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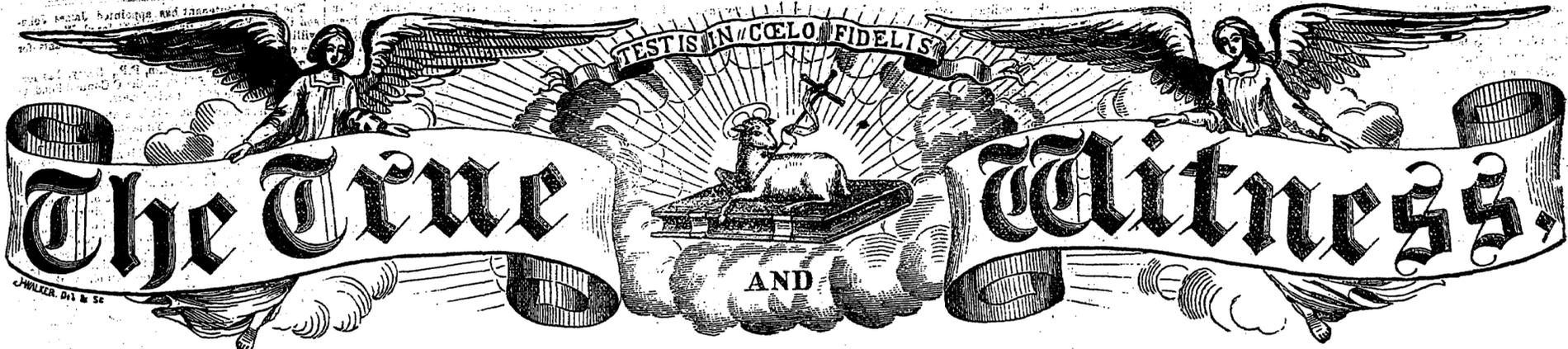
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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LORENZO; OR, THE EMPIRE OF RELIGION.

BY A SCOTCH NON-CONFORMIST, A CONVERT TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

Translated from the French by a Lady of Philadelphia. CHAPTER XV.

"My father," said Oswald, "was a minister of the Protestant religion, and very zealous for his faith. He was a widower, had no child but me, and he educated me with the greatest care. He had given me, for a companion, his nephew Adolphus, (son of his brother, who had, in dying, consigned him to my father's guardianship.) My uncle had, further, entreated that Adolphus might be brought up at my father's house, because, his wife being a Catholic, he feared that she would strive to weaken a religious belief, which was not her own.

"Adolphus, a little older than myself, became my idol. Our tastes and our sentiments were the same. I loved nothing as I loved him. His mother came often to our house, for my father observed towards her, all the attentions and politeness, which worldly policy prescribes. She lived in the practice of the most exalted piety; offering daily to God her repentance for the faults she had committed during her life, and breathing ardent wishes for the conversion of her son.

"We lived seven years together. My friend approached his twenty-second year. His health being delicate retarded his studies, and still, with increasing years, declined. The waters of Wisbaden were prescribed for him, and we set out for them. His mother, seeing that my father did not wish her to accompany us, journeyed alone, and remained in the town whilst Adolphus inhabited it.

"My expectations were disappointed. No hope was entertained of his recovery. One day, (I shall never forget it) my father was absent from home. We were alone, when Mrs. — (Adolphus' mother) called, and profiting by my father's absence, spoke earnestly to her son of his religious opinions. She told him that his life was in danger, represented to him the importance of an eternity of happiness or misery, and spoke of the novelty of the sect, which had gone out from the Catholic Church.

"Adolphus was naturally mild and docile towards his mother, whom he loved and respected; but upon the subject of religion, which she had often before essayed without success, he was inflexible. Neither her prayers, nor tears could move him. I was so affected that I joined my entreaties to hers. He cast upon me an indignant glance, and threatened to inform my father of it. 'I love my religion,' said I, smiling, 'and nothing can seduce me from it; but I do not see why you refuse to your mother's tears, the poor favor she asks. What harm can there be in asking God to enlighten you, to make known to you the truth, and entreating him not to let you die in error?'

"Adolphus was appeased. 'That prayer would imply a doubt,' said he, 'and besides, whatever happen, I will never change my religion.' 'Oh! my dearest Adolphus!' exclaimed Mrs. —, 'these last words condemn you. The sincerity of those in error is their only excuse before God; but if a doubt presents itself, and through human respect, you reject it, your conscience becomes your accuser.' This reply struck me; the tone in which it was said, made me shudder. 'In mercy,' resumed Adolphus, 'do not trouble my last moments.' This courageous mother triumphing over the violent combats, to which nature delivered her heart; 'What timid piety,' said she, 'must that mother have, who seeing her child sleeping at the edge of a precipice, and ready to fall, uses not every effort to snatch him from it, for fear of troubling his fatal repose?'

"The entrance of my father, whom we did not expect until the following day, interrupted Mrs. —. Although he might have attributed our tears to the condition of the dying Adolphus, he suspected another cause, and asked to be left alone with his ward. 'No,' said the weeping mother, 'I will leave him no more. He is my son! Who shall dare separate me from him?'

"Adolphus rose up in his bed, and throwing his arms round my father, I heard him say in a whisper: 'I am uneasy. I fear that my religion is not sufficient for salvation. Reassure me.' My father frowned, and indignantly reproached him with his weakness; spoke of the shame, which a change of religion would cause his relatives, and menaced him with all his anger, if he presumed to propose such thoughts to him; 'which could only be,' he added, 'the reveries of his mother and the fruit of her perfidious counsel.'

"Adolphus was silent. Mrs. — seized his hand, and no longer dissembling, she spoke to him openly before my father, who, with difficulty restrained himself. Never shall this terrible scene be effaced from my memory. Mrs. — supported her entreaties, with strong and conclusive reasonings, and spoke with all the mildness and tenderness of a disconsolate mother. My father, on the contrary, I am forced to acknowledge, used no discretion, and argued with all the

vehemence with which Protestant ministers usually accompany their exhortations. He strove to dazzle Mrs. — by subtle and specious sophistry, which she repelled by two or three principles only, to which she was satisfied incessantly to return: the necessity of reflection, the danger of the new ideas, and of retaining them when God instils a doubt of their truth. She afterwards supported her position by the fact that all the sects admit the security of the Catholic faith, and attacked my father by this same argument, which condemned his hatred of the Catholic Church.

"Adolphus preserved an unbroken silence. His mother then conjured him, for her peace of mind, to say only the prayer she had entreated of him, to ask God that he would deign to enlighten him, and not permit him to die in a false faith.

"My father hastily interrupted her, and hardening my unhappy friend, dictated to him a profession of faith, according to his views. Mrs. — seeing that he had but a few hours to live, cast herself on her knees, near his bed. My father took her in his arms and conveyed her by force, to an adjoining room, under pretext of sparing her the sight of the last moments and death of her son.

"My father returning abruptly, tore from him a last protestation of fidelity to his belief, and received his last sigh. They bore me away from the chamber. I was so struck, so agitated by the loss of my only friend, that I remained a long time, in a state of mental and almost physical insensibility. Mrs. —, whom I loved as a mother, no more approached our house. I soon learned, that, attacked by a violent fever, she lay dangerously ill. Nothing stopped me; and despite the stern prohibition of my father, I passed entire days with her, and attended her as the most affectionate son. 'Heaven will bless you, kind Oswald,' said she, the evening of her death. 'God will enlighten you, I am sure. Oswald, let me enlighten the thought, in dying, that you will remember me before God, when you shall have become a Catholic?'

"I promised her, bursting into tears, and I assured her that I would delay no longer to examine, thoroughly, the principles of her religion. She expired, after having received the sacraments of the Church, with the most edifying dispositions.

"I asked my father to place me at the university. I was twenty-one years of age. I urged a wish to study law, but, in reality, my abode at my father's house, had become excessively painful. I remained two years at Frankfurt, without being able to resolve upon the project which I had meditated on entering the university, and which I have at length executed. I suddenly decided to embrace the Catholic religion, which I had secretly studied at Frankfurt; and certain of the persecution of my father (taught by the fatal example of Adolphus), I did not wish to expose myself to it, and determined to repair to Spain, to a distant relative of Mrs. —, who would not refuse me his protection, and who was the better able to instruct me as he was bishop of B.

"You know the rest. But," continued Oswald, "what you cannot fathom, is the bitterness of an irremediable grief, which time, reason, faith, will only increase the more. To lose our friends for this life is but a passing evil, and the fate of humanity; but to think they may be lost for ever!—what power, human or divine, can soften a like affliction?'

"Our religion condemns no one, individually," said Lorenzo, "no one can pronounce that his brother is lost for eternity. We know that out of the Church, there is no salvation; but many are they who, by a want of opportunity to learn the truth, innocently adhere to error, and thus are in spirit members of the Church.

Oswald appeared less uneasy by these reflections. He told me that he had made a vow of celibacy, and that his intention was, (if God should give him grace), to enter the ecclesiastical state. We prevailed on him to remain with us, until he should have positive information from the bishop of B.

Some days after, he received a letter from the bishop, who loaded him with praises, and invited him, in the most affectionate manner, to come to his house, and promising to be his support, to be a father to him in whatever state he might embrace. It was not without regret that this interesting young man separated himself from us. He promised to write to Henry, and to give us through him frequent intelligence.

CHAPTER XVI.
He longed to reach Madrid. We immediately resumed our journey, and when scarcely arrived at M—, learned the death of the duke of Medina, who had left this inheritance to Edmund of Rosline, under the guardianship of Matilda and Henry. We spent two months at Madrid, after which we proposed to Henry to visit some other cities of Spain before leaving the country. We proceeded first to B—, where the bishop re-

ceived us with all possible cordiality and affection. We saw Oswald, who lived at the seminary, in the practice of every virtue. From thence we repaired to Bayonne, where Lorenzo visited the galleys. Two of his old companions were still there; the others having been removed. They shed tears of joy on seeing him. He ameliorated their condition, as much as was in his power. We accompanied Lorenzo to Silva's tomb, where he remained a long time in prayer; it was a simple monument, a marble slab and cross, bearing the following inscription: "Here, awaiting the resurrection, Don Silva, the friend and brother of the unfortunate. R.I.P." Lorenzo having concluded his prayer, arose, and we followed for some time in profound silence, which the remembrance of his friend forbade him to interrupt. He then entered the church with us, and there also he prayed a long time, shedding an abundance of tears.

I had become acquainted with Lorenzo at T—, not far from Bayonne. My stay in this latter place recalled many interesting circumstances of my life. The recollection of the marquis brought tears to my eyes. I related to Matilda and Henry our first interview with Arthur's brother. Lorenzo again visited, before our departure, the companions of his captivity, and experienced an enjoyment worthy of his virtuous soul, in the expression of their attachment, and the memory they had retained of him. We left for O—, where we remained some days, and then prepared to return to our own country.

Arrived in England, our first visit was to Lord Howard, duke of Norfolk, the generous friend and defender of Mary Stuart. He detained us at Dove Hill, his country-seat, which had a long time been the rendezvous of the partisans of the queen. We were enjoying in this retreat a delightful peace and tranquillity, when new troubles came to assail us. Lorenzo fell into a state of debility, which seriously alarmed us. He could not sleep, and ate barely enough to sustain life. A habitual paleness had replaced the brilliancy of his complexion; and the rose of health no longer bloomed upon his cheek. His usually calm expression partook now of languor; he appeared to understand his state better than we did, and seemed to think of nothing but preparing for death, by redoubling his fervor, and by the continued exercise of every virtue. He soon became the idol of the duke of Norfolk's family.—The mother of the duke, to whom I revealed the secret of his name and of sufferings, loved him in an especial manner. One might have passed hours with Lorenzo without suspecting his blindness. His animated and varied manner confirmed the impression first made. He raised his eyes towards those to whom he addressed himself, frequently elevating them to heaven, and inclined them again towards the earth when he collected his thoughts. His eyes had, moreover, preserved that feeling expression which comes from the soul, and the liveliness of his imagination rendered surrounding objects so present to his mind, that there was nothing in his looks undecided and vague. He rarely closed his eyes, except when some one read to him, and while he was at prayers.

We spent some weeks in entire solitude at Dove Hill. The already small number of the queen's friends diminished daily; and since she was a captive at Fotheringay, under the power of the queen of England, her defenders looked upon all their hopes as vanished. Leicester, who called himself of this number, soon became a base courtesan of Elizabeth, to whom he gave all the offers of service, which he had formerly made to her illustrious captive.

It was in this solitude that I enjoyed the advantage of Lorenzo's society. His weakness visibly increased, and he could not conceal the joy it caused him. He was so affectionate and kind to me, and took so sensible a pleasure in strengthening my faith, that I had more than the others an opportunity of studying the virtues of Lorenzo whom grace had so richly endowed. The duke of Norfolk honored him with particular esteem. We had informed him of Lorenzo's birth, at the suggestion of the latter; and he often said to me: "Since my acquaintance with your friend, I know better how to support my troubles. I am more faithful to God, and have greater power over myself."

I made the same remark in relation to Henry Walsingham, observing the progress he had made in piety, since his intimate friendship with Lorenzo. This was particularly apparent when I compared his resignation on learning the death of the marquis of Rosline, with the violent despair he had manifested at the sudden illness of his child. For myself, I felt each day happier, calmer, more disengaged from the things of this world, and stronger in eternal hopes. One evening, after we had retired to our room, Lorenzo asked me to read the fifteenth chapter of the third book of the Following of Christ. When I had finished, taking my hand, he said: "Sidney, if I had less confidence in the Divine Goodness which watches over you, I would be very uneasy for

my future life. It is probable that you will one day receive intelligence of Lord Seymour, perhaps of many other members of your family, and you will then find yourself in the midst of relations, all Protestants."

Leaning my head upon his hand, and rising with some agitation, "Hidalla," said I, "let me open my heart to you. For some time I have been troubled with the fears you have just expressed. I have weighed the greatness of the danger, with my weakness, and all that I owe to the grace which has saved me. It seems to me that I have found a resource, an asylum, a refuge, sheltered from the temptation of the ties of blood and nature. There are religious orders in Italy, France, and Spain; and I have already maturely reflected on the happiness of those who, blessed with this vocation, have the wisdom to respond to it."

Lorenzo was a moment thoughtful.

"The grace of such an attraction," said he, "has nothing to surprise me after all that has preceded it; and I have often remarked that those privileged souls whom Providence snatches from heresy, are at the same time called to a higher perfection. I," he added, with deep feeling, "had formed the design of retiring from the world to one of those happy solitudes, which religion presents to those who dread the tumult of the stormy sea of life, when he, whom I desired to serve, disposed otherwise, by calling me to Henry's aid. I believe that in this I have lost nothing for heaven, since God would, in this manner, receive the sacrifice which I had made of my family, the world and liberty. If I cannot sing his praises day and night in a monastery, my heart can bless the Almighty every moment of my life; and the mercies he has lavished on me, give me hope that my sacrifice has been accepted."

Lorenzo leaned his head upon his hands, and appeared unconscious of what surrounded him. Then rising, and turning from me, to conceal his tears: "Your soul," said he with animation, "is capable of knowing all the delights of the love of God!" After pausing awhile, he resumed, "but you are still so young, my beloved Sidney, that I pray you to reflect long, and to prepare yourself by the exact performance of your duties (which are, at present, confined to a narrow circle), for that angelical and interior life." "I have wished for a long time," said I, "to unfold my mind to you"—"and what restrained you?" I blushed: "the fear that, once informed of my dispositions, you would have required me to be too soon separated from you."

In saying this the tears flowed from my eyes, and he pressed me in his arms; "it you were some years older," said he, "I should, perhaps, have desired, before leaving this world, to see you fixed in some permanent state; but I would not press you."

As the thought of this near and inevitable separation made me weep, Lorenzo spoke words of peace and consolation; but, as I observed by his countenance that he was suffering much more than usual, my sadness increased, and I conjured him for the love of God, and in pity to me, to try to take a little repose. He endeavored to smile, and promised me to take more care of his health. I withdrew to my room, but could not close my eyes. Lorenzo, whose sufferings continued, prayed through the night, in a low voice, but with so much fervor, that I distinguished, in part, what he said. He offered to God, the entire sacrifice of his life; and I, to whom his life was so dear, supplicated with tears, his relief and restoration. It was difficult to know the nature of his sufferings; he never complained; and when his extreme weakness betrayed him, he had still a thousand reasons to quiet his fears.

CHAPTER XVII.

After some weeks' stay at Dove Hill, we bade adieu to the duke of Norfolk, whom we were never to see again. He shared the common fate of queen Mary's friends: the prison, the scaffold, and death. We repaired to Rosline castle, where we awaited the duchess of Salisbury, and the rest of the family. We referred this spot, because the north of Scotland was but little disturbed by political movements. But a few days after our arrival, Lorenzo took me aside, with Henry—"I feel, my dear friends," said he, "that the moment of our separation approaches"—"I am very happy," I exclaimed; "I would give a thousand lives to preserve yours, Lorenzo, and must it be?" "God wishes you still to remain upon the earth, my dear Sidney; and you should prefer the will of heaven to your own. Pray with me, that God will grant me the favor of soon rejoining my brother Arthur. And you, Henry, watch over Sidney, when he shall have but you alone." "That will not be necessary," I exclaimed, with strong emotion, "for I shall not survive you, and all the powers of heaven and earth"—"Moderate the strength of an affection altogether human," said Lorenzo, firmly placing his hand upon my mouth, "and," he added, whispering, "see what excellent dispositions for the project of the other day." I blushed;

my tears flowed abundantly, and I had not strength to reply. "Profit," resumed Lorenzo, "by the great examples which Divine Goodness has provided for you. Imitate Henry, Matilda?"—"And render yourself worthy of Hidalla," added Henry.

Before separating, Lorenzo entreated us not to speak to the duchess of Salisbury concerning Oswald. "She is already sufficiently unhappy," said he; "Oswald's narrative would recall the greatest of her afflictions." Tears glistened in Lorenzo's eyes, who turned away to conceal them, and quickly spoke of other things. Meanwhile the mourning which the death of the marquis of Rosline caused at the castle and in the village, produced a great excitement among us all, and made a strong impression on the duchess. She recalled to memory her two husbands, and Hidalla, her son. Her conscience reproached her with not having loved the latter as she ought. This want of maternal affection was a recollection full of bitterness, which the death of Arthur rendered still more poignant.

One evening, when the duchess appeared more sad than usual, she suddenly exclaimed, covering her face with her hands—"I have no longer a son!—Arthur, Hidalla!"—"But," I observed, "there is no certainty of Hidalla's death."—"Ah, do not flatter me; for five years he has given us no evidence of existence, unhappy child of a too guilty mother. Arthur, I can at least hope, enjoys a happier life; but my Hidalla, without a guide, without a stay, neglected by the authors of his days—ah! who, in his last moments, has supported, has consoled him?—I have never shown myself a mother to him, and I only hear that name, to lament him to the end of my life. His brother wrote to him, and showed that he, at least, remembered him, whilst I alone forgot him."

My feelings urged me to tell her all. Lorenzo, perceiving it, seized my hand, and whispered—"Respect my secret; what will result from your indiscretion? A short moment of enjoyment, soon to be followed by new regrets, and a separation more harrowing still."

The duchess wept bitterly. "Never," continued she, "can the memory of Hidalla prove a consolation to me. It seems to me, that I unceasingly hear him call me a barbarous and unnatural mother."

Lorenzo, falling on his knees beside her, bathed his hands in his tears. "Your son," said he, in broken accents, "loved you; he respected you; and firmly attached to the Catholic faith, which he had the happiness to embrace, he remained faithful to it. You will meet him in eternal life, where all whom you love shall be restored to you." "Angel of peace," said the duchess, "what soothing comfort you pour into my heart." Perceiving a death-like palor overspreading Lorenzo's face, I hastened to his aid. The recollection of the moment when Arthur recognized his brother, occurred to me. "No, madam," I exclaimed, "all the respect which I owe to Lorenzo's confidence is not capable of arresting me; and I believe that the grief you will experience in seeing the condition in which your son is restored to you, cannot equal the consolation of embracing him, and brightening his last moments by the cares of maternal tenderness! Yes, the angel before your eyes, is no other than your son Hidalla, whom self-denying maxims of religion, and a true disengagement from the world, have induced to remain unknown in his own family."

The duchess, in emotions that cannot be described, embraced Lorenzo, who was insensible. I entreated her not yet to reveal my indiscretion to Lorenzo, whom she continued to load with caresses. Having recovered, he asked who was with him. I replied, that I was, making a sign to the duchess to be silent. "Why," I continued, "do you persist, dear Lorenzo, in refusing to a disconsolate mother, the last comfort she can hope for in this world?"—"Ah! in pity, Sidney, regard my weakness; shake not my resolution; it is the last perhaps, and the greatest of my sacrifices." Then, taking my hand, "I have often regretted before God," he continued, "the obscurity and abandonment in which I lived at Bayonne, and at T—. Here, known to you, Henry and Matilda, I am cherished and tended with the most delicate affection. Is this, Sidney, that life of abjection, and renunciation, which I promised God to embrace? See here the last and only occasion that remained to me, to prove my love to Him who has heaped so many graces upon me; allow me, then, to offer Him this privation, which costs me so much. I will be with my mother, I shall serve her, and offer her all the consolation of religion; but she shall not call me her son; I will not render myself the object of her tenderness; Lorenzo does not merit this favor: he will die as he has lived; unknown and obscure; but never so much so as he would have desired."

Seeing him exceedingly weak, I induced him to partake of some nourishment, and to repose a little. I gave him a cup of milk: this was all

he had been able to take for nearly two months. I then led him to his room. He seated himself on the edge of his bed and began to pray. He requested me to leave him alone. I returned to the parlor where I found Henry, Caroline, Matilda, and the children. I concealed from them nothing of what had just passed; and the joy of the duchess and Caroline seemed to divert their grief. Mr. Bellingham, however, strongly recommended me not to let Lorenzo know that I had divulged his secret; Mr. B. knew, better than we, his virtuous soul. He knew all that it had required to dissuade Lorenzo from returning to a state more isolated, and more painful to nature. Mr. B. suggested that he might withdraw himself secretly, and remain for ever concealed from our knowledge, if he should learn that his mother knew him. We promised to act according to Mr. Bellingham's wishes. On retiring, I carried a little milk to Lorenzo, who was still praying. The duchess, who had accompanied me, seated herself in an arm-chair, keeping her eyes fixed upon her son, and seeming unable to withdraw them. She took a little tea with me, and remained conversing a long time. Lorenzo was calm and friendly as usual.

Some days passed peaceably. The duchess was so happy in the presence of her son, that she submitted to all that we desired for Hidalgo's sake. I related to her his whole history, without, however, compromising Lord Walsingham. She comforted herself for his loss of sight, by the satisfaction of being able to be always with him; often even when he wished to be alone, her presence not being discovered. As she had always manifested towards him a particular affection, she formed each day new pretences to give expression to her tenderness, and to lavish upon him every attention.

One evening, Lorenzo, believing himself alone with me, spoke of his mother with evident emotion; of her Christian virtues, and her care of him, doubtless for the love of God. "She cannot," he added, "have other motives for interesting herself in a poor galley slave, whom her son, Arthur, has freed: for I have not concealed this circumstance from her." "O Hidalgo!" I exclaimed, "is it not one and the same thing, to know you and to love you; and, moreover, nature never loses her rights, although veiled in ignorance. A thousand times," I continued, "in order to try him, a thousand times have I been tempted to unravel this mystery, to which you attach so much importance; and procure you the gratification of calling the duchess by the sweet name of mother."

"Cease, Sidney," said Lorenzo, with unusual gravity, "the secret of a friend is inviolable;—and, besides, if you were capable of abusing my confidence, I know my duty, or rather what my engagements to God impose upon me. I know how to escape from my own weakness; think that I forbid you!"

Then suddenly pausing, and falling at my feet—"Lorenzo has no power to forbid," he resumed, with a touching sweetness, "he is your slave, the Marquis of Rosine gave him to you. But this slave, whom you have ransomed, entreates, conjures you not to make him regret his former captivity, by an indiscretion, which will destroy all the happiness he enjoys." "Great God!" I exclaimed, endeavoring to raise him, "you, Hidalgo, friend, my guide, you who are everything to Sidney! Ah! it is well for me to submit my entire will to the slightest intimation of yours."—"I pressed him to my heart—"I love my dependence," said he, smiling; "it is all my delight. I suppose still, that this remnant of sacrifice is agreeable to God."

He did not suppose that his mother had been witness of this interview, and he concluded by entreating me not to insist any more upon this point, declaring with great emotion that, in the present state of his health, it produced an inward struggle, which he was not in a condition to bear. These last words had the effect he desired, and from that time I forbore all allusion to so delicate a subject.

We passed holy week at Rosine castle, in the most profound recollection. Never can I describe the impression which the sacred ceremonies of that solemn time made upon me, the distribution of palms, the tenebræ, the adoration of holy Thursday, and the veneration of the cross. My soul expanded to these new sensations, and our holy and divine religion there established its empire on immovable foundations. The residents about the castle were not infected with religious error. Arthur's father had been the first of his name to renounce the Catholic faith. The conversion and death of Arthur, joined to the virtues of the duchess, had soon repaired the evil occasioned by the apostasy of Arthur's father. I observed among the people, a pure and solid faith, and a practice conformable to their belief. I blessed heaven for it, and, with Lorenzo, prayed for the preservation of this precious faith in our unhappy country, the southern portion of which began to witness the progress of heresy.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE BISHOP OF OXFORD AND THE CONFES-SIONAL.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

From the history of Protestantism, during the past three hundred years, one might suppose that its numerous change of Faith had been exhausted; that no new form of religious profession could now be devised which it had not already adopted; and hence that after the cycle of varieties which it has completed up to the year 1858, it would recommence the old orbit and exhibit again all its past phases. Recent events, however, in this strange "persuasion" prove that newer modifications of creed, heretofore undeveloped, have been discovered within the last two months; and thus a valuable addition has been made to all the former modes of salvation! The last discovery, or as it might be well expressed in play-bill phraseology, "positively the last," is no other than a singular return to Popery. It is an approach to our Auricular Confession: an attempt to connect themselves before the public with our Sacrament of Penance. They fancy

that if the present move succeed, they will appear part of our Church like a third class carriage on a railway, and will be able to travel at will, and at pleasure, to the Catholic train. But this strange delusion, all the other past devices, must all be every effort to dress Luther in the robes of Saint Patrick is such a fraudulent cheat that it will be always detected, and the authors of the forgery covered with public ridicule and contempt. But yet there is an inspiring hope in this last Anglican variation. It proves the restlessness of their present religious opinions; demonstrates the existence of their public palpable doubts; argues their conviction of being in practical error on Gospel truth; and may ultimately lead them to seek the true light and the secure road of the Catholic Church. Many, very many, glorious names, once the pride and the boast of their Universities, have been led, by similar uneasiness, to investigate the solid titles of the ancient Altar: have been converted from their former profession of Faith, and are now acknowledged and venerated amongst the brightest ornaments of the Catholic Church.

The interminable changes of Protestantism, although deplorable to its professors, still furnishes to mankind a most important lesson of valuable instruction. It proves by the eloquence of the dismal facts of ages, that the want of a Supreme Shepherd over the universal flock must ever end in the dispersion and ruin of the flock; and hence the number and the folly and the perils of the modern forms of European Protestantism are so many practical arguments to demonstrate the advantages of Catholic official unity, and to knit in firmer bonds, the invincible undividing source of our strength—namely, our undivided allegiance to the universal Head of the Church. From the year 1517 to the year 1558, the "Reformation" successively adopted four different and even contrary creeds: their Ritual denominated their Clergymen as "Minister," and their laymen as "Protestants." They ridiculed the practice, as they called it, of "greasing" the Bishop by consecration; and they laughed at the rite of clerical ordination. Their ecclesiastical records prove their denial of both. They have successively expunged the Seven Sacraments: rejected several Books of the Old and New Testament: transformed Religion into a human institution and placed it under the direct control of Parliamentary legislation. They stripped it of all external forms, denuded it of all self-governing power, and circulated its mutilated copy like the London Gazette, to be interpreted according to the prejudices, the passions, the caprice, the ignorance, the vice of the multitude. So far from restraining the evil tendencies of human liberty, this system has encouraged the extravagance of its license: and as all men of experience and religion now admit, it has covered the nation with infidelity, and has flooded society with the grossest immorality and crime. In the present state of fallen nature, what other results could be expected from a printed dead letter, without power to restrain, without authority to enforce, without a head to guide? If the truths of natural science, which are within the range of our reason, require the presence of the master and demand the authority of a head over the pupils what must be expected from the human mind when left to its own liberty in matters of mystery, which are placed beyond the powers of human reason, and can only be learned and believed on Authority and by the gratuitous gift of Faith. This Authority being wanted, and perhaps the grace being not called for, infidelity and crime must ever be the evident and disastrous results of this Biblical Latitudinarianism. If the history of modern England be tried and tested by these principles, the moral and Christian character of the nation will be found a rigid practical conclusion of the premises here laid down. As the "Reformation" advanced, progress of time demonstrated that the Reformers had carried their theory and their definitions too far: that the things could not be claimed by any persons unless those who were rightly consecrated and duly ordained: and that these individuals, too, must be attached to some institution called a Christian Church. Hence there appeared suddenly a deluge of pamphlets proving the consecration of Bishops and the ordination of Priests. Again, their Ministers began to be called "Priests," and the laity assumed the name of "Catholics." Moreover, the Reformed Church is now denominated the "Catholic Church;" while we, in order to carry this new frolic to the climax of ridicule, are now called by these cameleons of the Lord, by the name of apostates and heretics!

Having attempted to throw down the old Church, and having built an entirely new structure in its place, the result is a complete failure. Every stratagem has been tried to remedy the mistake: yet still every effort proves abortive. The Clergy are embracing Catholicity; the people are flying from this modern Babylon, and their conventicles are becoming more deserted every day. In this rapid decline the Protestant Alliance undertook to procure funds and to organise an Association, which by its zeal, influence, and money, might prop up and maintain the falling fabric. They visited every part of the empire, collected the scattered adherents of their system, examined the vital principles of its practical working, drew up a report: and the reader will not be surprised when he will have been informed that from this unspectacular report there are six millions and upwards of persons professing nominal Protestantism, who never go to Church or any house of worship: and who are ignorant of the first principles of Christian doctrine! In view of this painful but anticipated result, the Clergy finding that they have lost all hold of the respect or the obedience of their congregations, have, during the past year, adopted the new dodge of introducing amongst them the practice of "Auricular Confession." They fancy this scheme will give them a firm dominion over the conscience of the people, and will bring back their forfeited authority and restore their wandering flocks. All those who have read this Journal are aware of the late Correspondence on this subject by the Bishops of London and Oxford. But the learned Bishops need have no fear of the practice of Auricular Confession becoming general in the Protestant Church. Amongst the many objections which might be urged against "the Auricular Confessors" some Peritians would, perhaps, take exception to their singleness, their youth, their fashion: others might not like their married condition: but all would assuredly resist this Jewish practice, believing as they do, that the would-be-Protestant fathers had no power to forgive sin. In writing to some Clergymen on this innovation in the Protestant Church, the Bishop of Oxford could not refrain, while composing his circular, to make a fling at the Catholic Church. In this oblique attack of the Bishop, he gives the public a

clearer view of his temper and bigotry than of his studies and learning; and although I shall not in this place enter into any lengthened dissertation on this important subject, I shall say enough to show that Catholicity is the only true and rational religion, and that the "Reformed" Church, the sum of the Bishop's remarks in reference to what he calls the "Roman Church" may be reduced to one sentence. His Lordship asserts that the practice of "auricular confession with us is a late invention: and that the assumption of the power of God in forgiving sin is naked blasphemy."

I shall take up each of these points briefly and seriatim. I must premise, however, that the word "confess" in the Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin Vulgate, &c., means, in its philological acceptation, "to speak, to utter words, to publish in the presence and in the hearing of one or more persons." From whence it follows that when such a publication, such a confession of sins is made in the hearing of a third person, with the consent and approbation of such third person, these two individuals are beyond all doubt, engaged in the fact, and in the office of auricular confession. I must also add that in every part of the Scriptures, where mention is made of the premises referred to, the words employed on this point are always to confess sins, not sinfulness. From whence we conclude that in all the instances stated in the Scriptures, whether of the Apostles, teaching, commanding; or of the people speaking, it was not the vague state of the soul or the undefined sinful habit, which formed the matter of the confession. No, it was the defined, detailed number of sins so clearly, so judicially expressed in the one, unvarying, uniform phrase of "confessing sins." Now, we discuss the modern invention of auricular confession!

"When a man or woman shall have committed any of all the sins that men are wont to commit, they shall confess their sins."—Numbers, v. 6th.

"He that hideth his sins shall not prosper; but he that shall confess his sins shall find mercy."—Prov. 28, v. 13.

"Be not ashamed to confess thy sins."—Eccle., 24, v. 31.

"John the Baptist appeared in the desert, baptising and preaching the baptism of Penance for the remission of sin: there went out to him all the country of Judæa and all they of Jerusalem; and were baptised by him confessing their sins."—St. Mark, l, v. 5.

In the foregoing text the Bishop of Oxford will learn that the practice of Confession was adopted by the Jews before the era of Christianity: that the people from the country and from the capital of Judæa went into the Desert, to John the Baptist, to whom personally and individually they all confessed their sins; and who, beyond all dispute, heard their confessions. As John was, by the testimony of our Lord himself "the greatest ever born of woman" and as he unquestionably practised Auricular Confession, the Bishop of Oxford will find it rather difficult to persuade his dupes that Auricular Confession is a modern Roman invention. Amongst the Jews it was a type of the glorious reality of the New Law; it kept up their faith in the coming perfection of the New Revelation; it awakened their sorrow for sin: it earned renewed grace for the soul, led to perfect contrition, and thus obtained the remission of sin.—So far for the testimony of the Old Law. Now we arrive at the time of the Saviour and the Apostles, from whom I shall select some few texts for the satisfaction of his Lordship of Oxford.

"If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all iniquity."—John, i, v. 8.

"Confess your sins one to another, that you may be saved."—James, v. 16.

God had reconciled us to himself through Christ: and hath given us the ministry of reconciliation.—St. Paul, 2nd Cor., v. 18.

Many of them that believed came, confessing their deeds."—Acts 19.

In the first of the foregoing texts Saint John publishes in the new law, the fact that a compact has been made between God and the sinner: by which compact, God pledges His faith and His justice to forgive our sins on His part, provided we on our part confess our sins. In the second text Saint James meets the objection, namely, how could men forgive men? in the clear words of confessing one to another: and he thus adds to the statement of Saint John, that the forgiveness of sin, asserted by him, is obtained by confession from man to man. In the third text, Saint Paul uses the word "reconciled" in reference to the compact of atonement, between Christ and his father; and the Apostle declares, by using the same word in reference to the Apostles, that they hold the same official power, between Christ and mankind. The whole text is too clear to admit of the least cavil: and hence it follows that the type of the old law is a recognised reality in the new Revelation: and that the power which the Baptist exercised in image, has been given in solid real completion to all the Apostles. Hence the text in the Acts of the Apostles, namely, that the Christian after having been baptised, and having believed, came to the Apostles, confessing their deeds. From the foregoing texts the Bishop will learn that all the Apostles heard "Auricular Confessions;" and moreover that they exercised the same ministry between man and Christ, which Christ exercised between himself and his father. This ministry of the Redeemer was not an image or a type, nor a form, nor a metaphor, but a real, substantial forgiveness of all human transgression against God. These remarks will, I fancy, satisfy the mind of the reader, on the assertion, where I stated, that the English Protestant Bishop has evinced far more candour than Christian learning in his random assault on our Sacrament of Penance.

The circumstances and the language under which the Apostles and their successors received the command of hearing auricular confession and the power of forgiving sin, develop the happiest scenes in the intercourse of Christ with the Apostles. The warrant, if I may so speak, by which he communicated these exalted, godlike powers, is contained in a variety of passages which establish this supernatural prerogative with a force equal to the conviction we feel of his life, his death, his resurrection, his ascension.

Firstly—When Christ said to the man sick of the palsy, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," the Jews murmured: to whom he immediately said, "Whether it is easier to say thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say arise and walk; but that you may know that the son of man hath power on earth to forgive sin, arise, take up thy bed and walk."

Again, breathing on the Apostles, he said, "All power is given to me in heaven and earth, receive ye the Holy Ghost."

Thirdly, saying to Peter, "Thou art Peter and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven. And whatever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven."

Fourthly, addressing the Apostles, on an occasion the most touching perhaps of his whole life, he said, "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

In all these legislative enactments he is pleased to adopt such a course of reasoning, such a proof of his own power, as in kindness to appease the wonder of the Apostles while receiving from his lips such an omnipotent commission. First, he expresses the amount of his own power, next to him by his Father in Heaven and earth. Next he proves to them by the cure of the palsied man that, even as man on earth, he has power to forgive sins. Further, he communicates to them the Holy Ghost to reside permanently with them, as the source of the power he was about to communicate. And lastly, he solemnly declares that they have the same power as himself to loose and to forgive the sins of the Christian world. In the entire investigation of this extraordinary power we are delighted while we are compelled to admit that no promise made during his mission has

been published with more God-like solemnity than the warrant under which the Commission has been given. And, in addition to this, the solemnity of the promise, as often as the words of the Lord are uttered, "Whatsoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven," will be proved by the power of the Catholic Church, in the Protestant Book of Common Prayer, the service for the sick, contains the Catholic doctrine on this point: so that the Bishop orders to be read for the sick, dying man, the doctrine which he condemns in us: the very Article of Faith which he declares as blasphemous in us. Thus, the Minister is ordered to repeat an Act of Faith for the sick man, which concludes with these words:—"I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the remission of sins, the resurrection of the flesh, and life everlasting." And the Minister then offers the following prayer:—"Oh Lord Jesus Christ who hast left power to his church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee these offences: and by thy authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins."

If the Bishop have sense, let him expunge from his prayer-book the sham creed which he puts in the mouth of the sick man, yet which he condemns as blasphemy: and if he have any remnant of shame left, let him be ever silent on the profession of a faith, which has been devised by men of flagrant moral turpitude: which is the creature of parliament: which is the product of spoliation, and which is a forgery on revelation, and a libel on the character of God.

September 2. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CARDINAL'S VISIT TO KILKENNY.—On next Monday the city of Kilkenny will be honoured by the presence of his Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. On Sunday he will preach in Carlow on behalf of the House of Repose, under the management of the good Sisters of Mercy in that town; and, on the following day, his Eminence will arrive in this city, on a visit to his aunt, Mrs. Butler, of St. John's-place. We need not add that every mark of respect which it is possible for Catholic Kilkenny to bestow will be paid to this illustrious Prince of the Church on that occasion; more particularly as his Eminence may now, like O'Connell of old, boast that he is the best-abused man in the empire. But, in proportion as the organs of Protestantism abuse and revile this illustrious dignitary, so will the ever-Catholic people of Ireland honour his Eminence; and we feel confident that this historic city will give him a reception equal to that which it gave Rinuccini of old, when he marched in triumph through our streets, amid the pealing of bells and the acclamations of the multitude.—Kilkenny Journal.

There are many reasons why the Irish people should give his Eminence a triumphant ovation, and a rapturous welcome. He is eminently entitled to our homage from his deep science and exemplary piety, as well as his princely station in the Church. An additional reason may be found in the contrast which the character of his Eminence offers to that of the so-called dignitaries of the heretical Church. They do not sympathise with the poor—they hate and denounce them as idolaters, and contribute to their extermination by inveighing against the "Papists" when addressing their aristocratic congregation.—They do not patronise the fine arts—they execrate their humanising influence from the narrow prejudices of an erroneous and crabbed sectarianism.—Beside these wretched hirelings—who fly when the wolf cometh—the lofty and princely amplitude of his Eminence's character rises with pre-eminent lustre. The Parsons care little for those grand and ennobling arts, painting and sculpture—they take thought in preference as to how best to scrow the title renounce from their unwilling disciples. Instead of preaching truth, and elevating the holy crucifix, they scream blasphemies, and madly flourish the soup ladle. The mean and malevolent character of these men serves as a foil to render more conspicuous by the contrast the suavity and amenity of the amiable character of this Prince of the Church, as the ferocity of the wolf awakens an additional tenderness for the gentleness of the lamb. Protestantism in this country has its recollections, but oh! how different from those of the True Church. It has made a deep impression on the minds of the people as something at once horrible and crafty, sanguinary and mean. The emancipation of poverty through the stern instrumentality of armed violence, the exhortation of the poor and the aggrandisement of opulence—in short, the terrible history of Protestantism in this country contributes by its contrast to make his Eminence's visit doubly welcome to the Irish heart. Our Parsons sometimes display a specious refinement of manners, but they shamefully shirk the most sacred duties, and though ever eager for mammon, fly appalled from the ghastly face of pestilence and the squalid couch of dying indigence. Their unprincipled renunciation of duties endears to the Irish people the noble aspect of tender charity and the exemplary piety which his Eminence displays; as to the solicitude of the true shepherd is doubly gratifying. For these reasons the progress of his Eminence through Ireland has been a continued ovation. But above these, his own individual character has made him welcome. His exquisite intellectual culture—his long intimacy with the refined society of the capital of the Christian world—the elegance and urbanity which polished and matchless society alone communicate—his eloquence of language and dignity of aspect, his humanity, and learning, and accomplishments have all contributed to insure his Eminence that triumph which his holy and lofty station alone richly entitle him to.—Tribute.

GALWAY AND NEW YORK.—ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE.—We are much pleased to announce that first-class berths for eight young Missionary priests, from the above inestimable college, have been engaged in the "Prince Albert" on her next voyage, by the Very Rev. Mr. Rush, at the West Cove, for the United States and British America. This is a feature in the intercourse between Ireland and America which is peculiar to both nations. Irish priests must accompany the Irish people as long as a policy of emigration prevails, and the propagandism of Catholicity in the United States will be through the medium of Irishmen and women.—Galway Vindicator.

It is very confidently rumored in Ecclesiastical circles that Lord John Bessford intends resigning the Archbishopric of Armagh, and that, in all probability, he will be succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Singer, Bishop of Meath, who is one of the leaders of the Evangelical party in Ireland. The Archbishop was born in 1773, and is consequently 85 years of age.—He was consecrated Bishop of Cork in 1806, translated to Raphoe in 1807, to Clogher in 1813, to the Archbishopric of Dublin 1820, and to Armagh in 1822. The annual value of the appointment is £14,400, and the Archbishop has fifty-six livings in his gift.—Star. (Fourteen thousand a year and nothing to do is too good a thing to resign!)

The Kerry Post, having stated that the Rev. Dr. McDonnell, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, had been in the habit of frequenting the Catholic Cathedral at Killarney, with his family, he writes to the papers to say that he never attended Mass, only occasionally visited the cathedral himself, and that it was at the evening service only that some of the family were present.

Charles Blakeney, Esq., barrister-at-law, well known on the O'Connell circuit, and universally esteemed for his professional knowledge and tact, has obtained a government situation, with permission to practice as counsellor in Sidney. The learned gentleman sailed for Liverpool on Monday, 30th ult.—Boyle Gazette.

The Lord-Lieutenant has appointed James Johnson Clerk, Esq., and Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. Fitzwilliam Linnell, Esq., as Joint Commissioners for the county of Wick, to inquire into the claims of the O'Connell Fund, as the contribution of his parishioners.

THE TIPPERARY BANK.—It is stated that the unfortunate creditors of the Tipperary Bank, who trusted to the chance of settlement by compositions, have received two dividends amounting together to 3s. 6d. in the pound.

The picturesque little village of Belleek during the past few months has become a scene of unusual activity and bustle of preparation, owing to the discovery of a valuable and prolific bed of mineral substance requisite for the manufacture of porcelain on the banks of Lough Erne, above Castleadwell. It is due to the enterprise of a Dublin commercial gentleman of the highest respectability that this discovery has been turned to account, and there is every reason to anticipate that the speculation will prove a remunerative one.—Ballyshannon Herald.

THE HARVEST.—The weather for the past week has been, upon the whole, favourable; but in some localities more rain has fallen than could be desirable, consequently some accounts—especially from the northern counties—speak in less sanguine terms than previously of the prospects of the harvest. The following is the monthly report of the Londonderry Journal, one of the most trustworthy authorities upon agricultural matters:—

"The crops and the harvest have now proceeded far enough to enable the northern farmers to form a correct opinion of most of the proceeds of this year's returns of agricultural produce; and, though the weather has been very unfavourable for some days, the earliness of the season is a pretty certain guarantee that no injury will result from that cause."

"Most of the wheat crop is now cut, and about one-half of it secured. The spring and summer had all the indications of being highly suitable for maturing a full crop of this grain in our climate, and yet it is not so. Both in quantity and quality it will be in most places much under last year. It may reach an average, but that will be the utmost that can be looked for. Oats are well spoken of, though at one time it was held that they would be short and unproductive; there is, however, a fair average of straw, and, wherever the grain has been thrashed, a perfectly satisfactory account of the yield. Potatoes were never better. The only year since 1845 that could compare with this was 1855, and even in it they were not so generally good. This is a fortunate circumstance, when we take into account the large breadth of land cultivated with them; and, if they had been cut off, as we still hold they are liable to be, the consequences, though not so bad as formerly would have been severely felt. Unless there is a large export demand potatoes must be low priced. The rain came in due time to promote the growth of turnips. They are now well grown in the tops, but a little late in producing bulbs. As a whole they appear much better than at the first of September last year; and, unless the autumn should be unfavourable, they will reach a good average. Flax, with a few rare exceptions, cannot be called a general good crop. Its cultivation is rapidly declining in the northern part of the county of Derry. We have not heard of any want of hands to secure the harvest, but they are just scarce enough to ensure good wages and full employment for every one who can work. Plenty of potatoes, cheap bread, and ample remuneration for all industrial employment, now bless the rural districts in the north of Ireland."

From the west reports are of the most satisfactory character. The Galway Vindicator of yesterday gives the following glowing account of the prospects of plenty in that quarter:—"We believe we do not exceed the truth in any manner when we say that the harvest of this year promises to render as abundant a yield to the husbandman as any within the last quarter of a century, and will be gathered in as good and safe condition. The recovery, or resuscitation if we may so call it, of our national eculeut the potato is this year an unquestionable fact, though we are sorry to see in the organ of one contraiting community an unworthy attempt to ignore the goodness of God, and persuade people that a blight had again set in. But it is so old and stale a trick of the "rogues in grain" in the locality alluded to, that it does not deserve further notice at our hands. The supply of potatoes to our market for the last week was abundant, the quality excellent, and the price by the load 3d. per stone. Next to the plentiful supply of potatoes the most important item in the food of the poor is the supply of fish, and that has at length set in in the Bay of Galway with every promise of unusual success. The fishing boats which went out on Monday night returned next morning heavily laden with fine herrings of large size, which they sold to the dealers at 3s. 6d. per hundred, although on that day week the price was 9s. to 10s. per hundred. During the day they were selling by retail at 4d. to 6d. per dozen. The Claddagh fishermen, a race of people of simple habits, and as honest as any in the world, are in great spirits at the prospect of the fishing season now opened. One boat on Monday night took 3,000 herrings, and the smallest cast was not less than about 500 to one boat. Truly, in every sense Galway is going ahead; and as prosperity seems to set in upon us in every direction people begin to think of the old adage, "never rains but it pours."

HONOURS TO IRISHMEN.—Mr. Brew, who has held the post of Inspector of Police in Cork, and who has been selected to fill the important position of Inspector General of Police in the new British gold region, volunteered during the war with Russia, and held an arduous place in the Commissariat all through the Crimean campaign. The appointment is worth 1,000l. a-year. Sir Frederick Hughes, who has recently received the honor of knighthood from the Queen, is a native of Wexford. He served many years ago in Persia during a period of great difficulty in that country, and has received from the late Shah the order of the Lion and Sun. When the Russian war broke out Captain Hughes volunteered his services to the British Government to proceed to the East, and more especially to Circassia, accompanying his proposal with plans for the investment of the great military pass of the Vliad Caucase, with the view of cutting off Russian communication with the Trans-Caucasian Provinces.—

These plans, says a local paper, were approved, and his services accepted by Government, and having been furnished with arms and ammunition he started on his laudable though dangerous mission. The elements, however, were not propitious, and the entire materiel of the expedition, including a large portion of warlike stores, furnished from his own private purse, were totally lost in the unfortunate Prince during the now historic gale of the 14th of November, 1854, in the Black Sea. Captain Hughes soon afterwards visited the Naib or Viceroy of Schamaly at his mountain home in the very heart of Circassia, to whom he was accredited by Field-Marshal Lord Raglan and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our Ambassador at Constantinople. Having conducted that mission to the entire satisfaction of the authorities he returned to the coast, and made a close reconnaissance of the fortress of Anapa, then garrisoned by 13,000 of the enemy. In the performance of this service he narrowly escaped capture.

THE REAL MURDERER OF ELLIS.—The Tipperary Examiner says:—"We are informed that a person has declared himself to be the real murderer of John Ellis, and against whom proceedings are only suspended for want of such corroborative testimony as would sustain to convict him; as it would not do to raise public expectation by accepting the self-accusation of a man who might afterwards recant his confession, and so avoid the penalty which cannot be inflicted unless the evidence of an approver against himself or others be corroborated by unimpeachable testimony."

...the Rev. Mr. Kirk, late Protestant Minister of Gore, became a convert to Catholicism a few years ago, went to Rome to prepare himself for the sacred Ministry, and having completed his theological studies in the Collegio Pio, was ordained Priest on the Feast of the Holy Apostles St. Peter and Paul, last 29th June. Immediately after, he returned to England, and became Oblate of St. Charles, under the guidance of Dr. Manning, in the London Mission. He is stopping for the last few days on a visit at Ramfost, the seat of Stephen Ram, Esq., D.L., and his presence there, though it might excite the indignation of some, will be attended beyond doubt with the most beneficial results, for the example of one so beloved as he was, cannot fail to bring many of his dear old friends to a knowledge of the truth, and, in fact, the fruits of his sojourn are already apparent. As the devil is often foiled in his attempts to injure good resulting where evil was intended, so the Rev. Mr. Moor's challenge to Father Kirk, to give an account of the Faith that was in him, so far from hindering the spread of truth amongst the Protestants, has tended very much to facilitate its progress. Though no public notice had been given, the people flocked in from the surrounding country, and at half past three o'clock, when Father Kirk mounted the pulpit in St. Michael's Church, not less than a thousand persons, amongst whom were many Protestants, listened with breathless attention to his very impressive and convincing discourse. At the conclusion, he gave Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, and then returned in company with Mr. Ram, amidst the cheers of the assembled thousands who lined the streets, as they passed to Ramfost. The people separated immediately, and went quietly to their homes. — *Wexford people.*

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INDIA AND IRELAND.—The Times had an article the other day which would seem to Foreigners too common-place to need comment. It was a defence of Sir John Lawrence from the attacks of the Bombay press. Sir John is well known to be a man of very strong Religious views and feelings, and moreover, of a decidedly Puritan school yet the attack came from Puritan quarters. He had forbidden the Puritan Missionaries to post in a Mahomedan city, placards denouncing Mahomed as an impostor. He replied that he had always allowed them the most entire liberty of teaching what they believed; but that, divided as India was, he was obliged to prevent the different Religions from insulting each other; and could not enforce this rule on others, if he allowed those who agreed with himself to violate it. In this the Times sees nothing but common sense, and denounces, as grossly dishonest, the plea of the Missionaries that they exhibited the obnoxious placard only inside their own shop, because the shop front was open like a stall, so that what was written on the back wall could be read from the street. Sir John Lawrence was so clearly in the right, that, if he is not fully occupied by the work of the New Council for India, we would suggest that he should hold, in commendam, the Government of Ireland, in which what he stopped is not an exceptional process, but the regular normal system of the anti-Catholic party. No man can pass through Dublin without seeing placards publicly exhibited, in which all the most sacred objects of a Catholic's belief are ridiculed in terms of the foulest blasphemy. The Saints, the rites, and practices of the Church, the Blessed Mother of God, even the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass, in which many members, even of the Establishment, recognise the Divine Presence of our Redeemer, are made the subject of this foul ribaldry. Only the other day, the visit of the Cardinal Archbishop to Ballinacree, was made the occasion of a whole flood of such blasphemies. Ingenuity is racked to contrive means of giving circulation to them. Offices are engaged in thoroughfares most crowded by Catholics, the outside walls of which are covered with placards in large letters; the doors of the Pro-

stant Churches and the shop windows exhibit them; and wretched men by the score are hired to walk the streets, with them, notices of public amusements and exhibitions in London. They are enclosed by post to families known to be Catholics, they are slipped under their doors and thrown down their areas in such numbers, that we have known families, in which all that was wanted for lighting fires, &c., is regularly supplied in no other way. Men are sent about the streets to thrust them into the hands of Catholics, and especially of Priests. What makes this more remarkable is, that no attempt at retaliation in kind has ever been made. Some months ago, an assault case, arising out of this system of insult, attracted attention to it; and the Times assumed and declared that it was equally carried out by Catholics and Protestants. This was an inference wholly without foundation. Those who have lived for years in Dublin, know that they never see anything of the kind. Indeed, even controversial sermons are said to be forbidden in the Catholic Churches. Certainly a man might attend them for years without finding out that there are any Protestants in Dublin. To cut matters short, we will mention one instance. The members of the National Education Board, belong to different Religions, and it is professedly impartial to them. It publishes and circulates books for the use of its schools, and has, of course, an agent to sell them.—Mr. Currie, who has a shop in Sackville-street, the most public street of Dublin, and is allowed to carry on his private trade as well as the business of the Board. This he does by publishing a monthly newspaper entirely devoted to ridiculing and reviling the most sacred truths of the Catholic Religion, and his shop is well stored with books of the same character. What is directly to our present point, in 1853, he exhibited, not inside the shop, but on a board on the outside, so as to attract the attention of all passers-by, a placard, advertising, in enormous letters, some ribald book—we forget the title; but the notice ended in these words, "clearly demonstrating the abominations of the Confessional," and that generally speaking, "Convents and Nunneries are mere nurseries of debauchery and crime." For many months was this loathsome ribaldry exhibited in the front of the national depot for the supply of school books, in a city where the great mass of the people are Catholics, and where all the best girls' schools are notoriously held in "Convents and Nunneries." No one of the pupils or teachers of any of these schools could enter the Government depot without having it thrown in their faces. Who can deny that Sir John Lawrence is wanted in Dublin? But this is not all. When a Government Board (like that of the Education Commissioners) permits such an abuse (and it is to be observed that the same man is still their agent), the Englishman's resource is "Write to the Times." But, alas! that is a resource for the injured only if they are Protestants. The writer of this article, did "write to the Times," complaining, with his name, of the conduct of the Irish Education Commissioners in allowing their paid agent thus to outrage the feelings and consciences of the Irish people; but his letter was suppressed. The fact is, that what it is the fashion to call "English honesty and fairness," means fair and equal dealings towards everybody except Catholics.—*Weekly Register.*

The Anglo-Saxon Protestant, like the Pharisee in the parable, is not content with the serene and self-satisfied contemplation of his own virtues. He requires that his shining gold shall shine by contrast with another's dross. He thanks God that he is not like other men, nor particularly as that publican. This is a mood which it is impossible to approach—the sick man believes that he is well, and needs no physician. It is useless to tell him of the symptoms of mortal disease whilst he hugs the belief, either that no such symptoms exist, or that they are the indicia of a more vigorous health. England points to her commercial prosperity—to her soil, covered with an iron net-work, connecting her ports and central depots with each other, and with the more thinly peopled districts, whence her minerals are dug, or in which her harvests are reaped. The seas are covered with her ships; the sun never sets on her widely-extended empire. Her merchants are the great men of the earth. She is rich, and has need of nothing. But this is not enough for her—she must still point to the humble publican, and thank God for the contrast. And the poor publican is easily found to play the foil. The prisons of Naples, the temporarily disordered finances of the Papal States, which assumed the burthens left them by an insurrectionary Government, are, each in their turn, pressed into the service, whilst the Abingdon Poorhouse, or the tortures of Birmingham Gaol, and the septennial bankruptcies of the merchant princes, and the frauds of bank directors, and the forgeries of Lords of the Treasury, are forgotten. The eyes are fixed on the white and sculptured marble of the tomb, and no thought taken of the dead man's bones within. But the Pharisee is never so elated, he never so clearly nor with so much satisfaction sees that he is not as other men, as when he compares his own fair exterior and good estate with the less brilliant fortunes and, to his view, humbler destiny of unhappy Ireland. And the contrast is continually insisted on as an evidence of the superiority of Protestant opinions over the Catholic faith. If the promises of the Gospel were directed to the enjoyment of the things of this life; if God had promised to reward those whom He loves with the good things of this world; if the gates of Heaven were thrown open to their widest for the rich, and the poor could scarcely enter therein; if the wisdom of this world were identical with that wisdom which is one of the seven gifts; if it were not only possible to worship God and Mammon, but if the successful worship of Mammon were an evidence of the acceptance by the Creator of the devotion offered at the shrine of Mammon, then indeed the comparison would be in point, and it would be clear that the wealth of England and the poverty of Ireland might be pressed into the service of a comparison of the diverse opinions of Protestants with the faith of the Church, to the manifest advantage of the former, and we should be left to get out of the further difficulty that truth is one and error various, and that perfect agreement is the test of truth, as best we could. But it is just possible to take another view of Ireland than that founded on her poverty, and to hope, if we can see that God has accepted her to suffer for His sake, that He will yet grant her those temporal blessings which are not inconsistent with a full and entire devotion to Himself. It is very remarkable that, while all the world acknowledges that Ireland has proved, throughout all persecutions, the great western citadel of the Faith, it is also apparent that the tyranny and bad government of England has scattered over the world, and amongst her own colonies in particular, the seed of the Faith; so that wherever the arms or commercial enterprise of England has conquered or occupied a territory, there have Irish exiles erected an altar and offered the daily Sacrifice. Ireland has, then, not only maintained her own citadel against the assaults of the enemy, but has, from time to time, sent forth her Missionary sons, who have planted the standard of the Cross throughout the wide possessions of England. Not only this, but Irishmen have carried the true faith into the heart of England, and the tide of material conquest has rolled back under another form, and with mightier power, so that Protestant England is again a Roman province, and a fully recognised portion of the fold of Christ; the exceptional government of Vicars-Apostolic has given place to a regularly constituted Hierarchy, and the solemn and efficacious decrees of the Synod of Westminster, put to open shame the pointless and powerless discussions of the Convocation of Canterbury. As the arts and philosophy of Greece subjugated Rome, so has the faith of Ireland in a great measure triumphed over the wild, ignorant, and barbarous chaos of Protestantism. Not that the victory is yet achieved, nor the warfare over, but that every step that has been made has been in the path of victory, and that every movement has secured an advantage from the enemy,

whilst every outpost is in secure communication with the great base of operations which has hitherto, fortified by the blood of Martyrs, bid defiance to the advances of Protestantism, though backed by all the material power of England. It was fit and right that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster should bless the faithful people, who had won for him the honour of restoring the English Hierarchy. But it is useless to think of past vicissitudes, except to thank God for them, and to warm ourselves to prosecute the endless war between the Church and the world with renewed and increased vigour. More especially are we bound to recognise and to oppose those counter-attacks of the enemy which are proclaimed, and against which we are warned by the voice of the watchful Pastor. Let not Ireland sleep, lest a rose should fall from her chaplet, now that the voice of the Archbishop of Tuam has condemned that system of education by which the faith of the rising generation is being assailed—a system whereby the Minister of religion is robbed of his authority, and the first place, which is due to God alone, is taken from Him and given to secular education, under the guise of which the children of Catholic parents are proselytised from the true faith, and taught to listen to the schoolmaster and turn a deaf ear to the Priest.—*Tablet.*

THE LORD MAYORS OF LONDON AND DUBLIN.—You cannot think what interest the speeches delivered at the Mansion House in Dublin, on the occasion of the Atlantic Telegraph banquet, have excited at this side of the Channel. They have awakened an admiration which rises superior to the spite of national prejudice and the rancour of sectarian bigotry. The London civic oratory is, generally speaking, a disgrace to literature and a scandal to civilisation. The aldermen and other members of the Corporation are, for the most part, men of most defective education, and when, flushed with wine and bloated with rich viands, they get, or are helped, up to deliver speeches after dinner, they usually make a pitiable exhibition of themselves. It not unfrequently happens that the Lord Mayor is the biggest dunce of the lot, and his arrogance is only exceeded by his ignorance. The present Chief Magistrate, Sir R. W. Gardin—not baronet, mind, not baronet, only Knight Bachelor—is a gentleman of the smallest imaginable attainments. He is on terms of the deadliest enmity with Lindley Murray, and when he abuses the Irish at the large house in the Poultry, he invariably does so in bad English. There is the sting of it. If a man be villified in grammatical language he may bear the misfortune with the resignation of a Christian; but to be calumniated by an individual who, albeit he wears a scarlet coat and a cocked hat, tacks the letter "R" to every word that ends with a vowel, and who has always got something the matter with his "Hs"—that is a trial too bitter for flesh and blood to endure. When "the 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill," Lord Mayor Gardin gets out of bed and has his breakfast; he then transacts his business at Birchinalty; after which he abuses the Hoirish in his Mayoralty Court. In the afternoon he repairs to the 'Ouse—if the 'Ouse be sitting—and cries "Ear! Ear!" when Mr. Disraeli rises to address the Speaker. Lord Mayor Gardin, like Brutus, is "no orator"; but surely he might condescend to cultivate some manner of acquaintance with the mysteries of grammar. If he will order the Irish out of the country, let him at least try to do so in good Anglo-Saxon phraseology. Lord Mayor Gardin may sneer at the Irish, but if he were to get the sun, moon, and stars for it, together with the last new comet, he could not deliver himself with such purity and elegance of diction as did the Lord Mayor of Dublin the other evening when proposing the health of Mr. Bright. Gardin might try to express himself with propriety—for what is there that ignorance will not attempt?—but he could not do it, though his very existence were to depend upon the success of his experiment. Gardin is a respectable man in private life—far, ay, far as polar star from southern cross be it from me to insinuate to the contrary—but Gardin is not a grammarian. Gardin knows little of orthography, less of etymology, nothing of syntax, and, as for prosody, he positively has no more familiarity with it than with the "domestic habits of the sun"—to borrow an illustration from Mr. Carlyle. Gardin is a stock-broker. Dr. Johnson, in his first edition of his dictionary, defined a stock-broker as "low wretch who gets his living by trafficking in the funds." Gardin is not a stock-broker in that ignoble sense of the word. By no means. No, no, no—a thousand times no. He is a man of irreproachable reputation. A more honourable man never walked on 'Change—and there again he resembles Brutus, for Brutus was an honorable man. Yet, with all these fine qualities, Gardin's grammar is at fault. He is a judge of "coup," more especially of that sort which is used for theological purposes; and it may be that his palate is skilled to discriminate the virtues of Tokay; but he has never quaffed at the pure well of English undefiled. You might as well tell him to swallow the monument on Fish-street Hill, as ask him to deliver such a speech as that which fell from the lips of Lord Mayor Campbell in the Oak Room the other evening. The man could not do it for the life of him; nor, though he were to be transfigured from a Knight Bachelor to Baronet for it. Gardin is no grammarian; a respectable man, admitted;—but no grammarian. Lord Mayor Campbell, on the contrary, is a grammarian, "and a ripe one." He combines a cultivated mind and nice literary tastes with commercial enterprise and complete aptitude for business. You have therefore, good reason to be proud of him. If he were to order the English out of Ireland—which, of course, is not to be expected from a man of his liberality—my life for it he would do it in grammatical language. But if your Lord Mayor acquitted himself well, what shall be said of the speech of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster? Simply, that it was worthy of his splendid reputation. I will tell you what I heard a Protestant Clergyman say of it:—"If you were to look up all our Bishops," he observed, "in the Library of the British Museum, and give them free access to the treasured learning of the word, they could not, amongst them all, produce such a speech." There can be no doubt he was right. The Times complained some time ago that there was not a man of them who could preach a sermon worth listening to. Take them (if for all and all) as Hamlet took his father, they are cold, languid, and unimpassioned. Unlike Gardin, they are erudite—or at least some of them are; but they have no faculty of profound thought, and they are wholly destitute of eloquence. They may well be envious of our Cardinal, for the best of them is to him as a brass button to a star.—*Freeman Correspondent.*

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD has issued a commission addressed to three laymen and two Clergymen of his Diocese, to inquire into the statements alleged against the Rev. Richard Temple West, M. A., of Christchurch, Oxford, and Curate of Boyne-hill, in reference to his practice of Confession, as brought out in a case which has lately been so prominently before the public, and to report to his Lordship whether there is *prima facie* ground for instituting further proceedings. The commissioners are Dr. R. Phillimore, Chancellor of the Diocese; the Ven. James Randall, M. A., Archdeacon of Berkshire; the Rev. J. Austen Leigh, M. A., Vicar of Bray (the parish in which Mr. Greasley's district is situated); Mr. Charles Sawyer, of Heywood-lodge; and Mr. J. Hibbert, of Braywick-lodge; the two latter being county magistrates. All these gentlemen hold high church views, particularly Dr. Phillimore, Archdeacon Randall, and Mr. Leigh, who are commonly classed among the ultra-Tractarian party. The usual 14 days' notice has been served upon Mr. West.—*Times.*

A recently published pamphlet thus remarks on the influence around the Queen. Some remarks are here made on the frequency of Royal visits to the camp at Aldershot, to Chatham, Portsmouth, and other places of like character, as if a confidence rested there. The allusions to the army and navy, to soldiers and sailors, ought not to be heard so frequently from the lips of Royalty. The appearance of the Queen at reviews, as at Woolwich and at Aldershot, in military costume, is enough to cause a feeling in the minds of many persons, the reverse of comfortable. A Ministerial paper described the costume in the following manner:—"A most splendid military uniform—the habit of the finest scarlet cloth—the blue ribbon of the Garter—a brilliant hat upon the left breast—golden tassels—black felt hat—crimson sash—officer's plume—and the device of a field marshal." The Queen is styled Supreme Head of the Church, and makes, (if needs be) unmake Bishops. One cannot help thinking how oddly the appointment to a Bishopric for the cure of souls will contrast with a military spectacle a few days afterwards. It is a pity that the first lady in the land, a wife and a mother, should be surrounded by these influences; there must be some meaning in all this; the Queen has employed the influences she possesses, as a woman and a Sovereign, in keeping alive that romantic spirit, which as a halo surrounds the military life.

A HOUSE OF COMMONS REVELATION.—It came out that something over 70,000 belts have been condemned and sold as old stores for 8d. and 9d. a piece. The question is asked in various ways.—Do these condemned stores return again to government as new ones by virtue of new contracts? But we cannot catch a positive answer, either affirming or negating the fact. The admission is made, that the stores being sound and good, it would be a fair and tradesmanlike transaction to buy them cheap and sell them dear, no matter to whom, but nearer than that it seemed impossible to get the truth. The belts were condemned, it is said, because they were a trifle too broad under the newest regulations, and were, therefore, of an obsolete pattern, but it is admitted that the cutting of them down would have cost but a trifle. Why they were sold at a loss of eighty per cent. to the nation nobody pretends to know. All that is an inscrutable mystery, for the elucidation of which nobody is responsible, and, therefore, nobody chooses to throw any light upon it. The worthy chairman is anxious to arrive at truth, however, and he does it, if those articles were bought by government (he asks if those articles were bought by government) at a price of 4s. 6d. each, and sold for 9d. each, is it your opinion that the government sustained a serious loss by the transaction? The witness, after a deliberate reflection and a few shrugs of the shoulder, arrives at the conclusion that there can be no doubt, that such is the case; and so that arithmetical fact, couched to the shade of Cocker, is established to the evident satisfaction of hon. members.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The whole of the 6,000 reinforcements of cavalry and infantry selected by the Government to proceed to India have now been despatched; the last of the detachments having embarked at Gravesend yesterday, on board the *Blivie Castle*, 600 tons, Captain G. M'Hardy. They consisted of reinforcements for the 7th Dragoon Guards, 27th Enniskillens, 61st, 70th, 81st, 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, 94th and 98th Regiments, to the number of 200 men of all ranks, with 6 officers; they proceed direct to Kurrachee. On the previous day the last of the troops under orders, to proceed to Madras embarked at Gravesend on board the *Walter Morrice*, 1,600 tons, Captain D. Morrice; they consisted of detachments for the 1st Dragoon Guards and 12th Lancers, from Canterbury and Maidstone; 44th and 65th Regiments, from Colchester; three battalions 60th Rifles and 80th Regiment, from Winchester; 74th Highlanders from Aberdeen; 68th Light Infantry and 69th Regiment, from Fermoyle; and the Royal Artillery from Woolwich, to the number of 240 men of all ranks. During the present summer reinforcements of upwards of 10,000 men have been despatched to India, the whole of whom are armed and equipped with the Enfield rifle, and are in other respects fit to take the field immediately after landing. With the exception of the two regiments of the Line ordered to embark on the 18th inst., the war authorities do not intend forwarding any additional reinforcements to India for the present, unless any unforeseen emergency arises, in which case there are at the present moment at least 5,000 troops immediately available.

A somewhat curious address to the electors of Ipswich has been issued by Mr. John King, the editor and proprietor of a local newspaper. Mr. King announces himself to be a candidate for the representation of the borough at the next general election, but declares that he will not spend a shilling more than the law compels him to spend, and that he will ask no man for his vote, appoint no committee, and solicit no one to move or second his nomination on the hustings. His object is to promote purity of election, and to give the constituency an opportunity of rendering the Corrupt Elections Bill a dead letter.

During the past week, great excitement has been caused by a series of lectures given by the notorious *so-distant* Baron de Camille. The first lecture was delivered on Tuesday evening, on "Jesus, the Spies of the Pope, and Napoleon the Little." The audience was small, and considerable confusion was created by the vile calumnies cast upon our Holy Religion and its Priesthood, which called forth the indignation of all Catholics who were present. In fact, except during a few intervals of silence, the greatest disorder reigned throughout the evening. An attempt was even made, at the instigation of the chairman (a Scripture reader), to oust the Catholics from the room; which, however, failed. The next lecture, on "Auricular Confession," from which females were excluded, attracted a crowd of Protestants, eager to devour the filth which, doubtless, they expected. They were woefully disappointed, as not one word of the lecture was heard by any one present.—The Baron, frightened by the uproar which was raised, speedily disappeared from the platform, and for two hours nothing was heard but the angry mutterings of the excited audience. A body of police was in attendance, but they were ineffectual in quelling the tumult. About ten o'clock the Baron retired, and was escorted by the police in safety to his lodgings. During this time a cowardly mob of two or three hundred persons pursued one of the Catholic body, who, perhaps, with more zeal than prudence, is generally conspicuous when Catholicism is attacked. He luckily eluded their pursuit, or fatal consequences might have resulted, had he been overtaken in his flight. On the following Friday, the Baron succeeded in delivering the lecture on "Confession," to which no Catholics were admitted, having secured the use of a school-room from a Protestant Clergyman in the outskirts of the town, all other rooms being closed against him. The majority of his hearers, however, were disgusted with his language, and his departure from the town was hailed with delight by all respectable persons. His character appears now so well known, that even his own partisans are, or ought to be, ashamed of him.—It is gratifying to find that he was not recognised or supported by any of the Clergymen of the town; the Scripture readers apparently being his only adherents.—*Correspondent of Weekly Register.*

English nineteenth-century civilization has been lately exemplified in two police-courts. At Bradford, a respectable bookseller, and a person of property, the victim of the spirit-rapping delusion, came before the court in a case in which his wife appeared to be also the victim of the "medium." A solicitor, who was found willing enough to advocate the views of his client, boldly asserted that "some of the most respectable and intelligent men in Bradford were firm believers in spirit-rapping;" and he produced a note from "the wife of a respectable surgeon practising in Bradford" (and a poet), in which she stated, "on behalf of her husband, that the doctor was prepared to discuss spiritualism in public or private, at any time or place, being fully assured that communication may be obtained, direct, from the spiritual world." The other case, which occurred in London, also exhibited an amount of superstition scarcely to be believed. "A lady-like woman, dressed in mourning, and whose wan and anxious features plainly showed much mental and personal suffering," having had a deal of trouble and illness, "was convinced that a spell had been put upon her," and accordingly visited the house of a reputed witch in Bethnal-green, who burned some "magic powders," which turned out afterwards to be only common salt. The "lady-like" person, in reply to an inquiry, remarks that, in consequence of her visit:—"Oh, yes, I did feel better; but, mind, I don't believe that it lies so much in the powders as in the words she uses. I think it's what she says when she burns them that does you good. I only felt better the first time I went. The fact is, that I have a relative who is coming into a large property, and she wants to get rid of me; so she goes to Mrs. Macdonald and has powders the same as I do, and of course they torment me whenever Mrs. Macdonald burns them for her."

The daughter of the lady-like victim, a girl of eighteen, was also a believer in witchcraft. She said:—"Oh, I have suffered very much from her spells; I have very bad symptoms; I can't rest or sleep, and I feel as though I could fly out of the place. I believe she is a witch, and has got the power of making spells. She burnt the powders; but they didn't do me much good. I believe that she can assist us, if she likes, but that she won't."

We commend a few of these cases to the Protestant proselyting societies, whose money and time would be better employed at home than in interfering with the Faith of Christian Ireland.—*Weekly Register.*

A SERMON IN BLANK VERSE.—The last thing we should have fancied, is it have heard within the pulpit, echoes of the form and fashion of Longfellow's *Havanha*. In the fore-part of the season, down at (then not crowded) Ransgate, an acute Dissenting preacher, to attract a numerous gathering, advertised his fixed intention, twice (D.V.) on the next Sunday, sermons twain then to deliver, in majestic blank verse uttered. And he did it; he listened, had a weary, weary reason; sermons very hard they, listening to the man who did it, man obese, obese his wit too. To describe we will not venture, how the pump went onward working, at each lifting of the handle, dribbling forth its stunted measure.—Very painful 'twas to hear it, very pleasant to the speaker; Love was the all-graceful subject; quite unlovely was the treatment. But 'twas with a moral pointed; moral pointed very sharply; sharply pointed to the pocket; and it showed how if our bosoms glowed but with the Love he pointed, we should prove it by a libral coming down at the collection! *Athenaeum.*

A Leith widow has been arrested for the murder of her child, which was found buried in her garden.

THE TRUE WITNESS

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY J. COLLIER... FOR GEORGE B. COLLIER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR... TERMS: To all country subscribers...

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 1, 1858.

We beg to direct the particular attention of our readers in and about Montreal to the notice of the St. Patrick's Orphans' Bazaar, announced to open on Monday next, and to be continued during the week. However hard the times, we feel a real pleasure to see our admirable Ladies enter on their annual campaign of charity, animated with a zeal and devotedness peculiarly their own, and which never fail to secure for them a brilliant victory.

A silly or rather mischievous suggestion that appeared a few days ago in the Montreal Pilot, for a centenary celebration on the 13th of September of next year, of the battle on the heights of Abraham which wrested Canada from the French, has very naturally aroused the national susceptibilities of our French Canadian fellow-citizens.

But if our French Canadian friends feel so acutely the indecency of the Pilot's proposition—if by them the celebration of the defeat of their gallant forefathers by a vastly superior force would be felt as an unmanly outrage upon their nationality—how is it we ask, that they do not sympathise a little more keenly with their Irish Catholic fellow-citizens; who, not once in a century, but annually, on every returning 12th of July are insulted and outraged by public demonstrations in commemoration of the defeat of Ireland's brave but unfortunate patriots, fighting for their native land and the faith of their ancestors?

We honor our French Canadian fellow-citizens for their sensitiveness upon all that touches their national honor; we should despise them for their apathy, we should look upon them as bastards, as unworthy to bear the name of the chivalric race from which they sprung, were they to put up patiently with such an insult as that which the Pilot recommends should be offered to them next September; and we would heart and soul join with them in frowning down the first attempt that might be made, no matter by whom or under what pretence, to celebrate the defeat of the noble Montcalm and his brave though unfortunate brothers in arms, by the fellow-countrymen and descendants of the victors.

Ireland—could have been found base enough to vote for giving legal encouragement to a society expressly organised to celebrate the defeat of Irishmen, and the triumphs of Protestantism over Catholicity!

And it is urged as a reproach against us, that the man who in his capacity of Governor—as the Representative of Majesty—has given official recognition to Orangism; who has taken a prominent part in the annual celebration of Ireland's misfortunes, and the long years of persecution which those misfortunes entailed upon the Catholic Church in Ireland—is looked upon by us with feelings of strong aversion! Our strongly expressed disapproval of the political and responsible advisers who sanctioned this gross outrage by Sir Edmund Head, upon our national and religious feelings, is attributed to mean and unworthy motives by those who, if a similar insult had been offered to them, would we are sure have risen up as one man to resent it! Why is this? How is it that French Canadians who are so sensitive to all that concerns themselves, are so indifferent to the insults daily heaped upon their Irish Catholic fellow-citizens? Suppose for instance that the suggestions of the Pilot were to be carried into effect—that a celebration in honor of the defeat of the French and the conquest of Canada were to be held—that the Governor-General should himself take a prominent part in this celebration; and that acting under the advice of his constitutional and responsible ministers, he should receive at his official residence, and graciously reply to a deputation from the chief actors therein—what would be the language of the French Canadian press towards the Governor? what the action of the French Canadians towards the members of the Ministry? We need scarce ask such a question; we know how they would feel, speak and act, for we have before our eyes the indignant remonstrances of the French Canadian press against the mere suggestion of such an outrage upon the faith and nationality of Lower Canada.

We are glad to see that the Irish press in this section of the Province are likewise beginning to speak out plainly upon the impertinent suggestion of the Pilot; and it is with much pleasure that we transfer to our columns the following very sensible remarks upon this subject, from the Quebec Vindicator:

We have people in Canada who lacking more useful and profitable employment, hesitate not to propose a celebration of the defeat of Montcalm and the French arms on the 13th September, 1759. It is coolly proposed by the Montreal Pilot to hold a centenary festival in commemoration of this national humiliation on the 13th September, 1859: to glorify in the defeat of one of the most gallant nations in Christendom; and that in the immediate presence of 800,000 of the descendants of those who fought under Montcalm. We wonder if this desire to establish another "Battle of the Boyne" anniversary is a result of the Pilot's spiritual manifestations during the recent religious revival; or if it is merely the ordinary effrontery of Anglo-Saxondom. In either case we feel confident this excitement loving journal is counting without its host. Surely the fact of the conquest of Canada, glorious as it was to the conqueror and conquered, is no fit event for a merry-making. Surely no resident of Canada will lend himself to the scheme of disinterring from the tomb of history its dead bitteresses. If such is the case; if Canada is to become the new field of arrogance and domineering insult that moss Ireland's past prosperity to death, we trust that the fight between the insulters and the insulted will be as short and sharp as it deserves to be. This must be no land for annual pledges to each others damnation. Here we want no banquets flowing with the blood of the murdered, and lighted by the glare of the burning roof tree.—Let Anglo-Saxondom be satisfied with the havoc and ruin it has made of Ireland. It has gorged its lust of blood with one victim, and is in no condition to trample upon another. It violated the treaty of Limerick, but it must respect the Capitulation of Quebec.

Why celebrate the 13th of September 1759, more than any other day in Canadian history? If Anglo-Saxondom on both sides of the line 45 must have a feast, even though a Banquet should attend unbidden, let us recommend to its notice the 28th April, 1760. Why not select that day for the meeting of our Sovereign Lady the Queen and Napoleon the Third, on the historic heights of Abraham? Surely if Anglo-Saxondom only seeks occasion to exercise its amiability, what better day for its purpose than that which witnessed General Murray fleeing before the wrathful legions of De Levi, and proving to the satisfaction of all posterity that "discretion is the better part of valour." We commend the 28th April, 1760, to the favourable notice of the Montreal Pilot.

The Montreal Witness is much exercised in spirit; his visage is more lank and cadaverous than ever, and daily his voice acquiring a deeper and more gloomy nasal tone. The poor man cannot contain himself for very trouble, and his bowels are disquieted within him. "Alas!" he cries forth in the anguish of his spirit—"the fine gold has indeed become dim, and the political Samson heretofore strong in truth and right is shorn of his locks!" Evidently the good man is in a very desperate condition.

And why is this?—what gold is it that has lost its lustre?—who is the Samson whose strength has departed from him? Alas! that we should have to chronicle such defections from the paths of Godliness. It is the Globe that is the gold that has become dim; and George Brown, the mighty one of Toronto, the indomitable champion of the Holy Protestant Faith, is the political Samson whose locks have been ruthlessly crop-

ped off by the fair hands of some profane and Papistical Delilah!

Certainly there has for some months past, grown the poor Witness in confirmation of his worst suspicions against the Globe and its editor—certainly there has for some months past been a strange absence of all that class of articles respecting popery and its doings which heretofore constituted the chief characteristic, and chief attraction of the Globe. In other words, that journal has of late, under the necessity of conciliating the Papists of Lower Canada, become less abusive, less mendacious, and a good less obscene. In vain does the holy man of the Witness look now for those choice anecdotes and happier days formed the 'chief attraction' to the salacious damsels of "Our Zion;" and over which the elders of the conventicle were wont to hang enraptured, feasting their purient imaginations upon the beastly details. The Globe has ceased to manufacture, or retail lies; it has become almost decent in its tone, and fitted for the perusal of gentlemen and Christians; therefore do the fair maidens mourn over the gold that has become dim, and therefore doth the Witness refuse to be comforted.

For the satisfaction of our cotemporary, we would also inform him that the Irish Catholics who voted for M. Dorion, have not "come to see that the principles maintained by Mr. Brown—namely, of opposition to ecclesiastical corporations, sectarian grants, and separate schools are correct in themselves, and beneficial to the whole community." Without going into the question of the merits of the Voluntary principle as applied to Education and Religion, to Church and School, this we can say, that the system advocated hitherto by Mr. Brown seems to us false in principle, and most unjust in practice. We can understand Voluntaryism; and without advocating it as the best system conceivable, we are certain that the Catholic Church would thrive well under it, provided only it were fully and fairly carried out. But it is because the Voluntary principle as expounded and advocated by Mr. Brown is one sided, and is not fully and logically carried out, that we oppose it—not because it is the Voluntary principle.

For Voluntaryism implies two essential conditions; one of which failing, or infringed upon by the State, the system itself can no longer be said to exist. Of these essential conditions, one is that no one be compelled to pay for the support of School or Church to which he is conscientiously opposed. The other, and equally essential condition of perfect Voluntaryism is, that no restrictions be placed by the State upon the natural right of the individual to do what he will with his own; whether by act of sale, of gift, or by bequest, provided only that in so doing he infringes none of the natural laws, or laws of morality. Thus under the Voluntary system in its integrity, and such as we should have no objection to accept, we should be released, on the one hand from all taxation, direct or indirect, for the support of Non-Catholic schools or churches;—and on the other, we should be delivered from all those absurd and iniquitous restrictions which the State imposes upon the individual with respect to the disposition of his private property. If our schools, colleges, hospitals, and religious institutions received nothing from the State, they would at least be left free to acquire by all legitimate means, and to hold to any amount, the gifts and bequests of the faithful. Abolish all laws, we say to the Witness, restricting the right of the individual to give, and of our institutions to receive; and we will willingly dispense with all State grants, and State assistance in any form whatsoever, either to Church or School.

But Mr. Brown and his friends with the inconsistency, or rather dishonesty, which is the almost invariable characteristic of the Protestant legislator, refuse us the Voluntary system in this form, and in its integrity. They would withhold all State aid; but they would still retain those shackles and restrictions which have hitherto accompanied and been made the condition of, State assistance. It is to this one-sided application of the Voluntary principle that we object; though as we have said before, to Voluntaryism in its integrity—we should have no manner of objection whatsoever. We do not advocate it; we do not urge its adoption, because we are not of those who hold that it is desirable to abolish all semblance even of connection betwixt Church and State; but we are certain that under its operation the Catholic Church and the Catholic School would both thrive; and we feel convinced that only by its adoption can the long vexed School Question in Upper Canada be brought to a satisfactory and equitable solution.

This then is our answer to the Witness. If Mr. Brown will propose to abolish all State grants for any religious, educational, or charitable purposes whatsoever; and if he accompany this with a proposition to leave us all at liberty—no matter to what denomination belonging—to form and endow to any extent we choose, such religious, educational, and charitable institutions as we approve of, without let, hindrance, or interference of any kind from the State—then, but not before, shall we be prepared to take his proposition into consideration.

The School Question seems to be attracting a good deal of attention amongst our Anglican friends. Of this we gave an instance last week, in the proceedings of the Anglican Synod at Kingston; and we see that the question was again made the subject of a lively discussion at a Synod of the same denomination, held in London. We find the following notice of the latter in the Hamilton Spectator:—

Just before the conclusion of the sederunt, the Rev. Mr. Dewar, gave notice of a motion of an important character. He said it was his object to induce the Synod to forward a petition to the Legislature, for the embodiment in the School Act of a clause enabling every clergyman to demand admission into the Common Schools. He had not brought with him the precise words of the motion, but he wished them to be exactly those used by Mr. Cameron at the meeting of the Synod at Kingston, when moving an amendment to the motion recommending the establishment of Separate Schools.

The Synod then adjourned. It would have been far better, more logical, and more consistent with those Christian principles which, in spite of their separation from the Catholic Church, the members of the Anglican sect still retains, or profess to retain, to have moved at once a Resolution in behalf of separate schools in favor of all denominations whose members object to a "common" or "mixed" system. To retain however the latter, but to give license to all clergymen to demand admission to the "common" schools, and of course to give vent to their peculiar doxies therein, would be a source of endless confusion and dissatisfaction.—No one would be content with such an addition to the secular element; and it would be impossible to decide who was, and who was not, entitled to admission as a clergyman.

For the term clergyman as used amongst Protestants is a vague term; one to which it would be impossible for the Legislature to attach any clear definition. For what is a clergyman in the eye of the law?—what proofs would the State require of the fact of the religious character of the applicant for admission into the "common" schools? The Catholic priest has a recognised standing; the Ministers of the Anglican, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Swedenborgian, and Unitarian denominations amongst Protestants, are known to the law as clergymen; but how, or by what sign could we detect the clergymen of other minor sects?—how decide upon their eligibility to admission to the "common" schools.—If Jones, Brown, Smith, and Robinson form themselves into a separate conventicle, and select one of their number to do their preaching and praying for them, would he thereby become a "clergyman" in the eyes of the law? Would the Mormon Elder—who is as much a Minister of the Gospel as the Archbishop of Canterbury—whose Orders are as good as those of any other Protestant Clergyman, be authorised to enter, and give religious instructions in, the "common" schools, under the operation of such a clause as that moved for at the Huron Synod? or what right would the State—betwixt which and the Church, there exists not in Canada the semblance even of any connection—have to discriminate betwixt the Ministers of one sect, and those of another? allowing these free admission to the "common" schools, and refusing all access to those "denominational" or "separate" system, and that system from which all positive Christian teaching is eliminated. As Christians, as Catholics, we reject the latter, and support the former. Were our Anglican fellow-citizens faithful to the Christian principles which they profess, they would in this instance at least make common cause with us. If they do not do so, it is because their Protestantism overrides their Christianity; because their hatred of the Pope is a passion stronger than their love of Christ.

PURITANISM AND IMPURITY.—The articles upon the drunkenness and immorality prevalent in Scotland, which appeared first in the Scotsman newspaper, were commented upon by the London Times, and of which we gave a brief analysis in our last—have provoked a reply from one who signs himself a "Scotchman," and professes to speak in the name of "The Working Classes of Scotland." The writer does not deny, may he frankly admits, the soft impeachment to the effect that the Scotch as a people are the most intemperate of the inhabitants of the British Isles; but he asserts that the middle classes are, in this respect, at least as culpable as their poorer brethren; and that the general immorality of both rich and poor is the direct consequence of that outrageous Puritanism, which superficial observers confound with pure morality; and which especially delights to manifest itself in frowning down all innocent amusements and recreations—thus driving the sons of toil to seek relaxation from the labors of the week, in illicit and sensual enjoyments. He thus addresses the Editor of the Times:—

Sir,—You have had a great deal told you of late about the drunken habits of us Scotchmen, your correspondents generally belonging to the upper crust of society. Perhaps in fair play you may be inclined to listen to a few words from one of the much maligned class to which I belong, and perhaps all the more so, as at the door of the working classes has been laid the chief burden of this crying sin. That the working classes of Scotland spend too much money in whiskey I admit and deplore; but that they are the chief sinners I as emphatically deny. I

charge the middle classes of Scotland with their full share of this national sin; and more than this, so the cowardice of the middle classes in allowing the clergy without remonstrances to stop every avenue to pure innocent amusement is directly to be traced much of the drunkenness prevailing at the present time. Let it be distinctly known to the people of England that all sorts of amusements are denounced from our Scottish pulpits. The theatre is called the synagogue of the devil; a trip on the rail, a ride to Glasgow, escaping from their densely crowded close and dingy courts, redolent of everything abominable and filthy, embarked on board of one of the steamers on the Bromielaw on Sunday, a ruffianly mob, bounded on by the Glasgow clergy, assailed them on their return, hooting, hissing—in fact every insult short of personal violence was heaped upon them—and for what? simply because, in the exercise of that liberty to which, as British subjects, they were entitled, they had dared to breathe the fresh air of heaven, in opposition to the sweet voices of the Glasgow saints. Well, then, the Forbes Mackenzie Act is triumphant throughout the land; all public houses, &c., are shut from 11 o'clock on Saturday night till Monday morning at 8 o'clock. One would think the "unco guid" would rest satisfied now. No such thing. A crusade has begun against lemonade, sodawater, ginger-beer, cookies, bakers, snaps, sugar-boobs, baps, scones, penny pies, cowheel, pickled mussels, and roasted herrings. Any one daring to sell or eat such things on Sundays is to be summarily dealt with; and we citizens of Edinburgh are forthwith to be prevented sinning our souls by walking out to Duddingston or round the Queen's Drive; and woe be to that man who shall dare to treat the bairns to a blow out of strawberries or gooseberries. Dr. McFarlane, the parish minister of Duddingston, brought this subject before the Established Presbytery of Edinburgh only a few days ago; and it was seriously proposed by some of the members to call on the civil magistrate to put down the sinful practice of the working classes walking on the Sabbath evening. Such is an imperfect picture of the painful state of hypocrisy, cant, and vile phariseism to which we are reduced. This gives rise to some serious reflection; in fact, is the main reason for the present writing. It has stirred the minds of thinking men here, and we are anxiously asking one another, how does it happen that we, renowned for our religious and church-going habits, turn out to be the most drunken and immoral people of the three kingdoms? Does the cause lie in our Calvinistic doctrines? Is it true that our clergy divorce faith and works, almost ignoring the latter?—that a clergyman who preaches prominently truth, honesty, chastity, brotherly love, charity, is pronounced by the loud professors among us to be a Caudine preacher, &c. &c. If the broaching of this question should provoke a discussion on this subject by able heads the writer of this will be truly glad.—I am, &c., A SCOTCHMAN.

Edinburgh, Sept. 8. We doubt not that the writer of the above has truly indicated one of the chief causes of that drunkenness and immorality for which Scotland is at the present day so unhappily notorious. It is in the "Calvinistic doctrines," and the logical application of those doctrines, that that chief cause is to be found. It is because, in strict accordance with those doctrines, faith and works are divorced by a Calvinistic clergy, and the latter almost ignored, that "truth, honesty, chastity, brotherly love, charity," are so little esteemed by a Calvinistic people; it is because the same Clergy have done their best to make, and have unfortunately but too well succeeded in making Sunday a day of gloom, and wrath, a veritable devil's festival, that the country, where of all others Sabbatarian observances do most abound, does on each returning Lord's Day, most closely resemble a hell upon earth. Can we wonder that there, where for the hard worked artisan to take a stroll on a Sunday evening with his wife and children is denounced from the pulpit as a sin of so heinous a complexion as to call for the interference of the civil magistrate, the moral sense of the people is blunted; or that in revolting against the infernal despotism of a Calvinistic clergy, the victims of that grinding tyranny should too often throw off, together with the heavy burdens which their puritanical taskmasters have imposed, that gentle yoke which Our Lord Himself bade His disciples take upon them, as light and easy to bear!

It is difficult for any one personally a stranger to the exactions of Scotch Puritanism to form an adequate idea of the horrors of a Scotch Sabbath; they however will fully admit the truth of the "Scotchman's" complaint to the editor of the Times, who have themselves groaned under the cruel infliction. Many a noble spirit has been thereby crushed, many a well-disposed youngster has been driven into a career of irreclaimable vice; and he who in Canada, where as yet, thank God, we are free from the curse, undertakes to oppose its introduction in the shape of "Acts of Parliament for Promoting Sabbatarian Observances," deserves well of his country, as the friend of religion and morality. A Scotch Sabbath makes men drunkards; forces them into habits of debauch; compels them to become hypocrites; and too often ends by inspiring them with a lively hatred of Christianity itself. How indeed can it well be otherwise! or how can we wonder that the lad, who has been from his youth upwards taught to look upon heaven as a perpetual Sabbath—and who forms his notions of the Sabbath from what he has himself seen, heard and suffered in Scotland—should, in very dread of such a heaven as that of which a Scotch Sabbath is the type, boldly determine to take his chance of happiness in "t'other place!" All this may appear to our friend of the Witness very profane; but they who have heard, as we have oft times heard, the heart-felt gratitude with which a poor wretch groaning in spirit under the bitter, long-protracted agony of a Scotch Sabbath—"thanks God that it comes only once a week!"—will acknowledge the justice, and indeed the moderation of our remarks.—More especially will this be the case with those who have escaped out of the dreary bondage of Calvinism, into the fair regions of Catholic truth, and who therefore know how to appreciate the blessings of

their newly acquired freedom. If we value our civil and religious liberties, if we desire to promote the happiness and morality of our fellow-citizens; let us then, in the name of reason, of religion, and of God, oppose by every means in our power the insane attempt to impose upon Canada the burden under which the unhappy people of Scotland groan; and which has made them unenviably notorious as "the most drunken and immoral people of the three kingdoms," as "a Scotchman" is reluctantly compelled to confess.

This connection betwixt Puritanism and Impurity is no new thing, but has obtained from the beginning. It has forced itself upon the notice of almost every writer of Scotch History since the Great Apostasy of the XVI. century. That the morality of the community has always varied inversely with the strictness of its Puritanical observances, is a proposition which can easily be sustained by the statistics furnished to us by Protestants themselves; and as the subject is not only very interesting, but of the highest importance to the Statesman and legislator, who at this day are oft called upon by an ignorant and unreasoning populace to re-enact the sumptuary laws of the XVII. century, it will perhaps not be amiss to lay before our readers some few proofs of the truth of our proposition; in the shape of extracts from a most valuable work lately published in Edinburgh, by R. Chambers, under the title of "Domestic Annals of Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution."

It was in the period, betwixt the triumph of the Scotch Covenanters over their King, and the subjugation of Scotland by Cromwell, that Puritanical principles reached their climax, and that a Puritanical clergy reigned without a rival over a submissive people. Of this epoch, the Augustan age of Calvinism, our author—who cites contemporary Protestant authority for every fact asserted, and opinion expressed—gives the following description; which we submit to our readers as strongly confirmatory of our thesis respecting the intimate connection betwixt "Puritanism and Impurity."

Speaking of the year 1650, the writer says:—"The Church was now in the highest power—every vestige of episcopacy banished, popery treated as a crime, the doctrine of the headship of Christ in full paramoury, and enabling the clergy to exercise an unlimited authority over the external religious practice and professions of the community. It was ruled that each head of a family should conduct worship and reading of the Scriptures daily in his house, catechise, reprove, and exhort amongst his children, servants, and dependents. On Sunday after private devotions by the several members of the family, and a general service in the parlour, the master was to take care that all in his charge repaired to public worship. This being finished—in those days it lasted many hours—he was to exercise the family on what they had heard, and the remainder of the day was to be spent in reading, meditation, and secret prayer." Diligence and "sincerity" in these duties were strongly enjoined, and individuals encouraged to confer with and prompt one another on religious subjects. But it was forbidden that families should meet together for religious exercises, as it had been found that such practices tended to schism."

"The morals of the flock were superintended with something beyond pastoral care. Promiscuous dancing was strictly prohibited. For the downbearing of sin women were not allowed to act as waiters in taverns; but alienary men servants and boys." An elder had a certain little district assigned to him, which he carefully inspected once a month. Any scandalous sin which he discovered, even the existence of any stranger without a certificate of character, he had to report to the kirk session. The being drunk, or the utterance of a profane word inferred kirk discipline. The inspecting elder was also to take cognizance of how every body spent his time on Sunday. For acts of a licentious character, both sexes were alike punished in the manner most likely to mortify persons of a sensitive nature."

"The government of Scotland was in short a pure theocracy, of which the Presbyterian Clergy were the irresponsible Ministers; Puritanism ruled with undisputed sway, and the moral effects of that rule are thus described by Protestants, Scotchmen, and eye-witnesses:—

"Strong evidence exists that the period now under review was not free from great vices and criminalities of a very deep shade. The Diarist John Nicoll mentions, under February 1650, that, 'much falset and cheating' (just as amongst our Canadian Saints) was detected at this time by the Lords of Session; for which there was daily hanging, scourging, nailing of lugs (ears) and binding of people to the Tron (the public weighing machine in Edinburgh), and being of tongues; so that it was one fatal year for false notars and witnesses, as daily experience did witness."—p. 197.

"At the same time, gross offences connected with the affections never abounded more, if we can believe Nicoll—a contemporary Protestant Diarist—"thus they did at this time. Some of an indescribable kind appeared in an unnumbered frequency, and continued in that to do so all through the time of the Interregnum," that is during the time that Puritanism was in the ascendant. "In Lamont's Diary the number of gentlemen in Fife who are stated as having broken the seventh Commandment during the time of the Commonwealth is surprisingly great. Even the sanctimonious Chancellor Loudon himself had to give sanction to the kirk in 1651. The writer of the Statistical Account of Melrose remarks the surprising number of penitents which he finds in the Session books during the seventeenth century, 'far exceeding the average of the present day when the population is nearly trebled.'"

"The Churchmen of that period themselves not merely admit but loudly proclaim the extreme immorality of their people."—p. 198, Vol. ii.

As the Puritan yoke pressed heavier and heavier on the people, their morals became more and more corrupt. Under the date 1657, we read that:—

"Offences of a horrible and unnatural kind continued to abound to a degree which makes the daylight poor."

"Records of Kirk of Scotland p. 473. Nicholl's Diary.

"At the present day it appears from the Returns published by the General Registrar for Scotland, that in some districts the proportions of illegitimate and legitimate births are 15.9 per cent.

figacy of the subsequent reign of the white in comparison. "More," says Nicoll, "within these six or seven years nor within these fifty years preceding and more." Outcasts of all ages, from boys to old men, are heard of every few months as burnt on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh; sometimes two together. "Young women who had murdered their own infants—on one occasion it was a pretty young gentleman—were frequently brought to the same scene of punishment. John Nicoll states that on one day, 15th October, 1656, five persons, two men and three women, were burnt on the Castle Hill for offences of the several kinds here glanced at; while two others were scourged through the city for minor degrees of the same offences."—p. 243, vol. 11.

"It is to be feared"—adds the writer—"that so long as reputation is to be gained by mere religious professions, or the adherence to certain systems of doctrine, cases of hypocrisy like that of Foyr will be occasionally heard of. Now will it be doubted that a moral code which presses too severely upon the natural affections is calculated in all circumstances to have the effect here alluded to."—p. 244, vol. 11.

To the above extracts from a work of such unquestionable authority as that which we have quoted above, we feel that it would be superfluous to add another word in support of our thesis: that "The more Puritanism, the more Impurity."

That it is the interest of Irish Catholics and French Canadians—subjects as they are of one Government, and still more closely related as members of the same Church, children of the same spiritual mother—to live together on good terms, to abstain from provoking one another, and, menaced as they are by a formidable and aggressive Protestantism, to make common cause against the common enemy of both—is a proposition so obvious, that no one will, we think, presume to contest it. Unfortunately however there seems to be a party amongst our French Canadian brethren who appear bent upon creating a schism betwixt their own fellow-countrymen and their fellow-citizens of Irish origin; who lose no opportunity of misrepresenting and calumniating the latter; and who take a malicious pleasure in provoking a collision with those, whom it is their interest no less than their duty to seek to conciliate. The Irish, and French Canadian Catholics are mutually necessary to one another, if it be intended to resist the growth of Orangism, and the triumph of "Protestant Ascendancy;" and he, we say, who, calling himself a Catholic, seeks to sow discord betwixt them, must be either a fool or a knave.

It is with much pain therefore that we have of late noticed the tone of that section of the French Canadian press which is supposed to be most amenable to Ministerial influences, towards the Irish Catholic portion of our mixed community. Whether acting under orders from their official patrons, or whether speaking their natural sentiments, we know not; but from whatever cause proceeding, it is scarce possible for our Irish friends to take up one of these sheets without having their national, and religious feelings acutely wounded. Thus for instance in *L'Union* of Friday last, a journal, which we suppose ranks itself amongst the supporters of the cause of "order and good principles," we find under the caption of "Arrival of the Governor," the following paragraph; in which it is hard to say whether the writer's utter disregard of truth, or his insolence towards the Irish of Griffintown—who are to say the least in every respect his equals—is the more conspicuous:—

"His Excellency the Governor General is expected here to-day towards two or three o'clock in the afternoon. We learn that the Irish people—*la gent irlandaise*—faithful to the nod of the master, Mr. McGee, are to hiss His Excellency. We have for some years accustomed to the Griffintown concerts; but to-day we find them altogether out of place; and authority, no matter by whom represented, should always be respected. It is for this reason that we reprove—*reprovoisons*—the green hibernian. Montreal has no doubt incontestable claim to the title of capital of Canada; it is not by howling and brandishing the torch of discord, that she will obtain it."—*L'Union*, 24th September.

Now when we mention the fact, that upon the Governor's arrival on the afternoon in question, there was not the slightest manifestation of any feeling, either for or against His Excellency amongst the handful of loiterers whom curiosity had attracted to the wharf; that not the ghost even of a hiss or of a cheer was to be heard; but that the Queen's representative was received with respectful silence—respectfully because of his high office, silently because of his great personal unpopularity,—we state that which we hold from the unexceptionable testimony of eye-witnesses, and of the entire press of this city; and we at the same time give the most severe rebuke possible to the mendacity, the uncharitableness, and insolence towards his Irish fellow-citizens, of the writer of the paragraph in *L'Union*. What right had he to presume that the Irish of Montreal did not know how to conduct themselves? What right had he to insinuate that the Irish intended to hiss the Governor? and what was his object in giving this malicious, and as subsequent events proved, this utterly unfounded calumny to the world? "We learn," he says; from whom did he learn it? We call upon the editor—and we have the right to call upon him—for the name of his informant; for the source whence he derived the intelligence which incited him to hear "*la gent irlandaise*"—the Irish race—a homily upon the evils of civil discord, and respect due to authority.—We know not what may be the rules and customs of the society in which the writer in *L'Union* moves; though from his sneers at the unfortunate denizens of Griffintown, that society

is no doubt very high and mighty; but we would take this opportunity of telling him that the humblest green hibernian—*vert hibernais*—whom he has the impertinence to reprove, would deem it the act of a coward and a blackguard to put in circulation reports derogatory to another, and to withhold—when called upon to give it up—the name of the informant, or originator of the slander. "We learn," says *L'Union*; well then give up the name of him from whom you learnt it, unless you wish us to believe that the falsehood had its origin in your own fertile brain. Remember, too, that "a receiver of stolen goods is as bad as the thief;" and that he who puts in circulation, or assists to disseminate a slander against his brother, is, morally, not a whit better than its author. *L'Union* must pardon us, since it gives itself the trouble to lecture the "Irish race"—*la gent irlandaise*—upon its good behaviour towards authority, if we also take the opportunity of giving it a lesson upon the impropriety of evil-speaking, lying and slandering—a lesson of which not only *L'Union*, but some of its venal contemporaries seem to stand very much in need.

A writer in the *Pilot* of the 28th ult., under the caption "Protestant-Scotch vs. Irish-Catholic Immorality" puts to us the following very silly question:—

"One thing more, and I have done with your Montreal contemporary. It is a prevalent belief, well or ill founded, I presume not to say,—that the Romanist-Hibernian sections of British town and country populations, in every respect whether social or political, are incomparably the worst reputed of all; and this despite the vaunted 'purifying influences' of separate schooling, and careful early religious training. How is this? [supposing, always that the case is so] let me ask, 'in all humility.' How are we to reconcile this degrading [if not 'too well attested' fact] 'with the theory that Catholicism tends to elevate its professors, morally and socially?' We, too, are 'loath to believe that, naturally, the Irish are more addicted to vice than the Scotch,' &c.

Finally, Mr. Editor—after craving pardon for writing to you at such length—I turn toward your contemporary an inquisitive look, which says, 'I too, and many more, of differing but not adverse religious opinions from his, pause for a reply.' CANDIDUS.

We see not upon what plea we can be called upon to account for all the silly notions which ad-depated folks take into their heads; and which unscrupulous libellers repeat respecting the "Romanist Hibernian section" of the British population. It is sufficient for our purpose to refer *Candidus* to the elaborate work of Mr. Mayhew on the poorer classes of society in the British metropolis; from which he will learn—if he is not already aware of the fact—that upon Protestant testimony, the "Romanist Hibernian section" of the metropolitan population stands prominently and honorably distinguished amongst its Protestant neighbors, for honesty and purity; and that is only when the Catholic Irishman renounces his religion, and becomes a shining light in the conventicle—*yea* a brand snatched from the burning—that he becomes morally assimilated to the corrupt, because Protestantised masses by whom he is surrounded.

Their Lordships the Bishops of Toronto, Bytown, Hamilton, and Kingston passed through Montreal on Tuesday last on their way to assist at the consecration of the splendid Cathedral lately erected under the auspices of His Lordship the Bishop of Three Rivers. The consecration took place on Wednesday the 29th ult., being the Festival of St. Michael; and in our next we shall be able to lay an account of the touching ceremonies before our readers.

AN OMISSION.—In the Card of Thanks of the Committee of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, which appeared in our last, an unintentional omission occurred, a mistake of the compositor. The words "Their respectful thanks are offered to the St. Patrick's and Temperance Societies," were omitted.

INQUEST.—On Tuesday last, Coroner Jones held an inquest on the body of a man, named Thomas Brogan, who came to his death on the morning previous, from being run over by one of the Grand Trunk engines, while proceeding to his daily labor, near the Tannery, (Montreal). For want of evidence, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." The deceased was a sober, industrious, and hard-working man, and leaves a wife and family to deplore his loss.

Evangelical Protestantism is—we learn from the *Montreal Witness*—in danger. Not that its professors are about to become a whit more honest, chaste, or sober, than they have hitherto been; but because Lord Derby is at the head of the British Government, and because Lord Derby actually dined on a Sunday "at the residence of the French Ambassador in London." Thus, says the *Witness*, "has given offence to the religious portion of the British people."

ORANGE OUTRAGES.—As the writer of the annexed gives us his name, and vouches for the truth of the details therein contained, we have no hesitation in publishing it, as a sample of what Catholics may expect from an Orange Attorney-General, and an Orange Governor. Of course the former will take good care that his "*Dear Brothers*" be not molested for their gallant exploits at the expense of the Popish "dogs" at Omeme:—

SEPOYISM IN CANADA. To the Editor of the *True Witness*.

Lindsay, Sept. 22, 1858. DEAR SIR—A more diabolical and dastardly outrage never disgraced any nation or people, than was perpetrated in this neighborhood on the night of the 13th inst., by a gang of Orange ruffians from the notorious village of Omeme—a village well known to every person who has ever spent an hour in it, to contain some of the greatest rowdies and sots in Canada West. Indeed, such is its notoriety that it is shunned by every respectable person as a plague spot; and at no distant day the name which it had previous to its present eponymous one, can with propriety be applied to it again—*viz.*, "Beggars' Town." A short distance from this village, and along the Port Hope, Lindsay, and Beaverton Railroad, are a few shanties occupied by poor Catholic families, who are employed in repairing it. These offensive creatures, who never, by word or deed, gave cause of complaint to any of their Protestant neighbors, could

not escape the wretches of Omeme. On the night of the 13th instant, an organised band issued from that den of infamy, well primed with whiskey, and armed, with guns and pistols, surrounded the shanties, and raised their war-whoop. The terrified inmates, suddenly roused from slumber by the demoniac yells, and threats of instant destruction which came from the brutal mob at their doors, were, as you may well imagine, in a dreadful state of mind. Oh! what a sight in this free country—this country that boasts so much of its civil and religious toleration to all—to see at the midnight hour a ruthless Orange rabble surrounding three or four shanties, occupied by peaceable; hard working Catholics, and breathing vengeance on them and their little ones. The terrified husbands and fathers, with some of their children in their arms, made a rush for an adjacent bush, hotly pursued by their enemies, and, singular to relate, escaped, probably owing to the darkness of the night. Not so their wives and children, who remained behind. Would you believe it, Mr. Editor,—spread it on the winds of Heaven—let it be known in every corner of the land as a fact—that these worse than demons maltreated the defenceless females, clutched them by the throats, until they were nearly strangled. Having wreaked their vengeance on the females, they next proceeded to break all the furniture, windows, doors, &c. In fact, they completely gutted the already miserable dwellings; and wound up the proceedings with a volley of imprecations on all Papists, and the usual consignment of His Holiness to warm quarters.

Your readers will not be surprised when I inform them that the County Master resides in the village of Omeme. He is a man who has often headed the Orange *canaille* in their nightly excursions to Catholic houses and Catholic localities. The *Warder*—a miserable Orange rag published in the village—is indignant at the disgraceful conduct of those it has this long time bounded on to such acts by its weekly inflammatory articles on Popery and Papists. It professes sympathy for the sufferers; but its sympathy is hollow. We scorn it, as well as the man who professes it.

The only reason put forward for this attack on the shanties is, that a gang of these ruffians went on the preceding Saturday to horse races, held in the northern part of the Township (Emily.) This part is almost exclusively occupied by Catholics; yet these Orange bullies thought, with pistols in their pockets, that they could easily chase the Papists. They provoked a quarrel, used their pistols, but to no effect, and very soon found that they had men, hard-fisted men, to deal with; they were forced to fly for safety, but not without taking a few cut heads with them. This is what roused their ire, and led them to commit such a dastardly outrage on those who live six miles from where the races were held, and who were not there on that day. The blood of their martyred victims has cried to Heaven for vengeance on these Sepoys; and I fear the curses of the widows and orphans which they have made through the land, are falling, and will yet fall more heavily on those in power, who foster and sustain this blood-thirsty Society in our midst.

Only the other day that curse to this country—Ogle R. Gowan—had the brazen effrontery to tell the public all the good qualities and virtues of an Orangeman. He says:—"An Orangeman must be free from bigotry, conciliatory, humane, charitable, honest, honorable." What a farce! Why, the lying ex-Grand would fain make us believe that virtue is not to be found beyond the precincts of his Orange Lodges.

If, Mr. Editor, I have carried this communication to too great a length, excuse me; my heart is full of the unredressed outrages inflicted on my poor Catholic countrymen; and it must speak, and tell these savans of hell that the day is not far distant when their blood-stained flag will be torn to shreds, and the land purged of their dark-lantern order; when people will shun them as plague-stricken creatures; and when a public shout will arise against their cowardice, treachery, and brutality. Already they are despised by thousands of liberal Protestants, and be sure that none despises the reptiles more than

LIEMENEACH. FIRE, MONDAY MORNING.—A fire broke out yesterday morning at the omnibus stables of Mr. Wood in Bonaventure street, near the corner of the Square.—It was about half-past four o'clock when the alarm was given, and the firemen were speedily on the spot—indeed, as it is reported to us, before the water was turned on. Unfortunately the fire, though speedily extinguished, was not so till it had destroyed fifteen out of about twenty-two valuable horses, which were not insured for more than half or at least two-thirds of their value. The loss on this stock will probably be \$1,000 or \$1,500.

SHERIFF ELECTION.—We have been informed that the Hon. T. Drummond has entered a protest against the return of Mr. Foster, and that Edward Carter Esq., has been entrusted with the management of the contestation.—*Montreal Herald*.

PROGRESS OF INCENDIARISM.—During the past few weeks incendiaries appear to have become alarmingly numerous, and although five inquests have been held, and the police have been on the *qui vive* none of the offenders have yet met with retribution. The fire on Queen Street, in which three frame houses were destroyed about a month ago, was clearly proved, by a next-door neighbor, to have been the work of an incendiary, the wickedness of whose labor temporarily paralyzed him and prevented his raising an alarm. Subsequently to this the great fire upon Adelaide Street occurred. Six or eight houses were burnt down and a large amount of property consumed, and that fire was undoubtedly occasioned by an incendiary. On Monday morning a fire broke out at Mr. Lotus's dwelling house, which may be attributed to the same cause. Coroner Duggan held an inquest on Monday afternoon upon the fire, at which it was stated by a number of witnesses that just previous to the fire two men were seen running up Pine Street, but they did not take sufficient notice of them to enable them to implicate any party. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that they were of opinion that the house was wilfully fired.—*Toronto Atlas*.

CANADIAN M.P.S.—Of these honorable gentlemen the *Toronto Colonist* draws amusing, if not very flattering picture:—

"The people of England bid as they deem our politicians to be, would hardly believe that there are scores of the members who make a living out of the six dollars a day, which is the parliamentary allowance; that many of these sleep two in a bed in small garrets at \$3 a week in order to make a profit of the business; and that in the case, at least, of one half the Assembly, there is neither the reading, the intelligence, nor the independence of the English mechanic. We say the people of the mother country little as they think of our public men, would think any such picture as we have drawn a mere sketch of the imagination; and yet, as we all know to our cost, it is no such thing, but a simple picture of the actual facts of the case."

Tooth Ache.—It is often asked if Davis' Pain Killer will cure this most unbearable of pains. It will seldom fail if applied according to directions. It is also an effectual cure for neuralgia. Try it.

THE ST. PATRICK'S BAZAAR.

THE ANNUAL BAZAAR, under the direction of the Ladies of Charity of the St. Patrick's Congregation, will be held on MONDAY the 4th OCTOBER, and continued on the following days, in the

MECHANICS' HALL, GREAT SAINT JAMES STREET. The proceeds will be applied to the support of the ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM, and to the clothing of destitute children, attending school, during the approaching winter.

STEAMER BURN.—HALIFAX, SEPT. 27, 1858.—The bark *Lofus*, from Liverpool, arrived in Halifax harbor on Sunday P.M., with 12 of the 67 surviving passengers of the *Austria*, burnt at sea on the 13th Sept., in lat. 42,01 long. 41,30, taken from the bark *Maurice*, Capt. Ernest Renaud, on the 14th. At a little after 2 o'clock, on the 13th, dense columns of smoke burst from the after entrance of the steerage. The ship was instantly put at half speed, at which she continued until the magazine exploded. The engineers it is inferred were instantly suffocated. The fire was next seen breaking through the lights amidship, and travelled with fearful rapidity. Some persons let down a boat from the port side of the quarter deck, and she was thought to be crushed under the screw. An attempt was made to launch a boat on the starboard side, but it was swamped from the numbers who rushed into it, and all were lost. All the first cabin passengers were on the poop, except a few gentlemen who must have been smothered in the smoking room. The ladies and gentlemen on the poop jumped into the sea by twos—some of the ladies were in flames; several hesitated, but were driven to it at last. In half an hour not a soul was to be seen on the poop. The French bark *Maurice* came alongside the steamer at about 5 P.M., and rescued 40 passengers, chiefly taken off the bowsprit. A few were picked up floating round. At about 6 o'clock, one of the metallic boats came up with about 23 persons in it, including the first and third officers.

CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT. The fire is known to have arisen from the very culpable negligence of some of the crew. The Captain and surgeon considered it expedient to fumigate the steerage with burning tar. The operation was to be performed by the boatswain, under the superintendence of the fourth officer. The boatswain heated the end of a chain to dip in tar to produce smoke. The end became too hot to hold, and he dropped it on deck, to which it set fire. The tar was upset, and immediately all about it was in flames. A feeble attempt was made to extinguish it, but without effect. There was nothing at hand to meet such an emergency.

It is a luxury—a positive luxury—a real luxury—a glorious luxury!—this "Persian Balm." Nothing yet before the public can compare with it. Send us another bottle.

THANKS. Owing to the zeal and activity displayed by Mrs. Nolan, Levesque, Terreault, Saint Jean, and all our young ladies of the Congregation of B. V. M., as well as to the encouragement given both by our comparatively poor people, and our friends in the City—the Little Bazaar of *Le Coteau Saint Louis* (Mile End) has realised, in a few short sittings, a very handsome sum of eighty-one pounds, odd shillings cy, or \$328. This result reflects the more credit upon our population, as it is for the fifth time we make an appeal to their generosity since the beginning of the church; and, spite of the pressure of the times, that appeal has never been made in vain. Honor then to the poor, who know so well how to deprive themselves, if not always of the necessities of life, at least of many useful things, in order to erect a temple to the Lord.

We return thanks also to Mr. Rolland and his Brass Band for having made our lonely spot resound with splendid airs and music during the Bazaar. F. T. LAHAYE, Ptre., S.V. Coteau St. Louis, Sept. 27, 1858.

P. K. INDIAN CREEK, Mo., July 3d, 1857.

Messrs. PERRY DAVIS & SON:—Dear Sirs—Having used your PAIN KILLER for two years, I find it to be the best medicine for what it is recommended for that I have ever used. I feel thankful for the benefit I have received from it. I have been troubled with dyspepsia for ten years, and tried . . . to no benefit. But as soon as I got to using your PAIN KILLER I found relief, and by the use of it I am entirely cured. For chills and fever or congestive chills it is the best medicine I have ever used. I have used it for a great many different complaints, and it has never yet failed in giving immediate relief.

CHAS. L. GANGH. Sold by all the principal medicine dealers. Lyman, Savage, & Co., and Carter, Kerry, & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.

OXYGENATED BITTERS. The annexed statement of Prof. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer, is ample testimony of the scientific manner in which this medicine is compounded, and recommends it to Professional Men.

An opinion having been asked for of me, in consequence of the formula for preparing *Oxygenated Bitters* being known to me, I express the following in form:—

The composition of these Bitters includes those medicinal substances which experienced physicians have long resorted to for special action on the system, when deranged by Fevers, Dyspepsia, Agues, and General Debility, resulting from exposure or climatic influence.

These are rendered permanent, and remain active in this preparation, as a consequence of the scientific manner in which they are combined.

It was a well founded inference, that the preparation, used in larger or smaller doses, would prove a valuable *General Medicine*, which experience has demonstrated.

In this medicine, no metallic salts can be found, by the most delicate chemical trials.

Respectfully A. A. HAYES, M. D., Assayer to the State of Mass. No. 1 Pine Street, Boston, 16th Dec., 1852. SEYM. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents every where.

For sale in Montreal, at wholesale, by Lyman Savage & Co., 226 St. Paul Street; also by Carter, Kerry & Co., 184 St. Paul Street; by Johnston, Beers & Co., Medical Hall, Great St. James Street; and S. J. Lyman, Place d'Armes.

EVENING CLASSES. THE PROFESSORS of the MONTREAL ACADEMY have OPENED their EVENING CLASSES in their Rooms, BONAVENTURE HALL. Those desirous of availing themselves of their Course of Instruction, can enter on moderate terms. M. C. Heally will attend the Commercial and Mathematical departments. Pierce FitzGerald will attend the Classical department. Hours of attendance from half-past SEVEN till half-past NINE P.M. Terms payable in advance.

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

THE POSITION OF FRANCE IN EUROPE. The Paris Times correspondent says:—The French has a long article with reference to Mr. Roebuck's speech in his new character of 'Le Normand' and to Sir Charles Napier's recent letter. It denies the superiority of the English over the French navy, because, it says, the navy of England, numerically far stronger, is yet not in proportion to the necessities of the country and to the immense extent of British colonies. It then proceeds as follows:—

"The French navy, on the contrary, is in perfect equilibrium with the wants of the country. In the hypothesis of a naval war, we have not thousands of points to protect, and we can devote all our energies to attack. It is not sufficient, it may be truly affirmed, to possess immense resources: they should always be on the point that is menaced, as Bonaparte clearly demonstrated to the Austrians in his memorable campaigns in Italy. The English, besides, in their reasoning on maritime matters, always commit an error, which we have already pointed out on several occasions. In a war, a Power ought not to expect to have only one enemy—several should be looked for. But England regards exclusively on the side of France—thinks only of France. But she has another enemy, Russia, who presses her in the East, in China, in India, and who menaces her in the Baltic, where the Russian fleet, from being excluded from the Black Sea, is forced to accumulate its forces. Suppose then for a moment that an understanding was come to between France and Russia, the French fleet holding firm against the English vessels, while the Russian fleet should convey an army to disembark in England—suppose that, and the Cossacks might very easily be seen in London. Unite, on the contrary, the Russian and English fleets, and the junction would be perfectly indifferent to us. For our ports, with our army and our maritime populations so eminently warlike, we repel every attempt at landing. Therein lies our superiority; we support our navy by an army—that which England cannot do, or, at least, what she has not been able to do up to the present time."

"As regards the admitted superiority of our merchant navy, and the maritime tastes prominent in England and exemplified by her fleet of beautiful yachts, and by the habits of her aristocracy, the *Siecle* considers their importance diminished by the tendencies of France in the same direction:—

"Blind would be the man who does not perceive how France is in every manner tending towards the sea. Ten years back the families who visited the sea in the fine season were some hundreds; now they are counted by thousands. When, under the Restoration, the Naval School at Brest was founded, it was necessary, in order to have pupils, to pay them; but at present the number of applicants for the naval schools is so great that a considerable amount of interest is necessary in order to procure admission. Formerly the naval career was a sort of exception, and a young man ought to be a native of Dieppe, or Dunkirk, or St. Malo, or some other port, to even think of it. But, in the present day, it has attractions for every province, and the navy is no longer the exclusive appanage of any particular district."

"The *Siecle* then talks gravely of a project which most persons will be apt to consider chimerical—that of making the Seine navigable as far as Paris for vessels of large burden. This gigantic idea is not new, but, if I am rightly informed, when it was, on some former occasion, put forward hydrographers showed that there were insurmountable obstacles to its realization. The following paragraph is more practical than the suggestion of having men-of-war moored in front of the Tuilleries gardens:—

"The English must make up their minds to the development of maritime ideas of France.—Admiral Napier has recommended them to bring us to an arrangement, consisting of each Power consenting to have a limited navy. We, on our side, advise them to draw closer all the bonds which attach them to France, to attempt the greatest number of enterprises they possibly can in conjunction with us, and to look with suspicion on those sentiments of jealousy which have so long animated them against France. It is not to diminish the French forces that they ought to endeavor, but to so manage that a war with us should become utterly impossible from the multiplicity of relations and friendships existing between the two countries. When an end shall be come to of spurring on the two populations against each other, when they shall be persuaded that their alliance strengthens them reciprocally, they will no longer dread the force of one or the other in such or such a branch of the service."

The following curious letter on the newly-invented battering steamships (*vaisseaux béliers*) appears in the *Ocean* of Brest. The letter is signed "Aristide Vincent":—

"Constant guard batteries, however multiplied they may be, will henceforth neither prevent a bombardment or a landing. The only mode of defending ports or rivers in future will be by floating steam batteries of 30 or 60 guns, rendered invulnerable against all descriptions of shot by being plated with iron covered with timber, drawing little water and moving at the rate of from five to eight knots an hour by means of one or several screws placed under water, fitted with sliding masts, and armed with guns to be loaded at the breach, by which they may be discharged five times as quickly as the guns at present in use. The timbers of these formidable floating batteries should be sufficiently solid to resist the most violent shock, in order that by driving into the centre of a fleet they may sink or disable any ship against which they shall strike. Such is the plan I proposed in the year 1844, and published in the year 1845, and which received the most remarkable consecration at the siege of Kinburn, notwithstanding the vicious and too primitive construction of the floating batteries then employed. This system will shortly gain a further advantage by the new strategy of the battle-shock (*combat-shock*) which Admiral Bruat would have completed, with my assistance, had not death so prematurely carried him off. This system will be a new title for France, though studied in silence by England."

These are reflections not to be despised, notwithstanding the pacific language of Count Persigny, particularly when coupled with the intimation of the extraordinary warlike preparations in other parts of the French Empire. "Metz, the strongest fortress of France," a correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion* states—"Contains arms, all of the very last make,

in the very highest state of finish and readiness, for a quarter of a million of men; with mountains of shell of every size, countless glittering brass mortars, quite new; numberless new brass cannon of the Emperor's invention; for throwing small hollow balls, and projectiles of every conceivable kind. Here men are casting conical Minie bullets, in matrices twelve at a time; as fast as if another Congress were sitting at Vienna, and that an infuriated Continent were about to submerge France in fire once more, and that this was her final preparation for the death struggle. What is it for? Metz, be it observed, is only one of several fortresses of the same rank; and though called the Woolwich of France, there are several other Woolwiches too—Vincennes, La Frere, Toulon, Strasbourg, Besancon, Toulouse, Rennes, and a dozen lesser ones, in each and all of which the same sort of thing is going on, hammer and tongs, night, noon, and morning."

THE LATE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS' WILL.—This document has been proved in Doctors' Commons and published. The introduction is as follows:— "This is my will. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. In dying I commend my soul to God, and in the name of Jesus Christ I implore His infinite mercy, praying Him to receive me in the eternal abode, here to reunite me to those for whom I have mourned upon this earth. I leave my maternal blessing to my beloved sons, and pray the Lord to guide them through this life, to give them prosperous days, and to grant them eternal felicity when they shall have nobly fulfilled their destinies here below. I bid them here a last adieu, whilst thanking them for the happiness they have contributed to my existence. I entreat the Queen to accept the last expression of my respectful gratitude. I bid farewell to my mother, to whom I owe so much; to my brothers and sisters, for whom I have ever felt sincere affection; to my mother's family, whose tender hospitality has lightened the bitterness of exile of my sons and myself; to my friends and servant, whose fidelity in the midst of misfortune has inspired me with grateful attachment; and, finally, I bid farewell to France, which I have loved so much, and where the happiest years of my life have glided away. I recommend my sons never to forget that the fear of God is the beginning of all wisdom; that it is a guide and beacon in prosperity, and stay amidst misfortune; to remain ever faithful to the precepts of their childhood, and continue steadfast likewise to their political faith. May they observe it both by their constancy in adversity and exile, and by their firmness and devoted patriotism when the course of events shall restore them to their country. May France, restored to her dignity and liberty, may constitutional France reckon upon them to defend her honor, her grandeur, and her interests, and may she find once more in them the wisdom of their grandfather and the chivalrous qualities of their father. They should ever bear in mind the political principles which have made the glory of their house, which their grandfather faithfully observed upon the throne, and which their father, as his will and testament bears witness, had ardently adopted. His last directions have been the guiding rule of their education. In quitting this world I recommend my children to the Queen. My beloved son, the Count de Paris, will attain his majority the moment my will shall take effect; yet, notwithstanding this, I count upon the moral influence of the Queen, and upon her respected authority to replace me in his counsels; I likewise reckon upon her maternal solicitude in entreating her to accept the guardianship of my beloved son, the Duke de Chartres. Such duty will not, I trust, appear to her too onerous, for I beg my brothers to assist the Queen in the administration of the fortune of their nephews. I know full well the feelings which animate them for the children of their deplorable brother, and I am sure that they will at all times testify towards them a sincere affection. I charge my sons to remain ever closely united; the indissoluble union of the two brothers forming the condition of their strength and mutual happiness. I desire that my eldest son shall, from the day that his legal majority permits him, take part in the family council appointed to watch over the interests of his younger brother. It is also my desire that those tried and faithful friends who have surrounded my sons, and who, after having been the devoted adherents of their father, have never ceased to give us proofs of attachment in adversity, will still continue to remain about them."—The bequests follow.

A FORTUNE IN A BOTTLE.—The *Moniteur de Calvados* announces that a bottle has been picked up on the beach between Trouville and Honfleur, which on being broken was found to contain a paper dated 3rd August, on board the Crocodile, and purporting that the writer on board the vessel, which was about to founder, having neither heirs nor relations, bequeathed his fortune to whoever might find the paper. This fortune the writer declares to amount to 340,000fr., and to be deposited in the hands of M. Faiseux-Lavanne, Rue Vivienne, Paris. The writer also expresses a wish that his house at Valparaiso shall be converted into a chapel in which Mass should be celebrated on the 3rd of every month for the repose of his soul.

M. Chevreaux, Prefect of the Sarthe, has just published a circular modifying one he had recently issued, and which was unfavorable to the hawking of Bibles and some other religious works. The following is the second circular:— "Gentlemen—I have been asked whether the clauses of the circular of the 30th of July last, relative to hawking about publications connected with non-Catholic forms of worship, were to be applied to all hawkers without distinction. I hasten to say that a negative reply cannot be doubtful. On this subject the terms of the Ministerial circular of the 22nd of May last leave no uncertainty. The Government does not intend to prevent the doctrines of any sect from being distributed by hawkers. Translations of the Bible and a great number of other Protestant books have been inserted in the official catalogues which constitute the rule for the surveillance of hawkers. After attentive examination by the permanent commission, it has been decided that these publications, which are highly moral, do not depart from the reasonable limits laid down for religious controversy. It has been admitted that they contained nothing of a nature to irritate the public mind, or to awaken passions which do not belong to our day. They may, therefore, be stamped conformably to the detailed indications of the official catalogues. What the Government wishes to prevent is that foreign societies, disposing of extensive resources, should send agents into our country, charged to produce agitation. It is with that idea that it has prescribed to the Prefects to make minute inquiry as to the origin and antecedents of the individuals who apply for a hawker's license. It is in this sense, Gentlemen, that it will be proper to interpret and apply the instructions which I gave you in my circular of the 30th July last."

"LEON CHEVREAU." AN ARMY OF MARTYRS.—The *Court Journal* of Saturday, under the head of "Paris Gossip," describes the following truly Catholic scene:— "The fashionable and religious world was convoked on Friday last to one of the most curious ceremonies which take place in Paris, that of the departure of the Missionaries for their various destinations to all parts of the globe. On this occasion an unusual number of these bold and enterprising young men, willing and ready to suffer all things for Christ's sake, were presented at the altar of the *Missions Etrangères*, and a most touching sight it was to behold this assemblage of pale, devoted youths, with their small wallets and knotted sticks—which constitute, according to strict rule, the whole of their baggage—ready mad for the good fight, about to rally forth into the unknown dark, to combat with it may be, invisible and unknown enemies, alone, unaided, and protected by their Master's name alone. They sat in a line before the altar, twenty-seven in number, and in the presence of the multitude renewed

publicly the vows they had uttered in private on entering the establishment, of forsaking home, country, friends, and family, to spread His name far and wide over the surface of the earth, to suffer the pangs of torture, cold, and hunger, to suffer solitude, imprisonment, and stripes, rather than turn back from the task thus self-imposed by religious convictions alone. Amongst the number of this year's Missionaries, was a youth of twenty, the only son of one of our greatest painters, whose vocation for this life, of danger has developed itself so strongly ever since his earliest childhood, that the father, amidst the bitterest regret, has listened to the reasoning of the high Ecclesiastical authorities commissioned by the Pope to solicit his consent, and has bravely resigned, this fondly-loved child into the hands of the Church, perfectly convinced that the call will not be unavowed."

"Another of these aspirants to heavenly reward is a young man, the son of a rich banker, whose suicide a short time ago filled all Paris with consternation. His vocation is subservient to the law of expiation, and turned at once from the world to which his father had sacrificed everything, and finally life and eternity itself, to offer himself a sacrifice in redemption of his father's error. The contrast between the two young men—the one, whose vocation was spontaneous, the other, that of judgment and reasoning—was evident to all. The first full joy and triumph at having accomplished a long-sought end, the other, all resignation to the will of Providence.—At the conclusion of the Mass, one penny was given to each of the travellers, which is to be renewed at each station; one small loaf was placed within the wallet which contained the one change of linen, and they went on their way, singing joyously, as they disappeared through the door at the back of the altar, concerning the glories of Paradise and the bounties of the Lord. By this time most of them are embarked, either at Havre or Bordeaux, for the savage countries to which they are bound. The vessel which conveys them will leave them in the midst of the horrid loneliness to which they have condemned their young lives, and the next news which reaches us concerning them may be of their success in converting whole nations to Christianity, or of the lingering death to which they have been condemned by the inhospitable tribes amongst whom they have been sent."

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, SEPT. 7.—It is at length definitely settled that a submarine telegraph shall be constructed from Ragusa to Alexandria. The exact conditions of the agreement entered into by the British and Austrian Governments are not yet known, but its principal features are said to be the following. The Austrian Government agrees to lay down three cables between Ragusa, Corfu, Zante, Candia, and Alexandria, and to cede them when complete to a private (Anglo-Austrian) company. The British and Austrian Governments guarantee to the company 6 per cent. (3 per cent. each) on all capital that may be expended in the construction of the above-mentioned submarine telegraph. It would appear that the British Government has the best of the bargain, for its despatcher, which are to be forwarded by its own agents, are to have right of priority on all three cables. It is also related that right of priority on the Austrian land telegraphs is likely to be granted to the British Government for all the despatches it may forward to or receive from India. Persons who are much better able to form a correct opinion on such a matter than myself say that the two Governments risk little or nothing by guaranteeing 6 per cent. The line in question, which is to all intents and purposes a main one, already has or will soon have three great ramifications:—1. The line from Corfu to Malta, Cagliari, and Spezia. 2. That from Zante to the Morea, which will join the Greek telegraphic net. 3. That from the island of Candia to Constantinople, which Mr. Gisborne is about to construct. The Turkish Government has also authorized Mr. Gisborne to lay down a cable from Candia to Alexandria, but it will hardly be worth his while to do so, as the Austrians are on the point of sinking three. A few days since the English war steamer *Medina* was taking soundings in the Archipelago, and particularly in the neighbourhood of the island of Scio, which is to be one of the stations in the Constantinople-Candia line of telegraph. From Scio a telegraphic communication will be opened with Smyrna and Gallipoli.—*Times Correspondent.*

ITALY. The *Times*' correspondent writes:—"My private letters from the north of Italy show that there, as in nearly every country of Europe, there is just now a complete calm in political affairs. In the absence of greater events, the decease of the Mazzini organ, the *Italia del Popolo*, has caused much conversation at Turin, and, indeed, it cannot be considered as an unimportant incident, since it proves that the detestable principles the paper in question advocated are not those of any numerous or influential party in the Sardinian States.—or, we may fairly say, in Italy generally, since, had they been so, money would doubtless have been forthcoming to prolong the existence of the Radical print. M. Mazzini and his friends will doubtless talk of tyranny, and say that the Government has crushed their journal, because its responsible editors, having repeatedly transgressed the laws, have as repeatedly been punished for so doing. But the truth is that the paper was not supported by the public. Not many days ago the shareholders held a meeting to examine the financial state of their property, and they found that the treasury was empty. They made an appeal to certain persons who, either through fear or from a desire to oppose and create difficulties for the Government, had hitherto supplied money, but those persons were not disposed to disburse any further sums. The inevitable conclusion was therefore come to, that the publication of the *Italia del Popolo* must cease. The question of oppression lies between the Radicals and the Government, but all moderate men and true friends of Italy will rejoice at the extinction of the disreputable and mischievous print. Those Italians, and they are not few, who build hopes on the alliance of the French Emperor and on his sympathy for Italy will have another cause of satisfaction, since the disappearance of the paper will doubtless be agreeable to him. The loss of their organ is a great blow to the infamous Mazzinian faction, which is the disgrace of Italy."

From Rome we hear that a pilgrimage of His Holiness the Pope to Jerusalem, is talked of as probable next year. We only reproduce the statement without guaranteeing its authenticity.—*Weekly Register.*

PORTUGAL. A dispute has arisen between the government of France and that of Portugal from insults offered in the journals and streets of Lisbon to French Sisters of Charity, whose aid the Portuguese themselves called in, and it begins to assume a rather serious aspect. In Lisbon itself the matter seems to have created a great stir, and petitions for and against the expulsion of these women are signed, the latter headed by the Emperor Don Pedro's wife, who is a daughter of Eugene Desarmains, and, consequently, a relative of the present French dynasty. The Portuguese ministers, in whose own journals the attacks on the Sisters of Charity were made, are engaged in serious and protracted deliberations how to meet the demands for reparation made by the French government, and to face public opinion at the same time.—According to the Spanish journals of the French party in Spain, a French Squadron is to leave for Lisbon to cast anchor in the Tagus while the negotiations are proceeding. A correspondent of the *Weekly Register* writes from Lisbon:—"You will scarcely believe that the French Sisters of Charity have been stoned in the streets of this Catholic metropolis. A few came last year to take charge of the orphans of cholera and yellow fever, and from the first moment of their arrival it was resolved by the infidel party that by some means or other they should be expelled.—Sisters of

Charity being regarded here as infidels, and the Sisters of Charity being actually stoned in Lisbon, and expelled from the city. Another was preparing to bring the King to deserre them, and this was signed by the Queen and Princess Isabel Maria. The Count of Sobral, the civil governor of the city, has demanded his dismissal, the Government refusing to assist him in punishing the williams who threw stones at the good Sisters; and in prosecuting the 'infidel' papers, which have daily poured out the most infamous and vile calumnies against those blessed Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul whose mission of love the whole world, not excepting even the Mussulman, has joyfully welcomed and willingly acknowledged. Portugal—once so Catholic, once so faithful—would, it seems, challenge to herself the unenviable distinctions of foully calumniating and ungratefully expelling the poor Sisters of St. Vincent, and thus publicly proclaim herself to the world as terribly low in civilization. God help her!—she will not help herself; and those who should guide her are trembling and silent—not one word from the Government—not a syllable from the Throne or the tongue-tied Church in favour of the poor Sisters of Charity."

INDIA. The following is from the *Bombay Gazette* of August 4:— "The great point of attraction for the rebels is Oude, which now contains at least nine-tenths of all the lawless force in arms throughout the country. The largest numbers banded together under separate leaders are the Begum's army across the Gogra at Bounree, estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000, and the force of Meludee Hoosain, calculated at 15,000, engaged in besieging our ally, Maun Sing, in his fortress of Shabgunge. The fidelity of Maun Sing, to our cause is not a matter altogether beyond doubt, and a force has been sent from Lucknow either to relieve him or to compel him to declare himself for one side or other. This expedition is under the command of the victorious General Grant, and he takes with him two regiments of European infantry, one of hussars, two regiments of Sikhs, and two troops of artillery, a force which he thinks ample enough to defeat both besiegers and besieged if they should condescend. We shall look out with great eagerness for intelligence of this movement."

It is rumored that the Begum, with her whole available forces, is determined no longer to remain on the defensive, but to

'Bead the lion in his den, The Douglas in his hall.' In other words, to carry the war into the British camp at Allahabad, the head-quarters of the Governor General and Commander-in-Chief. Reckless as is this unprincipled woman, we do not anticipate any movement so rash and fatal as this would be, and rather incline to believe a statement in a letter received from Jellalabad, that the Begum is anxious to come to terms and has written to the Nepal man (Bahadour we presume) to negotiate with our government on her behalf. If this is true, affairs will soon be settled. The whereabouts of Nana Sahib are not known with certainty. Our Lucknow correspondent states that he is with the Begum at Bounree, all other accounts indicate different other places, with this variation, that the detestable arch traitor and outlaw is never seen in the field, but conceals himself with marvellous adroitness and success from those who, attracted by the large reward offered for his head, may be desirous of having an interview with him. It is understood that he has sold his famous ruby, valued by the natives at a million sterling, for a thousand pounds. A letter from him, written at the beginning of the mutiny, has been intercepted, in which he gives as a reason for his rebellion that the government had deprived him of the pension of Company's Rs. 75,000 a month, enjoyed by his father Rajee Rao Peishwah, and that he was determined either to get the arrears and interest, or to lose his life. The latter alternative will probably soon be his fate, as the circle is narrowing around him."

In Behar, writes the *Friend of India*:—"There are 3,000 rebels, congregated about the jungle at Jugdespore, which we have been unable to destroy. These men though badly armed and scantily supplied with provisions, have swept the country from Gya to Patna, from the Soane river to the Kurumassa. They have burnt bungalows and factories, liberated prisoners, and mutilated ryots. In the face of Sir Edward Lugard with 2,000 troops at Jugdespore, and in the teeth of Brigadier Douglas, with a Queen's regiment at Buxar, they have ravaged the whole country. The last telegraph, however, gives more hopeful accounts. The rebels had retired from Arrah, after burning Mr. Vincent's house, and Brigadier Douglas has assumed the command of the disturbed districts. He was last described as about to establish military posts about the position of the enemy. At present we regard the tactics to be employed with but little hopes of success. The enemy will, we are afraid, evade these posts as easily as they did the enclosing force of Sir E. Lugard, and the struggle will be indefinitely prolonged. Still the enemy in all but numbers, the sympathy of the populace, and the celerity of their motions, are a contemptible foe. They scarcely have a good gun amongst them, caps are almost unprocurable, being sold at four shillings the hundred. The rebels, too, have not much treasure; their excursions, though they have inflicted considerable damage to us, have been sadly unprofitable to themselves. Their pay is doled out in pittance of one or two rupees in alternate months, provisions are scarce, enemies numerous, and the climate intemperate even to Bhoojpoories."

CHINA. THE NEW TREATY WITH CHINA.—The *Times* publishes some important information concerning Lord Elgin's negotiations. It is derived from private letters, to which our contemporary attaches the utmost credit. The most important part of the article is that which announces the Emperor's authorisation to his Commissioners to sign a letter promising a treaty in the terms of Lord Elgin's demands, and couched in language dictated by Mr. Lay. The *Times* says:—

This letter forms the next important step in these negotiations, and marks the term of their progress when our last news left. It is not now, we hope, for its importance has now been superseded by the treaty, but up to the evening of the 11th of June, when that letter was written, no such concessions had ever been dreamt of by a Chinese Minister. Our correspondent's knowledge of this official document is necessarily not exact, but we believe it will be found that the conditions which this letter promises as the basis of a treaty are as follows:—

- First.—The residence of a British Minister at Tientsin, with access to court, and direct communication with the Ministers. An official yamen for him during his visits to Peking. All official documents to be written by him in the English language (to be accompanied by Chinese translations, until the Court of Peking has procured interpreters.) An English college similar to that kept up by Russia to be allowed at Peking.
- Second.—China to be opened to all the world; persons to go whither they please and do what they please under a passport system.
- Third.—The Yang-tze to be opened to its commerce from the mouth to its source.
- Fourth.—Christianity to be tolerated.
- Fifth.—Indemnity for the war and losses at Canton, to be paid for by the two Quangs, the amount to be agreed on by special Commissioners at Canton.—The tariff to be corrected, the Custom House system revised, and the English to aid the Chinese in the suppression of piracy.
- Sixth.—In proof of the friendship and good will of the Emperor of China towards the Queen of England a special embassy shall be sent to England forthwith.

There are some amiable and excellent people among those who think that in our constitution the Protestants who govern over us, we are too hard, too distrustful, and on the whole, not fully and justly commensurate; they would have us more tolerating, more patient of injuries, and more disposed to believe the promises of those who have the power to help, but who do not; they believe that our enemies are not so wicked, that their intentions are good, and that the smallness of our redress is due to the want of will, but of opportunity. These are excellent persons, though not Whigs, are nevertheless in the hands of the Whigs; but their sympathy with them is quite different from that of those who are generally considered as Whig Catholics. Good men are, no doubt, deceived, and the deception is so much the worst when it is fostered by those whose duty it is to dispel it, but who do not, because their heart and affections are in the camp of the enemy.

We are not so silly as to suppose that a Whig Catholic can ever be convinced, by any reasons or facts, that he is fighting against the Holy See, and that such fighting is not a virtue for which he ought to be rewarded in the next world. The temper of mind that leads a man to Whiggery leads him along a road very different from that which is taken by those who converted the world. That detestable Liberalism, which is so generally professed by careless men, is the very opposite of the Gospel, and the instincts it conserves are those of pure heathen. Even when its professors seem to do good, they do it in a wrong way, and in a wretched spirit. It is not the good they aim at, but the evil they hope for, and rather than miss an opportunity of doing mischief they will go so far as to perform an act of charity. We have a strange exemplification of this in the impudent address presented by the evangelical Whigs to the Count de Platen, the Swedish Minister in London. The anti-Catholic subscribers are, if we believe them, shocked at the persecutions to which Catholics are exposed in Sweden, and they pray the count to take their sentiments into his consideration. The men forget that they are as criminal as the people of Sweden; that the Catholics of the British Empire are not free, but slaves; that they are most cruelly punished, robbed of their children, and exposed to great wrongs, merely because these grand subscribers choose to have it so. Lord John Russell has the face to express his dislike of persecution; Lord Cranworth forgets his judicial acts; Lord Campbell remembers no more that he presided over the court which tried the Achilli case. The impudence of the address is something preternatural; there is a coolness and magnificence about it which puts to shame an impudent thief at the Old Bailey.

We find also among the subscribers two men, lovers of justice and fair play, who call themselves J. B. Cantuar and A. C. London. These admirable personages cannot bear to see people punished for their religion in Sweden. Their tender hearts are wrung and their gentle affections moved at the recital of sufferings in the strange land. The sincerity of these two men is capable of a very easy demonstration. Mr. Poole, who heard confession in Belgravia, was punished by them, and may, so far as they are concerned, die of hunger in a ditch. They refused him even the semblance of justice, and A. C. London has refused him the means of earning his bread within the limits over which he has power. These two conscientious subscribers do not care much for the rights of conscience in others, and rather than miss an occasion of practising a little tyranny, visit a subordinate with all the rigours of the law. Mr. Poole broke no law or came binding upon him, nor even an injunction of his superiors, but, as he came across the popular prejudice, these conscientious gentlemen fell upon him, and his punishment is heavier than if he had been duly convicted of incontinence before a judge. The reason of the whole is to be found in the fact that he showed Popish leanings, as they are called, and approximated to the practice of those who in Sweden are now the objects of Whig sympathy.

Whigs, in this preposterous document, have the further impudence to say that they object to the Swedish persecution, because it furnishes Catholics with an answer to them whenever they attempt to persecute the people of Italy or of Spain. They are so shameless as to admit that their object in the concoction of this precious document was to prepare the way for a systematic attack upon the Holy See. It is not sympathy with the sufferers, it is not a sense of justice, or a hatred of oppression, that force these men to communicate their views to the Count de Platen; they have no desire to see Catholics free, or converts untroubled; but, as they cannot very well carry on their designs upon Italy, under present circumstances, they are willing to give the Swedish prisoners their liberty, that they may the more easily carry desolation and crime into the south.—They give reasons for their proceedings which almost force Catholics to ask for the continuance of the penal laws of the north. These men are not ashamed to avow that they prefer the destruction of the Faith in Italy and Spain to the legal conservation of their own heresy in Sweden. They profess plainly that they sacrifice Sweden to gain Italy; it is a game with them, and the souls of men are the pieces with which they play.

We should do much better if we paid a little more attention than we do to the principles of the men into whose hands the administration of the country has fallen. They are so far from caring to do us justice that they are ever on the watch to do us wrong. They look about them for the best means of striking the blow. They will sacrifice their interests, in some cases, rather than lose the opportunity of doing us mischief. They have neither scruples, nor shame, nor honour whenever we are in question. There are politicians who would resist any interference with the laws of this country, clamouring for a change in Sweden, merely because Sweden is at this moment a difficult in their way. They cannot decently insult the Pope while the laws of Sweden are what they are, and they therefore very modestly propose a change in those laws. When that change shall have taken place, they will then begin the war in earnest. Lord Shaftesbury will probably undertake the government of the Catholic Church.

UNITED STATES. CONVERSIONS.—On the 27th Aug., Mrs. Harold of Sussex county, who was searching for the tree Church for the last ten years, was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. James M'Kaic, Pastor of Newton, New Jersey.—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

A letter from Green Bay informs us that J. Lord Breck's Puseyite Ecclesiastical Seminary at Nashotah is beginning to bear good fruit. Several of his students have just become Catholics.—*Id.*

TURNED TO SWEDENORIGIANISM.—The *New Orleans Bulletin* says:—"We learn that there has been within a few months past quite a stamped in the German Methodist churches of New Orleans and vicinity towards Swedenborgianism. One of the most popular of the German preachers, the Rev. J. M. Hoyer, has gone over to the mystic faith of the great Swedish philosopher and taken with him not a few of his brethren and friends, and now holds forth to them at private houses on the Sabbath."

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION.—Springfield Mass., Sept. 13.—A new mill of the Hazard Powder Works, at Enfield, Conn., exploded this afternoon. Four workmen were killed, three of them leaving families. One of the killed was the foreman, Mr. Casche.

PAPER MILLS.—There are in the United States 700 paper mills in actual operation, having 3,000 engines, and producing in the year 250,000,000 pounds of paper, which is worth say ten cents per pound, or \$25,000,000. To produce this quantity of paper over 300,000,000 pounds of rags are required, 14 pounds of rags being necessary to make one pound of paper. The value of these rags, estimating them at four cents per pound, is over \$12,000,000.

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