

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

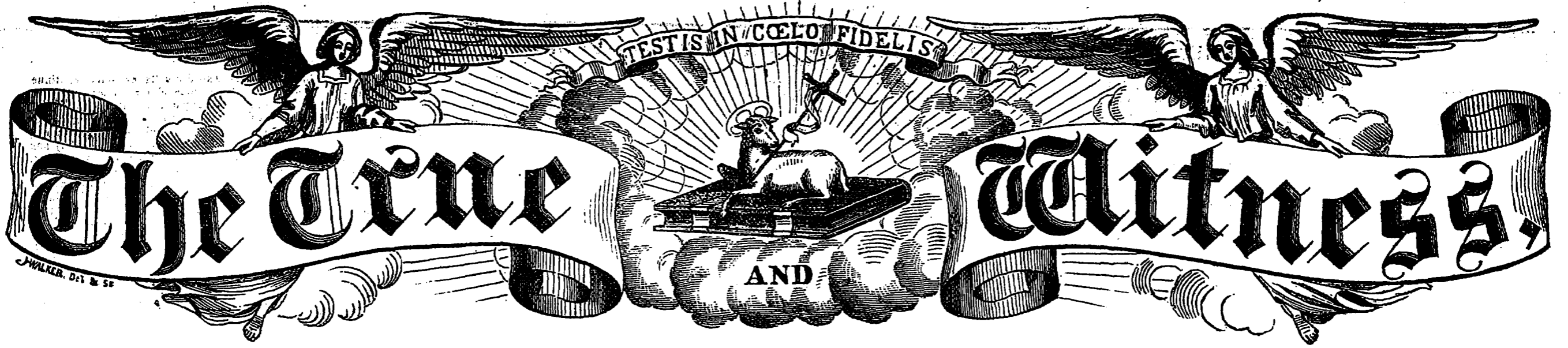
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1858.

No. 29.

CHEATING THE GUAGER; OR, HOW BARNEY O'TOOLE INFORMED AGAINST HIMSELF.

AN IRISH STILL-HUNTING EPISODE. By an ex-British Subaltern.

(Concluded.)

During the minute or two my host was engaged arranging the shrubbery that formed the chevaux-de-frise of his little fortress, I discovered that I was in a good sized cavern, lighted from the top by a hole that answered the double purpose of a window and a chimney. The still was not at work; but the various implements scattered about, and the almost overpowering odor of poteen that pervaded the place, left no doubt on my mind as to the unlawful occupation of the proprietor. My conscience was not altogether easy at thus becoming an accomplice of Mr. O'Toole's; but I quieted my scruples with the reflection that it was no part of my duty to discover stills, any more than it was a barrister's to collect evidence, or a physician's to mix medicine. All I had to do was to administer the coup de grace when the excise officers pointed the game, in the same way that a terrier snaps up an unfortunate rat that the ferrets have frightened out of his hole; or, to use a more dignified simile, as the velvet-clad matador gracefully severs the spinal cord of a wretched bull after he has been worried to a stand-still by the squibs and red pocket handkerchiefs of the light-heeled picadores.

"If it wasn't for the smoke bein' seen," said Barney, on his re-appearance, "I'd light a fire, for yer honor must be wet and cowlid; but that ould thief Ginger is always prowling about the mountains—bad luck to him."

"And it wouldn't do," said I, laughing, "for him to find a king's officer conspiring with such a notorious defrauder of his majesty as yourself, Barney."

"Niver fear, yer honor," said my host, bringing a jug from a dark corner of the cavern, where he had been engaged in tapping something very like a small barrel.

"And as for being wet," said I, "I have been so accustomed to it since I came to Ballyblanket, that I am rather afraid of getting thoroughly dry, for fear I should catch cold."

"Here's something that'll prevent yer taking cowlid, yer honor," said Barney, pouring a yellowish fluid from the jug into a cracked teacup. "If I can't warm ye one way, I can another." And he presented the cup with a grace that a butler might envy, and stood watching the expression of my face as eagerly as a painter scans the countenance of a connoisseur judging his picture, saying as he did so, "Try that, captain."

I did try it; and liked it so much, that, to Barney's great delight, I tried it again. There is no necessity for me to specify what the jug contained. It is sufficient to say, I found it possessed all the comfortable qualities ascribed to it by my entertainer; and I gratefully acknowledged that, with such a heating apparatus at his command, a fire became a ridiculous superfluity. At my request, he warmed himself at his portable stove: but he did not seem to care much about it—I suppose on the same principle that grocers hate figs, and pastry-cooks are not partial to bulls' eyes. For more than an hour I remained Barney's guest, and found him a most agreeable companion. Under the influence of the jug he became quite confidential. I found that he had been a soldier in his youth, but had purchased his discharge—(I was not rude enough to ask to see the document)—on the death of his father, who had left him his stock in trade—(here is indicated the furniture of the cavern, including the tub on which I was sitting)—and a secret recipe that was an heirloom in his family, and had enabled them to command the best price in the market for many generations. He explained to me all the mysteries of his profession, till I believe I could have brewed some uncommonly good whiskey myself; and kept me in roars of laughter while he described the various shifts he was occasionally put to in supplying his numerous customers without detection.

"Well," Barney, I said, rising after the jug had been emptied, and I felt warm and comfortable, "by the look of your sky-light, the rain must be over; so, with many thanks for your hospitality and shelter, I'll go on with my shooting."

"One little drop more, captain," said Barney, going to replenish the jug, "just to steady yer aim."

"No, thank you; I am as steady as a rock," I replied, stumbling over my tub in an unaccountable manner.

"Hold up, captain, the place is very dark," said Barney, handing me my gun. "Faith, it's myself that's thankful to yer honor for not being above sitting down with a poor fellow like me.—It's a proud day for Barney O'Toole when he receives a friendly visit from a rale gentleman like yourself."

"I sincerely hope, for your sake," I said, "I

may never have to make one in an official character, Barney."

"Ah, yer honor," said he, "I know yer heart's not in the work."

"That may be; but I've nothing to do but to obey orders."

"That's true, captain; more's the pity."

After he had seen the coast clear, and assisted me through his subterranean passage, which appeared more intricate and studded with sharper rocks than before, Mr. O'Toole and myself parted, with the expression of mutual good wishes.

"Good-by, Barney," I said, staggering a little—I suppose at coming so suddenly into the light, "your secret's quite safe with me."

"Thank yer honor, kindly. I wish ye good sport; and," said he, as he disappeared into his hole, and dragged the bushes into their place, "my blessings follow you wherever you go."

The most extraordinary part of the story, however, remains to be told. On emerging into the open air, I walked to the spring; but whether the light affected my eyes, or the tears blinded them from laughing at his stories, or whether the smell of the whiskey affected my vision in some way, I don't know; whatever it was, the little jack snipes—there were two of them, strange to say, this time—went off as lively as ever, wagging their tails contemptuously at me, in the middle of a cloud of shot. They must have borne a charmed life, because I took particular pains about my aim, and fully expected to bring them down right and left. Should any one hint that the portable stove might have anything to do with this, I can only say that the contents of the jug were "as mild as milk;" and who ever heard of milk affecting one's eye-sight?

About a fortnight after this adventure, Father Patrick and I were spending our evening as usual, with a chess-board between us, and a steaming tumbler of punch at our sides, where-with we occasionally stimulated our strategical talents, when I received an intimation that my services were required to assist in destroying a still, of which information had just been received. Much against my will, I turned out of the priest's comfortable parlor, just when I could have checked him in half a dozen moves, and started off with my party, under the guidance of the man who had brought the intelligence.

It was pitch-dark, and for more than an hour we toiled silently after him till within a short distance of the doomed distillery. Here we halted, and by the direction of our guide, whose voice appeared familiar to me, we surrounded a large rock, which, on approaching, I recognized as the one containing Mr. O'Toole and his fortunes.—Poor Barney, then, had been discovered at last! I was very sorry; but had no alternative but to enter with the excise officer, who, being rather stout, was a good deal maulled in navigating the narrow channel which led to the interior. I was delighted to find that the proprietor was not at home to do the honors of his establishment, although a cheerful turf-fire smouldering on the hearth showed that he had not long vacated his subterranean residence.

The still was not at work, and no traces of spirit were to be found; so, having destroyed poor Barney's patrimony, which, from its age, must have belonged not only to his father, but to a long line of ancestors, we started home. On our arrival at the entrance of the town, our guide, who had mysteriously disappeared during our search in the cavern, claimed his reward, and vanished without my having had an opportunity of seeing his face, which I was anxious to do, as I wished to know whom Barney had to thank for his ruin.

I confess I did not lay my head upon my pillow that night without serious misgivings as to my future fate. Happening so soon after my visit to the mountain, Mr. O'Toole would naturally associate me with the night's transaction, and in his fury imagine that I had taken advantage of his confidence to betray him to his enemies. So far—with the exception of a few threatening letters, written in blood or red ink, I don't know which, and rudely illustrated with fac-similes of my coffin, and other cheerful devices, which I had occasionally received—Father Patrick had had shielded me from harm; but no amount of excommunication, I thought, would prevent the angry distiller from taking the usual description of vengeance upon me for my supposed treachery. My time was evidently come, and the senior ensign would probably get his promotion without purchase. I should be brought home some day on that exclusively Hibernian mode of conveyance for wounded gentlemen—a shutter; or I should quietly disappear like the exciseman, and be dug up in future ages, and exhibited in some Antipedeian Museum as a specimen of a petrified Briton, probably about the same time as Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander takes his seat on London Bridge, and contemplates the ruins of St. Paul's.

Days, however, passed without my becoming entitled to the privilege of being carried on the shoulders of six British grenadiers to the tune of

the Dead March in Saul; nor was I qualified for the somewhat questionable honor of being handed down to posterity as a fossil. I concluded therefore, that the ruined spirit-merchant had given me credit for good faith, and had revenged his wrongs on somebody else; and I had ceased to think of him, except to pity his misfortune; when, soon after, on my attending a fair held in a neighboring town, the first person I met was Barney O'Toole. He was dressed in a bright-blue coat with brass buttons, and sprigged waistcoat, and looked altogether the very reverse of the bankrupt trader I had expected to see. He had evidently taken a considerable quantity of "refreshment" and was in the highest spirits.—On seeing me, instead of the vindictive scowl I had anticipated, a delighted grin lit up his face, and he rushed up to me, exclaiming, "Hurroo, it's the captain!"

"And how has yer honor been this long time?" he said, doffing a new hat and giving the accustomed kick with his leg, on which the haybands had been replaced by smart blue worsted stockings.

"Pretty well, thank you, Barney," I replied. "I'm glad to see you looking so blooming."

"Niver was better, thank your honor," he said, cutting a caper.

"And what are you doing here?" I asked, wondering what had put him into such good humor.

"Why, ye see, captain, havin' a thrille to spare, thank God, I'm afther buying as swate a little pig as iver ye clapt eyes on," he said, still in paroxysms of delight.

By this time he had followed me to a room in the inn; and, having shut the door, I said, "I am glad your affairs are in so flourishing a condition."

"I'm a made man," said Barney, snapping his fingers.

"I'm delighted to hear it," I said. "I was afraid that unfortunate business of the other night"—here Barney grinned from ear to ear; and concluding he was tipsy, I concluded gravely, "that unfortunate business had crippled you for a time; and I wished when I met you, to offer any little assistance I could afford to set you up in some more legitimate occupation."

"Yer honor is a good friend and a kind gentleman; and I'd like to see the man who says he knows a better," said Barney quite fierce.

"I hope, however," I went on, "you don't suppose I took advantage of the information I gained on the mountain to bring—"

"Be my sowl," said Barney, interrupting me, and flourishing his shillelah at some imaginary deprecator of my honesty, "if any one else had hinted at such a thing, I'd have raised a lump on his head that would have prevented the beggard from wearing a hat for a month of Sundays—so I would. No—no, captain, make yer mind aisy. I know the man who informed against me."

"And he winked facetiously.

"And who is the rascal?" I inquired sternly, for I was annoyed at what I considered his untimely mirth.

"Would you like to know his name captain?" said Barney knowingly.

"Yes, I should," I replied, "very much; for I tried to catch a sight of his face that night, but it was too dark."

"I'll tell you," said Barney, beckoning me close to him and putting his mouth to my ear; "his name is—are you listening, captain?"

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently; "go on, go on."

"His name is—Barney O'Toole!"

"Barney O'Toole!" I exclaimed, staring at him, while he seemed to enjoy my amazement.

"Are there two Barney O'Tooles?"

"I niver heerd uv another," he said waggishly.

"Whisper, captain," and he looked cautiously about him to see that no one was near—"I gave the information myself!"

"Then it was you, was it, that turned me out of Father Patrick's parlor at twelve o'clock at night!—bad luck to you!" said I, remembering our guide's sudden disappearance and anxiety not to be seen. "I thought I ought to know the voice."

"I was sorry to give yer honor sich a cowlid walk," said Barney, looking anything but distressed; "but—"

"O, never mind that," I said, "I'm glad you're going to give up your evil practices and become a respectable member of society."

"Well, I don't know about that," he replied, grinning again from ear to ear; "I shall be glad to see yer honor again in the same ould place."

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled more than ever.

"I mane, yer honor, that the tubs and things were ould and worn out."

"Yes," I said, "I noticed that."

"I got five pounds for giving the information," he went on, his eyes sparkling with fun at the astonishment depicted in my face.

"Well!" I said smiling, for I began to suspect the denouement.

"Everything's bran new. I'm hard at work again; and we'll finish another jug, captain, dear, whenever ye come my way."

Here he could contain his merriment no longer. He danced a pas surl round the table, and went into a roar of laughter at his own notable device of turning informer against himself. Barney had in truth "cheated the guager," and made the Excise pay handsomely for the machinery where-with he had replaced his used up poteen distillery.

Of his subsequent career, and whether he continued successfully to elude the machinations of the exciseman, and preserve the pristine reputation of his "mountain dew," I know not; for soon after our meeting at the fair, the Colonel's wrath at my inroads upon his store of card money having somewhat mollified, and the presence of the detachment at Ballyblanket being no longer deemed indispensable, I was recalled, and thus for ever lost the opportunity of availing myself of Barney's hospitable invitation to renew my acquaintance with the portable store which he maintained in his paternal care.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON RED REPUBLICANISM.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The character of the Red Republicans did not require the late attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French to exhibit in its full development the atrocious infamies of this sanguinary confederacy. There is no crime against God and man of which these men, or rather these demons, are not capable; and while their deeds of blood and sacrilege are recorded in many a sad page of French and Italian history within the last few years, yet it was reserved for the wretches of January, 1858, to outstrip all former precedent of assassination by making an attempt on the life of a woman; and a woman, too, admitted by friend and foe to be amongst the most virtuous wives and the most amiable sovereigns that has ever worn the imperial diadem in Europe. The universal horror which is felt throughout the whole world, throughout all the civilized nations of the earth, against the cowardly, inhuman monsters who are the actors in this diabolical plot of murder, must be equally extended to the thousands of sworn confederates who form the deadly community of Red Republicans known under this name in several countries of Europe. The history of Hungary, of Switzerland, of France, of Naples, of Rome, since the year 1846, has no parallel in modern times for the ferocity and sacrilege with which these banded villains have assailed social order and religion in these various countries;—and if a wise and merciful Providence had not raised up in France a power to check the advance of these enemies of the throne and of the altar, the major part of Europe might be exhausted in this conflict with anarchy and infidelity, and in the end fall an easy prey to Mahomedan or Russian domination.

The terrific lessons of the last twelve years will not be lost on the people who are most concerned in these revolutions; and Europe looks to Austria, to Prussia, and to France for that constitutional firmness and armed vigilance, which, when aided by Naples and the minor states of Italy, must ever stand as a safeguard and a guarantee for the peace of society, and for the preservation and the permanent stability of the Gospel. In every place, and in every instance, the conduct of these cut-throats has been the same—namely, irreligion, perfidy, and blood; and the doctrine put forward of republican equality has been universally employed as a mere sham, a pretext to cover the secret scheme of plunder and assassination.

All readers of pamphlets and newspapers must recollect the plausible arguments advanced by Kossuth and his associates in favor of the Hungarian revolution; many well meaning persons in this country even espoused at that time the theory of his cause, and impeached the tyranny of Austria. The poverty of the lower classes, the oppressive system of land-tenure in that country, combined with the supposed despotism of the Austrian Court, gave a color of patriotism to the conduct of the Hungarian Chief; but time soon revealed the real character of the base conspirator—his perfidy to the men who trusted and followed him; his traitorous desertion of the post which he promised to defend; and, above all, the mean bigotry of his religious sentiments: his crawling sycophancy to English patronage and English prejudices, have branded this man as the most contemptible of the reckless band whom he led and deceived, and abandoned in the hour of trial.

The history of Mazzini may be learned from the conduct of his followers in Naples and in Rome; his manifestoes are before the world, offering a price for the heads of kings and bishops, placing assassination and murder amongst the commandments of his revolutionary decalogue.—The expulsion of the Pope from Rome, and the murder of Count Rossi, the French ambassador,

will best explain the character of the Roman outbreak: while the former assassin Pianori, added to the list of the present Italian conspirators now confined in the French capital on trial for their lives, supplies proof, if such were necessary, of the class of miscreants which have disturbed Florence, infested Rome, and threatened the life of the King of Naples during every day of the last eleven years.

All these men in the various countries referred to were identified in their views, and in their movements. The Swiss, the French, the Roman, the Neapolitan conspirators were precisely the very same society, bound by the same oaths, and aiming at the self-same object. They all planned the selfsame scheme, viz., a double revolution in church and state; but it must be recollected that it was the overthrow of Catholic monarchy, and of the Catholic church. There was no attempt made in any one instance on any Protestant dynasty, or on any Protestant form of belief.—The entire machinery was levelled against Catholicity. Neither Prussia nor the Protestant German states, nor Holland felt any alarm during these years of emeutes, revolutions, Pope-banishing, King-hunting, barricades, and street-fighting: all the exploits were scientifically, and by common consent and combination, confined exclusively to the Catholic throne, and the Catholic altar.

It is a remarkable fact, too, that all the Souper saints of England, together with the entire staff of Exeter-hall, seemed to be intimately acquainted with all these foreign combinations. Sir Culling Eardley, Earl Shaftesbury, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Spooner, have made speeches both in and out of the House of Commons, denouncing the laws of Austria, the tyranny of Naples, the superstitious of Rome, and the degradation of all Italy. Beyond all doubt, these English bigots, and anti-Catholic declaimers have expressed the very same sentiment against all Catholic countries, as Kossuth, Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, and the others of the same stamp. These English bigots, though perhaps not officially connected with the foreign revolutionists, adopted their views: condemned like them Catholic states, Catholic belief, and like them expressed openly the necessity of changing the Catholic political dynasties, and uprooting the Catholic creed. Exeter-hall even employed emissaries, subscribed hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling, and sent preachers and military men to every Catholic capital and town in Europe, with official instructions from the central committee in London: and the proved facts revealed by the conduct of these emissaries leave no doubt on the public Catholic continental mind, that these men were (as far as they could do it) the co-operators, the willing assistants, in the hands of the men who are now known and branded as the infidel confederates of Catholic Europe.

Every department of the English Protestant literature, too, aided in this combined attack of the infidel cut-throats of the Continent: the daily articles in most of the English journals disported in the alternate expression of lies and malignity against the whole Catholic Continent of Europe. At one time it was the Pope-ridden Emperor of Austria: at another the superstitious tyrant of Naples: at one time the Grand Duke of Tuscany was insane, at another the young Queen of Spain was drunk. The Catholic Church was always described by these literary coadjutors of Mazzini as going to pieces, and requiring only one strong, well-aimed blow to reduce the old rotten vessel to infinitesimal fragments! Who is it who has not read the articles here referred to in almost every daily English journal during the last ten years? and who can avoid arriving at the clear conclusion, that it was this patronage of the Biblical part of the House of Commons, this public laudation and co-operation on the part of the English Biblical press, which has had the effect of filling London with all the miscreants of Europe, with all the sanguinary conspirators who have since plotted the assassination of kings, and who have been encouraged in their demoniacal purpose by the unceasing expression of approval given to that conduct by the bigotry of Exeter Hall, and by the anti-Catholic malignity of the English press.

If the evidence here brought forward proving England's complicity with the foreign assassins were submitted to the most fastidious judge of the Queen's Bench he would be obliged to charge the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty: the facts of the last ten years stand an irrefragable proof on this point: and the presence of a host of these wretches in London presents a practical result only to be had from the strict truth of the premises. But when we add to this body of statements the remarkable, the overwhelming, the immovable evidence to be found in the conduct of persons connected with former English Cabinets, the question at issue assumes the character of a rigid mathematical demonstration, leaving no doubt whatever in the mind of any reasonable man, that England has had some share in the guilty responsibility of these reckless foreign

clearly what this change of policy means. Lord Palmerston may or may not be a great statesman or a skillful administrator; but all admit that he is a most adroit politician, and a consummate political tactician.

Gold continues to flow into the Bank of England, and the Bullion Reserve was expected to reach a point greater than ever before known. CONSPIRACIES AGAINST FOREIGN SOVEREIGNS.—The Post says:—"We feel certain as belief can make us, that the government must and will propose, on the opening of parliament, a measure for the punishment of political assassins."

THE ARMY.—A number of captains, lieutenants and ensigns have been appointed without purchase to the 5th and 7th foot. THE PLOTS OF THE REFORMERS IN ENGLAND.—The Birmingham Daily Press reports further discoveries in reference to the preparations of Pinner, while residing in that town, for the attempt at assassination.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge is to be raised to the rank of Field Marshal. MR. ALBERT SMITH UPON-YOUNG PROTESTANT CATHOLICS.—The Saturday Review has an amusing article from which we extract the following:—"The religious public never had a greater piece of luck than when Mr. Albert Smith started his Mont Blanc."

DIVORCE.—It is only in Catholic Europe—the stationary, retrograde, derided portion of European society—that this indulgence of lust or caprice is resolutely refused, under pain and penalty, to all who would be 'progressive' men.

GPAT BRITAIN. The sum total of the subscriptions to the fund for the relief of sufferers by the Indian mutiny, as last advertised, amounts to £34,723 2s. 5½d.

IRISH HONESTY.—An accident has recently occurred which deserves recording. A lady walking in George street, on Thursday afternoon, lost a handsome purse, containing money.

PROTESTANT VAGARIES.—For some time past an attempt has been made to make popular the Protestant religion of England for the working men of Manchester on a style somewhat as attractive as the notorious Mr. Spurgeon.

UNITED STATES. ALLWELL BRIDERY OF MEMBERS OF THE U. S. CONGRESS.—We cut the following pertinent remarks, in reference to Mr. Wolcott's case, mentioned in the Washington Correspondent's Letter, from the New York Herald of Wednesday—our New York contemporary says:—"The issue between you (Mr. W. and the corruption committee) will probably be settled on application for a habeas corpus."

CUT AND DRY.—For the benefit of our Protestant neighbors who practice the trade of Religious Humbug, we (Pittsburg Catholic) publish the following blank forms:—"They will be found invaluable in raising the wind as well as the crowd."

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY J. GILLIES FOR GEORGE B. CLERK, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, At the Office, No. 4, Place d'Armes.

TERMS: Town Subscribers.....\$ 3 per annum. Country do.....2 1/2 " Payable Half-Yearly in Advance. Single Copies, 3d.

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 26, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Imperial Parliament re-assembled on the 4th inst. On the 8th, in the House of Lords, Lord Lyndhurst asked whether any communication had passed betwixt the French and British Governments respecting certain insulting paragraphs which had appeared in quasi-official journals, insinuating that the people of Britain were morally responsible for the late nefarious attempt upon the life of the Emperor? Lord Greyville in reply stated that a note had been received from Count Walewski, explaining the motives for the publication of the addresses in which the offensive paragraphs occurred, and expressing the regret of His Imperial Majesty at the appearance of anything calculated to disturb the good understanding betwixt the two countries. In the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston moved for leave to bring in a Bill to make conspiracy to commit murder in a foreign country a felony. He had no intention to propose any measure to remove aliens from the country; he regretted the hostile tone of a portion of the French press; and urged a careful consideration of the state of the laws respecting aliens. After an animated debate, in which the language of the military addresses to the Emperor was, by several of the speakers, sharply commented upon, leave to introduce the Bill was granted by a majority, of 299 to 99. A vote of thanks to the Army in India has been agreed to by both Houses.

The fact that a very unpleasant feeling has succeeded to the late entente cordiale betwixt Great Britain and France, cannot be concealed. The Emperor, from his long residence in England, and intimate acquaintance with the institutions of that country, cannot but be well aware that much of the clamor raised by the French press is absurd and unjust; and that, neither on the part of the British authorities, nor of the people generally, does there exist any desire to give shelter to known assassins, or to screen them from the penalty justly attached by the laws of all civilized nations, to their crimes. — But amongst a large body of the French people, entirely ignorant of the principles of British law, and of the difference betwixt the modes of procedure in England and the Continental States, there is a strong opinion that the British Government should be called to account for a crime which was the consequence of the negligence and short-comings of the French Police, and which should lead to a thorough reform of the whole system. For, if that Police were worth maintaining, what were they about to allow notorious scoundrels like Orsini and his fellow plotters to walk about the streets of Paris unmolested, and whilst carrying in their pockets the instruments of destruction wherewith they hoped to plunge the nation into the horrors of anarchy? Two things at all events have been made very clear by the late attempt at assassination in Paris; one, that the French Police is, as the Emperor is reported to have said, about the worst in Europe; the other, that the passport system is a monstrous humbug, a source of annoyance to honest men, but impotent to check the career of the rogue. This too, is or was, the opinion of His Imperial Majesty himself; for in a work published by him several years ago, treating of "personal liberty" in England and America, the writer describes "passports," as an "oppressive invention of the Committee of Public Safety, an embarrassment and an obstacle for the peaceable citizen, but utterly powerless against those who wish to deceive the vigilance of authority." — Vol. I., p. 411, Paris Edition.

It is to be hoped therefore that the prudent and hitherto successful statesman, to whom Providence has confided not the destinies of France alone, but of all Europe, will by his wisdom and moderation, of which he has already in Count Walewski's note given an instance, be able to soothe the irritation which prevails in France, and which if allowed to spread might lead to a rupture of an alliance equally profitable both to France and Great Britain, and which is viewed therefore with jealousy by all the revolutionists and Red Republican plotters of the Continent. The measures which the British Parliament are about to take against alien conspirators to commit murder, will also have the effect of assuring the people of both countries that, no matter upon what plea of patriotism he may attempt to palliate his act, the assassin shall henceforward find no immunity from the punishment due to his crimes in the laws of England. This satisfac-

tion to their excited neighbors it is the duty of the people of Great Britain to give without delay; more than this the Governments of Continental Europe cannot in reason ask.

The Government persecution of the Mayo Priests is exciting great interest, not only in Ireland, not only throughout the British Empire, but throughout Europe. It is well understood that the trial of these reverend gentlemen—which was fixed for the 16th inst.—will be a battle a outrance betwixt Catholicity and Protestantism; betwixt the friends of civil and religious liberty, and the enemies of both. In the words of the Morning Post, "the struggle is precisely the same in Sardinia, and in Belgium, as that between the House of Commons, and the Mayo priestly demagogues;" it is, in short, a struggle betwixt Church and State, provoked by the latter, and instituted with the design of asserting its supremacy in things spiritual as well as in things temporal, over the souls and consciences, as well as over the bodies and chattels of its subjects. In the persons of the Mayo priests, the independence of the Church is assailed, and from the Catholic world a cry of indignation against the infamous treatment of these noble hearted ecclesiastics by the British Government is raised to heaven. Nor is this all; from all quarters, contributions to enable them to conduct their defence, and, if possible, to confound the tribe of hirelings that will be brought to swear against them, and to baffle the malice of the vile tools of a corrupt Executive—the *Kawtholic* law officers of the Crown, and a packed jury—are pouring in. Justice of course no one expects; for, as *even the Times* admitted long ago in the case of *Achilli v. Newman*, the Catholics of Great Britain have but too good reason for saying that they have no justice to expect from a Protestant jury when the religious prejudices of the latter are excited. But even the adverse verdict which we anticipate for the Mayo priests, will but cover their adversaries with confusion, and ensure the ultimate success of the good cause, by inspiring the people of Ireland with a more fervent attachment towards their clergy, their legitimate leaders, and their best friends, and by intensifying their scorn of, and abhorrence for the servile "government hacks" and "pledge-breakers" whose treachery has brought disgrace upon the country, and persecution upon the Church.

From India we have little of importance.—Sir Colin Campbell had taken possession of Furickabad abandoned by the enemy on the 2nd ult. The latest dates are from Calcutta to the 9th Jan., and from Bombay 13th.

From Canton we have dates to the 29th of December. The bombardment commenced on the 28th; and on the day following a force composed of 4,600 British troops and 900 French was landed, escalated the walls, and gained possession of the heights within the town with but a trifling loss of life. It is said that, if the capture of Canton fails to bring His Celestial Majesty to his senses, the allies will proceed to take possession of Teensing near Peking, and from whence that city draws its supplies. An insult has been offered to the Prussian flag, and the crew of an Oldenburg vessel which had been wrecked, have been plundered. It is therefore probable that Prussia will find itself compelled to take part in the hostilities now waging against China.

FACTS *ver*. THEORIES.—Many of our cotemporaries have of late been endeavoring to persuade their readers that the Catholic minority of Upper Canada have under the school law as it at present stands, as ample means for establishing separate schools of their own faith, as have the dissentient minority in the Lower Province; whilst at the late elections, it was the great object of the Upper Canada candidates who had laid themselves open to the reproach of having voted for Separate Schools, to show that the clauses authorising their establishment were practically inoperative—or in the words of a high Catholic authority, that they were but a "snare and a mockery;" and that therefore, in voting for those clauses, they had made no real concessions to Popery, and had inflicted no injury upon Protestant interests. The conflicting line of argument adopted by the supporters of the law as it stands, is a convincing proof of the badness of their cause; for, as of contraries both cannot be true, so of the contrary arguments, with which our opponents seek to bolster up their cause, one set must be false. If, for instance, the Catholics of Upper Canada are as favorably dealt with as the Protestant minority of the Lower Province, the following statements of the Hon. Mr. Morrison to the electors of South Ontario, at the late election, cannot be true:—

"There was less harm done by the introduction of Separate Schools than by"—Mr. Morrison—"had feared there would be. There were but very few Separate Schools in number in Upper Canada; none in the county of Ontario—scarcely any in the rural districts, and but few in cities, such as Kingston and Bytown where a large portion of the population were Roman Catholic. Out of the £50,000 a year to the Public Schools, how much did the Roman Catholics get? It was a small pittance—only £800 last year." We copy from the report of the *Whitby Chronicle*. These facts, these figures, speak eloquently, and in language void of all ambiguity, as to the

value of the clauses of the Separate School law, as they now stand, to the Catholics of Upper Canada; and fully justify our accusations against our liberal Ministerial friends:—

"Those juggling fiends— That palter with us in a double sense; That keeps the word of promise to our ear And break it to our hope."

Yes! they are fully convinced of the justice of our claims, and acknowledge the reasonableness of our demands for separate schools for our children; and by way of doing us justice, and of practically recognising our rights, they give us a law under which it is scarcely possible for us to establish separate schools under any circumstances; and which secures to those schools, when established, the paltry pittance of £600, out of the sum of £50,000 annually devoted from the public funds to educational purposes in Upper Canada! If this is what our liberal friends mean by justice to Catholics, we can see but little to chide betwixt their friendship and George Brown's hatred.

This avowal too, be it remembered, of the practical worthlessness of the Separate School law as it now stands, comes from Ministerial lips; thus showing that the injustice to which the Catholics of Upper Canada are subjected in the matter of their schools, is perpetrated with the knowledge and full consent of the Ministry which has formally declared its intention to resist any further concessions to Catholics; and to oppose every attempt so to alter the School law as to give to Catholics in practice, that which is conceded to them on paper; that, in fact, which Mr. Morrison himself, speaking in the name of the Ministry, acknowledged to be perfectly just and reasonable. For, addressing the electors of South Ontario, he said:—

"The R. Catholic people of U. Canada complained, and he believed with truth, that they might send their sons to the Normal School, where they might receive ever so good an education, and come out the most talented and able scholars; yet the fact of their being Catholics would prevent their being employed by Protestant School Trustees. Protestant teachers only will be employed; and here is a ground which Catholics take in seeking to have Separate Schools."

And a very good ground too one would think. Protestants—and we do not blame them for it—will have none but Protestant teachers in schools to which they send their children; why then should Catholics be blamed for insisting upon having none but Catholic teachers for their children? We all know the influence that the school teacher has in his power to exercise over the minds of his young pupils; and the scruples of parents to commit their children to the care of a teacher of a hostile creed are certainly worthy of all respect. Now, Mr. Morrison admits that a Catholic, no matter "how talented and able," no matter how well qualified for the situation, has no chance in Upper Canada of being employed as teacher in a Common school where Protestants are in the majority; he admits also that this is a valid ground of objection on the part of Catholics against the "Common" schools of Upper Canada. Yet in the same breath, he boasts that the law for enabling Catholics to have schools under the management of teachers of their own faith, is practically inoperative; and claims credit for the Ministerial framers and supporters of that law because such is the case! The ground, in short, upon which the Ministry claim the support of the Protestant majority of Upper Canada is, that they have cojoked, or "humbugged" the Catholic minority in the matter of the "Separate School" Act.

It is in vain therefore for their friends in the Lower Province to argue that the Catholic minority of Upper Canada is as justly dealt with in the matter of Separate Schools, as is the Protestant minority of Lower Canada—unless they can show that under the existing law, the said minority are for the most part unable to establish such schools—that in whole counties there are none, "scarcely any in the rural districts," and but few in the large cities, such as Montreal and Quebec, where a large portion of the population are Protestants—and that the amount of pecuniary aid from the State received by the Protestants of Lower Canada is, to the sum annually given to Catholics, as six to five hundred; when they shall have proved all this, and shewn too, that the Catholic majority of Lower Canada are determined, to make no concession to their Protestant fellow-citizens, and to perpetuate the disabilities under which the latter labor, then, but not before, will it be permissible to our opponents to institute a comparison betwixt the respective School Laws of Upper and Lower Canada.

MOCKERY OF JUSTICE.—The *Toronto Mirror* announces with many a flourish, that our Orange Executive, after having given William Miller, the Orange murderer of the Papist John Farrell, six weeks fair start to effect his escape from the grasp of the law officers, have at last, when there is little chance of his apprehension, offered the magnificent sum of One Hundred pounds currency for his arrest. The *New Era* remarks hereupon that the approaching meeting of Parliament, when the gross dereliction of duty on the part of the Executive will no doubt be severely criticised—has had "something to do with this step being taken." This farce—for after all it is but a farce to

give a notorious murderer ample time to effect his escape, and then to offer a paltry hundred pounds for his apprehension—cannot blind the eyes of Catholics to the fact that, under the present administration of justice in Upper Canada, there is for them no protection against the savage fury of their Orange enemies. With a Governor-General who openly encourages secret politico-religious societies, and with an Attorney-General who is himself an active member of the accursed association, and bound by oath to shield his guilty brother Orangemen from the punishment due to their crimes, how indeed can Catholics be such fools as to expect justice, or an impartial administration of the laws? Indeed, so long as Sir Edmund Head is allowed to misrepresent our Gracious Sovereign, and as a sworn Orangeman, as is the Attorney-General, is entrusted with the execution of the laws, so long will it be impossible for any Catholic to feel respect for the Representative of Majesty, or confidence in our legal tribunals; for we know from the history of Ireland, and from bitter personal experience, that there is no act of rascality, no amount of perjury or meanness, which an Orangeman will not cheerfully perpetrate in order to secure his beloved "Protestant Ascendancy."—It would in fact be as prudent to commit the keys of the wine cellar to an inveterate drunkard, as to entrust the administration of justice, as betwixt Catholics and Protestants, to an Orangeman, or to one who, like Sir Edmund Head, has by his open encouragement of Orangeism, degraded his high office, violated the trust reposed in him, and offered most cowardly and wanton insult to a large portion of Her Majesty's loyal subjects in Canada—an insult which no Catholic with the spirit of a man, or fit for anything but a beast of burden, will ever forgive or forget.

The unfitness of Orangemen for judicial functions, is recognised and acted upon at home, where amongst the Catholic population, small in numbers though it be, there is far more spirit, far more energy, and a much higher sense of duty, than there is amongst the Catholics of Canada. In Dublin, a Lord Lieutenant would not dare—we say it advisedly—to act as a Governor-General of Canada has had the unpardonable insolence to act in Toronto; an avowed Orangeman would not, even in Protestant England, be tolerated as the leader of Her Majesty's Ministerial advisers—and that because, Catholics in England and Ireland, though enjoying few of the advantages which we in Canada know not how to appreciate—would not submit to be so insulted and outraged by any official hireling, by any "Jack-in-Office," whether clad in Vice-Regal livery, or wearing the buttons of an Attorney-General.—Men who respect themselves can always compel respect from others; and the "Government hack" will always be very careful—it is the nature of the beast—to observe a civil demeanor towards those whom he looks upon as likely to resent his impertinence.

How we Catholics are respected in Canada, let this affair of the murder of John Farrell, and the action thereupon of our Orange Governor and our Orange Attorney-General tell. The scorn, the contempt that Orangemen feel for us, as a pack of miserable "place-hunters" who will submit patiently to any indignity for the sake of a little "government-pap," are therein displayed without any effort at concealment. They seem to glory in humiliating us, and in proclaiming to the world that the life of a Papist is in the eyes of an Orange Government, but little, if anything, more important than the life of a dog. Alas! it cannot be altogether denied that, by our apathy, or rather, by our servility and venality, by our crouching down before, and abject fawning upon, the dispensers of official good things, we have earned, and in some degree merited, the opinion that is entertained of us; and it will require many long years of an entirely different line of conduct on our part, to eradicate the impression from the minds of our enemies, that we are nothing better than a pack of sordid office-hunters, only too glad to pick up and greedily devour, any dirty official that may happen to fall from Ministerial tables.

And yet though this is the almost universal opinion amongst Protestants in Canada, we hesitate not to say that it is a false one—false in spite of the countenance given to it by a few Peaceable we are, and lovers of peace, because Catholics; friends of law and order, opposed, heart and soul, to appeals to physical force, to all "secret societies," and to the employment, under any provocation, of any but strictly constitutional weapons. But we are not disposed, because we are not required by our religion, to forget our rights as citizens, or to submit to be treated as an "inferior race." That this is the general feeling amongst our Catholic brethren of Upper Canada, we have good reasons for believing, although hitherto artful and designing men, with mercenary purposes of their own to subserve, may have succeeded in suppressing the public expression of this feeling. Thus, for instance, the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal has spoken out boldly and intelligibly upon the "Orange" question, and pledged itself to oppose the further spread of a system which menaces the stability of our institutions, the peace of society, the lives and liberties of Her Majesty's loyal Catholic subjects. From other parts of the country also, we hear murmurs of dissat-

faction at the growth of Orangeism, and the favor shown to it by our Canadian government; and it is in the hopes that these murmurs, which like smoke must find vent somewhere—may find vent through loyal and constitutional channels, and not through the anti-Catholic and illegal flue of "counter secret societies," that we keep the subject before the eyes of our readers; reminding them that, though as Catholics they are always at liberty to seek redress for any grievances under which they may labor, it is never, no matter what the provocation, no matter how heavy the yoke under which they groan—lawful for them to seek redress by illegal means, or to look for protection from Orangeism, in "counter secret societies." It is our right as Catholics, as citizens it is our duty, to insist that Orangeism shall be treated by the government in Canada, as it is by the government in Ireland; and that one measure of justice shall be meted out to all Her Majesty's subjects, without respect to their geographical position. He is our enemy, the enemy of our Church, who would practically deny to Catholics that right, by persuading them to forego its exercise, or who would induce them to enforce it by illegal and unconstitutional means—such, as physical force, or "Ribbonism." Yes—we hesitate not to say it—if the worst enemy of the Irish Catholic is the wretch who seeks to persuade him to enroll himself as member of a secret politico-religious society, under the false pretence that there are no legal and constitutional means for delivering Canada from the accursed incubus of Orangeism—so, every man who directly or indirectly seeks to suppress open and constitutional action against that dangerous institution, is the active promoter of "Ribbonism" and other infamous "counter secret societies" which we fear are spreading amongst us.

We have received the Prospectus of a new journal to be published in the French language during the present Session of Parliament in Toronto, under the title of "Le Journal des Debats." In politics, it is to be independent of all parties, and deprecates strongly the mixing up of politics with religion—an error which in a supplement addressed to the Catholic clergy, it pledges itself to avoid; though at the same time it will be ever ready to defend the cause of Catholicity when the latter is attacked by the action of the State.

How far the *Journal des Debats*, if it ventures upon the discussion of any of the great questions which occupy the public attention of Canada, will be able to redeem its pledges, remains yet to be seen; but without boasting of the possession of any gift of prophecy, we think that we may venture to assure our cotemporary that he will find it impossible to discuss any one of them from a purely secular stand-point.—We speak not of the Rail Road or Tariff questions, but of those great social questions, upon whose solution depends the future fortunes of Canada. Into all these questions, the religious element enters, and enters largely; nor are they capable of any solution except by the application of those principles and those methods which the Catholic Church can alone supply. It is, in short, impossible in the present order of things, to effect a complete separation betwixt politics and religion; and he who attempts it, will soon find to his cost that he has imagined a vain thing.

The clue, for instance, to the entire policy of the *Rouges* of the Lower Province, and of the "Clear Grits" and Orangemen of the Upper, is to be found in their common hatred of the Catholic Church. It is this hatred which is the animating spirit of their political life; it is this which gives its inspiration to the *Globe*, and breathes through the columns of the *Avenir*, the *Montreal Witness* and *Semeur Canadien*;—which makes itself heard in the cry for "Representation by Population," "No Sectarian Schools," and "Yankee Annexation," and whose avowed object is to reduce the French Canadians, and the Celtic peoples generally, of British North America to the condition of an "inferior race." The hostility of the Anglo-Saxons of Upper Canada towards their Irish fellow-subjects is but the expression of the eternal antagonism betwixt Protestantism and Catholicity, modified by certain Provincial accidents; but whether manifesting itself in Canada, as "Clear Gritism," or amongst the Yankees, as "Know-Nothingism," that antagonism is substantially the same, and in both countries must be met with the same weapons drawn from the armoury of the Church. Elimination made of the religious element, the politics of Canada are as unintelligible as would be a history of the "Thirty Years' War," which professesly ignored the great apostasy of the XVI. century.

We see not therefore how the future *Journal des Debats* can hope to succeed in its project of keeping aloof from religion, unless it determines to abstain from the discussion of all the most important questions of the day. How, for example, will it treat the "School Question" when that comes up for discussion? will it keep silent altogether, or will it violate its own rules, by asserting the right of Catholics to educate their own children as they please?

There is one union however of politics with religion, which we trust that our cotemporary will ever loudly denounce: we allude to the degrading union effected by those who make their creed a stepping stone to political preferment, and who like Mister George Brown and the Brawling Pharisees of the Upper Province, his colleagues, take to religion, as they would to any other trade or profession likely to improve their material circumstances. This alliance betwixt religion and politics, unfortunately too common in Canada, cannot be too often or too loudly deprecated; but if by the severance of religion and politics, our cotemporary means to imply that the statesman should legislate as if there were no God, or as if God would not hold him responsible for all his public, as well as for his private, actions, then in that case most assuredly we can not wish success to the enterprise of our Upper Canadian cotemporary.

PATTON & BROTHER, NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

GROCERIES, &c., &c. SUGARS, Teas, Coffee, Raisins, Currants, Spices, Candied Lemon, Orange and Citron Peel.

ENGLISH EDUCATION.

Ms. KEEGAN begs to inform the citizens of Montreal that he has OPENED an EVENING SCHOOL (under the Patronage of the Rev. Mr. O'Brien) in the Male School-house at ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, GRIFFINTOWN.

MOUNT HOPE INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART, LONDON, C. W.

THIS Institution, situated in a healthy and agreeable location, and favored by the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of London, will be opened on the first Monday of September, 1857.

TERMS PER ANNUM. Board and Tuition, including the French per quarter, in advance, \$25 00. Day Scholars, 6 00.

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

CHEAP READING. UPWARDS OF FIFTEEN HUNDRED VOLUMES on Religion, History, Biography, Voyages, Travels, Tales and Novels.

FLYNN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, REGISTRY OFFICE, AND FEMALE SERVANTS' HOME, No. 40 Alexander Street.

J. FLYNN has the pleasure to inform his old Subscribers and the Public, that he has RE-OPENED his CIRCULATING LIBRARY in which will be found a choice collection from the best authors of Works on History, Voyages, and Travels.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE, COTEAU SAINT LOUIS, MONTREAL.

THE DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL, under the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, will be RE-OPENED on the 15th instant, at Coteau St. Louis.

M. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 1, Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

DONNELLY & CO., GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE, Wholesale and Retail, No. 50 M'GILL STREET.

DONNELLY & CO., BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have Removed to No. 50 M'Gill Street, near St. Ann's Market.

DANIEL M'ENTYRE'S CLOTHING & OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT, No. 44, M'GILL STREET, OPPOSITE ST. ANN'S MARKET, MONTREAL.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just OPENED the above Establishment with a varied and extensive assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING OF EVERY SIZE AND DESCRIPTION.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, CONSISTING OF BLACK, BLUE, AND BROWN BROAD CLOTHS, DOESKINS, CASSIMERES, WEST OF ENGLAND, SCOTCH, AND YORKSHIRE TWEEDS; BEAVER & PILOT OVER COATINGS, & FANCY VESTINGS.

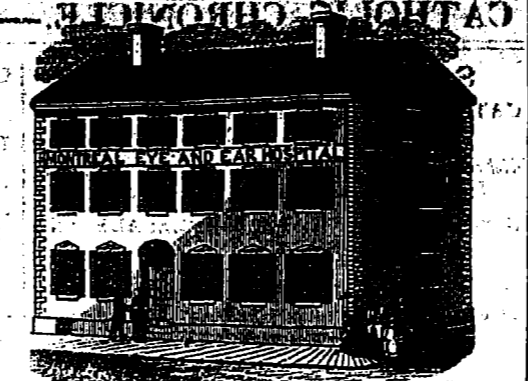
QUALITY OF MATERIAL, CHEAPNESS AND WORKMANSHIP. He has also made such arrangements, that Garments of all descriptions can be MADE TO MEASURE on the SHORTEST NOTICE.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS JOHN MC'CLOSKEY, Silk and Woolen Dyer, and Scourer, 38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last 12 years.

To Intending Purchasers of Indian Lands. PLANS of the above LANDS on a large Scale, showing the Lots, Concessions, Roads, Creeks, Swamps, &c., have been published by the undersigned.

PATRICK DOYLE, AGENT FOR "BROWN'S REVIEW," AND "THE METROPOLITAN," TORONTO.



MONTREAL EYE AND EAR HOSPITAL, CONDUCTED BY DR. HOWARD, Oculist and Aurist to St. Patrick's Hospital, AND TO THE MONTREAL EYE AND EAR INSTITUTION.

FOREIGN BOOKS. JUST RECEIVED by the Subscribers, several cases of Books from London and Dublin: Moses Oatholici; or, Ages of Faith, 3 vols. \$18 00.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL. THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith.

EDUCATION. MR. ANDERSON begs to inform the citizens of Montreal, that his AFTERNOON CLASSES are now open for the reception of Medical, Law, and Commercial Students.

THE GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR. From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimple.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE, SUPERIORS OF ST. VINCENTS ASYLUM. Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [Established in 1826.] BELLS. The Subscribers have constantly for sale BELLS, an assortment of Church, Factory, Steam, BELLS, boat, Locomotive, Plantation, School, BELLS.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY, BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.) WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Colds, Coughs, and Hoarseness.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Dr. J. C. Ayer: I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and the concomitant symptoms of a Cold; is your CHERRY PECTORAL.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS. THE sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been taxed to the utmost to produce a purgative which is known to man.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. DOCTOR AYER writes: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your Cherry Pectoral has done for my wife. She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. DOCTOR AYER writes: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your Cherry Pectoral has done for my wife. She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. DOCTOR AYER writes: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your Cherry Pectoral has done for my wife. She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption.



AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. DOCTOR AYER writes: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your Cherry Pectoral has done for my wife. She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption.