

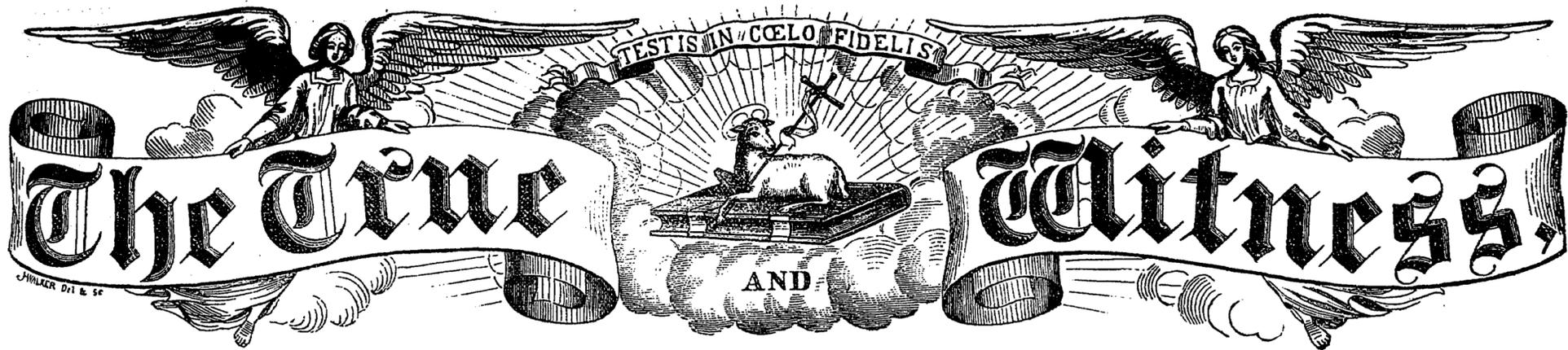
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## "THE KNOT."

A TALE OF POLAND.

(Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sautter.)

CHAPTER I.

In 1621, when the Polish ambassadors presented to Paul the Fifth the banners taken from the infidels, and piously besought him for relics, the venerable Pontiff replied: "Why ask ye me for relics?—you have but to pick up a little of your polish earth, every particle of which is the relic of a martyr." In what words, then, might Christendom now address that long-suffering, and most heroic nation? In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Catholic Poland generously shed her blood at Chocim, and subsequently under the walls of Vienna, braving and repelling on those two memorable occasions, the attack of seven hundred thousand Turks. She fought for the common good of Europe, but encircled by a halo of glory, and cheered on by plaudits the loudest and most enthusiastic. Poor Poland!—she was then formidable by her power, and illustrious by her achievements.

Who could then have foreseen that those very nations of Europe which owed their salvation to Poland, would one day form a coalition to despoil and subjugate their deliverer? And yet so it stands on the face of history. Artifice, perfidy, violence, were each in turn brought to bear on the unhalloved work, and Poland fell. In 1733, Russia, in concert with Austria, invaded Poland, entered Warsaw, deposed Stanislaus, the king, and proclaimed in his stead Augustus the Third. Thirty years later, Catherine the Second placed one of her creatures on the tottering throne of Poland, and the Russian ambassador might truly say to that phantom of Royalty: "You see I am your master, and you are to remember that your crown depends on your entire submission!" In 1768, the Confederation of Bar essayed, but vainly, to shake off the Russian yoke, and the kingdom was given up to the pitiless fury of a savage soldiery. At length came the dread torture of dismemberment—Prussia, Austria, and Russia tearing asunder their unhappy victim, and dividing amongst themselves her yet palpitating members. Poland, after all, was not dead—the breath of life was not yet extinguished, and she made an attempt to rise by the liberal constitution of the 3d May, 1791. A new struggle followed—the national cause was fettered by the weakness of the king, Stanislaus Augustus, and at its close saw the population of Poland reduced to three millions—whereas, she had once numbered twenty within her fair provinces. But such a people can never remain quiescent under the lash of oppression—they rose again in 1794, when Kosciusko—the intrepid Kosciusko—achieved prodigies of valor in his mighty struggle with the allied powers; but in vain his progress—he fell on the fatal field of Maciejowick, and soon after, twenty thousand victims, consisting of old men and young children, women and girls were brutally massacred in Praga, at the very gates of Warsaw. Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, the ex-favorite of Catherine, and the last king of Poland, abdicated, and that ill-fated kingdom was definitely divided between her three murderers, banished from amongst the nations, and deprived even of her distinctive name. Yet the drama ended not there. Fired by the victories of Napoleon, this nameless, this dissevered nation again started into life, and followed with renewed hope the steps of the conqueror. Napoleon gave but a cool welcome to auxiliaries who sought but the restoration of their ancient independence, so that, instead of erecting Poland (as policy even, would have dictated) into a free state, whose gratitude would have made it an effective ally, he was led by his insatiable ambition into Russia, where destruction fell upon him.—The great opportunity lost to Poland, she was for the fourth time divided amongst her greedy and ungrateful neighbors. The Emperor Alexander behaved nobly to the provinces which fell to his share, and promulgated a constitution in strict accordance with the engagement entered into at the Congress of Vienna. But such generosity could not last on the part of Russia.—Alexander was succeeded by Nicholas—the reaction of despotism speedily set in, and new chains were forged for unhappy Poland.

"This brings us to the close of 1830, when the events occurred which we are about to relate. It is not easy to imagine the utter wretchedness of a country which had lain under the iron yoke of the oppressor—torn and tortured by every species of cruelty and persecution. Terror overspread the land, for the Russian government was known to have its thousands of spies stationed throughout the provinces, in order to give information of even the faintest symptom of revolution. The broken-spirited Poles glided through their towns and cities more like shadows than living men—neither in the streets, on the public promenades, nor even in private assemblies, did any man dare to give utterance to a patriotic sentiment, though it were to his dearest friend. Members of the same family, when separated by distance, might no longer enjoy the pleasure of a

mutual correspondence, for the seal was unhesitatingly broken by an infamous and unprincipled police. On the most trifling accusation a citizen would disappear, and not even an answer as to his fate could be obtained by his afflicted family. The dungeons were filled with unhappy victims, and Siberia beheld with amazement her dreary deserts peopled with the fair sons of Poland.

Was it not, then, matter of surprise and admiration that Poland, bruised and broken as she was, even then contemplated the prospect of deliverance? Her heroic sons were wont to assemble in the impervious shades of her dense forests, and under cover of the night to concert measures for yet another attempt to liberate their suffering country, holding their own individual lives as naught, could that glorious end be attained by their sacrifice. This great question was agitated (secretly, of course), from one end of the country to the other, and the time had arrived when each awaited the summons to arise and smite the oppressor.

Such was the state of affairs, when, on the morning of the 1st of December, 1830, a young Polish nobleman, named Raphael Ubinski, rode along by the shores of the Ujensien, in the neighborhood of Grodno: a splendid hunting train by which he was preceded giving sufficient indication of the rank and fortune of its master.—The hounds made the shore resound with their joyous baying, and the hunters, mounted each on a gallant courser, sounded at intervals their lively chorus, whereupon whole troops of boys and children, darting forth from the adjacent cottages, took their places in the rear of the cortege, eager to share in the sports of the day.—The fair face of nature, faded as it was by the icy touch of winter, wore at that moment when lit up by the rays of the wintry sun, such a charm as we see on the pallid countenance of a dying maiden when she smiles a melancholy smile. In front lay a spacious plain. On one side the river rolled on in peaceful majesty, its waves borrowing a rich purple tint from the rosy clouds of the early morning; while on the other, the dark line of the leafless forest was traced in broken and irregular undulations on the bright sky beyond. Yet neither the unhopd-for beauty of the day nor the noisy gaiety of huntsman or peasant, could brighten the serious and somewhat anxious face of the young nobleman, who rode at some distance behind his troop, as though to pursue his reflections undisturbed.

Raphael Ubinski, who had lost both his parents some years prior to the opening of his tale, was then about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. He lived retired on his parental estates with his maternal grandmother, a woman whose high moral courage and unbending principles of rectitude commanded Raphael's respect and admiration, as her judicious kindness won his warmest affection. Brought up as he had been in the ways of religion and virtue, he knew how to resist all the gaudy seductions of youth and prosperity. Study was the amusement of his leisure hours, and deeply struck with the impression that a son of Poland might serve her by the powers of his mind as well as by his sword, he applied every faculty to make himself worthy of those high avocations to which he was by birth entitled. Yet Raphael was far from being ambitious, but seeing as he fully did the deplorable condition to which his country was reduced, he ardently desired to devote himself to her deliverance. There had been a time when, led away by the enthusiasm of youth, he had thought that force alone could remedy the misfortunes of Poland, and had thrown himself heart and soul into those secret societies which, eluding the vigilance of the Russian police, multiplied throughout the provinces. But, according as his reason and judgment were matured by study and reflection, he had become sensible that his unhappy country had no chance for success in a struggle with three great powers united against her to retain her in bondage. This saddening conviction had for some time damped the ardor of those hopes, which nothing could destroy, founded, as they were, on those sacred and immutable rights for which he would willingly have laid down his life. "Alas, no!" would he sigh, in bitter sorrow, "God can never sanction deeds of violence and treason, yet Poland, poor exhausted land, cannot surely be doomed to groan in perpetual slavery. There must be some means of deliverance for her. Oh! that it were given me to know them!" After numberless reflections on this all-engrossing subject, he arrived at the conclusion that Poland must needs have patience, and prepare herself by a high and pure morality for whatever contingencies might arise in her favor. In the actual condition of the people, and the violent agitation of men's minds there were many signs whereby a reflecting and philosophic mind might dive into the future. These ideas, now settled into convictions, had effected an entire change in the mind and in the conduct of Raphael, so that, instead of fomenting the angry impatience of his fellow-patriots, and urging them on to that violent demonstration which he now saw would but make

matters worse, he sought only to restrain their impetuosity, and to prove to them that they could best serve their country by applying themselves to foster and develop the national virtues. But this language, being new to them, was not often understood, while the reserve which Raphael was wont to assume when violent measures were under discussion, placed him in that false position, wherein a man appears, in the eyes of the impetuous and unthinking, to be undecided as to his course, simply because he aims only at what is practicable, and knows better than any other the means of attaining his end.

Such were the reflections of Raphael as he rode along by the river on the morning in question. He was on his way to join a great chase in the domains of the Count Bialewski, which chase was neither more nor less than a pretext for assembling the neighboring noblemen, so that they might stimulate each other in the pursuit of freedom, and at the same time concert the needful measures for a struggle which could not now be distant. Raphael was more than a little embarrassed by the awkwardness of his position in regard to his friends, knowing that time alone could justify his opinions, and he shrank from assemblies like the present where he found it difficult to defend his convictions. But why, then, did he accept the invitation of the Count, a veteran soldier of exalted patriotism, whose whole soul was on fire with the desire of doing battle against the Russians? In the first place, having once entered with all sincerity into the views and hopes of his fellow-patriots, he knew not how to withdraw himself with any sort of grace from their councils; and in the next place, why Count Bialewski had a lovely daughter, and Raphael was but twenty-five. This daughter of the Count, fair as lover could desire, the co-heiress of a rich inheritance, and gifted with many rare qualities, both of mind and heart, was naturally an object of exceeding interest to all the young nobles in her vicinity. She was now in her twentieth year, but her father had been known to declare that he would not give her in marriage till she was twenty-one at least. In the meantime many suitors presented themselves, and amongst them Raphael stood eagerly forward. It was not for him, then, to refuse the Count's invitation, and still less could he do so, as he knew full well that there would not be wanting some, who, in the hope of prejudicing Rosa against him, would represent his peculiar political opinions in the most unfavorable light, whereas he felt within his soul a certain energy of conviction which assured him that he could well justify himself when present.

Reflecting thus, alternately on the sad condition and cheerless prospects of his country, and the serious difficulties of his own individual position, he was journeying towards the castle, when he saw rapidly approaching, by a cross road, a gay and numerous hunting party. A moment after, he recognized in its chief, one of his friends, named Stanislaus Dewello, who, coming eagerly forward, greeted Raphael in the most cordial manner.

"I am so much the more gratified by this encounter, my dear Raphael," he exclaimed with animation, "that I had little expected to meet you here."

"And why so?"

"Why, because we scarcely ever see you now-a-days. You seem to shrink from the companionship of your former friends, and wrap yourself up in gloomy reserve, until we are brought to ask each other whether we can indeed count on you in the noble enterprise to which we are devoted?"

"Before I take upon me to answer you, my dear Stanislaus," said Raphael, lowering his voice, "will you be kind enough to inform me whether it is your indispensable custom to have that worthy steward of yours stationed as close behind as though he were your shadow?"

"Oh!" returned Stanislaus, "you need have no fears on that head; he is in all respects a most faithful fellow, and (between ourselves be it said) he has saved me from utter ruin, half a score of times at least. Nevertheless, I will send him away for the present, for if you will only hear me, I have something of importance to communicate. Firley, my good friend," turning to the steward, "we desire to be left alone just now, and let us have a little quiet, too, by all means—so you will tell our noisy hunters to keep their *fanfaras* for a more fitting moment. That's a good fellow—go now!"

The man scarcely attempted to repress a gesture of discontent, yet he gave the spur to his horse and rode away, an ironical smile curling on his lip.

"Are you sure of that man?" inquired Raphael, who had observed him closely.

"As sure as I am of myself!" promptly rejoined Stanislaus.

"It is well. And now, Stanislaus, can it be necessary for me to assure you again and again, that however much I may disapprove of your present plans, I am still entirely devoted to the same end at which you all aim?"

"I believe it, Raphael, I believe it; but, nevertheless, if it be permitted to each of us to have and entertain our own private opinions on the subject, should we not all submit our judgment to that of the majority, that by our unanimity we may ensure success to the national cause?"

"Alas!" sighed Raphael, "I can never adopt your views, for I see all too clearly the dread abyss into which you are hurrying. On the contrary, I must ever protest against a course of action, the result of which will be still deeper misery for our common country. But if, notwithstanding my earnest remonstrances, you are still determined to drag that hapless country into a fruitless struggle, then I can only say that my duty will not permit me to absent myself from your ranks."

"So far, well, my friend. And now to speak plainly, as one friend to another. I would rather not see you at the castle to-day."

"What do you mean by that?" inquired Raphael, with surprise.

"Why, just this—that your eloquence may have its effect in cooling the zeal of our friends, at a time, too, when we require all the courage and all the energy we can bring to bear. Besides, you cannot hope to effect a change in our counsels, for we are in hourly expectation of hearing that which will draw our swords from their scabbards. Leave us then to act as occasion may require; nor seek to interfere with our arrangements through your influence with the Count, remembering always that though he ever seems to hear you with attention, he neither can nor will adopt your advice."

"Nevertheless, my good friend, you will allow that I know best what suits me, so you must e'en put up with my company as far as the castle."

"Ay, marry, my master! You can do as you like, and I have only to confess myself a consummate dolt for having tried to turn you from a path which leads you to the bower of your lady-love. Now I am sure you cannot deny that neither politics nor patriotism forms the sole subject of your grave cogitations?"

"Nay, it were scarcely prudent in me to make a confident of one so prone to laughter. So, think as you may on that score, I am not to be persuaded from availing myself of the invitation with which the Count has honored me!"

"Since that is the case, then," cried Stanislaus, quickly, "I am bound to speak plainly and seriously, even at the risk of awakening your astonishment. You know me well enough to understand that I am pretty well skilled in the art of pleasing, and not less penetrating as to the success of such endeavors as have the favor of the fair for their end and aim. Now were you to ask me, on the strength of my superior judgment in such matters, what I think of your prospects with the Lady Rosa, (nay, hear me out, man)—I have a right so to speak) I should tell you candidly and fairly that you are but losing time, and had better go seek your fortune elsewhere. Heretofore it was quite allowable for you to pay your court to the lady—ay, and win her, if you could—but now the case is widely altered. When a decided preference has been shown, we should at once give way to the successful candidate."

"And that successful candidate—" demanded Raphael, with a faltering voice and a pale cheek.

"He stands before you, my dear Cato!"

On hearing this announcement, Raphael's first thought was expressed by an incredulous and almost contemptuous smile. But when he looked upon the beaming face of his rival, a thousand anxious thoughts took possession of his mind, and gave him more uneasiness than he would have been willing to confess. However he might seek to repel the idea that the noble heart of Rosa could be caught by the merely superficial advantages of Stanislaus, he could not conceal from himself the fact that it would be difficult to find a more accomplished or more attractive cavalier. His figure was tall and commanding, yet perfectly elegant; and his handsome features were illuminated with a sprightly and spirited expression which gave them no ordinary charm.—Moreover, Stanislaus was lively and generous—was gifted with uncommon powers of persuasion, and had all the dauntless bravery of the knights of old. But on the other side, (for all things earthly have their shade), his character had no solidity; he was prodigal, volatile, passionately fond of pleasure, and the sworn foe of anything like labor. And yet, as Raphael inwardly exclaimed, how light might each of these faults appear in a young man who, like Stanislaus, could throw a charm even around his failings!

As for Raphael himself, he could bear no comparison to his brilliant rival. There was nothing in his appearance to attract attention, save only that unpretending and quiet grace which denotes the truly well-bred man. His countenance was rather interesting than handsome, and yet from the nobleness of its outline, and the intellectual expression of its every feature, it was just the face to rivet the attention of a superior mind.

Yet, on a first glance (and such leaves generally the most durable impression) it was impossible not to admire the singularly fine features of Stanislaus. There was, therefore, nothing improbable in the declaration Raphael had just heard;—and so deep was his emotion, that it required all his self-control to preserve an appearance of composure. Still, he did not despair, being well acquainted with the extreme self-confidence which formed a distinctive mark in the character of his rival, and after a short silence, he replied:

"I am fain to believe, Stanislaus, that you would never have spoken so confidently did you not deem yourself fully authorized. Nevertheless, you must permit me to say that knowing as I do the extreme reserve usual to the Lady Rosa, together with that shrinking delicacy of feeling which belongs to her, I must still doubt whether you are as certain of her real sentiments as you seem to think."

"Why, Raphael, you must assuredly take me for a fool, to suspect me of making an idle boast where success was still doubtful?"

"Tell me, then, on what grounds do you build your hopes? For I dare affirm that you have received no formal consent from either Rosa or her father."

"It is true, I have not; yet the thing must be beyond all doubt when our mutual friend and common rival, Leopold Mapski, said to me only yesterday, that he believed I should fully to compete with me, and that he felt himself constrained to waive his pretensions in my favor. May I die if I exaggerate in the least, on the contrary, I omit much of what he said, lest it might tire you to listen!"

"That may all be," rejoined Raphael, dryly, "and yet I do not despair."

"You do not despair! Why, see you not, my dear Raphael, that there exists between the Lady Rosa and myself the most perfect union of taste and feeling? You cannot but remember, I am sure, that on winter evenings, when we assembled for music, she and I invariably sang together, nor the equally evident fact that when we meet in the ball-room I am ever her favorite partner. Have you not observed that when we walk together, my arm is sure to be eagerly accepted—not to say, sought? while in the chase, does she not always recognize your humble servant as the most skilful quarry that ever shielded a lady fair from the perils of the forest? Are you so blind as not to see the advantages to be derived from these occasions, so trifling in themselves—the numberless sweet words and interesting conversations which spring from them, the intimacy, strengthening and confirming my exclusive rights?"

"Were these the only means of pleasing the Lady Rosa?" returned Raphael, in a tone half serious, half ironical. "I must own it would be downright folly to compete with you, and it would only remain for me to follow Leopold's example, and resign in your favor. But—"

"But the grave Raphael chafes to imagine that a young dunsel may be caught by a philosophical or literary disquisition, or that she may be fascinated by the political speculations of a senator that is to be, or that she might be led to conceive an interest in a religious controversy. Considering himself a perfect master in each and all of these matters, he very probably fancies that they may overbalance the trifling counter-advantages of his rivals. Oh, sanctified simplicity! how richly you deserve a heavenly crown, since, alas! you are not likely to obtain your earthly rewards!"

"Go on at your leisure, Stanislaus, for you know I am proof against both raillery and sarcasm. Yet I cannot refrain from reminding you that magnanimity becomes a victor."

"But do you really dispute my claim to that title?"

"I dispute nothing. But when the Count decides against me, in his daughter's name, then I shall silently withdraw my claim. I may even add that defeat will lose something of its bitterness if you are to be the conqueror."

"Many thanks, my friend, and I cannot but admire your resignation even in perspective, tho' I much fear I could never imitate it in such a case. But this, I suppose, is one of the advantages of having what are called the Christian virtues. I have now only to say that being *warned*, you are already *half armed*. But here we are at the Castle, and without enemy I hope!"

"Oh, certainly," said Raphael, aloud; but within himself he said—"Yes truly, if Rosa has been allured by the brilliant exterior of this young man—if she has yielded herself to the fascination of his manner and address, then have I but little cause for regret. If such be the case, I have been lamentably mistaken in my estimate of her character. A thousand others are as fair to look upon, and those perfections of mind and heart for which I loved her being thus found unreal, I can with comparative ease submit to her decision. Such a woman would be ill-suited to share the iron destiny which awaits

me as a son of Poland. By why all this? and I dare that I have been deceived in Rosa?" Raphael would doubtless have protracted his reflections still farther, had he not just then arrived at the gates of Count Bailiewski's castle, which he entered with a full resolution to have his suspense ended either one way or the other. (To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAMILL ON NAPLES.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

It is the historian of the next century who will accurately describe the political schemes which England conceived, and indeed executed, after the battle of Waterloo, for the subjugation of the surrounding Catholic countries. The political liberties and the religious belief of these kingdoms were assailed at the same time; and the successful assault on these paramount national principles and rights was always made the pretext for perpetuating the bondage of Ireland. The history of modern Christianity has no parallel disasters with the inflictions planned against Spain and Portugal in 1815, practiced on these nations up to 1832, and finally executed in that year by the overthrow of the legitimate heir to the throne, by the infidel element in their ancient constitution and laws; and by the seizure and confiscation of the entire church revenues of the kingdom.

It cannot be repeated too often that England, by the same kind of intrigue, perjury, and bribery by which she robbed Ireland of her domestic Legislature, had plundered Spain and Portugal respectively of their national constitutions. The class which our politicians have called by the name of the English party in France, Spain, Portugal, Naples, Italy, &c., are no other than the Frenchmen, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Neapolitans, the Italians, &c., who, in these various nations have been seduced by English perfidy, and bribed by English gold, to betray their country, to sell their liberties, and to enslave their posterity. The children of Ireland—the profligate, base children of Ireland—have already bartered their national rights, of making their own laws, for English gold; and hence the Irish readers of this article can well understand the character and the stamp of these men called the English party referred to in the surrounding countries.

This, then, is the party which in Spain and Portugal, through the influence of England, abolished the *Siete Leyes*, and therefore expelled Don Carlos and Don Miguel, the two legitimate heirs to the two thrones. They were, both the one and the other, prince patriots, the unflinching advocates of their ancient laws, the steady defenders of their national constitutions, and the zealous friends of their clergy and the Church. The English party in the army, on the bench, in the provinces, in the Cortes, in the Cabinet, procured corrupt majorities to change the constitutional laws, to banish the two rightful heirs, to place upon the two thrones two young Queens, two usurpers, two children in two cradles. And as if to make the angels weep at these tricks performed before heaven, this is the party which banished from one country seventy-five thousand religious, and from the other, forty-six thousand of the same class. And having seized the revenues of the Church, concluded this fiendish tragedy, by converting the Churches of the two countries into Theatres, Gymnasiums, Bazars, Stables, Riding-houses, Magazines, and miscellaneous places of infamous resort.

Nor can it be ever forgotten, or too often repeated again and again, that when the English party faltered for a moment in this suicidal national inquiry for want of pecuniary resources, England advanced the Cash, through London Bankers, demanding as their security, the total Confiscation of the Spanish and Portuguese Church property. The very bonds by which the conveyance was made are still of course in existence; a moiety of the monies remains still unpaid to the Bankers; and a proof can be adduced, if proof were necessary, to brand England through all coming time with the same perfidy towards foreign Catholic Kingdoms, which she perpetrated in Ireland, namely, the plunder of their Constitutions, and the persecution of their Faith. The demolition of the Spanish Factories and Mills by the Duke of Wellington threw into the sole possession of England the entire Spanish market; while the weakness and the poverty of Portugal converted Lisbon into an English town.

Lord Palmerston during the times referred to, was engaged not only to command the policy, and to change or weaken the creed of the Catholic Countries; but also to place a Coburg on all the neighbouring thrones. In pursuance of this idea, this English breeder of young Coburgs had established, or rather had marked out two distinct houses in Saxo Gothia. The one was a Catholic stock suited to orthodox Crowns, the other was a multifarious trunk, being at one and the same time, Presbyterian, Calvinistic, Protestant, and, as anything and everything. All kinds of Religion grew on the branches of these two primary, elemental old trees; and hence the English Premier, like the Proprietor of a Mart, could from this kingly stock in trade, match the colour of any Religion in Europe, by a Coburg pattern already cut out at Germany, and ready at a moment's notice to be tied up in a handsome parcel, and shipped for inspection to any Court in the whole world. This clever old Whig leader succeeded in placing one of his young shoots on the throne of Portugal; but Louis Philippe, another accomplished old dodger, overreached the Englishman in Spain, by managing to win the hand of the Queen's sister for his young son, Montpensier. One of these great old Statesmen is already dead, and left this world which has been so long the scene of strife to him: while his English competitor is still not quite deceased: he still lives, but he lives to see the wasting ambition of his life frustrated; to witness the pernicious course of his political aims blasted with universal failure, and scouted with public scorn.

Oh, if the Whig leader had succeeded in his grand conception of modelling the Catholic states, according to the sacred views of his party, what a new creation would appear in Southern Europe! All the foreign cities would in such an event present the same inspiring godliness as we see at present exhibited in the Protestant capital of England, the blessed city of London! And the English laws introduced along the banks of the Tagus, the Douro, the Guadalquivir, the Tiber, the Vale of Calabria, and the Seine, must, as a matter of course, make the inhabitants of these countries just as happy as the happy Irish people now placed for several centuries under this fostering British rule! The knife, the razor, the child-killing apparatus, and strychnine would soon teach these barbarous countries to approach the social perfection of British justification! While incest, murder, and paternal care of female offspring, would prove the incalculable advantage of the Bible as an English schoolbook! The habit too of rendering the Sabbath day, a day of rest by being asleep or drunk every Sunday, like the six-millions of Englishmen who never frequent any house of worship (see report), would tend very much indeed to sanctify the Continent like England. Nor should we omit the edifying scenes described (in reports) in the English factories, where riotous license makes null the laws of God, and the voice of the Gospel! All this is surpassing strange, too, when we consider that the English-church costs the annual sum of eight millions and a half sterling; that the cure of souls is sold to the highest bidder; and that salvation can be had at the rate of six per cent per annum! What a pity that Lord Palmerston and his cousins in the Cabinet did not succeed in this grand legislative and Gospel movement. Rome might now be London, and the Pantheon the Haymarket! Madrid might rival Glasgow, and Lisbon approach Chatham! The Alps would resemble the enlightened Soupers of Conzema, and the Pyrenees might even surpass

the historic glories of Skibberreen! And above all, the bay of Naples, in the possession of England, would be enlivened by the cheering presence of glorious transport ships, conveying away from the Sicilies thousands and tens of thousands of the Italians, to the happy harbours of Bermuda and Spike Island, or to the salubrious air and joyful plains of Botany Bay!! What a loss this Southern Europe has sustained in the failure of this grand scheme, by which, in addition to all the other advantages already glanced at, the abandoned power, when dying, would have the satisfaction of knowing that their orphan children would be banished to the poorhouse, where, when sinking into death from misfortune and broken hearts, their very flesh would be contended for, by Protestant wolves seeking to devour them as they dropped into the grave!!

The writer of this article presumes to know Lord Palmerston well; and humble though he be, has often foretold that the day would soon arrive when the rulers of England would pay dearly for the reckless policy of her unprincipled Minister, and would also be compelled to retract in humiliation the indefensible diplomacy which is now admitted to be at once the shame and the weakness of England.

Amongst the unfortunate kingdoms which, after the fall of Napoleon, had fallen under domination of England, perhaps the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies has suffered the largest amount of National disaster. It is at this moment a problem amongst the modern historians, whether the political and religious interference of England in these countries since 1815, has not inflicted greater evil on their natural interests, than the injuries which they suffered from French invasion. It is a question not yet solved, whether the remedy of English alliance has not been more disastrous than the mischief which England pretended to remove. Although England did not succeed to plunder Naples of her constitution and her church revenues, as she had done in Spain and Portugal, yet she has perpetrated perhaps a greater, by far a greater national grievance. England has organized there a most violent English party; she has called into a malicious activity, a powerful inappreciable English faction who lose no opportunity of thwarting the king, resisting the laws, ridiculing the church, and seeking to overthrow the constitution and the altar. They have been during the last ten years, the most infamous den of cutthroats and conspirators known in Europe: and if it were not owing to the presence of the French in Rome, and to the support of Austria, they would have re-enacted the history of Spain and Portugal in the abrogation of the Neapolitan constitution, in plunder of the church, and perhaps in the elevation of a Coburg to the crown of Philip the Fifth. The English party in Naples are precisely the same class which has already appeared in Madrid and Lisbon: and they are actuated by even additional ferocity, because their plans have been frustrated, and their infidelity has been crushed. Their pent-up rage seeks vent on every occasion: and like the storm of Bolos, let loose by plunging a spear into the boisterous cave, the only remedy to dissipate the Neapolitan fury is by entering their revolutionary and scattering their assemblies at the point of the bayonet.

Napoleon invaded the Sicilies in the end of 1807, and having obtained the submission of the State, with the exclusion of their King Ferdinand, he placed the Crown on the head of his brother Joseph. In the following year, having seduced the King of Spain (another Ferdinand, too) to surrender his crown, Napoleon changed his brother from Sicily to Spain, and then bestowed the Neapolitan crown on Murat, a favourite, accomplished cavalry officer of the Imperial army. He removed Kings from one Kingdom to another, as the Inspector General of Constabulary removes his subalterns; and he made these kingly changes, as he himself said, in order to bolt out from the map of Europe every vestige of the name, pre-eminence and power of the Bourbon family, "who could never forget a fault in others, or learn a virtue of their own." It is not difficult to understand the weakness, the helplessness, the distractions of Naples, overrun by a French invasion, their King in exile, two foreign monarchs imported in succession, Plebeian Princes placed over the most ancient Nobility in Europe, and a foreign soldiery spreading tyranny, cruelty and immorality over their cultivated, delicate, and chaste Nation.

When, after the battle of Waterloo, Ferdinand was restored, and the former order of things passed away, England claimed the right of guiding the throne which she helped to restore; and from that hour to the present moment, she has lighted in that country the flame of a revolution in Politics and Religion, which up to this period has defied the power of three successive Kings to subdue, and which will demand the united co-operation of Austria and France finally to extinguish. The legislation, the education, and the religion of Naples have been described for the past twenty years, in all the English Journals as belonging to the lowest type of European civilization; and the malice and the lies which Ireland can so well understand) of a venal Press and a hired literature have been employed with an increasing fury, to brand the King, to denounce the laws, to malign the people, and to ridicule the Church. The laws are undoubtedly stringent and severe; but it is the Revolutionists themselves who have forged their own chains, and built their own prisons. The murderer, the assassin, the regicide, cannot in justice find fault with the rope, the guillotine, or the musket of the Executioner; they have each invited death, selected the instruments of punishment, and paid the penalty of their own deliberate crimes. The prisons, the cells, the galleys, the muskets therefore of the Sicilian authorities are not the acts of the King or his Ministers; they are the provoked penalties of decidedly the most furious, infidel, murderous English party, perhaps ever known heretofore in the history of European malice and atrocity.

When one inquires what can be the object held in view by England to cause such disasters in the Spanish Peninsula, or to attempt such revolutionary schemes in Sicily, no doubt the object of England in this singular policy must appear strange to the man unacquainted with England in these respects, but a single glance at the commercial and Catholic character of Great Britain will solve the inquiry in a moment. As long as Catholicity flourishes at home or abroad, the sacrifice, the plunder, the infidelity of England to the English and the Irish Church will be handed down to the horror and the scorn of posterity; and as long as foreign nations are unable to compete with England in commerce, so long will she enjoy a complete monopoly in all the neighbouring markets, for her gigantic manufactured exports. Her clear motives, therefore, of feeling and of interest, are, to annihilate Catholicity wherever she can, and at the same time to disturb the policy of all the surrounding states, in order to cripple their finances, to revolutionise their laws, to crush their trade, and to command their commerce. No nation in Europe presented such attractions to English perfidy on these points as the two Sicilies. If she could reduce Naples to the condition of Lisbon, she might ultimately command the entire trade of the Mediterranean; and if she could weaken the Catholic Church in Sicily, she had therefore made a successful advance on Rome, and might finally assault the Pope in the very citadel of Catholicity. No effort, therefore, which money and influence could employ which she has not adopted to succeed in this favourite project. She has made large sacrifices to Sardinia in order to help her in this Neapolitan crusade; and she has humbled herself to France to throw no obstacle in the way.—She stood pledged to the cutthroats of Naples, to aid them in their revolutionary designs: her whole character was staked on the accomplishment of this scheme; and hence her last death-like struggle, during the past two years to overawe Ferdinand, to encourage the English party, and to obtain even one inch of ground on the Sicilian territory, so near the Papal possessions, the towers of the Vatican.

But England is finally repulsed and defeated; the Bible Societies are no longer employed; social

science is now (as they say) "all the go!" and Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, and Lord Shaftsbury are become proye village schoolmasters and despicable arithmeticians since the public cry of shame has banished them from Florence and Naples, and all the Continent. The Catholic world will be glad to hear, too, that English influence has ceased at Madrid; and within the last fortnight, while an angry diplomacy was going on, between France and Portugal, an English sloop of war was seen steaming towards Lisbon; and as she neared the coast, two French war frigates were also observed in the distance, making the same bearings; and entered the Tagus side by side with the English ship! The result is now a matter of history: England lowered her tone of dictation, struck her colours to France, and the French naval guns command Lisbon within twelve hours to concede the French demands or they would open fire on the town!! This is a small occurrence, but still a great fact! and proves that now and hereafter France is the arbiter and the protector, and the mistress of the surrounding states. Since the American minister, Mr. Buchanan, celebrated the anniversary of American Independence in London, we have had no such fact as the Portuguese affair in reference to the lowered prestige of England: good news for Ireland.

LECTURE BY HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

IMPRESSIONS OF IRELAND.

According to previous announcement, His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman delivered a lecture on Wednesday evening 2nd inst., at the Hanover-square Rooms, London, on the subject of Ireland, and for the purpose of explaining the impressions produced upon the mind of His Eminence by his recent visit to that country. The proceeds of the lecture were to be applied to the use of the poor schools under the care of the Islington Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Long before the hour appointed for the lecture the spacious hall was crowded to overflow.

At the back of the platform were a number of the boys of the Catholic Schoolblack Brigade, who, with their blue and red dresses, presented a very pretty appearance.

Shortly after eight o'clock the Cardinal, attired in his reception robes, entered, and was received with the most enthusiastic—the whole room standing up to greet him.

Silence having been obtained—

His Eminence said:—"My difficulty in giving an account of my impressions derived from a recent visit to Ireland, in no degree proceeds from their being transitory or evanescent. Indeed, should my life be prolonged to the utmost limit of possibility, nothing, I am certain, can efface or weaken these impressions. (Hear.) But the difficulty which I undoubtedly feel proceeds from the different views which different men take of every subject which comes before them. Among the passengers by a train, I suppose hardly two could be found who regard the objects passing before them with the same eyes. One gazes intently upon the sky, not so much to admire its beauty as to form his prognostications what weather awaits him on a sea voyage to which he is hastening. Another watches the fields with the eye of an agriculturist, or studies the strata of the cuttings through which he passes with those of a geologist. I may as well state, at first, what my point of view was, and unfurl my flag. I regarded all with the eyes of a Catholic. Let me explain; because it has been much misrepresented the occasion and object of my visit. An Irish Catholic Bishop wrote last Spring to inform me that in a town of his diocese, circumstances (as very often happens in Ireland), where almost the whole population is heartily Catholic, while the landlord is strongly, and I doubt not sincerely, adverse; a large and beautiful church had just been built by the almost unaided exertions of the poor people, and that the presence of a Bishop from another country, especially one circumstanced as I changed to be, would be encouraging to them, and enable them to bear up against the constant opposition they met in the endeavor to raise their heads a little above the level to which they had been crushed. I thought this an occasion for which any Bishop might properly spare some time, and I went, as I might to Birmingham or Liverpool, as I have gone at the invitation of other bishops to Belgium and to France. I was sent by no one, I asked no one, I had no commission, I had nothing to do but to preach two sermons, and come back. The people no doubt, gave a different aspect to what I intended as a quiet and private visit. More work came upon me; I did it as well as I could, and returned. I made no journal, I took no note, I had hardly time so much as to write a letter. I can, therefore, only give my impression—and that impression, is of a great nationality rousing itself from a state of depression in which it has been sunk for many years.—Upon the past I do not wish to enlarge, but I must say that there is no more interesting period in a nation's history than the moment of transition from a state of misery to a state of prosperity. In ancient times seventy years of captivity was regarded as a lengthened and momentous period. The sufferers were of three classes: those who had reached manhood, or middle age, before the national calamity, and died before it passed away; those who were born, and lived, and died in captivity; and those who, born and educated in it, with but faint traditions of their old prosperity, were suddenly called to restore their city and temple. But here the suffering has lasted 300 years—a period so long that few or none of us, perhaps, have any tradition of the state, or even the names of our family in its early part.—The end of the time found two classes—one having the nobility, the wealth, the soil—the other kept in a state, I will not say of subjection, but of abjection—the poor dying of starvation in the midst of plenty; and yet it was as in the mythological tale, when the box was opened from which every other gift fled, one remained behind; and that one was hope. For what is religion, but hope in affliction—an immense trust of man in the Almighty power and goodness of God and this pearl, worth everything else, remained to the people. When the last spark of the turf fire was extinguished on the hearth, and the storm and rain raged round the miserable hut, their word was "Glory be to God!" and it shone at once with a brilliancy beyond that of the brightest assembly on earth. The bitterest suffering was that, as far as human power could do it, the religion of the people was swept away—churches, schools, colleges, religious houses—all that seemed necessary to its maintenance was gone; but it remained in the hearts of the people—bright, clear burning. And then came what seemed worse than all. The hand of man had been upon them—now it was the hand of God.—Famine came, followed by fever, which deserved to be called pestilence, and those parts of course suffered most which had least resource—the remote mountain regions, the crowded streets of the poorest towns and hamlets. But as when David preferred to fall into the hand of God, not into the hand of man, so it was here; those who for centuries had writhed and resisted under the oppression of man, which they felt to be unjust, became at once submissive when touched by the hand of God, which they knew to be just. The strong man, who might have resisted oppression, lowered his head when the little ones, the only flowers which grew around his cottage, were swept away; and men said, "We have been right; God Himself has followed our footsteps; and He is crushing those whom we have oppressed." and yet this was the turning point; the hand of God healed while it wounded, and there was a seed sown by that higher Hand ready to break forth and bear fruit. From that very moment three changes took place. First, the emigration. There had been, perhaps, some want of energy, from natural clinging to their native soil. The emigration now went so far as no doubt to alarm the authorities, but I am glad to say things have found their level. The condition of

those who remained, as well as of those who went, has been permanently improved. An emigrant too often forgets the cradle of his infancy, but not such were the Irish emigrants. The support which they have notoriously sent to their friends at home proves that Irish emigration was not a rush of desperate men to seek their fortunes, but made known the truth and soundness of the Irish heart. The next change was in the cultivation of the soil. The dependence on one root was an evil not only as affording worse food, but as limiting the mental energies. His Eminence then gave his own testimony, and that of eminent, practical, and scientific men, to the revolution in the cultivation of the country. The finish, which you see in England, was not to be looked for; but the face of things was changed; and the rotation of crops is well understood and practised, and the stock not only improved, but totally changed. The third great change has been the losing of property, which, for ages, had been shut up in few hands; while the landlords, reduced in many instances to a condition little better than that of paupers, oppressed their tenants less perhaps from avarice than necessity. The effect of the sales which have lately taken place, in consequence of that wise measure, has been the subdivision of property, much of which has been bought by those who had made money as tradesmen in towns; and thus the land had, in many cases, returned to the class from which it had been wrested; and thus, while the oppression of man had left no elasticity—no power of rising—nothing but revolution or rebellion, in themselves indefensible; and, which only added to the suffering of the country, the hand of God had both wounded and healed, cast down and raised up, as it always does, and Ireland has arisen to a new life. It is seen in the improved clothing, the manly bearing of the people, not perhaps everywhere, for it is a tide rising, which covers the open land before it reaches the distant mountains and rugged valleys; so that it is no contradiction to this, that there are still poor and suffering districts. I speak of the nation—meaning the mass of people, and those of the higher classes who are united with them in religion. I do not call those the nation who are fastened to it, not by growth, but by clamps, even though they be clamps of gold. (Hear, hear, hear.) No doubt, you may say they belong to the same soil, pretty much as the mistletoe, which sends its roots into a tree, without having so much as a leaf resembling it; and, by the way, very like that, in managing to keep green and prosperous when the tree has long lost every leaf. (Laughter and applause.) I speak of the native population, not of foreign colonies; and while there are great differences in different parts of the country, nothing is more striking than the marked complete nationality of the people—a warmth and expansibility of heart, totally different from any other I ever saw—a spontaneity of expression—a facility in giving utterance to their thoughts—a brilliancy and a poetry which pervade the whole peasantry—a smile in the countenance—a light in the eye, not only brilliant, but tender—a natural gentleness of breeding, such that, in seeing numerous vast collections of people in many different parts, I never saw a rude act. One Connaught peasant would give way to another with a courtesy which would do honour to those whom the world calls gentlemen. Everywhere along the road I saw houses which, though shut up, were decked with flowers and green boughs, as a spontaneous expression of feeling, for which they could receive no acknowledgment. (Hear, hear.) Ireland presents the spectacle of a whole nationality shaking off the dust of 300 years. I do not speak of its political but of its social position—the advancement of education, of culture, and of self-respect. If we are to believe what we see day by day in articles and essays, the effect of this progress must be that, as wealth and enlightenment are extended, the people will become less attached to what is called their superstition, more independent of their clergy, emancipating themselves especially from a certain great city in Italy—(laughter)—they will despise mysteries—become, in a word, comfortable free-thinkers. They tell us that, as men grow rich, they are less anxious about their religion, and more independent. Well, as they grow wealthy, they may naturally have a better home, and give their children a better education; but, if these predictions are to be fulfilled, I should expect that, when the parish priest calls upon such a man to tell him that a new church is needed, he would begin by buttoning up his pockets, and replying "Well, Mr. So-and-so, I have learned not to think so much about these matters." On the contrary, there never was such an outward demonstration of immense liberality, nay, almost incredible munificence, towards the Church as Ireland has shown of late years. We are in the habit of speaking of the different eras of ecclesiastical architecture—Norman, Early English, Perpendicular, &c.; and we may divide the recent ecclesiastical architecture of Ireland into four periods. The first epoch of Irish ecclesiastical architecture was that of no building at all. I have been told by a venerable prelate that, when he went as a boy to mass with his father, there was not one church or chapel in the diocese which he now rules; to this day the name remains in many a place of the mass garden, in the mass field; for they met, with their native soil for the church floor, with the mountains and crags for walls, and God's own sky instead of a roof, and above all, with a watchman on the hill-top to give notice of the approach of "the Presbyterians." The next step was a poor shed or a canvas tent, and this in the lifetime of a man who now rules the same diocese, and has a church at least in every parish. The second period, which still lasts in a few remote districts, was that of low walls and a poor thatch. I saw that myself, many years ago, in a parish in the South of Ireland. The third period was that of substantial buildings, such as we now prevail among us until an illustrious architect was raised up, but with no peculiar architectural character. This prevailed until the late famine; and what have we seen since? Have things fallen away? On the contrary, they have erected with mere substantial buildings, they have erected buildings equal to any we have, adorned with rich ornaments of bronze and marble; and I may say that every one of our church decorators is as much occupied in Ireland as in England. At Ballinastoe I saw a church that I should be proud to have. I can only say I should be delighted if any one would build me such a church; it is of stone, lofty and spacious, and ornamented with stained glass. The poor people were refused an appropriate site by the landlord, who lately chased the Sisters of Mercy from attending on the poor in the union workhouse. They could obtain only one piece of ground in the lowest part of the town, and there they were obliged to build their magnificent church, over their late little chapel. At Athlone I saw a grand church looking down upon the town, just erected; it will, I trust, be ready to be opened next year. But it is not only in large towns. I am continually receiving drawings of beautiful churches, large and small, erecting even in remote places. I saw one in the very parish where I remember hearing mass in the poor mud walls. There are no signs of Faith dying out. In England when a man gets rich he gives some outward sign of it—he sets up his carriage. In Ireland they erect fine churches. Churches I say, though the prevalence of the dominant party has fixed the custom of calling them chapels; indeed, I remember hearing of two friends, one a Catholic the other a Protestant, who were travelling in Italy, and went together into St. Peter's; both stood struck with astonishment; at last one cried "what a magnificent church." "Chapel sir," interrupted his friend. (Great laughter.) But, in fact, in towns where there are, perhaps, 10,000 Catholics, and under 100 of all other religions, the new churches which are being erected are throwing all others into the shade, and showing what is the religion of the people. As long as this lasts, as long as it increases, I see no sign that the increased wealth of Ireland is lessening its devotion to the Church. At Dundalk, I was especially struck with the manly bearing and noble char-

acter of the people. They were obviously practical men of the day; the development of the resources of the town and the great increase of its exportations all show it. But, above all, they have erected a magnificent church, and decorated it with a liberality which shows what their feeling is. There is no resource of modern art which is not lavished upon, from the floor to the ceiling, in these commercial men, of sound business heads. Look, again, at Galway; and who that reads week by week the name of him who has been most active in developing its resources, and establishing the new line of Transatlantic steamers, can suspect that he will allow the ship of St. Peter to be loosed from its moorings in that town. At Waterford, the development of commerce has gone along with the erection of churches and convents. At Cork, it is so much so that you hardly you might have been puzzled, when you heard a name mentioned, to say whether it was that of the merchant or of the bishop. I will only ask any sensible man, how more could the nationality of faith show itself? But even more is the nationality charity. I speak, of course, in this matter more particularly of the capital; because it is in great cities that the objects of charity are most numerous; and in Dublin the works of charity which have marked the last few years, are literally beyond belief. A great hospital, covering, I should be afraid to say how many acres of ground, a magnificent building at this moment erecting for the Sisters of Mercy, asylums for the deaf and dumb of both sexes, under the care of Religious, the examination of which I attended with the deepest interest and admiration; asylum and school for the blind, and for the insane, for penitents, and, in short, for every imaginable class of sufferers. There are in that one city more than eighty religious houses. The reformatory for women was lately visited by Lord Carlisle; he was deeply interested, and asked one of the inmates how it was that they who gave so much trouble in the prison, were so orderly there? The answer was, "that they could not be otherwise under the care of their dear sisters." In fact, in spite of those whose prejudices would lead them to prefer that people should continue bad rather than be reformed by nuns, I must say that the last year or two have seen a great change. I speak not only of the present, or of any one Government; but there is a manifest tendency towards greater generosity of behaviour, and a recognition of the Religious as public instruments of good; and this I cannot doubt the public voice will second. It is not in Dublin only, but even in the smallest places—for, in truth, there is hardly a family without some member in these holy communities; and even in the times of most excited feelings, although the attempt was made to raise a voice against them, it was thrown back as from the surface of an adamant mirror. I must conclude, but not without a word upon another topic, more difficult because it may seem to touch myself. The greatest artists place their own figures in the outermost circle of their paintings. But I must say that everywhere the national attachment to the Holy See was as strongly marked as the nationality of faith, and of charity. All, whether clergy, laity, gentry, or peasantry, spoke with equal enthusiasm of the See of St. Peter; and I am well aware that my own reception was due to my being more immediately than others connected with it. And now what shall we say of the miserable attempts to counteract all this by the immense sums of money expended in proselytizing? It is like a child on the sea-shore making a basin in the sand and trying to empty the sea into it with a ladle; he may succeed in collecting some water—very little, and very dirty—but it is only that it may sink as soon as possible into the sand and find its way back unseen and purified into the ocean from which it was taken. His Eminence then concluded with a few words of the strongest testimony to his admiration for the bishops, clergy, and people of Ireland, and his gratitude for his reception among them. His Eminence retired from the room amidst the most enthusiastic cheers of the audience.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE.—The Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, in the absence of His Grace the Archbishop, held an ordination in the College of the Foreign Missions on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 20th, 21st, and 22nd ult. The holy order of priesthood was conferred on the Rev. Michael O'Fannan, who is destined for the missions of Newark, New Jersey (U. S.) and on the Rev. James S. Cotter, destined for San Francisco, California. In the month of September his lordship ordained the Rev. William Tierney for the diocese of Melbourne, Australia. On Saturday, the 16th, the Rev. James Moore, priest of the diocese of Melbourne, who lately completed his course of studies in All-Hallows' College, embarked at Liverpool as chaplain on board the *Annie Wilson*. This vessel has just been despatched to Melbourne by the Emigration Commissioners. We are happy to say that the Commissioners have at length recognised the expediency of sending chaplains in the large emigrant vessels which they despatch to the Australian colonies. We trust that this principle will be extended as far as possible.—*Freeman*.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of the Rev. Matthew Kelly, D.D., of Maynooth College, which sad event took place on the 30th of October. The *Freeman* gives the following biographical sketch of the deceased gentleman:—"Dr. Kelly was a native of the city of Kilkenny, and in 1831, at the age of seventeen, entered Maynooth College, where he made the usual course of studies with remarkable success. From 1839 to 1841 he was successively professor of philosophy and theology in the Irish College Paris. On the 5th of November, 1841, he was appointed the chair of belle lettres and French in the College of Maynooth, and on the 20th of Oct., 1857, was promoted to the chair of ecclesiastical history. He was soon afterwards invited to accept the office of vice-rector of the Catholic University, but, although he had from the commencement taken a warm interest in the progress of that institution, his already failing health prevented him from undertaking the charge. Even still, hope was entertained that his services might be secured—a hope, however, which, with many others justified by the splendid promise of his career, has been unhappily terminated by his premature death. Besides discharging his duties as professor, Dr. Kelly was continually engaged in other labors connected with ecclesiastical literature. He was an early and frequent contributor to the *Dublin Review*—a well-known series of articles on Irish ecclesiastical antiquity, with many others of a more miscellaneous character, were the production of his pen. The papers on the Bollandists, written by him, and published in *Duffy's Magazine*, attracted much attention at the time of their appearance; and a contribution to the *Rambler*, of which he was the author, referred to in terms of high praise in a pastoral of the Archbishop of Dublin, throws an entirely new light on the history of the Reformation in Ireland. But it was not as a writer in our Catholic periodicals that Dr. Kelly was principally distinguished. The translation, with the learned and copious notes appended to his edition of *Cambreses Brevium* (3 vols. large octavo), issued by the Celtic Society, affords evidence of his unwearied assiduity and vast erudition. In 1849 he edited *White's Apologia*, the original manuscript having till then remained unpublished. In the following year he edited *O'Sullivan's Brevia Historia Catholica Hibernica Compendium*. His hours of relaxation during these years of severe study, he, in connection with one of his fellow professors, devoted to the translation of the well-known German tales of Canon Schmid. When, in 1850, a project was formed by Mr. Dolman and others, to publish a series of standard Catholic books, Dr. Kelly was among the first who came forward to aid the undertaking, and produced an ably executed translation of Gosselin's admirable work on the *Power of the Popes during the Middle Ages*. Last year this indefatigable laborer gave to the public the *Martyr-*

ology of Tallack, with interesting sketches of the lives of the Patron Saints of the various dioceses in Ireland. To the end, when his strength was fast failing, he was engaged in illustrating the literature of Ireland to which he was so earnestly attached. At this moment an ecclesiastical map of Ireland, prepared by him with elaborate care, is in the press and ready for publication. He was also, when struck down, employed in superintending the publication of a most important work, Collections on Irish Church History, with Lives of the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops since the Reformation, by the late Rev. Dr. Beahan, President of Maynooth; and so far had he advanced, that the first volume is now ready. Dr. Kelly had been from the beginning connected with the Celtic Society, and in fact, he was mainly instrumental in founding it. He was also a member of the Council of the Archaeological Society. In this brief and hurried notice we cannot, indeed, hope to have done justice to the memory of the dead. But for the Irish clergy, who were acquainted with his character, no elaborate panegyric is required: the deceased, we are sure, will always hold a place in their affectionate remembrance. At all events, no priest who had the advantage of witnessing the daily tenor of his pure and gentle life in Maynooth, will fail to make a commemoration of him in the holy sacrifice.

MAYNOOTH.—The bid for Maynooth made by the British Christians in full divan assembled, has not been taken up in a Christian spirit at this side of the Channel. There are, in fact, no sellers prepared to accept the terms, and the Freeman's Journal, the old daily organ of the Roman Catholics, thus unmistakably states the views of its party:—"We know not whether any pecuniary considerations, however ample, could induce the Irish clergy and people to hand over Maynooth to that crew which has so long thirsted for its extinction. There is a feeling of pride, beyond money considerations, mixed up in the transaction, and we think we may stipulate on behalf of the clergy and people that no negotiations shall ever be opened with the college of Maynooth. If they improved on their 'bid' by quintupling it they shall never have the satisfaction of removing one stone of the building. Any negotiations with such men are out of the question. The authorities would far prefer to abandon the College altogether and find shelter for themselves and their youthful charge in some other part of Ireland or Europe. Sale to Dissenters—never! At the same time the Catholic bishops might not be indisposed to terminate the bitterness which sectaries have extracted out of a national right to the national exchequer for the education of the national clergy. But any contract of that kind must be with the State itself, or with its Ministerial representatives for the time being. At a rough guess we should say the grant might be exchanged for £1,000,000 sterling, reserving, of course, to the College the present building and land, which we believe cannot be alienated without the consent of the house of Leinster. Whether this be so or not, any negotiation must be on the basis of substituting the annual grant for a gross sum, devolving on the Catholic bishops the future maintenance of the establishment, and reserving to them the sole and absolute right over everything included in the present boundary wall. When the Government of the day contemplates the principle of the suggestion broached by Sir Culling Eardley, let it communicate with the Maynooth authorities, and the proposition will be respectfully considered. But let the Dissenters mind their own affairs. Let them settle their differences with each other as stems as Lords Roden and Shaftesbury. No proposition emanating from that quarter will be entertained. If Sir Culling Eardley conveyed a different impression, he was either deceived himself or deceived his audience. There is no arrangement of any such sale or exchange known, at least in Ireland."

The kindness of the Irish emigrant to his friends in the old land, says the Meath People, has been often proudly recorded by the recipients of his kindly remembrance and good will. And the home that looked so desolate as its props departed has been made to brighten and look joyful by the love substantially shown of the departed ones. A rather striking example of this occurred a few days ago in this neighbourhood (Ballinacorney), namely, the sending of £100 to a father from a son. Five years ago the generous son (John McCabe, of Dromore), sailed for Australia with a wife, a heavy heart, and an empty purse. A stranger in a strange land, knowing no one, known to none, without a trade or a friend to teach him one, he engaged as a driver with a coach-owner. Being remarkable always for steady industry, honesty, and sobriety, he very quickly succeeded in gaining the good-will of his master. He now occupies the position which his first and last master held, has the contract for conveying the mails 200 miles of road, is the owner of 150 horses, and is accounted a rising man in that world of gold. This is not his only present—he has sent several large sums at various times, and promises to send more.

INCREASE OF TRADE IN GALWAY.—The Galway Indicator of yesterday contains the following gratifying statement respecting the growing prosperity of the western capital. On the 3rd Nov., 57 merchant vessels were discharging their varied cargoes in the spacious but heretofore neglected docks of the port:—"Since the opening of the steam communication between Galway and America by Mr. Lever's line the general trade of the port has increased to a surprising extent; and such has been the advantage of the wide-spread publicity respecting the capabilities for trade and commerce of the port and harbor of Galway that our splendid and spacious docks are now filled with foreign and coasting vessels discharging valuable cargoes. Our Custom-house establishment has been increased, whilst that of Limerick has been reduced, and even the present staff of regular officers has to be assisted day and night in their duties by a large number of extra men. The busy aspect of the dock is quite gratifying, hundreds of men being employed at good wages in discharging, loading, coaling, and ballasting ships, and carrying the goods to and from the several merchants' stores, besides the crowds of navvies, masons, &c., at work in the extension of the railway down to the docks. The outlay of money for provisioning these vessels, the expenditure of the crews, and other sources of outlay connected with their arrival and departure also form not unimportant features in relation to the improved and improving commercial fortunes of Galway."

The Circassian, Galway steamer, had among other passengers Miss Mary Jane Mitchell, sister to John Mitchell, the Irish exile of '43. Miss Mitchell has been residing for the last five years with her brother, in Arkansas, and took the opportunity of the Galway line of steamers of returning to this country on a visit to her friends. She was accompanied by Walter and on board by the husband of her eldest sister, Margaret, Hill Irvine, Esq., a most respected and extensive merchant and shipowner in Newry.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—A Limerick paper (the Munster News) contains the annexed particulars:—"The Stag, with seven miles of the shore end of the cable on board, has arrived in Valentia harbor, and Captain Kell will, no doubt, commence the laying of it without unnecessary delay. There is one rather dangerous reef of rocks lying about one mile and a half or two miles outside the mouth of Valentia harbor, called the Constguard Patch. On this rock there are about 10 fathoms of low water and about 26 fathoms all round it. Unfortunately, as the Argemone entered the harbor, owing to the wind being unfavourable, she was obliged to lay the cable over the spot. It is thought that the drifting of the cable over this place might have partially caused the injury which has stopped the working for so long a period. From this point it will, of course, be removed and deposited in the most secure and level channel into the harbor. With the view of discovering such a channel Captain Kell has for the last few days been closely sounding every approach to the

bay, both on the Valentia and the Lough Kay sides of the Beginish Island. As there are already between four and five miles of the shore end of the cable laid down, the additional seven miles which will be added to it by Captain Kell will render the rope quite secure against injury from the wash of the tide. It is understood that Mr. Healy, whose powerful magnetic-electric machines have for some time been used at Valentia, has undertaken to superintend the electric operations at Valentia for a short period. If the next accounts from Newfoundland should show that the reversals from Mr. Healy's instruments have been received from Valentia no time will be lost in despatching a similar piece of apparatus to the station at Trinity Bay."

Considerable sensation was created in Queenstown (Cork), on Sunday, about 10 o'clock, by the loud booming of cannon in the harbor. In a short time the streets were crowded by the inhabitants of Queenstown, by naval officers, &c., and conjecture was rife as to the cause of the cannonading. Some thought that a ship was on fire, others that a strange man-of-war might be entering the harbor, and a few of the more imaginative and impulsive were of opinion that it was a foreign invasion. Crowds of people came rushing down from the neighborhood of Spy-hill shouting out, "The French are come, the French are come," and the greatest excitement, in consequence prevailed; many people were terrified to an extreme degree, and in a few instances ladies fainted. After some time, however, the discharges were seen to come from Her Majesty's ship Hawke, and some boats, containing naval officers, put off immediately to that vessel. The firing soon ceased. The cause of such unusual activity on board the Hawke has been kept up to the present, a mystery from the public; but we have learned that it was a post-prandial entertainment given, in the absence of the captain and other seniors, by the junior officer of the ship to some friends of his who were on board. The visitors, it appears, being mere landmen, expressed an anxiety to see the marines put through the gun exercise, and the officer, wishing to afford his guests every enjoyment, ordered the drums to beat the men to quarters. His directions were complied with—the marines were aroused from their hammocks, and, in obedience to the command of their superior, blazed away at the guns for fully half an hour. They went at it with such a right good-will that one of the boats was blown away from the davits. It is stated the officer in question is placed under arrest.—Cork Examiner.

The Dublin Freeman narrates the following:—"The peaceful inhabitants of Inniskeen have been startled of late by an extraordinary statement made by Mr. Chichester Reade, son to the rector of that parish, and afterwards sworn to by that young gentleman before five of Her Majesty's justices of the peace. The following is the statement made on oath before Messrs. Singleton, Renny, Morant, Johnston, and Holland, justices of the peace for the county of Monaghan:—"Mr. C. Reade swears that, on the 12th inst., about four o'clock in the morning, he heard a noise; got up and opened the hall door; saw two men opposite the house, one of whom fired a shot, and lodged a bullet in the door; that he returned the shot, and wounded one of his assailants, as appeared from the blood seen on the avenue; and that he remained afterwards in the house till a quarter past seven o'clock, at which time he first gave information to the constabulary, although the barrack is not more than twenty perches from the rector's house." In contradiction of the above statement, two men employed on the railway declare on oath—"That they saw Mr. C. Reade fowling on that morning between five and six o'clock, and Pierce Duffy and daughter declare that they saw him (Mr. R.) shoot a hare about six o'clock on that same morning, marks of which were afterwards found by the constabulary; and a female cook in the employment of Mr. Reade swears that she heard but one shot that morning, although she had been preparing from a very early hour to leave by the half-past six o'clock train." From the sworn declarations of four disinterested and trustworthy witnesses—from the testimony of the cook—from the fact that Mr. Reade gave no information to the constabulary from four o'clock till a quarter-past seven, and from other suspicious circumstances, the public at once came to the conclusion that no outrage had been committed, and that an attempt was being made to damage and blacken the character of the peaceful inhabitants of this neighbourhood. The informations sworn to before the magistrates were forwarded to the Government on the 14th inst., and at this date we may ask what is the Government doing? Has a reward been offered for the conviction of the guilty party, or is the matter to drop without further investigation?"

"A Catholic" writes, from Mount Pleasant-square, to the Freeman, saying that "it is pleasant in that district that two Orange magistrates are to be selected from its inhabitants, both members of the fraternity, and one of them a past Orange Master. Surely the Earl of Howth never pointed out the selections I allude to as worthy of being magistrates of this county, or any other country in Ireland."

The County Cork furnishes some new examples of model landlordism. At the Bandon Quarter Sessions, Captain Hoare, an Englishman, tried to hunt off his estate a respectable tenant named Manning, who had built a house and expended a large sum of money on his farm. Manning paid his rent regularly; but he was a tenant-at-will, who foolishly built a house at great expense, and improved without security, and the landlord exercised his right of legal robbery in taking possession of his property. In another case, the "Ladies Boyle," through their agent, a Mr. Leslie, seek to eject and "case" in the same legal way, an unfortunate tenant who, trusting in their honesty, builds a two-story house on their estate at a cost of £200. This is Irish landlordism.—Irishman.

The Donegal landlord, the Rev. Mr. Nixon, is progressing most favorably, and the doctors have pronounced him almost out of danger. He cannot, of course, be moved for some time.

The Rev. Mr. Nixon, whose severity as a landlord appears to have incited the criminal and daring attempts on his life in Donegal, had for his first wife a lady from this county named Keating, who was originally of the Catholic persuasion, and whose forefathers had with great difficulty saved their possessions from the hungry and foul grasp of the infamous penal laws. By placing the property in the trusteeship of honorable Protestants it was preserved. Miss Keating had a dowry of £10,000, and she met her husband in Dublin where he was then residing in temporary circumstances so narrow that he was unable, as stated, to afford advancing beyond the degree of deacon. He officiated subsequently for a few years in the King's County. He is married a second time; and is a man of large size, about fifty years of age, conditions that may assist his recovery from the wounds he received. It was with his first wife's fortune he purchased the property in Donegal, in connexion with which he has evinced those traits of severity, in word and deed, to the people, which have gone near costing him his life. These particulars have been related to us by a Limerick gentleman who has had the Rev. Mr. Nixon's personal acquaintance.—Munster News.

The Mayo Constitution, writing of the harvest, says:—"It is very difficult to arrive at any just conclusion as to the actual state of the crops throughout the country, or the probable damage suffered, either as regards cereals, by the late heavy rains and inclement weather, or the potato crop, by the ravages of the 'blight,' owing in part to the despondency which seized the peasantry when their luxurious and staple crop was suddenly and unexpectedly threatened with destruction, and the harvest so unpropitious. At the grain of every description was, with difficulty gathered in, which led to a general assertion that things were at their worst, and could not mend; but the blessings of a fine week of genial weather, &c., &c., &c., some sunshine has dispelled much of their fears and

ill-forebodings, and has enabled the farmers to secure their crops, and 'pick' a large portion of the potato crop—a ray of hope seems to illumine their prospects. We have during the past fortnight, had opportunities of learning the true state of the harvest, and we have come to this conclusion, that the oats crop, as regards quantity—we will not say quality—is an average yield, and will fairly pay the farmer; that grain being in demand is likely to bring a higher figure in the market than any other cereal. Wheat has given a good return, but the samples exhibited at our market show that the grain is only of a second class quality, bring but a very low figure, which will not pay the farmer—Barley is below an average, as regards extent of cultivation, but prices promise to run beyond the usual margin, the demand being in excess of the supply. Green crops of every description look well, but in some localities the 'disease' which raged so extensively in England has been remarked, which is said to have been produced by the gnawing of small red worms at the root of the plant, producing premature decay, and rotteness of the turnip. This, however, is very partial, and that confined to rich, strong lands. As regards the potato, our most important produce, (how long will this be so, we ask, how long?), accounts are most conflicting, but all agree that a large proportion—say one-third—are blackened. There can be no second opinion, but that the potato crop has been severely injured, to what extent it is difficult to divine; but we are sanguine that fully one-half the present crop will be safe—and that if that proportion be not affected in storing, we will have a return equal to any crop for the past five years.

It is gratifying to us to be able to state that the potato disease, which caused no inconsiderable alarm a few weeks ago in consequence of the rapidity with which it was spreading on all sides, appears to be arrested in its progress. The crop is holding its ground, and the potatoes covered up with earth in pits, in the old way, are continuing free from the infection. We have heard various conjectures, about the percentage of the crop damaged, but we believe, no accurate approximation to the truth can be arrived at yet. The general impression is that two-thirds of the entire, on an average, will escape unhurt.—Tuam Herald.

The Munster News says—"The singular spectacle of a man running away with his wife was afforded at the railway terminus on Sunday last. He was a native of Clare, and was about to emigrate and join his friends and her relatives in America. One child—their only one—was with them. It would seem that no difficulty was found by the husband in bringing his better half with him from their native abode until they reached William-street, when her aversion to prosecute the journey suddenly showed itself, and she refused to go farther. Her love of home or her fear of the ocean overcame her affection for the father of her child, and she resolutely determined not to budge another inch. Command and entreaty were equally fruitless. Like others of her sex she had a will of her own, and a way of her own she was resolved to follow. For such a 'Kate' nothing less than a 'Petruchio' would answer. So her rural lord clasped his arm around her, and calling a car, put her upon it, and placing their child at his side, drove off. They arrived at the terminus in time for the train. But here was the crowning scene. Expostulation failed altogether. Insist as he would the will of the woman defied the man. The bell rang, and the husband became impatient and importunate. The bell rang again, and he took her round the waist to put her into the carriage. She was not to be conquered. She flung herself on the ground, and, when the porter went to the poor husband's assistance, she bit their hands, scratched their faces, and rolled herself round. Their united efforts were to no purpose. She beat them all and the train went off."

PULPIT DENUNCIATION OF RIBANDISM.—An influential Catholic clergyman, the Very Rev. Dean Kieran, of Dundalk, has just set a good example for the imitation of his reverend brethren of all degrees. On Sunday last, from the pulpit of his cathedral, and in the presence of a full congregation, he boldly denounced the vile Riband conspiracy, the existence of which, if the Nation be good authority, is at present as great a fact as it was 10 years back, when its branches took root in half the counties of Ulster, and more partially in other parts of Ireland:—"The system (said Dean Kieran) was at once an outrage on religion and a foul blot on civilisation. It converted men into murderers, perjurers—into enemies alike of God and man. He hoped his voice would reach the victims of a terrible and wicked delusion. He would not be deterred from doing his duty. Unless the combination were at once broken up he would expose the names of all guilty parties that might come to his knowledge, and call on their employers to dismiss them from their service. Drunkenness was a fertile propagator of Ribandism. When men's bad passions were excited then they became the prey of low publicans, who were zealous agents in any cause, however obnoxious to religion or morality, which would bring them customers. The Very Rev. Dean then said he was so impressed with the conviction that drunkenness was a prolific source of Ribandism and the worst vices and crimes which could disgrace a community, that he would establish a Total Abstinence Society under his own presidency, and avail himself of every conceivable appliance to eradicate a moral pestilence which led to the destruction alike of body and soul. Though he would be sorry indeed to injure the wives and children of even Ribandmen or of those who forget their duties to their families, he gave those deluded men warning that persistence in their wicked course of life would leave him no excuse whatever for failing to publish their names and publicly denounce the abettors of a secret and infernal tyranny which set at defiance the ordinances of religion and the laws of the country."

In connexion with the alleged spread of the Riband conspiracy a Conservative paper published in Kerry (the Evening Post) has the following paragraph:—"That baneful conspiracy, Ribandism, has, we regret to hear, crept into our county, hitherto so free from agrarian crime. The Rev. John O'Sullivan, in Kenmare, and the Rev. Mr. McDonnell, in Listowel, have denounced the system from their altars within the present month, and warned their flocks against the evil-disposed parties who are swearing in Ribandmen in those localities."

A temperate Liberal journal (the Trade Chronicle) alluding to a statement published in the Dublin Mail regarding the existence of seditious societies in Bantry, adds these particulars:—"We have been aware for more than a month that the Phoenix Club was in existence at Skibbereen, Bantry, Mill-street, and other parts of the county of Cork. We have been aware, too, that the agents of the society have been at work in Kenmare, and even in Killarney. Indeed, it is now a month since we received authentic information that the Ven. Archdeacon O'Sullivan had, at three successive masses in one day, denounced the nascent system from the altar, and warned the people against joining any secret confederacy, which could only end in discomfort and betrayal. Aware, however, that the Lieutenant of this county, the Right Hon. H. A. Herbert, had, at the very inception of the movement in this county, been put in full possession of facts, that the Government and the police were on the qui vive, and that the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty and the Catholic clergy, not alone in Killarney, but throughout the diocese, had applied themselves with energy and success to prevent the progress of the infection, should any portion of our peaceable and shrewd peasantry and artisans be inculpated, we deemed it imprudent to disturb the minds of timid men and nervous women by a premature revelation, assured that the 'movement,' as it has been euphemized, would die a natural death in a few months at furthest. As regards this county, the 'snake' is not merely 'scotched,' but 'killed.' In Kenmare, the characteristic vigor and promptitude of the Ven. Archdeacon O'Sullivan have dealt it a death blow, while some three or four foolish

young persons in Killarney who had might fallen into the snare laid for them have been brought to their senses. We have authority for stating that Listowel is perfectly free from the contagion, though it is quite true, as the Kerry Post states, that the excellent Catholic clergyman of that town, the Rev. M. J. McDonnell, addressed his flock on the subject. It was to warn them, however, against some suspicious character who had appeared in that neighborhood.—We have every reason to believe that this ephemeral escapade has nothing of a Riband character about it, properly so called."

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Rev. S. Martin, a Clergyman of the Established Church at Halifax, Nova Scotia, was this week received into the Church by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.—Weekly Register.

A dreadful catastrophe has taken place at Bradford. A large quantity of arsenic appears to have been mixed with lozenges, and sold at a retailer's shop. All who partook of them were attacked with terrific pains, and several died before the cause was discovered. More than sixty persons are still suffering from the effects of the poison. No fewer than thirteen have already died. It appears to have been the mistake of a chemist's assistant.

The late electrician to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, Mr. Whitehouse, has felt himself compelled to come forward and offer his services again to the undertaking. He does this from a feeling of duty, as being so largely identified with the inception of the project, and also because he is convinced that the cable is readily recoverable. He, therefore, asks permission to make the necessary examination, and if that should be satisfactory to his judgment, he offers to re-open communication with Newfoundland at his own risk, and to maintain it open at a moderate percentage on the receipts. The American papers say the cable will never be put right until Mr. Hughes, an American electrician, gets charge of it.

DINING WITH A BISHOP.—One of our leading prelates not long ago invited to his hospitable mansion in London a country rector, an old friend, from one of the remote provinces. The simple-minded gentleman came about 5 o'clock, having a notion that he should arrive about the dinner hour. Soon after he had taken his seat tea was brought round.—"Well," thought the rector, "this is bare living, at any rate; if I had known I would have had a beef-steak at a chop-house before I came; but I hardly expected that a bishop would dine at 5 o'clock. Is it a fast-day, I wonder?" He drank his tea, however, and said nothing. About half-past 7 o'clock his bed candle was placed in his hand, and he was conducted to his sleeping room. "Call you this London?" he soliloquized; "why, I should have fared far better at Silverton; I should have had my comfortable mutton chop and my glass of beer at 9 o'clock, and I should have been in bed at 10, well fed and contented. But here I am, half-starved in the midst of splendor—so hungry as a hunter—almost ready to devour my blanket, like the boar-constructor—ha, ha! and where everything looks so grand. Well, fine furniture won't make a man fat. Give me substantial victuals, and you may take the gilding." Soliloquizing in this fashion, he addressed himself, pulled over his ears his cotton nightcap, "with a tassel on the top," as the songs say, and crept into bed, coiling himself up comfortably, and being of a forgiving temper, he soon forgot his troubles, and sank into his first sleep as sweetly as a "christom child" when, led after a while bells began to ring, and a smart knock at his door resounded through his room, and a voice is heard saying, "Dinner is on the table, Sir." The old gentleman awoke in considerable confusion, not knowing whether it was to-day or to-morrow, and, according to the most authentic authority, he appeared shortly after at the dinner table, though in a somewhat ruffled condition as relates to his wardrobe, and mentally in a haze of uncertainty as to the day of the week and the meal he was eating.—Fraser's Magazine.

THE GREAT SOCIAL EVIL.—The Rev. James Nugent Catholic Institute, Liverpool, writes to the Times:—"The 'social evil' is each day becoming more and more fearful in its effects upon the habits and the morals of the people. Its baneful influence is so wide-spreading, its aids and accessories so manifold, and its necessity so pre-emptorily insisted on by the loose moral principles that prevail, that its cure is an impossibility, and its prevention much the same. So long as men of position look upon the indulgence of their baser passions as a necessity which no power can keep in restraint so long as they blind themselves to its future award, turning a deaf ear to the infallible truth of those words, 'neither fornicators nor adulterers can enter into the kingdom of Heaven,' so long will money and temptation lure the evil disposed and the unprincipled necessitous to seek this mode of life. The innocent ought to be protected from its contagious influence: above all, our streets should be purged from public indecency, that so the pestilence might be diverted from the homes of our honest poor. The eye is the window of the soul, the avenue to the heart; and if the young and unwary are suffered to come into daily and hourly contact with flaunting vice—if the inexperienced ear is assaulted by the language of the debauched and the impure, then, as experience proves only too fatally, every moral principle is at once undermined. Felicitas desecras Avernus. 'The evil' cannot be annihilated; let us, at least, labor to drive it from its fashionable and gaudy abodes, so that the innocent may be protected; and if the profligate will seek it, let it be in its own dark and infamous haunts."

The recent transactions between France and Portugal cannot give occasion for unmixed satisfaction to any one of the parties engaged in them. France has done a highly laudable act of violence, and may enjoy the complacent consciousness of having exercised a giant's power; but she has done so at the expense of being ranked henceforward among the few slave-trading nations of the earth. Portugal enjoys the dignity of having suffered force in the cause of humanity; but she has seen, what cannot be seen without emotion by any nation, armed foreign ships pointing their guns down the streets of her capital, coercing her Courts of Law, and insulting her Sovereign. England may, perhaps, exult a little in her superior righteousness, and plume herself over the moral backslidings of France; but she also is not without an uneasy feeling that her dignity has in some way been touched in this matter, and that she has not been made to eat dirt, there has been some intangible, indirect insinuation, whispered that there was somewhere or other a little portion of dirt ready made up, which, under some possible condition of circumstances, might be presented to her to swallow. The whole matter has been an uncomfortable imbroglio, and the preceding difficulties between England and America arising from the same subject were not less unpleasant. It seems scarcely probable, indeed, that these occasional outbursts of temper and interpositions of the vis major can recur among civilized Powers without leading eventually to some very serious complication.—Times.

We find in the London Times the following amusing notice of the proceedings of the "Saints;" amongst whom the Times is in very bad odor, and denounced as a profane person and a Scoffer:—"The adjourned debates of the 'British Christians,' for the whole of which we are sorry that we cannot afford space, fulfil to the very letter our predictions of the other day. If any subject turns up of the slightest practical importance they agree to differ about it. They agree upon a quantity of nonsense—upon the very important fact of the intolerance of the State of Mecklenburg-Schwerin," upon "sympathy with His Majesty the King of Prussia and Her Majesty the Queen;" &c.; but when it comes to a

question of any importance, such as that of a commutation of the Maynooth Grant, then they agree to differ. And very well if they can agree even to differ. This happens to be the only single question discussed upon which a practical line one way or another was open, or in consequence of which any step could be taken. Could they have agreed one way or another on this point then they could have gone to the Prime Minister and told him that the "British Christians" thought there ought to be a commutation or ought not to be. Whether the Prime Minister would have cared about their opinion is another question, but, at any rate, this would have been a fact of which they could have informed him. But they cannot come to any agreement about it, and very well if they can agree to differ. They almost came to a downright quarrel, and the chairman, Sir Culling Eardley, who represented the "Council," is obliged to tell Mr. Rigg that, though they (the Council) are men of God, they are also "men of honor," and cannot, as officers of the Association, submit to the terms of service which Mr. Rigg would lay down. The Council is for a commutation; the Association cannot agree upon it. What is the Council, then, to do? Is it to go on taking its own line? "No," says Mr. Rigg; "Yes," says Sir Culling Eardley.—"We will bind you to neutrality by a vote of the Association," says Mr. Rigg. "If you do," says Sir Culling Eardley, "I will leave the Council and leave the chair." I am a man of God, but I am also a man of honor."

But we should not have thought of noticing either the agreements or the disagreement of the "British Christians" were it not to make an observation upon what appears to us to be the very objectionable mode in which such meetings as these are got up. This Conference starts apparently upon the basis of a manifesto signed by a long list of noblemen, baronets, members of Parliament, and gentlemen of landed property; there is Lord Shaftesbury's name down, Lord Colthorpe's, the Bishop of Tuam's, the Bishop of Ripon's, and many others of high rank. These noblemen, bishops, and gentlemen declare in this manifesto that such a meeting as this is highly desirable, and that it will be serviceable to the cause of God for all such persons as can make it convenient to attend to do so. Upon the strength of this manifesto it is supposed that a great meeting is going to take place of noblemen, bishops, baronets, members of Parliament, bankers, merchants, clergymen, and Dissenting ministers. But when the time comes it appears that these great people only committed themselves to the declaration that a meeting should be held, and that some persons should be present at it, not in the slightest degree binding themselves to be those persons. Accordingly, the Conference assembled, but the princes, the governors and captains, the judges, and the treasurers, the councillors, the sheriffs, and the rulers of the provinces are not to be seen; they simply stay away, and leave a handful of respectable Dissenting ministers, with a sprinkling of clergy,—having originated the meeting by this show of sympathy and by the exhibition of their names, they leave it entirely to itself. We do not at all quarrel with them for their absence, which may have been much more prudent than their presence; but these great men have no right whatever to give their names to a demonstration which they have obviously not the most distant intention of attending. Doubtless these titled personages think a long succession of speeches from respectable Dissenting and Evangelical clergymen no particular attraction, and had they not had the task of arbitrating between Sir Culling Eardley and the Rev. Mr. Rigg imposed upon them. All this may easily be supposed to have been voted a bore; but, if this was the view they took of such a Conference, they had no right to give the weight of their names to it. It is well known that even zealous ministers and religious men are not very fond of coming to these gatherings simply to see each other's faces; they look forward to a sprinkling of nobility in the room to enrich and decorate the scene; a clerical second-rate had rather follow a noble mover. Even the Rev. Mr. Rigg would not probably have given himself the trouble to go to Liverpool to see the Rev. John Hunter, nor would the Rev. John Hunter have taken a long journey to see the Rev. Mr. Rigg. These titled personages, then, and M. P.'s, who are so very liberal with their manures, are in fact, responsible for this meeting having taken place at all. Without the aid of this showy list this Conference would have probably slept in the brain of Sir Culling Eardley, and a number of pious and worthy members of the ministry would have been spared long journeys, a good deal of quinine, and a good deal of nonsense which they have been taxing. They would have been attending to their proper business, looking after their schools and congregations, or preparing their discourses for next Sunday, instead of protesting against the internal policy of German Dukes, and sending their supplicants to German Kings and Queens.

It would be ill-natured not to conclude with these zealous and well-intentioned men upon the absence of their titled friends on this occasion; we think they have been very ill used to have been thus left in the lurch. We can enter into the sensation of disappointment which arose when, upon entering the room, you looked round and round the faces to discover one that carried the stamp of a peerage upon it, and only saw one identical professional model perching the assembly. What! not Lord Shaftesbury, not Lord Colthorpe, not even that half-bred creature, and what Mr. Bright calls "that monstrous man," even that adulterous birth, called a spiritual Peer! No Peer at all and nothing like a Peer! Yes, we beg pardon—a live Peer—Lord Roden—was actually imported from Ireland in time to save the credit of his order by presiding at the last meeting of the Conference; but, in spite of the "privilege of enjoying the fore-stay," &c., which his Lordship so rapturously described, we will be bound he wished himself further all the time. Indeed, while we sympathise with our religious friends in the disappointment which the plebeian character of their Conference must have caused them, we must at the same time tell them that it is, on the whole, not a bad thing for them. These religious meetings, in which Peers and high and mighty gentlemen consort for the time with fervent ministers and glowing Gospel preachers, have they or have they not a little touch of the world about them? We wish to guard our friends from this contamination. Religious meetings—yes, religious meetings, have their subtle dangers. There are those who say that in this fragrant air and sweet commotion of mutual edification, comforting, encouragement, and benediction, one personage, to whom Luther and the late Mr. Rowland Hill were fond of alluding, is not idle. He knows how to direct the feathered shaft of applause to the deepest corner of the heart; he knows a delightful poison which insinuates itself with fearful facility into the veins, penetrates the arteries, and works itself with fatal subtlety into the whole human frame, producing, however, at first, the luxury of such balmy and exhilarating sensations as are only equalled by the Indian root. There are stern spiritual statisticians who calculate that as many souls are slain at a triumphant religious meeting as are, upon an ordinary computation, dispatched at a successful assize ball. It would be impossible, indeed, to measure with any accuracy the comparative mortality of these fields of danger, and the efficacy of the weapons respectively employed upon them. Who is there who has mastered the subtle science of spiritual destruction, and ascertained the comparative ingenuity of the different kinds of rifles which it brings into use, comparing barrel with barrel, and cap with cap? Who can measure exactly the murderous effect of a glance from an admiring eye and a compliment from the chair, of a breathless sympathetic audience and a captured slave for the evening? We cannot pretend to the ability or knowledge necessary to make these spiritual estimates, but we firmly believe, notwithstanding, that wherever an avenue is open to poor human vanity there is a good deal of work of this sort to be done, and that where it is to be done there will not be wanting some mysterious power to do it.

We find in the London Times the following amusing notice of the proceedings of the "Saints;" amongst whom the Times is in very bad odor, and denounced as a profane person and a Scoffer:—"The adjourned debates of the 'British Christians,' for the whole of which we are sorry that we cannot afford space, fulfil to the very letter our predictions of the other day. If any subject turns up of the slightest practical importance they agree to differ about it. They agree upon a quantity of nonsense—upon the very important fact of the intolerance of the State of Mecklenburg-Schwerin," upon "sympathy with His Majesty the King of Prussia and Her Majesty the Queen;" &c.; but when it comes to a

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The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 26, 1858.

TO OUR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.—We take this opportunity of informing all subscribers in arrears to this office, that, wearied out with reiterated and fruitless appeals to their sense of justice and common honesty, we have commenced handing over their accounts to a lawyer for collection; and shall for the future continue so to deal with all those who will not, except on compulsion, pay their just debts.

THE MORTARA CASE.—“That in this nineteenth century a child of tender age could be taken from its parents by force, under ecclesiastical or civil authority, in order to be made the subject of a mechanical conversion, is a fact which cannot fail to excite wonder amongst those who have thought that the deeds of the seventeenth century had died out with their epoch.”—*Montreal Herald*, 20th inst.

Another fact, equally wonderful, and certainly characteristic of the intelligent nineteenth century, is to be found in the gross perversion of truth in which Protestant journals almost invariably indulge when treating of subjects connected with Catholicity; and in the gross credulity of an intelligent Protestant public, for whose digestive faculties no fiction is too gigantic or too tough. A genuine Protestant can believe everything except the truth.

Now though we do not pretend that the *Herald* has been guilty of a wilful perversion of facts, we cannot acquit it of, at least, gross carelessness in its statement, or pretended statement, of the facts connected with the child Mortara; and we cannot certainly conceal our contempt for an “intelligent” Protestant public, who accept our cotemporary’s version thereof as God’s truth.

For it is not true, but on the contrary, false as hell, to insinuate that the child Mortara has been taken from its parents by force, “in order to be made the subject of a mechanical conversion.” The child Mortara was already a Christian for years before ever the Ecclesiastical authorities interfered with him; and it was only because he was a Christian that they at last extended to him their protection. Neither is there any reason to pretend that it is true that he was taken by force from his parents; for we find it positively asserted in *L’Univers*, and other Continental papers, that his father formally consented that the child, in accordance with its wishes, should be brought up in a Christian institution. Nor is there in this version any improbability; for a Jew who would knowingly leave his child for years in the hands of a Christian nurse—and that in spite of a well known law, and the oft-reiterated cautions of the Roman tribunals—cannot be suspected of any very ardent attachment to the religion of his fathers, or of opposition to that of Jesus. We may therefore dismiss the *Herald*’s “fact which cannot fail to excite wonder” as a mare’s nest of our cotemporary’s own finding.

As to the question of right, we would remind the *Herald* that there can never be “a right against a right.” Now the child Mortara has arrived at an age when it is capable of discriminating between good and evil; at an age when, if an English child, it would be held by the civil magistrate responsible for its acts. Children as young have died for the faith, and have been honored by the Church amongst her martyrs; and from this we conclude that this child Mortara has “the right,” as before God, to be a Christian, and to profess the religion of Jesus. Indeed, in proof of this our conclusion, we may cite the express words of Him Who said, “Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.”—*St. Luke* 13, 16.

Now if the child has “a right,” as before God, to be, and to profess itself a Christian, and if it be true that there can never be “a right against a right,” it follows that its father has no right in virtue of the natural law to oppose this exercise of his child’s right. And if the Non-Christian parent has no right to prevent his child from accepting the pressing invitation of Jesus, and of declaring itself a Christian, then certainly no natural right of the elder Mortara has been infringed upon by the action of the Roman tribunals.

All right is from God. He is the author of the natural as well as the supernatural law; and the one can never contradict the other. A parent has therefore no right to make his child violate God’s laws; and no child owes obedience to a parent commanding it to violate them. But

Christianity is the supernatural law of God, and no parent therefore can have a right to prevent his child from becoming a Christian; neither is the child guilty of any crime who, in defiance of its non-Christian parent, embraces and conforms itself to the laws of Christ; nor is he who abets the child in so doing, guilty of any breach of God’s natural law.

But in the case of the child Mortara be it remembered, that the father has himself to blame for any apparent hardship, to which the decision of the Roman tribunals may have exposed him. It was his own wilful, deliberate and long continued violation of a law with which he was well acquainted, and which was framed expressly for his protection against the indiscreet zeal of Christian domestics, that was the cause of all the subsequent interference on the part of the Papal Government. He is forbidden by the law of the land to keep Christian servants in his house; and he entrusts for years the care of his children to Christian nurses, knowing the risk to which he exposed the former, and thereby showing his utter indifference to all religion. Of his children, one falls ill; still it is left in the hands of a Christian nurse. The medical man tells him the child is in imminent danger of death; and yet knowing the value that all Christians attach to Baptism as a Sacrament “necessary to salvation,” he still leaves his apparently dying child in the same hands. The nurse under these circumstances validly baptised the child, and neither Pope nor Council can now unbaptise it. As a proof, however, of the nurse’s good faith and caution, we may add this. That some years after, and whilst still living in Mortara’s family, another of the children fell sick unto death; a fellow-Christian servant hunting to her the propriety of baptising it, she refused, upon the grounds that she had already under similar circumstances, baptised one of her master’s children, and that it was still living. In consequence of these scruples on the part of Anna Morisi, her master’s second child died unbaptised.

Meanwhile the other child grew up, learning from the lips of its Christian nurse those sublime verities which are often concealed from the wise and prudent and are revealed to the little ones, for so it hath seemed good to the Father.—*St. Matt.* xi. 25, 26. No opposition was offered by the father, who in fact confided the child’s early education entirely to its Christian nurse. Under these circumstances, and with, at first certainly, the parent’s formal consent, the child—having arrived at an age when it had the right to assert its earnest desire of remaining in the faith in which it had been baptised and educated—was placed in a Christian college to complete its education; the parents meanwhile having free and easy access to their child, subject only to those restrictions which in every educational institution are placed upon the visits of all friends, parents, or guardians. An anti-Christian press having learned these facts, have used the elder Mortara as their tool—for he seems throughout to have been profoundly indifferent as to whether his children were Jews, or Christians, or Mahomedans; and the Pope is now urged to turn the young Mortara out of the school wherein it is being brought up, and wherein it earnestly wishes to remain—in order that it may be coerced into a renunciation of the Christian faith. Under these circumstances how should the Pope, as a Sovereign Prince, and as a Christian Bishop, treat the clamors of the enemies of Christianity?

Let us see how an English secular tribunal acted a few days ago under somewhat analogous circumstances.

In the Stourton case the natural guardian of a Catholic’s child claimed its guardianship. It was shown on the other side that for some years the father had virtually consented to let his child be brought up by Protestants, as a Protestant; and that the effect of restoring the said child to the Catholic guardian would in all likelihood be its conversion to Popery, and its abjuration of Protestantism. After many long protracted pleadings, it was ruled in Chancery that the first duty of the Court was to consult—not the natural rights of the father, but—the interests of the child; and acting upon this principle, and taking into account the dangers to which the child’s faith would be exposed if after having been subjected to Protestant influence, it were to be placed under the control of a Catholic guardian—the Court also refused the latter’s application.—Thus in England, we see that by neglect of his duty a father is held to have forfeited some of his natural rights over his child; how much more then must not the elder Mortara have forfeited that right, not by his negligence merely in leaving his children for years in the hands of a Christian—but by his deliberate violation of a well-known law: framed solely for his protection, prohibiting him from keeping Christian domestics, and plainly warning him that if he violated the law he should have to stand the consequences?

“Non possumus” is the answer of the Pope to the request made to him under such circumstances; as from its decision in the Stourton case, we are sure would also under analogous

Our argument is of course addressed to those only who admit the divine origin of Christianity.

circumstances be the answer of the British Court of Chancery. The law gives to every Jew in the Papal States ample means of preserving his children from all undue attempts at proselytism. It forbids in the strongest terms, and under the heaviest penalties, the baptism of the children of Jews without the consent of the parents; it prohibits the engagement of Christian domestics in Jewish households; knowing how apt though a mistaken zeal, Christian servants are to interfere with the religious prejudices of their masters. And by numerous precedents it warns all Jewish parents, that if they will persist in violating the law, if they will persist in entrusting their children to Christian nurses—the State will not interfere to protect them against the consequences of their own apathy; and that the Church will maintain her rights over all those who by baptism have been made her children, and will protect those children against their Non-Christian parents. Thus warned, thus protected, thus hedged round on all sides, it is the fault of the Jewish parent, if his child become a Christian; and claims the protection of the Roman tribunal, against the attempts of its parents to coerce it into a renunciation of its baptism, and a denial of Christ.

In answer therefore to the *Herald*, we conclude by observing that it is not true that the child Mortara has been taken by force from its parents “in order to be made the subject of a mechanical conversion;” because in the first place the child was not forced from its parents at all; but was with their formal consent—and being already a Christian, placed in a Christian college, to which its parents have free access;—and because, in the second place, it was by the parent’s own voluntary act that the child was from its first infancy placed in Christian hands, and subjected to a course of Christian training.

Lastly, we would ask our cotemporary how the tribunals of the United States would act towards a child of Mormon parents, professing itself opposed to its father’s faith, and desirous of remaining a member of some other Protestant sect, into whose tenets, by its father’s consent, it had been previously indoctrinated? We think that under such circumstances the Law Courts of the States would grant protection to a young girl against her Mormon father, and deny his right to send her to Utah. Now certainly betwixt Mormonism and any other Protestant sect, there is no such essential difference as there is betwixt Judaism and Christianity; and if the law could justly protect a girl against the attempt of her father to coerce her into Mormonism, with equal justice might it interfere to protect a Christian child from being coerced into a denial of its Saviour and Redeemer.

We hope that we may not be suspected of any intention to speak disrespectfully in the above remarks, of our Jewish fellow-citizens; or of comparing them with the Mormons, the vilest perhaps of all the modern Protestant sects. We know too well how much the Christian world is indebted to the Hebrew race, to speak slightly of them; and as Catholics, we deprecate all attempts at forced conversions, as opposed to the natural law, and to the positive teachings of our Church; who has repeatedly, and in the strongest terms, forbidden, under the heaviest penalties, the baptism of Jewish infants without the consent of their parents. But for the bogus Israelite, for the fellow who, like this Mortara, at one moment manifests his utter contempt for his own law, by employing Christian domestics to prepare his food; and to rear his children; and at another, and at the instigation of the partisans of Red Republican democracy, claims the sympathies of the world as an outraged parent, because of his own neglect—we have but one feeling—and that is, contempt for the man’s hypocrisy, mingled with surprise at the simplicity of the silly dupes who believe him in earnest. In Rome, at all events, the true Jew, who strictly conforms to the precepts of his own law, runs no risk of having his children converted to Christianity against his will; so many are the precautions adopted by a Christian Government to protect him against any infringement of his paternal rights. But over those who through their parent’s neglect and violation of the precept of his own religion, have been baptised and brought to the faith as it is in Jesus, the Church claims to exercise her maternal rights; and will assert her duty to protect them against the efforts of their negligent parents to coerce them into apostasy, and the damnation of their souls.

\* A respectable and truly conscientious Israelite would not use meat even, that had been killed by a Non-Israelite butcher; nor would he certainly entrust the preparation of his food, and the care of his children to Christian hands.

THE MINERVE AND THE TRUE WITNESS.—Our readers must be as weary as we are ourselves of this endless controversy; for all controversies must needs be wearisome that are interminable, or that cannot be referred to the decision of some tribunal competent to pronounce finally thereupon; and it is impossible that a controversy betwixt an independent journal, and a “government hack” can be otherwise than interminable.

Not with any hopes then of bringing the Mi-

nerve to reason, or of inducing it to adopt an honest and independent course, do we for the last time address ourselves to the ungrateful task of repelling its calumnies; but merely with the object of clearly defining our position with regard to the “Ins” and the “Ours;” and of justifying ourselves in the eyes of those who may take the trouble of reading these lines, against the charge of inconsistency brought against the TRUE WITNESS by our Ministerial cotemporary.

The *Minerve* accuses us of inconsistency because in our issue of the 15th ult., we condemned as unmanly and most ungenerous the unauthorised dragging in of the names of the Prelates of the Church into newspaper controversies; and because we had already, on Dec. the 25th of the previous year, re-produced in our columns the previously published opinions of His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto upon the political duties of Catholic electors. In this we contend that there is no inconsistency, and for the following reasons.

The published letters, Pastorals, or other documents of our Prelates, are public property; given by them to the world, with, it is to be supposed, the express intention that they should be as widely circulated as possible. In re-producing them, therefore, the Catholic journalist does but fulfil a duty which he owes both to his ecclesiastical superiors, and to the public his readers.

But it is another and very different thing, to impute to the said ecclesiastical authorities, opinions or language whose publication they have not themselves expressly sanctioned; or without authority, to represent them as favoring or opposing any particular line of policy. Now, in every instance wherein we have quoted, or adduced the testimony of any Catholic Prelate, to any proposition by us advanced, we have done so with authority; that is, we have but quoted his previously published letters, the contents of which we concluded—from the fact of publication—that the writer desired to be made as extensively known as possible. This we contend is not only allowable to us, but is our bounden duty to do, as Catholic journalists. More than this, no man has the right upon any pretence whatsoever to do; and if in our article of the 15th inst., we condemned the language of the *Canadien*, it was because that journal, without authority certainly from the Bishop of Toronto, had imputed to that Prelate “*Clear Grit*” proclivities. Is there, we ask the impartial reader—any analogy betwixt the action of the *Canadien*, and that of the TRUE WITNESS in laying before its readers the previously published communications of the same Prelate? To drag a Bishop, or a lady’s name into newspaper controversy is ungentlemanly; but when either Bishop or a lady comes before the public, *proprio motu*, addressing the world through the columns of the public press, that correspondence becomes public property; and every one has a perfect right to read, quote, or otherwise make use of it. If the *Minerve* cannot see the difference betwixt dragging without authority a person’s name before the public, and quoting the same person’s previously published opinions, our cotemporary must indeed be very stupid.

Again the *Minerve* finds inconsistency betwixt our congratulations over the fact that in Scotland—where the Church is daily regaining her lost ground—there are but few government hacks or place-hunters amongst the Catholic portion of the population; and our enumeration of the gross injustice to which in Canada, individual Catholics are often subjected from the hands of Orange, and other Protestant officials entrusted with the administration of the law. But if the *Minerve* would but consider that the Church, so long as she is militant, thrives best when most persecuted; that now and under a Protestant regime, as of old and under Pagan governments, the blood of the martyrs is still the seed of the Church; if he would but study the history of the last century, and learn therefrom that the calamities which then assailed her, and the trammels imposed upon her, were the work of servile courtiers deeply imbued with the accursed principles of Gallicanism and Josephism, he would see that we have good reasons for congratulating ourselves upon the condition of Catholicity in Scotland; where, thank God, the Gallican is held in contempt, and where no man is ashamed to avow his Ultramontane principles, and to proclaim himself, heart and soul, a Papist.

On the other hand it is equally true that—not the Church, but—individuals often suffer from the injustice and partiality of Protestant Magistrates and other officials; as for instance in the case of “jury packing” by Sheriff Sevell at Quebec.—For this reason then, we can deplore, and condemn, our Canadian policy of appointing Orangemen, and other notorious partizans to offices connected with the administration of justice, as injurious to individuals; whilst on the other hand we can consistently attribute the bold and undaunted front with which the Church marches in Scotland from conquest to conquest, to the fact that her progress is there unimpeded by those time-serving place-hunting children, who seek to subordinate the interests of their Spiritual Mother to their cravings after political advancement. Were the Catholics of Canada, though all out of office,

but united and disinterested, we should soon be able to wrest from our rulers these concessions to our just demands, which we shall ask for in vain so long as we pursue the timid and mercenary policy advocated and supported by the *Minerve*. The hostility of the Secular Power has never injured the Church; its embraces though, have oftentimes brought her apparently to the verge of destruction.

The TRUE WITNESS also, argues the *Minerve*, is inconsistent, because whilst insisting upon the duty of supporting candidates opposed to “representation by population;” it, at the last election for this City, “sustained with all its strength the candidate favorable to that measure, against another candidate pledged to oppose it.”

This is simply an untruth; for during the late election contest for Montreal, the TRUE WITNESS abstained from taking any part therein, in favor of either candidate; and contented itself—without any the slightest allusion to either of the contending parties—with laying down some general rules, of which every Christian, and every gentleman must approve, though to the *Minerve* they may be very disagreeable. We merely said, what we repeat again, and will maintain in the face of the whole world—that when a candidate for Parliamentary honors presents himself before his fellow-citizens, he must be judged by his political antecedents, if he has any, and by his antecedents as a citizen if a new man; that the rogue in private life is not to be trusted in public life; and that he who has not done his duty to God and to his fellow-creatures in one condition, will most probably prove himself equally unfaithful to duty in every other condition. If this be to take active part against the *Minerve*’s friends, they must be a precious set of knaves and blackguards; but more than this we defy our cotemporary to find in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS with reference to our last City election.

Neither is the TRUE WITNESS guilty of inconsistency, because believing the abolition of tithes to be but a question of time, in consequence of the adoption of the principle “that it is desirable to abolish all semblance even of connection betwixt Church and State;” and because, altho’ denouncing that principle as false as politics and in theology—it seeks to prepare for the inevitable coming change by advocating a full and impartial application of the Voluntary System, rather than a one-sided and partial application thereof.—That the Church can thrive under the Voluntary system, that except where the laity are a miserable set of mercenary “*Lough-faces*,” the Catholic Clergy and all the expences of divine worship can be supported most respectably under that system, we have abundant evidence in the history of the Catholic Church in Ireland and in the United States; and so strong is our confidence in the vitality of our religion that, though we repudiate the Voluntary Principle on which that System is founded, we look forward without much anxiety to the day when the principle of abolishing all connection betwixt Church and State shall be reduced to practise or to a system. Only we demand that if on the one hand all State assistance to the Church be abolished, so also all restrictions to her right to receive and retain the voluntary gifts of her children be likewise removed. We are preparing for a coming change which we believe to be inevitable; and for that purpose we employ against our adversaries the argument in favor of Voluntaryism which they themselves urge against us—not because we believe that argument sound; but merely because, as urged by us, against them, it is *ad hominem*. They cannot retort it upon us, because we deny their premise, i.e., the desirableness of abolishing all connection betwixt Church and State.

So much for ourselves. As against the *Minerve* we reiterate our charge—of dishonesty, because whilst professing to quote at full length—*tout au long*—our argument against the consequences logically flowing from the preamble to the Clergy Reserves Bill, he omitted that portion wherein we expressed our opposition to the principle therein laid down; of false logic—because the legal obligation of paying tithes exists solely in virtue of a connection betwixt Church and State, since it is imposed by the State, and is, therefore, in no wise analogous to an obligation freely contracted betwixt two independent parties; and of quibbling, in endeavoring to persuade us that the words, “it is desirable to abolish all semblance of connection between Church and State,” do not mean that which they were intended to mean, and that which every one, not a fool, who voted for them, knew them to mean.

We know not however if it may not be through its ignorance of the elements of political economy that our cotemporary tumbles into these extraordinary mistatements. For it argues that the above words need not have the meaning by us given to them, because “tithes is not a State and not a material assistance given by the State to our Clergy.” “Tithes,” he continues, “are a 26th of the grains reaped by Catholics, and by them given to their priests for services from them received. The State gives nothing, yields nothing material to our Clergy; it only recognises its right, that of enforcing payment of an appointed—*indigne*—price for its services.”—*Minerve* 10th Nov.

Such is the stuff laid by the *Minerve* before its readers in the XIX century, in proof that there is no connection betwixt Church and State! To dispose of it however, we need only ask who "indicated the price?" who decided the amount to be paid by the layman to the Clergy and that whether he availed himself of, or refused its services? Was it arranged by voluntary contract betwixt them, or imposed by the State? If the latter, then the tithe is a tax or impost imposed by the State, in favor of the Church, on the private individual; who but for that action of the State would be under no legal obligation to pay tithes at all. In fact if the State, which alone has created the obligation, were to remain neutral, were to withhold its material assistance in collecting payment of a tax by itself imposed, the tithe system would fall to the ground. Tithe indeed is one of the conditions upon which the Catholic cultivator in Canada holds his land; but it is the State, and the State alone, that has, in virtue of its connection with the Church, imposed that condition. Would the *Minerve* have the impudence to pretend that, if the State were to compel all the Anglicans in Montreal to pay one per cent on their net incomes in support of the Anglican Bishop, "there would be no semblance even of connection between the State and the Anglican Church?"

Finally, as we are not "keeper of conscience" to those who assisted at the Brown-Dorion Banquet; as we have so often strongly expressed our opinion of the impropriety of placing any confidence in George Brown, until by his conduct he shall have deserved it; or of holding any friendly intercourse with him until he shall have apologised for his insults to our Clergy and our Religious, we do not feel ourselves called upon to do more at the present moment. We await the opening of Parliament; when we hope that the "School Question" and the "Orange Question" shall be so pressed upon the Legislature, as to force from every individual member thereof a full and unambiguous declaration. If then, Mr. Brown takes ground boldly in favor of "Freedom of Education," then, but not before, shall we be disposed to put trust in him, or to contract any alliance with him. To him, to any man, who will aid us in throwing off the State-School yoke, imposed upon us by our enemies, and rivetted on our necks by our traitorous friends of "bons principes," we will give our best support; but our terms are, as they say—"Cash." We give no credit; and must finger the money before we deliver the goods. Least of all can we trust a man of such unfavorable antecedents as George Brown.

The Anti-Confessional movement in England goes merrily on, and the "Romanisers" in the Establishment have received warning to put their houses in order, as the Great Briton won't stand such practices as confession, any longer. To sin in the abstract he has no objection; for fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness, he has a very tender heart; and he is not disposed to judge his brother harshly, because of any such little, almost indeed, amiable weaknesses. It is only examination of conscience, the enumeration of one's sins, the conceiving a lively sorrow for them in detail, and the confessing of them in particular to the priest, that arouses honest John Bull's indignation.

Demonstration therefore follows demonstration against the *Romish* abominations of Penance and Confession, in rapid succession; and by way of vindicating the rights of conscience, Her Majesty, as Supreme Bishopess of the Anglican Church, is now appealed to, to interpose her spiritual authority against those practices. They that labor and are heavy laden with their sins, are to be prohibited from disburthening their consciences, or seeking absolution from the hands of those whom, with a strange inconsistency, our Protestant friends still designate as Ministers of the Gospel of Christ; and in order to do away with scandal, it is to be enacted that henceforth sinners may die in their sins and be damned, but that they shall not confess and be saved.

Such is the substance of the prayer of a petition to the Supreme Head of the Church as By Law Established, lately adopted at a great meeting of its members of both sexes. At this meeting the utmost harmony and unanimity prevailed, thanks to the summary process of ejecting by force every one who presumed to differ from the majority in opinion, or to criticise their sentiments. Thus for instance, as we read in the *Times*' report of the proceedings, a Rev. Herbert Smith having presumed to object to some of the doctrines laid down by the theologians of both sexes in Synod assembled, "was ejected by force;"—and thereby were freedom of conscience and right of speech most worthily asserted.

The most striking feature of the proceedings was however the formal renunciation of any "priestly" character in Anglican ministers, made, not only by the laity, but by the said ministers themselves, and in the name of their brethren.—A Rev. Mr. Russell of St. Luke's entered into a lengthy argument, and proved to the satisfaction of the audience that he and his brethren were not "priests;" and that they were possessed of no power or authority that was not common to all other members of the Establishment.

In accordance with these views, doubtless perfectly true as applied to the Church of England, the petition to the Head of that Church contained, in addition to a denunciation of the Catholic doctrines of auricular confession and sacerdotal absolution, a strong protest against the existence of any "priestly" or sacerdotal order in the said Church; thus fully endorsing the remarks upon the same subject to which we gave utterance in our issue of the 5th instant, to the effect, that Protestant ministers of the Anglican sect neither style themselves, nor are habitually styled by other, Priests—a title which is applied exclusively to the ministers of the Roman Catholic Church.

But since Anglican Ministers admit now that they are not priests, and that in virtue of their Ordination they are endowed with no peculiar power or authority, what must become of the Anglican Ordination service? Its words are clear and precise upon this point. "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest,"—says that service; but if there be no "Priest," what a blasphemous invocation of the name of the Holy Ghost must not this service be!—"Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained"—adds the form prescribed by Act of Parliament for the ordination of the Anglican Minister; but if the latter has no more power or authority to forgive or retain sin, than has his next door neighbor, the dealer in dry goods and adulterated groceries, what mean these words?—or how can honest and rational men tolerate their presence in a Book which they hold up to the world as the exponent of Anglican doctrine? One thing is, we think, clear: that if Anglicans were honest, or rational, they would begin their attack upon auricular confession and sacerdotal absolution by a vigorous onslaught upon their own Liturgy.

A PITIFUL COMPLAINT.—In the *Toronto Mirror* of the 19th instant we find over the signature of "A *Victoria Catholic*," a very tragic but very humorous detail of the grievances to which the Catholics of Victoria are subjected by an ungrateful Ministry; for whom, at the last election, the Catholic voters of that district sacrificed their honor and independence, and voted against their conscience. The writer thus states his case:—

"At the last election we had four candidates seeking our suffrages; two were Government men, and two were Oppositionists. Of the latter one was a Catholic, and a remarkably talented man; the other was an old resident, much respected, and in every respect superior to any of the Government candidates. Under these trying circumstances, what do you suppose the Catholics did? They voted, to a man, for the Government candidates, knowing at the same time that some of its members were sworn Orangemen. "How," asks the writer, "have they been rewarded?"

Precisely as they deserved to be rewarded for such base mercenary conduct; precisely as we hope all Catholics may in future be rewarded who are so ready to support Government candidates, the allies of their sworn enemies, the Orangemen, against their own coreligionists, and against men whom they know to be "in every respect superior" to those for whom they vote. The Catholics of Victoria as a reward for their vile sycophancy towards "Jack-in-Office," for their cowardly subserviency to an Orange Government, and their gross dishonesty in electing as their representatives men whom, by their own confession they knew to be "in every respect" inferior to their opponents, have been kicked, cuffed, trampled and spat upon, by those whose dirty tools they had consented to become; by those who now having no longer any need of their services, take no pains to conceal their contempt for their treachery, and disregard of all honest principle.

For it seems from the letter of our *Victoria Catholic* that the Government, instead of rewarding their docile "Katholic hacks" for their servility, with an abundance of good things in the Custom House, or Crown Lands Office, have lavished their favors exclusively upon Orangemen. Orangemen have monopolised all appointments; Orangemen have been made magistrates, Post Masters, Crown Land's Agents; whilst not a crumb of the official manna has reached the lips of the hungry but disappointed Catholic voters, who at the last election rejected their own co-religionists, and the candidates whom they knew to be "in every respect superior to any of the government candidates" for whom they voted. And now, thus self-convicted of meanness and dishonesty, those same *Victoria Catholics* have the impudence to challenge the sympathies of the Catholic public, and to complain of "the base ingratitude of the present Administration towards us!" We think that in their case a Catholic public will return a unanimous verdict of—"Served them right."

For if Catholics will be so vile as to vote against their conscience: if they will at elections, for the sake of currying favor with the dispensers of patronage, support the known friends of Orangemen, against Catholic candidates, and men whom they in their hearts know to be "in every respect superior to any of the Government candidates," they must expect to be despised, and ill-treated by those to whom they prostitute them-

selves. When men have so little respect for themselves as publicly to confess that they are guilty of such revolting turpitudes, they cannot expect to be respected by others; and by their complaints against the consequences of their own treachery, they display, not so much the "the base ingratitude of the present Government to Catholics," as their own unfitness to be entrusted with their electoral privileges. The Catholic voters of Victoria knew that those whom they rejected were "in every respect superior" to those for whom they voted; they knew that the latter were the candidates of a Government many of whose members were "sworn Orangemen;" what right then have they to complain that Orangemen are preferred to them, and that their disregard of honor, and of duty—duty as Catholics and as citizens to vote for those only whom they believed to be "in every respect superior" candidates—has been punished as treachery and dereliction of duty ever should be punished.—May the fate of the Catholics of Victoria be a warning to all Catholic electors to vote honestly and conscientiously at future elections; if it should have this effect, the doleful complaint of a "*Victoria Catholic*" shall not have been published in vain.

From all quarters do we find our complaints reiterated against the injustice, and worthlessness of "State Schoolism." That the system is a most costly one, that it has long been the never failing source from whence flows a perpetual stream of discord, of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, has long been known; that it is, at the same time, most injurious to the faith and morals of the rising generation, has always been asserted by Catholics, and is now fully corroborated by Protestants. Thus in the *Spectator*, a Protestant and Conservative journal, a writer comments as follows upon the subjoined extract from the Report of the Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, which was re-produced in the *Journal of Education* for July.

"The primary basis on which the doctrine of free schools rests, is the safety of the State. Uneducated men and women are regarded as a dangerous element in a free country."

Hereupon the writer in the *Spectator*, who although a Protestant, has still retained apparently several fragments of Christianity, moralises in the following strain:—

Many things appear to be what they are not.—So with this extract. To the cursory reader it seems an undeniable truth; and it would be, were the education of the right kind. In the National Schools of the United States, all religious instruction whatsoever is practically forbidden. This is a well-known fact. When such a reader is informed, that by education the Superintendent means merely secular instruction,—as, reading, writing, Mathematics, grammar, &c., without the slightest religious instruction, perhaps he may be inclined to reform his judgment of the above passage. We, a member of the Church of England, not only deny that persons uneducated in mere secular learning are "a dangerous element in a free country;" but assert that persons educated in reading, writing, arithmetic, &c., without religious instruction, are indeed "a dangerous element in a free country." The proof is easy. Man is born in sin. His nature is not utterly depraved, but far more inclined to evil than to good. He is inclined to evil "as the sparks go upwards." Also, "knowledge is power." Godly knowledge man has an increased power to do good or evil.

These two things being admitted—and who will deny them?—it, of necessity, follows, that he who, by secular knowledge, apart from religious, has this increased power, will inevitably use it for evil—as he knows not the way of restraining evil and doing good—and consequently, not the uneducated but the educated in merely secular things are "a dangerous element in a free country."

We know that there are exceptions to every general rule. Though there have been individuals who have prostituted the best education to vile purposes, yet the rule holds good—a rule dictated by God himself. Train up or (as the margin has it) catechise a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. And our experience proves this. In a word, the true pillars of the State, in all ages, have been the religious education.

Is our position borne out by facts? Look to our Southern neighbors. Persons, generally speaking, act according to the principles in which they have been educated. "The boy is father to the man."—For more than one generation, secular, apart from Religious Education, has obtained the sway in the United States. As a nation, the people of the United States are secularly educated. Now what is their character? As a nation they are proverbially dishonest and infidel. We are all painfully aware of this. According to their own accounts of themselves, they are the most immoral of all civilized nations. Want of principle is their characteristic.—In this alone, they are "the greatest nation in all creation." Such is the legitimate fruit of mere Secular Education.

Permit me, in conclusion, to ask one question.—Shall we, freemen of Canada, who are conscientiously opposed to Secular without Religious Education, any longer tolerate that Upas tree of our rising country—the Ryersonian system? We pause for a reply.

We hail with joy these indications of the spread of Christianity and liberal principles amongst our Protestant fellow-citizens. Because of the hardness of their hearts, and the thick veil wherewith heresy has blinded their eyes, it cannot be expected that they should feel so acutely, or see so clearly, the evils of "Godless" education, or education divorced from religion, as do those who are members of the Catholic Church. But dull as are their senses, our Protestant fellow-citizens cannot be altogether insensible to the dangers of "State Schoolism;" and we hope that in time, and as their vision improves, they may be led by the Grace of God to join with us in demanding from the State, Freedom of Education for all its subjects.

J. STARKE & Co's., MONTREAL CALENDAR FOR 1859.—We have to thank the publishers for their very carefully compiled and handsomely printed Calendar; which we can heartily recommend to all our friends, as at once useful and ornamental.

NOTICE.—All communications for the Rev. James Daly, heretofore of Compton, C.E., should for the future be forwarded to the Rev. James Daly, Pastor Gloucester City, New Jersey, U.S.

THE ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—The regular weekly meeting of the St. Patrick's Literary Association will be held in the Hall of the Association, 87 McGill Street, at half-past seven o'clock, on the Thursday evening of each week.

Besides the debates, &c., which will be open to the members only, a Lecture will be given once a month, to which the public will be admitted gratis. It is regretted, however, that, owing to a want of proper accommodation, ladies cannot, for the present, be admitted to these Lectures.

The first of the monthly Lectures will be delivered, by the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, on next Thursday evening, the 2nd Dec. It will be the first of a Course of Three Lectures, by the Rev. gentleman, on the "History of the Irish Church."

It is the intention of the Association to open evening classes on different branches of science and literature for the benefit of the members.—Competent teachers have already proffered their services gratis. Should the number of pupils volunteering to attend the respective classes warrant the immediate opening of the classes, they will probably be opened on Monday week, the 6th December.

The Director, Rev. Mr. O'Brien, will be happy to receive donations of books, &c., for the Library.

The Treasurer of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum of Montreal gratefully acknowledges a bequest of one hundred dollars, left to the Orphans by John Sloane, late of St. Remie, formerly of St. Patrick's, Sherrington, through his Executor, Mr. Hugh McGill.

We clip the following paragraph from the *Montreal Transcript*:—

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.—The Church of England Meeting.—At the first Episcopal Synod of the diocese of Huron, C. W., held in London on the 21st ultimo, the Lord Bishop presiding, the following anent the vexed question of Separate Schools, is reported to have taken place:—

The Rev. E. H. Dewar moved, seconded by Mr. Penton,—That a petition be presented to the Legislature at its next session, praying that such alterations may be made in the Common School act for Upper Canada as shall recognise religious instruction in the schools by authorising the opening and closing of the schools with prayer, reading of the Bible, the use of the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Apostles' Creed; and the right of all denominations of Christians to impart instruction according to their religious tenets to the children of their own persuasion at specified times to be set apart for that purpose; and that if by law as it now stands, the members of the Church of England cannot have separate schools in cities or towns, that such further amendment be prayed for as may remove any doubts that may exist as to the right of all denominations of Protestants to have separate schools in cities and towns on compliance with the requisition of the 19th section of the School act of 1850; whether the teacher of the common school in any school section in which such separate school is demanded be a Roman Catholic or not.

The Rev. J. Smyth moved in amendment, seconded by the Rev. C. B. Brough,—That this Synod asserts the principle that all education should be based on religious instruction, and will use its best efforts to secure the recognition and practice of this principle in the Common Schools.

After much discussion, and an opinion given by the Chair, the Rev. E. H. Dewar stated that with the permission of the Chair, he was willing to withdraw his motion provided the mover of the amendment would agree to do the same. This was agreed to by all parties; therefore with the permission of the Chair, neither motion was put to the meeting.

A GENTLEMAN OF MEANS.—A person of very gentlemanly exterior, business-like in manner, courteous and affable in conversation, has lately honoured Toronto with a visit, his object being to swindle as many of our citizens as were disposed to put faith in his representations. He assumed the character of a returned Californian, who, having ample means, intended forth with to commence business in Toronto as a broker. With Mr. J. E. Ellis jeweller, he contemplated doing a large trade, and on Friday he purchased goods of him to the extent of \$1,000, tendering in payment a bank deposit receipt of Morford Bros., Chicago.—At the same time, to remove all suspicion, and having, of course, the most complete reliance in the integrity of Mr. Ellis our "California gentleman" left with him another receipt of \$12,000 upon the same firm, being too wise a man to carry so large a sum about a city boasting so vigilant a police as those with whom we are blessed. He next called on Mr. Laidlaw, whom he favoured to the extent of \$84.—From Mr. Gasper he also purchased \$250 worth of goods; from Mr. Hales goods to the value of \$100, and from Mr. Gunther he bought to the extent of \$300. For all these valuables he made payment with paper of the same description as that which he had given to Mr. Ellis. Fortunately for our tradesmen, he was too much the gentleman to carry home his purchase himself. He requested they might be sent to his "hotel," in Bay street; but prior to the goods being despatched the advice of Mr. E. F. Whittemore was sought, and that gentleman suggested that, by the aid of the telegraph, information of a reliable character might be obtained from Messrs. Morford themselves. The advice was acted upon, and on Saturday morning the unwelcome intelligence was received, that the "returned Californian" had no funds in Chicago. The would-be broker, finding that none of the goods were delivered, was under the disagreeable necessity of leaving without them, as early, it is supposed, as Friday night. Should he visit any other place in the Province, the storekeepers on whom he showers his favours will know exactly how to deal with him. And that there may be no possibility of mistaking this "man of straw," they will do well to bear in mind that he is tall and thin, having a dark complexion, and bushy hair. He calls himself Samuel Clarke.

Since writing the above we learn that Mr. Samuel Clarke extended his feelers in other directions. He has been in the city for the last eight days, during which-time he made the house of Mr. Hanlan, on Bay-street, his home. In order to inspire confidence, he treated the landlord with a look at a gold watch, which excited intense admiration, and left on the floor of the hall a heavy finger ring, for which he offered a reward, and "steady" oysters all round, when it was found, by mine Host's wife. But not content with this, he also placed in the hands of Mr. Hanlan, a deposit receipt in his own favor, for \$12,500, and was henceforward looked upon as rather a "big gun" by his fellow-boarders. During his stay he engaged the services of a young man, as clerk, promising him \$250 a year salary, providing he would find that amount of security for good conduct. With one tradesman he has been in treaty for a span

of horses; a pair which belonged to Dr. Cadwell having been sold to him by Mr. Drummond. Of another he was going to hire a store, indeed his arrangements for business were on a most extensive scale. The only pecuniary sufferer, so far as we can learn, is Mr. Hanlan, who has been swindled out of about \$11 worth of provender. Mr. Clarke has been kind enough, however, to leave a box behind him, worth something like \$5, which will mitigate the loss. In common with Mr. Hanlan, many of the lodgers regret his sudden disappearance; the former, because he has been swindled; the latter, because their hopes of future "drinks" at the "returned Californian's" expense are for ever dissipated!

The bank deposit receipts were all drawn out in favor of the parties this impostor wished to swindle. Thus—\$1,000 was represented as having been placed to the credit of Mr. Ellis in the Chicago Bank, the receipt being signed by the clerk. The fellow does not seem to have displayed much shrewdness, and if our American friends can send us no better specimen of a sharper than Clarke appears to have been, we shall begin to doubt their boasted proficiency in swindling. For the benefit of future adventurers, we may notice that Morford Bros., and not not Morford Bros., as signed by the clumsy rogue, is the name of the Chicago bankers.—*Toronto Globe*.

THE HUNDRETH REGIMENT.—The recruiting party belonging to the Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment at present stationed in this city, have commenced operations, and yesterday one of the sergeants brought up two smart-looking recruits before the Police Magistrate to be sworn-in and attested. The Regiment is in high repute, and the recruiting sergeants anticipate that a large number of young men from Toronto and the country round about will "take the shilling" and don the Queen's uniform.—*Toronto Globe*.

To those requiring the very best and cheapest Ready-Made Clothing, we can confidently recommend M. L. D. Gareau's Provincial Clothing House, 271 Notre Dame Street, as the place where they are certain to be satisfied in every respect. The custom work of that establishment is also of the highest order of workmanship.—*Toronto Globe*.

What will cure my Chilblains?—Perry Davis Vegetable Pain Killer will do it. It is also the best medicine for sprains, bruises, rheumatism, cramps in the limbs or stomach. It is, in short, a medicine no family should be without.

Married.—On the 23rd inst., in the French Cathedral, by the Rev. J. J. Connolly, Mr. Thomas Dunn, second son of Alderman John Dunn, Kingston, to Julia Kennedy, daughter of the late James Kennedy, Esq., of this city.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.  
November 23, 1858.

Flour, per quintal	\$2.60 to \$2.70
Oatmeal, per do.	2.50 .. 2.60
Wheat, per minot	90 .. 95
Oats, do.	46 .. 48
Barley, do.	57 .. 60
Peas, do.	96 .. 1.00
Beans, do.	1.60 .. 1.70
Buckwheat, do.	50 .. 60
Onions, per minot	70 .. 80
Potatoes, per bag	70 .. 80
Beef, per lb.	7 .. 15
Mutton, per quarter	1.00 .. 1.15
Pork per 100 lbs. (in the carcass)	5.50 .. 6.00
Butter, Fresh, per lb.	20 .. 25
" Salt, per lb.	13 .. 15
Eggs, per doz.	18 .. 19
Cheese, per lb.	10 .. 15
Turkeys, per couple	1.40 .. 1.50
Geese, do.	75 .. 80
Fowls, do.	50 .. 55
Hay, per 100 bds.	6.50 .. 9.50
Straw, do.	5.00 .. 6.00
Ashes—Pots, per cwt.	5.75 .. 6.00
" Pearls, per do.	6.00 .. 6.50

AN ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, WILL BE OPENED ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER, at No. 16, CRAIG STREET, Montreal; in which a Complete Course of Education in the ENGLISH and FRENCH Languages will be given by Mr. and Mrs. H. CLARKE, and Mlle. LACOMBRE, from London and Paris.

MUSIC, DRAWING, ITALIAN, and other accomplishments, by competent Masters.

A few Pupils can be received as Boarders, on reasonable terms.

An EVENING CLASS for Adults.

References are permitted to the Rev. Canon V. Pilon and the Rev. P. LeBlanc, at the Bishop's Palace; and to J. L. Brault, P. Moreau, F. Doucet, and L. Boyer, Esqrs., Montreal.

INFORMATION WANTED OF MARY ANN KILLIN, formerly of Ballykintier, County Down, Ireland, daughter of Patrick Killin and Mullins; landed in Montreal about 17 or 18 years ago. On her communicating with the Rev. James McLure, Batavia, she will hear of something to her advantage.

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL REMEDY.

Davis' Pain Killer.—It is a real pleasure to us to speak favorably of this article, known almost universally to be a good and safe remedy for burns and other pains of the body. It is valuable not only for colds in the winter, but for various summer complaints, and should be in every family.—C. Advocate.

We call attention to the great remedy of Perry Davis & Son called the Pain Killer. We believe that the public generally have great confidence in the efficacy of this medicine, as it is in this State very generally used.—Biblical Recorder, (N.C.)

Messrs. P. DAVIS & SON, Gentlemen: We have to report an increasing demand for the Pain Killer. Inquiries for the article are frequent. We have taken the liberty of distributing a few bottles among our friends, who have suffered severely with the rheumatism, (which is very prevalent in this country) and in every instance it has given great satisfaction. Every box we sell makes an opening for a larger supply.

WILLS, HOLDEN & CO., Melbourne, Australia.

Lymans, Savage, & Co., Carter, Kerry, & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.

**COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, ASTHMA, CATARRH, any irritation or soreness of the Throat, INSTANTLY RELIEVED by Brown's Bronchial Troches, or Cough Lozenges.**

To PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS, they are effectual in clearing and giving strength to the voice.

If any of our readers, particularly ministers or public speakers, are suffering from bronchial irritation, this simple remedy will bring almost magical relief.—CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN.

"Indispensable to public speakers."—ZION'S HERALD.

"An excellent article."—NATIONAL ERA, WASHINGTON.

"Superior for relieving hoarseness to anything we are acquainted with."—CHRISTIAN HERALD, CINCINNATI.

"A most admirable remedy."—BOSTON JOURNAL.

"Sure remedy for throat affections."—TRANSCRIPT.

"Efficacious and pleasant."—TRAVELLER.

Sold by Druggists throughout the United States.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Nov. 3, 1858.—After a rather prolonged silence, I resume my letters with the announcement that Count de Montalembert is on the eve of being brought to his trial before the Court of Police Correctionnelle, for having, says the *Moniteur*, "compassed the overthrow of the Imperial Government—for having endeavoured to breed civil war between the citizens—for having dared to call in question the blessings of universal suffrage."

You will naturally inquire when and where the deed was perpetrated; in what secret chamber the plan was concocted, matured, and finally carried into execution. Montalembert, a conspirator, likened unto an Orsini, a Bernard.—However, so it is—I am sorry to say—for he positively wrote a most eloquent article in the last number of the *Correspondant*. On what subject? "On the Indian debate in the British Parliament." It so happened that the Count, as he himself has felt, felt the want of breathing a little free air in a free country; so he crosses the Channel, just in time to attend the debates, and when once back to his own country thought proper to pen a few pages on the subject for the perusal of his friends, and the instruction of the French public, so generally ignorant of English affairs.

But, however repugnant to the present system, may be the Count's reflections and general current of ideas, it would certainly have been far more politic to let them pass without comment or animadversion, as their effect upon the public would have blown over in the course of a few days. Indeed, one can hardly imagine that a friend of the Government could have advised such a measure as a prosecution of this kind against such a man! As it is, the trial will bring him more than ever before the eye of the country, and afford him a splendid opportunity of exposing his real views and feelings. And as if this were not enough, his counsels are to be Du faure and Berryer, the two most celebrated barristers in all France. If the prosecution results in an acquittal, the Government can but be laughed at; if not, through pressure upon the judges, the Count will, doubtless, gain popularity which he does not enjoy at present, on account of his leaning towards English ideas and institutions, which are by no means in favour of the majority of the French nation. Again, supposing Montalembert, to be sentenced to five years' imprisonment, which is the highest penalty in the case, one may ask if such a result will not do the Government more harm than good, as not a single man will really believe in the Count's culpability? That fact, indeed, can be the less believed, that everyone has still ringing in his ears the hue and cry set up by the whole pack of infidel papers and official scribblers about the Mortara affair. How is it that the French rulers should be so very lax and indifferent, when the whole Church (their pretended protegee) is violently attacked; but so keenly sensitive to the slightest observations upon its own system? The glaring inconsistency of the two cases must strike all thinking minds.—*Correspondent of Weekly Register.*

The *Daily News* was seized at the Paris Post Office, on Thursday, in consequence of its observations on the Montalembert prosecution. The *Correspondant* has, in the letter of a clever contributor, the following temperate and sensible remark in reference to the "Affaire Mortara":—"As for this Mortara business, which is making such a noise, and out of which the infidel revolutionary Press are forging a weapon of attack, I am sure that you will wait before you speak decidedly. At the present moment, the question is doubtless engaging the anxious thoughts of the Supreme Pontiff. Instead of allowing yourselves to be carried away by passionate partisanship, you will wait calmly and respectfully, in the assurance that when the Father of the Faithful shall have spoken, all will be made sensible that it was his earnest wish to reconcile his duty of Christian charity towards the son with the natural rights inherent in the father. A case bearing on the Mortara affair has just occurred in France. Gugenheim, who was condemned to hard labour for life participation in the Caen murder, which made so much noise a short time ago, had several illegitimate children, and the woman who bore them to him having also been condemned to a certain period of hard labour, the children were sent for safety to the hospice of Caen. Both Gugenheim and the woman are Jews, and they brought up their children in their own faith; the children, however, were, after due preparation by the sisters attached to the establishment, baptised. M. Isidore, Grand Rabbi of Paris, lately claimed the children, in order to have them educated as Jews; but the religious authorities of the hospice strongly objected to give them up. The Perfect of the Calvados referred the matter to the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister, in the name of the Government, has just sent a peremptory order that the children shall be handed over to the Grand Rabbi.—*Times Correspondent.*

A gentleman, whose official connexion with agricultural improvements in Ireland entitles his opinion to respect, has lately made a tour in France, with the view of ascertaining the real cause of the depression of agriculture, and the destitution of the labouring classes. He states that it was sad to see the misapplication of time

and labour in many places, and the way in which the resources of so fine a country were neglected or abused. In the darkest days of Connaught farming he declares he never saw anything worse than in boasted Normandy, and some of the most favoured districts of the south and west. Small fields and impenetrable hedge-rows—scouring and exhausting crops, and little or no manure to supply the deficiency. Ploughs that might have been used by the early Druids, tugged along by a motley crew of dispirited cows, horses, and oxen, with a poor, industrious, well-disposed donkey in the van, who probably does half the work, and who certainly gets all the beating;—cattle not half fed either in winter or summer;—poor milk cows, and bony-looking oxen creeping along on the dry hard road with waggon-loads of sand or timber, not half what a single Scotch cart would carry;—pigs as they probably were in the days of Dagobert, long-legged, big-eared, with bodies flat as pancakes, every point about them turned the wrong way; curved backs that might serve as a model for the arch of a bridge; noses that would do as good work, if properly directed, as half the ploughs in the country; and on the whole the animals look as if they were quite sick of the world. The sheep, too, would be regarded with pity by any one who ever saw a flock of Leicesters ruminating in a clover field;—wiry, weedy, unhealthy looking things, with tails that crack like a whip, bones that look as if they were already picked, and hopping about on the roadside in search of a stray mouthful.

According to the views of my informant the efforts lately made by the French Government to improve the breeds of cattle in France, and encourage improved husbandry in the provinces, have been productive of little benefit, so far as he could judge. The introduction of costly cattle for breed, and cumbersome implements for work, has failed to produce the anticipated results, for the fact is, the people were not yet prepared for their use, or in a position to turn them to account, for what can men do who are tied up by prejudices or absurd customs, and always looking to Government to help them? He noticed the want of cordiality and union between the three classes—the proprietor, the farmer or occupier, and the laborer—which must impede substantial improvements. Except on the banks of some large rivers he saw few country gentlemen's dwelling-houses, little beyond detached villages and small plots of ground, scattered here and there, and marked by all the vice of the subdivision system. He pronounces it impossible for these struggling occupiers to till their patches of land with advantage, or derive any benefit from modern improvements. The evil is pressing, and the remedy must be prompt and decisive.—*Cor. Times.*

THE FRENCH TARIFF.—The Diana of the Ephesians shows her spirit down to the very question of spoons and forks. Instead of the precious metals being welcomed, gold and silver plate find the door as good as closed against them. French silversmiths are delighted to have your family plate excluded by a barrier of 25 per cent., unless you like to have it broken up and refashioned by them, in which case you get in at a cheaper rate. This, and the tariff on scientific instruments, defeats itself rather than benefits the Government. An optical instrument is a combination of metal and glass, whose value consists in the skill of that combination; disappointed, it is valueless and unintelligible to ordinary beholders and manipulators. Once well fitted together, it can be unsewed again into bits of brass and bits of glass, whose use is unknown to those not in the secret. And so, morsels are smuggled in, one at a time, till the forbidden help to knowledge is reconstructed.—That is how the law works in numerous instances. The same of plate. There is an immense deal of foreign plate in France daily displayed on dinner tables, which entered without submitting to the fine of 25 per cent. I have even partaken, with relish, of repasts that were served and eaten by the help of these surreptitious utensils. A Government is only fulfilling its duty when it teaches its children to walk alone and to lean on as few foreign crutches as possible, but there is a difference between encouraging homemade machinery and giving way to a perfect machinophobia. French-made machinery, sent to the Great Exhibition at London, has had great difficulty in getting back home again, and has even had to pay duty for the privilege of landing on its own coast. The very name of a machine puts the whole army of *douaniers* into feverish excitement. Of this weakness "X" had a laughable proof on the occasion of his importing, for the use of his family, a homely utensil which, unluckily for him, had received the sounding title of American Washing Machine. The pretentious word machine condemned it at once. Ambition was its ruin. But, poor thing, it was a very humble attempt at machinery. It was nothing but a tub lined with zinc, containing a few loose wooden balls, and having attached to it a simple lever with a cast iron ball at the end. For this unpretending vessel the same duty was demanded as for the most complicated machine possible to be constructed, and all because it had been raised by the maker to the style and dignity of a washing machine, thus levying a duty of 35s on a thing which cost only 50s in England, and so priced as a patent article. If free from the patent it could be built for 20s. Let us cull a few final flowers from the tariff, and tie them together as a parting bouquet. Salt pork pays from 33s. to 36s. 30c. the 100 kilos.; fresh butchers' meat, 19s. 80c. The taxes on skins are so intricate that I give up the task of unravelling them; ditto for all sorts of fur and peltry. Dyed wools, of any kind, pay more than 300f. the 100 kilos. Quills pay 10f.; cut pens, 240f. for the same weight; feathers for beds, 60f.; feathers for adornment, from 100f. to 400f. Fish oil, spermaceti, and whalebone pay an infinitesimal duty if caught by the French, a considerable duty if caught by the stranger. At the head of the substances proper for medicine and perfumery stand—what? Vipers, which are taxed 10f. per 100 in number, or 1d a piece for the charming creatures. Musks pay 100f. the single kilo.; civet, 123f.; muskrats' tails, 25f. if coming by French ships; otherwise, more.—Among these articles we find dried he-goats'

blood, bezoars, castoreum, the eyes of crayfish, the bones of stags' hearts, and the feet of the elk; the last, probably, intended to be used as an antidote to epileptic fits. Sponge ranges from 60f. to upwards of 212l. the kilos. 5f. is the gentle tax on the same weight of the scales of the bleak, for making false pearls. Mother-of-pearl oscillates between 5f. and 70f.; wolves' teeth between 5f. and 54f. On these there is an export duty of 25c.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

PRUSSIA.

The Prince Regent of Prussia has inaugurated his career by the dismissal of the Ministry and the appointment of a new Cabinet, under the presidency of the Prince Hohenzollern Sigmaringen. The new President is known as the father of the young Queen of Portugal. He resigned his principality some years ago in favor of the King of Prussia, the head of the house of Hohenzollern, receiving in return, from His Prussian Majesty, the title of "Highness," and the prerogatives of a junior Prince of the Royal Family of Prussia. What the policy of the new Government is to be remains to be unfolded.—*Weekly Register.*

PORTUGAL.

The pusillanimous policy adopted and counselled by the English Government, that Portugal should accede to the French claims as quietly and promptly as possible, has been fully carried. The condemned slave Charles-et-Georges was this morning restored to the honor of Napoleon's tricoloured flag, and his steamer of war *Requin* is at the hour I write getting up steam to tow her with her captain, Rouxel, out of the Tagus, and to-morrow the other French ships, *Donawerth*, *Austerlitz*, and *Coligny*, also relieve the *Tagus* from their presence, leaving at anchor the British ships of war *Victor Emmanuel* and *Racon*, which were so promptly sent out from Portsmouth by Lord Malmesbury to witness his disgraceful policy in this humiliating affair.

The Portuguese public and the press evince most unequivocally the feeling indicated in my letter of Saturday, that the national honor of England and her good faith in the suppression of the slave trade have suffered more than her ally, Portugal,—a feeling which is equally common to the British residents in this capital.

Portuguese of all classes were on the quays this morning, pointing to the French flag hoisted by the *Charles-et-Georges*, declaring that their cruisers must be withdrawn from the coast of Africa, and that Portugal could not afford to continue to pay her thousands yearly for the suppression of the slave trade if her honest efforts were not only to be rendered nugatory but a source of humiliation and injustice, whatever the English people may think proper to do with the millions they yearly contribute to such a *stam*.

The Ministerial papers have not ventured to give the exposition of the Portuguese Government as published in its official organ, the *Diario do Governo*, which arrived here on Saturday. The *Journal des Debats* gives it in *extenso*, and on a second perusal of the document, even in a French translation, I can conceive nothing more dignified than the conduct of Portugal in this discreditible affair. You will have remarked the offer of the Portuguese Cabinet to leave the decision of the whole affair to a third power, "to be chosen by His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French." Those who affirm that it was merely to give "moral support" to the French Minister at Lisbon that the French men-of-war were sent I refer to the passage in the *Exposé* which states that "the French Admiral Lavaud, commander of the French forces in the Tagus, was left there with the mission to solve the pending question;" and I refer those who still persist, either wilfully or through ignorance, in affirming that the surrender of the *Charles et Georges* was voluntary, to the last paragraphs of the official exposition. I admit that in my statements I have committed an error. I said that a delay of 48 hours was granted to the Portuguese Cabinet to comply with what it justly terms the "preemptory exactions" of the French Minister. I now find that it was only half that time. They who have disputed my accuracy may take the benefit of the error, if they think fit.

The *Daily News* also gives the article from the *Diario do Governo*. The *Messenger* having volunteered a note by way of correction to one of your articles, and heading in its impression of this day a transcript from one of your contemporaries with the not very flattering and untrue description of "Misrepresentation of *The Times*," one may now be allowed to ask its opinion on the explanation of the Portuguese Government, which it publishes in its own columns. The truth of the matter is, the Imperial Government has been placed in a position so undignified by the indiscretion of M. Walewski, that it does not well know how to get out of the difficulty. Had the Emperor been in Paris when the matter was first agitated, there is reason to believe that his Minister would not have been permitted to act with such *etourderie*, to use the gentlest term. It would not at all surprise me if the French Minister at Lisbon found himself in a scrape by following too strictly the orders of his chief.—*Cor. Times.*

The *Daily News* states that the Portuguese Government has addressed the following note to the French Minister:—"1. The Portuguese Government, being unable to resist the violence of France, will deliver up the vessel. 2. The French Government having rejected the arbitration of a third Power on the question of right, the Portuguese Government also rejects arbitration on the question of indemnity. 3. Let the French Government present the claim for the indemnity, and it will be promptly paid." The Popular feeling at Lisbon was very strong against the non-interference of England. Meanwhile fresh difficulties have occurred. Letters from the Isle of Renion, dated Sept. 25th, state that a vessel from that place had been plundered on the African coast. Almost all the crew, and the captain, have been massacred. The vessel *Alfred*, which had left Renion for Gormora, had been seized by the Portuguese at Obo, and taken to Mozambique. It was afterwards given back to the French owner, but only after having experienced great losses.

INDIA.

The Telegrams from India report further successes of our troops. Several gallant affairs had taken place in various parts of Oude, all of which proved disastrous to the enemy, and but of slight loss to us. Lord Clyde had not commenced his campaign, which is expected to be of considerable magnitude, but it is surmised that his task would not be so difficult as had been supposed. The rebels, although in great force, have probably drawn upon themselves the animosity of many of their countrymen on account of the mercenary manner in which they ravage the country and oppress the inhabitants, wherever the British troops are not posted. Some revelations have been made by the *Times* correspondent with regard to a fearful mortality amongst our troops at Dumduin. It is hoped that it will impress upon the authorities the great necessity of a stricter attention to the health of our troops, and prevent the overcrowding of military stations, particularly in India—so frequently the cause of excessive mortality.—*Weekly Register.*

The *Times* correspondent writes as follows:—"Pending the proclamation, the chief topic is the mutiny at Mooltan. Your Bombay correspondent will have informed you a week since of the last defeat of Tantia Topce by General Michell, but he may not have heard all the details of the destruction of the mutinous regiments at Mooltan. Two regiments there stationed—the 62d and 69th—were among the first disbanded in the Punjab. The 69th was known to be rotten to the core, but the 62d has till within these last few weeks committed no act calculated to excite suspicion. Accordingly it was ordered to remain the regiment while discharging the 69th. The order was accordingly sent out to the men and re-

ceived in ominous silence. According to the only probable account yet received the Sepoys took the order to be indication of kindness so inconceivable that it must conceal some treachery. They resolved, it is said, that they were to be destroyed, and that the order to discharge them in detail was intended to facilitate that process. To prevent the execution of the plan they determined to escape. Escape without horses was, however, nearly impossible, and the only horses obtainable were those belonging to the European Artillery. The Artillery stables, therefore, were the point of attack, and the two regiments, joined by the native Artillerymen (disarmed), marched by wings on the European Artillerymen. They had no muskets and but few swords, but the mass had exterminated formidable clubs out of the side posts of their best stables. A few reached the stables, where they killed four Europeans, but were speedily driven off by a gallant young fellow, a lieutenant, who flung himself among them sword in hand. The remainder were beaten back by the Artillerymen according to the printed accounts, with their side arms. This, however, I am informed is a mistake. An officer, Captain Green, I think, had received information of the movement, and got out his guns so rapidly as to be able to pour case into the mutineers at fifty yards. At all events, 300 were killed on the spot, and the remainder, about 1,100, broke and fled. The Bombay Fusiliers came up a few minutes afterwards, and their Adjutant, Lieutenant Mews, who was riding in advance, was seized by a few Sepoys, torn from his horse, and brained on the spot. The Sepoys then divided, part flying towards the Sutlej, the boats upon which river had, however, been seized, and part towards Lahore. The former party again divided, one portion making for an island in the Gheera, and another for the Cheenab. They were all arrested or slain. The second division was pursued by a native gentleman, Ghulam Mustafa Khan, aided by his tenantry and the police. The Sepoys fought desperately, and compelled a retreat, but Mustafa Khan advanced again, and every Sepoy was killed. By this time the country was up. Punjab officials know how to ride, the country folk hate the Hindostanee soldiery with a most healthy hatred, and by the 15th inst., the entire force, both the regiments and the Artillery, had been 'accounted for.' All who had not been shot, or drowned, or hanged, had been taken prisoners. The intelligence made the Sepoys at Meer Meer 'restless,' but the watch kept there is most vigilant, and though there are rumors of a rising, they are not authenticated. The catastrophe will put a stop to the rearing mania which for a few days threatened to place some 15,000 traitors under arms in the northern stations. The truth, that the fighting classes to a man detest the British, and that those who remained faithful only waited their opportunity, begins at last to be admitted. The 69th Native Infantry, one of the 'best dispositioned' of the disbanded, is now on its march from Peshawar, to Umballah, and Sir J. Lawrence has, I perceive, ordered all the police en route to keep their arms in readiness for action. The discharges are proceeding rapidly, 40 men a day crossing the frontier under the surveillance of the police. Beyond that point they subside into the population, and if they join the marauders can do little harm. Four or five thousand more or less of them do not make the difference of an European Regiment.

From Oude and Shahabad we have nothing of importance. The rains check all movements, and both parties appear to await weather a little more favourable for locomotion. The field force ordered by Lord Clyde to clear Shahabad has not yet collected, and the rebels are taking advantage of the pause to fortify themselves in Jugdespore. According to native report they number 15,000 men; but native spies make little distinction between camp followers and fighting men. They may amount to that number, as small parties steal down from Oude to join them, but the reports do not prove the fact. Active operations will scarcely recommence till the 15th of October, the usual termination of the rains. In Southern Oude, again, the rebels driven from Sultanpore have concentrated themselves on Amethee, a little place known chiefly as the residence of the Moulvie who gave so much trouble about three years ago in Oude. They are estimated at 50,000, but if they number half that strength of fighting men they are stronger than I believe them to be. They are completely hemmed in, having two great rivers to the north and south, Brigadier Grant on the east, and Lucknow, which they dare not approach, on the west. Unless some daring march release them, they must be speedily destroyed.

PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES AND THEIR DARIES IN INDIA.—MADRAS, SEPT. 38.—Missions matters are now arrived at a crisis in Madras. It remains to be seen how long and how far the patience of our loyal and much enduring population of 700,000 will be tried by the spirit of unscrupulous proselytism. A system of kidnapping children has long prevailed among the missionaries here. The dodge is to entice the child by the offer of novelties and niceties in the shape of food and dress; to keep up a secret intercourse with it, until it has been worked upon to declare its anxiety to cast off the "errors of heathenism;" then, and not until then, to communicate with the parents of the child; and then to assume that the "child," having "chosen for itself," should be allowed an asylum in the Mission House. At the Wesleyan mission in the Rayapotta suburb of Madras, all this was enacted a short time ago. The father, with some of his friends, appeared to claim his child; the missionaries, declaring that the child was a "free agent and of age," refused to give him up; a riot commenced by the exasperated relatives of the child which resulted in their trial and imprisonment, and the utmost commotion was, in consequence, excited throughout the Presidency. The affair was most disgraceful.—The motives of the Indian missionaries are probably of a mixed kind. No doubt there is a great deal of zeal for Christianity but there is an equal amount for the leaves and fishes. These reverend gentlemen, after all, are but mortal. They must be fed like us vulgar secular folk. They have generally large families, for it is a proverb that missionaries breed like rabbits. Their quivers are mostly full. But, if the Mission House shows a scant array of proselytes, it has a chance of being shut up, the quiver full of little arrows, the bow and its string, being flung upon the world. Hence, the reverend gentleman in the mission line hunt up for converts, as a gamekeeper does for hares. They parade them about dressed in spotless white "simplex mundities" in their buggies. It is their supreme delight to be seen driving their converts by the bandstand. This is especially the case, under the regime of our sanctified Governor.—This would be all very well if it stopped short of endangering the peace. But as it does not, the force should not be suffered to proceed. For what is the object of this "right of asylum" assumed by alleging that it is to protect the child, who, if he went home, would be ill-treated by his friends. But what an allegation! It is certain that if the child dare not encounter prosecution for the sake of his adopted religion he is not worth protecting. The strength of mind to resist the agony of bereaved parents is not very beautiful in a child which is afraid of a little rating, and perhaps a whipping. But to possess themselves of such a child, who at best is a most imperfect Christian, who is a convert, as well as one who forgets to "honor his father and mother," missionaries do not scruple to set a whole population in a blaze. They appeal for the support of Government, and the Government accord them its police. Disgraceful sufferings occur; and the probable result in each case is conversion to the child—transpiration to the parent. But this is nothing in comparison to the general prejudicial effect. The tale is told with all the exaggeration of which heated imaginations are capable; it flies from mouth to mouth, from hundreds to thousands, from thousands to millions. It undoes in a day the work of the steadfast policy of fifty years. Men, whose districts have remained in undisturbed loyalty to our government, observe troublous symptoms rising in all directions around them.

This is the result of supporting and countenancing an ill-bred, ill-educated, ill-conditioned set of missionaries, who dread that the bellies of themselves and their children will be as empty as their mission houses, unless efforts are made to fill the latter with proselytes. So it is they go, "sans peur sans reproche." But our admirable chief justice, Sir C. Rawlinson, has, for a time, managed to throw cold water upon the enthusiasm of these reverend gentlemen. A most monstrous case, the other day, was brought up in our Supreme Court. One Pachary Chitty had a son, whom his son to be educated at the first native educational institution at Madras. While the boy was at this institution, he fell in with the agents of the missionaries, who induced him to attend at one of their places for teaching Christianity. The boy continued his intercourse with the missionaries for upwards of five months. This was kept an entire secret from his parents. At the end of the period, the father learned from the missionaries that his son was at their mission house, and was about to embrace Christianity. The poor man who knew that this involved loss of caste, which is dreaded by the Hindus even more than death, immediately sent to the mission, and entreated his son to return home with him. The boy backed up by the presence of the ministers and a number of little converts, refused to go. The father then requested to be allowed a private interview with the boy. This the missionary denied, exclaiming, "You worship mud and stones [a falsehood as gross as ever was told of a Hindu]; your son has come to the right path; I shall not give him up to you." On this the father went away, telling the missionary, Braidwood, that he would resort for justice to the Supreme Court. Then the missionaries, after playing the farce of offering to this child of 13 years old a liberty of choice, i.e. whether he would remain with them or go home to his father, had recourse to what they expected would settle the matter. They gave him some supper, and thereby made him an out-caste. But this plot did not succeed. The father moved in the Supreme Court a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring up the body of his son, alleging that the boy was a minor, not being 14 years old; and Sir C. Rawlinson ordered the lad to be restored to his parent. The most disgraceful portion of the case was the false affirmation of the missionaries that the lad was 16 years of age. They have not the least evidence to bear them out on this point, while the boy had not the appearance of being even the age stated by the father. All that they could allege was that the child had told him, that when he was dangerously ill, three years ago, he had heard his mother say he was 15. The learned judge displayed much emotion and indignation, reproaching the disingenuous conduct of the missionaries, and their secret system of operations, in the warmest terms. "It would do no good," said he, "to the religion to which they belonged and publicly professed—this taking advantage of an inclination of a run away school boy to throw off the parental control." It would not, indeed!

LORD ELGIN IN JAPAN.—The following interesting letters have been forwarded to *Times* for publication:—

"Aug. 13.—"We arrived at Nagasaki upon the 3d inst. It is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen, the land high and precipitous, some of the hills rising to 1,500 feet, covered with fine trees and vegetation of all kinds, the most common tree being not unlike a magnificent Scotch fir. The outer harbour is formed partly by islands, partly by the main land, the islands rising perpendicularly out of the sea. From the outer there is no appearance of the inner harbour, till you are almost at the head of the former, when the inner suddenly opens to the view round some wooded islets, the town of Nagasaki lying at the further end, built in a valley formed by two hills, up the sides of which a few temples and houses have crept. Nagasaki is the port at which the Dutch have been for 200 years, on a small island connected with the town by a small bridge; the island is only about 400 yards long by 300 broad, and till within the last few years, the Dutch were kept rigorously to it, never being allowed in the town or country. Everywhere foreigners are received with the greatest civility by the people. There are two Emperors of Japan, one the spiritual, the other the working one. The former lives at Misco, and is the descendant of the old race who were turned off the throne by the ancestors of the reigning Emperor. The spiritual Emperor has nothing to do with governing the country, and is partly looked up to as a heavenly being, one condition of which is that everything he wears or uses is destroyed each night, and new clothes supplied the next morning. It is to prevent any one using the sanctified garments. The reigning Emperor lives here, and is elected, but in what manner I am not sure, but I believe by the Princes. It appears a mere nominal election, for the son regularly succeeds the father, and has done so since his ancestor usurped the throne. I believe the descent of the spiritual Emperor can be traced, names and dates, with many of the branches of his family, for 2,500 years. The country is held by Princes, who owe feudal duty to the reigning Emperor, who obliges them to reside for six months in the year at Jeddo, with their families; during the other six months he allows them to visit their estates, but keeps their families hostages in Jeddo. This restrains them, and the practice is intended to prevent the Princes from obtaining too much influence over the people. It is difficult to discover what the military system of the empire is, but that it must have the power of bringing an immense number of men into the field is beyond doubt—they have numerous and well-appointed batteries.

"Nagasaki, and everything Japanese, bears a striking contrast to everything Chinese. You cannot be five minutes in the country without seeing it is a progressive nation—the Japan towns, houses, and people, all show this. The streets are wide and paved in the centre, houses open throughout on the ground floor, with matting, formed in frames, fitting neatly all over the rooms. On this they sit, sleep, and eat, and everything is kept scrupulously clean. Behind each house is a small garden, with a few green shrubs, and occasionally a fine tree. Cleanliness seems one great characteristic of the Japanese; they are constantly washing in the most open manner. To our great surprise, as we wandered the first day through the streets, we saw two or three ladies quietly sitting in tubs in front of their doors washing themselves with the utmost unconcern, traffic and the business through the street going on past them. We understood afterwards it was a general custom. The Japanese are eager for knowledge. There was there a people more ready to adapt themselves to the changes and progress of the world than they are. It is curious that while some of their customs are what we would deem rather barbarous, and while they are ignorant of many common things,—while they still rip themselves up, and shoe their horses with straw because ignorant of any other method, they have jumped to a knowledge of certain branches of science which it has taken nations in Europe hundreds of years to attain. At Nagasaki they can turn out of their yard an engine for a railway or steamer; Japanese captains and engineers command their men of war, of which there are steamers; they understand the electric telegraph; they make thermometers and barometers, theodolites, and, I believe, anemometers. Their spy-glasses and microscopes are good, and very cheap. They have a large glass manufactory which turns out glass little inferior to our own. They have a short line of railway somewhere in the interior, given by the Americans. Many of them speak Dutch, some English, all anxious to learn; everything is done by themselves, and when it is considered that it is not much more than ten years ago since they made this start the advance they have made in that sort time is perfectly wonderful.

"A yacht having been sent by the Queen to be given to the Emperor of Japan, we left Nagasaki with her for that place, our squadron consisting, besides her, only of the Retribution and a gunboat. After her, only of the Retribution and a gunboat. After five days, three of which were spent in a very heavy

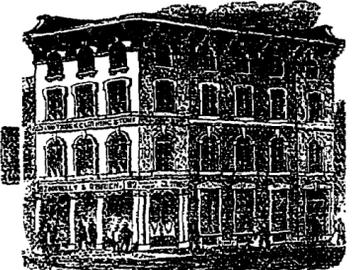


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