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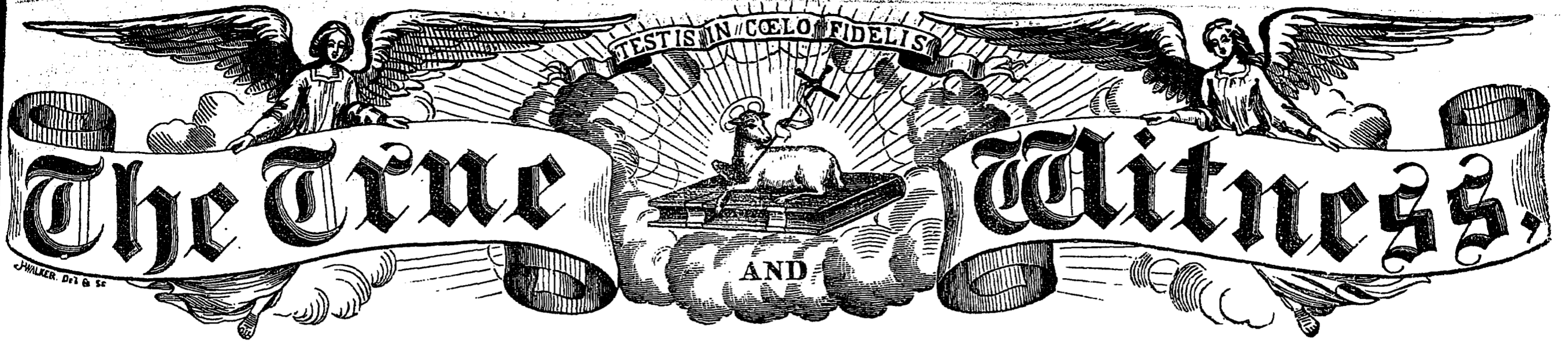
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 2.

CROHOORE OF THE BILL-HOOK. BY JOHN BANIM.

CHAPTER I.

The mortal remains of old Tony Dooling and his wife lay, the night before their interment, side by side, in the awful habiliments of the grave. The inhabitants of Clarah, a parish in the county of Kilkenny, were assembled at the 'wake.' The bodies, according to usual practice, appeared 'laid out' in their highly-adorned shrouds, in an extensive barn, contiguous to the comfortable dwelling-house of which they had been the late owners; by the side of the couch of death sat the female relatives; the gossips,—that is, those connected with the family by having stood sponsors for any of its numerous cousins,—and a few near neighbors; while at the feet were the hired mourners, who, in sorrowful cadence, sung the 'Keenthechaun,' or funeral wail; their gestures, faces, and manner, extravagantly affecting the sorrow they were only paid to counterfeit. At times, however, and probably wrought upon by the nature of their subject, they seemed to abandon themselves to all the real frenzy of woe, or melt into its true pathos. The song commenced in favor of the deceased; rehearsed their virtues, their riches; recounted the history of their family connexions, through an endless chain of kindred, and then burst into a wild lament for their untimely and frightful death. When one ceased, another took it up; the whole delivered in the Irish tongue, and in irregular rhyme, composed on the instant; and verse followed verse with surprising volubility.

Through the spacious barn was ranged a concourse of people, listening to the rhapsody, or whispering their comments in that half-tone in which a tale of fear and mystery is always told; and when the song ceased, an old man arose from his seat near the bodies, and uncovering his gray head, and kneeling, his example was followed by all present, and the united prayers of the assemblage went up for the repose of the souls of their deceased neighbors.

An Irish wake was, at the period we would illustrate, seldom characterized by conduct so becoming the house of death—(owing to the Roman Catholic clergy the custom is now much discontinued); generally, however inconsistent and unfeeling it may appear, a wake was the scene of feasting, frolic and mirth. The old came there to fill their pipes and boxes from the plates of tobacco and snuff laid for that purpose on the dead bodies, and indulged their appetite for 'shinachus,' a word peculiarly expressive of reverend gossip, when entered into by a pleasant conversational party. The younger part of such an assemblage amused themselves in a manner more conformable to their time of life; small plays were set on foot, under the superintendence of some established droll fellow, there being generally one of the kind in every neighborhood, who made it his business never to be absent from any wake, seven miles round, who ruled the diversion, and under whose guidance the boys and girls carried on their sport, with all that humour and wit for which the Irish peasantry are so deservedly praised, and which we make bold to say, nowhere exists in such abundant perfection. Thus, noisy and careless mirth was the order of the night; and while, in the very chamber of death, nothing, it is admitted, could be more incongruous and unseemly, nothing more common and less thought of.

At the wake of Anthony Dooling and his wife, there was, however, no such exhibition. The general horror excited by the circumstances of their tragical death had power to restrain a custom so universally indulged; and the mournful Keenthechaun, the frequent prayers, and the story of their fate, alone filled up the long and gloomy winter's night.

CHAPTER II.

It was Christmas eve, in the year 17—, that Anthony Dooling and his family were seated round the kitchen fire. He was a substantial farmer, renting a large and fertile tract of land; one of the good old times, who, except his broad-brimmed felt hat, his buckled shoes for Sundays and market-days, and his brogues for tramping round his farm, wore everything of his own manufacture. Little money went out, either, for what Tony ate or drank; he killed his cow at Christmas and Easter; he bred his own mutton, his bacon, his fowls; he baked his own bread, brewed his own ale, and altogether was vain of applying to himself the old song,

"I rear my own lamb, My chickens and ham, And I shear my own sheep, and I wear it."

Plenty was in his house; he had a ready hand to relieve the poor; and the stranger never turned from his hearth without amply experiencing its hospitality. Yet, with all these perfections, Anthony had his dark side. He was of a violent temper, and would fall into paroxysms of passion with his workmen, and sometimes ill-treat them, for the purpose, it almost seemed, of

making it up with them when he became cool, and all was over.

A turf-fire blazed in the large chimney, the red light of which glittered among the bright pewter plates and dishes, and the burnished copper vessels that decked the opposite dresser, and showed the vast store of bacon hanging within and without the chimney, at the same time that it lit up the figures and countenances of as merry a group as ever blessed the comforts of a warm fire, after a days labour.

At one side of the fire, and within the wide canopy of the chimney, in his stationary two-armed chair, one leg crossed above the other, his short pipe resting on his projecting under-lip, which he frequently withdrew in a hurry to partake of the merry laugh that was passing around him—there, and so, sat the master of the house, Anthony Dooling. Opposite to him was a vanithee, an orderly, innocent, and even-tempered dame; her character in her face, mild, peaceable, and happy; as in a low tone she chanted the ancient ditty of *Colloch-a-thusa*, within the busy hum of her spinning-wheel confined within the circumference of her own immediate atmosphere. At one side stood a long deal table, off which master and workmen, mistress and maids, ate their meals, except when a guest of distinction was entertained in the boarded and well-furnished parlour at the back of the kitchen; and in front, appertaining to the table, was a form, occupied at their ease, by five or six workmen, who enjoyed the full lustre of the merry blaze, and the familiar and venerable jokes of their kind-hearted master.

Among them was Pudge Dermody, whose rustic wit and shrewd tongue, never at rest, but now particularly vigorous, kept the group in a continued roar; and none enjoyed his display more than Chevaun Darludduck, who, in the background, squat on her haunches, was giving the final polish to the pewter, brass, and copper utensils of the dresser, as one by one she took them down, burnished, and again replaced them; the other females of the house had gone to spend Christmas-day with their friends. Chevaun had few personal charms to boast of; in her the old adage, 'God fits the back to the burden,' was fully exemplified; she wore a bluff face, that neither sun nor storm could affect; as red as frost-bitten haws; and altogether was blest with a strong, robust form, well calculated for the drudgery of her employment. She had been brought up by her present mistress, Cauth Dooling, and was highly valued, and not entirely unrewarded; for Chevaun had saved a 'little penny,' and looked forward to be the possessor, one of those days, of a cabin of her own, an entire acre of ground, a cow, a pig; and, in her mind's eye, a husband was casually added to the list of comforts.

Chevaun, therefore, had been casting that eye about her for one on whom to bestow her gracious self and accumulated wealth. But the soft cogitations of her pillow, and the steady and sober thoughts that came by day, were at continued variance, and kept her bosom and her choice undecided. At night, when it was allowed to assemble after work, in the kitchen, the humour and brilliancy of Pudge Dermody, his handsome person, and his frolicsome kiss, caused her to forget his idle habits and spend-thrift disposition, and sent her to her couch to dream of him and happiness; but then, with the daylight, which roots all fanciful visions, came her observations of the industrious and also talented Andy Houllahan, foster-brother to the lover of her young mistress; Andy could build a house from top to bottom—a weighty consideration with one who had to build a house; he could mend a plough or a car, and boasted various other qualifications of a solid nature; so that, between the showy fascinations of Pudge, and the more valuable acquirements of Andy, her inclinations and her prudence held a sad conflict; the day constantly effacing the impressions of the night, and the returning night—that time when the softer impulses bare their sway—exhibiting Pudge in his glory, and again giving him the full empire of her heart.

The handsome daughter of the old couple had not yet taken her accustomed seat by her mother's side; she was employed, or seemingly employed, in some trivial house-concerns; but conscious expectation appeared in the glances of her eye towards the door, and she frequently paused and started a little, as she tripped across the floor, and bent her head, as if attentively listening. By and by, the latch was lifted, and the cordial smile she gave the newcomer, who entered with the usual salutation of 'God save all here,' showed he was no unwelcome visitor; and another smile, of a different character, with which she answered his whisper, as he passed, told that they pretty well understood each other. In fact it was Pierce Shea who came in, the son of a neighboring farmer, and the young girl's betrothed admirer.

Alley Dooling, now about eighteen, was tall and slight in her person, but with a delicate

roundness of form, the contrary of bony leanness; her step free and bounding; and her whole carriage, though it wanted the polished elegance of the drawing-room, possessing that unacquirable grace which perfect symmetry bestows.—Her face was oval, her eye soft blue, her cheek blooming in health, exercise, and happiness; and there played about her smiling mouth a disposition to humor, sweet, not extravagant; her shuffling gold hair, smoothly combed back, showed the full height of her beautiful forehead, and was confined—the more the pity—in her ample muslin cap. Having been to market with her father, she was still dressed in her holiday clothes; that is to say, her crimson poplin gown, open before, which thus allowed to be seen her fine quilted silk petticoat, partly shaded by a thin muslin apron, and also short enough modestly to show the undeniable symmetry of her ankle, fitted closely by light blue cotton stockings of her own knitting. Her shoes were decorated with large silver buckles, reaching entirely across the instep.

In the eyes of her lover, Alley had never looked more beautiful than on this evening. He too, was a fine young fellow, just such a one as we would willingly give Alley for a husband;—above the middle size, well formed, with a handsome and intelligent face, full of the smiles and the fire of youth, the result of a mind at ease, ingenious, yet bold and wary; and there was a manly dash in his bearing that became his years; he was just entering his twenty-first spring.

It might have been said, indeed, that Pierce Shea was, in other respects, a step above Alley. Although her education had not, according to the notions and opportunities of the time, been neglected, his was more perfect; as, at ten years of age, he had left the humble schools in the neighborhood, for the best polish and acquirement the adjacent city of Kilkenny, apart from its college, could afford. In birth, too, he had a nominal advantage, being the only son of an old officer, who, about forty years before, retired to the country to assist his half-pay with farming pursuits and industry. Altogether, Pierce was, to the rustic community around, an incomparable person; and, while admiring tongues declared him a match for any lady in the land, evil ones said he looked too low in his serious attentions to Alley. But, to their spite and our gratification, the youth himself seemed of a different opinion. He had spent, in the house of Anthony Dooling, as much of his life as he had spent at home;—Alley and he were playfellows in infancy; he had helped her to climb the hill after a truant lamb, or placed stepping-stones over the stream, for her convenience; in less childish days, they had been taught to dance together; and, later still, at the hurling-match, when Pierce led on the victors of the ground—and few could equal him at any of the manly sports—he thought more of Alley's triumphant smile, and his pride was more elated by it, than by all the huzzinga of his companions, when mounted on their shoulders, and going over, in exultation, the scene of his victory.

The old people, on both sides, were pleased at the prospect of an early union between their children, who, therefore, tripped on to happiness beneath a serene sky; no storm threatened, no cloud hung over their way; nor did ambition point out a remote goal, and, to keep their minds on the stretch towards unpossessed good, trim it with fanciful excellence; nor vice, in the apparel, and bearing the name of pleasure, entice them along a flowery road to plunge them into a wilderness of thorns, and there, with a laugh, abandon them. They wished no good beyond what they possessed—uninjured health, peace, plenty, affection returned, and confidence respected; they wished no other, because they did not think of any other.

When, to his general salutation, 'God save all here,' Pierce had received the usual answer, 'God save you kindly,' and that he had particularly saluted the vanithee, and 'the man of the house,' he then stood leaning on the back of the woman's chair, as it occurred to him, that although Alley might be shy of coming to sit next him, if he took his place first, he would feel no such squeamishness when she should be seated. And,

"Well, a-vanithee, how goes on everything with you?" he said, addressing Cauth Dooling.

"Why, in troth, Pierce, a-roon, and praise be to God for it, there's nothing wrong or astray; if it wasn't that thief of a fox that cum last night, an' out of ten as fine geese as ever you laid an eye on—"

But here the simple old woman stooped short, as she discovered that Pierce had left her in the middle of her tale of grievance, and taken his place by his comely mistress, who, with a complicated knitting apparatus in hand, was now seated. The mother smiled knowingly, and shook her head.

"Oh, then, musha, it's little he cares about myself or my geese," she whispered, again taking up her old ditty, and plying her wheel with in-

creased industry; and the young couple entertained each other without farther interruption.

In a little time, a respectful, though resolute hand raised the latch, and Andrew Muldowny, the district piper, made his appearance. The insinuating servility of this man's voice, and the broad sycophancy of his grin, as he gave his salutation, 'Go dhogah dugh uhaig shoy-an agus sunus duiv'—(God send luck and a plentiful Christmas to all in this place)—bespoke his partly mendicant profession, and plainly told at the same time, his determination to make himself agreeable and delightful, in lieu of the shelter and good cheer of which he made no question. And on he plodded to rightful seat on the spacious hob, with that loitering gait so characteristic of his lounging, lazy life; and as, unbidden, he drew from the immense pouch of his tattered outside coat (especially constructed to hold them) his welcome-making pipes, screwed them together, and gave several squeaking notes of preparation, he emptied, simultaneously, his budget of gossip and scandal; told of weddings and wakes, of christenings and funerals, broken-off matrimonial bargains, and the endless et cetera of rustic tattle; all which, as, in one shape or other, it brought wind to his bag, Andrew was as keen in snuffing out, as ever was the primest-nosed hound in coming on his game.

By the time Andrew's anecdotes were exhausted, and his tongue tired, his instrument was, happily, ready to take his part, and he blew forth his most ravishing strains. The music inspired a general passion for dancing, and the young light hearts did not demur nor old ones disapprove;—so Pierce led out his Alley, and Pudge Dermody did his best how to Chevaun Darludduck, by whom he was blushing accepted, and the dance went on. Old Anthony relished the sport, furnishing himself with a foaming can of his best home-brewed ale, with which he plied the piper, the dancers, and, including the vanithee and himself, the lookers-on; and the night wore away in mirth and joviality.

There was but one individual present, the quick and resolute glance of whose red eye, as it shot from one to another of the dancers, showed no sympathy with the happy scene. This was a young man, in the prime of life, as to years, but with little else of the charm of youth about him. An exuberance of bristling, fiery-red hair started around a head of unusual size; his knobby forehead projected much, and terminated in strongly-marked sinuses, with brows of bushy thickness, the color of his hair; his eyes fell far into their sockets, and his cheek-bones pushed out proportionably with his forehead, so that the eyes glared as from a recess; then his cheeks were pale, hollow, and retiring; his nose, of the old Milesian mould, long, broad-backed, and hooked; his jaws came unusually forward, which caused his teeth to start out from his face; and his lips that, without much effort, never closed on those disagreeable teeth, were large, fleshy, and bloodless, the upper one wearing in common with his chin, a red beard, just changed from the down of youth to the bristliness of manhood, and, as yet, unshaven. These features, all large to disproportion, conveyed, along with the unpleasantness deformity inspires, the expression of a bold and decided character; and something else besides, which was malignity or mystery, according to the observation or mood of a curious observer. Had they, together with the enormous head, been placed on the shoulders of a man of large size, they would not, perhaps, have created much extraordinary remark; but attached, in the present instance, to a trunk considerably under the height of even men of low stature, their unnatural disproportion probably heightened their unfavorable expression, and, joined to another cause we shall have occasion to notice, created, among his rustic companions, a feeling of dislike and dread for the possessor; repelling all freedom, which, by the way, he did not seem anxious to encourage.

Having said this young person was very short in stature, it should be added, that he was not at all deformed. Across his shoulders and breast, indeed, was a breadth that told more for strength than proportion, and his arms were long, and of Herculean sinew; but the lower part of the figure, hips, thighs, and legs, bespoke vigor and elasticity, rather than clumsiness, and it was known that, strange looking as the creature might be, he could run, leap, or wrestle, with a swiftness and dexterity seldom matched among men of more perfect shape, and more promising appearance.

He took no share in the diversions of the evening, but seated far back on the hob, so far that the blaze of the fire shone between him and the others, and gave occasion to Pudge Dermody to remark "that he looked like the old *bouchard* himself, in the middle of his own place," he seemed busily employed in whetting a rusty bill-hook, while, from under the shade of an old broad-leaved hat—formerly belonging to Anthony Dooling, that from constant wear had become much wider than at first, and was, therefore, squeezed with a small bay rope, causing it to flap, in many

irregular bends, around his face—the fiery eyes glanced round, and were claudently and sternly fixed, now on one, now on another, with a dangerous or hidden meaning.

Anthony Dooling, by frequent applications to the copper can, became, at the long run, as he would himself term it, 'sugach;' in Scotch, *foxy*; Anglice, approaching to intoxication; and his temper grew, consequently, irritable. In this mood, the grating of the bill-hook against the whet-stone, so much in discord with the harmony of Andrew Muldowny's pipes, offended his ears, and more than once he called out to the operator to stop. Finding himself unheard or unheeded—

"What are you grinding that for?" he asked, in angry tone, of Crohoore, the name of the person we have just described; but a surly look was the only answer.

"Did you hear me spakin' to you a *whoon grauna*?" (ugly wretch.)

Anthony went on; and subdued resentment, at the disgraceful and stinging term applied to him, knitted Crohoore's brow as he slowly raised his head to answer.

"What am I grindin' it for? I know, now, it's myself you mane," the man replied; "I thought, afore, you were discoorsin' the piper."

"You didn't!" retorted Anthony, springing up in wrath, at the brisk tone of his insignificant cow-boy, "no, you didn't think any such thing, a-*vich-na shurcepeea*!" (son of a jade.)

Another savage look was given in exchange for this opprobrious epithet.

"None o' your dog's looks!" continued Tony, replying to it, "take yourself to bed out o' that, since your black heart won't let you share in the innocent diversion."

The vanithee here interferred in a mild, beseeching tone, and said to her husband, "Never mind him, Tony a-roon; he's doin' no harm, poor creature."

"No harm, woman! arrah, bad end to me, but his black looks 'ud turn the May-day into winter—go to your bed, you I say," roared Tony.

Crohoore rose from the hob to go; he slowly laid the bill-hook where he had been sitting;—his brows were knit closer than ever, his teeth clenched, and his eyes rolling.

"And do you hear me, bull-head?" the angry master continued, "don't let it be wid you as it was this morning; have the cows in the bawn by the first light, or I'll break every bone in your lazy skin."

The dwarf, as he may be called, was passing his harsh master while these words ended, and he fixed the full meaning of his look on Anthony, and said, "That same 'ud be nothing new, for tryin' at last; it's an old trick you have."

"What's that you say there, you *slungawn*, (diminutive being) you?" questioned Tony, his passion raised to the utmost at thought of a saucy answer from a creature so contemptible.

"An' it's well you know I am a slungawn, or you wouldn't be so ready with your bone-breaking," still retorted Crohoore. "This was past enduring."

"Take that for a pattern!" cried Anthony, the moment the speech was uttered, raising his clenched and ponderous hand, and dealing the miserable offender a violent blow with the whole force of his arm. Crohoore spun round and fell; his head, as he went down, striking against a chair so smartly as to draw the blood in some profusion.

The piper stopped suddenly; the dance ceased, and Pierce Shea was the first to rise and support the senseless Crohoore, while Alley, trembling and weeping, gave him a handkerchief to bind the wretch's temples, and staunch the welling blood. Cauth Dooling, with eyes of pity looked at her husband, fully comprehending his feelings, as he stood the picture of shame, sorrow and repentance. Indeed, the blow had scarcely been given, when, from the bottom of his heart, he blamed and hated himself for it; and, in his present mood, he would have offered half his little wealth as atonement.

Crohoore, suddenly recovering, sprung on his legs, and freed himself from his supporter with a force that made him reel, and a manner that seemed to spurn all obligation; his face was horribly pale, covered with blood, and every hideous feature rigid in checked passion. Without opening his lips, he dropped his head upon his breast, and trying to walk, but staggering, crossed the apartment to an opposite door that opened into a passage, through which he should go to the loft where he slept. While the whole group looked on with wonder and alarm, Anthony called after him, and in a crying voice, can in hand, said, "Crohoore, a-vickmachree, come back and make it up; dhriuk to me, an' befriend."

But there was no reply to this pacific and penitent overture; Crohoore only turned round his ghastly face on his master, as he held the door in his hand, gave him one parting look, and then banged the door after him. That look was afterwards well remembered, and often commented upon.

CHAPTER III.

At half-past four o'clock the following Christ- mas morning, Pierce Shea rode into the farm- yard of Anthony Dooling, and dismounted at the door where he had lingered bidden adieu to Alley on the former night. His stout horse, ready caparisoned for the intended journey to a chapel about three miles distant, was provided with a pillow, on which his mistress was to be seated. He got the door open, and thence concluded his friends were up and ready to receive him. Some surprise ensued, however, on entering the kitchen, the scene of the last night's festivity, to find no appearance of any person stirring. There were a few decaying embers on the hearth but, except the feeble light they gave to the immediate spot on which they glimmered, all else was darkness, and a dead silence prevailed.

He became convinced from these appearances that none of his friends, or their servants, had yet arisen, and he was therefore astonished at having found the door open. He groped to- wards the fireplace, in the hope of finding, what in reality was there, a rushlight left on the hob over night for the purpose of being lit at the turf embers; on his way his foot struck against something on the floor; he stopped, felt about for it, and took it up. It was a bill-hook. He laid it on the hob, and lighted the candle.

Heaven protect and save me! What is this? Pierce now ejaculated, perceiving, by the light of the candle, his hands bloody. He paused a moment to reflect how it could have occurred, and then brought to mind that the bill-hook had felt moist in his grasp. He took it up again; it was besmeared with clotted gore.

A rapid conviction of the horrid manner in which it had been used darted across his mind. Murder had been committed!—The open door and the silence that had prevailed when he expected to have found his friends ready to set out on their pious journey, were now dreadfully accounted for. The inmates of the once happy house were no more, and the murderers had left the door open at their hurried departure.

A youthful, ardent, and devoted lover, such as Pierce Shea then really was, may picture the state of his feelings as he now stood, paralysed with the almost certainty that his adored mis- tress, his all but wife, had, during the few hours between their last loving kiss and the present moment, been hurried into eternity, and, by the arm of midnight murder, torn from him for ever. The contemplation of deliberate murder, to an innocent mind, and even where one is personally concerned in the victim's fate, commands a sensation of unmix'd horror; but when the slayer's red hand is thrust into a bosom—hither- to the seat of happiness—to tug away its heart- strings, dreadful and indescribable must be that anguish!

Pierce Shea felt himself sick, and his head grew dizzy; he staggered, and would have fallen, but that the wall gave timely support. His mind became a chaos; the rich colour fled his cheeks, his teeth chattered, the flesh crept along his bones, and every joint failed, as with eyes starting from their sockets, and his hair bristling on his head, he firmly clutched the can- dle in one hand, and, by its dim light, stared at the bloody weapon he held in the other. A considerable time elapsed before he could commu- nicate with himself, but at last he was able to groan out:—

'In the name of the Saviour, on his own blessed morning, I will see what is the matter; and he tottered forward with a desperate resolu- tion to know the worst.

We have before mentioned a little boarded parlour, entered from the kitchen, the state room of the farmer's house; this he gained. A door at one side of it opened into Alley's bed-cham- ber, and another at the opposite side into that of the old couple; he rushed through the former, and, panting with terror, approached Alley's bed. The bed had been lain in, but was now empty. His eye rolled slowly round the room, daring certainty, yet almost sure of fighting on the cold corpse of her he loved:—no such object appeared. The clothes she had worn on the preceding night next became a subject of his search; they were not to be seen either. He returned to the bed: there was a mark of a large bloody hand on the sheets. He rushed to the opposite door, burst it in, and in his des- perate hurry had nearly fallen over the dead body of Anthony Dooling, that lay on the floor; it was near the threshold, and the old man's blood, running in a stream, had flowed under the door, and trickled over the well whitened boards of the neat little parlour. Pierce's gaze fixed involuntarily on the remains of his old friend.— We should scarce describe the sight: the head and breast were savagely cut and mangled; it was murder in its worst feature.

The terror and anxiety of the lover still pre- dominant, he gave one affrighted glare towards the old people's bed; there Alley might have taken refuge, and there too—the thought could not be followed up! With a convulsed bound he sprang across the room; for, at his first mo- tion, he found himself slipping on the gory boards. He held the candle over the bed, and there appeared a female form, also lifeless, and presenting marks of the assassin's hand, again too horrible for description. We glance at the object for a moment, only to say that, with the life-stream overflowing the bed, and running down its side, it lay so mangled and deformed as, during a first view, to leave the wretched lover doubtful of its identity. And upon that doubt what feelings came!—but he looked closer, and knew the voice of his Alley's mother. She, herself, was nowhere visible.

A hope that she might have escaped came brightly over his darkened bosom; and the bare idea had power, even amid the horrors of such a scene, to send a rush of joy about his heart, welcome as would be a sudden springing up of fresh water in the thirsty desert. He uttered a cry of joy; he clapped his hands; he shed tears; and relieving himself and some degree restoring the tone of his mind allaying the indescribable state of confusion in which his ideas had been lost, gave him liberty to think.

Buoyed up by this hope, he flew through every

other apartment in the house. On his way along a passage leading from the kitchen to the sleep- ing-place of the female servants, he was ob- structed by another victim. Poor Chevaun Darlduck alarmed by the shrieks of her old mis- tress, and rushing to her assistance, perhaps out of a dream the most favorable to Pudge Dermody that ever had occurred, her zeal marked her for the murderers' caution, and she fell a sacrifice to the horrid necessity, that, to conceal the perpe- trator of one deed of blood, urges him to shed more.

Arrested and again chilled, by this new object of horror, Pierce remained sometime stationary and silent, until his feelings grew into increased apprehension for his mistress, and then he rushed on, and in loud cries pronounced her name.— Roused by his voice, the men who slept without ran, half-dressed, to inquire into the cause of the outcry; to their impatient questions he could only answer, that black murder had been com- mitted; while they, more calm than he was, pro- ceeded to investigate the bloody business. Left alone, Pierce, conceiving that Alley might have sought safety at his father's house, it being the nearest, and one in which he was sure of protec- tion, hastened thither to inquire; perhaps she had shunned the direct way that he came, and chosen a less open and dangerous one. As he passed out, circumstances that had previously escaped his notice, his mind being absorbed by other emotions, now presented themselves. The corner cupboard that decorated the parlour, and which had been furnished with some substantial plate, appeared open, and rifled of its contents; and the desk, too, in which it was known to Pierce the old man kept his money, lay wrenched asunder and empty, its papers strewn the ground. After a look at these matters, Pierce mounted his horse, and galloped to his father's.

Meantime, the workmen, three in number, and who were Pudge Dermody, Andy Houlohan, Pierce's foster-brother, and Shamus Whelan, went over the house, and saw the sights we have already described. For some time they scarcely spoke to each other, so powerfully did the appearance of the corpses of their old master and mistress seize on their minds and feelings.— In the heavier woe of that loss, poor Chevaun was almost forgotten; even Pudge seemed en- tirely occupied, without a thought of his gener- ous admirer, partly, it was supposed, on account of having never felt much flattered, notwithstanding Chevaun's riches, at her preference. After looking on the bodies of the old people, the three men hastened into the kitchen, as if glad to es- cape from the immediate presence of such ob- jects; and there, securing the door, huddled to- gether, still in silence, and laboring for breath. At last:

'It is a dreadful murder,' said Andy Houlohan, in a whisper, as, for the first time, his eyes met those of his companions.

'The most frightful ever poor sinner heard of,' echoed Shamus Whelan.

'An' it was done wid this bill-hook,' said Pudge Dermody, pointing to the weapon where Pierce had dropped it, when he left the kitchen to enter the little parlour; 'it's their ould blood is on it.'

'They stopped with the candle to look closer at the instrument of death; white hairs clung to it, and they shrank back again.'

'An' that very same bill-hook Crohoore was whetting last night,' Shamus.

'Yes, when our poor master (God rest his soul) struck him about it; Pudge rejoined.

'As sure as we live to see this holy mornin'; said Andy, 'he was sharpenin' it, at the same time, to make it do his bloody work so well.'

'The Lord preserve us,' all exclaimed, and crossed themselves. Shamus resumed:

'Right enough, Andy; you guessed right at the first offer. Do ye think of his look, wid his hand on the door, when he went away bleedin', last night?'

And they stared on each other in terrified silence, their manner and looks expressing full conviction that they had fixed the deed on the proper person.

'An' where is Crohoore himself, then?' asked Pudge, the first to start from stupid inaction, and take the necessary steps.— Let us find the murderer! All proceeded on the search.

They gained the loft where Crohoore usually slept; he was not there, nor had he been in bed. They went through the outhouses, sheds, and stables. There was the red mark of a hand on the stable door, near the lisp; the door was open, and the best horse gone; and footprints appeared in a heap of litter contiguous to the stable, on which it was conjectured the shin- gles had stood to enable himself to mount the tall horse. These prints exactly corresponded to a pair of old brogues found by his bedside.

Daylight dawned while the men were vainly employed in tracing the murderer; and Pierce Shea returned, accompanied by his father, hav- ing got no intelligence of Ally, and still raving and distracted with apprehensions for her fate. He came up just as the workmen were satisfied that Crohoore was the slayer of the three hu- man beings that lay stiff within the house, and when to this conviction another had been added, and was intimated by Shamus Whelan, the eldest of the three, whose silvered locks gave value to the solemn tone in which the following ejacula- tion was uttered:

'Lord look down on you wid eyes of pity, poor Aly Dooling; the *miaca* and the *miroch* (sorrow and trouble) has come over you in your young days; an' it would be better for you, *mille* (a thousand) times, to be lyin' stretched and dead with them that are within, this mornin'.'

'Then you know about her?' said Pierce.—

'Where is she? What has become of her?'

'Nothin', far sartin, do we know, Master Pierce, a-roon, only we make up our minds that the father's murderer is the child's undoer; Sha- mus answered. The young man groaned aloud.

'Aye, God help you, a-vice, God help you;— it's a mournful Christmas to you,' said all.

(To be Continued.)

TO MAKE "LAGER BEER."—Take a barrel and fill it with rain water, put in one pair of old boots, a sprig of wormwood, a dead cat, and a little yeast.

BANQUET TO THE RIGHT REV. DR. KEANE, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

At a banquet, recently given in Fermoy, to the Right Rev. Bishop of Cloyne, to celebrate his lordship's return from the recent festivals at Rome, some very interesting speeches were delivered, and we present our readers with extracts from that of the Bishop of Cloyne:—

The Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne, said:—This singular has been the destiny of our country. Sublime is the vengeance she is taking for past wrongs. Faithful in the midst of prolonged persecu- tion, giving up her language only when the wall of separation is as of old no longer required, and when it may be an obstacle to the economies of a lay Ap- ostephism on the part of Irish Catholics; sending forth her children in America and Canada, to England, and to all colonial establishments of England she is, while her fervour increases at home, carrying the true faith to the extremities of the earth, and by her constancy and by her zeal, she is earning for herself a name which other nations may envy. In truth, if the Irish Catholic element were withdrawn from the places just named, it would then be seen how large is the space it fills (applause). And now, Mr. Chair- man and gentlemen, to what is to be attributed this almost miraculous preservation of the true faith in Ireland? Is it possible that, if there had not been a Pope in Rome for the last centuries free to govern the Church irrespective of the requirements of State policy, that the faith, as you now have it, one firm, and purified, could have been handed down as a legacy you value more than your lives? Is it possible, that if to meet the fashion of the day, and to compliment the requirements of political expediency—the head of the Church were to be a conventional creation; or, if he, as subject, were placed in the hands of secular rulers, to be trampled, thwarted, intimidated, ca- joled, deceived, used as an instrument, and then de- spised and flung aside; is it possible that the religion of Heaven could be preached with authority and in- dependence? No; state interference is always cal- culated to destroy the efficiency of a divine Mission. There never was, and there never will be, any secular Government that would not, if it could, use the Pope's influence for its own purposes; and there never was, and never will be, another Government that would not complain of the exercise of such in- fluence against its own rights or interests (applause). To sway the judgment, and to direct the conduct of man, to soothe his afflictions, and to raise his hopes to Heaven, all that religion wants is to be let alone. The Ministry of a Priesthood, placed under secular guidance, sinks to the degrading position of State officers; and when once the people begin to believe that the Priest is working for this earth, they will begin to lose the profound and reverential respect they had once held for his sacred office. Hence, the Bishops who met at Rome declared in a memorable document, now become matter of history, that the Pope was the Divinely constituted Head of the Church, and that, as Christ's Vicar on earth, ap- pointed to feed the lambs and sheep of the one uni- versal fold of all countries and of all ages, he should be free to exercise the duties of that grand Pastoral charge with dignity and independence. Is there a Catholic worthy of the name, who does not subscribe to that doctrine (cheers)? While in Rome I had an opportunity of speaking to Bishops of different coun- tries, who not only thought that the Pope ought to be free, but that, from their own experience, they were convinced the Clergy would be in a better po- sition to forward the interests of religion, if liberated from State control. When endowment is denied, freedom is left. If the Clergy want wealth they bear not the yoke of splendid slavery—the voca- tion that seeks poverty, labour, and the salvation of souls, is likely to be of heaven; and then the Church may count on an active and hard-working Priesthood, and on believing and well-contented people, who, instead of mistrust and suspicion, find confidence and sympathy and friendship growing up between them, till, united by the truth and charity of the Gospel, they feel as if they had but one heart and one soul. This is the union which binds to- gether all Irish Catholics, and of which the Pope spoke in such affectionate terms to the Irish bishops, when, on their arrival in Rome, they were honored with an audience at the Vatican. His words deserve to be remembered by you and by others:— Tell the Cath- olics of Ireland that I feel most grateful to them for their sympathy and support. Express to them my warmest gratitude. Give them my apos- tolic benediction. Assure them that I am con- soled and edified at the union that binds to- gether the Bishops, Priests and people of Ireland, and that links them all with the Holy See. Others may conspire and combine together, but they never can have that lasting union that has for its support the truth and charity of the Gospel' (applause). While I thus state to you my profound conviction of the wisdom and the necessity of giving freedom of action to the Church. I am equally satisfied that, where the Priest is in his proper position as a subject, the less he has to do with secular or political affairs the better will it be for his own ministry. But, when state interference with religion imposes on him the duty of self-defence, that duty must be fearlessly undertaken. I never knew an Irish Bishop or an Irish Priest that did not deplore its necessity. And yet if the spirit of the Government be avowedly or insidiously hostile to the true Faith, must not the Clergy and Laity combine to resist the attempted aggression? And if English statesmen, true to the instinctive promptings of anti-Catholic hatred, conspire to encourage and to applaud rebellion and spoliation, when the sufferer is to be Christ's Vicar on earth, are the Bishops of the Catholic world to look on in silence? Are the people of Ireland to withhold from their Beloved Father the expression of their sympathy and support? Is Fermoy, in the diocese of Cloyne, to make no attempt to defend such machinations? Now and always you will be prepared to answer and to act; and on your zeal and firmness I rely with a degree of confidence which nothing can shake.

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The pressure upon the poor diminishes as the crops approach maturity, and the demand for labour in- creases; still, the brave Mansion House Committee, faithful to its trust, continues to dispense some £180 to £200 a week amongst the yet suffering Western districts. The generous grant of £2,000 by Her Majesty, towards the relief of the severe distress which unhappily prevails in Lancashire, and the just and prompt legislation in favour of the operatives of that shire, are felt here as striking evidences of the exceptional treatment of this country. Yet, in the midst of the suffering through which the poor have passed, the assizes are every where unusually light. In Kilkenny, Baron Dwyer congratulated the City, and the Chief Baron the County Grand Jury on the al- most total absence of crime, on the calendar. Baron Hughes congratulated the Grand Jury of Mayo upon an absence of crime, unprecedented in even that peaceable county. It has the largest area of any county in Ireland, save Cork and Galway, and a population of 254,236 souls; yet the six months' ac- cumulation of crime is represented by ten cases for trial, all of them of the most trivial character, and this, it is remembered, through a season of acute want and most trying temptation of the poorer class. In Kildare, Judge Monahan observed, "that he felt great pleasure in being able to say that from what he knew they all had reason "to be proud and satisfied with the condition of their country," especially when contrasted with others. There were in all some fifteen or sixteen cases for trial, which were all of the ordinary character that might be expected in every county, and especially in one like theirs, so near a metropolis, and with such a concourse of strangers. From the report of the chief of police, he found that there were not any case reported which had not been made amenable to justice. There was only one case of anything of an agrarian character—that of send- ing a threatening letter; but so far as he could learn the letter had been sent from a distance."

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IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, July 28.—There is no question that the spirit of conciliation is making rapid progress in Ulster. The vehement temper of faction, leading to one-sided judgments on all party questions, and blinding the mind to every good quality in an op- ponent, has given way to a candid and Christian spirit. The Banner of Ulster, which is the special organ of the Presbyterian Church, equally strong in its an- tagonism to "Popery" and "Preley," has just illus- trated this fact in two remarkable instances. The first relates to the Attorney-General, whose prosecu- tion of the Orangemen a year ago made him very un- popular with the Presbyterians, the fact that he is a Roman Catholic not tending to mitigate their dis- like. Last week the right hon. gentleman went to Belfast to conduct the prosecution against Hiramian, and the Banner of Saturday speaks of him in the following terms:—"The able, firm, and dignified, yet considerate and humane manner in which the Attorney-General managed the prosecution called forth general admiration. His mild and Christian spirit presented a marked contrast to that of his official predecessors in past days, when the Crown prosecutor frequently insulted what might be called his victim, and addressed the packed jury confident of receiving "a civil and obliging verdict."—Times Cor.

The funeral of the late Protestant Primate on yesterday was a great State ceremonial. No part of the procession was so suggestive, and none more gratifying than the appearance of the Roman Catho- lic Primate walking beside the Moderator of the Gen- eral Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ire- land, representing the bodies to which they respect- ively belong. The late Primate was of a very con- ciliatory spirit towards other denominations. He was on very friendly terms with the late Roman Catho- lic Primate, Dr. Croly, and it appears that he

was on friendly terms with Dr. Dixon, the present Primate. Dr. Cooke, the present official head of the Established Church, and was one of the Primate's greatest admirers. It was nothing wonderful to see him in the procession; but his position beside the Roman Catholic Primate at the funeral of a Protest- ant prelate presented a union altogether unprece- dented in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. There could be no more appropriate place for rival church- es to make a truce than over the tomb of Primate Beresford.— lb.

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DUBLIN, July 25.—Yesterday morning the Com- mercial Court-house was densely crowded by people who went to hear sentence of death pronounced upon Richard Burke, found guilty on the previous day of the murder of his wife by poison. When asked by the Clerk of the Crown whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him, he replied as follows, and, with a breathless silence, and in a manner which betrayed the agony of his mind:—

"My lord (a pause), it would very ill become me to contradict the verdict of the jury in this case. I believe, my lord, from the evidence, that there can be no doubt that my poor wife met her death by the administration of that deadly poison strychnine. But, my lord, that I had any participation in procuring that, or sending that, I distinctly disavow. I had nothing whatever, my lord, to do with it. I believe, my lord, it was the result of mistake, and I sincerely hope that mistake will yet be ascertained. I have now, my lord, to ask your lordship to consider—mer- cifully—the recommendation of the jury on my behalf."

Baron Deasy, who appeared deeply moved, after a long pause, addressed the prisoner in most im- pressive terms. In the course of his address he said that his duty was rendered more painful by the protestation of innocence he had just heard. But such protestations were of no avail after conviction. They could not weigh a feather in the scale against the verdict of 12 men on their oaths, pronounced after a careful and patient investigation of the case. He was bound to say that the jury in this case could not, consistently with the evidence and with their oaths, come to any other conclusion than the verdict they had given. He had been convicted of murder—murder in the most aggravated form—murder by poison—a crime regarded in all countries with detestation and horror—the murder of his wife, whom he had sworn at the altar to protect. He trusted his fate would be a warning to others who might be tempted to commit the same crime. He implored the prisoner to put away all hope of pardon or commu- tation. "You have," said his lordship, "done a deed which precludes the possibility of mercy upon earth. You must seek mercy from Him who has created you, and before whom you must soon appear. It is my duty to tell you that I think it is impossible the Executive Government can attend to the recommendation of the jury." His lordship then put on the black cap, and pro- nounced sentence of death, to be executed on Mon- day, the 25th of August. The prisoner was com- pletely unmanned by the sentence, and had to be borne from the dock by two of the gaolers.

On the 11th of June last the Jewess, a vessel laden with Indian corn, was boarded off the coast of Mayo. In a dead calm, about 8 o'clock in the evening, two boats approached, the crews of which cut- ter the ship, forced open the hatches, and began to fill out the corn with buckets and put it in their boats. The result was the loss of eight tons of the corn, value £70. At the Mayo Assizes, on a petition under the Merchant Shipping Act, Baron Hughes ordered the amount to be levied off Kilmore, the nearest parish.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TABLET.

Dear Sir,—For the sake of suffering humanity, may I request you to insert in your next number the fol- lowing, which is a copy of a letter which I received last Saturday. I read it to some friends yesterday, and a little subscription was raised, amounting to about £10 which I have already sent to the distress- ed parties. Hoping you will do me the above fa- vour.—I remain, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately in Jesus Christ, IGARIUS PAOL, St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate. July 28, 1862.

Williamstown, Ballymore, Co. Galway. July 22nd, 1862.

"Very Rev. Dear Sir,—May I beg leave most respec- tfully to approach you thus, and to solicit your hands, or, at the hands of some dear friends through you, a little assistance to help me to save the lives of some of my perishing poor people. It is indeed im- possible for me to depict their sad state. For the last two or three years their crops failed. The poor creatures worked and struggled; but, struggled in vain, for the Lord refused to give the product. His holy will be done. Constant rain for the last 10 or 12 months, such as no living man saw in this coun- try, causing sickness, colds, dysentery, and fever:— an one and forty years on the Mission, and I never witnessed greater marks of misery and distress, in every cabin almost, sufferings and want. In this doomed parish there are, this day, upwards of 400 starving families without food, without means, with- out credit. All their available articles pawned and consumed—such as clothes, beds, boxes, chairs, pots, &c., &c. The poor father pines his only jacket and his shoes for one stone of Indian meal, to save the lives of his nine children.

"I know not what to do, or where to make my sad appeal—no relief to be got out of the earth for three weeks more. I received from the Mansion House, Dublin, from my Archbishop, and from chari- table friends in England—may God bless them—a good relief, still all is like a cup of water in the ocean. Oh! would to God that the people of Eng- land would know the sad and pitiful state of my suf- fering people; I think that they would not refuse to extend the hand of charity to help me to save the lives of one or two families from hunger and death.

"Very Rev. dear Sir, it is with pain and with trouble of mind that I make this, my sad appeal, to you for a perishing people. In the name of the King- dom of God—in the name of 400 suffering families with their worn out, emaciated, half-naked children,—about two thousand souls, I crave at your hands, or at the hands of some friend through you, some small assistance to help me to save the lives of at least one or two families from death and starvation. God will reward you, alas! I cannot.

With sentiments of sincere esteem, I am, Very Rev. Dear Father, Your most obedient servant in Christ,

PETER WARD, P.P. To the Very Rev. Father Ignatius PAOL, Provin- cial of the Passionists, St. Joseph's Retreat, High- gate, Middlesex."

SUPERSTITION IN OUR STREETS.—On yesterday even- ing considerable amusement was afforded a portion of our citizens by the appearance, at Arran quay, of women whose vocation is proselytism. They were not allowed to preach, although they made an at- tempt, for several hundred persons came up and suc- ceeded in a few minutes in making them as ridiculous as possible. These worthy apostles were hoisted along the quays and through Parliament street, Dame street, until the police came up in force and endeav- oured to disperse the crowd, and to relieve the preachers from their tormentors. They had some difficulty in doing this, but after a large portion of citizens had been afforded an hour's amusement the disturbers of the public peace were quietly allowed to proceed to their homes.—Morning News.

ENGLISH RULE V. CATHOLIC EDUCATION.—The British minister has been driven at last to confess almost in direct terms, that a thoroughly Catholic education would not suit the requirements of English rule in Ireland. Lord Palmerston informed the several deputations from the municipal Corporations of Ireland that to grant a charter to the Catholic University would be to act contrary to the spirit of the law laid down by Parliament for the education of the Irish people. The joint opinions of the municipal and parliamentary representatives of Ireland his lordship listened to with impatience, and then scolded with sovereign contempt. The memorials of the Catholic hierarchy were to him and his colleagues as the idle winds. In one word, the Catholics have, after repeated trials, found that if they want to educate their children in their own principles, they must do so in the face of persecution as bitter and unrelenting on the part of the English Government, as that which characterised the era of the Penal Laws. The mode and manner, to be sure, are changed, but the plan now in operation is fully as effectual, besides having the merit of being in accordance with the spirit of the age. The request put forth on the part of Ireland was simply to be permitted to do what is done in the Colonies and in England every day. They required no grant in the shape of cash. They merely asked leave to pay for their own education, without being put in a worse position than those who accepted the education of the State. The minister met this humble request by informing all whom it might concern that the government be represented would not sanction the education of Catholic children by Catholic teachers. It is not the Catholic hierarchy, but the Protestant House of Commons that shall superintend the education of the Catholic youth. Bishops, priests and Catholic laymen are set aside, and Protestants of every shade, and infidels of every colour, are, according to the government programme to train up the young Catholic mind in the way it should go. We wish to treat this matter calmly. Nothing can now be clearer than the course before Catholics in the matter of education. These Whigs of the Palmerston school, whose faith consists in believing nothing, cannot appreciate the Catholic's zeal in having so much anxiety about the instruction of his children. The practical Catholic knows that Scripture says, 'Unless he hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.' He is also aware that the inspired Word tells him that 'obedience is better than sacrifice.' The merely nominal Catholic, who knows nothing of the doctrines and practices for which Irishmen once resigned lands, and wealth, and homes—even their lives—may now boast of a spurious, cowardly liberality, which makes him resign the doctrines he has not the manliness to avow; but the true Catholic who knows his religion, who practices its injunctions, and values its consolations above all wealth, will not readily set up his unlearned judgment against the unanimous decision of the learned, venerated Bishops of our venerable Church. The Catholic religion is not to be measured by the standard of any other religion—its principles are more numerous; its precepts are more opposed to the dictates of the passions. There is, consequently, greater care necessary to inculcate its ordinances, and to accustom the young mind to its arduous precepts. Perish profane literature, worldly wealth, National prosperity, even our true-love country, sooner than that one iota of our religion should be destroyed. Religion came from Heaven—it has no equal on earth. We have no other such treasure to leave our children. The demonstration in Dublin at the inauguration of the Irish Catholic University—the numerous declarations of our Catholic hierarchy—the deputations from our corporate towns—the extraordinary unanimity of Irish representatives touching the Charter—all combine as an intelligible answer to the ministerial denial to the Catholics of Ireland of the same right to freedom of opinion and freedom of education which is conceded to Protestants, to Dissenters, and all other subjects of our gracious Queen.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

Captain D. W. Pack Beresford has issued the following address to the electors of the county of Carlow, in the representation of which there is now a vacancy, caused by the resignation of Captain Bannery. Captain Beresford is one of the largest landholders in the county. He comes forward in compliance with a numerously signed requisition from the gentry and electors, and it is believed to be certain that he will be returned without opposition.—"In consequence of the retirement of Captain Bannery, and on the call of an influential meeting of the constituency of this county, I venture to offer myself as a candidate for the honor of becoming your representative in Parliament. Should you think proper to elect me, I shall enter Parliament unpledged to any party, and while I should, as a Conservative, endeavor to uphold intact the Constitution we now enjoy, I shall be ever ready to support any measure tending to benefit this portion of the United Kingdom, and preserve to all classes the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. I hope to avail myself of an early opportunity of writing on you personally, but, under the circumstances in which I am at present situated, I have to mourn the loss of a near relative, I must claim your indulgence for a few days during which time my absence from this neighborhood is rendered unavoidable."

THE PHOENIX SOCIETY IN KILKENNY.—On Wednesday Sub-Inspector Bingham, with a party of constabulary, proceeded to Coolgrange, within two miles of this (Kilkenny) city, and there arrested Mr. Patrick Mansfield Delaney, formerly a grocer, resident in High street, and lately a farmer. The prisoner was brought before W. F. J. Hort, Esq. R. M., on a charge of swearing in persons as members of the Phoenix Society; and, after a private investigation, he was remanded to the county goal for further examination. We understand the evidence is of a very strong character.—*Kilkenny Moderator.*

THE IRISH FAMINE AND THE COTTON DEARTH.—The Times recognises a strange and ominous resemblance between the Irish and English calamity. Some five million of men staked all on a tuber, and that tuber have staked all on a pod. We preached to the Irish on their fatuous reliance on one edible. We proclaimed our superior prudence in every assembly all over the world, yet can anybody show one atom of real substantial difference? We do not know of any at those suggestions Sir Hugh Cairns asked Sir Robert Peel the question which will be found in our parliamentary report, but we have little doubt that he did so with a feeling of shame, on which, as we have no pleasure in the humiliation of an opponent, we condole with him. The distinguished honour of representing Belfast as the nominee of the Tory party has its drawbacks and mortifications. The necessity of feigning a bigotry which is not felt, of ministering to an intolerance that is despised, must be among the keenest mortifications that can be inflicted on a gifted and capacious mind. Sir Hugh Cairns doing the bidding of the Orange faction is as melancholy a sight as political life can present. To use an old comparison, it is like the spectacle of a man enslaved by a troop of apes. If Sir Hugh Cairns were released from the necessity of abject submission to the Orange party—if he no longer held his tenure of Parliamentary life at their will and pleasure—his fine natural capacities, which have hitherto only been of service to himself, might be of great use to the nation. Goaded on probably by those wise and tolerant bodies the Belfast Orange Lodges, which is now expected to follow hard upon the next meeting of Parliament, Sir Hugh Cairns affected a mighty indignation that Government had not interfered to forbid or disperse the procession which on Sunday week marched through the streets of Dublin to celebrate the foundation of the Catholic University. He insinuated that the Executive had one mode of dealing with Protestants, and another mode of dealing with Catholics. This is precisely what the Catholics themselves say. The verbal agreement between them

and the Orangemen on this point is exact. But each party considers that it is hardly used, while its rival is treated with undue and culpable lenity. Their counter-charges are the best defence of the Government. We think that the Executive showed not only forbearance but a true appreciation of the requirements of law and justice in abstention from interference with the celebration of Sunday week. Primarily, the procession was neither political nor religious—though, of course, in commo with almost all human doings, it had a bearing on religion and politics. The celebrations attendant on the opening of the Catholic University are in no other sense party celebrations than those connected with the foundation of a Presbyterian or Wesleyan academy, or any other educational institution would be. If Sir Hugh Cairns had been law adviser for Ireland, he would have given precisely the advice which the present law officers of the Crown have given; though it now suits his purpose to profess amazement and indignation at it. Indeed, as Sir Robert Peel stated, in the course which the present Government has adopted, it has simply followed the precedent of its Tory predecessor, whose conduct, for some reason or other, Sir Hugh Cairns did not publicly censure.—*N. Whig.*

DEATH OF PROFESSOR EUGENE O'CURRY, M.R.I.A.—With feelings of the deepest regret we have to announce that the above named distinguished Irishman expired early on Wednesday morning, from an attack of disease in the heart, without having exhibited any previous symptoms of his approaching dissolution. Eugene O'Curry has been long and widely known and respected by every Irishman interested in the preservation and publication of the ancient history of Ireland; and his death will be regarded by such as little less than a national calamity. The facts of his career are few and simple. Born at the close of the last century, the son of a respectable farmer, near Carrigrohilly, he, from his early years, evinced a strong attachment to the native language of his country, and acquired an unparalleled acquaintance with the traditional and written Irish lore of the county Clere. Through these qualifications he obtained an engagement in the Historic Department of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland in 1835, in which he laboured with successful energy and enthusiasm in disentangling the true history of the country from the obscure Gaelic manuscripts in which it was registered, and he soon became as noted for his knowledge of the contents of these documents as he was for his superior style of Irish calligraphy. After the breaking up of the historic department of the survey he was engaged by the Royal Irish Academy to prepare catalogues of their Irish manuscripts, and Trinity College employed him to transcribe several of the more important ancient Gaelic writings. He also transcribed, collated, and prepared for the press the original Irish texts of the Annals of the Four Masters, and of almost every Gaelic volume issued by the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Societies. In 1853 he edited for the Celtic Society the ancient Irish historical tale on the "Battle of Mugh Lena." On the foundation of the Catholic University he was appointed professor of Irish Archaeology at that institution. His "Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History," published by the Catholic University last year, gained him high reputation amongst those most interested in such studies at home and abroad. For some years past he had been engaged with Dr. John O'Donovan in preparing for the press the ancient Brehon laws of Ireland, and he had also collected a considerable amount of material for a new dictionary of the Irish language, of which he possessed an unrivalled knowledge. His death leaves a blank in the Gaelic literature of Ireland equalled only by that caused a few months ago by the decease of his great fellow laborer, Dr. John O'Donovan. An excellent portrait of Professor O'Curry is preserved in the collection of Mr. B. Mulrenin, F.R.I.A., Dublin, to whom the deceased scholar gave several sittings during the past year.—*Freeman's Journal.*

MURDER IN THE TOWN OF TIPPERARY.—A murder was attempted in the town of Tipperary on Wednesday afternoon, 20th ult.; the victim being Mr. Braddell, agent to the property of Colonel Haere. Mr. Braddell was engaged in receiving rents at Dobby's Hotel, when he was fired at through the window and wounded in the abdomen. Suspicion has fallen on Michael Hayes, the father of the young man tried some time since at Limerick for the murder of Quinlan, at Newjullas. Mr. Braddell, who is a married man, and has a family, is a resident at Mallow, and the sad intelligence of this attempt upon his life will reach them in that town, where they are all sojourning for the present. When the shot was fired Mr. Braddell was sitting in company with a gentleman named Reardon, his present bailiff, Moore, and four other persons, in a back room or out-office in Dobby's Hotel. The assassin fired through the window of this back room, taking aim with great deliberation and effect. Mr. Braddell, though wounded, returned the fire, and, it is supposed, wounded his assailant, for traces of blood were visible on the wall of the yard over which he made his escape. The person who fired the shot was seen with great distinctness, and can be identified by more than one of the parties in the room. So daringly was the attempt made that the persons who were with Mr. Braddell assumed that there must have been associates in the attempt to murder, and feared to rush into the yard and secure the criminal, which it is considered they might have done had they displayed more "pluck" and less prudence. Mr. Braddell died this morning, Thursday, at four o'clock. No person has yet been arrested.

At a meeting of the Privy Council a proclamation was ordered releasing the county of Louth from the operation of the Crime and Outrage Act, under which it had been placed for a considerable time.

We take the following from the *London Examiner*:—If the Catholics of Ireland cannot get separate education at school and college, they seem resolved that the Protestants shall no longer have a monopoly of State endowment for their Church. Perhaps the logic is not very philosophical; but it is natural, obvious and irresistible: It is not possible to play double for ever with great principles in national policy. The old iron system of sectarian ascendancy was bad and wrong; but it had something to say for itself, and in its time accomplished its purpose. When Ireland could neither be converted to the faith nor reconciled to the government of England, the rule of force was substituted for the rule of right; and property, privilege, religion, and education, were all made use of as the means and instruments of tyrannical domination. When "the people grew and multiplied in Egypt," a different policy came to be adopted. First property restored to its normal condition, and men, irrespective of creed, were permitted to keep a horse or to possess land. Then political privilege was conceded, the elective franchise, eligibility to office, and finally, though not without infinite battle and argumentation, municipal rights. A sort of compromise was proposed and accepted with regard to education; the Catholics were not to have anything exactly their own way, while the Protestants were suffered to retain much that was exclusively peculiar to themselves. Peace was never actually made upon the natural ground; but a truce was agreed to. The disposition to observe this truce has now apparently expired. As for the Church, it remains where it was, intact and indelible, receiving the pay of a Church of the mass, while it cares for the souls of only the few.

A riot occurred Tuesday evening 29th ult., in the Phoenix Park. Some persons had assembled near the Wellington Testimonial for the purpose of holding an open-air religious service. After singing hymns one of the persons began to preach, but was interrupted and jeered at by some of the bystanders, who were then assailed by some of the preacher's friends. Stones were thrown and a conflict ensued, in which one man was so severely injured that he had to be removed to the hospital. Several of the ringleaders were arrested, and were followed through the streets by a large mob, groaning and yelling.

The accounts of the state of the crops in Ireland are satisfactory. In Sligo the late rains have been most serviceable. There is some talk of blight in the potatoes; but this is much exaggerated. In most places tubers are perfectly sound. In Galway no symptoms of the disease has shown itself. Wheat, oats, and barley are in good condition. Turnips are improving fast. In Roscommon large quantities of hay have been saved. There is no trace whatever of the potato blight. Oats have recovered. In Wexford 'the crops are looking well.' There is every reason to hope that the crops altogether, will turn out satisfactory.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Her Majesty has headed the list of subscriptions for the relief of the manufacturing poor of the north with the noble donation of £2,000.

The public generally will be grieved, though not surprised, at learning that, since the extraordinary decision of Lord Ardmillan in the Yelverton marriage case, the unhappy victim of it has been confined to her bed in Crawford's hotel in this city. The shock of that unexpected decision was too much for the delicate nervous system of a lady who, previous to it had been called upon to endure and suffer so much at the hands of her unworthy husband, and the probabilities are that for a considerable time she will not be able to leave her sick room. In making this announcement we are at the same time happy to add that the amount of sympathy shown towards Mrs. Yelverton since the decision has been at once large and cordial, many of the best of our citizens, ladies, and gentlemen, having called at her lodgings to solace her and encourage her in her determination to have justice done her. Numerous presents some of them of a handsome character, have, we understand, reached her from sympathisers here and in the sister countries, the object of the donors being to enable her, now that it is believed her own fortune must be almost exhausted in litigation, to defend her character and vindicate her rights in the highest law courts of the Kingdom.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

The Cotton Famine is altogether the saddest thing that has befallen this country for many a year. There have been gloomy times enough before this. We have seen Ireland perishing from actual starvation, and England half ruined from commercial distress. War and rebellion have taken their turn among the troubles from which a great nation can scarcely expect to be long free. But in the worst of our calamities there has seldom been so pitiable a sight as the manufacturing districts present at this moment. Where men suffer for their own faults or their own follies, pity may not suffice; but still there is the feeling that a stern lesson is being read, which will guard them in future from the errors of their former course. But the toiling millions of Lancashire on whom this last blow has fallen have nothing with which to reproach themselves, and are suffering with brave constancy and unexampled patience the retribution which is due to the passions of a foreign people and the narrow policy of their own employers.—*Saturday Review.*

THE EXPORTS OF COTTON GOODS.—In the six months from January to June inclusive, the total deficit in exports of cotton manufactures amounted to £3,675,766 as compared with the year ending '61, yet even sufficient to supply the deficit was exported to the value of £1,555,489 of cotton manufactures in the above mentioned six months. Although there is a falling off of £3,675,766 in the cotton exports are only £2,828,716 less than for the corresponding month last year, although we have ceased to import £7,000,000 worth of cotton from the United States. Our total imports fall only £1,819,000 short of the corresponding period of 1861, and only £2,436,535 short of that of 1860. Matters are healthy enough if we could only bandage or set one wounded limb.

The *Shipping Gazette* has received reports from the corn districts, from which it says, it is pretty evident that we have a fair average wheat crop; that the yield of barley, beans, and peas will be only moderate but the growth of oats will be large. It is impossible that we may import less wheat and flour from America during the next five months, than in the corresponding period in 1861, and if France should succeed in securing a good general crop of wheat, we shall have to pay less money for our imported supplies than for some past years, consequently the demand for bullion to pay for foreign corn will be on a limited scale, with a great abundance of money, and a range in the value of discount accommodation from 13 to 2 per cent., and the importing houses will not be disposed to press sales; consequently we anticipate very steady occurrences for wheat, and most kinds of spring corn between this and the close of the harvest work.

In the House of Commons on Monday night, Sir Hugh Cairns arraigned the Government for not instituting criminal proceedings under the Party Processions Acts against the Prelates and others concerned in the demonstration on Sunday week at Dublin, which he stigmatised as an illegal procession. Considering that the learned knight was one of Lord Derby's law officers, and is, no doubt, looking forward to office again should the Conservatives come into power, we must confess our surprise that he should have so lent himself to the evil purposes of his Orange constituents at Belfast, as to pronounce the proceedings in question illegal, without a tittle of evidence to sustain him.—We are glad, however that he made this unseemly onslaught upon one of the most decorous, orderly constitutional, and pacific assemblages that ever took place in any country; first, because it gives a foretaste of what Catholics have to expect from an Administration of which Sir Hugh Cairns must be an important member, and secondly, because it elicited from Sir Peel the important announcement that the law advisers of the Crown in England and Ireland agree that the Provision in the Catholic Emancipation Act forbidding ecclesiastics to appear in public in the habit of their orders, does not apply to the secular clergy, but only to the religious orders. The Chief Secretary admitted that the procession on the 29th ult., was a perfectly legal and peaceful demonstration against the Government for refusing a charter to the Catholic University. But he attempted to throw ridicule upon it by reading from the programme the names of the Dublin Traders who took part in it, such as the chimney-sweeps, the pawnbrokers' assistants, &c., and by remarking upon the absence of the Catholic clergy and members of the learned professions. But, as Mr. Mansell well observed, it was surely imprudent and out of place for Sir Robert Peel to undervalue the middle classes and the artisans, and we may also remark that, the great bulk of the municipalities of Ireland were represented on the occasion, and the signatures to the national protest against the Queen's Colleges, which was a demonstration in favour of the Catholic University, are a very fair representation of the feelings of the Irish Catholic gentry.—*Weekly Register.*

RETIREMENT OF A CLERGYMAN FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The Rev. C. Neville, who recently resigned the incumbencies of Wickenby and Thorney, in the Diocese of Lincoln, has published a lengthy statement, explaining his reasons for taking that personally momentous step. It appears that the reverend gentleman in some time since informed the Bishop of Lincoln that it was his intention to resign his Church preferment at the close of this year. "The present Prayer-book," says Mr. Neville, "represents the exact state of religious knowledge in an age so barbarous and ignorant that poor helpless girls were roasted to death by archbishops, old women were hung as witches by judges on the bench, and 8,000 clergymen were to illiterate to be allowed to preach the confused and contradictory mass of theology contained in our Book of Common Prayer; was permitted to supersede the Word of God in our national Church, and it becomes the duty of every man to consider whether or not he is justified in remaining in it. For my own part I have no choice

I gave my assent to the present Prayer-book on the faith of explanations to be found in the works of Paley, Wheatley, and Moulton, which were put into my hands by the Church herself. I signed my contract on the express understanding that actual assent to the Thirty-nine Articles was never expected of me; that in a well-known form of absolution the word 'sins' meant 'censures' and therefore in our Church meant 'nothing'; that the Athanasian Creed was altogether a forgery, the damatory clauses very much to be lamented, and that there was no difference whatever in the condition of baptised and unbaptised infants who die in infancy. The 'revival of Church principles' has set aside these latitudinarian explanations, my contract has been fatally changed, and I contend that a court of equity ought to declare it void.—*Times.*

UNITED STATES.

KIDNAPPING CATHOLIC CHILDREN.—Oh, if we could only make it appear that these children were young Africans, and that they had been forcibly separated from their mothers by slave-owners, then we could raise a yelping in the Puritanic press. But they are only Irish, and such like white children we have to speak of. What we have to say is well conveyed in the following letter, whose writer's name is its own sufficient authority:—

Connersville, Ind., July 27, 1862.
Mr. McMaster: Dear Sir—I would like to call your attention to some things which took place in this part of Indiana, the more so as it touches also the Catholics who live in your part of the country. Last winter some forty children were brought from some of the orphan asylums, or poor-houses of New York or some other of the Eastern States, I could not say which. But the same were brought to Rushville, Rush Co., Indiana, and there were put in the court room and sold or given, for a term of years, at from ten, fifteen and twenty-five dollars. But what I wish to call your attention to is, that I was informed by the Catholics of the place that there were Irish Catholic children with them; and what, under those circumstances, will become of their religion you can imagine. Some two weeks ago I was in Knights-town, Henry Co., in this State. A large number of children had been sent there in the same way, among the rest a little boy, who had the following story. His father had entered the army; his mother could not support him, and sent him to the poor house, where he saw her last, and from there, soon after, was taken to the place I mentioned. He brought with him a catechism, which was taken from him, and he was ordered to go to meeting and Sunday school, where the rest of the house went. There were also some more Catholic children. Thus you see he has been taken from his mother; and his father, if he live until the war is over where will he find him? If these children were black we would have heard more about them; but they are only white. I do not see a worse feature in slavery, than that the laws allow the separation of husband from wife, and children from parents, and what better are we of the North? I have written this, as I have no mention of it in any Catholic paper, that Catholics may see what becomes of their children if they have the misfortune to be obliged to place them in those institutions.
Yours very respectfully,
REV. H. PETERS,
Catholic Priest in Connersville, Indiana.
—N. Y. Freeman.

The sanguinary spirit of Know-nothingism is yet alive in the Queen City of the West. Seven years time, and the extreme jeopardy in which the country is now placed, have not been sufficient to put out that infamous political creed in the capital of Ohio. It rages there yet, not openly, indeed, but in its usual cowardly, hidden way; and to the shame of the West, it is not likely soon to expire, for it has now allied to it that other bad principle—Abolitionism. In the late violence of tearing down a brothel in Cincinnati, an inoffensive nun, named William Burke, was deliberately shot down. This happened on Tuesday night, on Friday morning he was buried. One would suppose that so clear a murder would create some public commotion, and that the coroner would certainly investigate it. But nothing of the kind has been done. The cowardly shedder of blood is almost quite well known; according to the respectable testimony there is of him, he is a Know-nothing and an Abolitionist; and the coroner and his assistants, and the leading papers of the city are also Know-nothing and Abolition. From such hands, what chance of justice could William Burke, a Catholic Irishman, have? None! None has he got. This is a principal city of America.—*Boston Pilot.*

Every battle that is fought, whatever may be its result, widens the gulf that separated the North and South into two irreconcilable nations. The hatred between Frenchmen and Englishmen, and the social antipathies that kept them apart for centuries, were never so strong—not even during the wars with Bonaparte—as the hatred that the South entertains towards the Yankees. As yet the hatred is not mutual, for the Yankees are rather proud of the pluck that the Southerners have displayed in the struggle, and boast that none but Americans could have acted with such heroism; but on the part of the South it is too intense for the good-natured people of the North to understand or appreciate. One reason, in addition to that afforded by the great question of slavery, is that the South are one people and the North are many. The Southerners are, in the main, of British stock. The Northerners are not British, either in sympathy or in descent, in anything like the same degree. They are a composite or cosmopolitan multitude; and, with the exception of a few old families in New England and elsewhere who boast of their descent from the Pilgrim Fathers, or other early settlers, they have no bond of social or political union, and neither sympathy nor knowledge of any part of Europe. Twenty-five years ago, when South Carolina raised the question of nullification, under the inspiration of Mr. Calhoun, and when the seeds of secession, long before planted, first assumed vitality, the whole population of the Union, North and South, was 13,000,000. The South has now about 10,000,000, including the slaves, and the North about 20,000,000, including the free blacks; so that the increase of population in the quarter of the century has been 17,000,000. The South has only increased the natural ratio, having received little or no aid from immigration. The North and West have increased enormously, and not in the natural ratio. The Northern people are not prolific, and social causes are in operation in New York and in religious in New England, which medical men are fully aware of, which place the natural increase only on a par with that of France, where the same results flow from the same causes; so that the great bulk of the extraordinary Northern increase is due to immigration. Computedly few Englishmen and Scotchmen have swollen the stream that set steadily towards the North, but immense numbers of Irishmen, Germans, Swedes, and Norwegians have annually poured into New York and Boston, and then spread over the great West. From the ranks of these people the bulk of the Federal armies have been recruited; and if the fight between the North and South had, by mutual consent, been fought out by native-born Americans only it is all but certain that the North would have been beaten long ago. These Irishmen, Germans, and Swedes, and their children born on American soil, have no knowledge of the South, which is as unfamiliar to them as Japan or Kamtschatka. Neither have they any sympathy with England. They have, in fact nothing in common with Englishmen, except the language, which they are doing their utmost to deteriorate; while the South, with blood less mixed, with purpose more defined, and with sympathies with the Mother Country that may have been wounded, but that have never been extinguished would rather vote itself back into the condition of a British colony than resume a place in the Union on any other terms than complete mastery of the republic. The North has yet much to learn in this mat-

ter, and the Federal troops who now occupy Southern cities will have strange tales to tell when they return of the settled animosity of the people among whom their lot has been cast—bared that cannot be conciliated, and that would make restoration of the Union, were it politically possible, the one result which the North, if it valued its own liberty and prosperity, would, above all things, endeavor to avoid; but the "Union" is a foreign, not a domestic question. Were the Union restored at any cost, America could be dictatorial to England and not to all Europe. If it remain broken, the North must learn to be a little more humble in her diplomacy. That is the sore point, and the South is quite aware of it.—*Times Correspondent.*

FEELING OF SOUTHERN IRISHMEN.—A correspondent of the New York Express, with the army of the Potomac, alluding to the trip of a flag of truce boat up James river, says:—"Among the visitors to our boat was Col. Moore of the First Virginia Regiment. He is an Irishman, and extremely bitter in his secession proclivities, though very gentlemanly in his association with our officers. Col. Moore said that he could pass by the conduct of our government in its treatment of the South, but he could never forget or forgive the conduct of Irishmen at the North in fighting against their countrymen in 'secessia.' General Meagher he regards as being a traitor to every feeling of humanity, and if he should become a prisoner his safety from violence could not well be assured. The Colonel wishes it to be understood that there is no Union feeling among the Irishmen in Dixie, as they make brave reliable troops. Some Catholic clergymen, who returned from Richmond with the flag, say that much bitterness exists among the Celts against Gen. Meagher."

THE SKEDADDLING MANIA.—The skeddadding mania suffered no abatement yesterday, but rather seemed to have been more intensified by the stringent orders from Washington, and the prohibitory regulation established by the Provost Marshal Kennedy. The check to the European exodus on Saturday filled hundreds of able bodied men with the sudden thirst for the gold fields of California, and yesterday morning pier No 3 was visited by crowds of anxious individuals waiting to get on board. Everybody strove to reach the gang plank first. Up to about noon the anxious emigrant experienced no opposition. But their glee was soon turned into loud-mouthed dissatisfaction by a very unceremonious general order issued by Provost Marshal Kennedy.

Instruction in consonance with this order having reached Deputy Silvey from head quarters, he immediately set about putting them into execution. The gates were shut and further entrance prevented. Deputy Silvey went on board the Northern Light and ordered all the passengers to exhibit their passports or 'skeddad file.' Those without the required certificates were highly indignant, protested against the 'unwarrantable infringement' upon their personal liberty, and declared their determination to do all sorts of terrible things. To all such threats the provost guard were deaf. The backsliders were obliged to quit the steamship.

The British Consul's Office was again the scene of great bustle and excitement yesterday, owing to the rush of people desirous of obtaining certificates of nationality, in view of the impending draft.

Stoppage of vessels bound for Europe. Several vessels bound for Europe were ordered to remain yesterday until an examination of their passengers could be made. The *Adelaide* was overtaken off the lightship, and one hundred and twenty passengers taken off. The *Alert* Gallatin was overtaken at sea and all the male passengers were removed. The passengers were taken to the police headquarters, where they were informed that American citizens must procure a passport from their respective consuls.

In the Third precinct over 200 men were prevented from sailing on the *Saxonia*.

In the Twenty-seventh a great number of arrests have been made.

In the Twenty-eighth precinct over four hundred arrests were made on the steamer *Etus*.

In the Sixth precinct fourteen arrests were made.

The great rush for Canada has received a sudden check. The rush through Detroit has, for the past four days, been perfectly tremendous. The trains come in loaded down with men from all parts of the West, who are flying to Canada, like cravens, to escape the draft. Yesterday 500 or 600 crossed this river, while Windsor is full to repletion. It is probable that Canada West just now contains the greatest congregation of cowards that ever fled from a government that has been kinder to them than a father.—*Chicago Tribune, August 9.*

For nearly a week our city has presented the most disgraceful spectacle of full grown able bodied men slinking off for Canada, like whipped curs, by rail and lake, with no apparent method of stopping them. The prompt and stern action of the War Department, however, has put a period to the heira.

The first application of martial law was made by Superintendent Bradley, who made a descent upon the eastern bound trains about the hour of starting, and captured a squad of fugitives who were bound themselves with just funds enough to last until after the draft.—*Chicago Tribune, August 9.*

The great events of history require a certain lapse of time for their due appreciation. When we stand close under some lofty tower we have but a confused and dizzy notion of its greatness; when we see from the farthest point of the open space surrounding it we gain a more just idea of its absolute magnitude; but no one can truly judge of it who does not look back from the distance and see it overtopping hundreds of spires and gables, dwarfing what otherwise would be grand, and standing out alone against the sky. So of the great battles of the world. It needs many years before the importance of one of those events can be rightly judged. In the days before the Russian War the present generation knew of nothing but the conflicts between the old Imperial France and her enemies. Ansterlitz and Jena, Leipzig and Waterloo, seemed like combats of Titans, -the wars of an extinct race, having nothing in common with ourselves. We could hardly form the conception of people living and going through the ordinary duties of life while such tremendous events were taking place at their doors. But now we have had camps as equally romantic and battles equally bloody; yet we see all with a coolness approaching indifference. It may be that twenty years hence the battles fought in front of Richmond will stand in the estimation of the world, in the same line as the most famous contests of the French Imperial period. The number of the troops engaged, the length and fierceness of the fighting, and the immense interests involved give the battles on the Chickasawny a place among the foremost military events of the age. It is said of a really great victory that it should be as interesting to the statesman as to the soldier; but it should not only exhibit some problem of strategy, but should influence the conduct of their belligents and the policy of neighboring nations. In these respects the late battle are pre-eminant. It cannot be doubted that all through America they are looked upon as the most important events of the war—perhaps the most important in American history.—*Times.*

SERIOUS DISTURBANCE AT ROUSE'S POINT.—Passengers who arrived by last night's train from the West, inform us that a disturbance occurred yesterday at Rouse's Point between the crowd of fugitives endeavoring to escape from the conscription and a party of American soldiers stationed there to prevent the flight of such persons. The military fired; and we learn that several of the fugitives were wounded, whether fatally or not we are unable to state.

A HARD HIT.—A Western editor thus compliments a contemporary:—"What a piece of work is Bartlet! How feeble in reason! In form how like a snake! In comprehension how like a frog!"

Colonel Corcoran has been released. It is rumored that he will be made a Brigadier-General.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1862.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—This paper will be, for the future, addressed to our subscribers by Spencer's Addressing Machine, and by referring to the stamp they will at once see to what date they have paid up.

In consequence of a large number of our Quebec subscribers receiving their papers through the Post-Office, we have determined to forward those addressed to Mr. O'Leary through the same channel, as the expenses attending the present mode are too great. The terms will be—Two dollars per annum, if paid in advance, but if not, Two and a-half. We therefore hope that all subscribers in arrears will at once settle them with Mr. O'Leary.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE news brought by the *Anglo-Saxon* is of but little importance. Parliament was prorogued on the 7th. The principal item of interest in Her Majesty's Speech, delivered by commission, had reference to the war now waged with such fury between the contending parties on this Continent; in which Her Majesty regrets that the evils with which it had been attended, have not been confined to America alone. The neutrality hitherto manifested by England, shall be strictly adhered to.

The *Europa* brings dates up to the 9th and 10th. Her news shows that the Emperor Napoleon was well enough inclined to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, but the greatest barrier in the recognition of the South had been the objections of England. Lord Palmerston, in a speech delivered at Sheffield, strongly urged the policy of non-intervention; Mr. Roebuck, on the other hand, advocated the opposite views from those of the Premier, and insisted upon the claims of the Confederates to be such as to entitle them to a recognition by England. The Envoy, representing Southern interests at Paris and London, strongly urged upon both countries comply with such a reasonable request. In reply to such demands, England, it is said, declined, but that France had not given an answer.

From Italy we learn that the filibuster, Garibaldi, had refused to obey Victor Emmanuel's proclamation; and it was stated that the former held a council of war on the 4th of August, at which it was determined to march on Rome.

By the telegraphs from the United States, we are now informed that the Southerners had been defeated at Baton Rouge, and that the *Arkansas* had been destroyed. The reports are so vague and so often contradictory, that we cannot place much confidence in them. Harrison's Landing was entirely evacuated by the Federals on the 16th; and we are also informed by some of the latest despatches, that the forces under the Confederate Generals, Stevenson and Barton, compelled the Northerners to surrender, after a few hours' fruitless resistance, leaving East Tennessee completely in the hands of the Southerners.

The gross untruths, and the scurrilous comments put forth by a section of the Protestant press, respecting the conversion of the late Sir Allan MacNab to the Catholic faith, compel us to undertake a task, which respect for the memory of the deceased, and regard for the feelings of his surviving relatives, would otherwise induce us to avoid. We will endeavor, however, whilst refuting the slanders of the *Globe* and others, and vindicating the action of the Catholic clergy of Hamilton, to abstain, as far as possible, from all personal details. The deceased has appeared before a higher tribunal than that of "Protestant public opinion," however enlightened, and to him it matters not what men now say of him; but we cannot allow to pass in silence the insolent and untruthful accusations urged by the *Globe* against an amiable, zealous, but most prudent Prelate of our Church—the Right Reverend Bishop of Hamilton.

Sir Allan MacNab was received by the above named Prelate into the Catholic Church on the forenoon of Thursday the 7th instant, and expired the following day. The following furious article immediately appeared in the Toronto *Globe*:

"AN OUTRAGE.—Reports have been current that, during the last moments of the life of Sir Allan MacNab, one of his relatives took advantage of his insensibility to what was transpiring around him, to

perform upon his almost lifeless form what is called the rites of the Romish Church. Sir Allan MacNab having been a constant attendant upon the Church of England, and a member of that communion, the tale was believed by but few persons.—It was not thought that either his relatives, or the clergy of the Church of Rome, would have ventured, in so conspicuous a case, to practice what can only be described as a farce, so far as the dead was concerned, and as a trick in reference to the Protestant relatives. Rumor, however, had done no injustice to the parties chiefly interested in the matter. Mrs. David MacNab, the wife of Sir Allan's deceased brother, and also if we mistake not, a sister of his late wife, has for many years been a member of Sir Allan's family, and has taken the principal charge of his household. This lady is a strict Catholic, and in her zeal for her church, seems to have overstepped the bounds of prudence and good feeling. From the statement made by the Rev. Mr. Geddes, Anglican clergyman of Christ's Church, to his congregation last Sunday, we learn that Sir Allan had been a member of his congregation for about 27 years, that he took the communion in his church a few weeks ago, that he was present in his place the Sunday day before his illness, and that on Thursday last he received consolation in spiritual matters from Mr. Geddes. After that time the Anglican clergyman was denied access to his bedside, and was informed on calling at Dundurn, that "Sir Allan had become a good Catholic, and been received into the bosom of the Romish Church." We believe that there is ample evidence in the hands of the friends of the deceased, to show that time at the when the rites of the Romish Church, baptism, confirmation, and extreme unction, were administered to him, he was insensible to what was passing around him. Mr. Burton, the well known counsel of Hamilton, called on the Thursday afternoon for the purpose of making some alterations in the will of the dying man; but was compelled to forego the effort by his incapacity to understand what was going on around him. Under such circumstances, the administration of any religious rite requiring to make it complete, the active volition of the person receiving it, must be considered a mere mockery. In so far as the surviving relatives of Sir Allan MacNab were concerned, with the exception of the lady whom we have mentioned and of her brother, and also in regard to the numerous friends and companions of the deceased, the conversion of the dying Protestant while in an insensible state, into an adherent of the Church of Rome, can only be regarded as an outrage of the grossest kind. They had worshipped with the deceased in a Protestant Church, they had every reason to believe that he died a Protestant, and they naturally expected and desired that they should pay the last tribute to his remains in a Protestant church, and hear repeated over his tomb the solemn words which he had reverenced in his lifetime. By the trick of a single relative, aided by the clergy of the Catholic church, those expectations were frustrated. The deceased, having been made a Catholic while in a state of insensibility, Mrs. MacNab resolved that he should be buried by Catholic priests, and have Catholic rites performed over his grave. Surely the fanatical zeal of the Catholic clergy never produced in this country, at least, more distressing or more disgraceful results. They will very soon discover that proselytizing the dead will do much to injure their cause among Protestants, and will lead even their most servile followers to consider whether a church which sanctions such acts is worthy of the respect of intelligent men.—The *Italics* are our own.

Our readers will observe from the passages which we have marked in *Italics* how beautifully the *Globe* argues. At first it accepts only as a report that the deceased was "insensible" when the sacraments of the Catholic Church were administered to him; gradually increasing in violence, by the middle of his article, he assumes that "insensibility" as a fact established on the clearest evidence; whilst towards the end, not only was Sir Allan "insensible" but actually "dead," when the Romish priest made a proselyte of him. This is a beautiful specimen of what in music is styled the "crescendo."

Unfortunately however for its effect, the Rev. Mr. Geddes, the Minister of the Anglican sect at Hamilton, effectually disposes of it, and of the argument which the *Globe* pretends to base on the statement of Mr. Burton, to the effect, that on Thursday afternoon, Sir Allan MacNab was unable to understand "what was going on around him." For Mr. Geddes on Sunday, 10th instant, in his own meeting house, thus delivered himself to his congregation:—

"I now solemnly declare to you from this sacred place, that on Friday morning about half past seven o'clock, in his clear and lucid moments in the presence of credible witnesses, our dear departed friend solemnly expressed to me on his dying bed, his desire to die in the pure and reformed faith of the Church of England."—*Globe*.

Now if on the Friday the deceased had "clear and lucid moments," during which he was capable of giving intelligent expression to his religious views, a fortiori may it not be assumed that, on the Thursday forenoon, he had also his "clear and lucid moments," during which he was a fitting subject of the rites of the Romish Bishop. Besides Mr. Geddes tells us that he also administered spiritually to Sir Allan on the Thursday.

Having given the *Globe's* version of the transaction, we will now give that of the *Hamilton Times*, also a Protestant journal:—

"In consequence of the late hour of the funeral yesterday, and hour of issue, it was impossible to refer at length to the exciting circumstances attending the ceremony. We had but time to state that he who all his life had professed himself a Protestant and adhered to the Anglican faith, had just before death renounced, and apparently by his own desire, been interred according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. We see by a number of our morning contemporaries, that this is treated as an error, and a generous attempt is made to redeem Sir Allan's memory from the reproach which must attach to it, if it be true that during life he professed a faith in which he did not believe, and believed in heart what he had not the courage to confess, by charging a near relative, and a Catholic Bishop, with the commission of a gross outrage. They would have the public believe that while in that state of unconsciousness which precedes death, while unable to act or think intelligently, a dark conspiracy was entered into by a lady and a priest to make him appear to the world a convert, and while he died a Protestant, represent him as having joined the Church of Rome. We respect the feelings which dictate this defence, but cannot receive it as truth. Respect to the dead, but justice to the living. The blame, if blame there be, must attach to the memory of Sir Allan MacNab himself. Our contemporaries to the contrary notwithstanding, we now deliberately state that Sir Allan MacNab, while in the possession of all his mental faculties, consciously, and of his own free will, entered the Roman Catholic Church, and that the charge of fraud against Mrs. MacNab and Bishop Farrell is false and unfounded.

Upon them no responsibility rests, but that of having faithfully carried out the dying Baronet's freely expressed wishes. What those wishes were, the facts which we now state will explain. We commence with the statement that, some months ago, while in the possession of perfect health, Sir Allan promised the Bishop of the Catholic Church, that he would join that Church, and that in its fold he intended to die. On the first or second day of the illness which terminated in his death—before, however, he or any of his friends anticipated any serious results—he said to one of his most intimate friends, "I am about to take an important step." Last Monday or Tuesday, he reminded Bishop Farrell, who had called on him, as a friend, of the promise he (Sir Allan) had made, and expressed his intention of redeeming it. On Thursday, at his own special request, Bishop Farrell was called in, and received him into the Roman Catholic Church with the usual ceremonies, and administered to him the sacraments which that church provides for those at the point of death. When he sent for Bishop Farrell, while being made a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and while he was receiving the sacraments of that Church, Sir Allan was in the full possession of his mental faculties, and clearly conscious of what he was doing. We are justified in looking upon this as the "important step" he had said a few days before he was about to take. Next day, when the Rev. Mr. Geddes called, and during the whole time that Mr. Geddes remained with him on that Friday, Sir Allan was unconscious. After his admission into the Roman Catholic Church, he on no occasion, while in a state of consciousness, expressed himself as dying in the Protestant faith. This explanation clears Mrs. MacNab and Bishop Farrell of the charges made against them, and fully justifies their proceedings with regard to the funeral."—*Hamilton Times*.

Some particulars, not given in the above, we can supply. Very early on the morning of Thursday the 7th instant, His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, was summoned by letter in all haste to the bedside of the sick man. A sick call, whether from Prince or from peasant, is always attended to with equal alacrity by the pastors of the true Church; and the Bishop of Hamilton, as in duty bound, lost no time in obeying the summons. He heard the confession of the penitent, and administered to him—as is the custom—conditional baptism, and the Sacraments of confirmation and extreme unction—but not of the Eucharist—on the Thursday forenoon. It was during this time, we suppose, that the Rev. Mr. Geddes was thrice repulsed from Sir Allan's door; for that reverend Protestant Minister, in his solemn declaration already alluded to, affirmed that—"I was denied access to him, although I made ineffectual attempts at one, five, and half-past nine, A.M."—We are, we must admit, at a loss how to reconcile this, with another solemn declaration made on the same occasion by the Rev. Mr. Geddes—to the effect that, on the same day—that is to say Thursday the 7th inst.—the sick man received his spiritual administrations:—"He received my spiritual administrations on Thursday."

At what time, we should like know. Not in the early part of the day—for "at one, five, and half-past nine, A.M.," Mr. Geddes tells us that he "made three ineffectual attempts" to see the sick man. Not in the latter part of the day, surely—for "Mr. Burton, the well-known counsel of Hamilton, called on the Thursday afternoon for the purpose of making some alterations in the will of the dying man; but was compelled to forego the effort by his incapacity to understand what was going on around him."—*Globe*. We are at a loss how to reconcile Mr. Geddes' very conflicting "solemn declarations" with one another; and the only solution of the problem which suggests itself is this—That Mr. Geddes is endowed with a very lively imagination, but is afflicted, at the same time, with a very bad memory. But to proceed.

On Friday morning the Bishop of Hamilton was again called in all haste to the bedside of Sir Allan MacNab, then evidently near his last gasp. On his arrival the Bishop found that his penitent was not sufficiently "clear and lucid" to receive the *Viaticum*, which the Church, when feasible, always administers to her departing children. During the entire day Sir Allan remained unconscious, and therefore he, though a Catholic, never on earth had the happiness of receiving the Body of his Redeemer. This fact shows how very circumspect was the conduct of the Romish Bishop, and is at the same time irreconcilable with Mr. Geddes' "solemn declaration" concerning the "clear and lucid moments" on Friday forenoon, during which the sick man on his dying bed declared his desire to die in the Anglican heresy. Again we say, the Rev. Mr. Geddes has been led into error by his too lively imagination, and his too torpid memory; for were the one less fertile, and the other a trifle better, he would not have fallen into so many self-contradictions in his "solemn declaration."

Our object is not however either to impugn the veracity of Mr. Geddes, or to vindicate the conduct of the deceased; but solely to repel the charge against the Bishop of Hamilton of having administered the Sacraments of the Church to the deceased whilst in a "state of insensibility," and again of "proselytizing the dead." Were this charge true, in whole or in part, a gross "Outrage" would have been indeed perpetrated. Not upon the Holy Protestant Faith however, not upon the deceased, but an outrage upon the Catholic Church; and Catholics, not Protestants, would have the right to complain of the sacrilege, and the profanation of their most sacred things.

By the express desire of the deceased's friends, and nearest relatives, he was buried with the last rites of the Catholic Church. Numbers of

his Protestant friends were in attendance, but on hearing it announced that the funeral would be conducted by Romish ecclesiastics, and Romish ceremonies, they with that good taste and liberality for which Protestants are proverbial, took up their hats, and declining to render the last homage to the mortal remains "of our dear departed friend," walked away in high dudgeon. As a practical commentary upon this outburst of Protestant good taste, gentlemanly feeling, and liberality, we may be permitted to allude to the account given by the Dublin correspondent of the *London Times* of the proceedings at the funeral of the lately deceased Protestant Primate of Ireland; at which, so we are told, the Catholic Primate attended, walking with the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. Mr. Geddes is, we are told, preparing a pamphlet upon the occasion. Should it contain anything of interest to our readers, we will notice it when it appears.

Since writing the above, we have seen a long statement drawn up by Mr. Geddes, and published in the *Globe* of the 15th instant, with the view of confirming the statement that the deceased died a sound Protestant, but which throws no additional light upon the circumstances preceding Sir Allan's death. If it proves anything, it proves that the writer, without leave or invitation, forced himself into the house of the deceased—then in a state of semi-delirium—and by a string of leading questions artfully arranged, so as to lead to an answer in the affirmative, extracted from the dying and almost unconscious man on the bed before him, such answers as would make it appear that Sir Allan died a Protestant. The subjoined is Mr. Geddes' own version:—

Having forced his way to Sir Allan's bedside, Mr. Geddes began to Catechise him. "Make it short," exclaimed the former—a strange form of address from a penitent to his ghostly adviser; though very intelligible from the lips of one who feeling himself bored by the impertinent questions of an intruder, bids him "cut it short."

Thus admonished, to "make it short," Mr. Geddes proceeded with his catechism, commencing with a series of questions to all of which the Papist must of course reply in the affirmative, if addressed to him.

Mr. Geddes asked:—

"Is Christ the only foundation of your faith and hope? He replied 'Yes.' Is Jesus the alone name through which you expect to be saved? He said 'Yes.' Then, Sir Allan, I continued, you adhere to what I have always preached to you in public and in private, that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins.' Is that your belief, Sir Allan? 'Yes, that's my belief.' No other name under Heaven by which you can be saved but only the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? He signified assent. One Mediator alone between God and man, the man Jesus Christ? He signified assent."

In so far there was nothing in these questions to which the Papist would not signify assent.—Through Christ alone do we hope for salvation, and by Him, and through His name alone can any man be saved; neither is there salvation in any other, nor is there any mediator betwixt God and man save the man Christ Jesus. This is the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and, if a Catholic, Sir Allan MacNab could of course only answer them in the affirmative.

Having thus cleared the way, by a series of skillfully contrived leading questions, for the great question which troubled Mr. Geddes—the question whether Sir Allan still adhered to the Anglican sect, "As by Law Established"—the reverend gentleman continued his catechism:—

"Then Sir Allan MacNab, let me ask you, and let me understand you distinctly—Do you desire to die in the faith of your fathers, in that church in which you were born and baptised, the church in which you were brought up, and in which you have communicated?"

Not to say it profanely, this last question, introduced by the "then Sir Allan," is as little relevant to those preceding it, as the well known question—"Partez vous Français, Monsieur?" is relevant to the "Then lend me the loan of your gyrdiron." But we will let Mr. Geddes tell his own cock-and-bull story.

"Mrs. Boulton here interposed, and asked in a soft and not very audible voice—'you die a Catholic?' (meaning a Romanist.) There was no response." (Probably because the question was not very audible.) "I resumed, Do you desire to die in the pure and reformed faith of the Church of England for which our martyred forefathers perished at the stake? He replied earnestly and distinctly, 'That's what I do.'"

This is the pith of Mr. Geddes' statement, and appended is a letter from the sisters of Sir Allan, who depose to having heard all that had passed between Mr. Geddes and his penitent, and that Mr. Geddes' account of what then transpired, which had been read to them, was true. Whether however Mr. Geddes' statement, as read to the ladies was identical with that printed in the *Globe*, we may be permitted to doubt, for two reasons. First, Mr. Geddes makes strange errors sometimes, and contradicts himself, as we have shown. In the *Globe* of the 15th he reiterates his solemn declaration that on Thursday, Sir Allan MacNab "received his spiritual administrations"—though in the same journal, he assures us that on Thursday he could not obtain access to Sir Allan at all. And in the second place

if Sir Allan's relatives had heard the deceased earnestly and distinctly declare himself a member of the Protestant Church of England, it is more than probable that, during the long altercation which preceded the funeral, they would have made such an important feature in the case public; in which case it is certain that the Bishop of Hamilton would not have performed any one of the customary rites of the Catholic Church over the dead body. For these reasons, our belief is that Mr. Geddes has two different statements in his possession—just as he has two contradictory accounts of his proceedings on Thursday before Sir Allan's death; and that of these two statements, one was read in the presence of, and attested to by, Sir Allan MacNab's sisters, whilst the other was sent to the *Globe* for publication.

The most important fact however brought to light is this—That Mr. Andrew Stewart, brother-in-law to the deceased, made to Mr. Geddes the avowal that he wrote, at Sir Allan's own request, to the Bishop of Hamilton, begging that Prelate to visit the dying man who desired to be received into the Catholic Church. This completely disposes of the slanders of the *Globe*.—It shows that it was Sir Allan MacNab who sought the interview; and that there was no tampering, no jugglery, as the *Globe* calls it, on the part either of the Catholic clergy, or of Sir Allan's Catholic relatives. We may add too, that Mr. Geddes having applied by letter to Mr. Burton for confirmation of the rumor, that on the Thursday afternoon (the day when Mr. Geddes solemnly declares that Sir Allan received his "spiritual administrations") the sick man was not in his right mind, Mr. Burton replies, that he cannot consistently with the obligations of his profession give any information upon the subject.

Writing again upon the same subject, the *Hamilton Evening Times* of the 16th instant, says:

"In a former issue we stated that Sir Allan MacNab had some time before his death declared his intention of dying in the Catholic faith. We give the following extract from a letter written by Vicar General Gordon as corroborative evidence of our statement and of that of the Bishop in this evening's paper. The circumstances under which the letter was written were as follows: Before Sir Allan's death a letter was written from this city to the Vicar General, who is on a visit to Rockaway (Long Island), announcing Sir Allan's illness. In return, and before he could have heard any of the circumstances connected with Sir Allan's death, the Rev. Mr. Gordon wrote the letter, from which we give the following extract:—

"I was sorry to hear of the death of poor Sir Allan. We learned it here the day after he died. The *N. Y. Herald* announced it in the issue of that morning.—I suppose the Bishop did not see him previously, nor do any thing for him! Poor man, I fear he (Sir Allan) delayed too long the resolution he expressed in my hearing about a year ago to die a Catholic." "Is not this quite sufficient to prove that Sir Allan had long made up his mind to die a Roman Catholic, and to remove any surprise that may have been felt on the first announcement of his having taken that step?"

A CHAPTER IN PROTESTANT MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.—Protestant Missions to the heathen have become, amongst Protestants themselves, a jest and a "bye-word," and it would be well for the interests of revealed religion and natural morality if they were nothing worse. Alas! the fearful evils which they have engendered, moral and physical, are but too apparent in the fast increasing impurity and consequent mortality of the unhappy heathen races in the South Sea Islands—the chief seat of Protestant Foreign Missions; and whilst treating of these it is impossible, almost, to refrain from tears over the untimely fate of the simple and naturally kind-hearted children of the soil, whose pleasant places are now occupied by the white-chokered strangers, and who are rapidly undergoing the Protestant process of being "improved off the face of the earth."

But if Protestant Foreign Missions for the most part are in their details too hideous, too sickening, too tragic to be made the subject of mirth, it is not so with the "Home Missions" of Protestantism, such as the Missions to the Papists of Ireland and of Canada. In these the ludicrous predominates; and though of course, so long as there are to be found amongst any section of a Catholic population, "idle loafers," as the Yankees call them, fellows who are too lazy to work, and yet fond of good living and those luxuries which money alone can procure.—Protestant Home Missions to Papists will have their converts to boast of—the amount of evil done is so infinitesimally small in so far as conversions to Protestantism are concerned, that we can afford to treat them as an excellent practical joke.

These Home Missions have been in operation in Lower Canada for a good many years; and with a perfect knowledge of all their doings, we can assert that the *Suisses*—the Canadian term for *Suavellers*—have not as yet succeeded in making the slightest impression upon the people amongst whom they labor. There are of course in almost every parish some two or three bad characters; who for their notorious evil courses, their drunkenness, their impurity, or their refusal to make restitution of goods, dishonestly acquired, find themselves debarred from the Sacraments of the Church, and who find themselves looked upon with aversion by their honest neighbors. To this class, we may add that of those who have had a personal quarrel with their parish priests about the payment of tithes, or other legal dues; and when we shall have added these two classes

together, we shall have the sum total of those who have furnished cause to the "Swissess" to rejoice over the success of their evangelical labors. From bad or scandalous Catholics a few French Canadians have become sound Protestants; they were going to the devil any how, and might just as well travel by the *Pointe aux Trembles Omnibus* as by any other mode of conveyance with which the devil furnishes his votaries. It is this which distinguishes Protestant Foreign Missions from Protestant Home Missions. The former have demoralised the very heathen, and have degraded even the savages. The latter have merely picked up a few weed-sticks which the Pope had contemptuously thrown over his garden wall; and their most glorious achievement is this—that they have collected in their nets the filth, or fecal matter which, ejected by the Church, was already fast floating down the broad stream to the great ocean of perdition.

And thus it is that in perusing the Report of the French Canadian Missionary Society, our first, and indeed only feeling is an irresistible impulse to laughter. Nothing is more ludicrous than the *Diaries of the Colporteurs* or Missionaries. If the worthy men do not provoke to godliness, they are powerfully suggestive of mirth; and even our renowned contemporary Artemus Ward—grin-compelling though he be—is not more grotesque than is a Vessot or Richard, an Amaron or a Duclos, or any of the other worthies who deal in Sausages and Tracts, and retail dry goods and "Word of God" from their market-stalls in Industry village.

The great agency upon which, in Lower Canada, as in the Upper Province and in the United States, the *Swaddlers* rely for success in their schemes of proselytising is the School; but as in Lower Canada the "*Swaddlers*" get little or no aid from the State, their successes are not very brilliant. Their chief establishment is at *Pointe aux Trembles*; and when we record the fact that, with the entire dregs or sweepings of Montreal, and of some "60 to 80 different parishes," there are in the Boys Institute only 55 pupils; and in that for Girls only 35—ninety in all—we have said enough to show how very little the Catholic Church has to dread from the French Canadian Missionary Society. There is not a single disorderly house, nor a low grog shop in the suburbs, which does not annually do more towards weaning the rising generation from the "*baneful home influences of Romanism*," and its "*idolatrous worship*," than does this Society with its annual expenditure of nearly Four thousand dollars upon the *Pointe aux Trembles* Institute alone.

The prosperity of their churches is on a par with that of their schools. A Mr. Duclos is stationed at Industry village, which, from its "central position," is looked upon as most suitable for a "mission station," and he visits some four or five other districts besides. "The churches under his pastorate number"—so we are told in the last issue of the F. C. M. Society's Report—"31 members"—p. 17; and Mr. Duclos evidently has no great opinion himself of his prospect, for he writes:—

"The missionary laborer needs often to be reminded that the kingdom of God cometh not with observation; but gradually, and that, as is the case with every great intellectual or moral movement there is a time of preparation before great awakenings. We are evidently in that season of preparatory labor, which although less striking from its immediate results, is none the less important and indispensable. We do not yet see numerous conversions to the Gospel, but we find confidence in Popery shaken, and a consciousness in the truth of the Gospel spreading, in opposition to Romish errors"—p. 17.

Put into plain English this means that Mr. Duclos has done nothing as yet, but feels just as if he was "a going to begin"; and that hitherto the only sensible result of his years of labor has been to turn some lax Papists into thorough infidels, to shake "confidence in Popery"—but not to attain conversions to what he in his laughable twaddle calls "*the Gospel*." Mr. Duclos has made a very fair estimate of the value of his labors. To make infidels is the utmost that Protestant missionaries have ever succeeded in effecting whether amongst Jews, Mahomedans, Catholics or the Buddhists of the East. Another instance of this is to be found in the following passage from a discourse which, according to the same deponent, a "person of education" recently had with him on the subject of Popery:—

"We have not by any means"—said this person of education—"the same trust in our religion now that we had ten years since"—p. 17.

At Three Rivers the "Society has for the last six years always had one or two missionaries"—of whom one is a Mr. Cornu. As the result of the Mission, we are informed that Mr. Cornu has made a convert out of "a young man of some education and intelligence." To those interested in Protestant Home Missions, it will be gratifying to learn that this convert is a very superior article indeed, and "walks consistently with his Christian profession"—p. 23.

At Inverness, a Mr. Solandt has organised a French church "which numbers 12 communicants," and at Belle Riviere we are told that there is another "of 27 members" and a school attended by "about 16 scholars." On the Ottawa, and at Buckingham, and we are informed that the missionaries labor with great success, but no organized church at either is reported, nor are the numbers of converts given. On the whole, the account of actual converts for Lower Canada, as furnished by the F. C. M. Society's Report, stands thus:—

Industry..... 31
Inverness..... 12
Belle Riviere..... 27
70

are quite a number waiting to come out of Babylon, and to save their souls only until such time as,

"A place of worship is opened specially directed for French services, and suitable in regard to external appearance."—p. 28.

There is also mentioned p. 19 the hopeful case of a young girl who "has experienced a change of heart," and also speaks of her mother as a "Romanist." This promising pupil who does not seem to have been taught the meaning of the commandment "honor thy father and thy mother," "feel happy" especially when the Missionaries call, and when a "meeting can be held."

And upon this subject, of duty and obedience to parents, as inculcated by the said Missionaries, we may mention a pleasing trial recorded at p. 13.

A young lad designated as F. R. was, so we are told, allowed by his father, "an honest and sincere Roman Catholic, to enter the Institute" at *Pointe aux Trembles*; with the pledge from the boy that he would never "forsake the religion of his fathers." The boy was of course soon converted from the error of his ways, and his father summoned him to return home. The boy however ran away back to the Institute in disobedience to his father's orders, and lest the latter should again get possession of his own son, the following precautions were taken:—

"As it was not considered advisable for him (the boy) to remain in the Institute, some kind friends were found to take charge of him, so that he might continue his education elsewhere unmolested."—p. 14.

This case of kidnapping is coolly recounted; whilst at the same time, if a Catholic parent in the exercise of his natural rights, attempts to remove his child from a school or family where its faith and morals are in danger—the howl of persecution is immediately raised by the Protestant press; and the Montreal *Witness* charitably suggests that Romish Nunneries should be handed over to the tender mercies of obscene "Smelling Committees." Thus the latter journal has of late been raising a great outcry about a young Canadian girl, of whom a Swaddler of the name of Ami, had some how or other got hold; but whom some one—person of course not named—persuaded to leave that elect vessel's house, for parts unknown. Were the story as narrated by the Montreal *Witness* true—which we have no reason for believing that it is—wherein would it differ from that which the French Canadian Missionary Society exultingly tells of the doings of its own Institute towards the children of Catholic parents?

Fraud, calumny and bribery are in short the sole weapons on which that Society relies for success. Of its arguments, and of the influence which these are calculated to produce upon the intelligent and morally undepraved, our readers may form an estimate from the following which at p. 19, the Report has the imprudence to publish. The argument, or cogent reason for renouncing Popery is of course put into the mouth of a hopeful convert. It is headed:—

"ROMISH CHANGING.—I find, said a man, that our religion is changing at a great rate. Now people are allowed to marry during Lent which they never could before. We are forbidden to eat meat on Wednesday and Friday, last year it was Friday and Saturday.—A few years ago we had to fast during the whole of Lent, now three days a week is sufficient, and thus what was sinful then is no longer so now."—p. 19.

Leaving out of sight that the facts are not as stated—that the Church still enjoins the entire of Lent as a season of fasting, and mortification, but adapts her discipline—not her doctrines—to the exigencies of circumstances—we might point out still more striking instances of "*Romish*" mutability, than those adduced by the French Canadian Missionary Society. This year for instance, Easter Sunday was celebrated on the 20th of April, whilst the year before it was celebrated on the 31st of March. Christmas day fell upon a Wednesday last year—this year it falls upon a Thursday; and whereas the Lenten fast commenced this year only on the 5th of March, in 1861, we were enjoined to commence our fast on the 13th of February! Surely "our religion is changing at a great rate!"

The great obstacles which the *Swissess* have to encounter are 1st "the divisions of Protestants" p. 26; 2nd "the immense power of the clergy" p. 28; and 3rd the contempt which Canadians entertain for *Jumpers*—or, in the words of the report, "the alienation with which the mass of the French Canadians regard those of their countrymen who become Protestants" p. 29. The first two of these obstacles are irremediable: for the third a wholesale system of "*Souperism*" is recommended, in the shape "of a fund to relieve those in sickness and in want" p. 28. This duty is "not sufficiently understood" by British Protestants; but until it is fully understood and practised, as in Ireland during the famine year—there are but small hopes of bringing the French Canadians "to a knowledge of the truth" &c.

THE HIBERNICON.—Our readers will remember that about twelve months ago Prof. McEvoy, with his exhibition of the Cyclorama of Ireland visited this city, accompanied by his talented family. The announcement of an exhibition of the scenery of Ireland called forth all the natural lore of the Irish citizens of Montreal, and Bonaventure Hall was crowded every night with our Irish people, whose attachment to the "dear old country" has passed into a proverb. The proprietor of the exhibition was so gratified at the reception he had met with, that he determined on getting up a new painting, the old one being pretty much used up in travelling. He employed two distinguished French artists to take charge of the new painting, and the result is the *Hibernicon*. Meantime the Misses McEvoy have completed their musical studies under one of the most eminent Italian teachers in the country, and will make their first appearance since their retirement, and open the new picture in our city in a few days. The Professor's Agent and eldest son, who is by the by a talented pianist and composer, is now in the city making arrangements for the Troupe and opening of the *Hibernicon*. We doubt not the exhibition will be as largely patronised as the exhibitions heretofore given by the Professor.

Several letters received, but must remain unopened until the editor, who is absent, returns.

PIC-NIC OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—The Grand Pic-Nic of the St. Patrick's Society, came off yesterday on St. Helen's Island. The weather looked threatening in the morning, but clearing up later in the day, the rush down to the steamer was tremendous, and fully four thousand people must have crossed over. An Irish piper was in attendance, and enlivened the hearts of the pleasure seekers by his performances. The Committee of management consisted of Messrs. Daniel Lyons, Patrick Jordan, William Mansfield, Patrick O'Meara, and H. J. Clarke. We were happy to see so many of our French Canadian brethren present on the ground, and we cannot but express to the Committee of Management to whom solely were intrusted the getting up and the superintending of this Pic-Nic, our entire approval of their arrangements, and our warmest thanks for their great exertions in promoting the enjoyment of the day. The object of the Pic-Nic was a charitable one—the assistance of poor emigrants, and the poor of this city. No doubt but a large sum will be realised to administer to the wants of those poor unfortunate exiles. The games were contested in a spirited manner with the following result:—

Running Long Leap, Somers of the 16th, 1st prize \$2; McCabe 2nd prize \$1, distance 17 ft. and 16 ft. 6 in. Running High Leap, McCabe 1st prize \$2, 5 ft Somers, 16th, 2nd prize \$1, 4 ft. 10 in. Military Race 150 yards, Sherman, 47th, 1st prize \$2; Travers 2nd, St. Civilian and Military Race, 3 heats, McCabe 1st \$4; Sherman, 47th, 2nd \$2. Hurdle Race over 6 hurdles 4 ft high, McCabe 1st \$2; Ross, R. A., 2nd \$1. Sack Races over hurdles, John Smith, R. A., 1st, \$2; Thomas Vesey, 47th, 2nd \$1.

The prizes were then distributed by Thomas McKenna, Esq., the President of the Society, after which he stepped forward and thanked those present for their attendance. The Society he said had many calls upon its funds, and it needed help, but he was sure a considerable amount would be obtained from the proceeds of the Pic-Nic.

We are happy to be able to announce to our readers that the Annual Grand Pic-Nic, in aid of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, will take place in the Victoria Gardens on the 3rd September next. We will give full particulars in our next. From what we hear of the preparations making for it, it will certainly be the most attractive Pic-Nic of the Season.

The Collections taken up on last Sunday, for the poor, in St. Patrick's, St. Anne's, and St. Bridget's churches, amount to the sum of \$214.

We copy the following from the *Transcript*:—The examination of the children attending the Municipal School in connection with the Convent of St. Anne's at Lachine, and the young ladies attending the Convent, took place on Tuesday week last. Besides the Rev. Mr. Piche, the Curé of the Parish, the Rev. Mr. Machel, Chaplain of the Convent, the Rev. Mr. Horan of this city, and several of the Peres' Oblats there was a very crowded attendance of the parents and friends of the children, and other invited guests. The cost of their education is very small; and the beauty of the Convent, situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, will doubtless attract many more pupils when vacation is over. How kindly the children are treated by the Sisters was shown by their tears with which they bade them adieu.

THE LATE SIR ALLAN MACNAB.
LETTER OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. FARRELL,
BISHOP OF HAMILTON

(To the Editor of the *Evening Times*.)
My Dear Sir,—After all that has been said and published relative to the conversion of the late Sir Allan MacNab to the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, and his supposed or pretended return to the Anglican belief, an impartial public appears to have a right to expect from me a simple and candid statement of the facts of the case. Before entering upon the subject, I must complain of the very unfair stand taken by certain journals, both here and in other places, in attempting to prejudice and excite the public mind by prematurely pronouncing judgment in the case, thereby desiring to force the public to draw conclusions which the evidence when published may not, and I firmly believe will not, warrant. I must note especially the *Globe* of Toronto, which appears to have lost none of its wonted venom and hatred against everything Catholic. This journal accused me of being "neither careful nor scrupulous." It is not my place, nor my wish, to pride myself on any good qualities, whereas with God may give me, yet I think I shall not be deficient from the precept or example of St. Paul if I defy the Editor of the aforesaid journal, or any of his rivals in the art of maligning, to convict me of anything criminal or dishonorable. I call upon him, then, to substantiate his vile and malicious aspersions on me, or to stand before the public in his true character, convicted and branded as a calumniator.

I shall not, for the present, notice the many groundless assertions of certain other papers, nor shall I occupy time, and your valuable space in refuting the absurd argument attempted to be framed upon what is termed by them the consistency or inconsistency of the late Baronet. A man must always prove himself inconsistent by delaying his repentance. When he enters upon the path which he knows to be his duty, his act is consistent with eternal truth, and, though his weakness may have been blameable, it is wrong to assume, as the Rev. Mr. Geddes has done, that he is necessarily a coward or a hypocrite when he does right at last. According to this manner of reasoning, all the first Christians who gave up their heathenism; all who have been cowards and hypocrites—a conclusion which even the Rev. Mr. Geddes will not dare to accept. Probably the many prominent clergymen—the Wilberforces, the Newman's, the Manning's, who gave up their rich livings in the Anglican Church also to become Catholics, will likewise be set down as cowards or hypocrites. The public will understand that this mode of speaking of converts to Catholicity is employed because it is found to be a convenient way of avoiding the force of unpalatable facts.

I shall now proceed to state the facts which relate to the conversion of the deceased. Several months ago, while Mr. Daly, afterwards Sir Allan's son-in-law, was on a visit at the castle, I, with my Vicar General, the Very Rev. E. Gordon, dined with Sir Allan and his family. In the course of the afternoon of that day, whilst walking on the grounds in front of his house, Sir Allan stated to me, in the presence of my Vicar General, his intention of dying a Roman Catholic. After this statement no one will be surprised at my taking a particular interest in his last moments,—as my belief in the words of the Athanasian Creed is practical, that without the true Catholic Faith, no one can be saved.

On the Sunday evening previous to his death, I called at the Castle for the purpose of visiting Mrs. D. MacNab, and learned from her, for the first time, that Sir Allan was sick. On Monday or Tuesday, I called to enquire about his health, and he, learning that I was in the house, sent for me. I visited him,

and seeing that he suffered much, addressed him a few words of consolation, exhorting him, simply, to pray during his sufferings. After a very short visit, when I was rising to take leave of him, he seized my arm, and said he had not forgotten what he had said to me some time ago. Understood his allusions to be to the conversation in the castle garden, and told him that he should lose no time, and do at once what his conscience dictated to him.

On leaving, I informed Mrs. D. MacNab of what Sir Allan had said. Once after this I sent to enquire as to the state of his health.

On Thursday morning, I was informed by letters that Sir Allan wished to see me for religious purposes, I went at ten o'clock a.m., and was introduced into one of the lower apartments, where I remained for some time, in conversation with Mrs. D. MacNab. Shortly after, Mr. Andre Stuart, brother-in-law to Sir Allan, and himself a member of the Anglican Church, one with whom I had had no previous conversation on the subject and whose feelings respecting Sir Allan's conversion I did not know—came down and informed me that Sir Allan wished to see me. It had been suggested to me before I reached the castle, that as soon as it would be known that he became a Catholic, many persons would say he was mad; therefore, lest there should be any doubt as to his state of mind, and that I might have a reliable witness, I asked Mr. Stuart, in presence of his sister, whether Sir Allan had full possession of his reason. Mr. Stuart's answer was in the affirmative. I went immediately up to his room and found him fully conscious.—He recognised me, and said he wished finally to become a member of my church. After a short conversation with him on the doctrines of the church, he made his confession in the usual manner of Catholics. He then, in the presence of Mr. Stuart and his sister, Mrs. D. MacNab, in a strong and clear voice, made his full profession of the Roman Catholic faith, according to the formula used when Protestants become Catholics; whereupon I received him formally into the Roman Catholic Church. I remained altogether in the house several hours—at least from ten o'clock a.m. until 2 o'clock p.m.

The *Globe* reduces the whole matter in issue to the settlement of two questions. First, Was Sir Allan MacNab conscious and acquiescent on Thursday, when the Roman Catholic Bishop administered to him the rites of that church? Second, Was Sir Allan MacNab sensible when, on the Friday morning, he declared to the Rev. Mr. Geddes that he had a faithful member of the Church of England professing his belief in the death of Christ as the sole means of salvation?

The facts which I have above stated, prove sufficiently that he was sensible when I attended him, and will be fully sustained by the two foregoing witnesses—one of whom is a Protestant, the other a Catholic; and whose veracity will stand a test, more rigid than perhaps will that of my assailants. The *Globe* says that Dr. Craigie, of Hamilton, and Dr. Hamilton, of Dundas, agree in stating that "on Thursday Sir Allan could not give an intelligent acceptance to the rites administered by Bishop Farrell." No such testimony has been published, nor do I believe that either of these gentlemen has testified or will or can testify, that, on Thursday, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, noon, this was the case;—for it was between these hours that the essential parts of my ministry were performed.

The Rev. Mr. Geddes says that Sir Allan declared to him "in his clear and lucid moments," his desire to die in communion with the Church of England. When I attended he had more than lucid moments, but as Mr. Geddes thinks such moments to be quite enough to prove in which church the deceased desired to die, it is incumbent on him to prove that he, Sir Allan, had not even moments of lucidity, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 12 o'clock, noon, on Thursday. The evidence which, so far, has been adduced, does not, I apprehend, make out this part of the Rev. Gentleman's case. At this period, at least, I have shown that he was in perfect possession of his mental faculties.

After my departure, I am told the doctors held a consultation, and determined upon changing the patient's treatment. Morphine and other drugs, it is said, were administered, and if so, it is not in the least surprising that a change occurred thereafter. This will account for any change which Mr. Barton may have observed when he called late that evening. This was likewise stated by Dr. Hamilton to be the reason why Mr. Geddes was refused admittance that afternoon. Early on Friday morning, I was again sent for, as the messenger said that Sir Allan wished to see me.

When I entered his apartment, he recognized me, proved with me, and spoke to me, and requested me to remain with him. I gave him the benediction usually given in such cases. By this time, I perceived that he was becoming unconscious, for which reason, anxious as I was to administer to him the holy communion, I considered he was too delicate to receive that most holy of the sacraments of the church. I left between six and seven o'clock a.m. to say mass for him in the church. At noon, I learned, to my great astonishment, that the Rev. Mr. Geddes had been with him for some time, reading and praying. I deemed it my duty to proceed at once to the Castle, where I was informed that the Rev. Mr. Geddes had taken forcible possession of the room, notwithstanding the resistance of those in charge of the sick man. I was likewise told by Mrs. D. MacNab, and Mrs. Boulton, in the presence of Dr. Hamilton, who appeared to be of the same opinion, that Sir Allan was quite unconscious at the time. It was enough to justify me, that in his senses he joined the Catholic Church, and that since that he had not abandoned it. Certainly, if I believed that having the use of reason, he had relapsed from his profession of Catholicity, I would have retired immediately; nor would I, on any consideration, have officiated at his funeral. I have good reason to believe that he was not conscious when the Rev. Mr. Geddes was present on Friday; and indeed it was currently reported through the city, on that morning, that this was the case. I have, likewise, good reason to believe that even in this delirious state, he did not acquiesce in the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Geddes.

Mrs. Boulton and others who were present when Mr. Geddes says he asked the deceased the catalogue of questions which he published in his statement, did not hear Sir Allan give the answers attributed to him. These say that he was in such a condition that he could not understand or answer rationally the series of interrogatories with which Mr. Geddes plied him so vigorously, that the doctor then present thought them quite out of place. Indeed, one would naturally suppose from the manner in which the questions were put, as well as from their number, that the Rev. Mr. Geddes himself doubted whether the patient was in possession of all his faculties. It would be interesting to know whether that Rev. gentleman is on every occasion so vehement in his efforts to make the dying understand him when they are in their senses.

Mr. Geddes said from his pulpit that in Sir Allan's clear and lucid moments our dear departed friend expressed to me on his dying bed his desire to die in the pure and reformed faith of the Church of England. The public have a right to know what he means by "clear and lucid moments" and will, I think, ask the question whether Mr. Geddes does not by these very words prove that he himself is at least doubtful about the consciousness of the dying man.

I have now furnished my statement of at least what I consider material to the present controversy, and I feel satisfied that a discerning and unprejudiced public, will ere long from what has thus far been stated, see and admit that the charge brought against me, of having received the deceased into the church in a state of unconsciousness is without the slightest foundation. I have now simply to say in conclusion that the relatives to whom I referred in this statement as being cognizant of the facts and circumstances which are alleged to have taken place in their pre-

sence, are ready and willing to substantiate my statements over their own respective signatures, if it be deemed necessary. But I feel assured that what is above stated, will be satisfactory to the public, and that they will not seek to drag into the arena of newspaper discussions, the afflicted relatives of the deceased, who, we all feel, have other subjects calling for more serious discussion.

To the Editor of the *Hamilton Evening Times*, who throughout this discussion has shown me every fairness, I feel truly grateful. I trust that the journals which have attacked me so violently will honestly repair the injury by retracting their aspersions and inserting the above statement, which I believe will satisfy every unprejudiced mind that I perpetrated no 'outrage,' nor have I used any means 'dishonest and unworthy.' It will be seen that I acted in obedience to the call of duty, in accordance with the clearly expressed wish of the dying Baronet.

Yours, &c.,
JOHN,
Bishop of Hamilton.

Hamilton, August 16, 1862.

DESERTERS.—We learn that five privates from the company of the 60th Rifles, at present encamped on the island of Orleans for rifle practice, deserted on Thursday night, or early yesterday morning, carrying with them their full kit, rifles, accoutrements, &c. A pursuit party, consisting of an officer, sergeant and 20 men, has been despatched after them. We regret to see this disposition, amongst our brave troops, but have no doubt that some of the sneaking Yankee recruiting individuals, who are at present so plentiful throughout Canada, have been at work in this neighborhood. It would be well, therefore, for both the civil and military authorities to be on the alert, and if any these 'blood money' wretches can be caught, give them a taste of prison discipline to cool their ardor.—*Quebec Times*.

WHERE'S ALL THE MONEY?—Can anybody tell where all the small change has gone? Some say the rage for silver pitchers and mugs has melted up all the tin fourpences and crossed quarters. But a good deal of the change, we surmise, has gone to—*for Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers*. They cure your cough, sore throat, hoarseness and colds, in a very sudden manner. 25 cents a box.

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

Birth.
In this city, on the 15th instant, the wife of Wm. Wallace O'Brien, of a daughter.
In Ingersoll, on the 13th instant, the wife of Mr J. O'Neil, of a son.

Died.
On the 15th instant, at St. Roch's, Quebec, Jean Baptiste Lemelin, senr., ship-builder, aged 71 years.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.
Montreal, August 19 1862.
Flour.—Pollards, \$2.50; Middlings, \$2.60 to \$2.75; Fine, \$3.50 to \$3.60; Super, No. 2, \$3.80 to \$4.20; Super, \$4.70 to \$4.75; Family, \$4.80 to \$4.90; Extra \$5 to \$5.10; Superior Extra, \$5.20 to \$5.30. Bag Flour per 112 lbs, Spring Wheat, \$2.50 to \$2.55; Scotch, \$2.55 to \$2.60. Super Flour is in far demand and moderate supply, desirable parcels being firm at \$4.75. The lower grades are exceedingly dull, with a very considerable decline, on account of cessation of consumptive demand from the country.
Oatmeal per bbl, of 200 lbs, \$4.75 to \$5. Little or none in market.
Wheat.—Canada Spring, in ear loads, about \$1; Chicago No. 1, in cargoes, \$1.92 to \$1.93; Red Winter \$1.12 to \$1.14
Corn per 56 lbs, 45c, to 46c Dull.
Barley and oats, —No transactions.
Peas per 66 lbs, 75c, to 82c.
Ashes, per 112 lbs, Pots, \$6.30; Inferiors, 5c, to 10c, more. (less legal deduction) Peas, \$6.35.
Pork.—Mess \$16.50 to \$17; Thin Mess, \$9 to \$9.50; Prime Mess, \$9; Prime \$8 3/4 to \$8.50. All dull.
Hams, 7c, to 9c; Shoulders, 3 1/2c, to 4c.
Butter continues dull, the demand being almost exclusively for local requirement; we quote medium qualities 10c, to 11 1/2c; fine to choice, 12c, to 13c.
Lard 7 1/2 to 8c; in demand.

THE DIRECTORS & TRUSTEES OF SAINT PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM respectfully invite the Officers and Committee of St. Patrick's Society, the Officers and Committee of St. Patrick's Temperance Society, and the Officers and Council of St. Patrick's Literary Association to meet them in the SACRISTY of St. Patrick's Church NEXT SUNDAY, 24th inst. immediately after Grand Mass, on business of importance.
August 21, 1862

COLLEGE OF ST. LAURENT.
STUDIES will be resumed in this College on the 2nd of September.
J. REZE, President.
August 21

THE Opening of the Classes at the CONVENT of LACHINE will take place on the 1st of SEPTEMBER next.

WILL BE ON EXHIBITION
IN A FEW DAYS,
MEVOY'S NEW PICTORIAL
AND
MUSICAL EXHIBITION,
THE HIBERNICON,
OR
A Tour Through Ireland.

THIS splendid work of Art, just completed, will be opened in this city for the first time since its completion in a few days. It is painted on 11,000 feet of canvas, by the distinguished French Artists M. M. Duffo and Fouchier, and represents the principal Cities, Public Buildings, Magnificent Lake, Mountain, Sea and River Scenery of Ireland.

The Painting will be accompanied by Vocal and Instrumental Music by a Troupe of talented Artists, who will perform on the Harp, Piano, Violin and Harmonium.

The vocal Illustrations are selected from the immortal Irish Melodies, and will be sung by Eric's gifted child of song.
MISS KATE MACEVOY, accompanied on the Irish Harp by her Sister Miss MARIE, the accomplished Harpist and Contralto.
Master JOHN SPALDING will appear as Barney the Guide, and, with his Sister, Miss TERESA, sing several Comic Irish Songs and Duets.
MR. CHAS. MACEVOY Director of the MUSIC.
PROF MACEVOY Lecturer.

For particulars see posters and small bills.
NOTICE.
Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal.
Jun. 17, 1862.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, July 29.—The French Government has addressed, or is about to address, a circular to the European Powers that have recognised the Kingdom of Italy, urging the necessity of a general Congress for the definitive settlement of the affairs of that country.

PARIS, July 31.—The Patrie of this evening states that, in consequence of fresh information, orders have been issued by the Government for the energetic maintenance of a strict watch upon the Roman coast.

The same journal announces that very animated discussions take place in the conferences now being held at Constantinople on the Servian question, several of the Powers expressing divergent views upon the subject.

A letter from Paris says:—"The situation of the expeditionary corps now in Mexico, and the necessity of sending reinforcements as speedily as possible, naturally occupies the attention of the Government. A Lieutenant-Colonel, four Captains, four Lieutenants, and four sub-Lieutenants, belonging to the Infantry of the Guard, have been selected to be placed at the disposal of the General-in-Chief of the Mexican expeditionary corps.

A letter from Paris says:—"While the rumor of a meditated alliance with Russia continues to cause anxiety, it would seem that Austria is bent upon setting French feeling against her, as if to soften regret at her been made the victim of some meditated plan of policy.

Italy is kept on the qui vive by rumors that France is about to retire from Rome—that Austria will interfere to protect the Pope—that Garibaldi is about to land on the patrimony of St. Peter—and much more to the same effect, none of which we, for our part, believe. Meanwhile, we have given elsewhere additional proofs of the injudicious administration of the Piedmontese Government in the usurped provinces.

NORTHERN ITALY.—A letter from Turin, dated on the 23rd of July, and published by the Union, says:—"I believe we are on the eve of some serious event. Every indication I receive confirms that opinion."

An important letter has been published in the Paris Union addressed by Mgr. de Merode, Minister of Arms in the Cabinet of the Pope, to the Marquis of Normandy, contradicting certain statements made by Earl Russell when speaking of Italy in the House of Lords, on the 27th February last.

As to clothing, the French army does not strip the unfortunate people whom it arrests and disarms; it is not accustomed to such proceedings. What necessity could there have been to distribute clothing to the refugees in question? It may have perhaps happened, in very exceptional cases, that individuals covered only with old rags have received necessary clothing, especially during the present season.

SYMPATHY FOR THE SOUTH.—Extract from the letter of an English member of parliament, dated Paris, July 25.—"Sympathy for the Confederate cause is making marked progress here. The recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy is warmly advocated in all the circles I frequent, while England's declining to join France in friendly mediation with a view to stay the frightful civil war is attributed most unjustly, but, alas! too generally, to

sinister and selfish motives. But yesterday one of the French ministers (I must not name him) confessed to me that he, in common with several of his colleagues and other members of the Imperial Government, saw every day more plainly that, in the American question, the interests of France and England, far from being identical, were antagonistic and irreconcilable.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MARRIAGES WITHIN THE FORBIDDEN DEGREES OF RELATIONSHIP.—From a special study, presented by Dr. Boudin to the Imperial Academy of Medicine of Paris, on the 16th of June last, it appears that the proportion of deaf and dumb children born from first cousins married together is as 18 to 1 from ordinary marriages.

ITALY.—Italy is kept on the qui vive by rumors that France is about to retire from Rome—that Austria will interfere to protect the Pope—that Garibaldi is about to land on the patrimony of St. Peter—and much more to the same effect, none of which we, for our part, believe.

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braves Irlandais, ce sont de fameux garçons ceux-là! Moi, je les ai vus à Ancone, à Perouse, &c. Ah! diable ça ne demande que se battre." This is the way the Irish Brigade are spoken of here; and we must feel sure that the Catholic cause, so far as military honors, can be in no better hands.

The Correspondence of Rome of the 26th of July says that His Holiness receives letters daily from the Bishops prevented from being present at the Canonisation, and adhering fully to the Bishops' addresses. His Holiness has presented the Church of the Roman Seminary of St. Apollinare, on his feast with a magnificent missal bound in velvet, with gilding and a silver chalice of antique form, enriched with jewels and enamels, on which are represented facts of the ancient Testament and episodes of the Passion of our Saviour, and the emblems of the Brangalists. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, not having been able to reach Rome in time for the Canonisation, has presented a special address to the Pope, in which he says that "the securities of the false Arab prophet show themselves wiser on that point (the temporal power) than many unrepentant Christians."

The Giornale di Roma publishes this week two long supplements containing the list of the Faithful of Rome and a few other towns who have contributed to the St. Peter's Pence during the month of April. They contain 2,000 names, and the total amount of the offerings is 2,807 dollars.

NAPLES.—There are two Parliaments, no less than two Governments in Italy at the present time. There are the Senate, the House of Deputies, and the King's Ministers in the North, and there is Garibaldi with his shouting multitude in the South.

Garibaldi was, on the 19th, at Marsala, the scene of that famous landing which was followed by a series of exploits unprecedented in the world's history. The General, at the head of an innumerable crowd, repaired to the cathedral, where a Te Deum was sung in his honor, the Ambrosian hymn within the church, the Garibaldian strain without the doors.

On the 20th he went to the Virgin's Church, where mass was said by that dapper monk who made himself conspicuous as Father Pantaleo, Garibaldi's chaplain, a man who, if he be honest, has no reason to be very partial to the science of phylogony.

Excelsior.—To the telegram I thought it my duty to forward you this morning, I deem it right to add the following observations with reference to things in this part of the country.

The indifference, apathy, and perhaps even hostility to the new regime on the part of all the local authorities, the next to absolute want of troops and gendarmes on the spot, has caused local demoralisation to take gigantic proportions. At Ortona the prisons are left to the keeping of the National Guard which consist of peasants and artisans, who find their friends and acquaintances in confinement. They converse, send and receive letters, arms, &c., publicly.

"We learn from Vienna," says the Nord, "that the Austrian Government has made a last effort to effect a reconciliation with Hungary. M. Deak has been consulted on the programme which should serve as the basis of a compromise, and lead to the meeting of the Hungarian Diet.

The Vienna journals state that the King of Naples has purchased near the Austrian capital, for 100,000, the place of amusement called the "New World." The works necessary to convert it into a comfortable villa are to be commenced in a few days, and, according to orders given, it is to be completed by the 1st of January, 1863.—Star.

RUSSIA.—The official organ of the Russian Government gives a peremptory contradiction to the assertions of the French Press that the recognition by the Czar of the right of Victor Emmanuel to reign over the territories wrested by fraud and filibusterism from the Pope, the King of Naples, and the Dukes of Tuscany, Parma and Modena, was effected by the in-

fluence of the Emperor Napoleon. Don Alexander the Second considers this a compliment to his loyalty and honour. We were told that Holy Russia was the partizan of law and right and order; but it seems that this was a mistake or a misrepresentation, —the Czar only acknowledges right while it is might by its side; when right becomes weak it becomes wrong. Might, in fact, constitutes right in the judgment of the Autocrat.

Such are the questions I hear put every moment, questions in all men's mouths, for which no man here has a ready answer. Garibaldi's friends in Parliament, Crispi, Saffi, and others, profess they never knew anything about the General's movements after their meeting at Belgrate. If these gentlemen are to be credited, Garibaldi is now under the immediate and exclusive influence of the purest, most uncompromising Mazzinians, and his words truly, are only new rhapsodies of the favourite theories which have been dwelt upon for years by the inspired prophet of Young Italy.

There is no lack of people, in the meanwhile, who give credit to Garibaldi for deeper schemes than appear on the surface; who think he is either willingly acting, or that he is led by crafty advisers unwittingly to act, in conformity with the views of other people; that he is playing, or made to play, into the hands of the Turin Government, and of Napoleon himself. "It is for the interest, and it is the wish of Napoleon," these men surmise.

La Liguria, a weekly journal published at Genoa, says, "The Italian press manifests great apprehensions and dismay at certain revelations made by the Corriere della Domenica of Naples, to whose correspondence no small importance must be attached, seeing the authority from which it draws its information, as well as the fact of its suppositions having very often been completely verified."

The Persicorena of Milan publishes the following letter, addressed by a railway engineer to the Minister of Public Works, making some awkward admissions as to the state of things in the kingdom of Naples. The letter is dated from Ortona, July 21st, 1862.

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The loss by the St. Petersburg fires is estimated at £2,350,000. POLAND.—The Posen Gazette contains the following:—"The report of the discovery of a conspiracy at Warsaw is confirmed. The conspirators are young men who almost all belong to the working-class. They are divided into decuries, and each takes an oath of blind obedience to his chief.

UNITED STATES.—After the war—which is the first consequence of Abolitionism—we have already upon us bloody contention between white and black labor—the second issue of that insanity. The North is becoming black with refugee negroes from the South.

The Correspondent of the New York Daily Times, writing from the Camp near Harrison's Landing, Virginia, on the 20th July says:—"The ranks of the army have been awfully thinned; not so much by disease as by battle and constant skirmishing. It needs fresh men to fill up its ranks to the former standard. Any man may well feel proud to enroll his name as a member of a military organization which 'knows no superior.'"

There is but one way to stop this crying evil, for as it now stands cowardice is at a premium, and that is a plain, simple and effectual one. Let the Colonel of each regiment publish in the papers, printed in the section where his regiment was raised, the name of each absentee the ostensible cause for which he went home, and the length of his leave, thus:

John Smith, ten days leave—sickness. Thomas Brown, skulked away from his company—shot his finger off and went home without leave. Capt. Jones, left his company at the Battle of Fair Oaks—ostensible reason; sunstroke.

Two rather singular cases of remarkable escape from living burial are related as having occurred subsequent to the battle of Fair Oaks. The body of a Colonel was found on the field and brought in.—Arrangements were made for embalming it. The process includes the use of galvanism. The shock was given. To the astonishment of all the Colonel rose and walked forth. The other case was also that of a Colonel who was found dead on the field. In deference to his rank he was brought to the hospital and laid among the dead.

The Navy Department has information that the U.S. gunboat Pensacola, captured off North Carolina, a few days ago, the sloop Lizzie, from Nassau, sailing under British colors, loaded with salt, blankets, sheets, &c.

The recent disturbance created in New York by the grain shovellers is bearing its legitimate fruit. The telegraph announces the fact that a very serious disturbance occurred at Buffalo on Monday afternoon on the docks, caused by the Irish and German stevedores there demanding increased pay for their work, and preventing others from working at the old rates. The rioters at one time overpowered the police force. Finally a number of the ringleaders were arrested, but not until the revolvers of the police officers were used — and two of the rioters were shot, but not dangerously wounded. The mayor ordered the militia under arms, but fortunately their services were not needed.

The riot at Buffalo, on Tuesday did not arise from a question of wages, but from the dread of conscription, the Irish, German and other foreign laborers alleging that the Yankees had conspired against the foreign residents to force them into the army, and exempt themselves from fighting; a truth which is rapidly coming home to the foreign population throughout the country.

MISTAKES CONNECTED.—The editor of the Star of the West furnishes the following modest attempt at correcting certain rather wide-spread mistakes:

- It is a mistake to suppose that the subscription price of a paper is clear gain to the publisher.
It is a mistake to suppose that he gets his white paper for nothing.
It is a mistake to suppose that it is printed without cost.
It is a mistake to suppose that he can live bodily by faith.
It is a mistake to believe that it is easy to please everybody.
It is a mistake to suppose that the half cent or cent a week profit contributed by each paying subscriber, toward their living, buys the editors and proprietors, body and soul.
It is a mistake to suppose that two dollars a year entitles every reader to the repetition of his own opinions on every line.
It is a mistake to suppose that a paper is worth buying which contains only what one knows and believes already.
It is a mistake to suppose that taking and paying for a paper patronises it any more than a subscriber.
It is a mistake to suppose that money due for the paper would be as good to us in a year as it would be now.
It is a mistake to suppose that we would not be thankful for what is due us, and for new subscribers.

INFORMATION WANTED, OF THOMAS MURPHY and MARTIN MANEY, both natives of the Parish of the Roar, Kilkenny, Ireland; when last heard of, T. Murphy was in Steven's House, Broadway, N. Y., M. Maney, 40 miles from New York. Any information communicated to Ellen Burke, their mother, will be most gratefully received at No. 15, Aylmer Street, Montreal, C. E.

WANTED, FOR the female department of the Separate School, Perth, (a Lady having a Conventual Education is preferable), and holding a first class certificate. Application to be made to the undersigned, stating salary, &c.

H. S. GALLAGHER, Secretary, C. S. S. Perth, Co. Lunark, July 31st, 1862.

TEACHER. WANTED, by a young man, who has lately arrived from Ireland, a situation as TEACHER of an elementary English School; he can teach the higher order of subjects, viz., Algebra, Geometry, Philosophy, &c., with the ordinary course of literature. He can produce a certificate from the Training Establishment, Dublin, and another of promotion, from a Board of Inspectors, also an Agricultural Certificate. Apply at the True Witness office, Montreal, August 8.

SCHOOL, CORNER OF M'CORD AND WILLIAM STREETS.

MISS LALOR would take this opportunity to respectfully inform her friends and the public that she will continue her School at the above mentioned place. From her assiduity and care, she hopes to deserve a continuance of that patronage which she has hitherto enjoyed. Her course of instructions comprise: Reading, Writing, History, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, with instructions on the Piano Forte.

CONVENT, ESTABLISHED IN HUNTINGDON, C. E., Under the direction of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame

THIS institution will be opened for Boarders and Classes on the 2nd of September 1862. The course of Instruction will embrace the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, and the use of the globes; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight into Chemistry and Philosophy, Astronomy, Botany, Geology, Conchology, Music, Drawing and Painting. Every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-work will also be taught to the pupils. Differences of religion will be no obstacle to admission, provided the pupils conform to the general regulations of the house. No deduction, except for sickness, will be made in the terms which can be known at the Convent, or at the residence of the Rev. L. G. Gagnier in Huntingdon.

SECOND CLASS TEACHER. A TEACHER, holding a Second-Class Certificate from the Provincial Normal School of Upper Canada, desires an engagement. Good Testimonials. Address, prepaid, 'Y. Z.' Teacher, Toronto, C. W. Aug. 12, 1862.

FIRST CLASS TEACHER. A TEACHER, holding a First-Class Provincial Normal Certificate for Upper Canada, desires an engagement. Excellent testimonials from Clergymen and others. Address, prepaid, 'A. B.' Teacher, Toronto, C. W. Aug. 11, 1862.

CONVENT OF LONGUEUIL. THE OPENING OF THE CLASSES is fixed for the FIRST OF SEPTEMBER next.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL. No. 2 St. Constant Street.

THE duties of this SCHOOL will be resumed on THURSDAY, the 14th inst. at NINE o'clock A.M. A thorough English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education is imparted on extremely moderate charges. Parents who intend sending their sons to this institution are particularly requested to impress on their minds the absolute necessity of obedience to the order of the establishment, as no child is permitted to remain unless he give general satisfaction in his application and conduct. For particulars apply at the School. W. DORAN, Principal. August 14.

NOTICE. A YOUNG LADY of good connexions, well qualified to teach English, French, Music, and other accomplishments, is desirous of a situation as instructor in a respectable family, either in Lower or in Upper Canada. She is also well qualified as a Church Organist, and would willingly enter into an engagement in that capacity. For more ample information, apply to 'C. B.' at the Convent, Ottawa City, C. W. July 21, 1862.

THE PERFUME OF FASHION! MURRAY & LANMAN'S



THE cheapest, most delicate and durable of Perfumes distilled from the most fragrant of Tropical Flowers. For the Bath, nervous headache, dizziness, or oppressive heat, it is more refreshing than Cologne or Toilet Vinegar. For insect bites, the removal of Tan Freckles, Sunburn, &c. Also, as a wash for the Teeth and Gums, and for gentlemen after Shaving, it is better and pleasanter than any preparation extant, — and is justly called the LADIES COMPANION or TOILET REQUISITE. PRICE 50 CENTS in 4 Pint Bottles. AGENT:

R. J. DEVINS, CHEMIST. Next the Court House, Montreal. July 10.

ST. LEON SPRINGS MINERAL WATER.

THE undersigned begs leave most respectfully to intimate to his friends and the public, that he has established a MINERAL WATER DEPOT at 233 Notre Dame Street, (West opposite Shelton's.)

JUST RECEIVED, A Supply of the Celebrated ST. LEON, Fresh from the Springs. Orders for the same promptly attended to. PRICE: TEN PENCE per Gallon, delivered to all parts of the city. W. G. SLACK. May 22.

VALOIS & LABELLE. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

NOTICE is hereby given that Messrs. VALOIS & LABELLE have OPENED, at Nos. 18 and 20 Jacques-Cartier Place, in the Store recently occupied by Messrs. Labelle & Lapierre, a LEATHER and BOOT and SHOE STORE. They will also always have on hand an assortment of Shoemakers' Furnishings and Tools. NARCISSE VALOIS. SEVERE LABELLE. May 28.

TO SCHOOL TRUSTEES. WANTED a Situation by a young man as a First or Second Class TEACHER, in either town or country. Testimonials and References unexceptionable. Was educated in a Catholic College, from which he has Testimonials of character and ability. For further information, address by letter, (post-paid) 'C. S., Port Hope, Canada West,' stating Salary, &c. Feb. 6, 1862.

DRAWING AND WATER COLOUR PAINTING. J. F. NASH, (LATE OF LONDON, ENGLAND.) HAVING taken the Rooms lately occupied by Mr. Wood in the Bible House, 83 Great St. James Street, is prepared to give instruction in DRAWING and PAINTING in WATER COLOURS. Classes will be formed in the Morning, Afternoon and Evening to suit the convenience of all. Full information respecting Terms for instruction will be given at the Rooms (up one flight) Bible House, 83, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, Montreal. May 15.

GRAND EXCURSION TO THE FAR-PANED RIVER SAGUENAY! AND SEA-BATHING AT MURRAY BAY AND CACOUNA.

THE MAGNIFICENT IRON STEAMER "MAGNET," CAPTAIN THOMAS HOWARD, (Running in Connection with the Steamers of the Richelieu Company) WILL LEAVE NAPOLEON WHARF, QUEBEC, Every TUESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, during the Season, at EIGHT o'clock, for the SAGUENAY. To HAI HAI BAY, Calling at MURRAY BAY, RIVER DU LOUP and TADOUSSAC. No expense or inconvenience in exchanging boats at QUEBEC; in every instance, the Steamers are brought alongside of each other. This splendid Steamer is built in water-tight compartments, of great strength, and equipped with every appliance for safety, and acknowledged to be one of the best Sea-Boats afloat. She is fitted up with large Family Staterooms, most comfortably furnished, and in every respect second to none on the Canadian Waters. Return Tickets good for the Season at Reduced Fare, or any information may be obtained on application to C. F. MUCKLE at the Hotels, or at the Office, 31 Great St. James Street. ALEX. MILLOY, Agent. Montreal, June 17, 1862.

NEW BOOKS, PUBLISHED, AND FOR SALE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY D. & J. SADLER & CO., MONTREAL.

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

"We take pleasure in recommending this Series of Readers to the patronage of our Catholic Colleges, Schools, and Academies." — Extract from Bishop Spalding's Introduction.

"Chicago, December 9, 1859. "Dear Madam—Your Series of Readers will, I am convinced, supply a want long felt and acknowledged in our Catholic Schools. I cordially approve of your publications, and recommend them to the Schools of this Diocese. "J. JAMES, Bishop of Chicago.

"We can conscientiously recommend the Series for introduction into all our Catholic Schools, both as to style and sentiment." — Brownson's Review.

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THE METROPOLITAN THIRD READER. Beautifully Illustrated. 12mo., .. 0 45
THE METROPOLITAN FOURTH READER. With an introduction by the Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville. This is the best Reader for advanced classes in Catholic Schools ever published. There is a short biographical notice given of each author from whom the selections are made, preceding the lesson. 12mo., 456 pages, Price... 0 75
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- NEW PUBLICATIONS. 1. The Spanish Cavaliers. A Tale of the Moorish Wars in Spain. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadler. 18mo., cloth, .. 0 50
2. Elinor Preston; or, Scenes at Home and Abroad. By Mrs. J. Sadler. 16mo., cloth, .. 0 50
3. Bessy Conway; or, The Irish Girl in America. By Mrs. J. Sadler. 16mo., cloth, .. 0 50
Perry's Instructions for the use of Catechists. cloth extra .. 0 63
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THIS Institution, placed under the benevolent patronage of His Lordship the Right Rev. Catholic Bishop of Montreal, and of the Provincial Government, is intrusted to the direction of the Clerics de St. Victeur. The Classes will be RE-OPENED on the 16th of SEPTEMBER inst. at Outau St. Louis, or Mile End, near Montreal. The Course of Studies will last generally from 5 to 6 years, but it may be abridged according to the intelligence of the pupils, or the intention of the parents. The Deaf and Dumb, already advanced in years, or of a dull intellect, shall receive religious instruction only through the music language, and this in a few weeks. COURSE.—For Washing, Reading, Boarding and Tuition, \$7.50 a month, or \$75 a year, in four terms invariably paid in advance. Parents or Wardens, willing to place their children in this Institution may receive all the information they may desire, by addressing themselves to the Institution. Gentlemen of the Press, either in English or in French, are invited to advocate this charitable Institution for the interest of the poor unfortunate Deaf and Dumb.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SUMMER ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS. ON and after MONDAY, MAY 1st, Trains will run as follows:— EASTERN TRAINS. FROM POINT ST. CHARLES STATION. Mixed Train for Island Pond and all Intermediate Stations at .. 8.00 A.M. Express Train to Quebec (stopping there at 10.15) at .. 4.15 P.M. Mail Train for Portland and Boston, (stopping over Night at Island Pond) at .. 4.15 P.M. Mixed Mail and Passenger Train (with Sleeping Car attached) for Quebec, on arrival of the Day Through Train from Toronto, at .. 11.30 P.M. WESTERN TRAINS. FROM BONAVENTURE STREET STATION. Day Express for Ottawa, Kingston and Toronto, stopping only at Principal Stations, and connecting with Great Western Train for Hamilton, London, Detroit and the West, at .. 8.30 A.M. Mixed Train for Kingston and all Intermediate Stations, at .. 9.30 A.M. Mixed Train for Cornwall and Way Station, at .. 5.00 P.M. BY ORDER Montreal, May 6, 1862.

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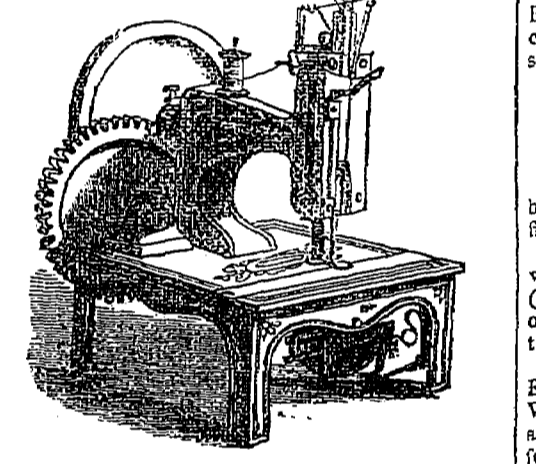
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TESTIMONIALS have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:— Montreal, April, 1860 We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind. BROWN & CHILDS. Montreal, April, 1860. We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use. CHILDS, SCHOLES & AMES. Toronto, April 21st, 1860. E. G. NAGLE, Esq. Dear Sir, The three Machines you sent us some short time ago we have in full operation, and must say that they far exceed our expectations; in fact, we like them better than any of I. M. Singer & Co's that we have used. Our Mr. Robinson will be in Montreal, on Thursday next, and we would be much obliged if you would have three of your No. 2 Machines ready for shipment on that day as we shall require them immediately. Yours, respectfully, GILLGATE, ROBINSON, & HALL.

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T. C. DE LORIMIER, Advocate, 31 LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, Will attend Circuits at Beauharnois Huntingdon and Soulanges. THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.

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M. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal. P. J. KELLY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, No. 38, Little St. James Street, Montreal, June 12.

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. NOTICE: THE undersigned EMIGRATION COMMITTEE of the Society will meet in their New Hall, BONAVENTURE BUILDING, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, from SIX till EIGHT o'clock P.M., to give ADVICE and ASSISTANCE to EMIGRANTS in need, and endeavor to procure employment for those of them who wish to remain among us. Parties, in town or country, who may be in want of Servants, male or female, or who can, in any way, give employment to the Emigrants now arriving on our shores, are earnestly requested to communicate with this Committee. PATRICK WOODS, BERNARD TANSEY, W P McGUIRE, PATRICK JORDAN, DANIEL LYONS, JOHN MURPHY. June 5.

REMEMBER THAT GUILBAULT'S BOTANICAL & ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN HAS BEEN REMOVED TO HIS SPLENDID NEW GROUNDS, Entrance by Upper St. Lawrence Main Street, or St. Urban Street, near the Nunnery. OPEN EVERY DAY—ADMISSION, 12 1/2 CENTS CANADA HOTEL, 15 & 17 St. Gabriel Street. THE Undersigned informs his Friends and the Public in general that he has made GREAT IMPROVEMENTS in the above-named Hotel. Visitors will always find his Omnibus in waiting on the arrival of Steamboats and Cars. The Table is always well furnished. Prices extremely moderate. SBRATINO GIRALDI, 5m. May 28.

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M. O'GORMON, BOAT BUILDER, BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W. Skiffs made to Order. Several Skiffs always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province. Kingston, June 3, 1858. N. B.—Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR. From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach. Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas. One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes. Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers. One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism. Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula. DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed. For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient. For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Sores; these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in. For Sore Legs; this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color. This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass. For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces. Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:— ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1856. Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors. ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB, Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum. ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. (SISTERS of ST. JOSEPH, Hamilton, C. W.)