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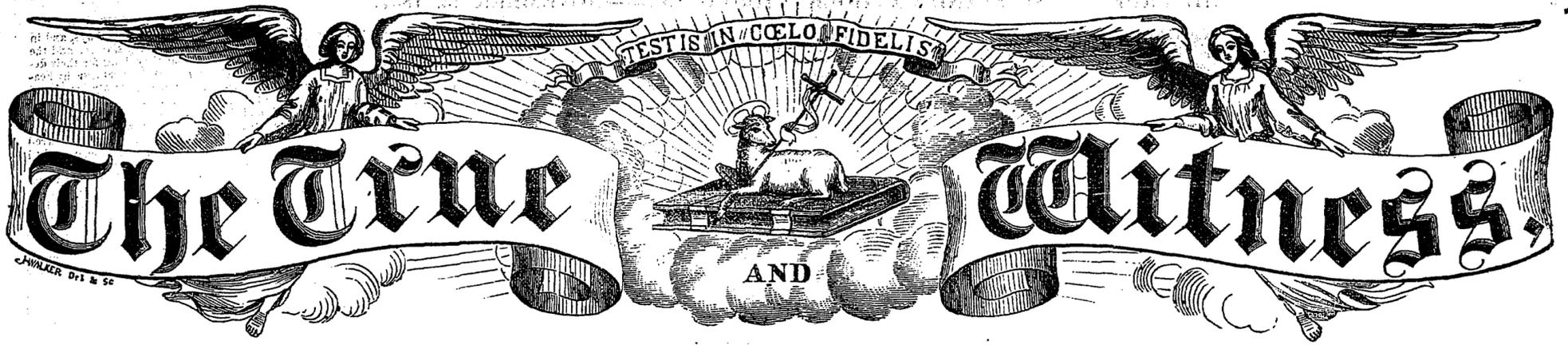
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VIII.

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No. 14.

"MY EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE."

A BRIEF EPISODE
By Carl Cantab.

My friend, Mr. Fogg, editor of the Plainville Standard, made me an early call one morning in June.

"My dear friend," said I, "I am glad to see you, and shall be equally glad to serve you, if you will tell me how."

"To tell the truth," he replied, "it is on an errand of that sort that I have come. I want to go out of town for a month—editors need a vacation as well as members of other professions—and I wish you to take my place."

I accepted at once, partly to oblige Fogg, and partly because, having dabbled considerably at scribbling, I conceived that editing a paper would be a light and agreeable business. Shall I go farther, and confess that, excellent as my friend Fogg made the Standard, I thought that if I had free scope, I might be able to introduce some improvements?

The next number of the Standard contained the following:—

"PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The editor of this paper, being necessarily called away for a few weeks, has secured the valuable services of Mr. Carl Cantab as his substitute during the interim. We are confident that the interests of the paper will not suffer, with so able a writer at the helm."

This was very flattering, of course, and I might have felt complimented if I had not known that it was all in the way of business.

One pleasant morning I took my seat in the office of the Standard, clothed in all the authority of editor-in-chief. Requesting the "devil," with an authoritative air, to call at the post-office immediately for such exchange papers as might be due, I was soon busily engaged in reading, or rather running through them.

"Trash!" was my commentary on most. "It really surprises me that there should be so many poor papers when it is so easy to make a good one. So ill-judged, too. Here, for example, is a long leader about 'The Universe.' Now who wants to read about the universe? The great point is to take some every-day subject, and write about it in such a way as to arrest the reader's attention at once. For example, 'Loafers.' What is more common than loafers? I believe I will write an editorial on that subject."

Very appositely to my subject a man entered at that moment, "who thought he'd just drop in, and read a few of the papers, if I had no objection." This being given rather shortly, he began to make himself completely at home, pulling the papers roughly about, this way and that. At length he was absorbed in an amusing story which seemed to tickle his fancy amazingly, to judge from the suppressed exclamations which ever and anon proceeded from my arm-chair in which the fellow had installed himself. Before knowing his character, I had offered it to him, merely from politeness, and he, with unparalleled effrontery, accepted, leaving me to sit on a three-legged stool—the only other sitting article the office contained.

"I declare," said he, at length, "my wife would like to read this. I suppose you have no further occasion for it?"

"Haven't had a chance to look at it myself," said I, somewhat grimly.

"Ah, indeed! then I'll bring it back to-morrow, or maybe next day. Good morning, sir.—It's a beautiful day," and the fellow actually carried off the paper.

I didn't remonstrate. I was glad enough to get rid of him on any terms. I resumed my arm-chair and my interrupted editorial on loafers, of whom I wrote with an acerbity foreign to my nature, and which possibly might have been induced by the personal experience through which I had just passed.

It was about half completed when the door opened, and a young gentleman in spectacles entered.

"Is this the editor of the Standard?" he inquired.

"That is my present position."

"I called on a little matter of business," he proceeded. "I am a graduate of one of our universities, and having just completed the regular course of study, am about to go abroad. As my means are somewhat restricted, I have formed the idea of making an engagement to furnish a weekly letter to some paper. The Standard has been recommended to me."

"Ahem," said I, "may I ask where you are going?"

"I think of going to the Sandwich Islands first."

"I am afraid that our readers would not care sufficiently for letters from that quarter to make it worth while to form an engagement with you."

"My terms would be only ten dollars each for a weekly letter. Perhaps you are not aware that I gained a prize for writing in college.—May I ask you to look at this certificate from our professor of rhetoric?"

"My dear sir," said I, hastily, "I do not question your qualifications. I have no doubt you can form an engagement with some other paper, but I fear that such a feature would not commend itself to our readers."

"Do I understand," said the young man, glaring fiercely through his spectacles, "that you decline my proposition?"

"Really, my dear sir," said I, in a conciliatory manner, "I fear I shall be obliged to do so."

"Then, sir, allow me to say you are throwing away an opportunity which may not again present itself. I pity your taste, and your readers' taste, if they prefer the silly, namby-pamby stories that appear to such a nauseating amount in your paper, to the instructive records of travel, such as an intelligent correspondent might supply you with. I have the honor, sir, to bid you good-morning."

Hereupon the young man departed with a lofty air, and left me at peace once more.

"I wonder," was my internal reflection, "whether Fogg is often troubled with such visitors?"

For ten consecutive minutes I was permitted to labor on my interrupted editorial, when another visitor appeared.

"Is Mr. Fogg in?"

"No, sir, but as his substitute I shall be happy to serve you."

The stranger produced a box of pills.

"You must know, sir, that I have been laboring for some years past on the preparation of a remedy for consumption. At length, after immense labor and research, I have prepared a pill which, I venture to say, will prove an infallible cure in the most obstinate cases. I have the pleasure of presenting you with a box of Dr. Elias Forbes' Anti Consumptive Pills."

I endeavored to appear grateful, though, never having been afflicted in that way, I was somewhat doubtful as to its value in my own case.—At all events, the gift seemed disinterested, and I thanked him.

"By the way," said Dr. Forbes, as he was about leaving, "I suppose you will favor me with a notice?"

The secret was out.

I hesitatingly answered in the affirmative.

Immediately upon the departure of Dr. Forbes, I sat down and penned the following puff:—

"We have just received from Dr. Elias Forbes a box of his Anti Consumptive Pills. He says they will cure the most obstinate case of consumption. Perhaps they will."

Congratulating myself on my success, I at once summoned the "devil," and entrusted him with this "copy."

Again I resumed my article on loafers. In the midst of a brilliant passage, another visitor appeared. Not overjoyed at this new interruption, I looked up and encountered the bashful glance of a young lady with red hair, turn-up nose, and a countenance delightfully variegated with freckles.

"Please, sir," said she bashfully, "I am Seraphina Sunflower, the authoress of Lines to a Deceased Fly."

Never having heard of the "Lines" in question, I supposed I looked puzzled. "I am delighted to see you, Miss Sunflower," I remarked. "Did the—the poem you speak of appear in the Standard?"

"No, sir,"—surprised at my ignorance of so celebrated a poem; "it was contributed to the Weekly Rambler. I have never written anything for the Standard; but should be willing to do so. What are your terms?"

"Two dollars a year," said I, blandly.

"I did not mean the subscription price of the paper, but how much do you pay your poetical contributors?"

"We—ahem—that is, our friends are kind enough to make us a free gift of their productions in that line."

"But don't you pay for superior poetry?" said Seraphina, insinuatingly.

"It is against our principles. The Muses should never become mercenary."

Seraphina was somewhat taken aback, and looked slightly disappointed.

"I have brought a poem with me," she said, "which I should be happy to see transferred to your columns. It is, if an authoress may judge of her own productions, superior even to the 'Lines on a Deceased Fly,' which you are aware, made a great sensation."

I took the poem from the hand of the fair poetess with an instinctive foreboding. They proved to be seventy-seven very plaintive stanzas, entitled, "In the cold, cold grave I faint would lie."

It was exceedingly dismal, and I found it difficult to realize that such a prolonged wail could have proceeded from the not over romantic looking young lady before me.

"Your poem, Miss Sunflower," I observed, "is undoubtedly a—very remarkable production. It is somewhat longer than we are accustomed to publish. You couldn't shorten it?"

"Not without marring its proportions, and

impairing its symmetrical beauty," said Miss Sunflower, haughtily.

"Perhaps," said I, with mild deprecation, "you might find some other journal where length would not be an objection. Seventy-seven stanzas make three hundred and eight lines, and that would fill two columns or more."

"The same objection," said Miss Sunflower, sarcastically, "which you urge against my poem, applies to 'Milton's Paradise Lost,' and to a much greater extent."

"But Milton did not offer Paradise Lost to a newspaper. My dear Miss Sunflower (she began to relent) though your poem is too long for a newspaper, it is not too long for a magazine, or a book, when, as I have no doubt you will wish to do at some future time, you gather your poems and publish them in a collected form."

I hope I may be forgiven for these hypocritical words, but I was in a scrape, and took the easiest means to get out.

This adroit flattery appeased Miss Sunflower, who soon after left the office. She was kind enough to say that she would bring in a shorter poem to-morrow. I internally resolved to mislay it—accidentally, of course.

"Copy!" shouted the imp.

My editorial was not yet finished. In my perplexity I handed him a scrap of paper, without looking at it, supposing that it contained an item which I had written a few minutes before. When the paper came out, I was horrified to find that I had unwittingly published a letter from a dissatisfied subscriber, to the following effect:—

"Mr. Editor, Sir—You needn't send me your paper any longer, as I shall not take it out of the office. It is in my opinion the most worthless paper in the country, so far as my knowledge extends. During the period for which I subscribed I have not been able to discover anything in it worth the trouble of reading, and consider it a contemptible swindle upon the community.—Yours, &c.,

"JOHN BRIGGS."

This was a sad mistake, but I remedied it as far as possible, by insinuating in the next number that it was from a non-paying subscriber, and off setting it by two or three laudatory letters from different parts of the country, which I wrote myself.

My article on "Loafers" was duly completed and appeared, likewise the puff of Dr. Forbes' pills.

On the morning of publication I was somewhat startled by the sudden entrance of the doctor, an evidently a very excited frame of mind. He had in his hand a copy of the Standard. His finger was upon the obnoxious item.

"Did you write that?" he asked foaming.

"Yes," said I, coolly. "I hope it suits you."

"Suits me! Confound your impudence!—Suits me! What do you mean by that, sir?"

"You seem angry—why, I am at a loss to guess."

"Sir, in impugning my medicine, you have insulted me."

"Impugn your medicine! How?"

"Here, read that," and he placed the paper within two inches of my nose. "He says it will cure the most obstinate case of consumption.—Perhaps it may." "I demand an explanation, sir."

"It is very easily given. I only meant to say that, personally, I had no experience of the matter, and not being able to speak positively, I said 'Perhaps.'"

"If that is the case," said he, suspiciously, "you will perhaps recall the expression, which you must admit is equivocal."

"With pleasure."

Accordingly in our next issue I inserted the following item:—

"We stated last week that perhaps Dr. Elias Forbes' pills would cure consumption.—On further reflection we have decided to recall the statement."

Whether this proved satisfactory I never had an opportunity to learn.

But still another incident remains to be chronicled. When engaged in writing my leading article on "Loafers," it will be remembered that a visitor took the liberty to rummage the exchange papers, and finally carry off one without leave. One part of the article read as follows:—

"But, perhaps, the meanest description of a loafer is one who enters an editor's sanctum on no ostensible business, and without leave or license takes possession of his papers, for which he is too mean to subscribe, and spends the morning in reading them, to the discomfort of the rightful proprietor, who cannot order him to leave without incurring the charge of impoliteness.—Perhaps friendly reader, you may never have met with such a personage. We have. There is one, even now, sitting in our office, laughing over papers which we have not had a chance to look at. Of a verity, the loafer who frequents the newspaper office is the most obnoxious. We

are happy to state that the individual in question has just left, taking with him one of our most valued exchanges. We can dispense with it, since he goes with it."

This was too pointed to escape the attention of the person intended. It was not long after the issue of the paper before he entered the office in a great heat.

"Did you write that, sir?"

"I did."

"And did you mean me?" with still greater ferocity.

"Mean you, dear sir? What should make you think it meant you?"

"Why, I was in the office one morning."

"And so have fifty more been here. But why should you suppose I meant you in particular? Of course you didn't take my seat, and read my papers, and carry one away before I could read it, and then never return it."

"Good morning, sir," was the hasty reply, as he left the office, conscience stricken, I hope.

Within an hour the paper taken from the office was returned in a tattered and dirty condition. The only use I made of it was to consign it to the flames.

I will not narrate my numerous other experiences. At the end of the month Mr. Fogg returned. I was delighted to see him. I told him so.

"How do you like editing?" he inquired.

"Delightful as a recreation, my dear Fogg, but as a permanent thing—ahem!"

"That was all."

"When next I wish to get into hot water, I am going to take Mr. Fogg's place for another month.—True Flag."

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND ORANGEISM.

It is not in any spirit of malignant triumph that the Catholics of Ireland rejoice at the steps now taken by the Irish Government to put an end to the disgraceful and unjust system of Orange ascendancy in Ireland. The persecution which this Institution has inflicted on the people of this country, since the year 1795, is written with the tears of the nation; and no Irish Catholic, or indeed no man of right feeling of any class or creed, can recall the anniversaries, the public processions, the professional dinners, the speeches, the galling music, and the other insulting items of this harassing confederation, without being grateful to the head of our Local Government for dissolving this most mischievous combination against the peace, and, in fact, against the very lives of the Queen's subjects. It is not with any view of opening old wounds that I make allusion to the past unhappy career of this Society; but it is a record which can, perhaps, be never entirely obliterated from the Irish heart—namely, that the bitterest remembrances of our history, the most dismal and disastrous memories of our creed and our race, are associated in the national mind with the rampant insult of Orangeism.

And this scheme of sanguinary ascendancy, this offspring of former cruel legislation, not only oppressed the Catholics of Ireland, but its spirit has evoked new persecutions in other countries; and in Glasgow, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in London, and, in fact, in every Scotch and English city or town, the Northern anti-Catholic hostility has been imported wherever an Orangeman resided, and has everywhere presented the same characteristics which it developed at home. Even in the United States of America, and in the Canadas, some of the most melancholy calamities of these countries have been legally traced to the existence in their cities of this Irish Northern Confederacy; and it is true to say, on authority which cannot be disputed, that the greatest obstacles to his advancement which the poor Irish emigrant meets on the other side of the Atlantic is the hatred, the vindictive malignity, which crosses his path at every step, from the same rabid bigotry which oppressed him at home. In fact, the North of Ireland was the great parent seminary where this anti-social sentiment was taught and encouraged; and its disciples, in going to the Western Republic, carried with them no feeling which urged them with such offensive zeal, and which lived within them with such undying vigor, as their hatred of the Irish Catholic. As a matter of course, this sad spirit awakened on the other side (as in 1795) an organized antagonistic resistance (namely, a combined defence of life and property,) which, up to this time, has, at home and abroad, branded the Government which patronised the aggressors as amongst the most persecuting and bigoted Cabinets of Europe.

Lord Carlisle does deserve the sincere and wide-spread applause of every man of liberal opinions in Ireland for the suppression of this most unjust conspiracy; and it must be very gratifying to his Excellency to read the testimony from all quarters of the almost universal approbation of the country for this masterly, though

long-delayed stroke of social wisdom and sound national policy. The letter of the Lord Chancellor had scarcely been one day published when men of former high Orange principles acknowledged their hearty concurrence in the official communication; and the journals which were once the organs of a furious ascendancy principle have been loud in their praise of the Chancellor, and have owned that the time is now come for the total annihilation of a class who never at any period did much good to the State, but who, at the present time, are the fruitful source of national discord.

Although no man of principle can justify any scheme which produces riot, or social ill will, yet the greatest praise is due to the Catholics of Belfast for their firmness in bringing the confederacy to a final issue. They armed themselves legally in mutual defence, and they laid down their arms the moment the Government guaranteed their protection. This conduct of the Catholics of Belfast is, in its own sphere, somewhat resembling the conduct of O'Connell at the first Clare Election, before the act of Emancipation was granted: by his masterly policy he forced the cabinet of England to an issue on the question of Emancipation; and he gained, like the men of Belfast, justice and government sanction for the cause for which he struggled. The honest, firm, true-hearted Catholics of Belfast deserve the thanks of the people of Ireland for their legal conduct in this now happily ended affair: their combined defence of themselves and their properties was free from any charge of social or religious malice; they have not braded themselves with the awful crime of spilling blood; and their voluntary extinction of their Gun Club the moment the Government came to their assistance, is an act of submission to the constituted authorities, which earns the esteem and merits the respect of all classes of the community.

The next desirable act of the Government would be to confine the degradation, the malignity and the ribald infidelity of street preaching within the conventicles built and set aside for the purpose. I do not mean any insult to the doctrines taught in these places of (what is called) worship; and I should be the last person in the world to restrain the liberty of publishing truth in any place one chooses to utter it without offence to others. But, on referring to a sermon lately delivered by an old correspondent of mine, in the public streets of Belfast, I do think that the Protestants of that town are not so destitute of respect for their principles, nor so bewildered with bigotry towards others, as to concur in the literary, charitable, Christian and winning address of the Rev. Mr. McIlwaine, as published in the Northern Whig. The extract which the Whig furnishes was spoken by the Reverend gentleman on the day of public humiliation; and most truly humbled should be the enduring congregation to be compelled to listen, as they believed, in the presence of God, to an Orange rhapsody from a pulpit, in which falshood in fact, coarseness in feeling, indecency in language and slander in religion, all seem struggling for the mastery in this apostolic discourse, delivered for the advancement of virtue! the glory of God! the propagation of Christian truth! and the salvation of souls!! This singular combination of political malignity and social discordance with evangelical pretensions may be fairly considered as the palpable cause why the churches of Belfast are not half filled, while the Catholic population has increased within fifty years from 1,500 to 50,000! The extract is as follows:—

"After the prayers were read, he drew a comparison between Irish and Indian idolatry, stating there was something respectable in the latter. They had gorgeous idols to worship; there was really something national about the idols of the Indians. The religion of Heathenism was respectable when compared with the religion of Romanism. He would ask them what were the idols of Rome—what would they think of those who held their God in their hand? What were the members of the Church of Rome doing? There was not an organ of the Catholic religion that was not inviting its followers to rebellion. He went on to say that the religion of Rome was not Christian, and that much of the present miseries and sufferings now endured in India were owing to the encouragement, on the part of the British, to idol worship in that country and in Ireland."

No way discouraged by the extinction of Orangeism, the Belfast sowers have redoubled their street preaching: not less than nine open-air sermons were delivered in Belfast on last Sunday; and the work of the Lord, which in this town means throwing brick-bats, fighting with staves and stabbing with knives, goes on with success.

If one could guard against the social mischief of this insane street bigotry, there can be no doubt at all that it tends to lessen and degrade Protestantism; and in the same proportion, by the contrast, to elevate Catholicity. The converts from Oxford were first led to examine the tenets of the Catholic Church from daily witnessing the absurd pretensions of their own Church; and some of the very first men in the county Limerick, in the county where I write

this letter, and in other parts of Ireland, have turned to the examination of our creed from the disgust felt for the bigoted singularity of their former creed and its professors.

Any person visiting the different parts of Ireland at this moment cannot fail to hear a universal murmur against Protestantism, expressed with a more intense mixture of contempt and hatred than perhaps at any former period of our history; and this increased horror of the Anglican "persuasion" seems to be principally derived from the degradation of the tract distributors, and the furious slanders of the street preachers: The time is certainly not far distant when the Parliament will be compelled, in defence of the nation and of the security of the empire, to take the finances of the Church under their control; to confine their national ecclesiastics within their churches, to limit, like the Orangemen of Belfast, their powers of discord, and to restrain within the bounds of toleration and common decency their flagrant violation of their accredited office.

D. W. C.

Wexford, Thursday, Oct. 15.

TREATMENT OF CATHOLIC SOLDIERS BY THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

(From the Cork Examiner.)

The systematic injustice with which the East India Company have treated the Catholic soldier, entitles that body to the indignation and contempt, not to say of every Catholic, but of every man who appreciates faithful service and gallant deeds and scorns meanness and ingratitude. Even in the moment of their panic, when that empire which has had its origin in violence and rapacity, reels to its centre, and seems hurrying to dissolution—even then this peddling Company will not adopt a course consistent with fairness and common justice. While they are profuse in their assurances of respect for the faith of the Hindoo and the Mussulman, the fiercest enemy of the cross, they treat with cold indifference the claims of the very boldest and bravest of their Christian chivalry—the very soldiers on whose courage they rely for the restoration of power jeopardized by their own parsimoniousness or incompetency. The Hindoo and the Mussulman are to have their religious alarm allayed, their religious jealousy appeased, their religious scruples respected; but the Irish soldier, who fights and bleeds in their cause, is unworthy of their consideration. We could quote many instances illustrative of the scandalous neglect of the Irish Catholic soldiers serving in India; but let one suffice. We quote the words of the Bengal Catholic Herald:—

It will be in the recollection of our readers that soon after the disbandment of the 19th N.I. and of a portion of the 34th N.I. so patent was the mutinous spirit existing among the other native regiments at Barrackpore, that for the protection of life and property, a wing of one of the European regiments was marched to that station, and without 200 or 300 European soldiers.—Generally speaking, Irish Catholics form a noisier in Queen's regiments in this country, and therefore it is the bounden duty of the bishop in whose vicariate they may be stationed, to see their religious wants properly provided for. When the European soldiers were placed at Barrackpore, a Catholic clergyman was immediately sent up, and found his flock to number between two and three hundred. Now, it was only reasonable to expect that government would grant the usual paltry stipend to the chaplain officiating there, and accordingly Bishop O'Leffe on the 21st May informed government, that a clergyman had been stationed at Barrackpore, requesting that the government allowance might be granted him.—Some three weeks after, a production, No. 250, signed by the Military Secretary, Colonel Birch, emanated from the Council Chamber, in reply to the bishop's letter, declining any pay to the priest, adding:—"There is no depot at that station, and European troops are only temporarily located there."

The Herald goes on to state that the bishop again, on the 13th June, urged the matter on the authorities; but notwithstanding that it was one of great moment to his flock, no reply was vouchsafed till the 30th of July when intimation was given to him that his application was not successful!

Let our readers consider this case with attention; and we venture to say that there is not one who does so—unless he happen to be some bigoted bigot, like those wretched mountebanks who desecrate the house of God by foul revilings of the faith of their Catholic countrymen—that will not denounce the conduct of the Indian government. Here is an important station placed in a condition of great peril by the mutinous spirit of the native troops, and rescued from that peril by the timely presence of European soldiers, the greater number of whom are of the Catholic faith. These men form a barrier to the tide of blood which sweeps over the land. Where they stand, there is protection for person and for property, for the honor of the female, and the life of the tender infant. The very rascals who meditate murder and rapine, but whose ferocity is chained by the presence of the European soldiers, are flattered and soothed; and assurances are given them of the profound respect in which the government holds their religion. But the same government which indulges in hypocritical blandishment to the Pagan, treats with base ingratitude the most sacred convictions of their Christian defenders! The very air of India is loaded with death. Not the bullet of the assassin is more deadly than the rays of its blazing sun. The strong man who rises in the morning in the vigor of health and strength may be a corpse before night. Sun-stroke and cholera are worse enemies than the Sepoy—than the treacherous Hindoo, or the savage Mussulman. And yet, with death ever near them, these gallant men, so far as the government are concerned, are denied the presence of a priest! The bishop does not neglect his duty; he sends a priest to minister to the Catholic soldiers—to console them in sickness, to afford them consolation in death, to advise and influence their conduct in

health. The bishop applies to the government whose empire these men are defending, for payment for the priest whom his paternal solicitude has provided for them; but he is refused, on one of those wretched red-tape excuses which, born of Downing street, now stink in the nostrils of the people of these realms. Because the troops are only temporarily located in a certain station, therefore they are to have no priest, no worship, no religious observance! They may sicken, they may rot, they may die; but because sickness and death strike them down in a station where "there is no depot," therefore it is all according to strict rule. Would to Heaven that the whole of the authorities of India, whether in Calcutta or in Leadenhall street, were compelled to shoulder the musket, and made exist on the hard fare of the soldiers to whose comfort and well-being they are so cruelly indifferent. It would do the turtle-eating fat-heads of Leadenhall street a world of service.

We began by stigmatising the conduct of the Company as systematically unjust; and that is what it is, and what it has been. Some fourteen years since, the honor of the British arms in India mainly depended upon a single man and a single regiment. The man was the heroic Charles Napier, who came nearer the true antique type than almost any captain of modern times. The regiment was the 22nd—then an entirely Irish corps. That man and that regiment won the battles of Meeanee and Dubba against ten times the number of the British force engaged in those terrific conflicts. By their heroism they wiped out the disaster of Cabul, and restored the prestige of the English name. It was a crisis in which the safety of the Indian Empire was involved, and, under God, its preservation was owing to that great general and that gallant regiment. But then, as now, the Catholic soldier was neglected by the ungrateful Company in whose service he spilled his generous blood. To show with what scandalous uniformity the same system has been carried on, we quote the following passage from the striking work in which the eminent historian Sir William Napier chronicles the eventful career of his gallant brother, the Conqueror of Scinde:—

"Meanwhile Charles Napier had not only to resist these intrigues, but to enforce the rights of his soldiers upon the neglectful parsimony of the factious Bombay Government.

"Bombay Government Secretary, Oct. 1843.

"I request of you to represent to his honor the Governor in Council, that the troops in Scinde are in want of pastors, Protestant and Catholic. There is one Protestant clergyman here, but no Catholic priest. At Hyderabad and Lucknow there is neither Protestant nor Catholic clergyman. The Mussulman and the Hindoo have their teachers; the Christian has none! The Catholic clergyman is more required than the Protestant, because the Catholics are more dependent upon their clergy for religious consolation than the Protestants are; and the Catholic soldier dies in great distress if he has not a clergyman to administer to him. Moreover I have not the least doubt that a Catholic clergyman would have great influence in preventing drunkenness. But exclusive of all other measures, I can hardly believe that a Christian Government will refuse his pastor to the soldier serving in a climate where death is so rife, and the buoyant spirit of man crushed by the debilitating effects of disease and heat. I cannot believe that such a Government will allow Mammon to cross the path of our Saviour, to stand between the soldier and his God, and let his drooping mind thirst in vain for the support which his church ought to afford. Is his widow to be without consolation in the depth of her affliction, and in a land of strangers? I hope not sir, and therefore earnestly request that Protestant and Catholic clergymen may be sent to Kurrachee, Lucknow, and Hyderabad."—Vol 2—p. 458.

This passage reflects honor on the memory of that heroic leader, and speaks volumes for his liberality. But the spirit of the pedlar has never ceased to influence the Company; and the same dirty economy of fifty years hence characterises their acts to this hour. How well justified is this sentence written by the man who knew them well:—

"In India economy means, laying out as little for the country, and for noble and useful purposes, as you can; and giving as large salaries as you can possibly squeeze out of the public to individuals, adding large establishments."

The most ferocious and savage of the native rulers of India have done as much for its material advancement, and the happiness and progress of its people, as the East India Company—whose reign, we trust, to speedily at an end, and that vast dominion placed in the hands of those who will be amenable to public opinion, and responsible for their conduct to parliament.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS SCHOOLS, ENNISCORTHY.—A great boon has been conferred on the inhabitants of Ennisclorthy by the recently opened institution in their town. On Tuesday last we visited the schools, and were surprised and pleased to observe the marked influence which these good men exercise over their juvenile pupils in the order and discipline which pervaded the numbers present. There are two rooms, in which were assembled 240 children, who, since they have come under the instruction of the brothers, have acquired habits of cleanliness and neatness of attire, both of which are so essential to the moral and social position of these children in after life.—Wexford People.

MISSIONS IN ADAMSTOWN.—The unceasing labors of the Redeemptorist Fathers in this parish are crowned with the same signal success, and bring forth the same heavenly fruits as in all other places where the sunlight of their presence has shone. The fathers are Rev. Messrs. Petcherine, Theunis, Bradshaw, and Vanderae. Passing through Adamstown, on last Tuesday evening, I stopped there the same night, and during my stay was informed that the Faithful travel all night, distances from six to ten miles, in order to gain at early dawn the object of their souls' dearest desire. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up at half-past five o'clock each morning, and truly, on Wednesday, I was pleased and surprised to observe the crowds that were assembled at that hour to assist at the Most Tremendous Offering.

The devotion of these unsophisticated people was most sublime. At ten o'clock the Rev. Parish Priest ascended the high altar, and having given the blessing, descended and administered the Holy Communion to a large number of regenerated souls. The confessionals are surrounded with prostrate penitents long ere the sun has blessed this hemisphere with its glorious light, and long after he has gone to shed his golden beams on our antipodes.—Wexford People.

Hogan, the celebrated sculptor, who wrought the admirable figure of O'Connell for this city, has undertaken to produce a statue in bronze of the Apostle of Temperance for this city, and have it prepared for erection by the 1st of January, 1859.—Limerick Chronicle.

Mr. W. Smith O'Brien has addressed a letter to Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P., on the subject of the Matthew Monument. He says, "He (Father Mathew) won for himself and for his cause a triumph such as has rarely been achieved on Irish ground—that of obtaining from those who differed with him in religious convictions a degree of confidence and attachment which could scarcely be surpassed on the part of those who worshipped at the same altar with him. For myself, whether he be or be not canonised as a Saint by the Church of Rome, I am disposed to regard him as an Apostle who was specially deputed on a divine mission by the Almighty, and invested with power almost miraculous. To none of the ordinary operations of human agency can I ascribe the success which attended his efforts to repress one of the besetting sins of the Irish nation. If I had read in history that such success had attended the labors of an unpretending Priest, whose chief characteristic was modest simplicity of demeanor, I own that I should have distrusted the narrative as an exaggeration; but we have all of us been witnesses to the fact that myriads simultaneously obeyed his advice, and, at his bidding, abandoned a favorite indulgence. Even now, though the fervour of a first impulse has long since departed, we have the satisfaction of perceiving that the enduring effect of his teaching has been to establish total or comparative abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors amongst the population of Ireland. On the other grounds too, of a totally different kind, I rejoice that the citizens of Cork have resolved to erect a testimonial in honor of the memory of Father Mathew. I confess that it pains and humiliates me to perceive the readiness with which my countrymen award honorary distinction to the representatives of English dominion in this country without considering whether by their personal merits, or by their connection, past or future, with this country they can rightfully claim a title to couple their names with the institutions and memorials of Ireland. I was amused by finding, in a Cork newspaper which reached me lately, an illustration of this tendency, in the name given to a building appropriated to the insane, which is called 'The Eglington Lunatic Asylum.' Now, though I am not jealous of the association of names, which I find in this particular case, I protest against the practice which has hitherto prevailed of leaving unhonored the memory of the most illustrious children of our own soil, whilst we bestow compliments, often empty, because undeserved, upon every delegate who may be sent for a time to administer amongst us the dominion of England. Impressed with these feelings I have recently witnessed with much satisfaction the erection of a statue at Limerick to the memory of O'Connell, which will, I trust, be soon followed by the construction of a memorial in honor of Patrick Sarsfield. Under the influence of the same feelings, I now hail as an evidence of improved sentiment the determination of the citizens of Cork to erect a monument, which it is to be hoped will be not unworthy of one of the greatest benefactors that ever conferred blessings under Providence upon the inhabitants of this island. Allow me to add that it has also given me much pleasure to learn that you have undertaken to write the biography of your illustrious fellow-citizen. The author of 'Rome and its Ruler' cannot fail to do justice to the virtues of his distinguished and revered fellow-countryman."

The Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of the Earl of Lucan, Lord Lieutenant of the County, has appointed Henry William Wilberforce, Esq., of Innishobane, County Mayo, Ireland, and of Onslow-square, London, to be a magistrate for the County of Mayo. Mr. Wilberforce has lately become a landed proprietor in the West of Ireland.—Galway Vn.

RUN ON THE BANKS.—The inhabitants of Tipperary, who are disposed to panic, as need not surprise any one, since the explosion of the Tipperary swindle, have again made a run on the local branches of the Bank of Ireland and the National. The *Cinnel Chronicle* states that the feeling of uneasiness and desire for gold is likely to increase in the country during the next few days; but speaking of the town of Tipperary our contemporary adds:—"The anxiety to procure gold in exchange for deposits, so general amongst the lower classes of the tenant farmers in this neighborhood, seems to be subsiding to day (Tuesday). At the National and Bank of Ireland all demands were at once met; and owing to the prompt attention of the managers, Messrs. Carnegie and Horner, confidence is again becoming restored among the small depositors, by whom alone any fears were entertained. Though this run has continued since Saturday there is not the slightest apprehension amongst the larger depositors or traders." Of course not. In the perfect security of the banks the fullest reliance is placed. The panic among the people has its origin in their recollection of past losses, but is senseless in the extreme.

On Saturday last a rumor was prevalent in town that there was a screw loose in the Belfast Bank, and during the entire evening this office was beset by dozens of people anxious to learn the truth of the matter. On Monday, we understand, there was a slight attempt at run, but it was a lame affair, for the bank could have shovelled out gold faster than any demand that could have been made upon it. On Tuesday, in Armagh a similar attempt was made, but with a similar result, and the panic in a short time subsided. With regard to the Belfast Bank we can state without hesitation that, constituted as it is, the Bank of England is not safer.—*Ulsterman*.

THE MONEY PANIC IN BELFAST.—Two large merchants in Belfast—a shipowner and manufacturer—have been obliged to call a meeting of their creditors. The liabilities of one we understand to be between forty and fifty thousand pounds.—*Ulsterman*.

The fine weather, during the last six months, has enabled the contractor to push forward with rapidity the works on the line of railway to Downpatrick and Ballynahinch, and several miles are already prepared for the rails. The railway, it is hoped, will be opened for traffic, as far as Ballynahinch, early in the ensuing spring, thus securing the traffic, during the summer, to Newcastle, 'The Spa,' &c. We believe the company intend early in the ensuing session of parliament to apply for a bill to make a line from the station at Holywood, by Cultra, to Bangor, and onwards. It is almost unnecessary to say that this is a most desirable object, and that it will open up a splendid district of country to the inhabitants of Belfast.—*Belfast News Letter*.

THE POTATO-BLIGHT.—The *Banner of Ulster* has the following statement with respect to the potato crop in the north of Ireland. From other quarters of the kingdom the accounts are by no means so unpromising, but it would be idle to deny that the old fatal blight has made greater ravages even in the south and west than most people were prepared to admit before the crop had reached to full maturity:—"We regret to find that, as the real quality of the 'keeping' crop of this year comes to proof on digging out, in this district, the proportion of unsound tubers is even larger than had been feared; and, what is still more disheartening, that the ratio is further increased on storing, especially in pits—the most common practice. Prices, therefore, of potatoes fit for table use may be expected to go upwards as the season advances, not only from this cause, but on account of the deficiency in Scotland, in the east of which country the most fertile and best cultivated portion of the disease has destroyed, in an incredibly short time the bulk of the crop in some places."

The government has just issued a proclamation, revoking from Limerick and surrounding districts the proclamation of the Peace Preservation Act, which was extended to the city in the month of December, 1847, and more widely in May, 1848. We do not know why the city should have been permitted to remain so long under ban; but it is agreeable to find that, though late, the ban has been withdrawn, and that Orange Belfast, of tea fraud, Sunday preaching, and violent anti-Popery celebrity, is the only town in Ireland now groaning under the pressure of the unconstitutional enactment.—*Limerick Reporter*.

IRELAND'S POLICY.—If England's difficulty be Ireland's opportunity, because it affords Ireland an occasion of obtaining justice, it is even more true to say, as we showed last week, that England's difficulty is England's opportunity, because it gives England not only an occasion of doing justice, but a motive also. There is another mode of stating the case—viz., that an imperial difficulty is an opportunity for an aggrieved portion of the empire which is suffering from a denial of its just claims. The reason is obvious. When all the constituent parts of the empire are called on for a combined effort to avert a common evil, nothing can be more reasonable than for any portion which is unjustly treated to point out that it is by so much the less interested in the result, and by so much the less disposed to contribute its share of exertion in time of peril, as the rest of the empire is unwilling to allow it its fair share of profits and advantages in time of prosperity and security. Viewed under this aspect the case resembles that of two partners in a firm. The elder and stronger (England) having long oppressed and imposed its will on its weaker neighbour (Ireland), at last takes advantage of its weakness, and forces it against its will to enter into partnership. The firm being thus *de facto* constituted, there is this further feature, that the stronger partner throws upon the weaker an unequally large portion of the work, and divides with it an unequally small share of the advantages. The weaker partner is and ought to be dissatisfied. But at this period a crisis comes, and the firm itself is threatened with a disaster which the weaker partner's peculiar powers are specially required to avert. The weaker partner has to exercise an option, and in this option its own views of its own interest are rightly made its only rule. It may either say, you forced a partnership upon me, of which the terms were originally unfair, and since then you have never treated me as an honest partner should. Now that the firm is threatened, and the peculiar means at my command are especially available, I want to come to terms. Do me justice. Treat me as a partner. Here are my grievances. They are fairly and distinctly stated. Redress these, and all that I can do is at the service of the firm. If you refuse this fair offer, you may do the work yourself. But if you will treat me honourably I had rather live with you on friendly terms, and treat you generously, even more than justly. This is one mode in which the weaker partner may exercise his option. But there are others. He may say—I never was your partner but by force. I never recognised the tie further than was necessary to save me from ill-usage. I have always hated you. I hate you still. "There is not a vessel of yours which is wrecked, there is not a general of yours who is slain, there is not a battalion in your service which is routed and overthrown, that the people of Ireland do not gloat over with the greatest satisfaction and delight." So says the *Dundalk Democrat*, and so say I. I am glad that you are in difficulties. I hope that they will overwhelm you. I will not move a hand or foot to help you. Nay, as soon as you are very weak I hope that I shall find courage in my own heart to give you the last stab. There is a third mode, and it is that which the Irish Catholic Whigs may not unfairly be described as favouring. Such an one would say to the stronger partner—You cannot, and you don't, deny, speaking between man and man, that you have used us vilely. I don't want to specify instances of your bad usages for fear any one should overhear me, but you know that Irishmen and Catholics have been abominably used. Well, you want us now, and cannot do without our help. Let us, then, come to an understanding. I don't talk to you about the Church Establishment, or tenant right, or religious equality, or equal representation, or protection to our national industry, or the promotion of our shipping and commercial interests. But will you give us, that is, us, your friends, place, office, patronage, and money? Will you take care of Dowd? Do that, and in return, as far as in us lies, we will do our best to give you the blood and bone, the muscle and the sinew of our peasantry. They shall work for you, starve for you, fight for you, die for you. You shall have our country, our education, our Church, and our religion at your will, if only you will act the gentleman by Dowd. These, as it appears to us, are the three courses open to the Catholics of Ireland, and we can see no difference, save in degree, between their case and that of the Catholics of England. It is not for us to dictate, nor even to prophesy, which of the three courses they will take. The original motto of the *Tablet*, when started by its great founder, were the words of Burke, "My errors, if any, are my own; I have no man's proxy." But, whether right or wrong, on one point the *Tablet* has been consistent always. It has always advocated, and still advocates, the adoption of the first of three courses described in this article. It has insisted that the first duty and the paramount interest of Catholics and Irishmen consisted in their urging and enforcing their rightful claims to just treatment for themselves their country, and their Church, by the legal and constitutional means at their disposal. If these were once exhausted we should be prepared to quit the field in favour of those who advocate the other alternatives of an open struggle or a resigned submission to irresistible force. But the legal and constitutional means within our reach, so far from being exhausted, have never yet been fairly tried. From the passing of the Emancipation Act eight-and-twenty years have elapsed. Much has been achieved within that time. Much remains to be done, but to us, it seems preposterous to pretend, for an instant, that the greater portion of the blame, for the postponement of our just rights, is due to anything but our own misconduct, our own mismanagement, our own cowardice, our own laziness, our own treason, and our own corruption. We are too easily elated and too easily depressed. We tire too soon of any definite course of action, and too eagerly abandon it to follow the first will-o'-the-wisp which shines to lure us from the rugged, narrow path of fact and duty to the quagmires of dreamy repining or impossible vaticination. But is nothing to be done in Ireland? No signs of action are at present visible. One portion of Catholics are either seeking to ingratiate themselves with the Government, and to obtain places for themselves, or for their friends, the other portion

is engaged in wishing success to the Sepoys, and in assuring the Government, the Legislature, and the majority of the empire that they long for their destruction, and are sighing for their overthrow by heathens and idolaters. If, as we are firmly convinced will not be the case, their wishes are crowned, if the English and Irish soldiers and civilians in India are either massacred or driven out, we shall have been proved to be deficient in foresight, and to have erred in our calculations; but if the mutiny be quenched in blood, if the insurrection be suppressed, and the British rule be re-established with all the additional power that is the invariable consequence of an unsuccessful rising, we trust we may not have the barren triumph of pointing out that an opportunity has been lost which, if our advice had been taken, might have been made fruitful of great things in the interest, not only of Ireland, but of the whole empire, and of the Catholic religion. It certainly appears to us that a demand for the concession of our rights after the danger has been overcome against our wishes and without our aid will have less chance of being attended to than a demand urged now while the conflagration still rages, and while our help is being sought.—*Tablet*.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN AND LORD ST. LEONARDS.—The following letter, addressed to the *Liverpool Daily Post*, puts some of the points raised by the letter of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin in so clear and simple a form, that we transfer it to our columns, as showing that the common sense view of the case, which we put some days since, is not without supporters in England:—

"Sir—I find that Archbishop Cullen has been subjected to very severe animadversion in consequence of a passage in his published letter, touching the collection of the Indian Relief Fund. I think the animadversions are very unjust. If he had published a violent and anti-English tirade, I could well understand why he had been assailed. But he has not done so. His language is devoid of passion or political partisanship; and if he discusses the religious complexion of a very important public movement, surely he is not transgressing upon ground he has no right to occupy. And now, allow me to ask, is the matter of his complaint not worthy of remedy, if true? I need not offer you any opinion of my own upon this point. Lord St. Leonards, who undertakes to answer him admits that it is; but his plea is that it is not true; or, if true, the Catholics have assented to it—and that complaint is too late. This is completely a lawyer's answer; but from such a quarter you can expect no other. And now, what does Dr. Cullen say? First, he says, that whenever an application was made on behalf of a widow or orphan by a Catholic Priest for relief from the Patriotic Fund, he was never successful. Lord St. Leonards admits that this is true. He says, however, that the applications were not overlooked on that account. Perhaps so, but the insult to the Priest—such systematic neglect was an insult—was not the less therefore. Dr. Cullen says, that in Dublin the fund was also distributed through a parson, and that the *locus in quo* was generally the vestry in his church. Lord St. Leonards doesn't deny this, and surely, sir, in a place like Ireland, or in any place, such things ought not to be. What would be said if any one proposed to send Protestant claimants to a Catholic Priest in a Catholic vestry? Have not the latter feelings also, which ought to be respected? Well, Dr. Cullen complains that the Sisters of Mercy were refused the superintendence of the education of the Catholic Orphans supported from the Patriotic Fund. I thought their services were recognised throughout the empire in connection with the Crimean war, and that neither hostility nor worse would be exhibited towards that noble band of women, at all events, in any matter connected with the Patriotic Fund; but it seems that Lord St. Leonards and the committee were otherwise disposed. Very well, Dr. Cullen must submit. But is that the reason he should not complain, and seek to have matters ordered differently in future? I think not. "Moreover," says Dr. Cullen, "the residue of the Patriotic Fund has been entirely disposed of for Protestant foundations. Lord St. Leonards answer is, "that due regard has been paid to the religious feelings and education of Catholics."—How? Is any officer of all those institutions a Catholic? Not one. Is it proposed that any should be? Lord St. Leonards is silent on this point. But he says he was under the belief that the arrangements were satisfactory to all denominations. I am not able to see how he could suppose any such thing; and—always speaking in a Pickwickian sense—I don't believe Lord St. Leonards was under any such persuasion. At all events the Duke of Norfolk's letter will disabuse him. Now, sir, you see when we come to examine all Dr. Cullen's complaints, they are found to be well grounded, and all Lord St. Leonards' replies are admissions of the charges. I perfectly concur with this nobleman that it would be "unwise" to have a separate collection for parties of the Catholic persuasion; but I do not find Dr. Cullen suggests any such thing. On the contrary, he does say, and it seems to me on no weak grounds, that the Catholics ought to take care that the new fund is entrusted to hands less objectionable among Catholics than those of Lord St. Leonards.—I am sure he is not far wrong. Yours, &c., AN IRISHMAN.

PARTIAL CHARITY.—When Lord St. Leonards taunted a venerated Archbishop of the Catholic Church with writing from Rome in ignorance of domestic affairs, he little suspected into what a vortex of blunders he was plunging himself. The Patriotic Fund, he triumphantly asserted, was impartially distributed. In fact, to suspect, much less accuse, the managers of anything approaching to partiality was preposterous in his Lordship's eyes; and, by this vague expression of virtuous indignation, he met the specific statements of Dr. Cullen, who pointed out several institutions assisted, founded, and endowed out of the fund, not one of which was Catholic, or in which a Catholic could obtain assistance or shelter and remain true to his creed. But the letter of the Duke of Norfolk, which we published on Saturday, proved that the Archbishop was right—or, at least, that the allocation of the fund did not, as Lord St. Leonards had fondly supposed, give satisfaction to Christians of every denomination. Indeed, how a man of his Lordship's ability, his clear-headedness and experience, could have supposed anything of the kind, seems difficult to understand, if, as the *Weekly Register* states, his Lordship knew "that while nearly half the sufferers in the Crimea were Catholics, the Patriotic Fund placed more than five hundred children in orphanages, while they placed in all the Catholic orphanages for both sexes, including Ireland as well as England and Scotland, only one." Would he have been content with any system of management, however plausible, if its practical results had been that the Catholic orphanages had received five hundred and the Protestant orphanages only one?

Out of the many instances of partiality which have been brought under our notice we select the following as being the most specific:—

To the Editor of the *Dublin Evening Post*. Sir—On the 12th December last, Corporal James Guilfoyle, of the 40th Regiment, died at Chatham, leaving five children orphans (his wife having died three years back). He was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, born in Urrlingford, in the county of Kilkenny; and his wife was also a Roman Catholic, born in Johnstown, in the county of Kilkenny. Previous to his death, and in the presence of the Roman Catholic Chaplain of the garrison, the Rev. W. G. Morley, he called his children to his sick bed, and with their hands in his, pledged them, at all and every risk, never to abandon the faith, and which they pledged themselves to do. Having received their assurance, he stated that he also told Major John Buckley, the barrack-master or superintendent of the garrison, this; he then departed this life. The Roman Catholic chaplain was present at this affecting scene and in some measure looked upon himself as the im-

mediate guardian of these children; and forthwith took measures towards their future support. Major Buckley, shortly after the death of Guilfoyle, took the children under his care, and placed them at school with a Protestant, and occasionally on week days, for religious instruction, to the Roman Catholic Chaplain. Two of them were confirmed during the summer by the Bishop of the Diocese, Dr. Grant. As time wore on the Major refused to allow them to their Chaplain, except on Sundays to Mass, and then only for a short period. All the rest of the week—Protestant schools, Protestant care, Protestant everything.

Under the new instruction they were receiving, it is not surprising that the tender years of the children could not bear up under the weight put upon them, and the inducements held out to them. Suffice it to say that the eldest girl, about 14 years old, abandoned the faith, became a Protestant, and was taken into the service of Major Buckley; and when remonstrated with by the Chaplain, Father Morley, he replied, that he intended, as soon as he could, to place the remainder of the children out at school, and, of course, out of the reach of Father Morley.

The poor Priest, seeing his little flock thus being torn from him, and recollecting the dying injunction of the father, brought the matter under the notice of the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, which correspondence was ended by the Duke stating that he had no control, as it did not belong to his department. Application was made to other departments to the like effect. In the mean time, two of the children, girls, were sent to school at Hampstead where Alice Rice is; and one boy to the Duke of York's school. Father Morley had, then, no alternative but to make out the next of kin, and raise up a legal guardian; and not knowing where to find him, had to advertise in the *Kilkenny Journal*, in the name of charity and religion, to make out the brother of the late Corporal James Guilfoyle, of the 40th Regiment (Guilfoyle having enlisted in Kilkenny). His brother was, after much delay and trouble, made out and proceeded the 1st September last to Chatham to demand his nephews and nieces. The eldest girl, who was at service at Major Buckley's, the moment she saw her uncle—not hearing of him for the last five years, thought he was dead—flew into his arms, would not remain in the service of the Major longer; and demanded the two children at Hampstead, whom she coaxed away under pretence of bringing them out to play. Guilfoyle demanded his nephew from the Major, or, if he did not get him, stated that he would proceed at law against him for his recovery. Ultimately, the Major gave an order to get the boy out of the Duke of York's school.

Such cases as these are quite common, daily occurring. The Patriotic Fund is altogether in Protestant possession, Protestant Peers, and Protestant parsons and gentlemen on its committee, and the relief doled out passes through Protestant hands, in which Roman Catholics have no voice or representation. If the "Patriotic Fund" were fairly applied towards relieving the children of Catholic and Protestant soldiers impartially, why not have asylums for each creed, at least schools that would be always under the eye and care of their respective ministers, until arrangements might be made so as to meet the wants of each religious creed? Under existing circumstances, how can funds be expected henceforward from Roman Catholics? The children of Corporal James Guilfoyle, of the 40th Regiment, are an illustration; and were it not that John Guilfoyle, the brother of James, was made out, these five poor children, born of Catholic parents, notwithstanding the dying wish of their father, the promise made by the Chaplain, and witnessed by the Roman Catholic Clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Morley, they would have been brought up Protestants, and would remain Protestants.

This is a clear, circumstantial, and specific statement, showing that, under the present system, the children of Catholic soldiers are exposed to constant peril. Every man interested in the safety and welfare of the State—Protestant as well as Catholic—is bound, by duty as well as by honourable principles, to protest against a system so unchristian, so uncharitable, and so oppressive to Catholic soldiers.

TRACT DISTRIBUTION IN THE STREETS.—Our attention has lately been more than once directed to the practice that has arisen in this city of pushing into the hands of passers by tracts and handbills calculated to insult and outrage the religious feelings of Catholics. That this practice is being carried on in the most audacious manner we have reason to know. The locality of Benson's-bridge, the neighborhood of the railway station, and the steamboats seem to be the most favored scene of operations, and a person can scarcely pass along without having thrust into his hand some printed infamy calculated to insult his faith and outrage his religious convictions. We are told that two or three persons are employed by some society to carry on the work, and we know, from our own observation, that they do carry it on in an open, scandalous, and offensive manner. We deem it, therefore, our duty to demand of the mayor and magistrates of the city to take cognizance of this proceeding, and to direct the constabulary to bring before them the persons engaged in it. To nip the evil in the bud is the wisest course of procedure, and we cannot doubt that the magistrates would find much less difficulty in dealing with the matter in its primary stage than if the matter came before them in this way.—A Catholic walking down Patrick's quay has thrust into his hand a printed paper, headed "Can a Waster be a God?" If he repels the outrage, and retaliates with the spirit of a man, and punches the fellow's head who offers him this indignity, or it may be, if he is of an excitable temperament, and a stalwart cast of bone and sinew, he pitches the party who thus assails him into the river what a commotion will arise? We trust that Cork, in regard to its social condition, has not reached the degraded level of Belfast, and that the suggestion which we offer, as to putting a stop to these irritating and exciting proceedings, will meet with a ready response from those functionaries in whose hands rests, and who are responsible for the peace and tranquility of the city. We shall have done our part in giving them due and timely warning, and we trust the duty which devolves on them on their part will not be neglected or overlooked.—*Cork Reporter*.

THE HOLY PROTESTANT CHURCH.—The rectory of Dromeliff, in the county of Clare, is for sale, and the following description is given of it as an enticement to clergymen looking out for a very easy life: "There are no duties of any kind to be performed, and the living may be held with any other preferment or clerical appointment in any part of the globe. The income is £235 a year fixed, from which there are no outgoings whatever. The duties of the parish are performed by a resident Vicar, who receives the vicarial tithes. Age of present Rector, 71."

AN IRISH ENGINEER AT THE DEFENCE OF ARRAN.—The public have read with interest the accounts which have already appeared of this extraordinary defence. They are, however, but imperfectly acquainted with the distinguished part taken by Mr. Richard Vickers Boyle, civil engineer—a native of Dublin, and a member of a family highly and most deservedly respected—in the success of that defence and the preservation of the European residents. The *Calcutta Englishman* contains a letter written at Arran, two days after the relief of the little garrison, from Mr. Richard Vickers Boyle, in whose fortified house the Europeans and the Sikh police at this station found refuge, which gives a brief but graphic account of the noble stand made by the refugees for seven days against Rajah Koer Singh, at the head of a force of disciplined Sepoys and insurgents of one hundred times their number. It is a singular feature in this memorable defence that not one of the sixteen Europeans in the little garrison was a military man! This is the more remarkable when we consider that the defence was characterised as much by military skill as by heroic courage. Barricades were raised, the walls strengthened to withstand the cannon, and the enemy's mine was countermined in

a manner worthy of a military engineer. "It was to Mr. R. V. Boyle's engineering skill and untiring exertions" to use the words of Mr. Wake's report, "that the garrison in a great measure owed their preservation." The Europeans, although few in number, comprised the judge of the district and other valuable lives. These all have, under Providence, been preserved by the foresight and skill with which Mr. Boyle fortified and provisioned his little fort. But it is impossible to read the recent accounts without seeing the important bearing this defence has had upon the whole campaign. It had the effect of delaying for the space of seven days the advance of the country of Rajah Koer Singh at the head of 2,500 disciplined Sepoys, and about the same number of his own adherents, until the rebels were defeated and the garrison was relieved by the gallant band from Buxar, under Major Vincent Eyre. The army and civil servants of the Government justly engross much the greater share of the public honors, because they have much the greater power and opportunity of rendering public service; but when such public service has been effected by a volunteer, we cannot but think, especially in such a crisis as the present, that the Government of this country will but do their duty in advising the Queen to bestow upon Mr. Richard Vickers Boyle some signal mark of distinction.—*Evening Post*.

THE LATE 5TH ROYAL IRISH DRAGOONS.—The *Leinster Express*, alluding to the rumored resurrection of the old 5th Dragoons, who were disbanded at the close of the last century, has reason to believe that Colonel Dunne, late M.P. for Portlinton, is prepared to undertake the reorganization of the regiment.

THE TEA ROBBERIES.—There is no longer any doubt entertained that John James Moore, the principle in the large robberies of tea, and the fraud on the customs in Belfast, has succeeded in effecting his escape to America by the steamer Asia. He managed matters most adroitly. On Thursday, while the custom-house officers were searching his bonded stores, and loosing the chests, of which some 780 turned out to be 'dummies,' containing, instead of tea, turf, bricks, and straw, he was seen on 'Change, chatting unconcernedly, and throwing suspicion off his guard. He did not leave Belfast by the Liverpool boat that evening, nor did he leave Belfast by the early express train for Dublin, but he took a car, drove to Lisburn, where he entered one of the up trains to Dublin, and it was from that city that he crossed the channel.—A gentleman from Stockport met him on board after the steamer had left Kingstown, and there could be no doubt about the identification. Moore was just in time in Liverpool to proceed by the Asia, and Bates, the private detective officer, who was formerly connected with the Liverpool Police establishment, saw a person every way answering his description going on board the Asia and paying for a second-class passage with a twenty pound note. At this time a telegraphic despatch respecting Moore was in the hands of the Liverpool police, but it now appears it had not been acted upon. A detective officer was despatched to Liverpool from Belfast on Friday night by the Semaphore steamer, but he arrived just in time to be too late, as the Semaphore and Asia passed each other at the Sloyne. Immediately on his landing on the quays, hearing that the delinquent had succeeded in getting off, he telegraphed to Belfast, and a steamer, with an Admiralty flag and officers on board, armed with a warrant for Moore's arrest, left Belfast in the expectation of intercepting the Asia in the North Channel, on her outward passage. They were disappointed; the Asia had taken the southern route.—The steamer which put out from Queenstown to intercept her and arrest the delinquent was not more successful, for the precaution of providing an Admiralty flag not having been taken, the commander of the Asia would not stop for the signal, and Moore is now laughing at his dupes in some corner of the great republic, and speculating as to the best way of employing his ill-gotten gain. His clerk, Harbison, is still in custody, not having succeeded in getting bail; and the other alleged participants, Henley, is at large, his friends having promptly come forward to give the necessary bail. Both are bound, as stated in a previous communication, to appear at the assizes for trial. I may add that large quantities of Moore's teas are unpaid for to the London and Liverpool houses; that he received a good deal of cash in town from parties to whom he sold chests at the long price, representing them as 'duffy paid' and that so plausible was his manner of proceeding, he succeeded in taking in some of the most eminent houses in town. The extent of the fraud on the Customs is under £5,000, and on private parties it will reach some £10,000.

ORANGISM EXPOSED.—The Dublin Derbyite organ (the *Daily Express*) returns to its indictment against the Orange Society and its alleged uses, either as a political, social, or religious institution. A long and labored article in this morning's number concludes with these damning remarks:—"Orangism exhibits Protestantism in a camp defended by intrenchments thrown up half a century ago, then surrounded on every side by a multitudinous enemy, making desperate sorties occasionally, and inflicting signal vengeance. And now, long after peace has been established, when the barracks of the Queen are full of troops to protect them, the Orangemen obstinately keep the old ground—branding all Protestants as false or doubtful who do not wear their colors, and as heterodox who do not speak their shibboleth.—They refused to be merged in the great Protestant host, which is armed only with 'the sword of the Spirit,' led on by 'the Captain of Salvation,' gathering in recruits from men of all ranks and races, believing that God is no respecter of persons—that what He has cleansed we should not call common or unclean—that, as He made all of one blood, so He wills all to be saved and brought to the knowledge of the truth. Let us not be too imposed on by names, high-sounding phrases, or unfounded pretensions.—What has Orangism done to check the aggressions of Rome? Did it prevent Roman Catholic Emancipation? Has it prevented the Ecclesiastical Titles Act from being a dead letter? Has it prevented the spread of monastic institutions in Ireland? Has it prevented the national system of education from being converted into a system of Papal propaganda? What has it ever done to strengthen and extend the Protestantism of this country? By its own confession—nothing. It was besieged in its camp, occupied solely in defending its own existence. What has it done for poor Protestants, even as a benefit society? Where are its almshouses and its schools, its asylums for old age and orphanage? How many of the Protestant societies which fill the Rotunda during the month of April have been founded and supported by the Orange Society? Those educational and missionary societies are the strength and glory of Protestantism. It is by them that Roman aggression is encountered and repelled. Instead of lying besieged in their camp, cultivating lies, mending flags, and keeping alive the memory of battles, the propagandists of Protestantism boldly advance against enemy, like the liberating hosts of Ilaelock attacking Satan's strongholds, and still marching on 'conquering and to conquer.' The whole history of Christianity proves that the philosophy of Orangism on this point is unsound. True religion cannot be preserved without being propagated. While the church is merely defensive she languishes and becomes feeble. But when she goes forward armed for the war against ignorance, superstition, idolatry, anti-Christianism, and spiritual despotism, she becomes 'strong in the Lord and in the power of His might,' worthily fulfilling her mission as 'the light of the world.'"

However the war may terminate, the people of these islands may prepare for dear food, low wages, and the usual sequences. The result of reckless, criminal legislation is sure to fall heavily on the poor; and the working class may be sure that the pressure will not be removed by a temporary victory of the Colonial force over the Hindoo.—*Castlebar Telegraph*

LET ME assure you, Sir, into no hearts have the hideous acts of these mutineers burnt deeper than that of Irish Roman Catholics; and, as you will find none more forward in demanding that stern justice be done on the assassins than Irish Roman Catholics at home, so, in the field, trust me, the bayonets wielded by men of the same creed and country will not be the last to carry such demands into execution.

Trusting you will kindly forgive the intrusion, which, believe me, is well intended, I have the honor to be your obedient servant, LAWRENCE E. WHITE, Capt. and J.P. Newlands, Clonmore, Ferns, County Wexford, Ireland, Oct. 16.

GREAT BRITAIN. CONVERSION.—We (*Weekly Register*) are this week enabled to announce the reception into the Church of the Rev. Charles Aitken Roberts, Curate of St. John's, Notting-hill, by the Very Rev. Provost Manning, D.D., at his church at Bayswater.

The rate of discount at the Bank of England was raised on Monday to 8 per cent., the highest yet known. Surmises are afloat that it may yet go even higher. The accounts of the absolute suspension of all credit, and the consequent demand for gold in the United States, is the sole cause for these precautions; and it is observable that Consols, which were down to 80 on the only former occasion on which discounts were raised to 8 per cent. (exactly ten years ago this week), are now well sustained at from 88 to 89. No doubt is entertained that the crisis is merely temporary.—*Weekly Register*.

PROTESTANTISM.—We have heard of German University professors exchanging wives. We have seen the most signal event of the past session of Parliament to be nothing else than a successful assault on the institution of marriage. We read as news but lately that "Margaret Maclean is to be tried at Jedburgh for bigamy, having married two husbands, named Houston and Philip. Houston is to be tried at the same time for having married Maclean and two other wives. Philip, who is still alive, is the husband of Maclean and another wife." From the criminal calendar why not transfer Houston and Maclean to the Mormon calendar? They have but qualified for "saints"; it may be that Houston, having married three "wives," has attained the degree of sanctity requisite for an "elder." We cannot fail to observe in Protestant society how urgent is the demand for something novel in the spiritual market. The numberless sectarianisms are but so many attempts to make supply meet demand. Mormonism, which is the very last, is perhaps the nearest approach to a system affording full satisfaction to corrupt nature, if we except some of the very earliest developments of Protestantism in Germany, even in the lifetime of the first Reformers, which, however, had to be cut down by the sword and utterly exterminated. We know that from the first, as in Luther's own case, Sensuality is the mother of False Doctrine, Pride being its father. History, as regards the religious and social life of peoples, is but a practical exposition of the text, "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." The consequences of the adoption of the principle of Protestantism are at this moment exhibited in the world in all their variety, yet each is distinctly traceable to the one source. There is no disguising the relationship; there is no denying the common paternity. The respectable Anglican or the orthodox Lutheran revolts at the family likeness between himself and his ugly cousin, Mormon. He professes to despise and to renounce him, but they both own a common stock, and only differ in the number of their generations, or as so many varieties of the same race. The heretic objects to the developments of Catholicity. Let him examine the developments of Protestantism and judge between the two.—*Tablet*.

well warranted, for we believe some of them have already received the Grace of Conversion to the Church. We have no wish to institute such comparisons. The better the Protestant Clergy are, the better pleased we shall be, and the more the interests of the Church will be advanced. We heartily wish we could believe that, as a general rule, they are all that this writer describes.

Our readers will remember that a few weeks ago we published the particulars of several cases, in which the Catholic soldiers of whole regiments were fined a very material portion of their pay for sending their children to excellent Catholic schools rather than to a regimental school of a distinctly Protestant character. The danger does not cease with the soldier's death: the Military Orphan Asylums of India (as the bishop of Bombay lately showed in a convincing pamphlet) are proselytising, and in England the Patriotic Fund is ready with baits for unwary souls. There is the greatest practical danger that a Catholic who enlists will lose his own soul and his children's.—*Weekly Register*.

Sir John Pakington has written to the Lord Mayor of London, stating "that there exists in the public mind, in combination, with a desire to subscribe, a feeling that no adequate security has yet been offered with respect either to the responsibility under which the India Relief Fund is to be administered, or the principles, regulations, and conditions under which it is to be applied."

We are enabled to state that the 2d West India Regiment (composed of African negroes) is under orders for Bengal, and has probably ere this embarked at Kingston, Jamaica.—*Indian News*.

The fact as to secret societies is, that while, as the *Press* itself says, Orangism is but another name for Irish Protestantism, no individual member of the Catholic Church can be a member of any one of them, whatever be its name or objects. Whenever an end is put to secret societies, which have too long been the curse of some parts of Ireland, none will more heartily rejoice than the Catholic Clergy. It lies in the power of the British Parliament to cut them up by the roots; for it needs only to make the destruction of Orangism effectual by removing the Church Establishment, and they will die of themselves. Meanwhile it is the Catholic Church which keeps them in check, and greatly counteracts their fatal effects. Every one of their members is excommunicated and excluded from the Sacraments. An Irish Priest who finds his parish infested with Ribbonism procures the preaching of a Mission; and before it is over, every member of these societies has renounced them and given up to the Missionaries their secret symbols. Even Freemasons (although their society is believed to be guiltless of any offence beyond empty words and very substantial cheer) are obliged to do the same: for the Church's prohibition of secret societies as such, and however harmless, is absolute and without exception. But no historical fact is more certain than that the Ribbon Society, and all other secret combinations which have drawn Irish Catholics into their ranks, have been the result of the Orange Society. They have been the efforts of a nation whom the law failed to protect against their oppressors, to protect themselves without law, and by means too often lawless and wicked. Let any man, however prejudiced, read the second volume of the *Life of Grattan*, by his son, a Protestant of unquestioned honor, and we think he cannot resist this conviction. The crimes produced by Ribbonism none know so well or lament so deeply as the Catholics of Ireland. They have been such as fully to justify the wisdom of the Church in prohibiting secret societies for any object and under any pretence. But the real and ultimate cause of those crimes was not the Ribbon combination, but the Orange combination which caused it; not the indignation of the Irish people, but the crimes which moved it; not their lawlessness, but the abuse of law which made them lawless.—*Weekly Register*.

DEFENCE OF THE COLONIES.—The following important "Circular Despatch" has been issued from the Colonial Office to the governors of colonies:—"Sir, I am desirous that you should take every opportunity of impressing upon your Government that it behooves them not to neglect that reasonable amount of warlike preparation during peace which it is desirable should be everywhere maintained."

It is obvious that the state of defence in which each colony is maintained must have a great influence upon the general resources of the empire during the war.

They will be a source of weakness in so far as it is necessary for the land and sea forces of the mother country to defend them against aggression, and a source of strength if, while they are able to repel any ordinary efforts of an enemy's squadron, they will afford shelter and support to our own forces.

In fact, the defence of the colonies, from whatever source maintained, form parts of the defences of the empire, and it will be necessary that the Secretary of State for War should have on record information as to the state of the defence in which each colony is kept.

I would therefore suggest that you should once a year call upon the officer commanding Her Majesty's troops in —, to report to you upon the numbers and state of any local forces maintained by the colony—whether permanently embodied or as militia or volunteers—pointing out how often they meet for drill, and as far as he can judge their state of discipline and military efficiency. The officer of artillery upon the numbers and efficiency of all guns, carriages, platforms, and military stores (if any) under the care of the colonial Government, and the commanding officers of Royal Engineers upon the condition of all fortifications, batteries, barracks, magazines, tanks, or other military structures (if any) the maintenance of which has been entrusted to the colonial Government.

I have to add that corresponding instructions will be sent to the officer commanding the troops in I have, &c., "H. LABOUCHERE."

AN ESSAY ON THE AMERICAN EAGLE.—By the *Partington*.—This is the greatest bird that has spread his wings over this great and glorious country. The place where he builds his nest is called an eyrie, away up on the precipices where the foot of man can't come, though perhaps a boy's might. The eagle is a ferocious fellow, and sits on the tops of the cliffs and looks sharp for plunder. He gets tired of waiting, and then he starts out in blue expansive heavens and soars around on his opinions over the land and over the water, to see what he can pounce down upon. But though he is called a very cruel bird, he always preys before eating, just like any good moral man at the head of his family. He eats his victuals raw, which is an unfavorable habit, but it is supposed that he eats it so because he likes to. He is a very courageous bird, and will fight like blazes for his young, and steal chickens whenever he can see them. He has been known to carry off a young baby to his nest, which seems to show that eagles love little children. He is a bird of great talons, and is respected by birds of the feathered tribe that are afraid of him. He is a great study for artists, but appears to best advantage on the ten-dollar gold piece, and pretty well on the dime, as he sits gathering up his thunderbolts under him, as if he was in a hurry to be off. He has lately broken out on a new cent, and seems as if in his hurry he had dropped all his thunder. The American Eagle is the patriot's hope and the inspiration of Fourth of July. He soars through the realms of the poet's fancy, and whets his beak on the highest peak of the orator's imagination. He is in the mouth of every politician, so to speak. He is said by him to stand on the Rocky Mountains, and to dip his bill into the Atlantic, while his tail casts a shadow on the Pacific coast. This is all garrison. There never was one more than eight feet long from the tip of one wing to the tip of 'tother. His angry scream is heard over so far, and he don't care a feather for anybody. Take him every way, he is an immense fowl, and his march is over the mountain wave, with the star-spangled banner in his hand, whistling Yankee Doodle.

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AN OLD ADAGE VERIFIED.—Nothing can be more true than that even the direst misfortunes occurring to one portion of the community, confer a positive and direct advantage upon another portion. Thus

the monetary stringency is about proving itself of the greatest advantage to the owners of packet-ships sailing between our Atlantic ports and those of the Old World. The ships sailing from this city, New-York, and Boston, to Liverpool, are crowded to their utmost capacity with returning emigrants—people who have amassed a little money, and who prefer consols and Exchequer Bonds to any variety of American stocks. We learn that the inclination for a stampede for the old countries is found not only among the richer, but among the very poorest of the foreigners among us; and that the application made by penniless people to work their passage to their native countries are particularly pressing. Should the present state of affairs continue, emigration must receive as complete a check as the most radical "Know-Nothing" could desire.—*Catholic Herald*.

HUSSAR MERTISE IN NEW YORK.—Some alarming demonstrations have been made by the unemployed laborers, consisting mostly of Germans, of New York city. On Thursday a second large meeting was held in Tompkins Square. Resolutions were passed, an address to the Common Council was read, speeches were made, and then a procession formed which moved down to the City Hall. Arriving there, a petition to the Mayor was read from the steps, and then a Committee, appointed for that purpose, proceeded to wait upon the Mayor. The Committee having gained admission to the Mayor's office, presented their petition. The Mayor read it, and said he would bring the Memorial of the Tompkins Square meeting before the Common Council next week. Whereupon a Mr. Deeler said:—"Mr. Wood! You propose to communicate our memorial only next week to the Common Council, against which intention we must protest with all our power. The people outside are hungry, and myself the only protector of my family, with six children, being since six weeks without working. We cannot wait so long in our present misery. Why has the report on your Message not yet been published? The Common Council appointed long ago, a committee of five, and gave them orders to make their report on or before the 1st of November. Now, Mister Wood to-day we are on the noon of the 5th, and no report has yet been given. The people cannot wait any longer. Their sufferings are cruel, and we cannot warrant that the people—their patience exhausted—should not 'help themselves' by employing physical power with its unavoidable brutalities." He and his comrades, the committee, had done all they could to keep the peace: but now the people ask for work or death." After this speech, the Mayor answered he would bring the Memorial before the Common Council immediately. The Committee then left, and the meeting in front of the City Hall was adjourned to meet at the same place next Monday. Another meeting, however, was soon after held in the Park, at which a blacksmith named William Bowles, in his speech, said:—"There were no doubt many who would help them, but some one was needed to show the right that the poor were in want. Well then, to Wall street they should go to proclaim their situation. The moneyed men must shell out to the poor; and, if they would not, the market would be their resort."

THE RIGHTS OF NEGROES.—We see that in Boston itself, the city that so strongly desired to retain Boreas—which boasts of the "cradle of liberty," and claims the honor of nourishing Wendell Phillips—there is a dispute in the Supreme Court as to whether a negro has a right to sit in the family circle of a theatre, having purchased a ticket therefor. The Court, by consent, rendered a decision against the colored plaintiff in the case, McCreary, who was denied admittance to the family circle of the Howard Athenaeum, and that persons has taken an appeal to the Supreme Judicial Court. The trial does not appear to create any excitement in Boston, where we judge that even the Abolitionists of that city are not fond of granting to the colored people "rights" which interfere with their own tastes. They like Sambo very well a long way off, but they cannot endure him within smelling distance.

UNITED STATES ARMY.—It is well known a large number of naturalized citizens enlist in the military service of the United States. Those who in these hard times may think of entering the ranks ought to know, that promotion, if they are Catholics, is not conferred, no matter what may their good conduct be, or length of service. They should also know that the Chaplains, always Protestant, are permitted to visit the Catholic soldiers and insult them by exhortations to apostatize. When the great Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, this interference with the faith of Catholic soldiers was suppressed by the old hero most effectually. We trust that the present administration, or the secretary of war, may be induced to remind commanding officers, that when a man enlists he does not sell his conscience.—*Catholic Mirror*.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—The Worcester *Spy* states that a few days since an Irishman named Michael Smith was sent to the State Almshouse at Monson, together with his four motherless children, by Bannister, clerk of the Worcester overseers of the poor. Wednesday morning a fine looking Irish lady called at Mr. Bannister's office stating that she was from Charleston, S. C., and was in search of a brother whom she had not seen for eight years. "She stated that her husband was a planter, of large property, and that she had heard that her brother had lost his wife, was poor, and in this section of the country. She said his name was Michael Smith. Mr. Bannister pointed to his record and showed her the name of her brother. She was overjoyed and sat down and wept, so deep were her feelings. She stated that she left nine trunks full of clothing in Providence, which she had brought on for the supply of her brother's family, and that she should like them all home with her; where her brother could be employed upon the plantation of her husband, while her own attention should be directed to the education of the children. The lady took the next train for Monson, and has ere this communicated the glad news of relief to her brother."

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 13, 1857.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We have nothing fresh from India to report. It will be seen with shame and regret that at Dinapore a party of the 10th regiment have disgraced themselves by imitating the brutality of the Sepoys. Their officers, of course, did their best to check these outrages, and the military authorities will no doubt use every exertion to bring the scoundrels to justice, or in other words to the gallows.

The commercial depression in the United States has reduced large numbers of the working classes in the large cities to a state of destitution; who like their brethren in Europe under similar circumstances, have adopted the Communistic theory that "society owes them a livelihood," and seem disposed to enforce practical recognition of that theory by means of physical force. The government is taking measures, by stationing troops in the menaced districts, to preserve the peace; but it is yet to be seen whether the social system and institutions of democracy will be able to resist the force which has so often proved fatal to the monarchical and aristocratic systems of Europe.

In Canada, an immediate dissolution of Parliament, a General Election, and a remodelling of the Cabinet, are looked forward to as inevitable. Mr. Terrill has already resigned; and it is hinted that of the French Canadian portion of the Ministry, one or two others are about to follow his example. What grounds there may be for these reports we cannot say, but we hope that they are well founded, as nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see gentlemen whom we sincerely desire to respect, renounce their present connection with a body for which we, as Catholics, entertain the most profound contempt.

The 5th inst., passed off pretty quietly, notwithstanding the efforts of the Orangemen and their "white chokers" leaders to get up a No-Popery cry. The only outrage that we have as yet heard of, occurred at Kemptville, where the store of Mr. W. J. Dyer was broken into, and from which some money and goods were carried away.

The *Montreal Herald*, by way of stigmatising as illiberal the action taken by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, with regard to the collections made in the Catholic churches of England and Ireland for the relief of the sufferers by the Sepoy mutiny in India—publishes with many marks of approbation a letter from a person styling himself Count Batthyany—[your Hungarian Counts by the way are as plentiful as blackberries]—and who also calls himself, we know not upon what grounds, a Catholic—reflecting in very severe terms upon the "sectarian hypocrisy" of the Prelates above named. It is therefore no breach of charity if we hold the *Montreal Herald* responsible for the sentiments of Count Batthyany; and we trust that our cotemporary will not deem us exorbitant in our demands if we request of him to lay before his readers the reasons which have compelled the Cardinal, His Grace of Dublin, and the Catholic Prelates of the British Empire generally, to adopt, most unwillingly, the course of action which in his columns is denounced as "sectarian hypocrisy." Let your readers, would we say to the *Herald*, hear both sides, before passing judgment upon either.

1. It is well known that a fund, called the "Patriotic Fund," for the relief of the widows and orphans of the victims of the late Russian war, was liberally subscribed to by Protestants and Catholics indiscriminately; with the understanding however, that, in the administration of that fund Catholics should share equally with Protestants—which, considering that at least one-half of those for whose use it was destined, were the widows and orphans of Catholics, was, to say the least, not an unreasonable request. This is a fact which we suppose the *Herald* will not contest.

2. Unfortunately however, the distribution of that "Patriotic Fund" was entrusted to dishonest hands; and the result was that Catholic orphans were refused all share therein, unless they consented to renounce their faith, and to abjure the religion of their forefathers by an open apostasy. To Catholic orphans indeed, Protestant schools and asylums were opened, but with this proviso—that they should submit to the rules and regulations imposed upon the Non-Catholic inmates, respecting attendance upon the offices of Pro-

testant worship—a condition with which of course no Catholic could comply. The Catholic contributors to the "Patriotic Fund" appealed in vain for justice; requesting to be allowed to place the bereaved little ones of their own faith in Catholic schools and Catholic asylums, there to be supported of course with a share of the proceeds of the "Patriotic Fund." This measure of justice was however refused to them; and though many hundreds of children were, at the expense of that Fund, placed in Protestant institutions, only one Catholic child has as yet been placed in the asylums founded and supported by Catholic charity. That is to say—though at least one-half of the orphan claimants upon the "Patriotic Fund" were Catholics, only one has received any benefit therefrom. This is a fact which the Cardinal and his brethren in the Episcopacy are prepared to prove; a fact which no Protestant, not even Lord St. Leonard's, has dared to deny; and into the truth of which the Duke of Norfolk has challenged investigation by the House of which he is a member.

Now, having been thus cheated once—having seen the funds to which they were induced to subscribe, employed for the purposes of Protestant proselytism—it is not to be expected that Catholics should be such fools as to allow themselves to be cheated in a similar manner a second time. They demand as a right, and as the sole condition upon which they will contribute to any common fund, that they be allowed an equal voice with Protestants in its administration. Is this, would we ask of the *Montreal Herald*, "sectarian hypocrisy," or common justice? Catholics demand that if they contribute to the "Indian Relief Fund," their churches, their asylums, their religious and educational institutions of all kinds which have suffered by the mutiny, shall share equally with the churches, asylums, and religious institutions of their Protestant fellow-citizens, in all sums appropriated from that Fund for the relief of any charitable, educational, or religious societies that may have suffered from the violence of the Sepoys. Is this, again would we ask, the cry of "sectarian hypocrisy," or is it the demand of common justice? Finally, Catholics ask that there be given to them some guarantee that the "Indian Relief Fund" be distributed impartially betwixt Catholics and Protestants; and that it be not, as was the case with the proceeds of the "Patriotic Fund," employed for the purposes of proselytism, and used as an instrument for corrupting the faith of the orphans of those faithful Catholic soldiers who have nobly died fighting for an ungrateful country. The *Herald* and Count Batthyany may call this "sectarian hypocrisy" if they will; but we fancy that they will find but few honest and intelligent men to endorse that opinion.

Now as no guarantee has as yet been offered to Catholics that justice shall be done them in the appropriation of the "Indian Relief Fund"—as flagrant injustice in the matter of the distribution of the "Patriotic Fund" has been, and is still being inflicted upon them—and as hitherto all their cries to Parliament for redress have been either stifled by popular clamor, or treated with contempt—the Catholics of the British Empire have determined, not indeed to stand aloof and refuse to contribute towards the relief of their distressed fellow-countrymen in the East, but—to keep the administration of the funds raised by them entirely in their own hands; for bitter experience has amply shown them that it is in vain for them to look for honor or justice amongst that class to whom was confided the administration of the "Patriotic Fund." This, which the *Herald* brands as "sectarian hypocrisy," seems to us but ordinary prudence. Because we have been foully robbed and cheated out of our money once, must we for ever, under pain of being branded as bigots and hypocrites, tamely submit to the extortion and rascality of the fanatics of Exeter Hall?

No we will not; and so long as ample amends be not made to us for the gross injustice of which Catholics have been already the victims in the partial administration of the "Patriotic Fund," we do fervently hope that no Catholic will be so foolish as again to trust to the honesty and fair play of any Protestant Committee of Management. We are willing to contribute, according as God has blessed us to the relief of all our fellow creatures, without distinction of creed or origin; but we will not be such arrant fools as to entrust, a second time, the distribution of the funds so raised, to Protestant hands. A burnt child dreads the fire; and we have already burned our fingers, once too often, by trusting to Protestant justice.

Should the *Herald* however reply that Catholics have not been unfairly treated in the distribution of the "Patriotic Fund," and that their complaints are without foundation, we would simply ask of him to await the result of the enquiry which we trust will yet be forced upon the British Legislature by the Duke of Norfolk, and other Catholic members of Parliament. The statements of the Catholics of Great Britain are before the world; those statements, they have pledged themselves to prove, if the opportunity be given them; and, in the meantime, the truth of those statements is not even contested by

Protestants themselves. Even Lord St. Leonard's who has come forward in defence of the manner in which the "Patriotic Fund" has been applied, does not dare to grapple with the facts and statistics adduced by the Archbishop of Dublin. Still this damning fact remains on record—that, though of the children left orphans by the Crimean war, at least one-half were Catholics—and though many hundreds of orphan children have been placed at the charge of the "Patriotic Fund" in Protestant institutions—as yet one, and one Catholic orphan only, has been placed at the charge of that "Fund" in any Catholic asylum. The *Herald* and Count Batthyany may rail if they will about the "sectarian hypocrisy" of Catholics; but rail as loud and as long as they please, they will never rail away this plain simple fact, so conclusive as to the illiberality and gross dishonesty of the administrators of the "Patriotic Fund." Now we would remind the *Herald* that it is in that illiberality and in that gross dishonesty, that are to be found the reasons which have compelled the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and the other Prelates of the Church in the British Empire, to exhort their flocks to refrain for the future within their own hands, the absolute control over all funds by them raised for charitable and patriotic purposes; and that therefore our cotemporary is bound, if he condemns that action to adopt one of two courses. Either he must contend that the facts of the case are not as they have been represented to be by the above named Prelates; or, admitting the truth of their statements, he must reconcile those facts with the principles of justice, and of religious equality. We would also again remind him that the Catholics of Great Britain have challenged public investigation into the truth of all their complaints against the administration of the "Patriotic Fund;" and that, on the other hand, Protestants are doing their utmost to hush the matter up, and to prevent its becoming the subject of a Parliamentary enquiry.

We would direct the attention of our readers to an admirable article from the *Dublin Tablet*, on our 2nd page, upon the proper policy of Irish Catholics at the present juncture. Our Irish cotemporary's description of parties at home, is, in every line, applicable to Canada. We have here those who re-echo the atrocious sentiments of the *Dundalk Democrat*; the "Castle-Katholics" of Dublin are also well represented here by the servile "hacks" of our Orange Ministry—fellows who for the sake of the crumbs that fall from official tables, are ready to do any dirty work that may be required of them, and who by their greedy hankering after place and patronage have done their best to bring the name of Catholic into contempt amongst our enemies; and we have no doubt that there is here also a third party, which whilst determined to enforce by lawful means its rightful demands, and to oppose every Ministry which offers any opposition thereunto, is not prepared to sympathise with the vilest of murderers; and does not think that the cause of Catholicity, or the honour of Ireland, can be promoted by everlastingly indulging in a rhodomontade which every sensible man laughs at, and by venting threats against the British Government which every one well knows are never intended to be carried into execution.

And as in Ireland, so in Canada, the grievances of which Catholics complain—the official sanction given to Orangeism, and the unsatisfactory state of the "School Question"—are, as the *Dublin Tablet* truly remarks, the direct result, "of our own misconduct, of our own cowardice, our own laziness, our own treason, and our own corruption." We cannot get justice because we are false to ourselves; we are looked upon, and not altogether without cause, as a set of brawling "placc-beggars," whose clamors are to be stopped as one would stop the barking of a lot of yelping curs, by throwing a bone to the noisiest cur of the pack. Experience has shown—as in the case of the official reception of the Orangemen by the Governor—that we may be insulted and outraged with impunity; because we have not the "pluck" to resent an insult, because we have not the manliness to insist upon our rights, and because we have not sufficient honesty to prefer the interests of our religion to every other consideration. That Catholics should be hated by Protestants is but natural; but it is not necessary, as is the case in Canada, that they should be despised for their venality—or rather, because of the venality of those who pretend to be their leaders and advisers; and because a little judicious application of "government pap" in the shape of "Crown Land's Advertisements" to patriotic but needy editors, or of situations in the "Red Tape and Sealing Wax Department," for their equally needy and equally patriotic relatives, can always effectually silence any Catholic agitation that threatens to become troublesome to the ruling powers. Now the fact is that in Canada, Catholics are neither hated nor feared; they are simply despised, and what is spoken of as the "Catholic Vote," is looked upon as any other marketable commodity, which may be had cheap by any one who cares to purchase it.

This is the estimation in which, unfortunately,

we are generally held; and it is in the hope that we may yet wipe away this reproach, at the approaching General Election, that we address these remarks to our readers. That the objects which we propose to them—the satisfactory settlement of the "School Question," and the cessation of all official sanction to Orangeism or any other secret political society—are of the highest importance to Catholics, no one will deny; but it will be asked how are these objects to be accomplished? We reply—by the Catholic electors of the Province; who, if for once they will but do their duty like honest men and faithful children of the Church, are numerous enough, and strong enough, to enforce compliance with their reasonable demands. If Catholics were but united, and determined to obtain justice, no Ministry would dare to withhold it from them for one hour.

Now it is certainly in the power of every Catholic elector to refuse his vote to any candidate for Parliamentary honors who will not explicitly pledge himself to oppose every Ministry that will not include "Justice to Catholics" in its official programme; and to prevent mistakes here is what we mean by "Justice to Catholics":—

1. That they be relieved from all taxation for Protestant, or Non-Catholic, school purposes; and that of all sums, granted from the general revenue for educational purposes, a fair share shall be accorded to Catholic schools in proportion to the number of children attending such schools, and in which it can be shown that the conditions prescribed by the State for imparting secular instruction to the pupils, are faithfully fulfilled.

2. That the Government of Canada shall adopt towards Orangeism, and all secret political societies, the same policy as that which has been adopted towards Orangeism in Ireland by the Imperial authorities; and that no avowed Orangeman, Ribbonman, or member of any political secret society, be appointed to any situation of trust, honor, or emolument.

Here then we have a clear definite policy, and the means indicated by which that policy can be forced upon our Canadian government. But we should do more than this; we should call the attention of the Imperial Parliament to the fact that Orangeism, officially discountenanced in Ireland, is officially sanctioned in Canada—that Orangeism, condemned by men of all creeds, and of all political parties, in the mother country, is fostered by the Governor General of Great Britain's most important colony—and that the same Orangeism, which has long been the bane of the Old World, is, unless speedily repressed by some sign of Imperial displeasure, destined to be the curse of the New. We may be sure that very soon after the meeting of the Imperial Parliament, the Belfast "Blue Book" will be laid before the House of Commons; it would be well, if at the same time a petition from Her Majesty's loyal Catholic subjects in Canada were also to be laid upon the table, pointing out, the gross insult that has been offered to us by Her Majesty's representative, and the many evils—the strife, the hatred and all uncharitableness, the bloodshed and rioting—that are certain to attend the growth of Orangeism in this country, even as they have always marked its progress in Ireland. The Imperial government we may be sure has no desire to provoke the ill will of its Catholic subjects abroad, particularly at the present moment; it will therefore hear with surprise, and with any thing but pleasure, of the serious causes of dissatisfaction that obtain in Canada; and will, no doubt, take such action in the premises, as quickly to procure for the man who has wantonly insulted Her Majesty's Catholic subjects, and done all in his power to make our Sovereign odious and contemptible in the eyes of a large portion of the community, such a rebuke as shall effectually prevent others from repeating his offence.

In a word, we must strike at the head, as well as at the members. With our Ministers, and their Parliamentary supporters we can deal ourselves, and inflict on them a well merited punishment for repeated acts of treachery; but if we would deal a mortal blow to Orangeism in Canada, we must bring it under the notice of the Imperial authorities who have already suppressed Orangeism in Ireland. Until we are prepared to do this, it is no use "withering" in the public press; we want deeds, not words; of the latter we have had more than enough, and it is time that the Irish Catholics of Canada should at last show the world that they can act as well as talk.

These Irish Roman Catholics of Griffintown are the men too, who desecrated the second Sabbath of July with street rioting, who set fire to buildings, pelted with stones, beat, and fired at a body of firemen, and directly or indirectly murdered two or three individuals. These Irish Roman Catholics of Griffintown are also the men who attacked a military officer whilst on duty, who would probably have murdered him had he not been armed.—*Montreal Witness*.

There is nothing easier than to bring forward the grossest charges against one's neighbors; but it is another and very different thing to prove them. Now, he who makes a charge is bound to prove it, or must submit to be branded as a liar and a slanderer.

We therefore call upon the *Montreal Witness*—a journal which, it is suspected, is "spiritually" edited by the great Protestant Saint

and Confessor of the XVII. century—the Rev. Titus Oates—to make good his charges against the "Irish Roman Catholics of Griffintown;" to prove, in short, that they were the originators of the riots of the 12th of July last;—the desecrators of the Lord's Day;—and that it was the said "Irish Roman Catholics" who set fire to Douglas' Mills. Either he can do these things, or he cannot. If he can, he will surely accept our challenge; if he cannot, he must not complain if Irish Catholics treat him as a liar and a slanderer.

Unfortunately however for the *Montreal Witness*, it is an indisputable fact, that the originators of the riots of the 12th of July last, and that those "who desecrated the second Sabbath in July," were not "Irish Roman Catholics," but the Protestant Orangemen, who devoted that day to the commemoration of the conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Dutch under the Prince of Orange, and the subjugation of a brave and gallant people, fighting for their country and their altars. The commemoration of such events, events as disgraceful to the victors, as fatal to the conquered, is an act which every generous man, every lover of civil and religious liberty, every one who has a heart to sympathise with a gallant race nobly struggling with a foreign invader for its national independence—must view with disgust. But when the Lord's Day, the day specially devoted to the honor of Him Who died for us that there might be peace on earth to men of good will, is selected for such an insult to, for such an outrage upon the feelings of the descendants of the brave men who fell nobly fighting for their religion, and their country's independence at Aughrim and the Boyne—then as men, as Christians, we have not words strong enough to express our abhorrence of the unmanly outrage, and of the anti-Christian desecration of the Lord's Holy Day.

To take a case in point—what would be thought of a procession in Montreal, to commemorate the massacre of Cawnpore, or the violation of women, and the murders of little children at Delhi and Meerut? Would not such a procession be met with the indignant outcries of the entire British community?—would not its members be held up to public execration, and treated as responsible for any disturbances which might attend its progress through the streets of the City? Of course they would, and most righteously; and yet it is no exaggeration to say that the cruelties, and treachery of the Anglo-Dutch conquerors of Ireland have not been surpassed by the Sepoys of the Bengal army; and that if it be a righteous act to denounce the one, it is the act of a villain and a coward to apologise for the other.

With regard to the other counts in the indictment preferred by the *Montreal Witness* against the "Irish Roman Catholics of Griffintown" we may observe that there are no more grounds for asserting that the fire in Douglas' Mills originated with them, than there are for attributing it to an intent upon the part of the owners to defraud the Insurance Companies; and though, from the evidence before the public, there may be reasons for believing that the said mills were purposely set on fire, there is at least as much evidence to show that they were so set on fire by the proprietors, as there is to show that the incendiaries were "Irish Roman Catholics of Griffintown." We all know that well insured properties of all kinds are very apt to take fire in a most mysterious manner; and though we do not pretend that in the case of the fire at Douglas' Mills we have any grounds whatever for suspecting the proprietors, we may safely say that we have just as much right to accuse them of arson, as the *Montreal Witness* has to indulge in his illiberal strictures upon the "Irish Roman Catholics."

With regard to Lieutenant Tryon, the "military officer" to whom our cotemporary evidently alludes—it is sufficient to remark that that gentleman was in plain clothes, and consequently not on duty when the row occurred in which Dempsey was shot. We have no design to throw blame on Lieut. Tryon, who acted under circumstances of great difficulty, with commendable coolness; but we may be permitted to observe that an officer in H. M. Service when out of uniform can claim no respect on account of his military rank, either from soldier or civilian; and it cannot be denied that the conduct of Lieut. Tryon was such as very naturally to excite the worst suspicions of those amongst whom he found himself; whilst his poking about, looking into strangers' faces, and asking, what must have seemed, very impertinent questions, were enough to arouse the passions of a suspicious and excitable people, though not to justify the violence, and bitter animosity that were manifested towards him. That any one took him for an officer in H. M. Service there is no reason to believe; but still more unreasonable on the part of the *Montreal Witness* is it to hold the "Irish Roman Catholics of Griffintown" responsible for the acts of half a dozen drunken men.

The *Montreal Witness* further says that—"he never heard of them"—the priests—"exercising their influence to restrain from violence and crime." This is a striking instance of the deafness with which our cotemporary must be afflicted,

ed; for it so happens that on the very 12th of July in question, a "Romish priest" who was earnestly exerting himself to preserve the peace, was set upon and cruelly beaten by a gang of Orange ruffians in Notre Dame Street; and it was this cowardly outrage upon an ecclesiastic, that provoked the subsequent riots, in the course of which a trifling damage was inflicted upon the grog-shop from whence it was believed that the ruffianly assailants of the reverend gentleman in question had sallied forth.

In one remark only of our cotemporary do we fully concur—and that is to this effect:—

"The religion of Christ is profaned by supposing that street-rows, rioters and murderers are its adherents."

Most true! and assuredly if there be a set of men to whom the above epithets apply—nay, for whom they are too good—it is the Orangemen of Ireland and Canada. A filthier set of blackguards, and "rioters," or a more dastardly crew of "murderers" and assassins never existed—as witness Dolly's Brae, and many a spot still red with the blood of Irish Catholics. Yes! "the religion of Christ is profaned by supposing that such, street-rows, rioters, and murderers"—as Orangemen have always shown themselves to be—are its adherents."

STEVENSON vs. WILSON.—This was an action originating out of the affair of the 9th of June, 1853, brought against C. Wilson, Esq., formerly Mayor of this city, for having inflicted a serious injury upon the plaintiff, by giving orders to the troops drawn out for the preservation of the peace, to fire on a number of citizens.—The case was argued before Messrs. Day, Smith, and Mondelet, who all agreed in dismissing the action, though for different reasons.

Judge Day was of opinion that defendant did order the troops to fire; that, upon that order the troops fired; but that the circumstances justified that order, there being at the time it was given, a serious disturbance, threatening the peace of the city.

Judge Smith opined that there was no proof that defendant had acted with malicious intent, though he also took it for granted that the firing of the troops was the result of orders given to them by the said defendant.

Judge Mondelet, on the contrary, did not believe that it had been proved that the defendant gave orders to fire; but expressed a very harsh opinion of the "men from Griffintown who attacked Zion Church" on the occasion of the Gavazzi lecture; to whose riotous conduct, he attributed the firing of the troops and the consequent loss of life. "It nevertheless appeared," he said, "that a large body of men from Griffintown were in the act of coming up by the American Church at the time that fatal volley was fired by which the plaintiff was injured." Under these circumstances he coincided with his colleagues in dismissing the action.

Approving heartily of the decision of the Bench, as the only one which honest men under the circumstances could arrive at, we may yet be permitted to criticise the reasons which the learned gentlemen severally assigned for dismissing the case. Of contraries both cannot be true; and the judges having assigned contrary grounds for their respective decisions, it is certain that of those grounds some must be false.

Messrs. Day, and Smith, took it for granted—1. that the Mayor gave the orders to the troops to fire; 2. that the troops fired upon those orders. Now for these assumptions there was not in the evidence before them the slightest authority; for in the first place no witness deposed that Mr. Wilson gave orders to fire; and in the second, all the soldiers present and who were examined during the investigations that ensued, positively asserted that they did not fire because of any orders given by the defendant. Granting that Mr. Wilson did, as some witnesses contend, cry out "fire fire," the word "fire" is not the order to troops to fire; it is not a military word of command at all, and would therefore have no more effect upon such machines as disciplined soldiers are, than the words "water, water." Besides no one who knows anything of military discipline could possibly conceive that under any imaginable circumstances, soldiers would take orders from a civilian, or pay the slightest attention to anything he said. It is therefore certain that the fire of the troops was not the consequence of any orders given to them by Mr. Wilson; for in the first place, it is not even pretended that he gave the military order; and in the second place, if he had, the troops would have paid no attention to it whatsoever, as men in Her Majesty's service are not in the habit of taking orders from civilians.

We must also take the liberty of disputing the facts laid down by Judge Mondelet, and of contesting his assertion "that a large body of men from Griffintown were in the act of coming up by the American Church at the time the fatal volley was fired," with the design of attacking the Zion Church; and that it was their riotous conduct which caused the subsequent catastrophe. We do so for the following reasons:—

1. A body of men coming "from Griffintown" to Zion Church would not pass "by the American Church" in Great St. James Street, which

is altogether out of the direct line they would have had to follow; just as a person coming from Quebec to Montreal would not pass up by Lake Superior.

2. "The large body of men" alluded to by Judge Mondelet, was composed, not of "Irish Romanists" but of Protestants; as is evident from this simple fact, that the volley fired into it by the troops killed and wounded, not the former, but the latter. Now leaden bullets are no respecters of persons, and have as little regard for Papists as for Protestants. If therefore the "large body of men" into which the troops fired had been chiefly composed of Irish Papists "from Griffintown," it is, to say the least, highly improbable that the majority of the victims of that volley would have been Scotch and English Protestants from another quarter of the city. This is a proposition which a very moderate acquaintance with the "Theory of Projectiles" will enable any one to demonstrate, and we respectfully commend it to the attention of His Honor Judge Mondelet.

The fact is, that there was "a large body of men coming up by the American church at the time the fatal volley was fired;" but this "body" was not coming from Griffintown—for in that it would not have been where it was; neither was it composed of Irish Papists—for in that case Irish Papists, and not Scotch and English Protestants, would have been injured by the discharge—but of a body of the friends of Gavazzi who had been stationed as a guard with instructions, in case Zion Church should be attacked during the lecture, to rush out and take the assailants in rear. The services of this body not having been called into requisition during the lecture, it remained at its post until the congregation was coming out of the said church; when, elated at the successful termination of the proceedings, it came rushing towards the troops from the direction of the American church, in a tumultuous manner, its members shouting, and some of them discharging their pistols under the influence of liquor, and in the excitement of the moment. It was fired into by the troops under a false impression, and the consequence was, that the discharge took effect upon Protestants instead of "Irish Romanists." By the same process of reasoning can be solved a difficulty which we have often heard propounded with regard to the fatal result of the Gavazzi lecture—"How," it is asked, "are we to account for the great disproportion betwixt the numbers of Protestants and Catholics, killed or wounded by the fire of the troops?" The explanation is simply this—So great and successful had been the preparations taken to keep Catholics away from the scene of anticipated disturbances, that there were hardly any Catholics on the ground when the troops fired. Had they been there, they would no doubt have shared the fate of their Protestant fellow-citizens; unless we adopt the extreme hypothesis, that musket balls deviate from the line of fire in favor of Papists, and take effect only on the bodies of Protestants—an hypothesis for which, we must add, there is no authority in any treatise upon the "Theory of Projectiles," that it has been our good fortune to study.

The Toronto Colonist, till lately an independent journal, has been bought up by the Ministry, and has now subsided into a quiet, well conducted "government hack." Its late editor has, we are told, resigned his post, being too high spirited to do the dirty work required of him.—Our cotemporary begins his new career by an attempt—a very lame one—to exonerate the public men of Canada from the suspicion under which they very generally labor, of being given to pecuniary corruption, and of being troubled with somewhat "itching palms;" and he asks—"who were the first to indoctrinate the public mind with the belief that successful corruption was the order of the day?" was it not the anti-Ministerial press? No. The public men of Canada have themselves alone to blame for the mean opinion that is generally held of their honesty. The people are not fools; and they know that no man can possibly make a fortune so rapidly, and so mysteriously, as do our Canadian officials, unless he is a knave. A fellow who perhaps has not wherewith to pay his washerwoman's bills, by means of a little blarney, manages to get returned to Parliament; by making himself useful there, he contrives to worm himself into favor with the powers that be, and so gets himself into some snug office; and lo! in a few months the needy beggar is transformed into the princely millionaire, with shares in every Railroad, and unlimited credit at the Bank. Now, we know that all this wealth, or semblance of wealth, is not acquired honestly; we know that in England no honest man ever improved his fortune by engaging in public business; and that, on the contrary, he is invariably, in a pecuniary point of view, a loser by accepting a seat in Parliament, or in the Ministry; we therefore naturally suspect, when we see the public men of Canada becoming suddenly rich the moment they get into Parliament, or acquire office, that they have resource to means which the statesmen of England—of all parties—would reject with scorn; and that they—not to put too fine a point on it—dip their fingers deeply into the public purse. As the Colonist truly observes, the "standard of public or private morality in Canada is not so high as it is desirable it should be;" and we have certainly no reason for believing, that the office holders in Canada, who have been the most remarkable for their rapid acquisition of wealth, are a whit better than their neighbors.

PRESENTATION TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NEW ERA," BY ITS MONTREAL SUBSCRIBERS.—The New Era, in a late issue announces the receipt, by its Editor, Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, Esq., of a testimonial of the confidence and regard of the friends, at whose invitation he was induced to make this city his home, and Canada the sphere of his labors as a journalist. The testimonial consisted of a beautiful black Morocco Writing Desk, containing, with the munificent gift of \$2,000, an Address to Mr. M'Gee, from the subscribers. The presentation took place on Thursday evening last week at the Franklin House, where a sumptuous supper had been provided for the subscribers to the Testimonial and their honored guest, by the worthy host, and Chairman of the Committee, Mr. M. P. Ryan.

The Montreal Witness complains that we have slandered his old friends, the managers and directors of the late Montreal Provident and Savings' Bank. If our cotemporary will point out a single statement made by the TRUE WITNESS which is not fully borne out by the "Official Report" on the affairs of that Institution, published "By Order of the Legislative Assembly"—we will at once retract it. When the Legislature shall in like manner have published its "Report" of the circumstances connected with the failure of the St. Roch's Bank, we will in like manner freely express our opinions of the managers and directors of that Institution; but whatever may be our suspicions, we have not, at present, any right to say a single word calculated to prejudice their cause. The Montreal Provident and Savings' Bank had a full and impartial trial; we trust that the same may yet be accorded to the St. Roch's Bank, and that at the next meeting of Parliament steps may be taken to bring its affairs under the notice of the Legislature. Until this be done, whatever may be our suspicions, we are bound to keep them to ourselves.

Noticing the last proclamation by the Governor General of India to the civil authorities, insisting upon the employment of a wise and merciful discrimination in the infliction of punishment, the Tablet strongly confirms the statement made some few weeks ago by the TRUE WITNESS, to the effect, that the cruelties perpetrated upon the peasantry of Ireland '98, were the work, not of British officers, but of Irish Orangemen; and that the British authorities protested loudly, but in vain, against the brutality of the Irish Protestant yeomanry. Here are the words of the Tablet:—

"In publishing his humane, but most wise and resolute instructions for the treatment of mutineers, Lord Canning has followed the example of Lord Cornwallis in this country during the rebellion of 1798; when he attempted to stay the murderous hands of a bloodthirsty Orange yeomanry, as cruel as cowardly, and to mitigate the ferocity of an army which the highest military authority of the day declared to be 'formidable to every one except the enemy.'"

The facts alluded to by the Tablet are well known to every one familiar with Irish history; and though the British Government of '98 is justly deserving of censure for employing such vile ruffians as the Irish Orangemen have always approved themselves, it cannot be denied that the worst atrocities of that disastrous epoch were the work of Irish Protestants, and not of the British.

ST. CATHERINES DE FOSSAMBAULT.—Mr. Caughlin's paper has been regularly sent to the Montreal office, and its non-receipt must have occurred from some mismanagement or wilful neglect on the part of some one of the intermediate post offices—an occurrence which, it is to be expected, after this notice, may not be again a cause of complaint.

VANLÉER HILL.—Mr. McD's remittance was acknowledged on the 18th September.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Buckingham, P. Cosgrove, £1 5s; Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S., Mrs. C. Murphy, £1 17s 6d; Perth, Very Rev. J. H. McDonough, 12s 6d; St. Andrews, N.B., D. B. McDonald, 5s; Westport, P. Donnelly, 15s; Frampton, T. Fitzgerald, 15s; Niagara, P. Clarke, 12s 6d; St. Andrews, A. R. Mullen, 12s 6d; St. Placide, Rev. Mr. Toupin, 10s; St. Regis, Rev. Mr. Marcoux, 12s 6d; Urichville, Ohio, U.S., J. Horegan, 3s 9d; St. Denis, Rev. Mr. Demers, 10s; South Mountain, J. Morrow, 5s; St. Andrews, Ottawa, Rev. Mr. Thibault, £1 5s; Huntington, Mrs. J. Tully, £2; Deschambault, Z. Bouille, 6s 3d; Pike River, Rev. J. Leclair, 12s 6d; Elora, J. Higgins, 6s 3d; Auguacloy, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, Rev. C. O'Brien, 12s 6d; Chatham, D. McDonald, £1; Broughton, J. E. Quinn, 5s; Norwood, W. McCarthy, £1; Thamesville, M. Cook, £2 10s.
- Per M. O'Leary, Quebec—J. Delaney, 7s 6d; J. O'Leary, £1 2s 6d; P. Wallace, £1 10s; T. Lane, £1 2s 6d; M. Donoghue, 8s 9d; M. Mernagh, 15s; M. Fitzgibbon, 7s 6d; R. G. Bellet, 15s; Rev. Mr. Daziel, £1 10s; J. Lee, 15s; G. Smith, 7s 6d; M. Power, 12s 6d; St. John Chrysostome, Rev. Mr. Beaumont, 12s 6d; Valcartier, J. Lannon, 6s 3d.
- Per Rev. J. S. O'Connor, Farmers' Corners—J. A. McDonald, 15s.
- Per Rev. J. F. Jamot, Barrie—Self, 15s; Rev. P. P. Lehandy, 10s.
- Per Rev. F. McDonough, Williamstown—J. Hay, 12s 6d.
- Per W. M'Farlin, New Ireland—W. Neagles, 6s 3d; M. McCaffrey, 6s 3d.
- Per W. M'Namamy, Brantford—R. M'Gregor, 15s.
- Per J. Doran, Perth—T. Dolan, 12s 6d; M. Doyle, 6s 3d; Reading Room, 6s 3d.
- Per W. Chisholm, Dalhousie Mills—D. McDougal, 6s 3d.
- Per Rev. J. S. O'Connor, Cornwall—J. S. McDougal, 10s.
- Per E. Dowlin, Carleton Place—Self, 12s 6d; Ramsay, M. Foley, 12s 6d.
- Per Rev. G. A. Hay, St. Andrew—J. McDonald, 12s; D. J. McDonell, 12s 6d; Roxborough, P. Lynch, 6s 3d.
- Per M. Heaphy, Kempville—H. Loughlin, 10s; B. McCahill, 5s.

AUCTION SALE OF BOOKS.—It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that Messrs. Sadlier, & Co. are selling off their large stock of Catholic and Miscellaneous Books, at auction. Any of our readers, who wish to supply their libraries with useful books at moderate prices, would do well to attend.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Hibernicus should address himself to the St. Patrick's Society, which, as the representative of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, is alone qualified to pronounce an opinion upon the delicate subject alluded to. We do not feel ourselves competent, and we are certainly not authorised to interfere in the matter which lies altogether beyond our province as a Catholic journalist, and upon which we have not the presumption to dictate to our Irish fellow-citizens. Only this would we observe; that in all things the true Catholic should consult first, the interests of the Church, and his motto should ever be, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam." By pursuing this line of policy, Catholics of all origins, will most surely promote their happiness both in this world, and in the next.

OUR CITY FATHERS.—Mr. M. P. Ryan City Councillor, has been sentenced to pay a fine of twenty-five pounds, for punching Alderman Homier's head.

The gross frauds and cruelties practised upon Irish immigrants in the United States, are exciting much indignant comment in the Irish press. It is to be hoped for the sake of humanity that the effect of this discussion will be to put a stop to emigration from Ireland to the States.

We have received a copy of Mr. Cowell's currency table, with calculations from 1d. up to £1 currency, converted into dollars, cents, mills, &c.—the mills and parts thereof constitute the whole fraction, being a little more than the quarters and halves represented. It embraces, by the simple rule laid down, (to render computation easy) all that may be deemed necessary to facilitate mercantile business transactions that may exist between or amongst us and our neighbors. It is particularly well adapted as a ready reckoner, not only to the community, but to all inexperienced accountants, juveniles in office; in fact to every business person, from the counting-house down to the humblest trader, artist or mechanic—we would advise all those upon whom he shall call, to patronize the sale of his table—which may also be had at all the book stores, and "Mr. Pickups," St. Francois Xavier Street.

To the Editor of the True Witness.
DEAR SIR—There is a trite saying that "this world is a tissue of absurdities and contradictions;" and certainly he who, possessing an average share of discernment, has watched the course of public events in "this Canada of ours," and noticed the conduct of our political Solons these few years past, does not need, in my mind, any further exemplification of its truth.

I am led to make these few remarks from the fact having come to my knowledge lately, that our Catholic clergymen in this locality, and I suppose throughout the Upper Province, have been notified by the Clerk of the Peace, as was his duty, that the Registers, Forms, &c., printed in accordance with the requirements of the "Marriage Act" passed by our Provincial Legislature last June, had come to his Office, and were at their disposal. What unwarrantable assurance on the part of our Conservative (?) Government! Sir, it is fresh in my memory, and I am sure, in that of most of your readers, how indignantly your Catholic journal scouted the very idea of this Bill at the time of its passage, in so far as the Catholic clergy of Upper Canada were concerned, where alone it is intended to have the force of law; and imagining (groundlessly it now appears) that the gentleman who graces our Canadian Woolstack would take a hint therefrom, I never gave it a thought further, until after learning the news I have given above.

The Prelates and Clergy of Upper Canada are, I am convinced, fully competent to mind their own affairs, and to protect the interests of the flocks over which the Vicar of Jesus Christ has commissioned them to preside. They already well know, without being told it, that they owe no allegiance, in spiritual matters, to the Canadian Government, nor indeed to any secular Government under the sun;—therefore, I, a humble Catholic, shall not presume to offer them any suggestion; but, unless I am sadly mistaken, they will trouble themselves precious little about this Bill, which is simply ridiculous in so far as they are concerned.

If it be desirable to remove all semblance of connexion between Church and State, (vide "Secularization Clergy Reserves Act," 1855,) why labor to perpetuate that connexion by legislating therefor?—or why, and by what authority, should it be sought to involve Catholics in the affair? Here, surely, is "an absurdity and a contradiction."

The only solution of the riddle I can conceive is this: that perhaps, after all, the Government did not intend this Bill to affect the Catholic Clergy of Upper Canada; and meant it to extend only to Non-Catholics! If this were their true meaning and intent, why had they not the honesty and independence so to express it, and thus remove all room for cavil? Echo answers—why?

With the fear of the approaching dissolution of Parliament before his eyes, and the consequent necessity of being more than usually accommodating, perhaps our Orange Attorney-General will condescend to expound the legal import of this odious Act to us Upper Canadian Catholics; and in particular to those in his own constituency of the city of Kingston, to whose votes he is mainly indebted for his last election!

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours respectfully,
STONMONT.
Nov. 10, 1857.

BODY FOUND.—The body of John Reavy, a carter, who left his house on the 16th of October last, and supposed to have been drowned, was found in one of the basins at the flour sheds, opposite to the stores of Messrs. Jones, Black & Co., on Friday last.

We are confidently informed, by parties from Quebec, who have good means of knowing, that no contractor, clerk, or even workman, unless backed by an indorsement from an Orange Lodge, has any chance of obtaining employment on the continuation of the Grand Trunk Road from Point Levi to St. Thomas.—We give the report publicly, on what we consider sufficient authority, solely with a view to draw the attention of the Directors to the statement. If it should prove to be beyond denial, it will be high time to ask why the Provincial Treasury should be made to support a system of exclusive dealing in favor of Orangemen, through the medium of the Grand Trunk Company.—New Era.

It is not a humbug—but, use it as you will, Blodgett's "Persian Balm" proves itself the greatest luxury of life.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—A better illustration of the almost universal suspension of trade cannot be found than that supplied by the Great Western Railway returns. The travel for the week ending October 22d, last year, realised a sum of \$71,403, while for the corresponding week of the present year the returns were but \$47,723, a difference of nearly \$24,000!—Montreal Herald.

SAMUEL G. ROSS has been sentenced to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary, for robbing the mail; and Moses E. Cummings has been sentenced to 5 years imprisonment in the Penitentiary, for embezzlement.

COUNTERFEIT COIN.—At the Wentworth Assizes, Mr. Justice Haggarty said that half a bushel of counterfeit Gold Dollars had been produced before him at Sandwich, and ordered to be destroyed. Vast numbers of these base coins are in circulation in Canada.

The Niagara Mail says that the shock of an earthquake was very sensibly felt in Niagara and surrounding country at a quarter past 3 P. M., on Friday, the 23rd October. The jar was very perceptible everywhere, and a heavy rumbling in the earth, which seemed to come from the eastward. Earthquakes have been felt in many quarters of the globe during the past few months.

YANKEE-ISM IN CANADA.—For some time past—ever since the commencement of the commercial troubles which now bear heavily on us, and which had their rise in the spirit of speculation, introduced into Canada along with Californian gold and Railway enterprise—we have been startled every now and then with rumours of incendiarism in the country districts sometimes taking the form of a burnt barn or shanty, but more generally it was some country store, upon which there was more or less insurance in our city offices, that fell a sacrifice to the flames. Upon inquiry we learnt to our amazement, that so common had this sort of thing become, that the heaviest losses of the insurance offices were chiefly attributable to such causes; and by and by, most of the offices raised their premiums on country stores and taverns—refused to take any risk exceeding half the value of the property insured, and would gladly be quit of this part of their business altogether.—Toronto Colonist.

PASS IT ROUND.—Thirty-one Irishmen left Hartford one day last week, on their return to Ireland to live, thinking their chances better in the old country than the new. Thank God.

DIED.
In Hamilton, on the 29th ult., Bridget Quigley, wife of Mr. Michael Mahony, messenger of the British North American Bank, a native of Wexford, Ireland, aged 72 years.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.
November 10, 1857.

		s.	d.	s.	d.
Flour,	per quintal	12	6	13	0
Onmeal,	"	12	6	13	0
Wheat,	per minot	5	0	5	6
Oats,	"	1	8	1	10 1/2
Barley,	"	3	4	3	6
Buckwheat,	"	2	0	2	3
Peas,	"	3	6	3	9
Beans,	"	7	6	8	0
Potatoes,	per bag	3	6	4	0
Mutton,	per qr.	5	0	8	0
Lamb,	"	5	0	7	0
Veal,	"	5	0	12	0
Beef,	per lb	0	4	0	9
Lard,	"	0	10	0	11
Pork,	"	0	6	0	7
Butter, Fresh	"	1	2	1	3
Butter, Salt	"	0	9	0	10
Eggs,	per dozen	0	9	0	9 1/2
Fresh Pork,	per 100 lbs.	45	0	50	0
Ashes—Pots,	"	40	0	40	6
Pearls,	"	37	6	37	9

GREAT SALE
OR
CATHOLIC AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
AT AUCTION.
MESSRS. SADLIER & CO.,
HAVING received a very large Stock of BOOKS, from the FALL TRADE SALES, and being desirous of reducing their STOCK, have instructed the Subscriber to SELL, by AUCTION, at their STORE, Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier Streets,
Commencing on Thursday Evening, November 12th, AND
TO BE CONTINUED EVERY EVENING DURING THE MONTH.
The Stock of BOOKS is the Largest and Best Assorted in the Province. Having been manufactured by themselves, or purchased at Trade Sales, it can be sold at unusually low prices.
THE BOOKS AT PRIVATE SALE during the DAY, at REDUCED PRICES, as long as the EVENING AUCTION SALES are continued.
JOHN CLARKE, Auctioneer.
Nov. 12, 1857.

M. MORLEY,
St. Mary Street, Quebec Suburbs,
(SIGN OF THE GOLDEN FLEECER),
RETURNS his sincere thanks to the Public for the support which he has received for the last twenty-three years; and as he intends to RETIRE from business, he begs to inform them that he is SELLING OFF his large and well assorted STOCK OF DRY GOODS, without Reserve, at Cost price for CASH.
Montreal, Nov. 5, 1857.

NOTICE.
THE Undersigned have entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as
Commission Merchants and General Agents,
under the name and firm of FOGBRTY & RONAYNE, and will keep constantly on hand a General Assortment of
TEAS, WINES, LIQUORS, and GROCERIES,
Which will be disposed of, to the Retail trade, on Liberal Terms.
P. J. FOGARTY,
M. RONAYNE.
Nos 28 St. Nicholas and 21 St. Sacramento Streets.
October 28.

A LUXURY FOR HOME.
IF our readers would have a positive LUXURY for the Toilet, purchase a Bottle of the "Persian Balm" for Cleansing the Teeth, Shaving, Champooing, Bathing; Removing Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sun-marks, and all disagreeable appearances of the skin. It is unequalled.
No Traveller should be without this beautiful preparation; as it soothes the Burning sensation of the Skin while Travelling, and renders it soft. No person can have Sore or Chapped Hands, or Face, and use the "Persian Balm" at their Toilet.
Try this great "Home Luxury."
S. S. BLODGETT & Co., Proprietor,
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
LAMPLAGH & CAMPBELL,
(Wholesale Agents),
Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the Weekly Register says that M. de Montebello, the Archbishop of Dublin, has passed through that city on his return from Rome to his Diocese. His stay in Paris was short. I told you of the visit of the venerable Bishop of Chalons to the camp. Like many other French Prelates, he served in the army before taking Holy Orders. You have already mentioned that a medal is being distributed to the old soldiers of the first Empire, and many a singular tale is brought before us of the old veterans, who rise out of very unexpected corners to claim the medal of St. Helena. That of the Bishop Prilly and the Emperor yields, however, to none in touching interest. Brought, as I told you, to be present at one of the splendid military Masses, it was not unknown to the Emperor that the now feeble octogenarian, nearly nonagenarian Prelate, borne on his arm-chair into the presence of the Chalons camp, had, during the first Empire, been submitted "under the drill of detachment and battalion;" in a word, that his mired guest had a claim to a medal of St. Helena; and at the moment when the patriarch was about to be replaced in his arm-chair to be carried away, the Emperor approached him, with the tender veneration in his manner of a son towards an aged father, and placed upon his breast the St. Helena medal. The eyes of the aged Bishop were filled with tears, and it was under strong emotion that he expressed his sense of the filial act. The Emperor was himself not less moved; and when the Bishop was placed in his chair, His Majesty would not quit him, but accompanied him to his voiture, guarding the arm-chair, and forming himself the escort.

The Daily News Paris correspondent writes that the Governors of the Bank of France went to Compeigne on Tuesday evening, prepared, the writer believes, to ask the Emperor for a degree giving forced currency to bank notes; it was not, however, likely that it would be granted. The bullion in the Bank of France is stated upon reliable authority to have decreased 35,000,000, since the publication of the last monthly returns. Failures are expected in Paris. A letter from Zurich states that 30 commercial houses, principally in the silk and ribbon trade, have failed.

The Moniteur de l'Armee, one of the French papers which takes a calm view of passing events in India, criticises some of its cotemporaries, the Patrie for instance, which, under the disguise of "a plain statement of facts," induces its readers to conclude that the Indian mutiny will not be so easily suppressed as the last letters from India led us to believe. The Moniteur de l'Armee says:—

"No doubt the last accounts do not indicate any decisive results, such as can only be expected on the arrival of the line of reinforcements which was still on its way when the last despatches left. It is likewise certain that fresh mutinies have broken out, as might be expected, in the districts evacuated by the British troops and authorities, as well as in those over which hordes of insurgents have spread; but we do not see in those facts, unpleasant as they may be, anything calculated to justify the alarms manifested by an evening paper, which thinks that it can discover in them the proof of a powerful organisation of the revolt by energetic chiefs.—Those chiefs the writer of the article abstains from making known, and we have no other indications of their existence than these gratuitous suppositions. We cannot share in these pessimist opinions—it appears to us more natural to count on the efficiency of the English army, directed by the unanimity which the energetic action of a Commander-in-Chief must give it, who is celebrated for his great military capacity, together with the excellent discipline of the regular troops placed under his orders, against forces of the lowest military value, under the command of officers without merit or affection for each other. We have seen with pleasure the measures prescribed by the Governor-General of India to stop all violent reaction against inoffensive populations, as well as all capital punishment of rebels captured with arms in their hands, without previous trial and special authority. This is a favorable return to sentiments of humanity no less than of justice—the natural consequences of the honorable principles of that eminent nation whose troops have nobly to revenge the most odious excesses. We have likewise remarked the opinion loudly expressed of the indispensable necessity for a dictatorial power in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief to re-establish British authority in the insurgent provinces. These ideas are completely in harmony with those which we have repeatedly expressed, and we are more than ever convinced that without such a power there is no chance of durable success."

ITALY.

A letter from Rome of the 12th instant announces that Cardinal Francesco de Medici was struck with apoplexy the preceding evening while paying a visit to Monsignor Giuseppe Stolla, Private Camerist of his Holiness. Notwithstanding medical aid was speedily afforded him, he died at eight in the evening, having previously received the Last Sacrament. The Cardinal was born at Naples the 28th of November, 1808, and received the purple the 16th June, 1856.

The approaching elections in Piedmont claim the special interest of all Catholic as the accounts show that a vigorous struggle is about to take place between the Catholic, or Conservative, and the infidel, or self-styled Liberal parties. For nine years that country, inhabited by an almost exclusively Catholic population, the vast majority of whom are indisputably attached to their faith and their religion, has been a prey to a revolutionary party, which has left nothing undone to outrage Catholic feeling. It has broken faith with the Holy See, robbed the Church, banished Bishops, imprisoned Priests, forcibly expelled Religious from their homes, confiscated property, imposed excessive taxes, and applied itself with steady perseverance to the subversion

of faith and morals, of religion and honesty.—How has this been possible? There is but one answer.—It has been made possible by the lukewarmness, the timidity, and the sloth of good Catholics. Piedmont is a constitutional country under a Parliamentary Government. These wrongs have all been perpetrated either by virtue of the law, or, in violation of it, subject to revision and appeal, and to redress. But the Catholic party have not used the means at their disposal as vigorously or as fully as they ought. They have not exerted themselves at elections; they have not used the power they possessed to send fit men to Parliament. They have either elected bad Catholics and servile tools of the Government, or they have behaved with such remissness as to allow a small revolutionary minority to return men distinguished for their hostility to the Church, to all good government, and to the very foundations of society. Some Catholic writers lay the blame upon the constitution, and argue that Parliamentary Government is incompatible with Catholicism. But, before this could be proved, it would be necessary to show that the evils complained of might not have either been prevented or remedied if the Catholic party had shown any of the energy and spirit which has so signally characterised the wicked dealings of their enemies. We have no special predilection for Parliamentary Government, but, before it is condemned by reason of its want of working power for good, it is necessary to ask if the powers which it did contain have been fairly made available for good? It is stated that the Clergy are now thoroughly awakened to the crisis, and are actively exerting themselves to teach the population their electoral duties. The nobility, which has hitherto abstained, with singular infatuation, from taking any part, is now using all its influence, and as we may expect, before long, to know the result.—Tablet.

BELGIUM.

The letter of our (Tablet) correspondent shows us another Catholic country with a constitution and a Parliamentary Government, in which the Catholic party, trained in long years of warfare, tried by great reverses and by great successes, aided by the Clergy and under skilful guidance, aided by the Clergy and the Bishops, is yet undergoing a period of great danger and difficulty. But in Belgium, as elsewhere, it is evident that a great portion of the blame rests on the Catholics themselves. In many places they seem to lack the spirit and the zeal which their infidel opponents so abundantly possess, and not even the example of their neighbors rouses them to help themselves. They must make up their minds to act upon the knowledge that, with enemies like them, no compromise is possible; they must resolve to put their principles into practice or to see them negatived. The revolutionary infidels of Belgium aim at nothing short of the destruction and proscription of the Church. Every concession stimulates them to increased exertion; every symptom of Catholic coldness fills them with new fire. They have appealed to mob violence against the Catholic majority, both in the country and the Chambers. The Ministry is weak and Whiggish, and the Government wants nerve to defend the right. It is for the Catholic party to help themselves; they have the power, if they can but find the will.

PRUSSIA.

The King of Prussia is announced to be materially better. How far this is a courtly report, we cannot tell; but it seems certain that he is out of danger, and equally so that he is already politically dead, there being no chance of his ever resuming the functions of Royalty.—Weekly Register.

RUSSIA.

A Russian naval division, which is intended to reinforce the Russian squadron in the Chinese seas, is shortly expected at Cherbourg. This division, commanded by Captain Kouznetzoff, is composed of three steam corvettes and three steam clippers, carrying 48 guns and 800 seamen. It is to be speedily followed by the steam frigate Ascolde, of 16 guns and 360-horse power, with 400 seamen.

INDIA.

It is positively asserted in official quarters (says the Morning Post) that Sir Colin Campbell left Calcutta on the 11th September, to place himself at the head of a European force which the government had provisioned with every description of marching material for a campaign which would last eight months. At some appointed spot (it is calculated near Calcutta) these extensive stores were rapidly collecting, and the advance guard would set out immediately. Of course, no one pretends to know Sir Colin's plans, but he is said to have communicated with the heroic bands who are holding their ground at Delhi and elsewhere, and that combined movements have been decided on. I have already said that we entertained a hope, which we believe to be well grounded, that the capital of Oude would be reached and be relieved by Havelock. Since writing to that effect this morning I have seen the latest letter received in Bombay from Sir James Outram. It is dated the 1st and 2nd inst., being finished at Allahabad on the latter day, and there posted. In the confident opinion both of Sir James and of General Havelock, with whom at Cawnpore Sir James was in constant communication by the river, Lucknow would be able to hold out till relieved. Writing on the 31st of August, General Havelock reports that his latest accounts represented the beleaguered party as safe and in good spirits. The stories that had been circulated regarding their distress, and their applying for terms were to be regarded as inventions of the enemy. (I should mention that we heard from native runners, who had reached Benares, that the inmates of the besieged fort had been placed on half rations about the middle of August, and could hold out therein for about a month longer.) There would be opposition to the march of the relieving army, wrote Havelock, but all would be well "if we take lots of heavy guns with us." Now Outram, as I have said, got to Allahabad on the 2nd. He would have probably been there sooner, but delay seems to have occurred somewhere—perhaps from the necessity under which he lay of visiting each of the river stations of the Dinapore division, endangered by General Lloyd's culpable mismanagement—but partly also, I believe, from the fact of an advance upon Lucknow by the River Gogra and Fyzabad being at one time contemplated by him, though afterwards abandoned as impracticable. However, on the 9th he expected to reach Cawnpore. He had with him about 1,500 Europeans, consisting of the 5th Fusiliers and the 90th, and a strong company of Royal Artillery. This reinforcement would raise Havelock's force to at least 2,000 Europeans. Of guns, light and heavy, there was an abundance; of cavalry, unfortunately, only about forty men, and the volunteers from the infantry.—Havelock had made, or was making, full preparations for crossing the Ganges directly he was reinforced, and for carrying the intrenchment which the enemy were observed to have thrown up on the further bank.—Cor. London paper.

DINAPORE.—At Dinapore itself an unfortunate occurrence has taken place, to which I only hope we shall not have similar cases elsewhere. On the night of the 16th of August a party of 100 men of the 40th Native Infantry, who remained true when their comrades mutinied, were attacked, causelessly, as they assert—and truly, as, remembering the affair of

the ambuscade, we may fear—by a party of the 10th Foot, 500 men were killed, and a woman wounded. The perpetrators of the deed have not been discovered, but Sir James Outram promulgated a general order expressive of his "horror and indignation" at it, and, having to leave the station himself, referred the matter to the Commander-in-Chief for investigation.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.—At Dinapore a party of the Queen's 10th broke out at night, and bayoneted, in their beds, eleven Sepoys—a portion of those who had remained faithful to their salt—and two women; there is no doubt they would have murdered the whole of them, but the shrieks and groans of their victims raised an alarm.

A letter referring to the same circumstance, says: "I happened to hear that some Sepoys were shot; made off instantly for the place, and witnessed a sight which will not easily be effaced from my memory. Wounded Sepoys—dead and dying; one Sepoy had five bayonet thrusts, one shot just in the centre of the forehead, another's month shattered by shot; all groaning piteously in their agonies. The numbers killed are—one Subadar, two Nalkes, one Sepoy, and one Lascar; wounded, one woman and eleven Sepoys. Officers of the native and European regiments and doctors were present, busy ferretting out the cause of this fearful affair, and dressing their wounds."

A letter, received by a highly respectable Catholic lady of Cork, from a near relative, who is a Religious in the convent of Mussoorie, has been published in the Cork Constitution. We make some extracts:—

"Praised for ever be Jesus and Mary.

"Mussoorie Convent, Aug. 6th, 1857.

"Dearly-beloved Sister—To-day, the anniversary, thirteen years, of my leaving Cork to dedicate myself to God's sweet and holy service, I had the pleasure, ineffable, of receiving your letter. All the Nuns on the mission are safe and well, thank God; but oh! what have not these communities had to undergo! Agra, dear Agra, is now a heap of ruins.—The rebels' quartered Agra on the 8th, seeing that they could not have their large cannons brought, in consequence of the river Jumna being too much swollen, otherwise they would have assailed the fort. They did no injury to the Hindus and Mahometans, but slaughtered all the native Christians that could not be accommodated in the fort. We heard of the destruction about the 17th. As all direct communication with Agra had been stopped for nearly two months, and the only news we could glean was through head-quarters, camp, Delhi, we felt most uneasy about our Sisters at Agra, not being sure whether they had gone into the fort or not. We saw a letter addressed to our friend Major—here at Mussoorie, in which it was mentioned that an Agra letter stated that all the Nuns (excepting those who escaped) and children of the convent schools were massacred. The 3rd August brought us some letters dated 24th July from Agra. Oh, what a relief to our sorrowing hearts. A circuitous dak or post has been established to and from Agra. The Nuns are quite well, but our venerated and dear Bishop is seriously ill. The beautiful cathedral, the new steeple of which has just been finished, has been destroyed. Nothing remains of any of our splendid establishments, the fruit of twenty years' labor on the mission, but the bare walls! But, considering what seculars have had to sustain, both in the loss of lives and property, we have been well treated."

"7th.—I have got more to say of convent destruction. You have seen by mine of the 22nd June how miraculously our dear Sisters of Sirduhana escaped mid fire and sword. Though we used to hear frequently from our Sisters at Sealcoote, yet we were very uneasy on their account, knowing that all the European troops had been ordered thence to Delhi, and that there remained but native regiments, officered as usual by Europeans. On the 17th July I received a hasty note, dated 10th July, from St. Patrick, intimating that the Priest, Nuns, and boarders were safe in the fort since the evening before—that they had escaped by miracle—and that they intended to go to Bombay via Wuzerabad, by water. When a little more calm sent me a detail of all they had gone through. I meant to enclose you her letter, but as our dear Sisters of Agra had no news of Sealcoote, and as I had much writing to do, I sent it on to Mother Provincial (Agra) on the 5th inst. The substance is as follows:—On the morning of the 9th July, half-past three a.m., the Sepoys of Sealcoote, having been seduced by spies from Delhi and other quarters, commenced plundering the station and murdering their officers and the resident Europeans. The convent was attacked before day-break. Resistance would have been useless, so the good Priest (Rev. F. Paul), an Italian and Capuchin ran to the Chapel for the Blessed Sacrament. The Nuns and boarders clung around him. What a group! A poor feeble Priest (though a noble-hearted man), surrounded by still more feeble religious ladies and children, adoring the Immaculate Lamb of God under the Sacramental veil! The monsters aimed at the Priest's head, but he elevated his Saviour, and the wretches fell back as if millions repulsed them. Five different times were the Nuns attacked; and when the party could not succeed in killing the spouses of Jesus, they tried to carry off a boarder, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, for the vilest of purposes. The Priest and Superioress ran after the villains, and happily succeeded in rescuing the young lady, who would have been a corpse before many days had the tiger taken her to his brutal companions. Every pice (penny) in the house had to be ceded to the wretches, who searched all corners of the house for money and valuables. St. Patrick's pocket had to be given them, and as she expresses herself, "when I gave the monster all my money I had, he put the pistol to my head, but my God took the power from the villain; his hands fell involuntarily, and he stared as if bewildered." The Superioress had the pistol over the head also, but God preserved her unhurt. Three times the Priest had the pistol at his breast, five times the sword to his head but he suffered nothing, for Jesus was exposed in his servant's hands. Praised be the Adorable Sacrament! Oh, dear Kate, ask your pious friends, specially Priests and Religious, to thank God for the manifest miracles wrought for the preservation of a Priest, seven Nuns, and their pupils at Sealcoote. On the 9th of July, before noon, our Sisters availed themselves of an opportunity of escaping to another part of the town, but the bloodhounds discovered them. The Protestant Minister, his family, the brigadier of the station, officers, and several Europeans, had been murdered in the morning. There were our poor Sisters, &c., waiting for their turn in the guardhouse. One wretch, as St. Patrick says, had the politeness to fan us, to cool our European blood, I suppose, before slaughtering us. After some delay a large band of mutineers reached the guardhouse with several large chests of plundered treasure from the bank, &c. At the sight of so much money the demons bent away from the Nuns. Meanwhile, one of the Sepoys, rather a regimental drummer, happened to be in the way. He being a Christian, and, moreover, a Catholic, at the peril of his own life beckoned the Nuns to escape through a hole in the wall, which, of course, they did. Their faithful guide showed them the road, a by one, to the Rajah's Fort, about six miles from Sealcoote. Fancy you see the fugitives trying to bring on with them little delicate girls, some as young as four and five years during that memorable flight St. Patrick lost her way and sight of the others. Finding herself exhausted, having eaten nothing all day, she was positively stuck in the hot sands, and could not move! She renewed the sacrifice of her life, and prepared for death; but her time was not come. A few minutes afterwards she descried the heroic native Christian riding at full speed in quest of the Spouse of Jesus. He rendered her every assistance in his power. Oh! pray for that noble fellow, won't you? They had been progress-

ing on for some time when two of the mutineers came in sight! Happily the Nuns thought of bringing a sheet each to cover their heads, &c. &c. &c. of the native women. Her guide led her to salaam (or salute) the Sepoys; she did so with as much good grace as she could; and, I suppose, taking her for the black soldier's beebe (wife)—for the women here always cover their faces at the approach of men—the mutineers did not molest her. I can easily fancy poor St. Patrick stammering, through sheer fright, "Salaam, homah-rah bhien" (hail my brothers) accompanied by carrying the right hand to the forehead, and then gradually inclining the head as low as the knee. She and the guide soon came up to her Sisters. The poor thing fainted when in sight of the fort. A good-natured Irish soldier carried her in his arms to the apartments allotted to the Nuns, who, of course, had their share of the Cross, scarcely able to drag themselves. The convent carriage had been made off with early, and not one horse left in the stable. They had to carry by turns the younger boarders. The brave Christian soldier carried two children, and the good, holy Priest had another in his arms. They all remained safe in the fort until 23rd July, when the Lahore authorities advised them to return and avail themselves of the protection afforded by the newly-arrived European and Sikh troops, which had pursued and cut up the mutineers almost to a man. The villains maltreated the Christian soldier, burnt his house, &c., for having guided the Nuns, but God's vengeance overtook the wretches. We hear constantly from our dear Sisters. I am just now in receipt of a letter from Mrs. St. Gonago, the Superioress. She reports all as being well. The roof of the convent and chapel have not been injured; but, as St. Patrick says, the monsters destroyed all the furniture, &c., too heavy to be carried off; glass doors, windows, &c., all smashed. Sir Henry Lawrence has advised the Nuns to stay in the Punjab, so they won't proceed to Bombay, as had been arranged. Subscriptions are being raised for them. By-and-bye they will be once more safe in their peaceful convent. We are most uneasy about Rev. F. Rooney, and are making inquiries in all available quarters for him. He had been in Cawnpore since 1855. We greatly fear he was among the massacred. What incarnate demons these Mahometans are! Delicacy forbids my mentioning even the least of the outrages committed on European ladies, women, and children. Oh! it would seem that Almighty God was avenging Himself for the scarlet crimes of lustful—land. I have heard only a little of the shameful, barbarous deeds, the bare thought of which causes me to shudder, and to feel most grateful to the Immaculate Mary for having preserved our Sisters and boarders from any insult. When writing to our dear Bishop the other day and mentioning for the first time the trials of our dear Sisters at Sealcoote, I reminded him of God's kind providence in not having permitted any of his spiritual daughters to be afflicted save by loss of property.

"9th.—Apparently the Agra dak is again closed, as no letters have come since the 3rd. We are so uneasy about our dear saintly Bishop, who we fear, has not recovered from the dangerous fit of illness. Oh! this is not a time to be deprived of our watchful shepherd! But God's will be done in all things. We long to see an end to this war, and hope matters will have been settled before November next. Several of our boarders' parents have not been heard of for a long time, and we fear many have been left orphans in consequence of all these massacres.

"10th.—Here we are, to all appearance safe, having no Sepoys, but we greatly fear that when Delhi is stormed the mutineers will rush towards this place. A letter from one of the Nuns at Meerut informs us that the Agra dak is again stopped, but that, with God's blessing, the country will be quiet earlier than what people generally anticipate.

"11th.—There is little or no hope for the good Missionary of Cawnpore—he must have been butchered with all the other Europeans. Every day brings news of greater atrocities. The funds of Islam actually mince the Christians, oblige poor ladies and children to lie over the dead bodies of their husbands, brothers, and fathers, there to be chopped up limb by limb! They often force down the throats of the living victims the flesh of the mangled victims, whose fate they well know they themselves are to share immediately after! Our good God must have His own wise ends in thus permitting such terrible deeds. Cholera and dysentery, I am sorry to say, prevalent in our camp. The only Catholic Clergyman, the Rev. F. Bertrand, is constantly attending either the wounded or sick. He used to write to our Chaplain, but for the last fifteen days no letter from him has been received. All the ladies here are very busy making up clothes, flannels, &c., for the poor sick soldiers in camp. I think I told you in my last (22nd June) that the convent had been selected by the authorities as the fortress for the Mussoorie Residents, and that we were preparing to accommodate the good people; but at present plans are altered, for in the event of an attack we will go up to the opposite hill (Lan-dour), where is the depot. We daily expect the Hill soldiers, or, as they are called, 'Ghoorkas.' "Don't forget to ask your friends, especially Clergymen and Religious, to pray for the Agra mission, that God may enable our venerable Bishop and Superioress to rebuild the churches and convents, if it be for His greater glory.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal publishes a most interesting letter from an Irishman in the North of India—from which we make some extracts:—

"ALLAHABAD, AUG. 13th, 1857.—Although the postal communication is cut off on every side of us, I write on chance of being able to post this myself at Calcutta, where I hope to be in two or three weeks hence. The only means we now have of sending letters is by return steamers down the Ganges. With one of these steamers, now in the river, I intend to proceed in a day or two. As the vessel carries two pieces of cannon and some swivel guns, there is little fear of her capture by the rebels, who can at most give us only a volley from their muskets as we glide down the rapid current (running at some six or eight miles an hour). The cannon of the rebels commands the river above us, but at present the stream is free below, so that I hope to add a postscript to this after my arrival in the 'City of Palaces.' I go there for change of scene, and for a new outfit for the 'cold weather' campaign, to which I look forward with impatience. I hope to be here again about the middle of October, but the chances of life in India have become so much diminished it is hard to say what might happen before the present letter comes to an end. He who has yesterday staid in the grave. Every day has its victims; those who escaped the massacre at Allahabad on the 6th of June have quickly followed one another to the grave, either by cholera, fever, or excitement. Deprived of houses or shelter, the Christian population took refuge in the Fort, but the pestilential atmosphere of the Fort (situated in the low swampy ground at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna) killed more in one night than the united murders of the Sepoys, and the 3,000 prisoners whom they liberated from our goal. I must say something about the terrible night of the 6th June. We took refuge in the Fort—that is to say, all that were not murdered; and it is worth remark, that in the lists of names which daily appear from every part of the scene, of rebellion, the list is not headed killed and wounded, but the following persons have escaped." Then we took refuge in the Fort, where animal food was not procurable. For three days we lived on biscuits and some tea. After this our cannon opened fire on the city, and we made a few sallies under cover of the guns. After six days, General Neill took command of the garrison. "He infused some of his own bold spirit into the handful of soldiers and volunteers who held the Fort. We advanced into the city, but without the general, and were repulsed with some

loss—only seven men and two officers killed, and wounded. Next day we mounted mortars and howitzers on the ramparts, and pitched shells into the heart of the city close to the head-quarters of the rebel chief. Finding our fire too hot, he shifted his position, abandoning the cannon taken from us on the 6th, which we then captured and brought back to the Fort. This was providential, for the cholera broke forth inside with such violence that one week would have annihilated us all had we been obliged to remain."

"After coming out of one of my first visits was to the burnt ruins of my late residence. Picture to yourself how I drooped forward on the pommel of my saddle to peep into the long room where I left behind so many friends, in photograph, on the evening of the 6th. Could I only see, even on paper, the countenances of my old friends, I would feel at home again; but no, the walls were naked and my friends shared in the common ruin, and were lost in the heaps of ashes which occupied the place of my household goods. I could not help thinking of Job when he said 'naked was I born, for I had no clothing left except the small kit I took in my flight to the fort.' You will, no doubt, read long accounts of the terrors of this the greatest and most sanguinary rebellion ever known. You will read of the hardships and sufferings of poor fugitives, men, women, and children, who are hunted like wolves or foxes from one cover to another; but I defy any production of pen or pencil ever to give an idea of the actual sufferings of those who escaped by flight. Some, finding refuge in the tops of large trees, were shot down like rooks: others who lay in holes and caverns, were drawn forth and put to a slow death, by lopping off first a leg, then an arm, then the nose, then bursting out the eyes, after which the further operations of the brutal murders cannot be described. Some persons have escaped altogether, but so worn out by starvation and fatigue that death must shortly have terminated their lingering existence. The Cawnpore tragedy, adverted to in a former letter to some of my friends has been verified. There were in that bloody camp between 700 and 1,000 persons, including soldiers, civilians, and women. The daily fire of the enemy's cannon had so demolished the breast works and weakened the garrison, that further resistance was in vain. The cries of the women prevailed against the brave general—Sir H. Wheeler—who commanded. He capitulated with the enemy on condition of being allowed to come down here to Allahabad in safety by the river-boats. The deceitful Hindoo, Nena Sahib, gave a guarantee, but, having found his prey in frail boats under his masked cannon, he opened fire and destroyed all except 163 persons, principally ladies and children, whom he took back again, but, alas! only to massacre in a more bloody manner. Two persons who escaped from the boats are yet alive, so that authentic accounts of the whole affair will be published, and saves me any further reference to so melancholy a subject, in which so many of my personal friends and companions are leading characters.

"P.S.—CALCUTTA, SEPT. 4, 1857.—Here I am to add my postscript to my first letter, written at Allahabad on the 13th ult. Since then I passed over 1,000 miles of the Ganges, arriving here on the 26th. The steamer met no opposition, nor did her passengers fire a shot, except at the dead bodies of the Hindoos (capital sport) while floating by dozens down the holy stream. Our sport was, however, turned into grief by recognising some of the bodies of our countrymen floating among the blacks. At Mirzapore the mangled body of a poor white child was stopped in the eddy formed by the steamer while at anchor. I cannot here omit to mention, for my brother's information, to whom I hope you will forward this when read by you that Mrs. Carshore, the daughter of Mr. Seyers, of Futtehpore, and authoress of Songs of the East, was most cruelly murdered in June, as also her husband and children. The latter were, in the most heathish manner, torn limb from limb in the sight of their expiring mother. You must believe it, for it is true. I called on Mr. and Mrs. Seyers here on yesterday, but did not wish to introduce the subject of their daughter's death until they, without a tear—for their tears were exhausted—spoke first. A few mournful words passed; the trembling lip of the heartbroken, loving father, and the black, choked-up grief of the distracted mother, soon ended our conversation. They have been fortunately living at Calcutta for some time, or they would have also fallen in the bloody massacre. They will quit the country immediately, and proceed either home or to Australia—probably to the latter place.

"A few words on the general aspect of affairs may not be unacceptable. This is exactly our position at the present moment:—The whole of the Bengal Army horse, foot, and artillery, about 100,000 men, are in arms against the State, excepting about five regiments of Sepoys, who have been disarmed by European troops at the muzzle of the cannon. Delhi is still in the possession of the rebels; so is the Kingdom of Oude; so are all the north-west provinces of India, with the exception of a few spots, such as the forts of Allahabad, Agra, and a few entrenched towns along the course of the Ganges. General Havelock, who commands the Allahabad garrison, is the only man up to this moment that has won a battle. He fought and won at Futtehpore—ditto at Pandoo Nuddy—ditto at Cawnpore—ditto in several places in Oude, where at length he was repulsed and obliged to recross the Ganges, and is now at Cawnpore, encamped with General Neill, on the plain of the massacre, having not more than about 1,000 or 1,500 soldiers in all fit for work, and 500 in hospital. General Havelock lost from all causes at the rate of 100 men for every 12 miles he advanced into Oude. This could not continue, and he was subsequently obliged to retreat gloriously, after gaining nine battles and capturing 70 pieces of cannon. It is hoped that by the time this is posted on the 8th, General Havelock will be reinforced by one or two more regiments, and that he will push on again for Lucknow, in which garrison there is a European regiment and some hundreds of men, women, and children closely besieged for more than three months.

"Reports have now arrived that Lucknow is lost, that in the last extremity their garrison, rather than undergo a rehearsal of Cawnpore, blew themselves up. This is not believed, and is, I hope, untrue; but still there is great anxiety for the people in the temporary fort at Lucknow. Much misapprehension is likely to prevail at home, on account of the way in which things are reported here by the press. For instance, 163 names are given of those massacred at Cawnpore, which would lead one to believe that that was the whole number. It is not so. These 163 are the persons taken back from the boats and coolly butchered in detail afterwards. The total number killed is about 800, but no one can tell exactly, as many have been in from the country of whom there was no knowledge. Another batch was massacred at Cawnpore before the final massacre. A party of refugees, who were coming down the river from Futtehpore, 150 in all, were taken and shot on the parade-ground.

"The European inhabitants of India are disgusted and sick of the old system of government in this country. There is an infatuation over government which blinds it to all reason. Even in this hour of blood and terror they are appointing Mahomedans and natives to ministerial posts, giving them power and to disarm British-born subjects, or put them in the common goal among native murderers for six to twelve months. In fact, the Council at Calcutta seems to run upon a precipice, and the sooner it tumbles down, every one says, the better. I have suddenly and unconsciously run into politics, but I cannot help talking you of the general feeling, as well as of the state of this unfortunate country. Lord Ellenborough is the only man who thinks of saving us from utter annihilation. 'May he succeed!' his efforts to arouse the dormant club, at Leadenhall-street.—A letter has come in from the borders of Oude just now. It says that the garrison has provisions sufficient for some time; but they are so decimated by sickness

and death that they have offered terms to the rebel besiegers, which the latter refused—namely, to save the women and deliver up all the men in garrison as hostages of prisoners. The bloody rebels have refused these terms, they must have all or none to glut their vengeance on. I will take up a third sheet before the mail goes, and give you all the particulars that may come all then.

SEPTEMBER 1857.—Since writing the foregoing I received Tom's letter of the 14th of July, and my brother's of the 17th, but not the newspaper yet. I am happy to hear that all friends are well, and that the country sympathises with us in the ordeal through which we are passing. I will send a lot of newspapers home by this mail, from which much may be learned, but still for want of a connected narrative, and whole lists of the massacres, they will give only a faint idea of the real state of things. Nothing new has transpired from the besieged garrison of Lucknow. The Government cannot communicate with that unhappy place, nor can the poor fellows inside send out any authentic intelligence. Their condition must be frightful, in the heart of a native city, encompassed for miles around by fanatical wolves, thirsting for their blood. The mortality from sickness alone, especially among the women and children, must be great; and I fear that, even if General Havelock's reinforced column can force its way, it will find a small fraction of the garrison alive. The few paragraphs of intelligence regarding Lucknow, recently given to the public, cannot, I fear, be much depended upon, for many of the reports are supplied by natives, and turn out false. Such, for instance, was the report two months ago of the fall of Delhi, for which salutes were fired from the ramparts of our forts, exposing us to the ridicule of the natives. If Delhi fall shortly, it may give a turn to affairs, but recent accounts are not more encouraging than those received several weeks ago.

INFORMATION WANTED

OF STEPHEN FERGUSON, a native of Ireland, some time in Canada, when heard from last spring, he was employed at Chateaux Canal, near Ottawa City. Any communication as to his whereabouts, addressed to his brother, PATRICK FERGUSON, care of Mr. HOWLEY, Corner of Anne and Wellington Streets, Montreal, C.E., will be thankfully received.



THE CHARITABLE RELIEF COMMITTEE of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will meet every THURSDAY from 7 to 9 o'clock in the St. PATRICK'S HALL, Place d'Armes, for the purpose of affording relief to all worthy applicants for the same. August 6.

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Needle Work Taught Free of Charge. GENERAL REGULATIONS. The Annual Vacation will commence the second week in July, and scholastic duties resumed on the first Monday of September.

There will be an extra charge of \$15 for Pupils remaining during the Vacation. Besides the "Uniform Dress," which will be black, each Pupil should be provided with six regular changes of Linen, six Table Napkins, two pairs of Blankets, three pairs of Sheets, one Counterpane, &c., one white and one black bobinet Veil, a Spoon and Goblet, Knife and Fork, Work Box, Dressing Box, Combs, Brushes, &c. Parents residing at a distance will deposit sufficient funds to meet any unforeseen exigency. Pupils will be received at any time of the year. For further particulars, (if required,) apply to His Lordship, the Bishop of London, or to the Lady Superior, Mount Hope, London, C. W.

WANTED, IN School District No 3, in the Parish of St. Alphonse, County of Joliette, a FEMALE TEACHER (having a Diploma) competent to teach French and English. Applications addressed to the undersigned, will be punctually attended to. LUKE CORCORAN, Sec. Tre. of School Commissioners. St. Alphonse, 18th August, 1857.

CHEAP READING. UPWARDS OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED VOLUMES on Religion, History, Biography, Voyages, Travels, Tales and Novels, by standard authors; to which constant additions will be made, for ONE DOLLAR yearly, payable in advance. Printed Catalogues may be had for 4d., at FLYNN'S Circulating Library and Registry Office, 40-Alexander Street, near St. Patrick's Church. October 7.

FOREIGN BOOKS

- JUST RECEIVED, by the Subscribers, several cases of Books from London and Dublin. Mores Catholic, or, Ages of Faith, 3 vols., \$18 00 Cardinal Wiseman's Essays, 3 vols., 7 00 Cardinal Wiseman on Science and Revealed Religion, 2 vols., 2 50 Faith of Catholics, 3 vols., 8vo., 6 00 Moehler's Symbolism, 2 vols., 2 25 The Pope. By De Maistre, 1 25 Audin's Life of Luther, 1 vol., 2 00 " " Henry VIII., 2 00 Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent, 2 25 Life of St. Teresa. By Herself, 1 25 Letters of St. Teresa, 1 50 Captain Rock in Rome, 1 00 Geraldine; a Tale of Conscience; and Rome and the Abbey, 1 75 Archer's Sermons, 2 vols., 1 25 Appleton's " 2 00 Morony's " 2 00 M'Carthy's " 2 25 Massillon's " 2 00 Gahan's " 2 25 Liguori's " 2 00 Peach's " 2 50 Bourdaloue's " 2 00 Newman on University Education, 2 25 Appleton's Analysis; or Familiar Explanations of the Gospels, 2 00 St. Liguori's History of Heresies, 1 vol., 3 50 Religious Monitor; or, Instructions and Meditations, Preparatory to the Reception and Professions of the Sacred Spouses of Jesus Christ, 2 vols., 8vo., (Just published) 3 00 St. Liguori on the Council of Trent, 1 25 St. Liguori's Victories of the Martyrs, 0 50 Life of St. Dominic, 0 63 Interior of Jesus and Mary, 2 vols., 1 25 Gother on the Epistles, 1 25 Lanagan on the Eucharist, 0 30 Peach's Reflections, 1 25 Stone's Retreat, 0 50 Nun Sanctified; or, Spouse of Christ, Life of St. Francis Assisim, Patriarch of the Friars Minors, 0 31 Sinner's Complaint to God, Lucy Lambert, Grandfather's Story Book, Huck's Travels in Tartary, &c., illustrated, Morning Star, Virgin Mother, St. Francis De Sales on the Love of God, Hornbold on the Commandments—Sacraments Practical Meditations, Faber's Poems, The Oratorian Lives of the Saints, 30 vols., per vol., 1 25 Chalonner's Meditations, 1 vol., 1 00 " Memoirs of Missionary Priests, 3 vols., 0 75 Life of St. Liguori. By the Oratorians, 5 vols., 6 25 Lacordaire's Conferences. Translated, Lingard's England. 10 vols. Last Edition, revised by the Author before his death. Half calf, 20 00 Bourdaloue's Spiritual Retreat, Pocket Bible, in various styles of Binding, from \$1 00 to 3 00 Butler's Discourses, 2 vols., 2 50 Archbishop M'Hale's Evidences, 2 vols., 2 00 Letters, 2 00 Young Christian Library, 4 vols., Newman on the Turks, 1 25 The Church of the Fathers. By Newman, A Series of Practical Meditations, Annals of the Four Masters. Edited J. O'Donovan, L. L. D. 7 vols. Royal 4to., O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland, Native and Saxon, 0 68 Shill's Sketches of the Irish Bar. 2 vols., O'Connell's Speeches. 2 vols., 2 00 Burke's " 1 25 Curran's " 1 25 Grattan's " 1 25 Shiel's " 1 25 Plunket's " 1 25 Carleton's Tales and Stories. New Series. Dublin Edition, 1 vol., 2 00 The Life of Thomas Moore, with Selections from his Poetry. 12mo., 0 75 The Life of Robert Emmet. By Dr. Madden, Revelations of Ireland, Military History of the Irish Nation, comprising a Memoir of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France. By Matthew O'Connor, Esq., 1 50 Catholic Guardian, Confederation of Kilkenny, Barry's Songs of Ireland, Davis's Poems, Ballad Poetry of Ireland, M'Carthy's Irish Ballads, Irish Writers. By T. D. McGee, Art M'Murrough, Confiscation of Ulster, Geraldines, Hugh O'Neill, Davis's Essays, Curran and Grattan, Bleeding Epiphania. By Dr. French, Unkind Deserter, Paddy Go-Easy, Casquet of Pearls, Rody the Rover, * * We have the Library of Ireland complete in 11 vols., gilt, 75 cents per vol. D. & J. SADLIER & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets.

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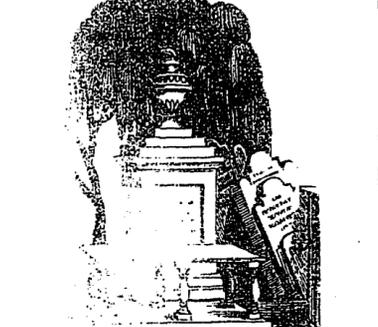
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