affidavits from farmers who have taken their butter to market at Swanton in Vermont, stating that in defiance of the treaty the Collector at that Port charged them a duty upon their importations. Of course our Government will take the proper steps to obtain redress. The affair is probably due either to the officiousness or the blunder of the local agent.

THE HAMILTON DEBT.—The City Clerk of Hamilton has returned and sent the Assessment Rolls in to the Sheriff. The civic official says he was only gone on a family visit! But were the books related to the family?—Montreal Herald.

MONK WARNINGS NOT TO GET INTO DEBT.—The arrears due on the Municipal Loan Fund from the town of Prescott are about to be collected by the Sheriff. A deputation went to Quebec to endeavor to gain delay; but were very properly refused by the Ministry.—Id.

L'Ordre says that two French Canadians serving in the Federal army were lately shot for deserting. Their names were Jean Charlebois and Adolphe Blanchet. They resided in St. Joseph Suburbs of this city.

The Quebec Advertiser learns from reliable authority that it is the intention of the Government to call Parliament together at Quebec about the last of January, which is probably the most convenient season of the year for the meeting of the Legislature.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE EXILES FROM LIVERPOOL.—According to the official returns from the Government Emigration Office at Liverpool, it appears that during the month of October there sailed for the United States 17 ships "under the Act" having on board 358 cabin and 2,012 steerage passengers; and to Victoria, 2 ships, with 24 cabin and 805 steerage passengers; making a total of 16 ships and 2,893 passengers, 1,203 of whom were Irish, 1,167 English, 64 Scotch, and 183 other countries, showing an increase over the same month of 1861 of 471 passengers. Of vessels sailing under the Act, there left for the United States 14 ships, with 457 passengers; to Canada, 5 ships and 650 passengers; to Victoria, 1 ship and 29 passengers; to South America, 4 ships and 10 passengers; to the West Indies, 2 ships and 10 passengers; to Africa, 1 ship and 27 passengers; to East Indies, 2 ships and 6 passengers; and to China, 1 ship and 4 passengers; making a total of 30 ships and 1,303 passengers, showing a decrease as compared with October, 1861, of 306 passengers. Total emigration for the past month, 4,202; total same month last year, 4,036, increase in favour of 1862 of 166 passengers.—Post.

A Mr. Gort, one of the directors of the Crystal Palace Gas Company, has died from the effects of a garrulous fit received a few days since in White-chapel. And, finally, a solicitor in London, "a most respectable man," is at large on bail, charged with the commission of an offence almost too base to be mentioned.

THE SLAUGHTER OF INFANTS IN ENGLAND.—In commenting on the attempt made by a mother in the streets of Hereford to kill her child, and on a somewhat similar attempt that came before the magistrates at Worship street, the London Standard makes some remarks on the cheapness of infant life, and mentions that a parliamentary return obtained this year, on the motion of Mr. Cox, the member for Finsbury, exhibits one thousand one hundred and four cases of infants in the Metropolis on children under two years of age dying under circumstances that demanded inquiry. Of these verdicts were returned of willful murder in 86 cases; manslaughter, 5; found dead, 141; suffocation (unexplained), 131; suffocation (accidental), 147; neglect, want, cold, exposure, and natural disease, 614—total, 1,104. We print and preach against Horod, and yet seem to be actually out-heroding his Bethlehem massacre of the innocents, in the Christian streets of London. Cast-away dead infants are of every-day experience, it seems with the police, 'who have come to look at them (says Dr. Lankester) with indifference.' The learned doctor adds that he had no notion of the extent to which the crime had reached until he became coroner; and we have his assurance for the statement that some of the best authorities on the subject agree with him that the crime is more common with us here than in any other capital in Europe. We can, in fact, form no accurate conception of the extent, let us say, of the custom—for we may as well modify our language to the ethics suggested by the facts. Many years ago Dr. Robinson, of Newcastle, published a pamphlet to show that many thousands of the infants represented as still born came into the world alive; and it has been suggested that the number of burials that daily take place in London of infants so disposed of would, if known furnish a startling character in our social statistics. Two or three complaints have lately come before the London police courts from persons who, having to enter deceased relatives, have found the coffin supplied them, furiously charged with the dearest bodies of infants, represented as still-born. The extreme audacity of these attempts tells a strange tale of what is done under easier circumstances. And it is, perhaps, just as well, considering how powerless are our remedies, that sextons and undertakers should tell so few tales as those to whom they administer the last offices. Something ought certainly to be done to remove this disgrace from our country. Would real founding hospitals in every town have their use in this respect? and might not a beneficial alteration be made in the law relating to illegitimate children?

GARIBALDI'S KNIFE-MAN COMMITTED FOR TRIAL. — At Marlborough-street, on Monday, Pietro Ansoni, the Italian who has been remanded, four or five times in consequence of the inability of the prosecutors to appear, was again placed before Mr. Tyrwhitt, charged with stabbing, on Sunday, the 6th October, in the riots which took place on that day in Hyde Park, at the Garibaldi sympathy meeting, two young men named Albert Rose Wardell and Timothy Murphy. The prisoner was committed for trial.

COTTON SPINNING LORDS AND THEIR CHARITY. — We have no reason to suppose that the cotton lords and great landowners, or even the smaller millowners of Lancashire and Cheshire, are less humane than other people. No doubt, hundreds of them have subscribed very liberally to convert the Jews, to emancipate the Blacks, and to ameliorate the condition of very many interesting and remote and suffering ethnological curiosities. These noblemen and gentlemen and cotton-spinners are not, however, upon this occasion doing their duty in the same manner as landowners and employers of labour have been accustomed to do it in this Christian land of England in moments of great emergency occurring within their own sphere. It becomes, however, a very serious consideration how often these demands upon public benevolence are to recur, and how often the wealth absorbers of Lancashire are to leave the wealth winners of the community. The British people are generous and sympathizing, but they do not enjoy the task of performing other people's duties. While Lancashire and Cheshire contribute more to the income-tax than the whole of this metropolis, but pay a quarter of a million less Poor Rates than this metropolis pays, and while the whole surface of Lancashire and Cheshire pays a considerably less average Poor Rate than the metropolis parish of Chelsea, we hold that it is disgraceful in these rich counties to force the rest of the community to come to the assistance of their famishing poor, and to put us to the alternative of disbursing money which we can none of us too well afford or to leave half a million of Lancashire and Cheshire men and women to perish of cold and hunger. — London Times.

INFORMATION WANTED, OF CHARLES KILLEHER, otherwise CHARLES CAMP, Tinsmith. He is about twenty-three years of age, five feet eight inches in height, fair complexion, stoops a little when walking, and exhibits a medal said to have been received by one of his ancestors for distinguished service in the British army. Any information of the above-named person will be thankfully received by the Peterboro St. Patrick's Society. Peterboro, Nov. 24th, 1862.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. TENDERS will be received to the 20th of DECEMBER NEXT, by the Local Council of the PARISH of CHATEAUGUAY, for the CONSTRUCTION of a BRIDGE, at the Village of that District. All Tenders must be accompanied by a plan. Address to LOUIS BOURASSA Esq., Mayor, LOUIS DESPARVIS, Secretary-Treasurer.

NOTICE. PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that at the NEXT SESSION of the PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE, APPLICATION will be made by the SAINT PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY of MONTREAL for an ACT of INCORPORATION. JAMES O'FARRELL, Secretary. Montreal, Nov. 25th, 1862.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that during the NEXT SESSION of the PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE, Application will be made by the SAINT PATRICK'S SOCIETY of MONTREAL for an ACT of INCORPORATION. P. O'MEARA, Recording Secretary, of St. Patrick's Society. Montreal, Oct. 10, 1862.

SACRED PICTURES FROM RUBENS. MR. TROYE invites the public to the above, as well as to his specimens of PORTRAIT PAINTING at MR. ROLLAND'S STORE, ST. VINCENT STREET. He solicits an early visit, as his stay will be short. PROSPECTUS OF THE ASSUMPTION COLLEGE SANDWICH, CANADA WEST. Under the Patronage of their Lordships the Right Rev. the Bishop of Sandwich, and the Right Rev. the Bishop of Detroit, U. S.

THIS COLLEGE is under the direction of the Rev. Fathers of the Order of St. Benedict, whose Mother-house is at St. Vincent, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, U. S. It is situated in the south-western part of Canada, in the Town of Sandwich, only two miles from the City of Detroit, and can be most easily reached by land and water from every part of Canada and the United States. There is a Classical and a Commercial Course. — The Classical Course comprises the English, French, German, Latin, and Greek languages, together with the other branches of literature which are usually taught in all great Colleges. The Commercial Course comprises the English, French, and German languages, Mathematics, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Geometry and Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy, etc., according to the capacity of the pupils. Vocal and Instrumental Music will also be taught, if desired. There is also a Philosophical and Theological department, in which are taught Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, Dogmatic and Moral Theology. Religion is the basis on which the whole plan of education will rest, and propriety of manners and correctness of deportment will be strictly enforced. The Scholastic Year commences on the first Monday of September, and ends on the first of July. The Discipline is strict, but mild and parental. All letters, except letters from parents, must be submitted to the inspection of the President. The use of tobacco is prohibited. No student is permitted to leave the College unless accompanied by his parents or guardians, and this will be allowed only on the first Monday of the month, or some other convenient day. TERMS, (INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.) Board and Tuition, for quarter of 80 days \$25 00 Washing, mending, and the use of Library, ditto 3 00 Instrumental Music, ditto 3 00 Spending Vacation at the College 20 00 No extra charge for Vocal Music. School Books and Stationery will be furnished by the College at the usual prices. No advancement in money will be made by the College to the students. It is therefore desirable that each student should deposit \$10 at least, for unforeseen expenses. The second Quarter commences on the 15th instant. CAMILLUS MACKAY, O. S. B., President. Assumption College, Sandwich, Nov., 1862. 31.

M. O'GORMAN, Successor to the late D. O'Gorman, BOAT BUILDER, SIMCOO STREET, KINGSTON. An assortment of Skiffs always on hand. OARS MADE TO ORDER SHIP'S BOATS' OARS FOR SALE.

CANADA HOTEL, 15 & 17 St. Gabriel Street.

THE Undersigned informs his Friends and the Public in general that he has made GREAT IMPROVEMENTS in the above-named Hotel. Visitors will always find his Omnibus in waiting on the arrival of Steamboats and Cars. The Table is always well furnished. Prices extremely moderate. SERAFINO GIRALDI. May 28. 5m.

DR. SMALLWOOD, (Late of St. Martin Isle Jesus), SAINT ANTOINE STREET. MONTREAL.



This peculiar taint or infection which we call SCROFULA lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an enfeebled, vitiated state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay. The scrofulous contamination is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered digestion from unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The diseases which it originates take various names, according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become ulcers; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These all having the same origin, require the same remedy, viz. purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous distempers leave you. With feebly, foul, or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: King's Evil or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Syphilis and Syphilitic Infections, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weaknesses, and, indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cures may be found in AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC, which is furnished to the druggists for gratuitous distribution, wherein may be learned the directions for its use, and some of the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies had failed to afford relief. These cases are purposely taken from all sections of the country, in order that every reader may have access to some one who can speak to him of its benefits from personal experience. Scrofula depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victims far more subject to disease and its fatal results than are healthy constitutions. Hence it tends to shorten, and does greatly shorten, the average duration of human life. The vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a remedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alterative power. By its aid you may protect yourself from the suffering and danger of these disorders. Purge out the foul corruptions that rot and fester in the blood; purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. By its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus expels the distempers which lurk within the system or burst out on any part of it. We know the public have been deceived by many compounds of Sarsaparilla, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proven by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the afflicting diseases it is intended to reach. Although under the same name, it is a very different medicine from any other which has been before the people, and is far more effectual than any other which has ever been available to them.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, The World's Great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease. This has been so long used and so universally known, that we need do no more than assure the public that its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do all it has ever done. Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists everywhere. Lyman, Clark & Co. Montreal.

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NEW SERIES OF CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOOKS. THE METROPOLITAN ILLUSTRATED READERS. Compiled by a Member of the Order of the Holy Cross. The Metropolitan Series of Readers, although only a short time published, have been introduced into a large number of our Schools and Colleges.

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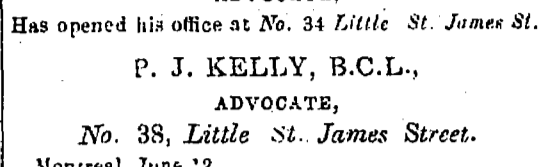
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July 21st, 1861.

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The Montreal Gazette

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THE GREATEST

MEDICAL

DISCOVERY

OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy for

EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder storms.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.

One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two to three bottles will clear the system of bile. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst ulcer in the mouth and stomach.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.

One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.

Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corns and running ulcers.

One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.

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

Three or four bottles are warranted to cure scrofula.

Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT.

TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; and you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.

For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.

For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.

For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such relief that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.

For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.

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

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

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

Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the TRUE WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1856.

Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB, Superiress of St. Vincent's Asylum. ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphan in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. SISTERS of ST. JOSEPH, Hamilton, C. W.