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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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AN IRISH BOY'S ADVENTURES. CHAPTER I.

About thirty years ago, in a small room, in the town of Waterford, three persons, an elderly man and woman, and a boy, were seated round a fire, on a dreary December evening.

'God knows, it isn't my wish, Mary; you know well I don't like to have the old spot, if it could be helped: but what are we to do? This is the third week we're out of work, and I see no chance of getting any either.'

'Well, dears,' said his mother, drying her eyes, 'it may be all for the best; God grant it. I don't like to be puttin' myself in your way, Martin,' she continued, addressing her husband; 'but somehow or other, I can't get over a foolish feelin' I have that something wrong will happen if you leave me.'

'Tut, woman dear, never mind that. Well, will we go on Monday, then? You know there is no time to be lost, Mary.'

His wife gave consent with a sigh, and it was arranged that the father and son should sail for England, and seek employment at Bradford, leaving the mother with her sister in Waterford.

For some years Martin Byrne had worked at his trade of stonemason, and had enjoyed moderate prosperity. But about a year before the time at which our story opens, things began to go ill with him.

Work became slack in Waterford, and when his employer failed in business, he found it almost impossible to get work elsewhere for himself and his son. It is needless to quote the old proverb. Ill luck came not alone in this instance.

His wife's health, which had always been infirm, grew worse than ever; and the doctor's fees drained him of whatever little money he had saved.

About this time an acquaintance in Bradford wrote to him, informing him that stonemasons' work was plentiful, and well paid for there, and advising him to go thither with his wife and son.

Martin Byrne, as we have seen, thought fit to take Peter Butler's advice, and in the beginning of the second week of December, father and son had applied for, and obtained work from, Mr. Chumley, one of the principal builders in Bradford.

At the time of the two Byrnes' arrival, the people of Bradford had among them an unwellcome visitor: the scarlet fever, in its worst form, was making dreadful havoc among the poor.

by, the fire, whose heat appeared insufficient to warm him. Philip moved uneasily from one part of the room to another, pretending to be busy among his books, but really occupied in stealing fugitive glances at his father, upon whose face a deep flush had gathered, as he bent shivering over the fire.

At length he caught the mournful eye of his son fixed upon him, and, placing his elbows on his knees, and letting his head sink between his hands, he sobbed out, while the tears streamed through his fingers, 'O Blessed Lord, look down on my poor wife and child.'

His son ran towards him; and, embracing his feverish head, endeavored to soothe him, while one of the lodgers hastened to the house of the doctor.

Martin Byrne rapidly grew worse. He lay tossing restlessly on his bed that night, sometimes raving about his wife and son, with whom he thought he was conversing; sometimes imagining himself to be at work. The morning found him calmer, but much weaker.

His son, who had watched beside his bed through the night, then brought to him the priest, Father Stevens.

'I'll make my confession to you, father,' said the sick man—I'll recommend my soul into the hand of God, for I feel I'm goin'. It's soon and sudden, glory be to God.'

'Oh, father,' said Philip, 'don't give way to sad thoughts. You're strong enough to get over it yet, please God; and you'll soon be at work with me agen.'

The dying man shook his head. 'No, a channuv, he said mournfully; 'no, Phil, dear, we'll never work together any more.'

Philip's eyes filled with tears, but he yet hoped that his father's strong constitution would overcome the disease.

In the meantime, the priest had laid by his overcoat and hat, and was bending gently over the bed. 'Now, my son,' he said soothingly, when Philip had left the room, 'try to turn your eyes away from this poor world which I see you are soon to leave, and fix them upon the great one that you are going to.'

He anointed him after confession, and departed, leaving him more tranquil than he had been since his seizure by the fever on the evening before.

The doctor called twice during the day, and administered medicines; but Philip, who had eagerly watched his countenance since his entrance, saw him, after attentively looking upon the sick man for some time, shake his head hopelessly.

More than once during the day Martin Byrne made a feeble effort to talk of his wife to his son. He directed him to inform her gently of what had happened; and expressed his bitter sorrow that he could not see her on his death-bed.

ing the Holy Viaticum, he said, faintly—'Good bye, Phil; kiss me before I die.'

The weeping boy pressed his lips with intense affection to the fevered ones of his father, and continued to utter broken exclamations of grief.

'Now, my son,' said the priest, 'let nothing take your thoughts from heaven.'

He arranged the scapulars on the breast of the dying man, who feebly moved his fingers as if to assist. Something like a smile overspread his worn face as he said, in a barely audible voice, 'Vaura Dhealish! (dear Mary) lead me to your dear Son.'

They were his last words. He lay, with his eyes upturned, grasping the bed-clothes with the firm, convulsive gripe of death; his face still wearing the quiet, happy expression I have mentioned.

The priest placed his hand on the heart of the corpse, and said to himself, as he withdrew it, 'Blessed, indeed, are the dead that die in the Lord.'

Then, gently drawing away Philip, who was addressing his dead parent in wild terms of affection, he said, soothingly, 'Henceforth, my dear boy, you must look up to God as your father; and returned to read the prayers for the dead.'

On the following day Philip, Peter Butler (who had found out the Byrnes a few days before) and two fellow-workmen, bore the body of Martin Byrne to Bradford Cemetery.

Philip stayed after the rest had gone, and then sat down on the grass near the grave, where he remained, lonely, sad, and heedless of the cold and mist, till night came on.

On his return home, he sat down with a heavy heart to write a letter to his mother, describing his father's death and declaring his intention to set out at once for Newcastle, where lived a maternal uncle, who was very fond of him.

On the morning of the next day, while he sat with his head between his hands in the little room where his father died, Mrs. Clark, his landlady, entered. She was a thin, elderly woman of cold, unpleasing manners.

'Good morning, Mrs. Clark,' said Philip, gloomily, rising his head.

'Good morning, sir,' she replied, with a deep sigh. 'Mr. Chumley has just sent me to say that, for fear of you bringing the fever among the workmen, he'd rather that you'd not go back.'

work in Leeds; but, when he had walked the remaining two miles of the road, and had entered that town, he found himself so weary and ill, as to be unable to carry out his purpose.

The truth was, that the confined, unwholesome air of his father's room and the loss of rest he had sustained, combined with the sharp wind on the road, had wrought upon and temporarily enfeebled his frame.

After reaching Leeds he entered the mean-looking little 'Turk's Head, in a small street, and having there ordered a bed, threw himself upon it.

The rest, with a basin of hot gruel, which he took that night, greatly refreshed him, and in the morning he thought himself strong enough to proceed upon his journey.

Instead of remaining in Leeds, as he had intended, he breakfasted on the last pieces of Mrs. Clark's bread and meat, paid to the landlord the shilling he asked for ('and far less nor it ought to be,' he said) and set out for York, hoping to arrive there early in the afternoon.

But he had overrated his strength. He found himself obliged to travel on very slowly, not being able to walk much more than a mile an hour.

Towards the end of the day, however, he grew much better; and it was well for him, indeed, for he saw with despair the darkness come on when the towers of York minster were still nine miles away.

At half-past eight he had entered the suburbs of the fine old city, and soon after he passed under the grim, black portals of Micklegate Bar, and found himself in the busy streets of York on Christmas Eve, hungry, friendless, houseless, and without a penny in his pocket.

CHAPTER II. Merry crowds of working people were thronging round the bright and gaily-ornamented shop-windows, or talking and laughing on the footway.

Well-muffled ladies were sweeping grandly out of great shops, attended to the door by obsequious shopmen. It was market night, and poor thinly-clad women were trudging homewards through the snow, laden with heavy baskets, or with penny bundles of holly and ivy; their faces wearing an expression half of pleasure, half of anxiety.

Pleasure from the happy thoughts that the glorious festival never fails to bring with it, and anxiety, from the fear that they had ventured to make greater purchases than their small means would allow.

Infirm old men, who felt very uncertain as to whether or not they should ever see another Christmas, stood watching boys, who were either shutting up one another's eyes with snow-balls, despite policemen, or doing their best to break their own and other people's bones by making slides on the flags.

There were few men or women in the crowd, however, who had not a brighter look than usual, and Philip could not avoid wondering, as he jostled through them, whether or not there were any so miserable as he.

not help making a rapid contrast between the appearance of its interior on Christmas-eye three centuries ago, and its present desolate, gloomy aspect.

No chanting of Christmas hymns at midnight Mass, no devout adorers, no bright lights streaming through the beautiful stained glass;—these had all departed; and the light that then played on the deserted pavement, was somewhat like the worship carried on within—a rather cold and cheerless one.

The sound of footsteps behind him, and the cold, disturbed his thoughts, and, turning with a shiver, he saw two men walking sharply by him, conversing in hurried, earnest whispers.

He stood in the shadow cast by a high wall, and was not noticed by them. Too much oppressed by cold, hunger, and drowsiness to heed them, he turned into a dark old arched doorway in the cathedral wall, somewhat sheltered from the wind, and, putting his back to the door, abandoned himself to his miserable thoughts.

While they were wandering sorrowfully to his mother, he began to doze. Awaking soon after, with a dull, confused noise in his ears, he heard the loud bells of the minster chiming twelve o'clock.

Folding his benumbed hands, he said, fervently, while the tears stood in his eyes, 'Oh, good Lord Jesus, born in cold and misery yourself on Christmas day, pity and help your poor creature.'

He had scarcely whispered his petition, when he heard the voices and saw the figures of the two men who had passed him near the east window. There was something in their looks that led Philip to the strong suspicion that they were out for no good purpose; and since the deep shadow of the arch completely concealed him, he watched them narrowly, without their being aware of his presence.

One was strongly-built, ill-looking ruffian, with his neck swathed in a large neckcloth, and his eyebrows overshadowed by a cap. The other was tall and sinewy, and likewise wore a cap, with an old velvet shooting-jacket, and a thick muffler.

The first appeared to be replying to some objections which the other had raised.

'We'll have to wait long enough afore we get such another chance. They've been in bed for a couple of hours, and there ain't even a sarvent lass in the house; the one they have 's got leave. The waits won't be round for a good bit yet, and there's no peeters about. I've got the ladder and tools, and I know the room he keeps his money in. Time I did; I've watched him long enough.'

'Come on, then,' said the taller one; 'sooner it's over the better. Owd hunks,' he added, with a chuckle, 'he'll not expect such lucky birds as us this mornin'. I'll tell you what, tho', Mister Nathan, mind, it's to be fair halves.'

Before Philip, who was now wakeful enough, could hear the reply, they had moved away. He came quietly out of the archway, and watched the two dark figures, clearly visible against the snow, till an angle of the cathedral hid them from his view.

Forgetting at once cold, hunger, and fatigue, and possessed by a strong exciting desire to prevent the projected villainy, Philip set out in pursuit with the stealthy, subdued energy of an Indian. The moon was now completely hidden, and by walking in the shadow of buildings he contrived to keep the objects of his pursuit in view, without being himself observed.

ran along the face of the house. A broad shop window, comparatively recent erection, was built in under the overhanging gables. Over the door, to which two broad but worn steps ascended, were affixed a shield, and the letters "T. O." fixed to the wall in iron. There was also an old engraved brass plate, which had been allowed to remain as a curiosity, whereon were inscribed the lines—

"Roundhead rogues! plague thy eye,
The cry of Heaven and Osgodbye."

The shield, initials, and couplet were all memorials of one to whom the old house had once belonged.—John Osgodby, a poor but devoted cavalier, who lost his life for King Charles, at Marston-inoor. Philip's eye caught in a hasty glance the name of "S. Hildertrope, optician," &c., on a large sign-board, surmounted by a huge pair of gilt, wooden spectacles, and a mock telescope.

The old house has lately been destroyed to make room for a warehouse. Philip, creeping from one entry to another, at last stood in a dark doorway opposite to where the burglars were. He saw the principal one nimbly as to one of the windows, and disappear, after a short delay, while the other held the ladder, and eagerly watching his companion's movements.

"Now or never!" thought Philip. With a rapid and noiseless tread, he came behind the tall one, and rushing in before him pushed the ladder from the wall. Muttering a tremendous oath the astonished housebreaker drew from his breast a life-preserver, and aimed a furious blow at his young antagonist, trying to hit him under the left ear. Philip, however, with agility, sank to the earth while the heavy weapon whizzed over his head; and then, while the tall ruffian was staggering from the force of his own blow, he threw his arms round his neck, and tried vigorously to trip up his heels. In this he was not very successful, for he had to deal with a strong man, and it was his excitement only that prevented his feeling the weakness resulting from hunger. The burglar had contrived to regain his balance, and was fast getting the mastery, when his foot slipped on the flags, and down he went, swiftly and heavily, with Philip upon him. The latter heard a sharp cry of pain, followed by a moan, and immediately felt the fierce gripe on his waist relax. Rising easily, he saw that his opponent lay still and senseless, with blood flowing from his head, which had struck against one of the door-steps in the fall. Philip pulled the bell-handle, hurriedly, and shouted loudly for help. He had already done so, as well as he was able, during his struggle with the burglar.—At this moment, he heard a noise at the window above, and looking up, saw the other one standing at it, shaking his fist and cursing savagely.—Philip thought he perceived something bright in that gentleman's hand, and imprudently neglected to retreat beneath the gable, he saw a sudden flash, and felt a pistol-bullet whistle by his ear, which it slightly wounded. The ruffian in his rage then flung out the pistol itself, which passed over Philip's head. In the meantime, the door opened, and an excited old gentleman in a dressing-room, with a lamp in his hand, stood gazing in perplexity on Philip and the prostrate burglar, by turns.

"There's a robber in your house, sir," said Philip, quickly.

"Yes, yes, yes; I've locked the door of the room he's in; he's safe enough for a while. But, in the name of Heaven, who is this lying here, dead, apparently?"

"He is another housebreaker," said Philip; "he is only stunned by a fall, and will soon make off, if he be not secured."

The fallen burglar did at that moment raise himself to a sitting posture, and tried to gather his faculties for a retreat; but he was seized and carried within by some half-dressed people who had rushed from adjoining houses, for by this time Philip's cries, and the report of the pistol, had roused the street, and lights were visible at the windows. One of the more active neighbors had brought four policemen to the scene, and these first captured the ruffian up stairs; and then, having bandaged his companion's head, and searched and handcuffed both, hurried them off to the lock-up, taking with them the ladder, life-preserver, pistol, and such tools as were found in the search. The few neighbors who were present congratulated Mr. Hildertrope, vied with each other in their praises of Philip, and then, rejecting their friend's invitation to stay, departed to the warm beds they had left, after wishing him and one another a merry Christmas.

"Come you in here," said Mr. Hildertrope, pulling Philip by the arm after him into a richly-furnished room, where a log which his wife had thrown upon some cinders and lit sticks had already begun to blaze. "There," he said, placing his own soft arm-chair by the fire, and putting Philip by the shoulders into it, "there; try to get warm, for you look blue enough, my poor fellow, though you've been perspiring."

While Philip, with Mrs. Hildertrope's sleek black cat purring familiarly on his knee, sat by the fire with a half-bewildered look, thinking on his strange change of circumstances from the cold cathedral-yard to that luxurious room, Mr. Hildertrope said, "Martha, this is the lad that prevented those two infernal rascals from robbing the house."

His wife, a gentle-looking old lady, who had scarcely recovered from the fright, kindly threw a warm fur mantle over Philip's shoulders, and was holding a glass of wine to his lips, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Good Heavens, Samuel, the poor child is bleeding!"

"It is only a little cut on the ear, ma'am," said Philip; "I felt something strike it when the pistol was fired."

Mrs. Hildertrope placed some plaster on the wound, which was very slight, and spread provisions on the table, while her husband, who appeared to have great faith in wine as a restorative, held a bottle to Philip's mouth till he was on the verge of suffocation.

"Before you let us know all the ins and outs of the affair, tell us how you managed to break that long fellow's head," said Mr. Hildertrope. "But by the bye, Martha," he added, "you had better go and get some sleep. I'll undertake

to feel this young man, and I'll give you a full account of the affair to-morrow."

His wife assented, and having hidden both good night retired.

"Now don't speak a word till you have brought down the cold turkey, and finished that bottle of wine," said Mr. Hildertrope. "I'll wait patiently till you are done."

He paced up and down the floor, muttering to himself, "Well, Samuel, there's let you alone long enough to make you think that they'd never visit you on your sixty-fourth Christmas eve. Christmas eve! Christmas eve! I never heard before of a burglary on Christmas eve!—though by the way, it's his Christmas morning now. Now, he said, when he saw that Philip had ended his meal, "now tell me how you contrived to outwit those rascals! Where did you first see them?"

"In the cathedral yard, sir," said Philip.

"Cathedral yard, eh?" repeated his bearer, "and what were you doing there at that time of night, young gentleman, if it's a fair question? gallivanting, I suppose, eh?" he said, laughing.

"No, sir," said Philip, "I was about to sleep there when—"

"Eh—what! Sleep in the munster yard?" interrupted Mr. Hildertrope, opening his eyes very wide, "upon my life your fond of an airy apartment. What, in mercy's name, my poor lad, were you going to sleep there for? Are you a York boy? What's your name?"

"I am an Irishman, sir," was the reply, "and my name is Philip Byrne."

"Ob, an Irishman, are you?" said Mr. Hildertrope; "I've been among your country folk, and like them well. I have friends in Ireland. Well go on: have you been in England long?"

"My father and I came to Bradford from Waterford a few weeks ago, sir, hoping to get work here as stonemasons (we could get none at Bradford because of the frost). So we did; but my poor father caught the scarlet fever, and God was pleased to take him from me."

He stopped for a minute, and drew his sleeve across his eyes, while his bearer kindly tried to lead him away from the painful subject.

"I've been trying to push my way to Newcastle, where lives an uncle of mine, for I didn't like to go back to my poor mother without having something to give her."

"It's well you've found some Samaritan on your road, my poor child. Well?"

"I walked," continued Philip, "from Leeds to-day, expecting to be here in time to ask for a job; but it was half-past eight when I came in and I had no money to pay for a bed with; so I have hung about the streets ever since. I had wandered into the cathedral yard, and intended to sleep there, as I told you, sir, when I accidentally overheard the two housebreakers planning the robbing of your house."

He then narrated what had passed from the time when he first saw the burglars near the cathedral till their capture.

As he ended, Mr. Hildertrope, who had listened with evident surprise and admiration to the whole recital, rose from his chair and shook Philip's hand heartily.

"You are a brave lad," he said, "and I firmly believe, a good one; and, if ever you have to lodge in an archway, again, it won't be old Sam Hildertrope's fault, that's all. And now, my poor fellow, I'll show you where you're to sleep for you must be nearly worn out by fatigue, what with your twenty-six mile walk and your thief-taking exploit."

Philip took leave of his new friend at the door of a beautiful little bed-room, which had been made ready for a young grand-nephew of Mr. Hildertrope, whom sudden sickness had prevented from coming to the house for Christmas week. Our hero glanced round the luxuriously-furnished room, peeped out into the snow-covered street, and, sinking on his knees, offered up a few fervent, grateful prayers to the great and good Helper of the poor and friendless, commending himself to His care. Then, undressing, and composing himself to rest, he was soon in the midst of a confused dream, whose principal objects were his mother, York Munster, and Mr. Hildertrope's black cat. He rose rather late next morning, Christmas-day, and, having inquired as to the situation of the Catholic chapel, hurried off to Mass, and Mrs. Hildertrope saying, as he went out, that though she was no friend to the Pope herself, she liked to see every one, even if he were a Turk, zealous in his own religion.

In the afternoon Philip noticed that his two friends were for some time deeply engaged in conversation, and he guessed that he was their subject. That night, while the old couple were seated on either side of a huge wood fire, and Philip sitting in the centre of the hearth, Mr. Hildertrope said, "Philip, how would you like to live in York altogether?"

"Why I must own that I should not like it at all, sir," said Philip, firmly. "You and your lady have been very kind to me, and I have no dislike to York; but my mother is doubtless fretting about me in Waterford, and there should I like to be, too. Besides, sir, I'd rather live in Ireland than anywhere else."

His two friends smiled; and Mrs. Hildertrope said, while she patted him on the head, "That's the best answer to give, child."

"I expected such a reply," Philip said her husband, "and I should have been sorry had you spoken otherwise. Well, now, to come to the point. You are a stonemason, are you not?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Well, my wife has a nephew in Limerick, who is a builder. What would you say, now, to becoming an apprentice of his—eh?" "Come, don't be too particular, your young rogue."

"All I can say is, sir," said Philip, gratefully, "that there is nothing I should desire more, and that I can never sufficiently thank you for your kindness."

"Never mind that, my good lad," said Mr. Hildertrope; "you did more for me than that amounts to. We shall need your mother's consent, of course, to-morrow you can write and tell her all about it, and the day after we'll start for that green land of yours."

On the following morning, when our young

friend proceeded in a cab with Mr. Hildertrope to the Guildhall, to give his evidence against the two noted burglars, Nathan Coulson, alias Shippery, Nat, and Richard Daniels, alias Long Dick, who were committed for trial there, he was somewhat astonished and embarrassed to find himself the subject of the admiration of a crowded court-house, and to hear himself loudly cheered as he passed out.

Mr. Hildertrope, accordingly, took Philip to Waterford, and received from the widowed mother a joyful assent to his proposal, as well as such blessing as only an Irishwoman can give. He accompanied mother and son to Limerick, and there bound Philip apprentice to Mr. Grimstone, to whom he strongly recommended him; promising, at the same time, to send sufficient sums for the support of his mother.

"Good-bye, my lad," he said, in leaving; "go on well, and mind your work, and I'll mind you."

Philip only saw his benefactor once again, when he went to York at the spring assizes, to be present at the trial of Messrs. Coulson and Daniels, who were transported for seven years.

Four years afterwards, Mr. Hildertrope died; and when his will was being read, some of the hearers (distant relations, for, as the reader will have judged, perhaps, he was childless) were surprised, and not pleasantly, to know that he had left £70 per annum to a certain Philip Byrne, who had saved his property, and perhaps his life, from burglars, on Christmas morning, 183—; but this was left only on condition that Mr. Grimstone should be satisfied with his apprentice's behaviour during five years. He was satisfied, however; and Philip got his annuity, and enjoys it yet. He is at the present time a thriving tradesman of Limerick, has long been married, and has three stout young sons, Martin, Michael, and Philip. He had another, too; but poor Samuel Byrne was killed in Italy by a Sardinian bullet. We may add, in conclusion, that Mrs. Clark once received, at Christmas time, a fine plum-cake, as an acknowledgment, said the accompanying letter, of kindness shown to a poor lad whose father had died in her house of scarlet-fever some years ago—*The Lamp.*

TRIAL BY JURY.
From the London Tablet.

We gave in our last number an account of the "Armagh Jury Panel Trial," but the following extracts from the speeches of Mr. John O'Hagan and Mr. Whiteside, will be read with interest:—

Mr. John O'Hagan:—Let us suppose what we must all fervently trust were the case, that all this political and religious rancour had disappeared from this country, and that the exclusion of Catholics from the jury-box, which we have demonstrated before you could not be shown to have entailed any further consequences, would it not still be a grievous and startling injustice? Gentlemen, I implore your earnest attention to this unhappy aspect of the case, and you may believe that it is with the deepest pain that I am obliged to open a page so miserable. I have said, gentlemen, this would be an outrage upon Catholics, even if political and religious rancour had vanished from our land. But is that the case? Is that the case in the county of Armagh? Wretched it is to contemplate; but there is the fact—a people split in two—living intermingled with one another—neighbors who ought to be knit together by all the kindly offices and charities of neighborhood, having in their position, in their tangible and material interests, no earthly ground of difference—nay, through the sheer force of neighborhood a germ of kindly intercourse from time to time begins, but never is permitted to acquire strength or growth, because in early years it is choked by the poisonous seed of hatred. Year after year the same hateful spectacle is witnessed. Men who, but a week before, had been mowing in the one field, partaking of the one dish, as soon as these glorious July anniversaries come round, bind themselves into opposing factions and scowl defiance at one another, while flags are flaunted party tunes are sung. The Protestant marches in triumph past the chapel of the Catholic—the Catholics rush out and assault the Protestants with stones—then an armed conflict begins—and murderous weapons are brought out until there is blood upon the ground, and the spirit of madness and revenge possesses a population whom reason and religion alike command to live in peace with one another; and all for what?—because King William III. beat King James II. 170 years ago. Gentlemen, the first defences which we filed were opened by my friends on the other side, and it was said we had pleaded the whole history of Ireland. Heartily and from my soul, do I wish that those names and times had been forgotten, had at least passed into the dispassionate domain of history. But how can we so treat them? Why is it in Ireland alone that this odious difference prevails? Every good man in his day and place should labour according to his means to remove it, and so long as it remains there, so long, I assert, if one party be excluded from the jury-box, that party has no real safeguard for life or liberty. And why? Because, gentlemen, in such a divided state of society, when men's lives are lost in conflict, and the liberties of accused men are jeopardised, the only security for either is an administration of justice and fair play, fair and impartial, and as such inspiring wholesome confidence and wholesome fear; and I deny that that can take place so long as there is a virtual exclusion of one party from the jury-box. I will go further. I will say that of all the modes of injustice, there is none so intolerable and heartburning as that which is effected through the making of a partial jury. Gentlemen, it is an old and true saying that "the worst things in this world spring from a corruption of the best." What trial by jury is, according to its noble idea, it would ill become me to dilate upon. And yet, this I will say, and I will appeal in this to every man around me, that nothing which we heard, nothing which from reason we could deduce as to the working of trial by jury, impresses its excellence on the mind to the same degree as our experience of its daily operation in these courts. It is wonderful and even in some degree mysterious, certainly baffling all that could be thought beforehand, that a body of twelve men, taken out of the general community, and from whom an absolute unanimity is required, should be, as they are, the very best instruments for arriving at truth and justice that ever was invented by man. They are so, gentlemen. But gentlemen, when a community is divided in feeling, and when a jury drawn exclusively from one sit in judgment upon their adversaries, no tribunal was ever so unjust. And why? Precisely for the same reason. Because they embody and reflect the passions and prejudices of the class from which they spring, and because it is a feat impossible for human nature to cast aside at once all these passions and prejudices at the entrance to the jury-box, and in obedience to those passions they work injustice, often unaware. It is an indisputable fact that no tribunals known in history have ever been so thoroughly unjust as partisan juries. Throughout great part of the disgraceful reign of Charles II. the state trials present an almost unbroken series of judicial murders, but with very many victims. And every head that fell beneath the guillotine in the French Revolution was sent there by a verdict

of a jury, but a jury of thorough-going partisans. God forbid gentlemen, that I should institute a parallel between those cases and what has occurred in the county of Armagh, or that I should compare the Protestant jurors of Armagh with the juries of those times. No, gentlemen, I do not say so, but I say this, that as long as man is man, as long as man has the passions and prejudices of man, it is impossible wholly to divest himself of prejudice when he enters the jury-box, as it is for him to strip himself of his integuments. It has been thrown out, gentlemen, that when we take the panels as containing such a disproportion of Roman Catholics, and as being almost exclusively Protestant, we impliedly accuse those Protestants of perjury. Gentlemen, we do no such thing. It would be an odious imputation, and far be it from me to indulge in recriminations of this kind. But, I say this—Suppose that to intend as honestly as men can intend, it is impossible for them wholly to prevent the effect of education, association, natural sympathy, and natural antipathy. There is an enormous distinction between perjury and prejudice. But, gentlemen, I would put this to the test. Here we are in this country, a population of four and a-half millions of Roman Catholics, being to the Protestants as four to one. I ask you, gentlemen, has it ever been known that in any party or political case involving a conflict between Protestants and Roman Catholics, an exclusively Catholic jury has been impanelled? Gentlemen, such a thing, if it occurred, would be regarded as a prodigy and portent, and looked on as an insult by every Protestant, and I would say not merely by the Protestants but by the Catholics of the country also, for what they ask and have always sought is, equal justice, and not to counterpoise one injustice by another. No, gentlemen, I will say that there is not a Catholic in Ireland who desires to see the tables thus turned. The vital part of this question, is this—that you must try what effect upon an ignorant population of Protestants and Roman Catholics is produced by the constant spectacle of seeing juries brought exclusively from men of one religion. The population is equally divided, as the last census shows. I ask you whether it does not produce a deep impression on the mind of the Catholic that he need not look for justice, and on the mind of the Protestant that he need not fear it. Can the poor Catholic, whose relative may have been slain, or himself may have been wounded in one of those conflicts, have the same confidence in the tribunal that is to try his antagonist if he sees always in the jury-box men opposed to himself in religion; or will such a trial have the same wholesome effect as if the juries were impartially constituted by a mixture of different creeds, where the prejudices of one side could not be brought to bear exclusive way. The appeal of the Protestant to the prejudices of his co-religionists may be in vain—the jurors may possibly do their duty. It may be true that notwithstanding that appeal—notwithstanding that he is tried by twelve Protestants—they might convict him. But I say it is impossible that the mass of the population of the Protestants and Roman Catholics in the north of Ireland can believe it will be so, or that justice will be fairly done when they see juries almost invariably empanelled from one class only. Gentlemen, it is not your issue to consider whether justice was done, or was not done. In many instances it has been said that it was not done. In many instances perhaps it was. But, gentlemen, justice performs its high office in not merely selecting the right victims—blind vengeance might do that—but by being so conducted by a fair and equitable procedure that it brings home satisfaction and acquiescence to the mind of every man. It has been often said that want of love of the law is one of the greatest curses of Ireland, and certainly it is a deep misfortune for any country not to have a thorough affection for, and confidence in the law. The long history of the past which produced that feeling in the minds of the people of Ireland I shall not now refer to. But, gentlemen, amongst all the penal laws—amongst all the laws that so distracted the people of this country, there was none so odious in its nature or deadly in its effects as that law which excluded Catholics from the jury-box, and gave it as a ground of challenge to a Protestant that a man about to be sworn was a Papist. Gentlemen, I hate to refer to these things, and would not disentomb from the past those records of injustice but for what this case suggests, and I say this—that so soon as Protestants and Roman Catholics in Ireland are on a footing of the most perfect equality, not merely in the theory of the law, but in all the details of its administration—when once that is complete, equality has fairly taken root—then let the memory of the penal laws, and all the conflicts which produced them, be buried deeper than did plummet sound. But, gentlemen, so long as we persistently see the same effect result from the act of the sheriff as formerly resulted from the letters of the law, so long is it impossible not to recur to them. Gentlemen, are those my words alone? I will read to you what was said by a distinguished orator and statesman on one of those occasions when the array was challenged, as I have said. In the case of Mr. Smith O'Brien, in Clonmel, his advocate said this:—"For every twenty-four or twenty-five names on this panel I find the name of one Catholic gentleman; and if this system of excluding men on account of their religion is persevered in, I say better at once, frankly and boldly to reenact the penal laws." These are the words of whom? They are the words of the Right Hon. J. Whiteside, and I repeat his words.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.
(From the Northern Press.)

If we take a calm view of the causes of the civil war in America, we may readily understand the groundwork of the policy of the present Administration of England.

From the first beginning of that Republic, a struggle commenced for supremacy of political power, which increased in intensity until its final destruction by Mr. Lincoln's election. The North sought it by increase of immigration in its free States and acquired territory. The South had, until lately, possessed the reins of government under successive Presidents. To a certain extent, the negro population of the South, by the provisions of fundamental law, gave, as property, a certain increased vote to their masters. No property in the North furnished the same privilege. It was an anomaly, and political rivalry induced the one to exert a constant effort to deprive the other of this privilege; already secured by the constitution.

As the Republic increased in acquisition of territory and in population, the Northern States became chiefly manufacturing people; and, in the Western States, producers of breadstuffs, &c. The South, however, was entirely agricultural, and by black labour; raised different products, but those such as were demanded by the commerce of the world. Thus sprung up a rivalry manifested in a constant effort by the North to render the South tributary to her through the agency of a protective tariff, while the South desired free trade.

Thus, then, the black population of the South doubly created exasperation in the North, by being the means of political influence, and the instruments of agricultural inducements to free trade.

This cause of irritation was then to be removed *per fas et nefas*. And here began a chapter in this world's moral and religious history, replete with matter for reflection and with serious instruction.

Ever since the days of the mis-called reformation, private judgment usurped the authority Christ established on earth, and new systems and standards of right and wrong began to multiply. Some would

"Compound for sins they were inclined to
By damning those they had no mind to."

Others exhibited their graces, by pouring contempt on those holy seasons wherein Christians

commemorated the most august events of the Divine revelation.

"Mince pies and goose, they would not part
And blaspheme custard through their hearts."

While all striving to outdo each other in their extravagances, finally tried to approximate in an outward appearance of formalism, calling themselves "evangelical," their great unity being their only attack upon the Church of God, the only pillar and ground of the truth. The grand army of "evangelicals" have selected Exeter-hall—before its present congenial appropriation, a famous menagerie of wild beasts—as their present chief encampment. Thence issue the mandates of those who

"Who prove their doctrines orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks."

Thence goeth forth an affatus of inspiration to the Orangemen of Ireland and Canada, and to the know-nothings of America; and thence also to all who have fallen into the sin of Lucifer, the bright morning star, who fell in his pride of private judgment, set up in opposition to the laws of God.

Here there was an instrument at hand ready made to accomplish the object of the politicians of the North. "We will first put down slavery; and then attend to Popery," said they.

Now we wish it distinctly understood that we are not advocating slavery in any manner. Like many other objectionable institutions; God permits it on earth, and it is our bounden duty to ameliorate it, as did our Blessed Lord and His disciples, in teaching obedience on the part of the slave, and kindness on the part of the master. But our views on this subject were fully reflected four weeks since in the beautiful article we reprinted from the *New York Metropolitan Record*, and to this we again, therefore refer. Often and often have the most saintly children of the Church redeemed with money, and at times by the substitution of their own persons for the objects of their heroic charity, those who were subjected to slavery of a more terrible description than that of these negro rustics of the Southern landed proprietors. But Christ made no crusade against slavery as an institution, nor has His Church. On the contrary, the tampering with slaves, and taking them from their owners, was expressly condemned by the Council at Gangres, in Paphlagonia, in the year 541, when the question was raised in the case of Eustathius and his followers.—(See *Duyn, quadragesime seculi*, ix. 85. *Fleury* iv. l. 17, tit. 35. *Berlier dictionnaire*, tit. *Eustathius*.)

But it well suited the North to ruin the South, if possible, by declaring it a sin, and to act on the moral feelings of the evangelical element both North and South. This was easily done.

Dooks of horrible tales of cruelty which never existed were everywhere disseminated, and the pulpits resounded with the cries of spurious philanthropy, overlooking entirely worse miseries at their own doors. It became finally the chief object and groundwork on which to attain political power.—The Democratic party being sundered, Mr. Lincoln was elected by this fanatical element; and the whole South retired from the Union.

We confess we do not quite perceive the necessity of liberating 4,000,000 blacks, to murder and ruin 6,000,000 whites, any more than we do the wisdom of giving sudden freedom to so large a population, educated in and habituated to compulsory labour, of a physical nature and constitution unfitting them for voluntary daily toil; and yet the cessation of which, besides the misery it would inflict on the suddenly emancipated negroes, would inflict an injury on commerce, and, consequently, on those of every class dependant on it, in extent and amount quite incalculable. We cannot, for the life of us, see anything but pharisaical egotism, sentimental humbug, and reckless and canting selfishness, in such a course. Anything but philanthropy. It might, perhaps, be more reasonable if, they at the North chose to recognise the black population as their own equals, in their own houses, churches, railroads, steamers, and in marriage. But this is no part of their scheme. Mr. Lincoln sees the only way to provide for them is to send them off to some colony, and the Northern free negroes with them.

And nothing more clearly exposes the utter shame and hypocrisy of the abolitionist cant than this! Marry with the blacks, give them seats at your tables, admit them at your houses, in the social circle, in places of public resort, on terms of perfect equality with your white-skinned selves, Lincoln, Beecher Stowe, and Co.; and although we shall give you no more credit for common sense or more humanity than your neighbours, we shall begin to hope that you are not the utter hypocrites we regret to say that we take you for at present.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE
LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.
St. Jarlath's, Tuam, Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, 1861

My Lord—To some it may appear surprising that on behalf of the famishing people, I should chiefly address myself to one who is not known to entertain friendly feelings to our country, and whose strange selection of an Irish Secretary, fully reveals his hostility to our religion. However, the vital interests, on which I venture to address your lordship, are less affected by personal inclinations than by a responsible position, and, therefore, I generally appeal to the Prime Minister, as the person who best represents the power as well as the obligations of the Government.

No matter how disposed the individual may be to labor to heal, or even to acknowledge the dreadful evils which several large districts are now enduring; this indisposition must yield at length to the requirements of public duty; and to many a disbelieving functionary there has been brought in your time the clearest conviction of Ireland's wrongs by the persuasive pressure of a strong Irish party. In a combined parliamentary vote there is an astonishing efficacy. It seems to be the sole ministerial touchstone by which the truth of any assurance of ours is effectually tried.

In an evil hour, and through the influence of those alien counsels that have divided and weakened us, the powerful Irish party, by which the united vote was so successfully wielded, has been dissolved. The good which that policy achieved in the brief period of its triumph, will doubtless furnish a stimulus to its revival. It obliged a cruel minister to sheath the sword of religious persecution which he had wantonly drawn; and if the Irish people were now shielded by its influence, their sons would not be exposed to the loss of their faith in infidel Colleges, nor their daughters to the loss of their virtue in those mansions of idleness called workhouses, nor themselves to the loss of their lives unless they go into those loathsome dwellings so uncongenial to their habits, and leave for ever their cottages under whose roof the faith and innocence of their children were protected.

Yes, my Lord, comparing the appalling destitution now fast spreading through the south; it seems, as well as through the west, with the chilling announcements of the Irish Secretary, it is not difficult to perceive that the people are now threatened with this triple loss, the aged with starvation unless there is out-door relief; and the youth with what is worse, the loss of their religion and their morality.

Nearly probably was more strikingly fulfilled the sacred adage of giving the people a serpent or a stone, while they were crying for bread, than in the two-fold benefits proffered by him of godless Colleges and workhouses. He might, as long as their patience of the people will permit to appropriate the same to such mischievous contributions, become their pauperist; and again recommend them to the enlarged liberality of Parliament. But to solicit the voluntary contributions of the Catholic

to forward such an illegal project, and one on which the withering condemnation of the Head of the Church is already pronounced, shows how ignorant he is of the history of our country, or surpasses in the coolness of its scorn for our people, anything that has been attempted in the way of crushing the religion of the people. An estimate must be made of the Catholic religion, when he is invited to form a committee to examine the authority of the Pope, and of the Pope's omnipotent, infallible, and exerts the descendants of those who are now in the land, to assist in the raising of a temple for an "unsectarian education." Under the benefits of this faith, or "unsectarian education," were not perceived at the commencement of that religious persecution, which, under the pretence of asserting the paramount interests of faith, convulsed the nations of Europe with anarchy and rapine. Their faith was everything; its purchase was not, dearly bought, with the plunder of the ancient Church, and the patrie of the people's worshippers. But, after the seizure of this sacred property, on the score of religion, plunder with a good grace from the advocates of the new establishment that was ever proliferating of the true faith, now to turn round on the people and tell them that the strife of Christians is only about non-essentials, and that the paramount blessing of the world is best provided by an unsectarian communion of all its children. Verily, there is more than the cunning of the serpent in this, opposite to the conduct and of reasoning. If their faith is now as valuable as then, why expose its purity to an unhallowed contact with the members of a Church out of which they were adjured to come? But if indifference and "unsectarianism" and a common Christianity be now the only religion fit for society, let the Protestant establishment, in all due consistency, resign all the plunder which it amassed under false pretences. Then its votaries, and those of the Catholic Church, equally stripped of proselytising weapons, could enter the literary Lyceum with equal advantages. When this is done by restoring to the starving poor this unrighteous plunder it will be high time to propose to the Catholics of Ireland your peaceful plan of an "unsectarian education."

It is not a subject of much regret, however, that the Irish Secretary has ventured on this correspondence. It will have taught him and his advisers a lesson for which they were not prepared; and it will have redeemed the spirit of the Catholic gentry from the depth of degradation, into which, it was wrongly supposed, to have fallen. With them as with all classes of people, patience has had its limits; and it is a promising circumstance, that this alien functionary has received several acknowledgements, worthy of the lofty lineage of those who sent them, and proving that they still inherit the faith and patriotism of their fathers. It is high time for them to feel their own dangerous position, and the still gloomier prospects that lie before them. They recollect, and not without alarm, how, from the neglected relations between landlords and tenants, their properties passed out of the hands of their former occupants but a few years ago. They now perceive the approach of a similar calamity, and feel the bitter mockery of the proposed remedies of Colleges and workhouses. As we are perpetually told that the operation of the Poor Law must reach and relieve the whole mass of Irish destitution, it is not difficult to perceive that out-door relief must be contemplated on a large scale, and then comes among the surviving remnant of the proprietors a fresh confiscation. Periodical visitations of such frequent recurrence owing to misgovernment and affecting all classes, should at length open their eyes and inspire them with the resolve of uniting in constitutional coalition, and consulting in time for their safety before another Scotch Cressa comes and sweeps both proprietors and tenants from off the peace of the land. If the gentry, Protestant as well as Catholic, but follow up the spirit in which the latter have replied to the honorable Secretary, they will still as a matter of justice obtain aid from the Government in the shape of works of national improvements, and thus save the country.

They should not forget to remind him how preposterous it is to be entertaining a famine-stricken people with the perpetual theme of education repeated, and how heartless to ask the gentry for money to educate those who are starving. He should know, as a sound statesman, that to live is a primary necessity, according to the old adage, *Præ est vivere quam philosophari*. So far from requiring another infidel College, some of the existing ones could be well spared to the equal advantage of morality and social subordination. Some hundreds of thousands are now wasted on the enormous salaries of the professors and inspectors of mixed education, from the parent metropolitan model schools to the numerous model schools throughout Ireland. Were these extravagant sums expended on a judicious system of local or municipal intellectual training, in harmony first with the religion and then with the respective pursuits of the people, especially those of agriculture; and then the gentry seriously to encourage those homely plans of a practical education, combining together with agricultural lessons for the boys, and knitting and sewing for the females, reading, writing, and a fair share of arithmetic for all, they would do more to forward their own interests, and benefit the country, than has been yet effected by the enormous sums that have been expended on the several branches of your mixed education. Every day's experience convinces us, more and more, that to give the Irish people a proper education was never the object of the English Government. In all the educational plans which it has projected its chief aim has been to strip the people of their religion and their language, — an aim of which it has not lost sight to the present time. Hence the system of central despotism spread through the country from the Metropolitan Model School requiring of the young teachers of the Provinces — men and women — to go up to be trained, and to what? Not to greater reverence for their religion, or attachment to their country, or knowledge of its history and language. No; but to become imbued with the blessings of a mixed education, conducted chiefly by Protestants of every shade of sectarianism, the principal of the establishment being a most zealous Presbyterian, and a most orthodox Protestant Vicar of the supreme authority to sanction or modify its regulations. What a training school for Catholic masters and mistresses for the provinces, and how well calculated to induce them to persuade the children under their charge to shun the model schools or mixed Colleges in their neighborhood! Yet unless masters and mistresses submit to this ordeal, they will not be entitled to what is called the benefit of classification. No doubt of it; and this reveals the entire despotic and anti-Catholic policy of your centralisation. No matter what may be the talents, the industry, and the acquirements of those teachers, there is still one thing wanting, a due reverence for the great centre from which alone education and its adequate rewards are known to flow. This point of perfection is gained by visiting the Model School, and wearing in after-life its slavish centralising uniform.

Instead, then, of wasting the public money on such expensive and abortive schemes of education, if your Lordship direct your attention to the improvement of our agriculture, you can yet become a great benefactor of the public. By submitting to the Legislature a Land Bill on a large and equitable scale, you would at once be promoting the interests of the Government and people, and drying up the sources of those periodical famines so reproachful to the one, and so fatal to the other. But if the young statesman you have sent up to teach academic wisdom to the ancients of Ireland, continue to feel an ambition to perfect the work of his father, I will point out where he may try his hand with credit to himself, and benefit to others. Your Lordship is aware that in the laudable work of endowing the College of Maynooth, the late Sir Robert Peel utterly forgot to

make any provision for the annual expenses of keeping it in repair. The consequence was, that the house should come down on the heads of the inmates, or be repaired out of the fund that was assigned for their support. This was an unpleasant dilemma for the trustees to deal with. Already the sum of eleven thousand pounds out of the small annuity of the senior classes has been mortgaged, not only for the repairs and fittings of the portions that are built, but for entirely new erections. And the result must be either a diminution of the amount of their little annuity of £20; or of the number of those who are now in its receipt. *Parvæ subiectis* was a noble maxim of the old Roman Government; and surely you look in vain for any similar sentiment regarding a government which, amidst the expenditure of millions on securities, would take from the humble student a portion of his £20. This fact of sustaining an Imperial establishment, out of the poor pittance of the students, would, I have no doubt, alarm the anti-papal wrath of Spooner himself. Well versed in the Bible, it would remind him of the seizure of the poor widow's lamb, and would not fail to convert the benevolent nature of that gentleman into a chivalrous advocate of a young and injured body of meritorious subjects. Let, then, the son of the statesman who endowed the college of Maynooth follow up his father's work, and draw the expense for its repairs out of the same funds with which it was erected. As this is the time for preparing the programme of the public expenditure, we will give him credit for a generous ambition to complete one of the best of his father's work, if the Irish estimates release for ever the students from the heavy burden of keeping up the college. Mr. Whalley may, no doubt, rave against the teachings of Popery would not be inclined to pause, rather than consent to have one penny abstracted from the small annuity which Sir Robert Peel, despite of the storm of bigotry that raged around him, succeeded in, he thought for ever, securing to its advanced students, who, unlike the unruly offspring of his other Colleges, are, for conduct and decorum, the best hope of Ireland.

I have the honor to be,
Your Lordship's obedient servant,
JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

THE POOR OF BALLIBAY.—It is consoling to see that, if God permit the poor to suffer, He inspires the rich to succour. We have a gratifying proof of this, in the conduct of the good and charitable landlady of the Ballibay property, Mrs. Leslie, and family, who, in order to get up a fund to procure fuel for the poor, have commenced the good work by contributing £50. Great praise is due also to her benevolent agent, Thomas Lucas, Esq., J.P., for the part he is taking in this work of charity; all this redounds more to their praise, when we consider that the Catholic population of the town of Ballibay amounts to 987, and all other denominations, only to 693; hence by an impartial distribution, and impartial aid, it is evident it will be the greater portion must fall to the Catholic poor. Mrs. Leslie, in recognising the rights as well as the wants of the poor, speaks eloquently to those in the same social rank, "Go thou and do likewise." For that the poor have a right to the alms of the rich, no one can deny. "So, defraud not the poor of alms, and turn not away thy eyes from them, bow down thy ear cheerfully to them, and pay what thou owest." How favorably the acts of this good lady, in lighting the lamp of charity, contrast with those who mock the poor and fan the flame of bigotry. In a few days the collection will exceed £100. — *Cor. of Dundalk Democrat.*

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.—THE BRIGHT SIDE.—The manner in which many charitable individuals are meeting the pressure of distress in Ireland contrasts pleasingly with the heartless conduct of the "Irish Executive." The Earl of Mayo has authorised his agent to forward to each of his distressed tenants a sum of money to purchase firewood (fortunately now to be had in the locality at a cheap rate), which with the half-dried turf will enable them to pass the winter in comparative comfort. Laurence Waldron, Esq., M.P., has written to his agent, Mr. Mulligan, to distribute among his tenants on the Lang and Bannada estates, situate in Roscommon and Mayo, large quantities of timber for fuel in this inclement season of the year. Richard Henn, Esq., of Herbertstreet, Dublin, sent a large supply of warm clothing to have them distributed among such of his tenants as were ill provided against the present severe winter. The Rev. John Leech, rector of Mitchelstown, county Cork, has instructed his agent, Mr. Thomas Scott, of Barafeld, to allow his tenants in this county an abatement of 25 per cent on their rents. The good and benevolent landlord of Moneygall, Bassett W. Holmes, Esq., has notified that he will give an abatement of ten per cent. in the rents, and that he will further defer the day of rent paying to a period when the pressure may be lighter upon the tenants.

THE COAL FUND.—The readiness of our fellow-citizens to contribute to this most useful charity is attested by the fact that by one hour's collection today the committee realised the sum of £59. We are quite confident their exertions will suffice to place them in possession of a sum which will enable them to give substantial relief to the poor in a most essential particular. — *Cork Examiner.*

THE SLIGO GUARDIANS AND THE SISTERS OF MERCY.—We learn from the *Sligo Champion* that the Most Rev. Dr. Glooley recently submitted to the Sligo guardians a complaint, made to him by a Catholic inmate of the workhouse, that a Protestant nurse had read aloud the Bible to annoy her. The complaint was considered and "burked," but at the following meeting one of the defenders of the would-be proselytiser gave notice of his intention to move that "no person be admitted into this house to give religious instruction except the chaplain duly appointed for that purpose." "What," says the *Sligo Champion*, "is the real object of this entire proceeding, so cunningly commenced on the 15th November in the female infirm ward, and all but accomplished by the motion which Mr. Sedley concocted, and Mr. West has so affectionately fathered? Just this—to exclude the Sisters of Mercy from the house. There is no gainsaying this. It has been objected that attempts at proselytism have been made by Protestants in the workhouse, and proofs have been offered—therefore the Sisters of Mercy must be excluded! In what have these messengers of peace and comfort to the sick and dying merited the malignity of those bigots of the Sligo Board, who, finding it impossible even to hint a fault, have adopted the cowardly and insidious plan of actually censuring a lady of their own persuasion in order to accomplish the exclusion of the Sisters of Mercy. We implore of the Catholics of this town and county to reflect seriously on the great responsibility they incur in leaving their co-religionists, whom poverty may compel to enter this workhouse, at the mercy of such guardians of the poor as the Sligo Board boasts of. Little wonder, indeed, that our poor fellow-countrymen prefer suffering any privation sooner than have themselves and their families subjected to such absolute persecution."

CENTRALISATION.—Centralisation may be carried to an extreme injurious to us without being profitable to England. To estimate the wealth of one country by the amount which may be wrung from another was the fatal error which ruined the provinces without permanently enriching Rome. In our banks, railways, and commercial undertakings our management is as successful; and at least as prudent as that of our English neighbor. In their we think the public offices of this country should be filled by natives of this country. It is irritating to perceive that the highest positions of the executive are bestowed upon importations, and that a share of the government of his native land. Some say, not very considerably, should be consciously given to aid the development of our national resources. It is imprudent, for instance, to ring millions into the

sea at Dover, Alderney, and Holyhead, and yet refuse a trifling for the formation of a haven at Galway, a harbour of refuge on our eastern coast or pier, and harbors for the fishermen of the west. But these are not things to move a nation to rebellion. They are subjects for argument and discussion in the House of Representatives. We have, too, the remedy in our own hands. If the Irish members, forgetting their differences, would persistently unite in insisting upon fairness towards this country on the part of government, and a share in its control for Irishmen, there would no longer exist a cause for discontent. — *Irish Times.*

IRISH JUSTICE.—One of the greatest practical evils which the Catholics suffer in Ireland is their exclusion from the offices of sheriff and deputy sheriff. Nobody who is unacquainted with Ireland can conceive the obstacles which this opposes to the fair administration of justice. The formation of juries is now entirely in the hands of the Protestants; the lives, liberties, and properties of the Catholics in the hands of the juries; and this is the arrangement for the administration of justice in a country where religious prejudices are inflamed to the greatest degree of animosity. In this country, if a man be a foreigner, if he sell slippers, and sealing wax, and artificial flowers, he are so tender of persons who are to decide upon his fate, that men of similar prejudices and feelings, with himself, but a poor Catholic may be tried by twelve Protestants, and destroyed according to the manner of that gentleman in the name of the Lord, and with all the insulting forms of justice. I do not go to the length of saying that deliberate and wilful injustice is done. I have no doubt that the Orange deputy sheriff thinks it would be a most unpardonable breach of his duty if he did not summon a Protestant panel. I can easily believe that a Protestant panel may conduct themselves very conscientiously in hanging the gentlemen of the crucifix; but I believe the law which does not guard the Catholic against the probable tenor of those feelings which must unconsciously influence the judgments of mankind. I detest that state of society which extends unequal degrees of protection to different creeds and persuasions; and I cannot describe to you the contempt I feel for a man who, calling himself a statesman, defends a system which fills the heart of every Irishman with treason, and makes his allegiance prudence not choice. — *Rev. Sydney Smith.*

PRINCE ALBERT'S VISIT TO THE DUBLIN PRISONS.—The Queen and royal family spent one Sunday in Dublin, and her late august consort and eldest son spent a portion of the Sabbath in visiting the prisons. It must have been a sight calculated to awaken the deepest emotions, and worthy of the reign of our beloved Sovereign, who has shown a heart to feel for the lowest of her subjects, to witness the scene that afternoon in the Smithfield convict prison; to see the lord-lieutenant of the island visit the lecture-room, with Prince Albert and the heir-apparent of the Crown, and sit down among those men who, from being a danger and cost to the country, were preparing to become useful and honest citizens of it. We will not intrude on the scene, but will rejoice that our future Sovereign has already learnt to consider the welfare of the lowest as much an object of interest as the highest, and that he desires to learn himself, by personal investigation, the real condition even of convict prisoners. — *Once a Week.*

IRISH EMIGRATION TO SPAIN.—The *Universal News* gives the following interesting sketch of Major O'Doherty, to whom have been granted certain concessions, already quoted by us from that journal, relative to Irish emigration to Spain. — We go to state that Major O'Doherty is a lineal descendant of the chief of his name, who was Prince of Donegal, and that he has a genealogical chart tracing back his descent nearly twenty centuries, certified by Sir W. Betham, the late Ulster King-at-arms. Major O'Doherty is himself a Tipperary man, and is connected with many of the ancient families in that county. He held a commission in the 40th Regiment, and fought through the whole Peninsular war, in what was called the war of Spanish liberation. He was in no less than ten pitched battles and sieges, besides innumerable skirmishes and sallies, and wears the medal granted for the Peninsular with ten clasps. He was wounded in three general engagements, so that he shed his blood for Spain half a century ago. He retired from the British service after the last American war, and subsequently raised a regiment of Irishmen in Dublin for the service of Donna Maria whom he aided in placing upon the throne of Portugal, in opposition to her uncle, Don Miguel. The regiment having been raised contrary to the provisions of the English Foreign Enlistment Act, though with the tacit connivance of the British Government, the Portuguese government attempted to repudiate the claims of the officers and men for arrears of pay and compensation. Major O'Doherty spent five years fighting the battle of his regiment between London and Lisbon at his own expense, and he at length overcame all trickery and opposition, and obtained the sum of £45 per man for every private soldier who had served under him. It is scarcely necessary for us to add to the foregoing statement that Major O'Doherty is a Catholic. The following are the special advantages offered to the colonists by the Government of her Catholic Majesty:—1.—They will be exempted during the term of ten years from the payment of direct contributions as also from all kinds of charges or obligations, excepting those of personal aid or labour in the construction of the bye roads of the (Irish) colonies. 2.—Neither the emigrants themselves nor their children born out of Spain will be included in the levies for the recruiting of the army. 3.—They will be allowed to introduce into Spain, free of duty, all their personal effects, tools, machines and every description of utensils which they may require for their work. 4.—They will be assisted with materials and timber for building purposes. 5.—An engineer will be placed at their disposal, in order to draw out the plans of the colony, which must be submitted to the approval of the Government of her Catholic Majesty. Our countrymen should certainly feel grateful to the Spanish Government for the friendly feeling which is evident in those arrangements. Something of the same sort was mooted in Spain some years ago when the cry of distress from Ireland reached far and wide. The friendship between Spain and Ireland is of old standing. No power in Europe gave to Ireland in her days of persecution assistance in men and money on so grand a scale as Spain. No nation more cheerfully welcomed the Irish exile when disaster and defeat compelled him to fly from his native land. To the present Sovereign of Spain, and to her Government, ruled over by the descendant of one of those exiles, we cannot but feel grateful for the generous arrangements, which, as we are above informed, they have offered to Irish emigrants. — *Nation.*

We in England are too scattered and too insignificant to aim at great things. But in Ireland it is different. If the Catholics of England do not do the best they can for their own interests, it is mainly their own look out for their power of being of service to others is limited, though not insignificant. But in Ireland there is a power which needs only to be exerted to produce incalculable results for good, and that power, if not paralysed, is at least lamed, "cribbed, cabined, and confined." The interests of Ireland are the interests of the whole Church. No evil can happen to Ireland, by which all Catholicism does not suffer. Now, the voice of Ireland, and the feelings, and the wishes of the Irish people are not heard and felt as they should be. There is no adequate expression, would be of immense importance to the Irish people and to the whole Church. Why is this? Why do M. Manus obsequies and O'Donoghue's exhibitions pass before the Empire for the principal manifestations of political life in Ireland; bearing on them, as they do, the stamp of insignificance by the absence of every Irishman of public position, of real weight and influence? The general is because

the only political leaders in whom the sound instinct of the Irish people enables them to place confidence, are absent, because the Priests of Ireland are excluded from the political arena; and because in their absence there is no one but the Demagogue or Popularity-hunter who can aspire to fill their place. Political action in Ireland for any good end, or to any good purpose, is an impossibility without the Irish Priests to lead and guide the people. In twenty years, in fifty years, in a hundred years, it may be different, but in 1861 it is as true as it was in 1854 that the exclusion of the Priests from the platform left only the choice between two alternatives, one of political stagnation, the other of Revolutionary Demagoguery. Political stagnation is an evil in itself, but perhaps it was dreaded; nay, perhaps it was desired. We have never argued that point, because it has been always clear to us that political stagnation in Ireland could only be a passing phase. It was the first conclusion at which we arrived in Ireland, and we hold it to more strongly than ever, that in Irish politics the exclusion of the Priests' action for good is the inauguration of the Demagogue's action for mischief. — *London Tablet.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE MOST REV. DR. GILLIS—THE QUEEN.—A Pastoral Address has been issued by Dr. Gillis, Catholic Bishop of the eastern district of Scotland, in which he refers, in the most feeling terms, to the heavy affliction which has befallen Her Majesty. "After alluding to the peaceful and prosperous tenor of her earlier life, the Bishop proceeds as follows:— 'But a cloud has come at length to overshadow the brightness of her long and prosperous reign; for the guards that watch the royal rights of earthly palaces cannot defend their threshold against human grief, when, like a veiled and mysterious stranger, sorrow obtrudes her ominous presence upon kings, and seats herself beside the bed on which they know that they shall die. O! how then, more fervently, more lovingly than ever, let our common prayer be heard— longer, for a time, as the shroud of a whole nation's mourning. God save the Queen! God save her bitter trial! For, weeping, she hath wept in the night, and her tears are upon her cheeks; and she has become a widow.' But we feel, beloved brethren, we may not remove the pall that screens the sacredness of her affliction, nor profane its hallowed nature by venturing here to dwell unnecessarily upon its depth. She has lost the distinguished Prince who was the faithful companion of her life, the husband of her choice, and the father of her Royal offspring. Well might she be forgiven if, while standing beside his yet unclosed grave, she had forgotten for the time that she was still a Queen. Let it be written, then, as the proudest record of Victoria's reign, as well as her undying claim to England's gratitude, that, after moving so long amongst us the perfect pattern of a happy wife and mother, her first prayer as a widow was that heroic petition put up for calm of mind under her all crushing bereavement; for that she had still many and urgent duties to perform as the parent of her people! May the long years that mellow affliction and soften the asperities of grief be yet vouchsafed to our beloved Sovereign; and may she still be mercifully spared to come forth on festival days, in all the glory of another Judith, the joy of her kingdom and the honor of her people! May there be peace within her cities and abundance within her towers; and may her last earthly song of praise be like that of the widow of Bethulia: 'Begin unto my God with timbrels, sing ye to the Lord with cymbals, tune him a new psalm, exult and call upon His name. The Lord putteth an end to wars, the Lord is His name.'

CATHOLIC STATISTICS OF SCOTLAND.—It appears from the alphabetical list of the clergy that there are at present 1811 clergymen, secular and regular, on the Scotch mission, while the churches and chapels number altogether 125. The numbers last year were 172 and 122, respectively, thus showing an increase since then of nine clergymen and three churches. There has been a very considerable increase in the number of confirmations this year as compared with the last, but no reliable approximation has as yet been made to the actual number of Catholics at present in Scotland. That they are very numerous and rapidly increasing may be deduced from the fact that Dr. Strang, City Chamberlain, calculated their number about three years ago, in Glasgow alone, at 105,000, and it is generally believed that there are at present as many as 127,000 in this city. — *Northern Free Press.*

England obtrudes on mankind many a boast for which there is not a shadow of a foundation. Respect for the right of private judgment—morality. These are two distinctions of which Englishmen are wont to boast with their usual stolid complacency, and yet to which they have no just claim. If they are remarkable for anything respecting them, it is for their exact opposite. Then, again, who can describe the extravagant fuss they make about their loyalty. Well, for our own part we don't believe in the virtue as hitherto understood, now-a-days. It is impossible that there should be loyalty under a constitutional form of Government. We can prove it to logical demonstration, and we are quite sure that Englishmen are as innocent of the virtue as they are of that of purity. One single test would prove what we assert. Were the Queen to be reconciled to the Church of Christ to-morrow—and we have loyalty enough to long for so great a blessing for her more than for any private advantage that could befall ourselves—where would vanish all the English loyalty, spite of all the disgusting slobberings of the last few days? To the four winds of Heaven! Her Majesty would on the spot become the object of every imaginable outrage and insult. Her abdication would be clamoured for. The least indecent thing that would be said of her would be that she had lost her mind. Neither do we altogether admit the justice of the extravagant boasting that duns our ears on all sides about the liberty of Englishmen. But there is one boast which we do think is, on the whole, just and true. We do believe that the administration of the law in England—we do not include Scotland—is, on the whole, and especially if we except cases in which Catholics and their principles are being adjudicated upon, as pure, and as free from defects, and as above suspicion, as the imperfection of human institutions permits it to be. If, however, we cross the Channel, all is changed. The illusion is broken—the fair vision has vanished. Law, justice—they exist no more. The perversion of justice in Ireland exceeds anything that is known under the most absolute governments of modern days. The misgovernment of that unfortunate country has not stopped short of the most criminal excesses of the most wanton tyrants, in polluting the very source of justice itself. Indeed, there is nothing wanting to complete the picture of tyrannical misrule that has been the case of Ireland and the shame of England ever since she brought the former under her hated and hateful yoke. The evictions, the orange murders, the soup-kitchen riots, and the cruel efforts at the most shameful of corruptions, the wholesale usurpations, the compulsory voting, the wholesale bribing, the packing of juries, the grossness of magistrates, the insolent disregard of legal obligations—all these have had more or less of painful notoriety. The little wretch that was most sacred to them, even amongst the class of effete Catholics who are more English than Catholic, was a bad sign. Many knew they were true, but deemed them necessary for the maintenance of sectarian ascendancy; many looked upon them as Irish exaggerations; many heard of them and were heartless enough to despise them; with indifference, many looked only at the noise and bluster, and indignantly uttered words of political prejudice in that portion of the Irish party that came more immediately under their notice, and kindly concluded that the Irish people had only themselves to blame. — *Northern Free Press.*

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The repairs rendered requisite to the Great Eastern, at Millford Haven, are progressing satisfactorily. The interior fittings, furniture, &c., demolished during the great storm, have already been replaced, and the various saloons and berths re-arranged and put in order. Her paddle-wheels, rudder-head, and sailing gear are also being replaced, and it is expected that the great vessel will be ready to go to sea again by February. She will shortly be put upon the gridiron for the purpose of finally fixing her paddle-wheels and fitting her new steam post. It is understood that the original calculation as to the total cost of refitting her, made at the late meeting of the proprietors, will not be exceeded. It is not yet determined on what service she will be engaged. — *Express.*

THE CHANNEL RAILWAY.—On the whole, we are convinced of the feasibility of connecting the railway systems of England and the Continent by the means of a roadway within submerged tubes, and we think the matter deserving of earnest attention, irrespective of the schemes of any project. When this subject is taken up (and why its consideration should be deferred, will be a difficult question to answer) it will not be to forward the project of any one; those interested will employ competent parties, who can avail themselves of the most useful features of any published project, and any public projector would only be too glad to have his ideas embodied in, and his name connected with, such an undertaking. There is, however, one peculiar feature of Mr. Chalmer's scheme which should not be lost sight of, namely, the use he makes of the hydrostatic pressure in enabling him to join his tubes from the inside; this principle cannot be thrown away, for the depth is far too great to admit of the use of the diving bell for connecting the sections on the outside; it was doubtless the novelty or originality of this feature which induced a scientific contemporary to suggest experiments; he thinks "experiments which would throw much light upon this point may be made for a few thousand pounds." It may be many years before we have a better opportunity or a more fitting time for such experiments than the ensuing summer; they could not fail to attract the attention of distinguished and influential strangers, and the immense concourse of people that will flock to the International Exhibition of 1862. — *Mechanics Magazine.*

TRADE OUTRAGE NEAR SHEFFIELD.—Two trade outrages were perpetrated on Saturday night at the village of Thorpe Hesley, a few miles from Sheffield. A number of nail-makers in the employ of Mr. Favell, of Rotherham, reside and occupy shops in the village. A portion of the men have been on strike for some time on a question of wages, and great efforts have been made to induce the remainder to join in the strike, but without success. Among the men who have continued to work are John Hattersley, the foreman, and Charles Butcher, both occupying shops in the village, in which a number of other men besides themselves work. Butcher occupies a house adjoining his workshop, and about eleven o'clock on Saturday night was startled by a loud report. He ran out, and found his shop in ruins. The roof was entirely blown off, the gable end nearly all down, and the bellows and other internal fittings were in a great measure destroyed. The fragments of a can, which had contained powder, were found in the shop, and to them a string was attached, from which it is inferred that the infernal machine had been let down the chimney. While Butcher and his neighbors were examining the ruins a second report was heard, and it was found that a similar explosion had occurred at Hattersley's shop, but attended with somewhat less damage. No personal injury was sustained, the nailmakers having left work some hours previously. A few days ago, however, an attempt was made to blow one of the shops down upon the workmen; by hanging a can of powder in the chimney to be exploded by the fire; but the attempt was foiled by the discovery of the can before a fire was lighted. The miscreants have as yet escaped detection. — *Star.*

SUPERSTITION IN ENGLAND.—At the Macleod's Police-court, on Tuesday, Priscilla Hays, a gipsy of singular appearance, was charged with stealing £43 10s from the wife of John Sheldon, farmer, Adlington. The circumstances occurred some time ago, but until the last few days the prisoner succeeded in eluding the police. Mrs. Sheldon said, one morning as she was going from Adlington to Stockport, she saw the prisoner sitting by the wayside, with a jug in her hand. She asked witness whether she wished to speak with her. Witness asked her if she could see into futurity. She replied "Yes." Both sat down, and then the prisoner told witness she was in trouble, and also told her many things about her family concerns. Witness was ill at the time, and prisoner told her she was poorly, asking whether she knew what was the matter with her. Witness replied that she did not. Prisoner then told her that she was bewitched, and that for money prisoner would tell her all about it. Witness offered all she had (£2s 4d); but the prisoner said that would not do (2s 4d); explaining that she wanted the money only for a little while. Witness met the prisoner a few days afterwards, and told her she had no more money, and could not get any. Prisoner said "This is not the place to call you liar, but you are one; for you have four pieces of paper in money and four pieces in gold." Witness felt frightened on hearing this, because it was quite true. Prisoner said she only wanted the money, a little while. At last witness gave her the money, on the understanding that it should be returned in six hours. She said it would ease witness of her troubles, which had arisen from money matters; and that, as money had done it, money must undo it. Witness went to the spot in the lane where prisoner promised to meet her, and waited a long time, but saw nothing either of her or the money. Mr. Norris, solicitor, who had been instructed on prisoner's behalf, submitted that a charge of felony would not lie. The prisoner's character was that of a bailee, liable to be sued for breach of contract, in not returning the money as agreed upon; but not amenable to a criminal prosecution. The bench overruled the point, and committed the prisoner for trial at the sessions. — *Standard.*

OFFER TO SELL CANADA TO THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—A general impression prevails that General Scott left for America with some understanding on the part of the French Government, that he would endeavor to induce the American Government to keep the peace. Rumors of a different character have lately been gaining ground. For a long time General Scott tried without success to obtain an audience with the Emperor. At last this interview took place, and it is positively asserted by those who have good reason of knowing the truth, that he offered, on the part of the Federal Government, to secure Canada for France in the event of the Emperor siding with the United States in the approaching war. It is further stated that the Emperor met this proposal by opening the door to the General and bowing him out of his presence. On the day after this interview General Scott left Paris for America, no doubt to report the failure of his mission. — *Edinburgh Scotsman, Dec. 25th.*

Though there is much talk of "invading Canada," England knows, and America knows, that it would be a barren waste at best—probably a disastrous one. Because Canada is as free, as much mistress of her own interests, now, as she would be as a state in the Republic; and her people—who were "regaled to the backbone and spinal marrow" until England conceded to them the right of self-government—would, in all probability, fight to death against any such invasion. Moreover, England knows, and America knows, that there are not millions of Canadian Republics in the States burning with vengeance against the British Government; and regarding their kindred left behind as a stigma left in a bondage the ending of which would be a glorious and a holy duty at their hands. — *Dublin Nation.*

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

GEORGE E. CLERK

No. 223, Notre-Dame Street

To all country subscribers... To all subscribers...

Single copies, price 3c... Also at Mr. Alexander's Bookstore...

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 24, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We have tidings of a battle in Kentucky, the result of which is confidently claimed as a great victory by the Northerners.

Except that M. Persigny keeps incessantly bullying refractory editors, who say too much or too little in favor of Imperial despotism...

This edict has elicited great applause from the infidel press of France, and the Protestant press of Great Britain—par nobis fratrum—who see in it a wholesome and legitimate interference on the part of the State against Catholic proselytism...

From Italy the tidings are cheerful. The Government of Victor Emmanuel is daily becoming more unpopular amongst the people of the annexed Provinces...

"D.R.G." received, but too late for this week. Shall appear in our next issue.

IRISH FAMINE RELIEF.

This day we published an eloquent appeal to the Irish of Canada to come to the aid of their Irish fellow-countrymen whom they have left behind them.

The place of honor is due, and must be awarded to the people of Kingston, and were it possible to feel jealous in so holy a cause, we should almost be disposed to envy our Kingston friends.

KINGSTON MEETING.

On Saturday evening, the 18th instant, a meeting was held in the vestry of St. Mary's Cathedral in this city, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present destitution in Ireland, and of devising means for immediate relief.

On motion of the Very Rev. Angus McDonnell, Vicar General, seconded by James Harty, Esq., His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston was called to the Chair, and Daniel Macarow, Esq., was requested to act as Secretary.

His Lordship on taking the Chair, briefly explained the object of the meeting, and said that it was called for a most charitable purpose—to procure relief for the starving poor of Ireland—and he had no doubt the citizens of Kingston would generously respond to the call.

His Lordship, during the delivery of his remarks, was frequently applauded.

Moved by the Very Rev. Angus McDonnell, Vicar General, and seconded by James Harty, Esq.,

Resolved.—That the following gentlemen be a General Committee to carry out the objects of the above Resolution, and to solicit subscriptions and donations from our fellow-citizens generally.

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On motion of Peter O'Reilly, Esq., seconded by Patrick Broune, Esq., His Lordship was moved out of the Chair, and the same was taken by the Very Rev. Angus McDonnell, Vicar General.

A vote of thanks was then passed to His Lordship for his dignified conduct in the Chair, and for his truly Christian zeal and charity in endeavoring to relieve the destitution of our suffering fellow-countrymen.

Sub-Committees to solicit subscriptions in the several Wards of the city.

D. D. MACAROW, Secretary.

Kingston, 20th January, 1862.

MONTREAL MEETING.

(Reported for the True Witness)

In response to the timely suggestion of Bernard Devlin, Esq., which we published in our last, and which on Sunday was warmly supported from the pulpits of St. Patrick's, St. Anne's, and St. Bridget's churches, a large and most respectable meeting of our Irish fellow-citizens was held in the City Concert Hall, on the evening of Monday, the 20th inst.

After a few appropriate remarks from the Chairman, the First Resolution was moved by B. Devlin, Esq. He said—

That they were there assembled that night, to illustrate the Christian virtue of charity; to respond to the cry of distress which had already reached their ears from the beloved land on the other side of the broad Atlantic.

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Men often fancy that they are disputing about things, when in reality they are only disputing about words, and it is evident that until the combatants agree as to the meaning of the terms by them used, and consent to employ them in one common, fixed, or determinate sense, there can be no possibility of bringing their words to a close.

Now amongst the words which unfortunately have no common, fixed, or determinate meaning to both Catholic and Protestants, are those which they both constantly employ in their several controversies with one another—such as "Liberal," "Religious Liberty," &c. &c. The Protestant contends that Protestantism is eminently "Liberal" and favorable to "Religious Liberty;" and in the sense in which he uses the words, he is perfectly correct. On the other hand, the Catholic claims for Catholicity all that the Protestant claims as the special characteristics of Protestantism—and according to the meaning which the Catholic attaches to the words "Liberal" and "Religious Liberty," the Catholic also is right. And so they go on fighting and disputing, without any chance of ever terminating their controversy.

If a Catholic were asked for a definition of the term "Religious Liberty," for instance, he would probably define it as consisting essentially in the perfect independence of Religion and her Ministers, of the State, and of the Civil Magistrate. He would lay down the proposition that in matters of jurisdiction; and that where the latter, directly or indirectly, interfered with the right of the Church to absolute and exclusive control over all that relates to religion, or man's relation to his God, there "Religious Liberty" was at an end. The Catholic's idea of "Religious Liberty" is that for which the Apostles contended, when they braved stripes and death, rather than obey the command of "Jack-in-Office" to preach no more in the name of Jesus; it is in many respects the same as that for which the Covenanters of Scotland—(the ultramontanes of Protestantism)—contended when they took up arms against the government of Charles II. which had attempted to impose upon them obnoxious ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies. Ultramontanism is the Catholic's as well as the Covenanters' *beau ideal* of "Religious Liberty."

A Protestant, on the contrary, means by the same words just what a Catholic means by the words "Religious Serfdom." He means a political order in which the civil magistrate is supreme also over the Church, and in which a public functionary of the State prescribes when, and in what manner, God is to be worshipped. A great people, anxious for the safety of a beloved Prince, and yet unable in its churches to offer prayers for his recovery, because no orders to that effect have as yet emanated from the Secretary of State for Spiritual Affairs, presents in his eyes a splendid spectacle; and in a word, Erastianism is the *beau ideal* of Protestant "Religious Liberty."

Now, according to the modern *modus loquendi*, the term "Liberal" is invariably supposed to denote the champion of Protestant "Religious Liberty," or, in other words, of that state of things which the Catholic denotes by the term "Religious Serfdom"—and to this state of things Protestantism is by its very essence, eminently favorable. The secret of the favor which the Reformation found in the eyes of lewd Princes and arbitrary Sovereigns, is to be found in this: that they saw at once that by emancipating their people from the spiritual authority of the Pope, they would become Popes themselves—each in his own domain—and masters over the souls and consciences, as well as over the bodies and estates of their Protestantized subjects. Modern "Liberalism" has the same object in view; and its first efforts are therefore always directed against the independence of the Pope, and the Church. Thus in our Protestant contemporaries we read the following report of the proceedings of the "Liberals of Wurtemberg":

RELIGIOUS DEBATES IN WURTEMBERG.—The bill on the relations between church and state is passing through the Chamber of Deputies. It stipulates that the acts of the ecclesiastical authorities cannot be published without the authorization of Government, when they concern the interests of the state and of civil life. Documents relative to purely ecclesiastical matters, which can only be issued by a Bishop, cannot be published until after they have been communicated to Government. One clause abolishes an article of the constitution contrary to these stipulations. This clause was adopted by 64 to 16; and this large majority is considered a proof that all the amendments of the Liberal party will be carried.

It will be seen that these "Liberals" claim for the State, supreme authority over the Church, not only in matters of mixed jurisdiction, but in all cases, and in "purely ecclesiastical matters;" and so perfectly is this in harmony with modern Protestant ideas of "Religious Liberty" and with "Liberal" antecedents, that it is mentioned by the Protestant press as one of the most natural things in the world, and as an indispensable preliminary to the establishment of "Liberal" principles. To interfere with the circulation of obscene romances, of impure and indecent attacks upon Christianity, would be such a violation of those principles as to call upon the heads of the offenders the anathemas of Protestantism, but restrictions upon the freedom of

Bishops, and interdicts upon all communications between the Pastors and their flocks upon "matters purely ecclesiastical," are not only harmless, but so praiseworthy, as to entitle their authors and instigators to the name of "Liberals" *par excellence*. Such being the case, one would think that Catholics would be careful and zealous to repudiate the application to themselves of such a title as "Liberal."

At the bottom of every political question, if we will but probe it deep enough, we shall find a religious dogma; and thus it is that throughout Christendom, the two great political parties, with one of which every man must in some manner ally himself, may be designated by religious equivalents—the "Liberal" or "Anti-Catholic" party; and the "Clerical" or "Non-Liberal" party. Protestants generally are on the side of the first named of these parties, and they are distinguished by their zeal for State-Schoolism, by their contempt for the rights of parents, and for all individual liberty. To the other or "Clerical" and "Non-Liberal" party, belong all Catholics, and as many Protestants as still cling to the antiquated notion that individuals have rights which majorities are bound to respect—that the civil magistrate has no legitimate jurisdiction in the domain of conscience, in the Church, or in the School, or over the minds or the souls of his subjects; who believe that the best and wisest policy consists in circumscribing the action of the State within the narrowest limits possible, or consistent with the protection of life and property, and a good police system—the sole legitimate functions of the State; and in giving the greatest possible extension to individual action. If Society in the Middle Ages was menaced by an exaggerated individualism, it is to-day called upon to resist the still more dangerous encroachments of Socialism, beneath whose blighting touch every noble aspiration, and every Christian virtue dries up and disappears. "Liberalism" is but a euphuism for Socialism; and its last word is, that as against the State, or the brute majority, individuals have no rights.

The Senate of Pagan Rome was a grave and august assembly, embodying, as it did, the experience, prudence, wisdom and patriotism of a great republic; and if our English Parliament does not altogether come up to its Pagan prototype in venerable prudence and wisdom, it is not, at least, a human "bear garden" like its contemporary of Turin. English members of Parliament may loll, and lean, and yawn, during a debate involving the expenditure of millions; they may allow themselves to be transformed into a mere human pack of hounds under the lash of their "whippers-in;" they may howl and hiss and shuffle their feet whenever an Irish member is bold enough to lift up his voice to demand the commonest justice for his oppressed country—they may, through the prejudices of their education, be utterly insensible to the most gigantic tyrannies, as in the case of the Irish Church by Law Established. But with all its faults the English senate is not for a moment to be compared to that miserable farce of a representative body assembled at Turin. Bedlam let loose, or Billingsgate in commotion, would be but faint types of the Turin Parliament; and he must indeed have an unbounded faith in representative institutions, who can feel any hope for them under Piedmontese auspices. There may be, unknown to us, some innate miraculous power hidden within the Parliamentary system, whereby order is forthwith made to spring from universal chaos, and confusion doubly confounded; but we must confess we have little faith in it, and much less in the ultimate success of the Piedmontese experiment.—England, on the contrary, appears to have a superstitious confidence therein, which no amount of failure can destroy. And yet if, according to the ethics of the day, success is the true measure of governmental legitimacy, one would think that men, otherwise so sensible, would at least speak with a less loud confidence, when they find the inability of Piedmont, after an attempt of upwards of a year's duration, to establish an *undisturbed* reign in Southern Italy. Should it so happen that at some future time, in consequence of French assistance, (we merely suppose the thing) Ireland should feel disposed to impose laws, and an Irish Parliament upon England, we very much doubt whether England, with all her love and veneration for Parliamentary institutions, would be quite content to submit to a foreign rule, albeit it were a Parliamentary one withal. And yet, in spite of the Christian maxim of doing to others as we would that others should do to us, this is in reality what England applauds and contemplates in Southern Italy. Again: Should Ireland, thus backed by France, deem it necessary, in her consolidation of Irish rule over England, to resort to an enormous taxation and conscription, and adding insult to injury, should draw the greater part of this taxation and conscription from the conquered country itself, would England's faith in Parliamentary institutions and constitutional government be so great as to reconcile her to the degradation? We know well it would not. And yet she is inconsistent enough to expect others to embrace with alacrity what under

similar circumstances she herself would shrink from with repugnance. And whence this inconsistency? Is it that she is naturally illogical?—or does her love for Parliamentary institutions amount to a monomania? The answer, though obvious, is beyond our present question. What we would wish to deduce is this—That if in so material and eminently practical an affair as the present Italian question, she is led away by so great an hallucination, what wonder if, on the subject of religion and spiritual things which do not so readily appeal to the senses, she is equally illogical and irrational.

SACERDOS.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

MONTREAL, 20th Jan. 1862.

SIR,—Please accept my most sincere thanks for your benevolent eagerness to announce and recommend in the columns of your valuable paper, the Lottery which took place last week in favor of the Asylum of St. Vincent of Paul, under the direction of the Sisters of Providence. You will also infinitely oblige the Sisters, Directors of this Asylum, and its Patronesses, if, to the encouragement already given, you add that of authorising them to offer, through the medium of your journal, to all those who showed themselves zealous in contributing to the support of their charitable work, their most lively gratitude. In the mean time, they feel happy in being able to announce that, by means of lottery and raffles, they have realized a satisfactory sum.

The poor little children who frequent this Asylum, will every day pray for their benefactors; and the Lord who has promised to consider as done to Himself the little done to the least of His own, will, no doubt, favorably listen to the suppliant voice, that shall rise to Him as a perfume of agreeable odour.

Yes, Mr. Editor, it is with much pleasure that I am able to state here, that amongst all the works which depend on the generosity of charitable hearts, that of Asylums of this kind has always met with an ardent sympathy. To give to children of tender years an education capable of forming their hearts to Christian morality and piety, and of developing in a truly admirable manner their intellectual faculties; at the same time to furnish to mothers of poor families the means of being delivered of their young children during the day, in order to be able to work for their own livelihood—such are the ends which the friends of the establishment have in view. I therefore hope that this work, so truly charitable in its object, will draw upon them Heaven's most abundant blessings.

I remain, Sir, your very grateful and obedient servant,

THE CHAPLAIN of the Asylum of St. Vincent of Paul.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

CORNWALL, 13th Jan. 1862.

MY DEAR SIR,—The long talked of Bazaar in aid of the funds for building the new Catholic Church in Cornwall, came off on the 7th and three following days of last week, in the Court House, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The proceeds amount to \$1,000—a sum that has more than realized the sanguine expectations of our devoted and zealous Pastor, the Rev. J. S. O'Connor.

From an early hour on Tuesday last, crowds of all denominations, and of every shade of politics, continued to pour in, examining and purchasing the beautiful and useful articles displayed to the best advantage on the several tables. Many of those articles were contributions from our Rev. Pastor's numerous friends in both sections of the Province. On Wednesday evening, we were honored by a visit from His Lordship Bishop Horan, who came all the way from Kingston to assist at our Bazaar, and by his distinguished presence to encourage the good work. This was an honor, I can assure you, which was deeply appreciated by his dutiful children in Cornwall, and respectfully noted by the Protestant community here; and which materially added to our great success. His Lordship was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Byrne of Brockville, whose kind and genial humor make him an ever welcome guest, and whose generosity is well known. The Rev. Mr. McCarthy, of Williamstown, also kindly lent us the assistance of his presence and purse on the occasion. In conclusion, the lady managers, Mrs. Doctor Macdonald, Mrs. D. McMillan, Mrs. D. A. McDonald, Mrs. Angus McPhaul and Miss M. E. Campbell, Mrs. Angus Macdonald and Mrs. Lochlin McDonald, avail themselves of this opportunity to tender their best thanks to their many friends in Quebec, Montreal, and Glengarry; and likewise to their separated brethren in Cornwall and elsewhere, for their cordial and generous support to their Bazaar, which has just closed with such happy results.

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours respectfully, M. M.D.

We have received from H. L. Routh, Esq., Agent of the Royal Insurance Company, the Almanac published by the Company for the year 1862. Besides the almanac and diary, it contains a large amount of useful information relative to insurance, the business and position of the Royal; an account of the great fire in London last year; list of the Imperial Ministry, and House of Commons, with the census returns of the constituencies in 1851 and 1861; a narrative of Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily and Naples in 1860; and the last French Tariff. The book is handsomely got up, and is a worthy means of communication with the public, from an Insurance Company occupying the first rank among those doing business here, whose fire business is hardly capable of extension, and whose advantages (or Life Insurance) are not excelled by any institution of its standing and unquestionable security.

An attempt to impose upon the military authorities here has been promptly met and defeated. Two thousand iron bedsteads were wanted for the troops, and while the contracts were pending, speculators bought up all the iron in the market suitable for the purpose, and held it for a large advance. The War Department decided at once to substitute bedsteads for bedsteads, and the contract for these has been let at about one-fourth the price of iron bedsteads. Bedstead iron has fallen considerably since—Com. Advertiser.

The London Free Press, speaking of the late increase in the traffic returns of the Great Western Railway, says:—"If we inquire into the cause of this sudden but equally gratifying amount of prosperity on the part of the Great Western line, in the face of the depression which has existed in Western Canada, owing to the want of sleighing and the low price of produce, we shall find that it arises from the increased American freight passing from the Western States eastward. In consequence of the rebellion a large amount of the pork packed at Cincinnati, and which used to find its way down South, is now diverted at low prices, to the Eastern seaboard, and this, to a great extent, passes over the Great Western Railway. In addition to packed pork and dead hogs, vast quantities of live hogs, cattle, horses, flour, grain, &c., continue to pour over the Canada road, and this to the extent of often eighty or a hundred car loads daily. The South Shore Erie road has as much as it can attend to, and the Great Western, proves, as it always has done, a cheaper and nearer route for the Western States than any American line."

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.—La Minerve says that Mr. Janvier Emond found a small coffin on the foot path at the corner of St. Hubert and Lagache streets, at 6 o'clock on Friday evening. He gave it to the beadle of St. Peter's Church, and hence the story arose among the suburbs that the body of a child had been placed in the tower of the Church.—It created some little excitement.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.—The Quebec Chronicle says the authorities of that city are preparing for the reception of two or more batteries of artillery—one of which, the 6th Battery of the 7th Brigade, is now fully due to Quebec.

The New Brunswicker of the 14th instant, says—"We learn that on Wednesday next the first detachment of the Grenadier Guards will leave for Fredericton, en route for Canada, which will be followed daily by others. The headquarters of the Guards will remain here until Spring, when they will proceed to Canada."

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Westport, E. Carey, \$1; Aymer, C. Devlin, \$2; Roxbury, U. S., Rev. J. Griffin, \$2; Babypoint, J. Menten, \$1; Dalhousie Mills, W. Clisholm, \$2; Norton Creek, D. Gorman, \$2; Normanby, P. Dowling, \$1; Arichat, Rt. Rev. C. F. McKinnon, \$4; West Osage, J. M'Evoy, \$5; Rawdon, R. B. Corcoran, \$2; Shamrock, D. Scully, \$1; Raiton, Rev. T. Quirk, \$2; St. Cath. de Poss, Rev. J. O'Grady, \$3; Pakenham, H. Reilly, \$5; Industry, Rev. Mr. Mansau, \$1; Chambly, Rev. O. Martin, \$1; Weston, F. G. Kent, \$2; Edwarsburgh, P. Curley, \$1.25; Lohborough, L. O'Reilly, \$2; Thorax, K. Campbell, \$5; St. Jude, Rev. O. B. Fortin, \$5; Lacadie, N. S., Rev. H. Gillis, \$2.50; St. Charles, P. Lavary, \$1.50; Vienna, T. J. Apollon, \$2.50; Lloydtown, M. Reynolds, \$1; Greenbank, J. Leary, \$2; Odessa, J. Conway, \$4; Portsmouth, A. Grant, \$1; Hawkesbury Village, V. Lott, \$1; St. Gervais, Rev. P. Pouliot, \$2; Warsaw, T. Fitzpatrick, \$3; Dalhousie Mills, D. M'Dougall, \$3; Durham, M. Brady, \$1.25; Tyndinago, M. Gangan, \$4.75; Ballypoint, J. Menten, \$2; St. Nicholas, Rev. Mr. Baillargeon, \$2.50; Leonard Hill, F. Leonard, \$2; St. Hyacinthe, L. Goulet, \$1; Durham, J. Ronayne, \$2; Godmanchester, J. O'Neill, \$4; Whiteby, J. Tuohy, \$4; Brockville, J. M'Gregor, \$2; La Guerre, J. Connor, \$1; Cornwall, Rev. J. S. O'Connor, \$2; Port Louis, J. Finn, \$1; Antigonish, A. M'Eachern, \$2; Alexandria, R. Fruser, \$3; Cherry Valley, G. Delany, \$2.

- Per J. Gillies—Eastwood, M. Derrick, \$2; Ingersoll, D. W. Kelly, \$1; Mrs. Fallon, \$1; J. Brady, \$1; J. Loozy, \$1; Paris, W. Herlihy, \$2; Rev. Mr. McKee, \$1; P. Markee, \$1; Brantford, J. Comerford, \$8; N. Nolan, \$2; Rev. Mr. Caryon, \$2; J. Garrity, \$1; Thorold, J. Battle, \$2.50; J. Conlin, \$2.50; P. Foley, \$2; St. Catherine's, Rev. Mr. Gratton, \$2; T. Brennan, \$2; B. O'Loughlin, \$1; R. Walsh, \$1; M. Fitzgerald, \$1; J. Harold, \$1; Jordan, O. Slaven, \$1; Port Dalhousie, O. M'Mahon, \$10; Capt. M'Namara, \$2; J. Maloney, \$1; J. Walkerley, \$1; Hamilton, D. Smith, \$4; W. Kavanagh, \$4; K. Fitzpatrick, \$4; M. Dwyer, \$6; W. Cosgrove, \$2; J. Quinlan, \$2.50; W. Harris, \$2; J. Bain, \$2; Mrs. Nelligan, \$2; P. Heffernan, \$2; W. Goering, \$4; J. Egan, \$4; T. Beatty, \$3; Dundas, J. Burns, \$1; Rev. J. O'Reilly, \$2; Barrie, Rev. J. F. Jamot, \$4; Rev. Mr. Lee, \$2; Newmarket, Rev. Mr. Wardy, \$1; J. Claffy, \$2; W. Wallis, \$25; M. Quinn, \$5; T. Halligan, \$1; Holland Landing, P. Graham, \$2; Aurora, P. M'Donald, \$1; Toronto, W. Patterson, \$2; Very Rev. Mr. Walsh, \$2; T. J. O'Neill, \$4; Dr. O'Dea, \$2; J. Butler, \$1; Dr. Lawlor, \$4; Cobourg, M. Curtin, \$2; P. Lynch, \$2; Codrington, T. Hollerin, \$1; Trenton, A. M'Cauley, \$2; G. W. Redmond, \$2; P. Lyons, \$2.

- Per M. O'Leary, Quebec—P. Jones, \$2.75; H. Fitzsimmons, \$1.25; J. Johnson, \$1.50; T. O'oad, \$5; St. Nicholas, T. O'Sullivan, \$5; Sillery, M. Fitzgibbon, \$2.50; St. Fox, Capt. M'Grath, \$2; St. Sylvester, T. Hogan, \$2; Valcartier, Rev. Mr. McDonald, \$2.50; F. Conway, \$2.50; Rev. Mr. Lemieux, \$2; B. Bennet, \$2.50; J. M'Enery, \$2.
- Per P. Purcell, Kingston—D. C. Hickey, \$2.50; J. King, \$2.50; Rev. P. Dollard, \$2.50; Wolf Island, M. Staley, \$2.50; J. Hawkins, \$2.50.
- Per J. Birmingham, Port Hope—Rev. J. Madden, \$2; M. Hayes, \$2.
- Per E. M'Cormack, Peterboro—J. Harty, \$3; J. Carey, \$2; J. Sullivan, \$2; J. Maloney, \$2; P. Hammon, \$2; C. Boyd, \$2; M. M'Fadden, \$2; J. Harty, \$2; J. Byrns, \$1; Otonabee, P. Slattery, \$1.
- Per Rev. G. A. Hay, St. Andrews—J. M'Donnell, \$2; J. M'Donnell, Jr., \$2; R. M'Gillis, \$2.
- Per J. Ford, Prescott—J. Savage, \$2; H. Murphy, \$1.
- Per J. Morrow, South Mountain—N. Gansy, \$1.
- Per Rev. Mr. Rousseau, Frampton East—J. Farrell, \$1.
- Per P. P. Lynch, Belleville—Dr. J. Power, \$2.50; W. Godfrey, \$2; Lonsdale, J. Martin, \$2.50.
- Per M. Moran, Atherby—W. W. Harold, \$1; Point Mara, T. Jordan, \$1.
- Per Rev. Mr. Sax, St. Rom. d'Eich—Self, \$5; J. M'Naughton, \$6.50; J. Thomon, \$5; J. Yachou, \$5; T. Wilson, \$5; D. Gaherty, \$5; J. Staunton, \$2.50; T. Morgan, \$2.50.
- Per J. Keenan, Thorold—Danville, J. M'Isaac, \$2; T. O'Brien, \$3.
- Per C. F. Fraser, Brockville—B. O'Leary, \$1; P. Fitzpatrick, \$2; Mallorytown, L. Gavan, \$1.
- Per J. Harris, Jr., Guelph—M. Brennan, \$1; T. Blanchfield, \$2.50; E. Carroll, \$1; Guroc, P. M'Naughton, \$2.
- Per J. Bonfield, Eganville—W. Brougham, \$2; T. Feeley, \$2.
- Per Rev. H. Byrne, Brockville—H. Walsh, \$2.
- Per J. Leinban, Brockville—Self, \$2.50; Prescott, D. C. Wilkinson, \$2.
- Per P. S. M'Henry, Carlisle—P. Oronin, \$2.

Died. In this city, on the 20th inst., Bridget Dromgoole, sister of the late Mr. Patrick Dromgoole, aged 62 years. In this city, on the 21st inst., Mr. James Flynn, aged 77 years. At St. Hyacinthe, on the 20th inst., Robert Dwyer, Esq., formerly keeper of the gaol, aged 43 years. In St. Catherine's, De Fassambant, on the 17th inst., Ellen Donovan, wife of Mr. Patrick Mahony, aged 62 years. May her soul rest in peace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. It is to be borne in mind that the following quotations, unless otherwise specified, are for round lots sold to shippers or produce dealers, and that the latter, as a matter of course, must charge higher rates to their customers. Flour Pollards, \$2 to \$2.50; Middlings, \$2.75 to \$3.00; Fine, \$3.75 to \$4; Superfine, No. 2, \$4.40 to \$4.50; Superfine, \$4.80 to \$4.90; Fancy, \$5.12 to \$5.20; Extra, \$5.30 to \$5.50; Double Extra, \$5.60 to \$6. Bags, \$2.55 to \$2.65 per 100 lbs. Wheat Sales of car-loads good U. C. Spring at \$1.01 to \$1.02. No transactions in Winter Wheat. Oatmeal per bbl. of 200 lbs., \$4 to \$4.20; per bag of 112 lbs., 10s to 10s 6d. Ashes—Pots are a shade better; sales at \$6.00 to \$6.65; Inferiors, 5c more; Pearls, nominal at \$6 to \$6.10. Butter.—A New York buyer picked up a considerable number of parcels last week at from 8 cents up to 14c, according to quality, — an operation which has given increased firmness to this market. The bulk of his purchases were from 11 to 12c. for ordinary to fair store-packed Butter. This is the third considerable parcel which has been bought in Montreal for New York or Boston, and, so far as we can learn, the idea of the purchasers is that too much Butter has been shipped from this Continent, and that the stock remaining will hardly suffice till new Butter comes in. Of course, any settlement of difficulties with the South would raise the price of Butter considerably. Pork.—Prime, \$9 to \$10; Prime Mess, \$12; Mess, \$12.50 to \$13. A large sale of Mess Pork, Montreal inspection has been made at \$12. A rise of about 50 cents in Cincinnati is reported by telegraph. Dressed Hogs are very dull, light weights being saleable at \$4, but heavy weights are not in demand. Lard—7c to 8c. Tallow—9c to 9c.—Montreal Witness.

IRISH RELIEF FUND.

THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE IRISH RELIEF FUND will meet at

ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on FRIDAY, the 24th, and MONDAY NEXT, the 27th inst., at EIGHT O'CLOCK P.M., to receive the Reports of the Assistant Treasurers and Ward Committees.

Subscription Lists will be found at the Merchants Exchange, Mechanics' Institute, Mercantile Library, and at the Book Store of D. & J. Sandler & Co.

MARCUS DOHERTY, Chairman of Committee. O. J. DEVLIN, Sec.

MASSON COLLEGE, AT TERREBONNE, NEAR MONTREAL.

THE object of this splendid institution, is to give to the youth of this country a practical Education in both languages—French and English. The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, namely:—Writing, Reading, English and French Grammar, Geography, History, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Practical Geometry, Arithmetic, Agriculture, Drawing, Music, &c., &c.

WINTER GOODS, AT TWENTY PER CENT. DISCOUNT,

(One Shilling Off each Dollar) FOR CASH, AT M'DUNNOUGH, MUIR & CO.'S, 185 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Jan. 23.



THE ANNUAL MEETING of the St. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY will take place on SUNDAY EVENING NEXT, immediately after Vespers.

By Order, THOMAS B. CONSEIDINE, Secretary.

Jan. 23.

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT, TO MRS. LAURA HONEY STEVENSON,

Under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal.

A GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT, CITY CONCERT HALL,

ON MONDAY EVENING, 3d FEBRUARY.

Programme in a future advertisement. TICKETS OF ADMISSION—25 Cents.

To be had at the usual places, from Members of the Committee, and at the door on the evening of the Entertainment. Jan. 16.

NOTICE.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. Jan. 17, 1862.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR. 160 DOZEN LUBIN'S PERFUMERY, JUST RECEIVED.

Winter Blossom; Jockey Club; Milledale; Kiss-me-Quick; &c., &c.—2s; 6d per Bottle.

A large and choice assortment of Silver-plated and other Fancy, Smelling Bottles, Wines, &c., Hair, Tooth, and Nail Brushes; Combs; &c., &c., for presentation and price; Fancy Soaps; in boxes and presents.

SYRUPS.

Ginger, Lemon, Pineapple, Orange, Raspberry, &c., in Bottles, 1s 3d; Quart Bottles, 1s 6d; annual list superior to any in the city.

R. J. DEVINIS, OHEMIST, Next the Court House, Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

PARIS, Jan. 1. To-day, according to custom, the Emperor received the Diplomatic Corps at the Tuilleries. The session took place in the afternoon. Count de Montebello presented the joint congratulations of the Diplomatic Corps to His Majesty, Lord Cowley was prevented from being present. The Emperor, in his reply, thanked the Diplomatic Corps for their good wishes, and said that the past year was remarkable for events which had shaken several States, and caused great mourning among some foreign families. Let us hope, said the Emperor, in conclusion, that the present year may be more auspicious for the welfare of the peoples, and the sovereign families.

The Government of Napoleon evidently seeks nothing else than to reduce the Pope to the very last extremity. Already, on several occasions, it was on the point of laying a hand on the axe, the most ferocious executioner's hand trembles, especially when the victim is so august. Such is the secret of the tergiversations which we have witnessed during the last year, for, as for instincts and intentions, no one can doubt that they are detestable. M. Rouland has just given us an additional proof of it, in his circular against religious communities. Coming after recent measures, and especially after the dissolution of the chief house of the Dames de la Sainte Union, at Douay, it has deeply pained all Catholics. Madame Rouland tells everybody that the Jesuits have not long to live. We must especially expect difficulties with regard to the nomination for the vacant Episcopal See. - Cor. of Weekly Register.

PARIS, Dec. 27. - The Red Republican press here is urging the Emperor to withdraw his army from Rome, and to force the King of Naples to leave that city. They find fault with his attempts to regain his power in Naples; but they wish to forget that Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel organized at Turin and Genoa expeditions against Sicily and Naples, who had his accredited minister at Turin during this time, and that Victor Emmanuel invaded the Neapolitan territories without a declaration of war, or having any pretence for war at the time with the said King of Naples. It is really monstrous impudence of this party, who applauded, praised, and supported these breaches of all law, and order, all national rights, and even common courtesy, now to abuse, vilify, and find fault with the King of Naples and his friends for doing what is perfectly just, legal and customary to support his party in Naples. Notwithstanding the murder in cold blood of General Borgeas and seventeen of his brave followers, the cause of the Royalists is gaining strength in Naples. And you may soon expect to hear that terrible vengeance will be taken on the Piedmontese butchers for their bloodthirsty acts. They have given a frightful example to the Royalists.

A strong spirit of reaction has set in here amongst all moderate men against the Piedmontese. Even the Patria, a Government paper, declares that the disorganization of all Italy is fearful, that the Turin Government is impotent, and the finances in a most dilapidated state.

M. Guizot's work has caused a great change in public opinion unfavorable to Victor Emmanuel. - Has this work been translated into English? If not it ought to be done. Lord Normanby's refutation, from official documents, of Mr. Gladstone's calumnies is translated into French. - Cor. of Tablet.

ITALY

The birth of Italy looks very much like a dissolution, and the most fervent adherents of Unity, like the editor of the Temps, for instance, begin to perceive that the Italians have forgotten much without learning anything. One of my friends, a gentleman of very good sense, who had left Italy on the eve of Magenta, writes that he finds it again on the edge of a volcanic crater still more threatening than it was then. "I cannot express to you," does he say, "the disgust I feel in seeing again those Piedmontese uniforms which were honored thirty years ago, when they covered the breast of the emigrants of the French army, the faithful soldiers of the Royal Guard; and again possessed a certain prestige after the follies of Charles Albert, and the catastrophe of Novara; but now are covered with stains which will appear the more bloody, when time shall have removed the bonds which blind so many clouded intelligences. In Florence, the population is discontented, although material tranquillity is complete; but the type of the Tuscan character must not be forgotten. No population is better calculated to make the scriptural malediction against the lukewarm so well understood. Obedio a cui commanda, (I obey him who commands), "provided there be a master I always know how to obey," such is the old Government motto of that race. A Florentine Marchioness, gifted with a distinguished, but hesitating mind, owned it to me herself, and it is mere truth; nationality is crushed, the country is deprived of her head, the masses are demoralized, the taxes doubled; never mind: the first thing to be done is to goder la vita (enjoy life).

TURIN, Dec. 30. - Just now all Turin and all Italy are only alive with one subject - the so-called Ministerial crisis. I am sure I have written about hardly anything else for the last week or two, and must - I say must - trouble you with the subject again, too happy if I could make the English reader aware that this apparently puerile gossiping matter is fraught with great danger to the country - the danger of lingering about ignominiously by internal disorder, the ruin of that national cause which, thanks to Providence, has just now so little to dread from outward attacks.

ROME, Dec. 28. - In the Consistory, of which I spoke in my last letter, the Pope delivered an Allocution, relating chiefly to his inviting the Bishop of the Catholic world to the canonization, which will take place during the course of next year. In that Allocution, the Holy Father spoke incidentally, but in terms sufficiently strong, of the evils which the Church now suffers in the new "Italian Kingdom," in Poland, and in Mexico. The Allocution has not yet been published, and therefore I cannot send you a copy of it.

The Holy Father, thanks be to God, continues to enjoy excellent health, and Pontificated, in St. Peter's on Christmas Day.

The following is from the correspondent of L'Union: -

NAPLES, Dec. 21. - A letter from Serra Capriola, of the 18th says that the brigands in the Capitanate are increasing in numbers and boldness. All our province is one hive of brigands. But population, far from being dismayed, fraternizes with them as completely as they distrust the troops. The latter, indeed, dare not stir out of the large towns. Foggia and Manfredonia are like besieged towns.

The inhabitants of the villages without protection from either side, either reinforce the brigands or remain at home to help them. The brigands are quite in the ascendant.

"I hear from the Garganus (Capitanate) that the Brigantaggio there is greatly augmented, and that several landings have taken place in the neighborhood to reinforce the brigands. The brigands are regularly quartered, equipped, and disciplined, and have their quarters comfortably provided for them when they are out on an excursion. My correspondent assures me that they are very happy, and that the conscription has brought them a considerable increase.

The vast plains of La Puglia, intersected by mountain ranges at regular distances, mountains which branch from the Apennines, and so afford a communication with all the other provinces, make the Capitanate the grand depot of the Brigantaggio against the general insurrection.

AUSTRIA

VIENNA, Dec. 31. - The Emperor's Austrian Ordinances, respecting the proposed reformation of the army, have been published in the Wiener Zeitung, and are to be published in the Official Gazette of the Austrian Empire, on the 10th of January, 1862. This resolution is said to have been taken in consequence of the declaration of the Commission for Hungary, that the Emperor had no alternative but to accept of the concessions which were made by the Government, unless concessions were made by the Government. It has been decided at Vienna, says the Allgemeine Zeitung, to form eight battalions of chasseurs. The army will not be increased by these measures, as a great number of furlochs will be granted to other regiments, and some reduction made in the forces now in the Tyrol. In any case, the Reichsrath will soon be convinced that no disarming on a large scale can be thought of at present.

The Patria has the following: - "We have already announced, according to a letter from Ragusa, that the batteries destroyed by the Austrian troops in the Sutorina, a new Austrian intervention seemed imminent. It is, however, possible that such an eventuality will not be realized. The consuls of the Great Powers at Ragusa are said to have induced the Montenegrin chief to renounce the reconstruction of those batteries, which, it must be admitted, were erected on ground declared neutral by treaties, and which, moreover, might easily have been turned against the corps d'armee of Omar Pasha, and are of no consequence to the defence of Montenegro."

RUSSIA

A St. Petersburg letter of the 18th describes a new disturbance amongst the students of the St. Petersburg University: -

"Two nights back scenes of disorder again occurred among the students. On the 10th a number of students met in the lecture-room, and held a sitting contrary to the regulations, under the presidency of a professor, who seems to have played a rather equivocal part in this business. One of the officials of the university endeavored to prevent the discussion, and collared one of the students, who resented the act by a blow, and his assailant was immediately hurried out of the room. M. Patkul, chief of the police, and General Philipson, curator of the university, were soon on the spot, and appeared the students by all sorts of friendly assurances, but during the night not fewer than 50 of them were arrested and lodged in prison. The next day other scenes occurred, of which we have not learned the particulars, but it is said that the students expected the release of their comrades on the occasion of the fete of the Hereditary Grand Duke then celebrated. Their hopes were not realized, and they met together to see what could be done in the case."

POLAND

WARSAW, Dec. 25. - We have now open war here between Church and State. The evil genius of the whole mischief is a certain Platanoff, ringleader of the party that would lead the world back to the times of Nicholas of detested memory. He it is that inspired the policy whose pernicious consequences broke the hearts of the honest men who were made the Czar's tools in putting it into execution. Prince Gortschakoff died cursing Platanoff; General Gertzenzweig, in the delirious fever resulting from the mortal wound the unfortunate man inflicted on himself, continually spat in Platanoff's face and called him a merciless traitor, a confounded scoundrel. Count Lambert, on his death-bed, said Platanoff was a lurking, lying, unprincipled ruffian, whose influence in Alexander II.'s councils posterity would look on as the result of some dark mysterious secret, and the baneful cause of much mischief and dishonor. Archbishop Bralobrowski pines in prison for thwarting Platanoff's plans. Archbishop Fialkowski, sickened by his wily craft, died a victim of Platanoff's persecutions. Bishop Deckert, involved in Platanoff's meshes, and stung with the same venom, did not survive the archbishop more than a fortnight. General Suchozanet found it impossible to serve the Czar in any capacity that brought him in contact with Platanoff. Even the Marquis of Wielopolski, who was thought a match for any man in self-controlled stoicism as well as in legal chicane was obliged to admit that he found his master. Platanoff brow-beat him and the marquis withdrew. Gen. Luders and M.M. Hube and Dembowski are simply puppets in Platanoff's hands.

I said in my last letter that, flushed with the success obtained in forcing the Basilian monks to open their church at Warsaw, he intended to induce the Czar to oblige his ministers here to cut off the supplies the State affords the clergy, and to threaten to send to the citadel all the superiors of monasteries and all the parish priests who would refuse to open their churches before the Christmas holidays. And really, on the 23rd instant, the Minister of Public Worship, M. Hube, addressed a letter to all the heads of convents and to all the vicars, enjoining them to open their churches within twenty-four hours, under pain of losing their livings and of being sent to prison and tried by court-martial. I am told that no answer has been sent in to this offensivemissive, though I was at first led to believe there had. But, however that may be, the churches remain closed, and we have now to learn if the Minister's threat will be put into execution, and if it is, what the folly will lead to. Two prebendaries hitherto disinterested in the present struggle, and usually looked on by all parties as Government men, interfered yesterday, and wanted to bring about a compromise. They asked permission to go and confer with Archbishop Bralobrowski in private, in hope of bringing about a compromise. This was refused them, as Government refuses to look on him as legitimate vicar-general. They then asked permission to go and confer with the Pope's Nuncio at Vienna. This too was refused them, on Platanoff's saying that the first duty of a subject is to obey his sovereign, and that the Czar would have no objection or interference on any person or thing within his empire. The priests had to obey him in all things; how could they dare think of asking the Pope or his legate whether they were to do so or not?

PORTUGAL

The Royal House of Portugal has lost another Prince by the same disease. Three of the five sons of the late Queen have now been carried off in scarcely more weeks. The populace here not unnaturally suspected poison, and have broken open the chemists shops, and have tumultuously forced the King to leave Lisbon in their care for his health. Their suspicions have turned now to the Miguelite party, now to the Court of Spain. The English newspapers have indulged in contemptuous criticisms on the "ignorant simplicity" of the Portuguese, forgetting that the same suspicions led to excesses of at least equal violence in more than one English town, as in many other parts of the Continent, when the cholera prevailed there. Our confidence in our own superiority is proof against facts. - Weekly Register.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT ON POLAND

From the London Times.

Of the actual condition of the Polish people he draws the following picture: - Let the man who knows the Paris of 1861 figure to himself a whole nation which dreams neither of amusement nor of money-making, and thinks only of her sorrows and her hopes. In presence of modern civilization, which looks but to lucre and pleasure, which denies the existence of pain, and which exults in the will, she suffers and she wills. Her suffering is incurable; her will is invincible. With her all his grave, sad and sombre. With her every thing bears the impression of one inflexible determination - that of accepting neither peace nor prosperity, nor security, and of never leaving either to her masters till justice is done here. That justice

is a debt of God. It will be paid. Cost what it may, it will be paid, and until it is paid, we will protest, and we shall ever protest, as a compromise with inquiry. This is the dominant thought of Poland, and this is the dominant thought of her words, even in every gesture of her children. It is the ever recurring theme in her conversation, in every prayer, in every hymn, it is found in the chorus of the famous canticle which she heard at this moment in every church and in every thoroughfare in Poland. "Lord God! restore to us our country; restore to us our liberty!"

Meaning, her mourning is complete, and universal. "A people gay by temperament, ardent for show and pleasure, now totally refrain from them." Theatres are abandoned, gardens deserted, public and private festivals suppressed. The dance, of all pastimes the most popular among the Poles, is among the Hungarians, and the Spaniards, is strictly prohibited, even in the interior of families. Every woman dresses from head to foot in black. They who so well formed, have unanimously renounced every color but that of mourning. For the last six months, the practice has been adopted from one end of Poland to the other, in sign of reprobation and indignation, but also as a pledge of union and reconciliation. The parties which once divided Poland are now but one; all differences are suspended, forgotten, or lie hidden beneath the funeral habiliments of the common country. No prohibition, no violence, no cruelty even (and several acts of cruelty have been committed against persons wearing mourning and met by Russian soldiers in the streets) can put a stop to this terrible and mute declaration of war. The churches resound with the music of mournful chants, mingled with aspirations for a happy resurrection. The words of the verse of the Old Litaney, "From pestilence, fire, and war, deliver us, Lord," has been changed; they are now, "From pestilence, fire, and Muscovite servitude, deliver us, Lord."

"I have heard and admired," says M. de Montalembert, "all the masterpieces of religious or profane music, ancient or modern; but neither the boasted marvels of the Sixtine chapel, nor the chanting harmonies of Gluck or Beethoven, have ever affected me so much as that chant, inspired by the ardent inspiration of faith, of sorrow, and of patriotism, and which penetrates the deep mysteries of all. Every time those truly celestial sounds struck my ear, whether in a full choir, or in the modest village church, when the organ alternated with the voice of the peasant, or the tremulous voice of childhood, or the sweet accents of the youthful maiden were heard in a lone garden, or by the hearthstone, that melody seemed to me like something superhuman. Never were imploring accents expressed in sweeter, more searching, and more passionate molulations. I pity the man who could hear them without his heart thrilling with anguish, and his eye being wet with tears, as the plaintive notes rise and fall in a cadence, each time more and more pathetic until the closing invocation is heard in an irresistible burst of anguish and of love. But what must be the feelings of those who have heard it rush forth, like a torrent of fire, from the lips of twenty thousand, of fifty thousand Christians, at the same moment standing up, unarmed, before their bewildered oppressors - of multitudes determined not to combat but to die, and breathing in the agonies of death, and with their last sigh, a defiance and a protest - this irresistible appeal to the avenging Omnipotence of Heaven! It is at once the cry of a soul and the cry of a nation, both bowed down beneath the bitterest grief, and both inflamed by the most ardent faith. It is the cry of anguish and of confidence, of reproach and of tenderness, which would force itself through the vault of Heaven for eternal justice and pity to descend.

This, (adds M. de Montalembert, after giving a literal translation of the hymn, "Bosc cos polski," which now triumphs over all opposition, and which is heard in every church and every public place in Poland), "This, then, is the *Marseillaise* of these singular revolutionists! It shows in what the cause of Poland differs, and in what it always has differed from the cause of revolution throughout the rest of Europe.

UNITED STATES

KIDNAPPING IN THE UNITED STATES

Governor Morgan, in his last annual message referring to the charitable societies of this State, makes special mention of the "Children's Aid Society" of this city as worthy of the consideration of the Legislature. We wonder if the Governor is aware of the special objects and designs of this Society. If he is not he should have taken pains to make himself acquainted with them before recommending it to the kind consideration of the Legislature. If he is not aware of the objects of this Society we will tell him in a very few words! Its sole object as has been proved time and again in this and other papers, is to kidnap with as much show of law as possible the children of poor Catholic parents - who have not the means of bringing the kidnappers before the courts - and send them out West, where they are bound out - or rather sold out - for a stipulated price, until they are of age, to Protestant farmers, with the express understanding that they shall never be informed of their Catholic parents; or descent. Their names are changed, and they are thus transformed into what is supposed to be good Protestant names, racy of the soil. Whole families are thus broken up; brothers and sisters are separated, and may perhaps meet under different names in after years, and, consequently, are liable to intermarry. There is nothing to hinder it, as for all they know, they are perfect strangers to each other. It is only a few weeks since we read of a brother and sister marrying under such circumstances in a Western town, and the fact was only discovered after the ceremony had been performed, in consequence of a scar that was on the girl's arm. The brother remembered that it was through his carelessness the sister was burned, and, seeing the scar on her arm, made inquiries about her, and learned to his astonishment that he was married to his sister! They had been separated, their names changed, and after a period of fifteen years they met God only knows how many such cases as this will happen during the next twenty years. Thousands of those unfortunate children have been sent out of this city by this inhuman society, their names changed, and who can tell what the horrible results will be? How many a heart-broken mother is now mourning over the loss of her dear ones, taken from her by these white kidnappers? Several instances have come to our knowledge within the past four years. We are, then, not a little astonished to see a Governor of the State of New York recommend such a society as this. We cannot account for it, except that he is totally ignorant of its workings and its inhuman mode of procedure. We hope our legislators will see to it that none of the public money is voted to support such traffic in white children. We would like to see some member of the Legislature who is able and willing and painstaking enough to expose the whole iniquitous system. There should be a law passed, making it piracy, punishable in the same way as those engaged in the African slave trade are, against those men in New York who make a practice of kidnapping children under the pretext of philanthropy, but ostensibly for lucre.

Mr. Lincoln recently nominated his gardener to a First Lieutenantcy in the Infantry. Congress does not believe that he can decapitate rebels, so well as oroncol and kindred sprouts and rejected his appointment.

Messrs. Mason and Sidel, arrived at St. George, Bermuda, on the 10th inst., and called on the 10th for Mr. Thomas, whence they would take passage for England on the 11th inst. Mr. Thomas is a member of the Disfranchised States. The following is from Punch: - "Among the objects of interest which America is to contribute to the Exhibition of 1862, will be a Model of the Model Republic. It has been made to take to pieces so as to exhibit not only the joining of the several States, and the separation between the North and the South, but also the spirit which may at any time divide the West also from the Federation. The Model of the Model Republic will be marked with black over the parts of it corresponding to those territories in which the Domestic Institution is maintained. The Irish element will be indicated by spots of mingled green and blood-red, and the German, by patches of white-brown. In the Model will be comprised plans of the Senate and House, with a flight going on, the floor of both. The action of a Caucus and the working of the Ballot will be displayed, together with an appliance of a bogus Legislature. Facsimiles of Hard Shells, Soft Shells, Bunkers, Barn Burners, and other statements of the principal political denominations, will also be included. The Battle of Bull Run will be faithfully rendered, even to the cooked bait, into which the fugitives from that memorable engagement, said, they were knocked. The American Bar will also be shown, together with Mr. Edwin James, as he appeared when he was called to it; and all manner of American drinks will be at hand, that any of those who viewing the Model Republic with a suitable disposition, may liquor."

The New York Tribune calls out lustily for "retrenchment, and urges that economy like charity should begin at home." Messrs. Senators and Representatives: let the Reform begin within the walls of the Capitol itself. Look at the following item of expenditure for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1861, and see how many of them you can answer to the people who are enduring such unparalleled sacrifices in behalf of the common cause. For the single item of stationery, there was expended for the Senate \$12,000, or about 190 for each Senator; for newspapers \$3,500, more than \$50 for each Senator; miscellaneous \$23,000; for The Congressional Globe \$62,333 33c, about \$1,000 for each; and for binding, lithographing and engraving \$130,731 79c, or nearly \$3,000 more each, making in all more than \$3,000 for each Senator. This does not include the expenses for printing. The total for the items enumerated amounts to \$331,555 11c., a sum greater by \$38,006 75c. than that drawn for compensation and mileage. In the House \$21,363 96c was expended for stationery; \$12,500 for newspapers; \$127,727 28c for miscellaneous; \$319,099 36c for binding, engraving, lithographing and \$67,445 34c for The Congressional Globe; \$237,997 86c for paper; and \$174,141 75c to meet deficiencies in appropriations made for paper and printing in the same year, making a total for these items of \$966,042 55c for the House, and for the Senate and House of \$1,197,597 66c. And this does not include the cost of the public printing-office. The amount drawn for mileage and compensation by Representatives for the year was \$581,540 59c, so that each Representative cost the country, in addition to his salary and mileage, nearly \$3,500 for stationery, books, &c. The expenditure for pages, clerks, and other employees, is on an equally lavish scale, and the total expenditure for both Houses, for all these purposes, exceeds \$2,000,000.

FEDERAL SPIES

Secretary Seward, in reply to the Chairman of the Congressional Committee on Finance, requesting information connected with the Consular system, has sent a communication, from which the following is an extract: - "Two salaried consular officers have been established in Canada, one in Quebec, and one at Gaspe Basin, to discharge in addition to their regular consular duties, those appertaining to confidential agencies of the department, as it had learned that through these, and other places in Canada, there was carried on a systematic intercourse with the rebels in the insurgent states, and some ports in Canada had become notorious for the arrival from, and departure of rebels for Europe. It will thus be seen that, under the pretence of being consular officers, two spies have been located in Canada by the Federal Government to watch passengers arriving and departing."

A STARTLING STATEMENT

The Chicago Tribune publishes the following paragraph editorially: - "We have before us three cartridges brought to us from Annapolis by a friend. They are a portion of the ammunition for Enfield rifles served out to Burnside's forces for the great expedition. To the eye they are alike in appearance, and the slight difference in weight could not instantly be detected. But the difference is that one of the three contains not a particle of powder. A prominent officer of the expedition told our informant that this was about the proportion throughout the entire lot of Enfield cartridges - one-third of them carefully put up without powder. Now here is a case for investigation. Was it fraud, or treachery, that seeks to palm off upon our brave troops, on the eve of an expedition, sham cartridges? Let us have an explanation of this affair, Secretary Stanton."

THE VENEXATIONS OF A GOVERNMENT PAPER CENSOR

Under the heading "Is paper a legal tender?" the Washington correspondent of the New York Times relates the following occurrence: - "On Friday last, Mr. W. W. Harper, of Alexandria, member of the dry goods house of Harper & Brothers, was arrested, charged with refusing to sell goods and give specie change for United States Treasury Notes, at a less discount than five per cent." He made the refusal to a negro boy who had bought some calico. He was arrested at the instance of a United States officer, and taken before the Provost Marshal, who referred the case to the Military Governor Gen. Montgomery. Gen. Montgomery has decided that all persons are liable to arrest and punishment who depreciate United States Treasury Notes or embarrass their circulation. An enlargement of military prisons, under this rule, will immediately be called for."

CANADA MONEY AT A PREMIUM

For the first time in a long period, the bank notes issued by the Canadian institutions are worth a premium here, the bankers buying among themselves at par. The reason for this is obvious. The specie suspension of many of the banks of this State, have largely enhanced the value of gold, the premium running from three to five per cent. Canada bills are worth the face of them in gold in Canada, and those merchants here who are buying wheat or produce there, find them quite as available. In this case, therefore, it is an advantage to buy Canada bills rather than gold on this side, for use there, as the business man saves precisely the difference between the price of Canada bills and gold. There being a profitable margin, of course the bills are preferable, and hence their advance in value. Always good in this city, Canada money now becomes better than our own currency, a condition of things, our British friends will be inclined to be jubilant over. - Buffalo Courier.

THE NEW YORK JOURNAL OF COMMERCE

says: - "It is not to be denied that the method of communicating to us the views of the British Government on the Mason and Sidel matter was extremely courteous. So much so, that it might almost appear as if the government only yielded to a popular uprising, in making it all. The same courtesy is manifest in the course pursued in taking the prisoners from Boston. It will not be forgotten that some of the more violent English papers demanded that the prisoners should be placed on the dock of a man of war, in the Chesapeake, attended by a fleet, and with various ceremonies of humiliation. Lord Lyons has arranged it in an unostentatious way, and it now seems possible that the only assistance the English government propose to give the captured gentlemen, is to put them on the track from which they were taken. If the Rinaldo has gone to St. Thomas, it is upon the

principle that their voyage on the Trent was from Havana to St. Thomas, and the British Government proposes to land them there, whence their passage to England, they can continue their voyage, which was forcibly interrupted."

Doesticks, who claims to be an Ellsworth Zouave, that narrates the experiences of his regiment after receiving their information from the Military Board: - "No man has had a whole suit of clothes for two months. We've gone on guard dressed only in overcoat and musket, and we've done scout duty in the elegant attire of a revolver and one pair of shoes, to three men. When we've wanted to dress extra fine for Sunday service, we'd polish our muskets and tie a red rag on each leg. The chaplain, for decency's sake, when he preaches - stands in an empty cork barrel to hide his legs. I called on the Colonel yesterday, dressed only in a bayonet, and that considerate officer, admiring my airy costume, when he said 'I'd better kill a few scoundrels, and when I bagged one of my own size, I might help myself to his breeches.' When our whole company lately applied to him for clothes he said, 'I hadn't got any for you, but he served out 15 rounds of ball cartridges to each, and gave us leave of absence for two days, and told us to bury all the scoundrels we killed, so as to not lumber up the country. Many of the fellows got good suits of clothes, and Brown was so uncommonly particular that he didn't suit himself till he had killed five fellows. With my usual luck, I couldn't kill a fellow my size - they were all too short or too long. When at last I did find a fellow five feet nine, and had just got a good aim on him, he raised his head and disclosed the unwelcome fact that he was one of our sergeants. Just my luck - he had on a lovely suit of gray which would have fitted me to a hair, and if I'd been a half a second quicker on the trigger, I could have had it, but I couldn't decently shoot after I had seen his face. However, I got a fair suit of blue cloth, and Bob Brown is on the look out to help me better my condition. He wants to find a fellow five feet nine, rather slim in his waist, and with a new and well fitting suit, army blue preferred."

REPUTATION OF ENGLISH DRY GOODS

The young ladies in a popular seminary in Maine met last week and mutually agreed that, until justified by the more fraternal action of England towards the loyal party of this country, they would neither purchase nor wear materials of English manufacture for clothing. Acting on the hint thus given, the young ladies of several seminaries and schools in Massachusetts have made the same resolution. In one instance in Chelsea, (as we are informed by a citizen of that place), one school - teacher and pupils - have entered into a compact, and pledged themselves to be diligent at times to propagate their feeling. - Boston Journal.

La! now, you don't say did they really? Why, there is not a Yankee girl from Maine to Connecticut who could resist the temptation of getting a pretty dress a dollar or two cheaper even if it were made by Jeff. Davis, much less by kind cousins across the water. If we did not know how much good sense there is in an American editor, we should have a poor opinion of their wits. Fancy an English paper gravely announcing that some boarding school misses had resolved not to use any more India rubber dolls, because of the outrage on the Trent!

THE CANADIAN RECIPROCITY ACT

(From a letter in the Boston Daily Advertiser.)

It seems especially undesirable that there should be a disturbance of the relations between us and our nearest neighbors. If heretofore it has been important that intimate and friendly intercourse should be encouraged, it is not now the time to change our policy, while our success in suppressing the rebellion depends upon the ability of the North to supply the needful means, we cannot afford to lose a trade which has contributed so much to our prosperity as that of the Canada and Provinces. The business which has grown up in consequence of the Reciprocity act, is of great importance to our whole community. Since its adoption, the Canadian and Provincial merchants have relied upon us for a supply of various articles which can be had from us cheaper than from England. This business has grown larger every year as our mutual acquaintance has increased until it has become a simple question of 'cost what delivered?' which has decided whether orders should go to England or the States. As a result, our manufacturers have made more goods, our merchants have had more business, and our railroads carried more freight. Thus, a large amount of money has been circulated among various classes of our people, which formerly was circulated in Great Britain. The Canadian and Provincial merchants require large quantities of goods and they are obtained from us or from England. We can continue to cultivate the business or we can drive it away entirely. If, however, by any legislation, we should destroy the friendly relations already existing and ruin the business which has cost time and money to establish, we should thereby only increase the gains of Great Britain and afford her manufacturers the greatest satisfaction at our own expense. In the Provinces almost every country trader owns or controls his coasting vessel. Several times a year these are laden with fish, lumber, wood, potatoes, coal, &c., and are sent to a legal tender. The proceeds of the cargoes are expended in purchasing a return freight, and our dealers in hardware, dry goods, medicines, boots, and shoes, groceries, &c., fill the vessel. Such operations are not new or occasional, but constant, frequently ten or fifteen such vessels clear in one day, and carry the results of our labour to every eastern port. Of course we do not wish to discourage this traffic; every individual in the community has a share in its benefits. Aside from the pecuniary advantages of this trade, it is no small thing that it tends to bind together those that are in so many respects as one people. By it we invite friendship and good feeling, and our institutions are becoming better understood and appreciated through its workings. A more severe blow to the business and laboring interests of the North could not well be given than the repeal of this act. While deprived of the friendship and business intercourse of our former Southern friends, we should certainly avoid causing unkind feelings with our neighbors on the north and east.

GARIBALDI'S NEXT CAMPAIGN

Mr. J. M'Adam, who as agent in Italy of the Glasgow association which was formed for the purpose of aiding Garibaldi in the prosecution of his late campaign in Italy, was frequently in communication with the "Liberator," and also with Kossuth, is now striving to raise a fund to provide for the hour when Garibaldi will lead thousands of brave and anxious men to complete the regeneration of Italy and Hungary. In a letter to the Glasgow Herald, Mr. M'Adam says: - "Nearly two years ago I told your readers, months before it occurred, that a bold attempt would be made, now I tell you that with the coming spring another will be made, on a greater scale." The following is the text of a letter addressed by Garibaldi to the provincial Council of Calabria Ulterior, in answer to an address from that body: - "Caperna, Nov. 12. Your blood has not deviated from the path traced by your ancestors! When the destined hour shall strike, I shall again see you in arms to the terror of the enemies of Italy. The time is not far distant. Be all prepared for that last trial, and we shall conquer. - Ever yours, G. GARIBALDI."

IN SPITE OF THE WEAK EXERTIONS

of the Protestant Convention, "Essays and Reviews," which have little to be believed of the little which previous Protestants had appeared, have had and have a very wide circulation. They were welcomed by the Protestants of Australia with so much eagerness that the press is to be seen to work to reproduce them on the spot. The authors in the meantime, except Mr. Baden Powell, who has died, are enjoying their positions in England, and will end with success which

