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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1857.

No. 50.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE IRISH EMIGRATION—TENANT RIGHT—SECTARIAN ANIMOSITY.

During the month ending April of the present year, the unprecedented number of 27,856 emigrants landed in New York...

are widely different. In the commencement of their banishment they went to unknown settlements to seek and make a home amongst strangers...

EDUCATED ENGLAND.

(From the Nation.)

For the hundred and twentieth time the ignorance and besotted condition of the masses in England has been forced upon the consideration of the notabilities in that country...

in the North of England papers especially, discovers evidence of a social state of things, which for ignorance, depravity, and superstition, might challenge comparison with the most barbarous people in the most barbarous age...

dissent from the Lutheran establishment to any other Protestant sect, is a crime punished with banishment. Towards the end of last year the Government proposed a measure for the mitigation of this and other persecuting laws...

Progenium: sed enim Trojana sanguine duci Audierat; Tyras olim quos verteret arces Hinc populum late regem, belloque supernum Venturum excidio Libya; sic Volvere Parcas.

But although the causes which have determined the Irish laboring and small farmer classes to leave Ireland, are the same in the year 1857 as in the year 1848, their condition however, on the other side of the Atlantic and in Australia,

Let us hope that such facts as the above brought prominently before the attention of the English public by the Consort of their Queen, may have the effect of producing a better state of things than that which exists at present.

PROTESTANT TOLERATION. (From the Weekly Register.) The Unvers of Thursday publishes a Bill introduced by the Government into the Diet of Sweden in favor of religious liberty.

'Twas not a bad saying of the old English officer to a young one of a crack regiment ordered to China. Said he "I hope you will not fall into the hands of the Chinese for I understand they are addicted to eating pup pies."

D. W. C.

June 25, 1857.

IRISH ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM

CONSECRATION OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM. The direction of the Holy See, set forth in the bulls recently sent from Rome to the Apostolic Delegate...

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam at Holyhead. On Wednesday morning, the 25th ult., the following incident occurred at Holyhead...

EXPECTED VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO CORK. Her Majesty is expected at Cork and Killarney in the course of the summer.

MINISTERS' MONEY IN IRELAND. The total number of houses rated at more than £10 each in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Waterford, Drogheda, Kinsale, and Kilkenny amounts to 19,197...

THE VICEROYALTY. The story now goes that the indifference shown by the Irish members has encouraged Mr. Roebuck to persevere, and that he will certainly bring forward his motion for the abolition of the Viceroyalty on the 7th of July.

THE LATE ELECTION FOR SLIGO. In the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, an action was brought by a Sligo elector, Mr. Charles Sedley, against Mr. John McGowan, who was the Mayor of the borough of Sligo, for violation of his duty as returning officer at the late election for Sligo...

On Monday evening the Archbishop of Tuam was examined by counsel for the petitioner. The first pass was characteristic. The chairman said he could not recognize him as Archbishop of Tuam...

On Wednesday morning, the 25th ult., the following incident occurred at Holyhead. On Wednesday morning, the 25th ult., the following incident occurred at Holyhead...

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CENTRALIZATION. The design to remove all public establishments from London has long been meditated; and although the Ordnance branch of the service, for example, ostensibly carries on business in this country...

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A Parliamentary return, printed this week shows that the total strength of the constabulary force in Ireland, on the 1st of January, was 35 county inspectors, 6 extra, 77 first rate, 80 second rate, and 80 third rate sub-inspectors...

THE PUBLIC are often amused by those announcements which the Chancellor of the Exchequer makes, of the receipt of money from excessively conscientious individuals. But we think those announcements are left far behind by the following advertisement which appears in the Times...

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No one will not publish. The gentleman in question is, we are fully assured, of unsound mind, and should therefore excite, not our anger, but our compassion. To say one word to hurt his feelings or those of his friends, would be these circumstances be as cowardly as it would be un-Christian—as little becoming a Catholic or the TRUE WITNESS, as it would be in perfect keeping with the antecedents of the other Witness, and his evangelical conferees.

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1857.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE great object of interest in the British political world, during the past week, has been the examination of His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam before the Mayo election committee of the House of Commons. Much sensation was created by His Grace's calm, but firm declaration, that "he knew himself to be the Archbishop of Tuam," in spite of the late Penal Laws. Strong efforts are being made to procure from his Grace's lips, a condemnation of the conduct of some of his clergy; but as yet nothing important has been elicited from him.

From France, we learn that the Government has again met with a signal defeat in Paris. Cavaignac and the other opposition candidates, have been returned by triumphant majorities. The news of an attempted insurrection in Italy has been confirmed.

From India, we have no later news. Large reinforcements are being sent out in all haste; and the English press flatters itself with the hope that the mutinous spirit is confined to a portion only of the troops, and that the mass of the people are attached to British rule.

The proceedings of the Coroner's Inquest at Quebec having terminated in a verdict of manslaughter against the owner, captain, pilot and mate of the steamer *Montreal*, it is to be expected that a salutary lesson has been given, which will have the effect of putting a stop to steamboat "accidents" for the future. The thanks of the community are due to the Quebec Coroner and his Jury.

THE LATE DISTURBANCES.—We neither desire nor intend to say one word to keep alive the angry feeling to which recent events have given rise. On the contrary, in common with every good citizen of every denomination, we would wish to see those events, if possible, buried in oblivion; and, except that we should be well pleased to see a sound punishment inflicted, in due course of law, upon the cowardly fellows who ill-treated the men of the Union Fire Company, at the fire on the night of the 13th inst., it is our earnest hope that no ulterior consequences of any kind, may spring therefrom.

But justice to ourselves and others, compels us to notice the indiscriminate attacks that have been made by a section of our Montreal press upon the Catholics of Montreal. Had that press contented itself with denouncing in strong language, the brutal attack made upon unarmed firemen actively employed in extinguishing a fire, by a gang of low rowdies in Griffintown, we should have cordially sympathised with it; but when it lays the blame of those outrages upon our Clergy, when it insinuates that the perpetrators are encouraged and defended by Catholic sympathies, and the Catholic press, we feel that we have the right, and that it is our duty, in our own name, and in that of our co-religionists, to repel the imputation with disgust. It is with this object only, that we return to a very disagreeable subject.

To begin with the *Montreal Witness* of Saturday last. That journal tells its readers that the men who disturbed the peace of the city—"were the young men who have been trained up under the influence of the Jesuits, and the TRUE WITNESS to Sunday sports and intense hatred of Protestants." And that "the Jesuits are"—together with certain members of the Corporation—"the immediate cause of all these disgraceful and alarming riots."

The men who disturbed the peace of the city on Sunday, the 12th inst., were not Papists; but those persons who presented pistols at the heads of inoffensive passers by; who thrust their offensive party emblems into the faces of quiet citizens; and hung out offensive party, and purely political banners in our streets on the Lord's Day—thereby desecrating a day which Protestants profess to "keep holy." That some few mis-called Catholics behaved very ill, that others were guilty of a gross outrage on Monday night, we acknowledge, and deplore; but we tell the *Witness* that he has been guilty of a gross and wilful lie in insinuating that those men were ever "trained up under the influence of the Jesuits;" or that either the Jesuits or the TRUE WITNESS have ever inculcated "an intense hatred of Protestants." As a system, we have spoken of "Protestantism," or "Denialism," as essentially anti-Christian, and infidel in its tendencies; but we defy the *Witness* to produce a single instance

in which either Jesuits or TRUE WITNESS have inculcated a "hatred of Protestants."

Of "Sunday sports," not immoral per se, and not interfering with the worship of God, we are, and ever will be, the warm advocates; believing that innocent rational amusements on the Sunday, music for the million, and "ball-playing" for the young, are excellent means to keep young and old out of the grog shops, and to prevent much of that fearful immorality and debauchery which are characteristic of Protestant Sundays, more especially in those countries where it is attempted to enforce the old superstitions of the Puritans. We are, we admit, a warm advocate for "Sunday sports;" but we deny that we hate, or would inculcate upon others, a "hatred for Protestants." We do not certainly oppose mince pies, neither would we blaspheme custards, or speak irreverently of plum-pudding; and though we may, and do, cordially detest the cant and whining snuffe of a Puritan, for the poor creature himself, we have no other feeling than that of compassion for one who so strangely and obstinately persists in making a fool of himself, by rejecting God's blessings—whether these present themselves in the form of a "Trip to Varennes," or a "game at ball," on a Sunday afternoon.—So far from hating, even the editor of the *Montreal Witness*, we can assure that poor doited body, that if he would but leave off groaning, and turning up the white of his eyes to heaven—if he would try to speak like a Christian, with the mouth, and not through the nose—if he would but eschew cant, cleanse his bosom of its puritanical stuff, "cast that shadow from his brow"—and try for once to look jolly and jovial, we should be the first to rejoice, and to congratulate him upon the salutary change. As it is, we mourn to see him ever "cross gartered and in yellow stockings;" still "tangling arguments of state" which are far beyond his intellectual capacity; and still "putting himself into the trick of singularity," whereby he renders himself, not hateful, but ridiculous.

We have a word also to say to the *Commercial Advertiser*, and to its amenities of Saturday last.

To personalities we cannot condescend to reply. No gentlemen indulge in them, and gentlemen are never expected to take notice of them. As to the charge of "apostacy," that is a crime for which we are responsible to God, and for which we are prepared to give an account to Him when He is pleased to call upon us. To man we have no account or explanation to offer.

To the charge that the TRUE WITNESS—"not only justifies the cowardly attack on the firemen of the Union and Queen Companies, but points them out to future attacks by declaring them to be exclusively Orangemen."

We reply—1.—by appealing to the readers of the TRUE WITNESS how far our article of Friday last warrants such an accusation; and—2.—by remarking that the report, true or false, of the Orange character of the Fire Companies in question was not originated by us—but is to be found in the columns of the most zealous of the Protestant press. Thus for instance the *Hamilton Banner* in speaking of the *Union Company* adds—"which it is said is composed of Orangemen." We cannot see how it can be considered a sign of ill will, for a Catholic paper to repeat a report which is openly circulated about Protestants by a Protestant journal; and yet the very head and front of our offending hath this extent—that in speaking of the composition of the *Union Company* we employed almost the same language as that employed by an organ of the Orangemen. If this disclaimer of any evil design towards the said Company be not sufficient, we assure them, that, though we ever had, have, and hope ever may have, a supreme detestation of Orangism and its avowed principles, we heartily regret the brutal ill treatment to which they were exposed on the night of the 13th; and that we cheerfully acknowledge their valuable services as active and intrepid protectors of public property.

The *Commercial Advertiser* will perceive that we do not bandy hard names with him; feeling that in a blackguarding match he is immeasurably our superior. We do not for instance call him a liar or a slanderer; but as he has asserted that the TRUE WITNESS "justifies the cowardly attack on the firemen"—and as we are sure that every candid reader of our articles will admit that we have condemned that attack heartily—we think, that without presumption, we may boast that we have fully proved him to be both.

"COMMON SCHOOLS," AND THE "Apostles' Creed."—We copy from the *Montreal Commercial Advertiser* of Monday last:—

"A good deal of excitement has been caused in Upper Canada by an order from the Superintendent of Education compelling the recital of what is called the Apostles' Creed in the common schools, upon the ground that all sects of Christians believe it. The Superintendent forgets that very many Christians refuse to receive this creed as embodying their articles of faith, some denying the resurrection of the body, and more the descent into hell. It is very probable that many parents will refuse to allow their children to learn the creed, and the Superintendent will be obliged to retract his steps, as he was some time since when he promulgated a set of official prayers to be used daily in all schools."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

Were proof needed of the essentially infidel character of Dr. Ryerson's "common schools," it would be found in the "excitement" that has

been caused in Upper Canada by the attempt to enforce the recital therein of the earliest Christian symbol, of that creed, or confession of faith, which, if not drawn up by the Apostles themselves, is admitted even by Protestants to be the product of the Apostolic age, or the age immediately succeeding; and in which, hitherto, it has been the idle boast of the Protestant sects that they could all find a common bond of evangelical union.

Now however we are told, upon excellent Protestant authority—"that very many Christians refuse to receive this creed as embodying their articles of faith;" and substituting the word "Protestants" for that of "Christians," we have no doubt that the assertion of the *Commercial Advertiser* is substantially correct. This correction is however necessary; for no one who does not receive the "Apostles' Creed" in its integrity, is entitled to be called a Christian, except by courtesy.

But the *Commercial Advertiser* might have gone further without overstepping the limits of truth. He might have said, not only that "many" but that almost all "Protestants refuse to receive that creed as embodying their articles of faith;" and though there may be some who think that they believe it, it has never yet been our lot to meet a Protestant who did. There are some who believe one clause thereof; others who believe another; and thus amongst them, the whole creed may be believed; but we doubt if there be any one Protestant who believes it all himself. Their condition in this respect is not unlike that of the Sabbath School class, whereof we have heard the following anecdote.

It was the custom at this school for the pupils to recite in the presence of the examiners upon field days, their prayers; and amongst other things to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed—each boy reciting a petition of the one, or a clause of the other, and so on through the class. Being thus occupied one day, the school got on very well, when of a sudden a dead pause ensued; the visitors smiled, the teacher looked hard for an explanation, till the difficulty was cleared up by a little urchin in the middle of the class exclaiming—"Please Sir, the boy that 'believes in the Holy Ghost' hasn't come to-day." And so with Protestants; the one individual who himself believes in all the clauses of the "Apostles' Creed" has not yet been discovered; for there is no one article of that creed which is not denied by some Protestant sect, or another.

Amongst the educated and intellectual class of Protestants, especially in Germany and the United States, most are Pantheists; and consequently do not believe in a God "maker of heaven and earth." Numbers deny the conception of Jesus "by the Holy Ghost;" others, that He was born of the *Virgin Mary*—a physical impossibility as they contend. That "He descended into hell" is, we believe, denied by the Episcopalians of the United States; and cannot be admitted by any other Protestant sect, unless it admits, either that there be a state intermediate betwixt heaven and hell—which is virtually to concede Purgatory—or that Christ descended to the hell of the damned, and there, according to the author of the fragment commonly called "the first Epistle general of St. Peter," "preached unto the spirits in prison;" iii. 19; which is virtually to admit the possibility of redemption for the damned, which is also the doctrine of the sect called "Universalists."

In the same way, as the great majority of, if not all, Protestants are either Unitarians or Sabellians, there are few, if any, who "believe in the Holy Ghost" as a person distinct from God the Father; we never yet heard of a Protestant who believed in "the holy Catholic Church;" or of one who had any definite idea of a "communion of Saints." "The forgiveness of sins," as asserted in the creed, is incompatible with Calvinism, and its execrable doctrine of absolute predestination; whilst the *Commercial Advertiser* assures us that there are many Protestants who deny "the resurrection of the body;" and thus the "Creed" is entirely frittered away.

What then must be done, if, in our "common schools," the rights of conscience are to be respected? Evidently this—the obnoxious creed must be rejected, and the schools left creedless. But without a creed or belief there is, and can be, no Christianity; and therefore the reproach urged by Catholics, and many Protestants, against the "Common Schools" of Upper Canada as infidel or without a Christian creed or belief, is avowedly well founded.

"FLAP-DOODLE," OR THE STUFF THEY FEED FOOLS ON.—A few specimens of this much used article of diet amongst our Protestant fellow-citizens, will be found in the subjoined paragraphs:—

(From the *Toronto Colonist*, July 17th.)
"DESPERATE RIOT IN MONTREAL—TWO MEN KILLED.—Kennedy, one of the Union Company, was found, after the riot was over, in the ruins of the fire, dead; but whether he had been burnt to death, or whether he had been killed first, and then thrust into the fire, is uncertain."

(From the *Hamilton Banner*, July 17th.)
"The firemen of Montreal have been most despatchedly attacked by Roman Catholics. Pistol shots were fired at the Union Company, which, it is said,

is composed of Orangemen. Two men were killed, and \$7,000 worth of property destroyed. The *Minie rifles*, served out to the Volunteer Companies, were used on the occasion."

(From the *London Free Press*, July 17th.)
"THE MONTREAL RIOTS.—The riot at Montreal on Monday last, resulting in the death of two individuals, is a painful illustration that an unholy rancor still exists in the minds of one portion of the community against another."

The above are not bad; and considering that not one man was killed during the riots above alluded to—that the story about the killing of Kennedy of the Union Company, and then thrusting him into the fire, is a groundless falsehood—and that the statement of the *Hamilton Banner*, to the effect, that "the *Minie rifles* served out to the Volunteer Companies were used on the occasion," is a wilful and deliberate lie—it must be admitted that the specimens already adduced reflect much credit on Protestant fertility of invention, and Protestant capacity of swallow. The following however, which the *Montreal Herald* of Tuesday last publishes under the heading—"One Fool Makes Many"—is perhaps the richest of all; and may be taken as a very fair specimen indeed of a good Protestant lie. The *Herald* quotes from the *Ingersoll Chronicle*:—

"Mr. William M'Andrew, of Woodstock, County Secretary ascended the platform, and said that he had a very painful announcement, which he felt it his duty to make. It was in substance as follows:—'As a member of the Orange Association, in Toronto, on Sunday last, was leaving the church where his child had just been baptised, the infant was wrested from him by a number of Roman Catholics, one of whom laid hold of the child by the feet, and raising it, dashed it on the stone pavement, strewn its mangled corpse in every direction. While endeavoring to arrest the murderer, several men had been shot. 'This is,' said M'Andrew, 'what has been told me by a gentleman who has just arrived from Toronto.' At this announcement the audience became much excited."

A Protestant lie is, as we know from experience, immortal; and it is therefore but to "imagine a vain thing" to think, by proofs or arguments, to destroy it. Silenced in one quarter, it will break out in another; abandoned this week, it will be reiterated with additions and emendations the next; and though every body knows it to be without a shadow of foundation, there will never be wanting thousands of sound evangelicals to swear to their personal knowledge of its truth. It is indeed a hopeless task to try and beat the brains out of a Protestant lie, or even to trace it through all its tortuous windings.

Yet in this instance we have, for a wonder, the name given, if not of the originator, at all events of one of the most active propagators of the lie in question. This fellow—this Mr. William M'Andrew, of Woodstock, County Secretary—has, in obedience to what he felt to be the dictates of duty, greatly excited his intelligent fellow-citizens by a most extraordinary statement, for the truth of which he is responsible until he gives us the name of his informant; and of which he must be considered the originator, until he proves the contrary; the "gentleman just arrived from Toronto" being, in all probability, a myth—the creation of the active and inventive brain of Mr. William M'Andrew, of Woodstock, County Secretary, himself.

But what a sad thing it is to reflect that in this enlightened XIX. century there should be found in a professing civilised and Christian community, fellows vile enough to propagate, and dots silly enough to credit, such atrocious falsehoods against their fellow-citizens! This story—about the killing of a Protestant babe by Roman Catholic rioters, the dashing its mangled corpse on the blood-stained pavement of the streets of Toronto, and the subsequent shooting of the men who endeavored to arrest the murderer—will be copied by the Protestant press throughout North America, and accepted as an article of Gospel truth. Malice will comment upon it; Protestant ingenuity will be taxed to the uttermost to magnify its horrors, and to intensify the excitement of a Popery-hating public; and thus circulated, commented upon, and enlarged, it will serve, at many a future Evangelical Meeting and gathering of the Saints, as a text wherewith to arouse the passions of a prejudiced mob, and as an incontrovertible argument in proof of the cruel spirit of Popery, and the necessity for all Protestants to combine against it.

These are the artifices by means of which the true Protestant spirit is kept alive; these are the weapons by which it is proposed to accomplish our ruin; yet it is to the employment of such means, thank God, that hundreds and thousands, now members of the Catholic Church, owe their emancipation from the degrading shackles of Protestantism. The atrocious falsehoods circulated against us may at first be productive of injurious consequences; they may lead occasionally, as in the case of the Convent at Charleston, to assaults upon our institutions, and outrages upon our "religious;" but in the long run they are fatal only to those who employ them. Under God, they are the means of provoking investigation into the real doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church; and of such an investigation, honestly undertaken, and boldly prosecuted, there can be but one result—that of the investigator's conviction, that from first to last, Protestant History has been a monstrous conspiracy against the truth, and his consequent conversion to the Church which that History maligns and misrepresents. Works of controversy have, no doubt, done much good in their day; but, humanly speaking, Protestant libels have done more for the cause of Catholicity than all the controversial works that ever were written.

"ORANGE OUTRAGES AT TORONTO.—We learn from our Upper Canada exchanges that the Orangemen of Toronto distinguished themselves, as usual, upon the occasion of the late celebration of the conquest of Ireland, and the triumphant establishment of the "Penal Laws" against the exercise of the Catholic religion. On the evening of the 13th, the Catholic Cathedral of Toronto, and the Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, were valiantly attacked; the windows of the first named building were broken, and the Ladies of the Convent were most gallantly assailed "with the most infamous language."—*Toronto Mirror*. According to the same authority, the residence of the "Christian Brothers" was menaced, and the inmates insulted.—In fact, nothing was left undone to prove to the world that the Orangemen of Toronto are the worthy companions in arms of the heroes of "Dolly's Brae."

We further learn from the *Toronto Leader* that the Mayor of that City has been applied to by the Churchwardens of St. Michael's Cathedral to lend his aid, as chief magistrate, to detect and to bring to justice the persons who so wantonly attacked that church on the evening of the 13th instant. This application has been refused by that worthy official—whether, because he is himself an Orangeman, and approves of attacks upon Popish property—or because, if not an Orangeman, he is an imbecile old woman, unfit for the post he occupies, we know not; and in consequence, the Churchwardens have themselves offered a reward of Two hundred dollars for the discovery of the offenders.

Another important circumstance connected with the Orange riots at Toronto is to be found in the fact, that the Policemen of that City, the paid servants of the public, the hired conservators of the peace, who made themselves conspicuous on Sunday, the 12th, by parading the streets of Toronto with Orange "rosettes," and party emblems, have not, as yet, been dismissed from their situations, and from the civic force upon which they have brought indelible disgrace. We would recommend our friends in Toronto to stir in this matter; for no matter what may be the legal right of private individuals, no one—Protestant or Catholic—we think, will venture to assert that officials, and more especially officials directly or indirectly connected with the administration of justice, have any right, whilst in the public service, and in the receipt of public money, to take any part whatsoever in party, or political demonstrations of an exciting character. With Orange Magistrates on the Bench, and Orange policemen in the streets, it is absurd to suppose that justice can be impartially administered in Toronto; and the inevitable result of this disgraceful state of things will be to bring, not only the persons of the Magistracy, but the administration of justice itself, into contempt, and thus to provoke the injured to seek redress for wrongs inflicted—not in due course of law, but by acts of violence. In order to avert such a calamity, all honest citizens should insist that all officials taking part in party demonstration, be dismissed from their situations. This rule is recognised at home. It was upon this principle that, but a few years ago, in 1849, Lord Roden, a Mr. Beers, and one or two others who had countenanced an Orange procession, were, by the British Government, dismissed from the Magistracy; and in the case of a mere clerk in a Government office at Toronto, the same rule has already been recognised, and acted upon in Canada.

To show the different spirit that prevails in the two sections of the Province—in Upper and Lower Canada—we will mention a simple fact; leaving our readers thence to draw their own conclusions.

On the night of the 13th ult, two men of Capt. Bartley's Company of Volunteers were found in the streets with their arms and accoutrements. The fact having been reported to the Commander of the Company, the two men were immediately—and with the hearty approbation of all their comrades—stript of their arms and uniforms, summarily dismissed from the Company, and declared incapable of re-admission thereunto. This is how we understand and administer justice in Montreal; and it is thus that, where Papists are in the majority, the guilty are dealt with. Protestant officials at Toronto would do well to take a lesson how to comport themselves towards their subordinates in analogous circumstances.

The *Herald* of Friday last publishes a letter, over the signature of "A Forerunner of Future Events" in which the writer, who evidently wishes to palm himself off as an Irish Catholic, holds out threats of violence, to be carried into execution next twelfth of July, in case the Orangemen should then attempt a public demonstration.

Now, whilst we have no desire to impugn the general fairness of the *Herald*, we think that, in this instance, he has acted, very imprudently, to say the least; and that, in justice to his Catholic fellow-citizens, he is bound to give some explanation of his object in inserting such a letter, and at such a time.

For, either the name of the writer of that

letter is known, or unknown, to the editor of the Herald...

If then the name of "A Forewarmer of Future Events" was not given to the editor of the Herald...

If, on the contrary, the name of the writer be known to the editor of the Herald...

Of the letter itself all that we need say is, that it is a most contemptible production...

"THAT FEED."—The "Orange Feed" given, not as stated by the Transcript on Sunday the 12th...

In his issue of Wednesday last the Witness attempts to palliate this disgraceful outrage upon decency and religion...

From this purchase, it would seem as if the "Incorporation" of the Orangemen was a certainty...

and that it, and not the TRUE WITNESS is responsible for the error...

A PUBLIC DINNER IN CHURCH.

SAD DEGRADATION.—We commend to the special attention of the Montreal Witness the report of the proceedings in Toronto on the 12th of July...

THE PROTESTANT PRESS, AND "INDECENT ADVERTISEMENTS."—The Montreal Witness, takes the Hamilton Banner...

INDECENT ADVERTISEMENTS.—The Hamilton Banner professes to take high grounds in politics, religion and morals...

This blemish which the Witness so justly condemns in the Hamilton Banner is one with which the Protestant press in Canada is for the most part marked...

We are therefore by no means surprised to find that it is invariably in the most zealous organs of the evangelical Protestant community...

A NEW MORTAL SIN.—The Ottawa Railway Times announces the death of a young man who went out fishing from a canoe on Sunday the 5th inst...

This fishing, the editor of the Railway Times denounces as "sinful and an unlawful pastime..."

To-morrow, Saturday the 25th inst., being the twentieth anniversary of the consecration of Mgr. Bourget, Bishop of Montreal...

After Vespers, and about 5 P.M., His Lordship will perform the ceremony of solemnly planting a cross upon the site of the High Altar of the new Cathedral...

During the past week, Mgr. Demers, Bishop of Vancouver has been in town. His Lordship is at present travelling for the interests of his poor Diocese.

DIED.—On Sunday last, at the Hotel Dieu of this city, the Rev. M. Paquet, aged 37. The reverend gentleman was for some years Cure of St. Raphael in the Isle Bizard...

We are happy to learn from the Montreal Herald of the 18th inst., that the man Saddler, one of the firemen of the "Union" Company...

To the Editor of the True Witness.

SIR.—Perceiving that a certain portion of your columns, during the present month, has been allotted to articles on the different Convent and College examinations...

At the hour appointed for the commencement of the day's programme, the hall was crowded to excess; and I remarked no fewer than fifteen to twenty gentlemen of the Clergy...

In the afternoon, the young ladies of the Belles-Lettres and Rhetoric classes were examined. The grace and eloquence, joined with the fire and animation which they displayed in their declamation...

CATHOLICS.

July 21, 1857.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Alexandria, July 16, 1857.

DEAR SIR.—As you have always advocated the cause of free education, you will undoubtedly be rejoiced at the success of my separate school. On Saturday the 11th, the pupils attending the separate schools, conducted by the Brothers of St. Joseph...

teachers. After the distribution of prizes, the Rev. Pastor addressed a few words to the children, congratulating them on the progress they had made...

Proposed by Mr. D. A. McDonald, and seconded by Mr. O. L. Allen.

Resolved.—That we, the spectators who have had the pleasure of attending the examination of the pupils of the Convent of the Holy Cross in the village of Alexandria, have great pleasure in expressing our satisfaction and approbation of the progress made by the pupils attending said Convent...

The assembly then broke up; and all, both Catholics and Protestants, separated delighted with what they had witnessed; and convinced that our Catholic educational institutions need only to be known to be appreciated as they deserve.

The following address was presented to the Ladies of the above named Convent:—

TO THE SISTERS OF THE CONVENT OF THE HOLY CROSS AT ALEXANDRIA.

LADIES.—We, the Trustees of the separate school, deem it our duty on this occasion to testify our satisfaction with the manner you have discharged the onerous duties of teachers of our children. During the past year, whilst we visited the school in our capacity as Trustees, we had frequent opportunities of witnessing the zeal which, on all occasions, you displayed to fulfill your arduous, we may say, tedious, though important duties...

But what need we say more? The examination just closed shows plainly the result of your labors; it speaks your praise more forcibly than it is in our power to do. On looking around us we read in the countenances of all present, the pleasure they have experienced at being present here to-day; and we have reason to think that they all of one accord approve of the sentiments expressed by us.

After the labors of the past year, it is but just that you should have a few weeks of repose. Five weeks is a period but too short, yet though short, may it be pleasing and agreeable; may it improve your impaired health, and invigorate your minds, to resume your labors amongst us with that same ability and devotion which you have heretofore exhibited.

JAMES J. CHISHOLM, JOHN A. WILLIAMS, ANGUS McDONALD, Trustees of the Separate School.

Alexandria, July 12, 1857.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.—Mgr. the Right Reverend Dr. Demers, the Bishop of Vancouver's Island, arrived in Toronto yesterday. His Diocese comprises a vast extent of territory under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company.

We can honestly recommend Miss E. Stanley's exhibition at the Mechanic's Institute, to our friends.—The young lady is possessed of first rate talent, improved by education; and in her performance there is nothing to offend the most fastidious.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Isle aux Noix, M. Dowd, 12s 6d; Hamilton, Rev. A. Carayon, 12s 6d; Tyendinaga, G. Gargon, 12s 6d; St. Johns, C.E.P. McGinnis, 10s; Sorel, D. McCarty, 12s 6d; Do., P. Tobin, 12s 6d; South Mountain, P. Shannon, 12s 6d; Goderich, Rev. P. Schneider, 10s; Lachine, P. T. McManus, 10s; Bellamy Mills, T. G. Dixon, 10s; Dixon's Corners, C. Driscoll, 6s 3d; Huntingdon, T. Donoghue, 21 5s; St. Lin, Rev. Mr. Hartenau, 21 5s.

Per Mr. Monagan (Trav. Agt) Brockville—R. McSweeney, 12s 6d; B. Riely, 5s; H. Walsh, 12s 6d; P. Murray, 10s; J. Brennan 10s; J. Collins, 5s; J. McGregor, 5s; J. Mulroney, 5s; B. Leary, 5s; T. Brainin, 5s; H. Howel, 5s; S. Wright, 5s; H. M'Sloy, 5s; S. Gallagher, 5s—Cobourg, Rev. Mr. Timlin, 21; J. Hutton, 10s; —Kennedy, 5s—Peterboro, Rev. Mr. Farrelly, 10s; J. Moloney, 10s; F. L. Lemays, 10s; J. Sullivan, 5s.—Port Hope, Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, 21; J. Birmingham, 5s; J. O'Neill, 12s 6d; P. Gloury, 5s; W. Harper, 21 5s; J. Laydon, 5s—Toronto, Rev. Mr. Walsh, 5s; J. Shea, 10s; Right Rev. Dr. Charbonnell, 21 17s 6d; F. O'Dea, 6s 3d; F. Sullivan, 5s; D. K. Feehan, 22 3s 9d; Legislative Assembly, 22 10s; P. Doyle, 10s 3d; Prescott, D. Crowley, 5s; S. Cavanagh, 12s 6d; T. Buckley, 6s 3d; J. Walsh, 6s 3d; A. McPhaul, 10s; E. McKeown, 15s; J. Young, 9s 7d—Ottawa City, P. Cavanagh, 18s 9d; J. Devine, 12s 6d; M. O'Meara, 21 16s 3d; J. L. P. O'Hanley, 6s 9d; J. Devine, 12s 6d; Kingston, Very Rev. A. McDonnell, 10s; Mallorytown, L. Gavin, 12s 6d; Elizabethtown, W. Harvey, 12s 6d; Thorold, J. Heenan, 21 5s; C. Doyle, 5s; P. Donohoe, 5s; J. Conway, 5s; J. Walsh, 5s; J. McCauley, 5s; W. O'Farrell, 5s; J. Maloney, 5s; P. Maguire, 5s; J. Boyle, 5s; J. Kearney, 5s; T. Simpson, 5s; J. Battle, 5s; P. Foley 5s; W. Long 5s; W. McCarthy, 5s; M. Tobin, 5s; H. McNahon, 5s; S. Cain, 5s; St. Catharines, J. Blake, 5s.

Per Mr. O'Leary, Quebec—D. Blake, 15s; T. McLaughlin, 15s; M. Lynch, 7s 6d; J. O'Farrell, 15s; Rev. M. Huot, 21 10s; O. Byrne, 10s; J. O'Neill, 7s 6d; L. Moore, 10s; F. Baby, 22 12s 6d; W. Scanlan, 15s; T. Burns, 21 17s 6d; R. Swindle, 23; Judge Power, 21 10s.

Per O. Quigley, Lochiel—J. McMullin, 10s; A. McMullin, 10s; W. Finlan, 10s.

Per Rev. Mr. Hay, St. Andrews—D. McPhail, 6s 3d; D. McDonald, 6s 3d.

REWARD OF MERIT.—At the examination of the Pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Long Point, a very beautiful volume, which we have seen, was presented to Miss Eliza Hanley, daughter of Thomas Hanley, of this city, by the Hon. Mr. Chauveau. She displayed most extraordinary powers in treating the various subjects of her examination. The book bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Miss Hanley, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Longue Pointe, by the Superintendent of Public Instruction for Lower Canada, as a reward of general proficiency, Montreal, July 9, 1857."—New Era.

QUEBEC THE CAPITAL.—The Canadian of yesterday says it has private letters from very good sources, which convey the assurance that Quebec has been definitively chosen as the Capital of Canada.

CANADIAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO RED RIVER.—The Government, in connection with the expedition to survey a route to Red River, has appointed Professor Hind of University College, Toronto, Geologist, who will be charged with the preparation of a report on the geological features and agricultural capabilities of the country through which the party will pass.

A WARNING TO STEAMBOAT CAPTAINS AND PROPRIETORS.—The verdict of the Coroner's Jury at Quebec should serve as a warning to all persons engaged in the steamboat trade. The jury have distinctly laid it down, that neglect to have the boats and life-preservers required by law, is a crime which, in case of fatal accident, will render the parties amenable to a charge of manslaughter. Public opinion will undoubtedly sustain that verdict. Yet it is well understood that few if any of our steamers have been hitherto provided as the law prescribes. We do not particularize any vessels; but we remind all parties concerned of the double responsibility which will fall on them hereafter in case of loss of life occurring on board their vessels without adequate means of relief. We are informed to-day that Mr. Torrance has laid up the Quebec, for the purpose of making all necessary additions, so as to bring her within the law; and, we presume, other owners will do the same.—Herald 20th inst.

EMIGRANTS WANTED.—We understand that a considerable number of emigrants are congregated about Montreal and other cities in Canada, who are unable to obtain employment, and who are likely to become a burden to the public. Not a single emigrant that we are aware of, has come to this part of the country this season, where the demand for laborers far exceeds the supply. Scarcely a day passes but farmers enquiring at us for farm laborers, but none can be had at any rate of wages. We should say that from 500 to 1000 laboring men could find employment just now in the County of Lunenburg and town of Perth at good wages, while some hundreds of females could readily find employment as house servants. Besides, the works on the railroads will shortly be pushed on vigorously by the Deales, which together with the improvements about being made on the streets of Perth, will augment the demand for laborers. We should say, then, instead of allowing emigrants to congregate about Montreal, where no employment can be had, send them up here, where they will be sure to get immediate employment at good wages.—There must be something materially wrong about the management of the emigration office, when emigrants are allowed to congregate in idleness about large cities, while the back country is left destitute of laborers. Send the emigrants up this way.—Perth Courier.

HENRY alias TOWNSEND.—An innkeeper named Graham, near Jarvis, has some reason to know Townsend. On the day that Mr. Nellis met his death, Townsend, with some of his comrades went into Graham's tavern, after having committed sundry depredations along the Cayuga road; and after getting dinner and refreshments, paid for the same by robbing the landlord, for while some of the gang held the landlord, others pillaged the till, and so went away. Now, Graham has been to see the prisoner, and says that he has no doubt about his being the party who went by the name of Townsend, and who, on the above mentioned occasion, aided in robbing him. Is not that clear evidence?—Sinclair Standard, July 9.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

Table with columns for commodity, unit, and price. Includes items like Wheat, Oats, Barley, Buckwheat, Peas, Beans, Potatoes, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Beef, Pork, Butter, Honey, Eggs, Flour, Oatmeal, Fresh Pork, Ashes, Pearls.

Birth.

In London, C. W., on the 15th instant, the wife of Mr. George Maclellan Rose, of the London Weekly Atlas, and formerly of this city, of a daughter.

Married.

At St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. D. Maguignan, Mr. A. H. Murphy, to Miss Maria Roche, both of that city.

Died.

In this city, on the 21st inst., Agnes Frances, youngest daughter of Mr. Patrick White, aged 4 months and 17 days. In this city, on the 18th instant, of apoplexy, Mr. Michael Keating, Plasterer, aged 27 years. In this city, on the 16th inst., Ann, infant daughter of Mr. Edward Maguire, aged 17 months. In this city, on the 15th instant, Marie Julie Perault, wife of Mr. Joseph Maffre, Professor of Music, aged 37 years and 11 months. At New Paisley, on the 5th inst., Anthony McDonald, aged 30 years, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with the most Christian patience and resignation. His amiable disposition endeared him not only to his relatives, but to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and his death is universally regretted. May he rest in peace.

TO TEACHERS.

WANTED.—By the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal an ASSISTANT MASTER, well qualified to impart instruction in English and Arithmetic. He must be a good Disciplinarian, and produce testimonials respecting his moral character. Salary £100 per annum. Apply to W. DORAN, Principal, No. 19. Cote Street. July 23.

WANTED.

A SITUATION as an ENGLISH TEACHER, by a married man, who has had 12 years' experience in that capacity, and who is duly qualified to teach the several branches of learning which constitute a thorough English Education. Particulars may be obtained by addressing, J. J. TRUE WITNESS Office, Montreal, July 9, 1857.

FOR FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

By the French law an election is void unless an actual majority of the votes is recorded for the successful candidate. General Cavaignac, though ahead of his competitor, must go to a second vote. The prolongation of the election and the attention which it excites, are in all probability more annoying to the Government than his actual return to an assembly in which he would form one of a minority of four members. The papers announce that the French Government have entered into a contract with a Marseilles house for the supply of Africans to Guadeloupe and Martinique. The contract was signed by the French Ministers of Foreign Affairs. The Messrs. Regis & Co. agreed, within three months, to transport 5,000 to Guadeloupe and as many to Martinique, there to work under engagements for ten years at wages of 10s. a month, out of which he is to pay the cost of his transport after Messrs. Regis & Co. undertake to employ in their service steam vessels capable of containing 800 passengers, and for each adult male or female received £20. It is impossible to regard such a move without apprehension. The increase of free African laborers in the West Indies would be on every account desirable. But there is real danger of the revival of a practical slave trade under a new name. This would indeed be a retrograde course, as we believe that that horrible traffic is now practically confined to the Island of Cuba; within which narrow limit it is difficult to believe that it might not soon be abolished. Slavery and the slave trade obviously stand upon quite different grounds. Slavery is a local institution, had indeed, but which it is difficult, and in some cases impossible, to abolish when once in possession. The great thing is, to prevent its extension to new territories. The slave trade is a world-wide evil, affecting whole continents, and touching all nations, as well as that which carries it on. Weekly Register.

The Paris correspondent of the Guardian mentions the unusual splendor and ceremony, civil and ecclesiastical, with which the Festival of Corpus Christi and its Octave have been celebrated throughout the provinces of the empire. At Lyons the processions perambulated the streets with that remarkable pomp so constantly exhibited in that great and religious city.

The Globe says that the visit which their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of the French are expected to pay to her Majesty and the Prince Consort, at Osborne, in the early part of August, will be entirely of a private character, and it is not probable that the imperial visitors will extend their journey beyond her Majesty's marine residence and its vicinity.

The following is from a letter of the Times Paris correspondent, dated July 2nd: "The conspiracy of a certain number of Italians against the life of the Emperor, to which I alluded some days ago, seems to be marked by a more serious character than was originally supposed. The persons taken into custody are also more numerous; successive arrests, either in consequence of disclosures made by accomplices or obtained from papers found at their lodgings, have increased the number from three to twenty-one; I doubt whether it will rest here. Their examination by the Judges d'Instruction is still going on, and it is said that abundant proofs exist of their culpability. Few authentic particulars have transpired as to their plans or the modes by which these plans were to be carried out. The main object, however, was to get rid of the Emperor; the overthrow of the Imperial regime would follow as a matter of course, as well as the re-establishment of the Red Republic. Every Italian, who attempts to poniard a Sovereign is classed by public opinion as a disciple of Mazzini, whose opinions on political crimes of this kind are known. It is not surprising, then, that the present prisoners should be considered as of the same school. Whether M. Mazzini will recognize them as his own I cannot say. I have, however, heard that their opinions are much more advanced even than his; that they look upon him as little better than a Reactionist. They belong to the same school as Pianori, and their object is the same. They are also said to be connected with the conspirators arrested in Genoa who proposed to proclaim the Republic in that city. This, I think it right to add, is the account given by official people, who appear to have no doubt, from the documentary and other evidence in their possession, of bringing the matter home to them. They will be tried by the Court of Assizes of the Seine. A few who, except on the clearest and most undeniable proof, are generally incredulous in those matters, dwell on the coincidence of this new plot against the Emperor and the elections, as if got up by the police with a view to excite the fears of the bourgeoisie. This I hardly believe; such a game is too dangerous to play."

The following anecdote gave rise to a very pretty painting by Horace Vernet, now exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie, and styled the "Zouave Trappiste." Some years since a soldier presented himself to the Superior of the Trappists at Staouli, in Algeria, and told him that he belonged to a regiment of Zouaves, and that he was entitled to his discharge. He added that, having been severely wounded in the head in action, and that, having been between life and death for some days, he made a vow that if he recovered and was unable to serve as a soldier, he would devote himself to God. The Superior received him kindly, requested him to return in a few days, and in the meantime made strict inquiries respecting the soldier of his officers, from whom he received an excellent character. The Zouave returned on the day appointed; the Superior examined him at great length, asked him if he had a real vocation, and whether he was prepared to suffer every privation and undergo the severest trials, confiding in God alone to judge him. The soldier replied affirmatively. The next day the Superior assembled the entire community in the chapel, and addressed the monks in the following words: "Brethren, a stranger demands to be received among us. He is a soldier, unworthy of that name. He has ever been notorious for bad conduct and want of

courage: He solicits an asylum in this house, where he may atone in the bosom of God for the errors of his past life. Let each of you reflect, and to-morrow, at the same hour, let us know the result of your meditations. During this discourse the stranger, kneeling on the flags of the chapel, was fervently praying to God. Some tears, which he could not retain dropped from his eyes, and he passed his right hand, as if by an involuntary movement, over a large wound visible in his forehead and scarcely healed. He remained at prayers all day and during a great part of the night. At daybreak the monks again assembled in the chapel. The Superior, as on the preceding day, addressed them in the following terms:—"Brethren, you have before you not only the bravest, the most worthy of soldiers, bearing on his forehead a noble scar, but likewise the most resigned, the most humble, and the most virtuous of Christians. Yesterday, in order to expose him to a severe trial, the most unjust accusation was made against him. He suffered all, endured all, placing his confidence in God alone, and expecting from him a merited reparation. He has thus given you, the very first day of his presence among us, a remarkable example of the great Christian virtues necessary for a monastic life. Henceforth the new brother whom Heaven has sent us will walk at the head of the community to serve as an example for all." The Trappist Zouave lived in the monastery for four years, during which time he edified the community by his profound piety. One day the wound in his forehead again opened, and shortly after he met death with the same courage he had previously exhibited on the field of battle.

ITALY. ROME, JUNE 25TH.—The Pope has granted numerous pardons. The political prisoners in Fort Palliata are to be set at liberty. It will be thus seen that the Holy Father prefers individual liberations to a general amnesty.

A letter from Rome, of the 25th June, in the Constitutionnel, says:—"There appears to be no doubt that the excursion of the Pope will extend beyond the limit of his own states. I have it from the best authority that His Holiness will certainly visit Florence, where the Pitti Palace will be placed at his disposal by the Grand Duke. I can also mention as an almost certain fact that the Pope will go to Modena and to Parma, and, if certain rumors may be credited, he may even extend his journey to Milan and to Venice, but this last-named intelligence I regard as less positive. The harvest has commenced pretty generally in this neighborhood, and never was there a more abundant crop. The prospect of cheap food already begins to gladden the hearts of the people, who have of late suffered so severely from the dearthness of bread, which forms the principal part of their food. The works of the railway between Rome and Civita Vecchia are being carried on with great activity; even the extreme heat of the weather has not in any way impeded their progress."

The telegraph brings a report of revolutionary movements in Italy; at Leghorn, where they first appeared, they were at once suppressed, but it is added:—"The insurgents seized the Genoese steamer, the Gagliari, which was on its way to Turin from Genoa, and in this steamer they attacked the Neapolitan island of Pousa, with success. The insurgents proceeded to liberate the State prisoners, and to land arms and ammunition. A Neapolitan frigate made its appearance, and captured the steamer in the hands of the insurgents, and sent troops in pursuit of those who had escaped."

INDIA. To give any opinion about this miserable Indian mutiny involves all the responsibility of a prediction, the truth or falsehood of which a few weeks at the utmost must fully test. The facts, as far as they are yet known, are, that there is disaffection, not transient and passionate, but deep-seated, through the whole of our Bengal army; that more than six regiments have broken into actual revolt, murdered their officers where they could, have seized Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul Empire, and massacred every European, of whatever condition, age, or sex, who was unable to escape; have proclaimed the restoration of the Mahomedan dynasty in the phantom of Imperial greatness the nominal Mogul, who now dwells there as the Company's pensioner. Even this is not all; for disaffection among the native troops has shown itself distinctly in the extreme West of India—at Ferropore, in the Punjab, at Barrackpore, at the capital of the deposed Kings of Oude, at Moorsbadad, and Allahabad. On the other side, as Lord Granville notices in the House of Lords, while the news from India has affected the London money market, Indian securities of all kinds have fully maintained their price at Calcutta and Bombay; the rebel troops have nowhere stood their ground for a moment against the European soldiers; however inferior in numbers; Delhi itself was seized, not by triumphant rebels, but by fugitives running for their lives before the European regiments, and that because it happened to be without any European force; and at the departure of the last accounts, several days after that catastrophe, the native armies of the other presidencies were not only in subjection to command, but, as it seems, were fully trusted by the authorities. If any one is disposed to make light of this state of things, his own lack of wisdom is much more evident than the trifling amount of the danger he despises. Mr. Disraeli hardly exaggerated when he spoke of "the most important event which has occurred during his life." At the same time, our expectation is that the next mail will bring tidings of the suppression of the revolt. The crimes of those who seized Delhi, combining wholesale murder with mutiny and rebellion, place them beyond the reach of mercy; but, there is so little danger of any excess in that direction, that we rather desire than hope that the Indian authorities will be careful to discriminate between the guilty and the innocent, between voluntary rebels and men carried away against their will by a stream of mutiny, and to remember that fear and pride and wrath are evil counsellors.

For these suggestions, however, at this distance, time is gone by. What is to be done in future is a really practical question. Our implicit and tranquil confidence in a native army is gone for many a year at least, if not for ever. It is impossible to think of Hindostan held in subjection as well as defended by 30,000 European and more than 200,000 native soldiers, without thinking of Van Amburg in the den of a tiger. Such confidences have often lasted long and become habitual, but they have never had a very encouraging termination; and when once broken they can hardly be restored. For many a year our main confidence must now be in our European force, not of course to the exclusion of the Sepoys. 14,000 are already on their way. Others, it is said, will be stopped on the voyage to China. Weekly Register.

It appears from the vague accounts from Delhi, that the insurgents have sacked the Delhi Bank, and obtained £150,000 in specie. The Delhi Bank is a respectable joint-stock establishment, which was founded about fourteen years ago with a paid-up ca-

pital of £180,000. It has agencies in London, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and Cawnpore. Its manager was Mr. George Balfour, and the deputy manager and accountant were also Europeans. It is assumed that, whatever specie loss the bank may have sustained will be regarded as a claim upon the government.

THE HALF-SIR BY GERALD GRIFFIN (Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER IX. I that loved her all my youth, Grow older now as you see; Love liketh not the falling fruit, Nor yet the withered tree. For love is like a careless child, Forgetting promise past: He's blind, or deaf, whenever he list, His faith is never fast.

Tied down as he now was to the mournful solitude of a sick bed, Hamond was no longer able to amuse the enemies of his peace (his own memory and imagination), by fixing his attention on other subjects. His brain was enfeebled by the influence of the disease, and less calculated to resist the illusions which, independently of any pre-existing cause in Hamond's own mind, the alteration of the system alone would have occasioned. The hallucinations to which he soon became subject, invariably connected themselves with the reigning melancholy of his mind, and became more striking and vivid according as his disease proceeded. The manner, too, in which real and imaginary events and objects were blended in his mind afforded matter for curious speculation, which the growing infirmity of his head did not hinder him from indulging. A few instances may enable the reader to comprehend our meaning, if (fortunately) his experience may not have made him already acquainted with it.

He had, on one occasion, fallen into a broken and heated slumber, in which he remained for some hours, dreaming of Emily, of her husband, and of her friends; placing the head of one upon the shoulders of another, and imagining all the fantastical changes which the despotism of a fevered fancy could suggest. He beheld his successful rival (for his success had reached his ears) lying dead, as he had been taken from the field to which some political quarrel had called him, (for this, too, Hamond had heard, though as yet the reader remains unacquainted with the circumstances), while Emily bent over him in all the agony of real sorrow. Hamond contemplated the scene in silence for a few minutes, until it faded gently from before him, and he awoke with a burning thirst. It was nearly dark, and Minny O'Loone, who was his nurse, had left a floating light upon a small table near the bed-side, dropping the curtain so as to shade his eyes. He could perceive that some person was seated at the table.

"Minny" he said, faintly. The person moved, and presently he heard a bell ring. A few moments elapsed while his thirst became almost torturing. "Minny, is this the way you treat me? Have you left me like all the world? I am dying of thirst," he murmured in a feeble voice, while his heart was filled with anger.

The curtain was slightly drawn, and a hand was presented to his view, in which was a cup of whey. He drank it, and the hand was withdrawn. In a few moments after, Minny drew back the curtain, and took the vessel from him. "Minny," said he, as he looked on her withered and bony hand, "it was not you handed me that drink."

"Not me, darlin' child! O, what else sir?" "Why did you not speak or look in upon me?" "Getten it ready, may be I was, sir." "You rung the bell, Minny. For whom? Or who rang it?" "For a token to Remmy, sir, to have the seed of the fire ready for him."

Hamond was silent, rather because the weakness of his frame disqualified him for sustaining the inquiry, than because the explanation of Minny perfectly satisfied him.

On the following evening, the window of his chamber being thrown up by the physician's desire, to admit the freest possible circulation of air, Hamond awoke from another fitful slumber, to open his eyes on a red and cloudy sunset. He gazed, as he lay on his back, through the window, and full upon the broad blood-colored disk of the luminary, as it slowly sunk below the horizon, while large masses of thick black clouds were gathered, in rocky fragments, about and above, as if ready to topple, and close, and crush it. All the objects in the chamber were tinged with the disagreeable light, and Hamond's eyes were pained at every attempt to turn away, at the same time that he could not close them altogether—for when he did so, the balls felt as if they were burning beneath the lids. Strange and fearful figures (such as poor Fuseli would have suffered any night-mare to be blessed with the sight of) darted rapidly upon his vision, and vanished as quickly. At one time he fixed his eyes on a wrinkle in the curtain, and felt as if that were the cause of all his suffering. A wind stirred it, and he fancied that an earthquake was shaking the whole world to pieces about him. In the midst of the many spectres that presented themselves with nearly all the vividness of reality before him, one in particular, which stared upon him from a fissure in the hangings, riveted his attention. It was that of a female face, pale and wasted; with dark hair and eyes moist with tears—one hand holding the handkerchief which was tied round her neck, and the other putting back the chintz-hanging from before the face. This appearance did not change so speedily as the others, but vanished altogether when Hamond moaned in the excess of his debility. All the exertions which he afterward made were insufficient to bring it before his eyes.

On another occasion, when his disease approached its crisis, the sound of his own guitar, coming, as it seemed to him, from a remote part of the building (an old pile almost worn out in the service of the family from whom Hamond's uncle had purchased the property) threw him back in imagination upon the days when he had sat by Emily's harp, to hear her sing those lines which he was fond of adapting to the ancient music of his native country. While he continued to indulge these recollections, her voice at length came back upon his memory so clearly and sweetly, though still dreamily distant, that he was enabled to trace one song (a little melody of the sunnyside, or sleepy mode, which we are told was formerly used by the national bards to lull the wearied warriors to rest in their chambers), through all its cadences. The words too sounded in his memory—he could almost fancy upon his ear. They were as follow:—

Sleep, that like the couched dove, Broods o'er the weary eye, Dreams, that with soft heavings move The heart of memory— Labor's guerdon, golden rest, Wrap thee in its downy vest; Fall like comfort on thy brain, And sing the hush-song to thy pain!

Far from thee be starting fears, And dreams the guilty dream; No banishes scare thy drowsy ears With her ill-omened scream; But tones of fairy minstrelsy, Float like the ghosts of sound o'er thee, Soft as the chapel's distant bell, And lull thee to a sweet farewell!

Ye, for whom the ashly hearth The fearful housewife clears—

Ye, whose tiny sounds of mirth and merriment, The nighted carman hears, Ye, whose pigmy hummers make The wonders of the cot to awake, Noiseless be your airy flight, Silent as the still midnight.

Silent go, and harmless come, Fairies of the stream, Ye, who love the winter gloom, Or the gray moon-beam— Hither bring your drowsy store, Gather'd from the bright lumore, Shake o'er his temples, soft and deep, The comfort of the poor man's sleep.

Before the last stanza had faded on his ear, Hamond was falling rapidly into a slumber as profound and salutary as that described by the melodist. The night passed away before he woke, and when he did so, he found that the usual salutary change had taken place in his system.

"If you'd excuse me spoken to you, sir," said Minny to him a few days after, when Hamond was able to sit up in the bed and converse freely, "I have somethin' to say that I wouldn't without your bidding."

"Say on, Minny," said Hamond, rather amused by the thoughtful manner in which she prepared herself for the conversation, whatever it might be. "Why then, I will sir, since you desire me," said Minny, then seating herself by the bed-side, and turning the tail of her cotton gown over her shoulder, she went on:—"You're as dear to me, Mr. Hamond, as I think worse of you than I do of my own's most, for I nursed ye both together, an' if I did, sure I was well rewarded for it. But what's trouble me, sir, over sence you tak ill, is to spake to you about goin' to your duty, if it be long sence you done it. You know, Master Hugh, dear, how religious your family wor ever an' always—an' your poor mother herself, heaven be merciful to her, was pious an' good—so 'tis kind for you to look to yourself that way. Forgive me, Master Hugh, af I make too free, but I declare it's for your good I am, an' I couldn't rest in peace thinken of it, while you wor so ill; but now the Lord has given you a safe deliverance, praise be to His holy name, an' you ought to turn to Him and to thank Him, an' to think of Him, and try and make your peace with Him for all you ever done, for I'm feared entirely, Master Hugh, that you wor't without goen astray an' neglecten Him in foreign parts. Forgive me, Master Hugh, if I'm maken too free."

Hamond, really affected by the tenderness and earnestness of her manner, as well as by the uncouth way in which she started a subject that had long lain dormant within his own bosom, though the blush of self-accusation which rushed into his cheeks showed that its embers were not extinguished, assured her with much warmth that he felt grateful for the kind interest in his welfare which her discourse manifested.

"I declare it makes my heart glad, sir, to see you so willing, for there's always great hopes that way. Go on, sir, an' with the blessing of heaven your bow will be green, as they say, before long." "How do you mean, Minny?" "An' old fable, sir, that they invented as a good mor'l about a great penitent that was there long ago, but you're too wake now to hear it."

"Not at all, Minny. I fell quite strong since I took the chicken broth. Say on, whatever it is."

Minny accordingly complied, and as her little tale furnished a good specimen of the naive ignorance and strength of thought, which are frequently combined in those legends, we are tempted to transcribe it for the reader's information. "A couple, Master Hugh, that had a son that used to get his living soft enough by stolen an' doen everything that was enderfent—an' his father an' mother could get no good of him, for he bet'em reglar when they talked to him about his doens. Well, he went to the priest of his parish coming on Aister, an' says he, among other things, 'I bet my father an' mother,' says he, 'as often as I have fingers and toes,' says he. The priest looked at him, 'Have mercy on you, you unfortunate man,' says the priest, 'how come you to do that? Go now—for I can't take you,' says he, 'an' I you get the Pope's aninion, an' accor'den to the aninion he'll give of you, I'll take you or not,' says the priest. Well an' good, if he did, the boy went an' told his father an' mother, an' to be sure they made a great laaf about his goen to the Pope. Well, he got up airly next mornen before his breakfast, an' he set off to the Pope, an' a long road he had to travel before he got there. When he did, an' when he set foot upon the Pope's ground, every bit of it beg'n shaken under him. The Pope was siten in his parlor the same time, an' he knew be the ground shaken that it was some bad member was comen to him. 'Run out,' says he to his servant, 'an' see what poor cratur is it that's comen to me,' says he. So the servant done his bidden, an' see the boy comen along the ground on his bare knees, an' he brought him before the Pope. 'Erra, you poor cratur,' says the Pope, 'what's the reason o' your comen that way to me?' says he. 'The priest that sent me, please your reverence,' says the boy, 'to have your opinion o' me for batin' my father and mother as often as I have fingers an' toes.' 'If you done so,' says the Pope to him again, 'you're in a bad way,' says he, 'an' I can't give any aninion of you,' says he. 'O'n't you go to the wood an' get a withered tree an' go an' stand with it in the middle of such a river,' says he, 'an' stay there on't you bough is green again,' says he. 'O murther,' says the boy, 'an' sur I'll be dead before half that time,' says he. 'I can't help you,' says the Pope, 'I can't give any aninion of you till you bring me the withered tree again.' Well an' good, the boy went to the wood, an' if he did he got a withered tree, an' went an' staid wit it in the middle of the river, waiten till it would get green with him. Well, one was standen there, two highwaymen passed by, an' they driven a couple o' heifers before 'em. So one of 'em sez this boy a one side in the dark under the withered tree. 'Who's there?' says he? 'There was no answer.' 'Well, 'Who's there' says he again, 'or I'll put the contents of this through you,' says he, 'fiften his gun.' 'O'n't you along wit you,' says the boy, 'an' I have me alone,' says he, 'to do my sence.' 'What harm is it you done?' says the highwayman. 'I bet my father an' mother as often as I have fingers and toes,' says he, 'an' so he up and he told him over then; 'an' I'm waiten here now,' says he, 'o'n't you bough'll be green again,' says he. 'Murther alive!' says the highwayman, 'sure many's the time I hate my father,' says he; 'an' worse than that,' says he, 'an' here,' turnen to the other highwayman, 'take the cows and the gun,' says he, 'for my heart is changed, an' I'll have nothen to do wit you, or your doens any more,' says he. Well an' good, he went to the wood, an' if he did, he got a withered tree, an' he came an' staid by the boy. Well, Master Hugh, in less than twenty-four hours after, the highwayman's bough was green, bekays he repented of his own accord, when the grace of heaven came on him, an' the other boy was there a twelvemonth before his tree was green, when his penance was accepted an' he was free again."

Although Hamond was not one of those estimable characters who can find sermons in stones, and good in everything, (we request that this overworked apophthegm may never be quoted again,) he found matter for deep reflection in the quaint legend which Minny furnished him with, and which evinced a deep-seated and delicate sense of religious worth, a quality of which the poor

Wicked. Receive you into the Church. The reader will find an explanation of the practice alluded to, by Minny in the Evidence on the State of Ireland before the late Parliamentary Committee. Lamentation.

peasantry are, but little suspected. Happily, for Hamond, his conscience had not as much to reproach him with in act as in omission, and he found the less difficulty in following up Minny's suggestion in the course of his convalescence. He found the immediate benefit of the exertion in a return of an almost insupportable quietude and serenity of soul, which if it did not wholly and instantly atone the poisonous herbage which had overgrown, and overshadowed his spirit for many years, at least cut off the evil humors which fostered, and encouraged it, and relieved him from the responsibility of wilful spleen against his fellows.

For several months after, Hamond continued, but in a calmer manner than before his illness, to administer in every way that his fortune, (unaccounted though moderate) enabled him to use, to the comfort of his unhappy neighbours, and had the satisfaction of seeing the condition of all around him daily assuming the appearance of contentment, and that competence which constitutes the natural and legitimate expectation of every member of the humbler classes, and the strength of the entire country. He was not a little grieved nevertheless, to find that the common prejudices of the people, on the subject of high birth and family, ran in direct opposition to his own feelings, and that his services, generous and open-hearted as they were, lost something of their influence on the minds of those on whom they were conferred, by their collection of his own humble origin, which made him appear almost as one of themselves—a feeling, which on occasion they did not hesitate to express. This, however, was among the least of the many mortifications which poor Hamond had experienced in the course of his life, and he made up his mind to endure it without much difficulty. Neither was his affliction extreme at finding the usual ceremonial which a stranger or absentee looks for on his return from a long absence, or his occupation of a new residence, neglected by the gentry; in his neighborhood. Nobody visited him, but that was not the cause for which his heart was pining.

He might, nevertheless, have worn out in peace the remainder of his life (now falling a little into the "yellow leaf," if it were not for an unexpected incident which intruded fiercely upon his solitude, and brought back all his miseries upon his heart in greater force than ever.

He was sitting in his apartment in the afternoon of a cool November day, musing over the turf fire, which the already sharp frosts rendered agreeable, when Remmy entered the room, with a face of unusual mystery and importance, to say that a strange gentleman was below, who wished to see Mr. Hamond. "Mr. Hunter he says his name is, sir," Remmy added, and then speaking in a whisper, and with a face of deep wisdom—"Tis the very Scotchman, sir, that I caught his horse when he tuk head at the Rock of Foynes."

Hamond remembered the name, as that of the gentleman to whom Emily's friend Martha O'Brien was betrothed when he was in Dublin, although that gentleman being then in his native country, Hamond had no opportunity of knowing him personally. The sudden appearance of a person, even thus distantly connected with the history of that unhappy period of his life, agitated him in no inconsiderable degree. It was some time before he could command himself sufficiently to bid Remmy show him up stairs.

Mr. Hunter introduced himself in a gentlemanly modest way; referred with a delicacy, at which even Hamond's critically sensitive heart could not take exception, to the circumstances which seemed to warrant him in seeking Hamond's acquaintance; and apologized for having so long deferred his visit, the interval having been wholly occupied by the efforts which he had made to discover the fellow who had fired on him from the rock.

"I have caught the ruffian at last," said he, "though that very circumstance only renders my own chance of safety from similar attempts the more questionable. This, however, is but a very insignificant episode, in the dark and bloody history of the fearful and silent system of rebellion which is fast spreading through the country. I am looked to with a peculiar dislike, as I happen to be one of those who exclaimed against the immortal pusillanimity of the Round Robin, which was signed by the magistrates of this county, at the beginning of the disturbances."

"Indeed, I heard of that abroad," said Hamond, "and blushed for my native Limerick." "Twill never be done again," replied Mr. Hunter—"and it was then rather the result of indolence than actual fear. However, peace be with politics! let us talk of something else. You have some fine paintings there."

"A few," said Hamond. "That is a good copy of Poussin; only (if my memory serve me right,) a little more papyry than the original." "I have heard it said (for I am no critic myself,) that that was a general fault of poor Barry's coloring. You see I am a patriot in my pictures." "All fair, sir, all fair. I like Barry myself. But if you're fond of historical paintings, I should recommend you to look at some of Allen's. Ah, sir, that will be a brilliant fellow—you'll see."

Hamond, while he could not avoid smiling at this piece of nationality in his northern friend, promised to avail himself of his suggestion, on the first opportunity.

"That is a bonnet over which you have the green curtain drawn," said Hunter. "Only a portrait," said Hamond, in a careless tone, blushing deep crimson at the same time. "Now that you talk of portraits, sir," said Hunter, suddenly recollecting himself—"you remind me of a commission which my wife gave me, when she knew I was coming to see you. There is a cousin of hers lodging in your neighborhood, at Mr. Falabee's, a Miss O'Brien."

"I have heard of her," said Hamond, "but I had no suspicion that she was a relative of Mrs. Hunter's. Even the identity of the names had escaped my recollection. She had a fever lately, I believe?" "She had—almost immediately after your convalescence. It was a most extraordinary circumstance how she could have taken the contagion, for though she was attentive to the people about her, she never went in danger of the disease. However, she has, it seems, got some message for you, which she longs to deliver in person."

"From—from whom?" Hamond asked, hesitatingly. "From a friend of ours, with whom she spent a considerable time on the continent. Excuse me, my dear sir," he added, laying his hand on Hamond's arm, as he observed his head drop suddenly, and his cheek whiten—"I am intruding strangely on matters of so deep an interest to you, but I am a mere agent—yet no cold one either."

"Pray, do not use ceremony with me," said Hamond, still trembling with an agitation which he could not command. "Talk of Lady Emily and her friend, as you would of indifferent persons. My friend, as you would of indifferent persons. My friend is interested in what you said, rather than long and bad habit in which I indulged it, than from the positive existence of any strong feeling one way or another."

"Since you permit me to use the privilege of an old acquaintance already," said Hunter, "I will tell you that Lady Emily, after the death of her husband, of which you must have heard" (Hamond bowed)—"expressed in a letter which she wrote to my wife, a strong wish to see you—in order, to express a most sincere and plain sense of the misapprehension which led to your separation. That wish she again expressed, more recently, to our friend Miss O'Brien."

forgive her sincerely—fully—but I never will—never can see or speak to her.

And yet, you forgive her!—SAB, my dear friend, that is not the language of forgiveness.

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been abandoned. Yet it is valued as a pet by ladies, who are often fond of the creature as a companion in their walks, and they even give it a place in their drawing rooms; merely as a play thing, however, as it is of no use where protection is needed.

Question: Then what appears to be the object of its existence, if it cannot be rendered useful?

Answer: The object of its existence is yet to be discovered; although as we are taught that nothing is made in vain, there is doubtless a design in the existence of the Young American.

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