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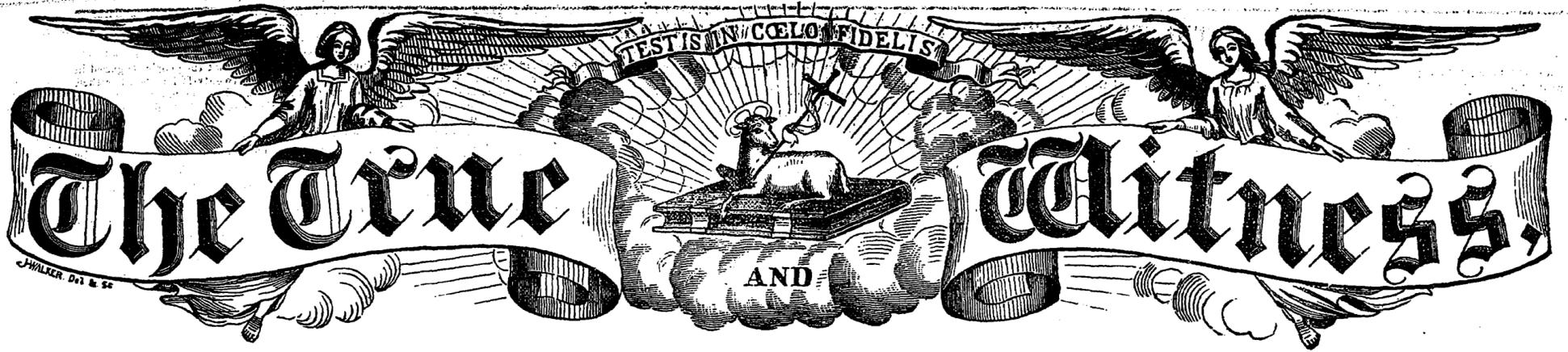
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. X. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1860. No. 38.

THE HAPPINESS OF BEING RICH.

BY HENDRICK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

The schouwveger had sunk into a chair and sobbed aloud, overcome by the fright he had experienced. The silence lasted a short time, during which Pauw stood awaiting an answer, with amazement increasing every moment.

'If I am not to know,' he muttered, 'I won't ask any more about it; but, father, what will the neighbors say? Heaven knows, you have roused up more than fifty of them out of their beds with your frightful cry of "Fire, fire!"'

'Your father was dreaming,' said Dame Smet; 'he can't get the legacy out of his head. Go to bed again, Pauw.'

'What's that I hear now?' moaned the schouwveger, in fresh surprise.

The street seemed to shake beneath the rumbling of heavy wheels, coming at a great pace. 'Oh, 'tis the artillerymen going with their guns to the camp at Brasschaet,' said Pauw;—but 'tis odd they should come through our street.'

'What can it be?' exclaimed Dame Smet;—'they are stopping at our door.'

Pauw opened the window, gave a look into the street, and turning round into the room again, said, with a loud laugh—

'Well, here's a joke! 'tis the fire brigade, with all their engines and pipes.'

There was a tremendous knocking at the door; every blow echoed distressingly through the heart of the schouwveger, who lay so crushed by his terror that he was unable to utter a word.

Pauw thrust his head out of the window again, and asked the men who were thundering with all their might at the door, 'Holloa! what's the matter down there? Go about your business, and let folks sleep in peace.'

'Where is the fire?' exclaimed a voice.

'Where is the fire?' repeated Pauw. 'Why, in the oven of oily Schram, the baker, to be sure; it's eight houses off, on the right hand side of the way, close to the green grocer's.'

'I'll teach you how to cut your jokes up there,' said the sergeant of the fire brigade.—'Open the door this minute, or I'll break it open by force.'

'Don't put yourself in a passion, sergeant; said one of the firemen; 'tis Pauwken-Plezier; and if he tried to speak otherwise, the funny rogue couldn't do it for his life. Just let me manage him.'

He went under the window and called out—

'Pauwken, has there been any fire in the house?'

'Yes, there's a fire every day, an hour before dinner.'

'No tricks, now, Pauwken. I was just coming through the street with my comrade, and your father was screaming, "Fire, fire," as if the whole parish was in flames.'

'Yes, it was my father, talking in his sleep; he was only dreaming aloud.'

The sergeant now broke out in a towering passion:

'Come, come—I'll teach you to make fools of the police. Corporal, run and call the commissary; we will break open the door and fine the insulting scoundrels.'

The word commissary struck on the ear of the schouwveger; he started up, and cried out at the window, with a beseeching voice—

'Oh, firemen, my good fellows, have patience only a minute; I'll run down and open the door.'

He left the chamber, followed by his son.—As they descended the stairs, he groaned, with tremulous voice—

'Pauw, my boy, our house is bewitched! Oh, now all the fire brigade will come in. I am more dead than alive; I am quite ill with—'

'But, father, the firemen won't eat us all up, surely?' said the young man.

'Ah, you don't know, child, what your father will have to put up with,' moaned Master Smet, in a dejected tone. 'Pauw, they will search the house all over to see where the fire was. Since we can't help it now, you lead them round, for I can't stand on my legs.'

The young man unlocked the door, while his father placed a chair close to the chest in which his treasure lay, and sank down on it, exhausted and breathless.

Five or six firemen then entered the room.—The sergeant recognised the young man and seized him in a threatening manner by the shoulder, exclaiming—

'Ha, you young vagrant, you'll make sport of the fire brigade, will you? How will you like to sit in the stocks, eh?'

Pauw sprang back, and cried, with a loud laugh—

'Look you, Mynheer Fireman, talk of the stocks as much as you like; but I am a free man; and if you dare to lay your hands on me, I'll teach you how to run, though I'm only a schouwveger, and don't wear a copper hat.'

Seeing that Pauw was awkward flax to spin a good thread out of, the sergeant turned to Master Smet, and asked, angrily—

'Tell me, where's the fire?'

'Well, my good man, it is a mistake; there has been no fire here.'

'Ha, you want to conceal it, to escape paying the fine.'

'Oh, no; I thank you ten thousand times for all your trouble; there has been no fire here.'

'And you frighten folks by shouting, "Fire, fire!"'

'Yes, a man has odd dreams sometimes,' stammered the schouwveger. 'Just look at me, sergeant; I'm all of a shake; my nerves are out of order.'

'Get up,' said the sergeant, imperatively, 'and let us see all the chimneys.'

'I can't stand up,' moaned the schouwveger, with a voice of entreaty. 'My legs sink under me. Pauw, go round with Mynheer.'

The sergeant made a sign to the corporal that he should follow the young man. Then he said to Master Smet—

'You sit there by your chest as if you were afraid we were going to steal your money.'

A shudder ran through all the limbs of the schouwveger, and a cold perspiration stood on his forehead.

'You shall pay dear for your jest,' continued the sergeant; 'you'll have to pay the fine.'

'Is that all?' muttered the poor terror-stricken Smet. 'Make me pay the fine two or three times over, if you like; only, for God's sake, get out of my house.'

Dame Smet, who had dressed herself in the meantime, now came into the room with a smiling countenance; and, soon as she saw how the matter stood, she said in an easy tone to the chief of the fire brigade—

'Sergeant, here's an odd affair. Don't be vexed about it; it was quite unintentional. I'll tell you about it. You must know that we have had news of my aunt in Holland.'

The schouwveger stretched out his hand with a gesture of entreaty to implore his wife to be silent; but she paid no attention to him, and went on—

'We are to have a legacy; I don't know how many thousand crowns. This news has come so suddenly on my husband that he has a fever in his brain—poor man! He has been dreaming that the house was on fire; but you see, my fine fellows, I don't wish you to have all your trouble for nothing. Drink a pint of our health, and be assured that we are very grateful to you for your promptitude and kindness.'

With these words, she put a five-francs piece into his hand.

At this moment Pauw came down stairs with the corporal. The latter advanced to the sergeant, brought his hand to his policeman's cap in military fashion, and said in a pompous tone—

'Sergeant, there has been no fire in the house.'

After sundry admonitions not to dream so loud another time, the fire-brigade left the abode of the schouwveger. His wife thereupon shut the door and locked it after them.

Raising his hands, the schouwveger said, with a sigh—

'Good heavens! if poor men only knew what a bother it is to be rich, they would never wish it. Here is a fine business.'

Dame Smet took him by the shoulder, and, pushing him towards the stairs, said, half in anger and half in scorn—

'Yes, a pretty mess you make of everything. I ought to be vexed with you, but I pity your childish fancies. To-morrow we'll talk it all over. Go and sleep now, Sebenedus; and if you must dream of thieves and gendarmes, try to dream quietly. Money has made a fine fellow of you. Look at him, how he stands there like an idiot with the palsy.'

Without speaking a word, thoroughly crushed down, and beside himself with the fright he had experienced, the poor schouwveger turned and slowly mounted the stairs to his bed-room.

CHAPTER IV.

The morning after these nocturnal freaks, Dame Smet was on her legs betimes, and ran off to the corner shop to chatter and gossip about my aunt in Holland and the grand legacy they were going to have; and when the wife of the grocer ventured to express, with some scorn, her disbelief of Dame Smet's oft-repeated story, the latter took out of her pocket a handful of gold-pieces and laid them on the counter, as vouchers for the truth of her statement. Thereupon the four or five dames who were in the shop at the same time lifted up their hands, and cried out in amazement, as if they had been favored with a sight of all the treasure of California.

Half an hour later, not a single person in the neighborhood could plead ignorance of the fact that Jan-Grap, the chimney-sweeper, had got a legacy of three huge bags of gold. Everybody was making inquiries, and everybody was giving

answers; so that in a very short time Jan was endowed by the liberality of his neighbors with more than a hundred houses, and about twenty ships at sea.

While Dame Smet was running all over the city to visit the *magazines des modes*, and to give her orders to a celebrated milliner, Pauw remained at home, at her request, to await the appearance of his father, who was somewhat indisposed by his night's adventures.

And now Dame Smet had been about a quarter of an hour at home; she was standing before the looking-glass, admiring the brilliancy of the huge golden pendants she had suspended to her ears.

Pauw came down stairs at the same moment, and, in reply to a question of his mother's, he said—

'Father isn't sick, he is out of sorts, and worn out by the strange adventures of the night; but he'll be down in less than an hour.'

'Well, Pauw, just look at me,' she exclaimed, exultingly; 'what do you think of these earrings? Don't they suit me famously?'

The young man looked at his mother. The impression which the jewels made upon him could not have been most favorable, for he shrugged his shoulders, and replied, with a smile—

'I don't know, mother; but the ear-rings, under your plaited cap, look as if they had lost their way somehow.'

'Now, now, wait a little; we will soon mend that,' said the dame. 'Only wait a few days, and your mother will come out in such style that you shall see whether any *my lady* on the Meur can compare with her. She will wear a *chapeau* with feathers in it, a velvet *pelerine*, a purple silk gown, and coffee-colored boots. And then she will promenade up and down the street, with a darling little parasol in her hand, so grand and so stately that everybody shall see of what a good family I am.'

'Well, if there is no remedy for it,' said Pauw, sighing, and shaking his head, for mercy sake, mother, go and live somewhere else; for such a grand *my lady* in our little schouwveger's den will be enough to make me feel awful. I don't feel inclined, mother, to be pointed at all my life long and laughed at by everybody.'

'Patience, patience, Pauw,' answered the happy dame. 'Your father won't change houses yet; he has his reasons. But only let us get the legacy, my boy! I've got such a beautiful house in my eye; that large *porte-cochere* on the St. James's market.'

'Do you know what I'm thinking, mother?' asked the young man, with a sad smile. 'I'm thinking that all three of us are out of our senses; and as for the legacy, if I had ten crowns in my pocket, I wouldn't give them for the egg that isn't laid yet.'

'Ha! you wouldn't give the crowns for it, eh?' exclaimed his mother. 'Look, there's something like a proof for you, you unbelieving Thomas!'

Pauw sprang back in astonishment, and kept his dazzled eyes fixed on the handful of gold-pieces which his mother had taken out of her pocket and held before his face with an exulting laugh.

'Well, now, what do you say to that?' asked she. 'Have you ever seen so much money in all your life before? Are these only clouds driven before the wind, as your father was saying?'

But the lad could not speak; he did nothing but stare at the gold pieces.

'Have you lost your tongue?' said his mother, jestingly. 'You stand there as if you had seen something uncanny.'

'Whew,' said Pauw, quite bewildered; 'well I may, when you deal me such a stunning blow as that.'

'And this handful of gold is only a trifle compared with what we shall have.'

'Well, mother, mother dear, are we then really rich?'

'Rich as Jews, Pauw.'

'Ha, ha! what a life we'll have! And Katie, poor thing, she'll be out of her senses with joy.'

He began then to cut some extraordinary capers, and sang out cheerily—

'Schouwvegers gay, who live in A. B.'

But his mother placed her hand on his mouth, and stopped his song, by saying, in a tone of rebuke—

'Fie, Pauw! singing a poor man's song—a low song! You must learn to behave like a lad who is of a good family.'

'You are right, mother,' stammered Pauw, in confusion; 'I must make another little song—'

'No, no; no more singing or jumping about. A rich man must be grave and solemn.'

This seemed to disconcert Pauw a little.

'Then mustn't I be merry any more?' he asked.

'Yes, yes, on the sly—when you are by yourself; and if you like to toss off a good flask when nobody sees you, the neighbors can't talk

about it. That's the way rich men manage.'

'When I'm by myself! Do you fancy, mother, I drink beer for the sake of drinking?—Why, if I had no friends with me, I'd a great deal rather drink water.'

'Beer, beer! rich men don't drink beer; they don't care for anything but wine.'

'And I don't like wine.'

'Oh, you'll soon learn to like it. But the first thing you have to learn is to leave off your loose way of walking up the street, and your joking and quizzing.'

'But mustn't I laugh any more, then?'

'In the street? No, certainly not. You must carry your head up in the air, hold yourself upright, and look stiff and stern.'

'As if I was always vexed with everybody?'

'No, as if you were always abstracted and full of thought. There's nothing so vulgar as laughing and being merry.'

'I don't quite fancy that. 'Tisn't worth while to be rich, if you can't have some pleasure out of your money.'

Dame Smet sat down majestically at the table, as if she were going to say something very important and memorable.

'Pauw,' said she, 'just sit down a minute. I have something to say to you. You have sense enough to take my meaning. Like seeks like—'

'Yes, and the devil ran away with the chimney-sweeper—at least, so the proverb goes on to say.'

'Don't joke now, Pauw; and listen attentively to what I have to say. Like seeks like.' What would you say if you saw the son of a baron marry the daughter of a drysalter?'

'I should think it odd.'

'Don't you think, Pauw, now we are so rich, that people would think it a disgrace if you were to marry a poor girl?'

The lad trembled with fear.

'Gracious! mother, what are you driving at?' he exclaimed, anxiously.

'Look, now, Pauw. The shoemaker's Katie is a good and virtuous lass; I have not a word to say against her. And if we had remained poor people, you would have been married to her before the year is out; but now—you see the whole city would laugh at us.'

'Well, let them laugh, if they like,' said Pauw, firmly. 'I'd rather be a chimney-sweep with Katie than a baron with anybody else;—and look you, mother, you mustn't harp on this string, or I shall be as cross as a turnpike gate.'

Dame Smet put on a cunning expression, and said, in her blandest and most insinuating tone—

'But, Pauw, don't you think that Leocadie, in the corner shop there, over the way, is a comely lass? Black eyes—fine figure—always so well dressed—and such nice free manners; and there's heaps of money there, Pauw! If you would only set your cap at her, now—'

'Well, bless my soul!' exclaimed the lad.—'Leocadie! that pale shrimp of a girl, with her ribbons and her curls! why she's a walking perfumer's shop; I wouldn't have her if she was the king's own daughter. She is always *parle franse* with those mincing rascals. No, no, I won't have such a weathercock as that; when I marry, I'll take care that my wife is really my wife.'

'What!' cried his mother, 'are you not ashamed to sit there and dare to take away the good name of people who have four houses, all their own property?'

'I don't want to take away anything, mother; only I won't hear you speak of that gilded grass-hopper.'

'Well, suppose you have no liking for Leocadie—you shan't marry her.'

'No?'

'No?'

'Well, then, I won't be a rich man—not I.'

'You will wait till we are in our proper position; and then some *mamsel* or other—'

'Some *mamsel*? I shouldn't know how to speak to them. No, no; I won't have anybody but Katie! Father has promised me already that he would take care I married Katie; and he said, too, that we should have such a merry, such a jolly wedding.'

'Father will change his mind when he is a little used to being rich. You must forget Katie, I tell you.'

'I cannot forget her—I don't want to forget her—and I won't forget her. Such a dear, good child; she would die for Pauw, if necessary—and I am to break her heart and despise her, now that we are rich. If I thought I could ever dream of such a thing, I would dash my head against the wall there.'

'I don't wish you to see her any more,' insisted his mother.

'Father has told me to go and see her this morning, that she might not hear about our legacy but me.'

'Ha! then you are a little too late there;—half the city knows it already.'

'But, mother,' said Pauw, with a voice of

tender entreaty, 'you must still have a heart?—Only think now, you have regarded Katie as your daughter these five or six years past; you have loved her as your own child. She loved you, too, so much that we were often forced to laugh at her; it was always "Mother dear, this," and "Mother dear, that;" the ground wasn't good enough for you to set your foot on. When she was here to keep you company, there was never a door opened but Katie jumped up to shut it, for fear you should catch cold; she watched your eyes to divine your wishes—and no wonder; the dear child has no mother of her own. When you were ill for more than three months, I am sure she cried three days at a stretch. Every morning she went to the church to pray for you; she watched whole nights long by your bedside; and when your illness became dangerous, she shed such floods of tears, and was in such a state of grief, that the neighbors hardly knew which to pity most, you or poor Katie. I always loved Katie; but since I found out that she would have given her life for yours, I have loved her ten times more. I have quite a reverence for her time; and all the *mamsels* in the city put together are not worth my Katie!—Oh, don't punish her for her goodness! She would break her heart and die—and you, mother, you would lay her in her coffin as the recompense of her love.'

The tears flowed fast from the young man's eyes as he spoke these words. Before he had half finished, his mother became so deeply affected that she had bent her head down to conceal her emotion. Wiping her face with her hands she cried out—

'Pauw, lad, leave off, do; you would fetch tears out of a flint. Where did you get your words from? It is all quite true; the poor child would pine away. And she has never shown us anything but pure disinterested kindness and affection. It is a pity things should turn out so; she is not a girl fit for your station in life; but rich or not rich, we are human beings, still, and have hearts. Come, come, run off to Katie; fine clothes will set her off, and I will do my best to teach her good manners.'

'Oh, mother, thanks, thanks!' shouted Pauw, intoxicated with joy. Do with me whatever you like. If I must mount spectacles, and wear yellow gloves, and set everybody laughing at me, I don't care only if you won't vex Katie.'

He rose up, and was leaving the house.

'Pauw, hold your head up!' said his mother, authoritatively. 'A rich man doesn't wear a cap like that; and here is a satin neckerchief for you, with red and blue stripes. Come to the glass and I'll put it on for you.'

With whatever vexation the young schouwveger might regard the gaudy colors of the satin, there was no help for it; so he meekly and patiently allowed the magnificent neckerchief to be tied round his neck; then he sprang out of the door, with a joyous farewell to his mother.

She called after him reprovingly—

'Pauw, Pauw, no skipping and jumping; behave yourself soberly, as becomes your position in life!'

The sunny side of the street was, as usual, crowded with young lace-stitch workers, enticed from their close rooms by the beauty of the weather; and among them were most of the old dames of the street, basking in the sun and stitching away at their children's clothes.

To please his mother, Pauw had altered his whole bearing, and stalked majestically along, with his head erect, and a conscious stateliness about his whole person.

As soon as he came in sight of the girls, all ran up and looked at him with their eyes wide open, and with an expression of wonder and even of awe, as if a miracle had taken place before their faces.

This general observation annoyed Pauw excessively. His face glowed with the crimson of shame; and his head began to feel as if it were a pin-cushion, and the girls were filling it with pins. He made great efforts to vanquish his emotion; and, going up to the girls who were sitting not far from the shoemaker's door, he said, in an apparently unembarrassed tone of voice—

'Why, Annetieken, what are you cutting such a face of wonder as that for? Do you fancy I am an elephant or a shark? Eh, you wonder!' shouted he to a group of dames who were staring at him with their necks stretched out, 'what's the matter with you?'

No one laughed; there was a considerable interval before even Annetieken ventured to say to him, with a deferential manner and a quiet voice—

'Mynheer Pauw, I wish you good luck; but I am vexed, after all.'

'Vexed! why?'

'Why, the street will be so dull, now that the merry Pauw is become a rich Mynheer, and is going to live on the Meur.'

'Come, now, have done with your mynheers. I am Pauwken-Plezier, just as I was before.'

At this moment an aged man passed by, quite bowed beneath the weight of years; he took off his hat to Pauw, bowed his head silvered with age, and said with an imploring smile on his countenance...

'Mynheer Smet, if you please, may I speak a word with you? Do not take it amiss, I pray you, that I make so bold.'

The young man began to blush to the very roots of his hair, and exclaimed impatiently—'Come, Father Mieris, give me cutting your jokes at me, too, are you? Give me your hand; how goes your health?'

'The old man smiled gratefully at the warm pressure of Pauw's hand.

'It is too great an honor, Mynheer Smet,' continued he; 'I have a small request to make of you. My daughter, Susanna, you know her well.'

'Know her? Of course I do; a good and tidy lass.'

'She is an ironing girl, Mynheer Pauw, and works as hard and as well as the best. I am come to ask your good word with my lady, your mother, that she might not forget us, and let us earn a few sous; for times are hard now, and bread is so—'

Pauw was quite bewildered by this time; his head began to turn round and round.

'Yes, yes; all right,' he said interrupting the old man; 'I will do it. But let me alone with all your mytheers and my ladies. The whole quarter will be in the madhouse soon, I think.'

Terrified at this outburst, the old man shrank timidly back, and even went away with sad and down-cast eyes.

'Katie is shoe-binding, I suppose?' inquired Pauw of the girls.

'Yes, Katie, poor creature!' sighed Anemie, with a look of compassion, 'she is most to be pitied. If she survive it, it will be a great blessing.'

The schouwveger became pale as death, and stepped towards the shoemaker's door, without further remark.

He found the girl sitting near the little window that looked out into the street. She had her apron before her eyes and was sobbing aloud.

Pauw seized her hand and uttered a cry of painful surprise; but the sorrowing girl gently and sadly withdrew it, covered her face more completely, while deep sobs of anguish burst from her breast.

'Katie, Katie,' cried the young man, in despair, 'what are you in such trouble about?—what is it? Speak to me, oh, speak!'

The girl uncovered her face and raised her reddened eyes to her lover's face with an expression of unutterable grief and dejection, and said, imploringly:

'Oh, Pauw, you mustn't take it to heart; I know it isn't your fault. You would never have had the cruelty to give poor Katie her death-blow.'

'But, for mercy's sake, what has happened?' shouted the youth.

'I will bear my bitter lot; and even if I pine and die, I shall never blame you, Pauw; and I shall ever pray that God may give you a wife who will love you as well as I do!'

'Ha, ha! 'tis fear of that!' cried the young man, quite relieved. 'Cheer up, then, Katie; between us there is no change; you are deceiving yourself.'

The maiden looked at him with a smile of deep misery, and said:

'Oh, Pauw, I am far too lowly a girl to dare to lift my eyes up to such as you. You are of a high family, and my father is only an honorable craftsman.'

The young man stamped his foot on the ground with angry impetuosity.

'Who has put such notions into your head, Katie? the wicked tongues of the neighbors, I suppose? Katie, do you listen to their envious talk?'

'No, no,' sobbed the girl; 'your mother scoffed at us in the shop over the way, and said that no cobbler's daughter should ever come into her family. You must be obedient, Pauw.—Leave me alone with my sorrow; it will pass away.'

And with a fresh flood of quiet tears, she added—

'When I am laid in the churchyard—when you go out to walk sometimes, and you see in the distance the trees of the Stuyvenberg, think sometimes of our love, Pauw, and say in your heart: There lies Katie, who died so young because she loved me too well.'

Pauw had covered his eyes with his hands, and trembled with emotion.

'Katie,' said he quickly, and in a tone of deep sorrow, 'you are piercing my heart by your injustice. Were my father a king, you should be my little wife still! My mother herself does not wish it otherwise.'

'She feels too bitter a contempt for us, Pauw.'

'Well, well; but you know riches blind people for a moment. My mother has sent me to you; she loves you as much as ever; and it isn't ten minutes ago she said to me, 'rich or not rich, Katie shall be my daughter.'

The girl began to tremble in every limb; she looked at the youth with glistening eyes and heaving bosom.

'Oh, mercy! it is so!' she exclaimed; 'Dame Smet, you will be my mother still! The death I saw floating before my eyes will flee away again; and I may be once more happy in the world! Pauw, Pauw, oh, don't deceive me!'

At this moment the shoemaker entered the room. He had evidently just risen from his work, for he had his awl in his hand. He bent a severe look on the young man and said—

'Mynheer Smet, I am surprised that you dare to come into our house again. We are poor indeed, and humble, but we are honorable, and every man is a king in his own house. It is, perhaps, no fault of yours; but that matters not. Go hence—forget where we live—or else—'

'Oh, father! dear, don't be angry,' cried the young girl; 'it is not as you think.'

'Your parents act by reason and by rule,' said the shoemaker, with a bitter sneer. 'As

long as we were fellows in the same guild, all was right enough; but now that they have got a legacy of ever so many sacks of gold, now it would be a great disgrace that you, Pauw, should marry the daughter of a mere nobody—the daughter of a poor cobbler! But the cobbler has a heart in his body, for all that; and he will not allow you henceforth to cast an eye on his daughter. Go to the great streets, and seek there a wife suitable to your condition.'

'Master Dries, you are cruel and unjust,' said the young man, stammering with vexation and alarm. 'My mother sends me to you to crave your forgiveness for some thoughtless words she has uttered. It was not seriously meant, and she begs you to be kind enough to forget what is passed.'

'No, no,' answered the shoemaker; 'that won't do. She has scorned us openly, before everybody. You, Pauw, must keep away from my house. We are not rich; but yet, look you, it shall never be said that we allowed ourselves to be trampled under foot by anybody.'

'And if my mother were to come herself, and confessed to you that she did not mean what she said.'

'Look, you, now, that would look like something,' muttered Master Dries.

'Well, now, she will come; I'll go and fetch her.'

'I saw her go out just this minute,' remarked the shoemaker.

'Then I'll go home as soon as she comes back, and ask her to come and speak to you.'

'No, no, not so, Pauw; you shall not stay here. And I won't have you come unless your mother is with you. The neighbors are standing in a crowd at our door. Come, come; if all is as you say, everything will come right of itself; but now I must beg of you, Pauw, to leave my house and go home.'

The young man turned towards the door and said to the girl, as he took leave, 'Katie, Katie, don't be alarmed; keep a good heart; all will go right enough. I shall be back again directly with my mother.'

(To be continued.)

The following report of Dr. Cahill's lecture at Philadelphia on—"The General Aspect of Ireland in her Religious and Civil Associations" is abridged from the Catholic Herald:—

My friend and countryman, Mr. Cantwell, forgot in introducing me, to tell you the very characteristic of which I boast the most, namely, that I was born in Ireland. [Laughter and applause.] O'Connell used to say of the Duke of Wellington, that he was no Irishman, although he was born in Ireland, "because," said O'Connell, "a man may be born in a stable and not be a horse." [Laughter.] I am greatly afraid you won't understand me, in consequence of my Irish accent! [Renewed laughter.] There is another thing my friend did not tell you, that I am going to tell you, that I came here to lift up my hands eight feet and a half to show you the growth of Popery in Ireland. [Cheers.]

I am greatly obliged to you for this reception. You know I am much in the habit of public speaking, and of meeting large masses of every class of people. I have lived in England five years, and in Scotland a couple of years, and it is very hard to overwhelm me, I assure you; but I protest that your enthusiasm, your waving of hats and handkerchiefs, but above all, your pure Tipperary shout [loud laughter and applause] has almost overwhelmed me. And I am very glad to meet you. They gave me a great reception in New York, you recollect. We had four or five thousand people there, and they received me in the most gorgeous way in which I was ever received in my life. Some gentleman came from this city about a week after, and in speaking with me of the reception, said, "They say it was very fine, but wait till you come to Philadelphia." [Laughter and applause.] I am glad now to have the opportunity of seeing you, [a voice, "You are welcome,"] and I thank you exceedingly for this reception. From the bottom of my heart, I am most grateful.

You recollect, that before I came here, I announced that I would give some lectures upon Science; but a friend of mine, now on the platform, said to me—"Very good; but do say something to us about Ireland." [Applause.] You are fresh from the country, and you know every field in Ireland. And so I do. And I feel for her—feel for all her distresses, all her woes, all her misfortunes. I must be a very bad painter, indeed, not to draw a good picture of what I have been looking at with heart-rending woe these many years past. "I will talk about Ireland," said I, "but I have very great objection to making a political speech." You know, very well, that I have been writing politics these many years in my own country; you know I am sure I am not saying too much that I have shaken English Cabinets very often. [Applause.] But, said I to myself, I am now going into a new country, America, where I will have to meet American gentlemen and American ladies, to whom I owe so much for their kindness to my countrymen; and for fear that through inadvertence, I might say one word, which by remote implication might hurt American feeling, (I would not intend it, of course, but lest there should escape my lips a single sentiment, conveying the smallest appearance of disrespect for anything American,) I shall take care to confine myself entirely to scientific subjects, uttering not one word in regard to either domestic or international politics. [Applause.] But to my countrymen and to the American people, wherever I meet them, I can talk about Ireland as an historian, not as a partisan. I can speak about Ireland without putting my sword upon my side or my rifle in my hand. As a peaceful citizen, a literary man, a scholar, or an historian, I can talk over the wrongs of my country, without violating that regulation, and without wounding, in the smallest degree, the sensibilities of any man in America. Therefore I am here, this evening, to speak to you a few words about Ireland, to give you an idea of her civil and religious character.

In the announcement of my subject, you will observe I have given myself a large margin in which to speak. But who is the man that can talk upon Ireland? Ah! the history of Ireland is a sad history, whether we speak of her religious or political character. The destiny of Ireland is a sad destiny. The history of Ireland, if I may so speak, in fact, the history of religion all over the world. [Applause.] There is a magna charta of politics, the fundamental basis of the laws by which our liberties are defined and protected; but there is a magna charta in religion too—the fundamental principle of the religion which all men ought to profess—[applause]—and that magna charta is not proclaimed from the seat of earthly majesty, but it is published from heaven. You can trace it through the mutations of centuries; you can read its results in crumbled thrones, withered dynasties, ruined cities—through the revolutions of ages and the rolling majesty of time. The history of Ireland is associated with such a magna charta as that; and to read her history understandingly, you must go back, but through numbers of past centuries. You must read the history of mankind through all ages. You must trace how the principles of this great magna charta,

have been more or less adhered to, through the far-reaching past.

Religion is a very hard profession. In its pursuit men are obliged to curb their natural appetites.—Since the fall of man, man's nature is opposed to religion. Yet we must curb our inclinations, subdue our passions, and put the will in complete obedience to the supreme law. Yes, religion is a hard profession. Who is the man that can subdue himself?—The man reared in want, the man accustomed to trials, the man subject to poverty and persecution, who has been taught by privations to curb his own will—such a one, we would expect upon first principles, would, of all others, make the best profession of religion. Hence we find that the Supreme Ruler, from the days of Adam to the time of Moses, through two thousand five hundred years, appointed seven such men as rulers. They were the patriarchs, heads of families; when one of them died in the West, another of them rose in the East; and they governed all mankind in their way up to the time of Moses. When their reign terminated, a new reign commenced—the law and the prophets; and during 1,500 years, the rulers were selected from the shepherds of Egypt—at that time the most despised men in the world—not precisely slaves but in servitude. They were sometimes wicked, generally very good. With rebellions, contentions, trials, disasters, their reign of 1,500 was marked by vicissitudes that find no parallel in history. While the wisdom of their Solomon, and the piety of their David, together with the wealth of their nation, tended to give them glory, yet their career was marked by disasters;—their transgressions provoked the vengeance of heaven.

It is by a wide extended view, such as this, that we get some idea of the manner in which the Supreme Being governs mankind. He does not come to teach us with his own lips; but he carves upon whole races of men the clear indications of his will. He does not send archangels through the skies to inform us of His wishes; but, in the rise and the decline of nations, extending through long centuries, He writes lessons which mankind cannot forget.—From 2,500 years under one species of dominion, and 1,500 under another, we begin to get an idea of His rule. At length, he comes Himself. We see him when grown up, wear the coarse, seamless coat, though he was the son of David. Although the Mighty Ruler of Heaven and earth and all creation, His majesty, His royalty is typified, not in a diadem set with precious stones, but in a crown of thorns. Now, when ages have passed, I go into the country where he was born. Here, we would think, every flower ought to be a flower of Paradise. No, all things are withering in the atmosphere of Mahomedanism. Here, we would think, every man ought to be a follower of Christ. No; through the whole country I see men of the same stamp as those who put thorns upon His head, and plunged the spear into His side. I travel through Judea, and I say "Is this the place where He was born?" Why, here are just such men as were here before He came. Is it possible that all He said is forgotten? In this spot, which ought to be consecrated as a heaven upon earth, I find a sea of infidelity. Nazareth, where His mother lived, scarcely attracts the notice of the traveller; Bethlehem, where He was born, is a little mound of earth; Tubor, where He was transfigured, is a heap of stones. Even at that sacred spot where He died, Calvary, His name is only tolerated; the faith that He came to teach, is scarcely allowed the liberty of public expression. I recall the sublime lives of the Apostles; and I go to Ephesus, to Thessalonica, where they preached. Here I find little children in the street who know nothing of Christ's saving mission. So wonderful are the changes that mark the revolutions of ages; so awful are the lessons that the finger of Omnipotence carves upon all generations of mankind. I go to Athens, once the seat of art and science, where genius once embodied her inspirations in the speaking stone and the breathing canvass; but I find no remnant, no trace of her former glory. Thermopylae, where 300 brave men poured out their blood in defence of their country, is a mere cleft in a mountain; and Marathon, rendered glorious by patriotic heroism, kindles no enthusiasm in a degenerate and degraded race. Now, when the soul of Homer is fled, and the echoes of Demosthenes' tongue are silenced, no wonder that there is not a single spot upon which the cross of Christ can be lifted. Thus, we see that events which once shook the hearts of the world are now almost forgotten—are as mere fitting shadows upon the page of history.

Then, turn to modern times. Are there no changes here? Yes, as a truthful historian, I must say, modern history is marked by still greater changes; and the history of my own country exhibits changes greater than all. I glance over Europe, and I trace marvellous transformations. The book which was published from Divine lips, I find having 644 different interpretations; I find Prussia changed, Russia changed, all Europe changed. The systems of the past, which existed for years and years, are altered. One takes away one part, another takes away another. One man approaches the old building, and removes the slates on the roof; another takes away the roof itself and the rafters; a third carries off the ceiling; a fourth the walls; and when we look through civilized Europe, if all can take away a part as they do, the whole of the old Christian Church is taken away; its foundations are plucked up, and men stand in the midst of the wide waste of infidelity, without any faith to sustain them but a belief in one God—a thing they believed in before Christ came and died upon Calvary! [Applause.]

If, in the midst of this universal change, we can find one people, one nation, fixed and stable during the mutation of ages, must it not appear that they are the people of God—that they are marked out amid the rest by His favor and protection. We do find such a kingdom, unchanged amid surrounding changes; and that is Rome. [Loud applause.] We find a poor fisherman sitting upon the throne of Tiberius Casar—the most powerful emperor that ever lived—the most extensive empire. From him who now occupies that position, we trace back his 276 predecessors—as you might in the street go from lamp to lamp, passing by 276 of them, until you come to the gasometer. [Applause.] Here, at all events, is one kingdom permanent; here, at least, is one throne indestructible; here, decidedly, is one monarchy that has not crumbled. I am sure I cannot present to you a more instructive fact, after exhibiting the wide-spread revolutions of time, than thus to point to you one kingdom permanent, one throne fixed, one monarchy undying, in the midst of a surrounding scene of universal change. [Applause.] All the cities round about have languished and decayed; Rome never. Babylon is a marsh; a little mound and a few fragments mark where was Troy; the location of Palmyra is indicated by a few shattered pillars; some scattered ruins show where flourished Thebes; of Memphis, but few relics are left by the destroying tooth of time. When we consider the ruins of these once populous and thriving cities, we reflect, how many fond mothers lived there how many devoted wives and husbands; how many obedient children! How accomplish were their sons in poetry and music; how inflexible in courage; how well trained in the art of war. But now scarce a single stone remains to mark the former residences of living millions, who once inhabited these cities. Yet we see Rome young as ever! [Loud applause.] While all surrounding cities have grown old and grey and wrinkled, have withered away and died, Rome is as young, as beautiful, as vigorous, as perfect as she was on the day when she came from the Omnipotent finger of the Divine Ruler. Is there nothing to be drawn from this remarkable fact? Have we not here a clear evidence of the favor of God, marking out the nation and people as His own chosen race above the rest of the world. [Applause.]—After this long preliminary, I now come to poor Ireland. And, in the first place, I must say that, in the midst of the greatest conceivable difficulties, dangers and privations, such as were never known

by any other people, Ireland has, with undiminished fidelity, clung to the power of Rome. The brightest gem in the diadem of the Popedom is the Irish nation. [Applause.] Russia left the Pope in the eleventh century; Prussia abandoned him; Switzerland deserted him; Denmark renounced her allegiance; Sweden, Norway, England (laughter and hisses) Scotland, Holland, all Germany; but not one brave heart ever abandoned him in Ireland. (Cheers.) In the whole world no instance has been found of fidelity like that of Ireland. All other illustrations of religious faith fade in importance when contrasted with the courageous, the invincible faith of the people of Ireland. Stating the simple truth as an historian, I must say that we have suffered nearly as much from Catholic England as from Protestant England. Catholic England it was that attempted to corrupt our Bishops; but the attempt failed. Catholic England it was that afflicted our nation with the terrors of their warfare, making the Irish eat grass.

We then come to a period which I will not describe otherwise than by stating a few facts. From the year 1550 to the year 1793—about 250 years—the Irish nation suffered under a most grinding tyranny, but they sustained themselves with a fidelity that has no parallel in the history of the world. If we had committed a fault, political, social, or otherwise, then it might be said that we merely suffered from a foreign nation the result of our own imprudence. But we committed no fault; we were persecuted solely for our belief. Liberty of conscience, civil and religious liberty, was violated with a profusion of cruelty the very conception of which makes the heart quail. The tyranny of a foreign nation inflicted upon us the severest persecution known in human history, merely for our conscientious convictions. (Sensation.) From the year 1558 till the year 1793, the portion of land allotted to our fathers to live upon was an acre of arable land and half an acre of bog. (Laughter.) He who was not willing to give up his property and take this pitiful allowance was banished to the mountains, with his helpless wife and children. Do you see any other illustration to show you what was suffered by our ancestors? The priest must brave the peril of the death-penalty, if he exercised his ministerial functions; and even the schoolmaster was hanged for teaching a.b.c. Not only was the property of our ancestors invaded, but seventy thousand of them were put to death. This persecution, in any one of its features, is sufficiently revolting; taken altogether, it is not the most sanguinary exhibited by the world's history?

And what was the bearing of our fathers during this terrible ordeal? Did they flinch? No, no.—They said "You may persecute us, you may banish us, you may tyrannize over us to the very verge of our malignity; but you cannot coerce us to surrender or disregard the convictions of our conscience. Your iron and your steel may pierce our bodies, causing the flesh to quiver, but they cannot reach our souls nor move the firm faith there enshrined. If you persevere in your persecution, we will fly to the rocks and the mountains; we and our children will choose destitution and death rather than be the slaves of English tyranny. All that we ask of you is that you will allow us to follow our conscientious opinions—to worship at the shrine which we venerate, and serve the God whom we adore."

People of America, if you would go home to Ireland with me, I would point you to the graves of their departed fathers; I would show you the bones that have been rotting for centuries; and then rehearsing to you all that your ancestors suffered for their faith. I would ask you, will you give up the faith for which your father bled and died? [Loud cries of "No!"] Do you think it worth while to defend it? [Aye, aye, and loud applause.] Will you not show yourselves worthy children of your heroic ancestors, and will you not stand bravely forward in defence of that faith for which they poured out the last drop of their precious blood? [Great applause.]

When it was found that we could not be subdued by persecution, the effort was made to corrupt us by bribery. And about this time occurred an incident which I will relate, that happened between the famous Arthur O'Leary and a distinguished lawyer of Ireland. "Well, Father O'Leary," said the lawyer, "England has, beyond doubt, been a very severe mistress; unquestionably your people have suffered a great deal. Unfortunately belong to the other side, but I am very tolerant; I regret exceedingly the sufferings to which you have been subjected. And now I want to ask a favor. You are a good old man, and will certainly go to Heaven; you will have the keys of the good place, and I want you to let me in when I die." "It would be much better," replied O'Leary, "if I had the keys of the other place, so that I might let you out." [Great laughter.]

The effort was made to bribe the clergy; but they spurned the dishonorable proposals. They said, "We have stood by our faithful flocks through all the fury of persecution. We have met them at night amid the rocks to break to them the bread of life; and often the morning sun has risen upon our devotions. We have met them in the distant hills, to celebrate Mass, when, sheltered by darkness, we set up the shepherd's whistle; the flock heard us; and we terrified the wolf in the distance. Our flocks are faithful to us; we enter their hearts as well as their doors. And shall we take a bribe to betray them? Shall we accept a yearly pension? No; we will never handle English gold [great applause]; we will never drink one drop from out your cups, though they should be cups of gold, so long as one link of slavery presses upon the limbs of our faithful people. We have stood by each other in difficulties such as no other nation has ever borne; and now shall we wear the English livery and subsist upon English gold? [Loud applause.]

The next effort was to seduce us by education.—Then the priest became the school-master. He was the patriot the poet, the Priest, the shepherd, the leader; and when our adversaries presented education in the poisoned cups of error, we rejected the proffered draught. [Applause.] Give me the men of Clare, the forty-shilling freeholders and the men of the wall schools; give me the independence of that generation and the masters that then taught us, in preference to the delusive draughts of modern philosophy, where every drop we drink is tinged with the poison that not only bewilders the intellect but corrupts the soul and the conscience to the very core. [Applause.]

Without saying anything in disparagement of our fathers, I will say that we are equal to them, whenever the time may come to make the trial. [Applause.] We cannot forget the past. When a nation has been wounded, and the wound has been years growing deeper and deeper, you cannot cure it in a day. The wound of an individual is hard to be healed; it takes months or years; but the wound of a nation requires centuries for its cure.

What was the next resort of those who had been so long endeavoring to crush us? They went about Ireland offering us mutton and beef. (Laughter.) But that effort failed also. They could not fatten us into their feeling, nor bribe the clergy to corrupt the people. What did they do next? They endeavored to exterminate us. In the city of New York I have laid my hand on the heads of farmers' sons, and farmers' daughters, whose parents were driven to this country by that effort at extermination, and who now constitute some of the most respectable families in New York. The Times newspaper published a statement, which I dare say was not agreeable—that on dividing Ireland into 25 parts, nine-twenty-fifths were immersed in debt, two twenty-fifths belonged to Roman Catholics, and fourteen-twenty-fifths belonged to the aristocracy. The owners of these encumbered estates, generally Englishmen and Scotchmen, caused them to be sold, thus banishing from the country the farmers who had occupied them. No doubt, some Englishmen behaved very well, and set an example of the greatest toleration, as did also some Scotchmen; but it was by the con-

duct of those same laws, that the people engaged in cultivating those nine-twenty-fifths were banished from the country. The bone, the muscle, the youth, the strength and the virtue of Ireland were driven to New York.

With some remarks upon the treatment of the Irish in America, which—e.g., during the Louisville Riots—has not been quite so friendly as Dr. Cahill supposes, the Rev. Gentleman concluded a most brilliant discourse.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

PAPAL TRIBUTE IN DROMORE.—The tribute to his Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth has just been concluded in the Diocese of Dromore, and amounts to the sum of £1,000—a sum that does the contributors immense credit, and proves most eloquently that even the "Black North" is determined not to be outdone by the Catholic South, where love and gratitude to the common Father of the Faithful are the impelling motives of action. Dromore is one of the smallest dioceses in Ireland, having only eighteen parishes, and is very remarkable as being the only diocese in Ireland in which the Catholics are in a minority when compared with all the Protestant sects in the aggregate. His Lordship the Bishop gave £20; the late venerable Bishop, Dr. Blake, though he died in real apostolic poverty, ordered £10 to be set aside for the Pope out of the proceeds of the sale of his effects. We understand the parochial lists will be published shortly.

To the Editor of the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.

Sir—As I have long been a reader and admirer of the Telegraph, and especially of Dr. Cahill's letters, I think I should be doing you and the public some service by giving you my experience of emigration to America, as the learned Doctor, since his arrival in that country, has made emigration the principal subject of his letters to your widely circulated and excellent journal. It is now about six years ago since I, and several others in similar circumstances to myself, disposed of the little all we had and surrendered to our landlord, for little more than a mere nominal sum, the holdings on which we and our fathers before us had contrived to live in tolerable comfort, though neither in very great ease or superabundant luxury. I will not tire you with a circumstantial account of the grief we felt at our parting from the old land, our little farms, and all the friends and relatives we were compelled to leave behind us. Such scenes are, alas, too common and may be witnessed every day—nay, almost every hour—on the wharfs and quays and railway stations from which there are so incessantly borne away the best of our laboring and farming population, as well as the most skilful of our husbandmen. It will be sufficient to say that when we reached America, all we had left consisted of a few pounds in money, heavy luggage, and large families. Of employment, that is of such employment as the greater portion of us were fitted for, we could not obtain sufficient to support us; we, therefore, separated, some of us struggling into the interior of the country, whilst others contrived to keep body and soul together by toiling much harder than we had been accustomed to do in Ireland. Having been originally educated for the Church, I naturally thought that the knowledge I had acquired would of itself enable me to earn a livelihood for myself and family, if I could not succeed as a farmer; but I was doomed to disappointment in this as in other respects. One of my daughters married a Methodist, who very soon prevailed upon her to frequent the "Meeting-house," as he called it, and thus she deserted the religion of her fathers. One of my sons became a Spirit-rapper, and another fell into company with a set of the dissipated characters that abound in the States, and became in the end a confirmed drunkard, and as a usual consequence, followed no religion whatever.—Similar disappointments and heartbreakings occurred to nearly all of us. In short, we had left the old land together, determined to remain together always, found ourselves scattered over various parts of the Union; some half starving in the backwoods, others in the prairies, and some again, like myself, striving to make both ends meet by cultivating a small tract of land, which, by clubbing the residue of our money together, we had contrived to buy.—But things going from bad to worse, a few of us, and I among the number, determined to return to our own beloved land, and, if poverty and wretchedness were still to be our lot, to endure both patiently till death put an end to our cares, since we thought this better than to continue dragging on our weary lives in a far distant land, where we had lost all we had, and where many of our children, and our friends too, had lost what was still more valuable—their faith. Fortunately, our landlord was a kind and humane man, and on our return home he reinstated us in our little farms, where, though struggling hard to pay our rent and rear such members of our families as had consented to return with us, we yet live far happier, and I am sure shall die more contented, than if we had remained in the land of the stranger. But you will ask what I mean by troubling you with this long catalogue of my disappointments and disasters, and their consequences. Well, I will tell you. The letters which Dr. Cahill has written from America to your paper may induce many to emigrate who could live in tolerable comfort at home. Like myself, they may throw away a certainty for an uncertainty, resign their little holdings, and rush across the Atlantic, too often, as I can bear witness, to their ruin! Whatever Dr. Cahill says these people place the utmost reliance upon, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, who never dreamt of emigrating before, now sell all they have and go to the far country, regardless of all persuasion to the contrary. They never reflect for a moment on the numbers who, like myself and my friends, return penniless and homeless; they never stop to inquire whether they are fitted for the employments which are open for them in America, nor do they consider the shipwreck which the faith of so many suffers.—Dr. Cahill is too much of a warm-hearted patriot, and too firm a friend of the people to deceive them willfully; but he speaks only according to his experience, and that has been too short to enable him to know sufficient of the country, and judge of things as they are at any distance from him. But even in his immediate vicinity they are often far different from what they appear or are represented to him, and I am sure he will be the first to raise his warning voice against the rashness and imprudence of such of our country as may intend to hurry thus recklessly from their native land without sufficient cause or motive. I trust, moreover, that he will use the powerful influence his letters exercise on the people to dissuade them from a step attended with such risk, till every hope of securing a respectable livelihood and a moderate provision for themselves and their families in Ireland shall seem to be vain and fruitless. I now conclude with the earnest hope that what I have said with the best intentions may be received as it is meant, and tend to check and subdue the insane desire of my countrymen to desert the land of their birth and their affections.—Thus much is certain, that if the tide of emigration be not soon arrested, it will carry away the best, the bravest, and most invaluable of our people from their fatherland, leaving it as a possession and inheritance to the worst enemies of our race, our religion, and our country.

A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

THE IRISH EXODUS.—One Irish revival having died out another and an older one has made its reappearance in the public journals. In a word, the exodus of the population is again a standard topic of wonderment, especially as for a few days past we have been continually hearing through many sources of the growth of Irish prosperity, and of the improvement in the moral and social condition of the peasantry. There must, however, be a screw loose

somewhere, otherwise, how are the emigration statistics of the Registrar-General to be accounted for, or why is it that the Nation and its kindred organs have assumed the desponding tone in which the former speaks of the *hégira* of 1850? In an article headed "Flying," the Nation thus vents its grief:—"They are flying; through Dublin our flying people pour daily in weeping crowds. For years our streets have not beheld such scenes as those of the past week, though, alas! the ebb of population has not wholly ceased at any time for a quarter of a century. Long lines of woful faces, strangely mocking the holiday attire in which the poor creatures attire themselves as they quit for ever their fathers' clay; caravans of vehicles, piled with the bright red painted boxes and trunks, with owners' names marked rudely on the fronts; aged women, with hair white as the hoar of December; old men, bent and broken by 60 years of toil in furrow and trench; young men who try to look hopeful that the mother may weep the less; young women, feeling all the more deeply, as women do, at rending the thousand silent ties that link them to home; while children, too young to know the cause of all the sorrow they see on every face, are only delighted with the wonders of the great big streets through which they have to pass. Away, away, away—and not willingly nor happily. They are not a nomadic race. It is not a Arab community that has struck the tent-poles; they are not dull-hearted, plodding Saxon people, who for a meal of the month, would cross the globe itself, and call it folly to feel less at home in Kamtschatka than in the land where their fathers' ashes for centuries repose. No, no; these are a people whose very heart strings are wrung by the idea of eternal exile: a people who, almost to a fault—if a virtue so beautiful could ever be a fault—cling to the ancestral home; a people who, if they could but live—if they could but eat a humble crust, broken amid the hardest toil—in Ireland, the land of their hearts' affections, would deem it sweeter than the bread of luxury in a foreign clime. Away, away, away! Men thought it had ceased, this terrible exodus; they thought this fearful hemorrhage had ceased to drain the lifeblood of our country. But here it is, full upon us again; the walls are rising once more in every village. Whole communities are quitting for ever in sorrow and despair, a land for which they would freely die."

A CRIT OF ANGRISH FROM IRELAND.—The Dublin Nation, speaking of the renewed stream of emigration setting out from Ireland, exclaims:—"And, God of Justice! this goes on—this most wonderful spectacle of all modern times—proceeds without a voice being raised in Europe, where crowned gamblers load the dice, and play, and cheat with Italy's cry of anguish on their lips. What grief has Italy to compare with this? What testimony of oppression has ever been seen upon her plains to compare with this exodus of a whole race? It is one of the penalties of misfortune that the lazy beggar may mimic by his whine the cry of actual suffering, and parody the words of its petition. So Ireland, while her hard-work, patient, faithful people prove daily the depth of their anguish and the reality of their oppression, must hearken to the indolent compounds, of half-begger, half-highwayman, who, calling themselves Italy, shout to Ecrope about their cry of anguish! Anguish! In one hour upon our quays during the past week more anguish might be seen, the result of heartless misgovernment, than in Italy, during half a century. And this steady disappearance of a whole people, this flight without a parallel in the records of oppression, goes on beneath the hand of England—England that meanwhile swags in Naples as a monitor of rulers, a friend of suffering subjects! Is there no sovereign in Europe with humanity enough left to raise a voice for a brave and virtuous nation perishing—disappearing for ever from their own land—while the power that sways their destinies with brazen hypocrisy struts abroad as a firebrand revolutionist, inflaming populations against their legitimate and paternal native rulers? Is there no sovereign in Europe with chivalry left to tell this false-faced incendiary to look at her own shores—to look upon her own subjects flying heartwring and despairing from a land which it is to them all but death to leave? Will no humane king tell her to listen to the cries, to mark the tears, of those poor emigrants, and account before God and man why it is that they must quit for ever the land of their fathers? Is there, O Europe! no one of all your princes to hearken to Ireland's cry of anguish?"

THE "NORTHERN WHIG" OR "REVIVALISM."—It is admitted that "one fact is worth one thousand assertions; and if ever that fact was made plain and palpable, so as to bring conviction to the most unwilling mind, it will be found in an able article on "Revivalism" which we have transferred to our columns from the Northern Whig of the 26th ult. "Revivalism," like the hundreds of other strange delusions which have periodically sprung into a temporary existence, we have no doubt, sincerely believed in by thousands of its ignorant followers in the North, whose religious sympathies were excited by some better educated knaves for the purpose of gaining personal notoriety, and very probably personal gain, in some substantial form. How some of these persons can hold up their heads and look any honest Christian man in the face, is more than we ever expect to understand. It is a notorious fact that hundreds, to the eternal disgrace of the parties, assumed to believe in the good effects of "Revivalism," although they knew in their hearts that it was a religious fraud practised on credulous and ignorant people. And, notwithstanding this fact, it appears some knaves are again endeavouring to make dupes of the people by attempting to resuscitate the dead and rotten carcass of "Revivalism." But, thanks to the Northern Whig, which will not sacrifice principle for personal considerations, and which has always sustained through evil and through good report the truthful honour of the press, this second abortion of "Revivalism" has been crushed out of existence by unanswerable statistical evidence. In doing so it has done high service in the cause of pure religion; and we deeply regret, for the sake of our common Christianity and for the honor of the press, that any paper should be found in Belfast or elsewhere to dishonor itself so much as to advocate, on account of pecuniary considerations, a gross and palpable imposition. This, we have reason to believe, has been done; but we trust the public will mark its disapprobation of conduct so grossly scandalous to truth and true religion in the sternest manner. Belfast, judging from its many houses of worship, ought to be one of the most moral towns in Ireland; but, from the revelations about the "Menagerie," and other dens of crime and infamy which flourish there, it is clearly the reverse; and only helps to confirm the sneer of the infidel about the church being near whilst God is far away.—Newry Examiner.

"MORAL RESULTS OF THE REVIVAL."—A correspondent in Carrickfergus sends us some very painful facts regarding the unfortunate results, in a certain direction, which he states, from circumstantial evidence, to have followed the disorderly excitement of the "revival" in that small community. The nature of his communication may be inferred from one fact, which, says he, "I state from my own knowledge":—"There are fourteen young women there at present who were victims to the "revival" movement, to whom the results have been in the worst form that calamity can happen to an unmarried female. This is worse than anything we have yet elicited as to the moral condition of Belfast. We have been endeavoring, not without success, to establish that all the statements to the effect that the "revival" had diminished immorality in Belfast were grossly and willfully fabricated; but the statement of our correspondent goes further, and shows one case, at least, in which the "revival" not only did no good, but has been the cause of depravity in one of its most painful and most disastrous conditions.—Northern Whig.

A vast number of the Protestant clergy of the diocese of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin supporting their bishop in his opposition to the National System of Education, and address to this effect has received the signatures of upwards of fifty of them.

A COUNTY IN DISTRESS.—The country of the county Donegal is in a most wretched state, owing to the extreme severity of the weather. Not the slightest preparation for spring work—cattle dying for want of fodder.—Correspondent of Dublin Evening Mail.

THE BANTRY WORKHOUSE.—A Bantry correspondent sends (Cork Examiner) a letter containing statements of so extraordinary a character, concerning the doings of the Bantry Board of Guardians, that we hesitate to give them insertion in all their details; yet the communication is of such a nature as cannot be passed by without notice. It is stated that a Protestant pauper has been brought from another union in order to bring up the number of his creed in the house to three, so many being required to entitle the Guardians to have a Protestant chaplain. It is also asserted that the pauper in question is favored with a glass of whiskey every morning.—These things require explanation.

BURNING OF MR. CHARLES WHITE'S EFFIGY.—ENNIS, 28TH MARCH, 1860.—On last night the populace here manifested their feelings towards Mr. White in the most unmistakable manner. Early in the evening groups from the adjacent rural districts might be seen wending their way towards the town to join in the demonstration. While preparations were going on a juvenile band promenade the streets with muffled drums and fife playing "The Dead March," and it was most amusing to witness those youths as they proceeded along with measured step, a la militaire. When all arrangements were completed a procession was formed, consisting of several thousands, headed by Monsieur Nouou's brass band. The effigy bearing the inscription—"Bribery and Corruption," was carried on a pole alongside blazing tar barrels. As the immense multitude moved along groans were called for White and responded to in the heartiest manner, and cheers followed for Calcutt which made the welkin ring. The proceedings terminated by holding a mock trial on White, and indeed the jury took but very little time to find a verdict of guilty, and the judge, Mr. Michl. Considine, wearing a red gown, pronounced sentence of execution on the culprit, regretting that such a painful task should devolve on him, but he had a public duty to discharge and should not shrink from it. The sentence was carried out, and the remains consigned to the flames amidst the yellings and execrations of an indignant people.—Cor. of the Irishman.

CHANGING PLACES.—A few days ago an athletic young rustic visited Clonmel for the purpose of engaging and paying for his passage to Australia.—The money was lodged and the ticket given, after which he returned to the home and friends he had made up his mind to leave perhaps for ever. The sailing day was approaching rapidly, and each day that was numbered with the past; but seemed to awaken feelings that "binds the heart to home." At length the eventful morning came, and accompanied by a few friends, a car was freighted to the Goods Cross Station to meet the Dublin train. The shriek and whistle of the iron monster, sounded like the knell of departing happiness, and fairly overcame the determined on clinging through weal or woe to the old soil. One moment's consideration, and a younger brother, an enterprising spirited fellow, took ticket and traps, and with a hasty wring of the hand to each, and a message of love to those at home, he was borne from the station, and has since taken shipping for the land of gold.—Tipperary Free Press.

CRIMINALS IN THE WORKHOUSE.—Seven women, inmates of the South Dublin Workhouse, were, a few days ago, brought before the magistrates of the head office of police, charged with a riot, smashing nearly 100 panes of glass "and other property." It appeared in evidence the female paupers objected to the "lanky"—the unfashionable form of the petticoats supplied by the guardians, and with a mind to remedy the deficiency provided themselves with various appliances, such as pieces of rope, bent canes, twigs, bits of buckram, iron hoops, &c. The supply proving inadequate to the demand, the ladies were obliged to resort to other expedients, and in plain English stole several spare petticoats from the laundry. The stolen articles were ordered to be given up, or a general and personal search should ensue. The ladies first denied all knowledge of the missing articles. A search was then attempted, and the riot broke out. Every tin, fork, poker, tongs, brush, or other available weapon, was flung at the heads of the officers and the guardians, and great was the crash of glass, while fortunately skulls escaped with slight bruises. The ringleaders of the riot were sent to prison and hard labour for fourteen days.

A MINISTERIAL DELINQUENT.—Mr. R. W. Hall Dare, J.P., of the county of Sligo, was convicted at the Quarter Sessions of Ballymote on Saturday last, on a charge of having grossly assaulted Elizabeth Montagu, an Englishwoman. In passing sentence, the assistant barrister (Mr. Harstong Robinson) said, "I have consulted My brother magistrates, and we consider it to be our duty to impose upon you a punishment that will mark our disapprobation of your conduct, and show to the public that, no matter how high the position of a party unfortunately guilty of such an offence, the law must take its course with regard to him. For these considerations we feel it to be our duty to sentence you to one month's imprisonment, and that you pay a fine of £5, together with £10, which have been incurred as expenses by the prosecutrix." Mr. Dare formerly represented an English county, but for some years past he has resided in Ireland. The affir has engaged a large share of public attention in the west of Ireland.—The Dublin correspondent of the Morning Chronicle makes the following creditable remarks upon the subject:—"It enhances the public importance of this case that the majesty of law and morality has been nobly vindicated against a man of wealth and station. The gentleman in question is a justice of the peace, a guardian of the poor, a governor of the unfortunates whose loss of reason throws them upon the mercy of the reason and humanity of others. His wealth is very considerable, he having, I believe, paid £100,000 for the estates of the late Colonel Percival. He is a married man, advanced in years, and notwithstanding the offence for which he is about to undergo a month's imprisonment, he sought, though vainly, to exclude the press (the Sligo Champion complains) from the proceedings of some of the public boards with which he is connected, on the ground that its admission would only minister to a "prurient curiosity," and serve no good turn. There was a period, not very remote in our annals, when a man of Mr. Dare's wealth and rank would have found means of preventing this unpleasant upshot of a trial on a charge of attempting the virtue of an humble female.

PORTPATRICK HARBOR.—Copies of the correspondence between the Secretary to the Admiralty, and the secretary of the Portpatrick Railway Company, in relation to the proposed improvements in Portpatrick Harbor, have been just published, from which we gather the following information:—"The passage between Donaghadee and Portpatrick, it is inferred, will occupy one hour and a half, and is to be performed by steamers 150 feet long, 21 feet broad, and of 7 feet draught. A sum of £20,000 has been granted by Parliament for the necessary dredging and improvement of Portpatrick Harbor, which will be entered upon "as soon as the contract for the railway between Portpatrick and Stranraer has been commenced." This contract has been taken by Mr. T. Nelson, of Carlisle, and it is now hoped that the Admiralty will immediately proceed with the contemplated improvements in Portpatrick Harbor.

A battery is to be erected at the old Castle of Oarg-o-Gunnel, which commands the passage to the Shannon a few miles below Limerick. It will be armed with six 68-pound Armstrong guns. The batteries at Tarbert and Kilrush are to be strengthened considerably.

WHY AGRARIAN OUTRAGES INCREASE.—The Irishman says:—"Ireland is one of the most peaceful and orderly countries in the world, notwithstanding its oppression and sufferings. But we are told that in many parts of the country, what are called agrarian outrages have become more than usually frequent of late years. The explanation of this is very simple: the constabulary are being rapidly converted into a military force, armed and drilled like the soldiers of the line; soldiers are utterly unfit for the duties of police; and therefore the Irish constabulary are ceasing to be as useful as of old for the prevention of crime and the maintenance of social order. If the English Government continue to carry out this military process to its full perfection, we may look to find Ireland utterly without a police force to preserve our properties from thieves and burglars, and again behold Ireland, from Malin Head to Cape Clear, ruled utterly and completely by martial law.

CATTLE DYING FROM STARVATION.—Cattle are dying fast in consequence of the inclemency of the weather and from starvation. On Sunday last, in the fields along the roadside between Boyle and Roscommon, we saw three splendid cows lying dead.—The people say they cannot purchase a sufficient quantity of hay for them. Some of the large stockmasters are losing cattle by the dozen from the same cause. Lambs are also going fast. Hay also is so scarce that it sells at present for 6s 6d to 6s 8d. per cwt., and very difficult to be had even at these rates. Very little seed oats has been sown. In fine, the farmer's prospects are just now very gloomy and desponding.—Roscommon Herald.

EXTRAORDINARY RATES OF FARM PRODUCE.—The prediction of high prices and scarcity of food for cattle, consequent upon the remarkable drought of the summer of 1859, is more than realized by the fact that in the present month of April the market value of certain products of the field and farm is in some instances up to a point which far exceeds the rates paid in the days of the First Napoleon. The Northern Whig remarks:—"Butter is a ready sale at 12s the cwt. for prime, being the highest price known for 40 years past; and pork sell at 5s for top lard—a rate of value rarely reached. The most wonderful of all quotations are, however, those of cabbage plants. Vast quantities of these products are every evening sent over the Channel for the markets of the west of Scotland and the north of England, and the prices realized by growers are remarkable. We have heard of one case where a dealer bought a plot of cabbage plants growing in the corner of a field at £17, and afterwards sold them to a speculator at £50. The crates of plants to be seen on the quays of Belfast awaiting shipment in the Glasgow steamers sell at from £10 to £15 each, and the wholesale prices have gone up from 3d to 1s the 100, and in certain cases 2s have been paid. The feverish excitement—as once the rage tulips in Holland—is likely to be re-enacted for cabbage plants in the north of Ireland. Such is the dearth of the supply that holders are fairly puzzled to know how much to demand for the article. Then we have the famine in fodder. The owner of half a dozen stacks of upland hay is at present finding himself in possession of a small California, and gold passes into his treasury with a rapidity hardly exceeded in the days of San Francisco. Market prices this week are from 6s to 6s 9d the cwt. for first-class upland, and 4s to 5s 6d for meadow hay. In some parts of Ulster, where unusual scarcity prevails, 8s has been paid for prime ryegrass hay, and oats straw sold at 4s to 5s the cwt. These prices have never before been approached in this country, and yet rarely have cattle been in better condition than they are at present. In the cattle fair, held on Wednesday, there were some of the finest dairy cows ever seen in Belfast, and at no former period was that variety of stock in condition superior to that of the majority on sale. This is rather extraordinary, considering the unequalled prices of fodder. Farmers have been trying the experiment of keeping stock to a great extent on roots, or, at least, reducing the quantity of hay and straw two-thirds, and making up the difference in other varieties of food, and the result has been most successful. Not only have the cattle been well kept up all the season, but the general appearance of stock is much better than it was at the end of last spring. Prices of dairy cattle of mark and promise are at the extreme point of quotations, and, as in most other departments of farm produce, sales are pretty easily effected."

GREAT BRITAIN.

We are glad to be able to announce that the Right Reverend Dr. Grant, has, this week, transmitted to Rome another sum of £500 making up to the present time a contribution of £1,500 from the Diocese of Southwark in aid of the Holy Father.

One of the latest fictions of the Great Liberal Party has gone the rounds of the English and Continental press to the effect that large numbers of the foreign volunteers who had repaired to the States of the Church to take service under His Holiness had returned home after experiencing all sorts of ill-treatment, and after discovering to their disgust that none of the promises made them were kept. The fiction has now to be contradicted. The truth is, that one non-commissioned officer whose behaviour was unsatisfactory has been sent back, as also six Hungarians who were accused of malicious and rebellious intrigues. A volunteer, to whom a commission had been promised, having returned without leave from Trieste to Vienna, has also been superseded. These are the materials out of which the canard was constructed. It is scarcely necessary to add that all the engagements of the Pontifical Government towards the volunteers are most liberally carried out.—Tribune.

Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel and their agents may laugh the sentence of excommunication to scorn. The Italians who willingly or in cowardice have voted the consummation of a sacrilegious theft, may deride the judgment which marks them out for reprobation. Enlightened Catholics everywhere may treat it as imprudent or ridiculous. All this does not alter the fact that the sentence has been pronounced by the Judge who has the right to pronounce it, and whose power does not change with mens opinions, but remains, and will be to the end, what it was in the beginning. If Catholics slight that Power, let them beware. It is one and the same with that which gives them the Sacraments. If they doubt it, they belong to the age, and not to the Church. Their religion is "opinion," not the "Gospel." And let our Protestant friends be too much elated at the absence of that terror which in the ages of faith the sentence of excommunication carried along with it. If through the decay of faith and the progress of "liberal" principles the conscience of mankind has become so deadened that Catholic princes, statesmen and electors deride the thunders of the Vatican, the Church is not the only sufferer. Heresy suffers along with her, but not as she suffers. Every day since the hands of impious princes were stretched forward to rob her, she has been gaining strength. Cold hearts have been warming towards her, warm ones have burned with zeal. But had this been otherwise, had nations apostatised, and had even those who once loved her most fallen away from her, she would still have been grand in her desolation—the unbending, the unyielding, the eternal, the unchangeable! Not so those who have left her or those who are impelling the grace which unites them to her. They break away from her immutable laws to make laws for themselves; to act the crimes they have falsely imputed to her and her ministers; to make the World their God and their passions their spiritual directors. Before our Pro-

testant contemporaries mock the decay of the Pope's authority from its early glory, let them reflect on the issues of that decay which lie like plague spots over English society. Commercial dishonesty in men of the highest respectability, perfidy of trustees so widespread that no man in his senses will confide if he can help it; Joint-stock frauds innumerable, gigantic in dimensions, and some of long standing and marvellous infamy. Let them look at their religious bodies disintegrated; the brotherhood, the community of Christians, destroyed by that act which threw off the authority of the Pope. Let them look at their workhouses with godless and unvirtuous poor; at their streets overflowing with pollution; and at that vast sore of domestic infidelity which the Divorce Court has brought to light, and which it will infallibly spread. That there was perfidy and vice while the Pope's authority was in force is true for had there been none, that authority would be needless. But break down that authority, which acts immediately upon every conscience under the awful sanction of Divine threats and promises, and what is to oppose them? Again, break it down, and what is to restrain those Princes who may conspire to trouble the peace of Europe? Ere now, while the press is chucking over the little head which Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel pay to the Pope's sentence of Excommunication, the impious hands which drew down that sentence, by annexing the Romagna, have also annexed Savoy. And if they are right, as Protestants say they are, in annexing the one, they are right in annexing the other, and in annexing whatever else they can, till Europe, having no longer a Papal power strong enough to depose unjust Princes, confederates against them, exhausts her riches, sacrifices her children, and deluges her plains with blood. And then the derided excommunication will take effect—for God will not be mocked.—Tribune.

OUR AFFECTED HONOR OF ANNEXATION.—If any reader of the recent purposeless debate upon the French Treaty, and the Annexation of Savoy, could efface from his mind all recollection of his own country's aggression policy, he would suppose that we were the most virtuous, honest, self-denying nation under the sun. Night after night, a tolerable section of the House of Commons has returned to the Savoyard difficulty; has discussed it in season or out of season; and has at last come to confound it, either willfully or blindly, with a question of purely international trade. Whence spring all this waspish eloquence upon the crime of annexation, and all this horror—surely affected—at the rapacity of governors and Kings? After listening for many hours to such debates, it is difficult to believe in the existence of such a place as India, seized by Anglo-Saxon violence, ground down and maddened into sanguinary rebellion by Anglo-Saxon tyranny. In listening to such debate it is difficult to believe that Canada, an integral natural part of the great free American continent, is still considered and treated as a British possession, though held by the faintest of all tenures—the tenure of colonial sentiment.—When virtuous orators rise in Parliament, in the most approved attitudes, laying one hand upon their hearts, and pointing with the other as they denounce what they call the treachery and reckless ambition of the French Emperor, the rock of Gibraltar ceases to be a standing British menace to southern Europe, and melts into harmless, thin air. When Hon. Members talk loudly of that "most dangerous of all principles—the principles of natural boundaries," we forget all about the once triple character of the "United Kingdom," and the annexation of Scotland and of Ireland become nothing more than old school-boy dreams. For people who live in the most glaring of glass houses, our so-called representatives have a wonderful taste for throwing stones. Within a single week the same legislative roof shall echo back the loudest indignation at the Savoy policy of France,—the loudest approbation of the Chinese policy of England. The Gallic approbation of a "few miserable mountain tops," as some have called them,—or the "most formidable strategic position in the world," as others delight to designate them, is something too horrible to contemplate; but a vote of nearly a million sterling for a British piratical Chinese expedition, having for its object the probable occupation of Nankin, the enforcement of a dishonestly acquired treaty, and the obtaining of an apology for the blundering of a self-important suspicious diplomatic minister, is a piece of routine every-day business that calls for little general remark.—Financial Reformer (Liverpool).

Since the day when King Louis Philippe threw his crown out of the window England has never been without a sense of danger—first the danger of domestic disturbance, and now that of foreign aggression. This period, extending over 12 years, has been distinguished by a singular mixture of material prosperity and political disquiet. The country is now much richer than in the early days of our Queen's reign. California and Australia have poured their golden tribute into the treasuries of Europe, Free Trade has given a fresh impetus to enterprise, and every country bears evidence of the spread of mercantile wealth by the new names which it reckons among the possessors of the soil. This country has won great victories both over civilized and barbarous foes. A feeling of nationality and of a willingness to make any sacrifices for the public good prevails among the people beyond all former precedent. In many senses we are better off than of yore; in population, money, and national resources of every kind the country is affluent. But it must be acknowledged that these materials of safety and greatness have not been afforded us an hour too soon. For twelve years the strain on the resources of the State has been continually increasing, until now even the most sanguine cannot regard the future without disquiet. We are, in fact, in a position which might almost make an impatient man look upon war as a relief. We are haunted perpetually by the apprehension of some outrage to ourselves or our weaker neighbors, which may make it impossible for us to remain at peace with honor or safety. We have the spectacle of a successful aspirant to power wielding the resources of the greatest continental nation, and able to turn an immense army in whatever direction his ambition or caprice may prompt. A fleet not required for the purpose of defence is being constructed in his ports, while the notes of his Ministers and his own international acts display a cynical disregard for the opinion of Europe.—Times.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The third generation of shareholders, if we may so term those who have taken the preference shares in this undertaking, are about to use their best endeavors to at last render the Great Eastern really fit for sea. During "the winter of their discontent" the most extravagant stories were in circulation as to the total unfitness of the vessel for ocean navigation of any kind.—According to these, the whole ship, from keel to truck, had something wrong with it; decks, hull, engines, and cabins either required repair, or were in such a miserable state of dilapidation as to be beyond it. When to these fears were added the well-known deficiencies of some of the fittings under the late contracts, and the notorious disunion of the late board of directors, it will need little else to explain the hopeless state of despondency with which the Great Eastern was regarded. A failure was predicted which would involve as total a loss to all concerned as that which has overtaken the shareholders in the unfortunate Atlantic Telegraph. For these extreme opinions, however, we are glad to say no real foundation exists. The new board of directors have begun an energetic rule, the first great object of which is to render the vessel as complete in her internal fittings as care or money can make her.—The Board of Trade has sent down its officers, and the requirements which they demand before the vessel can receive her passenger certificate are now known, and turn out to be far less than could have been at first anticipated. The vessel has now been so long idle in the water that the bottom is exceed-

ingly foul, and during the present spring the stock of weeds already on her is certain to be increased to an extent that, unless removed, must, on the next trip, tell most seriously upon her speed. All the improvements which are to be made in the engines will quite fail to counteract this important drawback, and unless the bottom is thoroughly cleaned before starting, her speed is certain to be less on the next voyage than it was last year. Such a falling off for the sake of a small outlay, should not be allowed on any account, especially as within a few yards of her present moorings are many admirable places where she might be grounded with safety, and the bottom cleaned and tarred in the course of a couple of tides. According to present arrangements, she is expected to be ready by the beginning of June to accompany the squadron which takes the Prince of Wales to Canada. She will, however, it is said, most probably call at Queenstown for a day before beginning her run to Portland. As yet no one has been appointed to succeed the late Captain Harrison.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—The unfortunate failure of the Atlantic Telegraph, with its long series of mistakes and misadventures, has exercised, and still continues to exercise, a depressing influence upon all important schemes for submarine telegraphic communication. We can scarcely say that confidence in the working practicability of any Atlantic telegraph whatever, submerged along the old deep sea route, has yet been established, while regarding such a scheme merely in the light of an investment—a commercial speculation by which money is to be made, we need not remark how, at the present time, even the best inaugurated enterprise of the kind would soon have the grief of seeing it share at half discount unless the most rigid and practised caution was exercised both in the choice of route and choice of cable. In the meantime, during the stagnation that has engulfed all such projected schemes since the Atlantic cable was designed and lost, a great reform in the method of constructing submarine ropes has been going steadily forward.—The old self-destructive principle of ponderous iron coils for deep sea wires has been generally abandoned, for a proposition for now reverting to their use across a sea of any length or depth would not be entertained for a moment by telegraphic engineers. To be sure, this change, which of course was, and still is, forcibly opposed by some of the wire ropemakers, has not been brought about till the credulity and patience of shareholders were at an end, and until the bottom of the Mediterranean, and other seas, had been fruitlessly adorned with three or four of these leviathan coils, enduring monuments of our commercial enterprise and of our mechanical ignorance also. This journal was neither slow nor lukewarm from the first in pointing out the inherent faults of construction which led to this fearful waste of money, and—still worse—have given rise to fears in the public mind that long lines of submarine telegraphs presented many difficulties. The results of this great alteration in the weight and strength of cables are likely soon to be practically tested on the most extensive scale, by the proportionate success, or non-success, of some cables which are now being manufactured in England. One is about the very lightest cable of its kind that has ever been made at all, always excepting the gutta-percha-covered copper wire which was stretched across the Black Sea to Balaklava. The other is to be a well-proportioned "composite" cable, heavy and very massive, perhaps far too much so in some parts; in others, where it is proposed to be sunk some three miles down, it is, if not quite a light rope, still, with regard to lightness, an important example in the right direction.—Times.

The operation of the English Poor Law, as administered by our workhouse officials, is not calculated to reflect much credit on the national character.—Sordidness and inhumanity appear to be not the least manifest of its attributes, and its effects upon the natures of those who are entrusted with its working are by no means very elevating.

The point of view from which we purpose looking at the Poor Law System to-day, is that in which it affects the poor Irish who crowd the English towns and cities in search of labor. The principle of the system is, that no one should get relief in any parish or union who has not established what is called a "settlement" there; and the anxiety of officials seems to be to prevent all such "settlement" wherever possible, and to put all difficulty in the way of its proof where claims are put in by the applicant for succor. Against the Irish poor this plan is carried out with special rigor, and its operation is characterized by such mingled sordidness and cruelty as brings shame upon the Empire. The treatment of these destitute Irish is peculiarly revolting, and there would almost seem to be an organized conspiracy to hunt them out of the country as soon as health and energy are gone, and they are no longer useful for the hardest and most servile labor. They come over here to England in the flush of health and strength; they perform the severest toil in our factories, our foundries, and our mines; they build our railways, and drudge upon our quays. But they are "aliens," "foreigners" all the time; these poor stunted hinds and there, wherever work is most plentiful, they never acquire a "settlement," never have a parish; and when, at last, sickness, or extreme destitution, carries them to the workhouse door, the charities of the poor law are not for them. They are seized upon like criminals, flung upon the deck of some steamer, and hurried over to Ireland, ragged, hungry, and sick, in fair or foul weather—hurried over to the Ireland they have no claim upon, for they had been absent from it all the years of youth and manhood, and (like so much rubbish) thrown out upon the quays of some Irish sea-port town, hapless and unfringed outcasts.

REFORM BILL.—The claims of Guildford, to return the member which the Reform Bill purposes to take from it was yesterday argued by deputation which waited on Lord John Russell. They complained that population should be made a test of disfranchisement, and showed that Guildford had as many electors as constituencies which are allowed to return two. His Lordship justified the use of the simple test, and said it was the only one likely to give satisfaction.

It has been arranged for Lord Elgin to leave for China on the 28th of April.

"NOTES."—The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of a notice which was posted on the door of the church at Haighton:—"Notice is hereby Given that a Meeting of the Ret. Peers of Haighton Will be held on the 21 March at William Winder."

RATHER INDE.—A popular preacher tells a good story as a bit of that kind of Christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a very fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly, and affixed the manuscript to his bedpost. Then, on cold nights, he merely pointed to the "document," and with the words, "Oh, Lord! those are my sentiments!" blew out the light and nestled amid the blankets.

A COOL CORNER MINER.—Some years ago a party of Cambridge philosophers undertook, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the vasty depths of the Great Eastern mine. The venerable Professor Faraday, who made one of the number, used to relate with infinite gusto the following startling incident of his visit. On his ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of the bucket, and with a miner for a fellow-passenger, he perceived, as he thought, certain unmistakable symptoms of frailty in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half way from the bottom of the awful abyss, "We change them every three months, Sir," replied the man in the bucket, "and we shall change this one to-morrow, if we get up safe!"—Builder.

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
 IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE
 PROPRIETORS,
GEORGE E. CLERK AND JOHN GILLIES,
 At No. 223, Notre Dame Street.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor,
 G. E. CLERK.

TERMS:
 To all country subscribers, or subscribers receiving
 their papers through the post, or calling for them at
 the office, if paid in advance, Two Dollars; if not
 so paid, then Two Dollars and a-half.

To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers,
 Two Dollars and a-half; if paid in advance;
 but if not paid in advance, then Three Dollars.

Single copies, price 3d, can be had at this Office;
 Pickups News Depot, St. Francis Xavier Street; and
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1860.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The daily increasing ill-will of the Italians towards France, the discords and heart-burnings which display themselves in the Sardinian Parliament, are refreshing and hopeful symptoms of a speedy and signal retribution about to fall on the chief actors in the late drama of spoliation.—The abandonment of Savoy and Nice to Louis Napoleon is felt by the Italians to be an act of foul treachery on their part; and the annexation of those Provinces by the French Emperor more than cancels any obligations which he may have conferred by his campaign of 1859. "France is an Amazon, a terrible Amazon, who inspires terror even while she allures you with her smiles," were the words of one of the Deputies in the Sardinian Legislature, and convey a forcible idea of the feelings generally entertained towards Louis Napoleon by his Italian friends. Garibaldi storms, but storms in vain, against the sacrifice of Nice; and Carou's popularity is rapidly on the wane, now that the dishonesty of his policy, and the falsehood of his oft-reiterated assurances that, never, never for a moment even, would he entertain the proposition for ceding Savoy to France, has become manifest to the world. Steeped to the lips in iniquity and falsehood, stand all the chief actors in the late acts of annexation; and, in the words of the *Times*, whom hatred of the Pope has made to wink at the previous rascalities of the spoilers of the Holy See,—“when history comes to take entire possession of this Italian revival, there will be but little to choose between France and Sardinia in the obloquy that must be awarded.” All this is most con-oling. The Italians feel that they and their King Victor Emmanuel are the objects of scorn to all brave and honest men; they begin to perceive that France, mistress of the Alpine slopes, is an enemy more to be dreaded even than Austria; and thus fearing France, and hating her as the cause of their disgrace in the eyes of Europe, their alliance with Louis Napoleon, by means of which the late insurrection in the Papal States was instigated, and the annexation to Sardinia of the Romagna was consummated, is at an end, we trust for ever.

The reorganisation of the Papal army is proceeding favorably, and numerous and most important additions to the force are being made to it from all quarters. Seven hundred and fifty officers of the French army, writes the *Times* correspondent, are said to have applied to take service in the Pontifical army. From Naples we learn that there are serious political disturbances in Sicily, and that the government has been compelled to have recourse to very severe measures for their repression. The Carlist outbreak in Spain has been entirely subdued.

The tidings from Ireland are very sad. Provisions are scarce and dear; cattle are perishing from want of food; and day by day the people are fleeing from their native land as if the avenger of blood were pursuing them. "Almost every article of consumption," says a writer in the Dublin press, "has reached the war standard in Dublin, and the poorer classes in towns and cities are no less sufferers than the peasantry in the most remote rural districts." Under such circumstances we cannot wonder, however deeply as Catholics we must deplore it, that emigration to the United States is daily increasing; and that thousands, and tens of thousands are urging their flight across the Atlantic to the land where, alas! so many myriads of their fellow-countrymen and co-religionists of all origins, have already suffered a spiritual death, in the loss of their faith and morals. We know indeed that the "Irish Exodus" has had its uses, for it has been the main instrument for partially Christianising and partially civilising the Protestant peoples of the United States. But alas! for the apostles—alas! for the children and grand children of the pioneers of the faith in that country! The numbers of these that have fallen victims to the foul moral corruption of the race amongst whom their lot has been cast, must be counted, not by thousands, not by hundreds of thousands, but by millions. Therefore, as Catholics do we look upon Irish emigration to the United States as the most grievous calamity that can befall the Church; as a spectacle at which the damned inmates of hell rejoice, but over which all good angels must weep. Yankee "common schools"

have, in short, brought more "grit to the devil's mill, than have the combined efforts of Persecution, Famine, and Saperism in Ireland; and indeed so fatal, so certain, is the action of those schools upon the second and third generation of Papists in the United States, that, in a spiritual point of view, the fate of the Irish Catholic emigrant who dies on the voyage, is, in nine cases out of ten, enviable compared with that of him who is landed in health and safety at New York. The simple fact that the *Times* and Anglo-Saxon Protestant press, grin and chuckle over the clearing out of the Catholic Celt, giving God thanks with blaspheming lips for that he—the Celt—"is gone with a vengeance," is a satisfactory pledge that an "Irish Exodus" is a curse, from which the Irish patriot and the sincere Catholic should ever pray that Ireland and the Church may be delivered.

MISSION TO THE CATHOLICS OF KINGSTON.

This mission, which God has abundantly blessed, was given in the Cathedral of Kingston by the Missionaries of St. Paul, and was opened on the 15th ult., Low Sunday, at High Mass. A platform had been erected in front of the Sanctuary rails, which was surmounted by the Mission Cross, twenty feet in height, and from which was suspended a white shroud. The effect was grand and impressive. The instructions during the course of the Mission were given from this platform. The first exercise commenced with Mass at 5:30, a.m., followed by an instruction. In the evening the second exercise commenced at half-past seven, by the recitation of the Rosary, followed by a Sermon and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It was most delightful to hear the voices of the entire congregation, as the roar of many waters, uniting in the Rosary, and with filial confidence repeating the invocation of the Catholic Church, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, Pray for us." During all the exercises of the Mission the Cathedral was constantly crowded, and the priests were incessantly occupied in the Confessionals. His Lordship, the Administrator of Quebec, kindly lent assistance, and the Rev. M. M. Bolduc and Sax, from Quebec, were of great help. To give an idea of the labors imposed on the Confessors, it will suffice to mention that the number who received Holy Communion was upwards of 2,650. Several persons returned to the bosom of the Church, making abjuration of their previous errors.

On Thursday evening an affecting ceremony, in the consecration of the Catholics of Kingston to the Blessed Virgin, took place. A neat altar had been erected in front of the Sanctuary tastefully decorated and resplendent with light, above which appeared conspicuous the statue of our good Mother, the Mother of Divine Grace. But it was on Wednesday evening that the most imposing scene of the Mission was witnessed, in the renewal of the Baptismal vows of the congregation. On an altar in front of the Sanctuary, and surrounded by wax tapers, were placed the Baptismal Font, the registers, the holy oils, the white garment, and everything used in the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism.—The Cathedral was crowded in every corner; and nothing more beautiful or more touching can be conceived than the spectacle afforded, when, in answer to the questions of the preacher, the entire congregation, raising their hands to heaven, in a loud voice proclaimed before earth and heaven, in the presence of men, of the angels, and of the Eternal God, that they renounced Satan, and all his works, and all his pomps.

The Mission lasted ten days—days of peace, of benediction, and of happiness—days which the Catholics of Kingston will never forget.—The visit of the Paulist Fathers has produced an abundant harvest; and their memory will long be held in veneration by all those who had the happiness to assist at the Holy Mission, which the zeal of their exemplary Bishop procured for them.—Communicated.

We regret that we cannot announce any change for the better, during the past week, in the health, either of his Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, or in that of his Lordship the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—The following petition signed by his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, the Very Rev. the Superior of the Seminary, and by many both of the Catholic clergy and laity has been laid before the Corporation:—

To the Mayor, Aldermen, and Counsellors of the City of Montreal:
 We, the undersigned, in charge of the important work of Temperance, in the Parish of Montreal, Knowing well that drunkenness is not only the cause of all kinds of crime for the unhappy persons who give themselves up to it, but also an inexhaustible source of evil for poor children, for unfortunate wives, for families and society,—the greatest scourge that can fall on a country, since its ravages are continual;
 Seeing that in Montreal drunkenness, instead of diminishing, goes on increasing;
 Knowing, also, that power has been given to you by Acts of the Provincial Parliament, to adopt measures which might greatly repress these crimes and miseries,
 We PRAY YOU,
 1. To reduce and fix for each suburb the number of licences which are to be granted, dating from the 1st May, 1860.
 2. To grant no new licences.
 3. Before granting a license, to investigate, with the most minute attention, what is the character of the applicant; what is his reputation; and what is the place where he is going to sell drink.
 To refuse license to any one who has been convicted of selling without license, and to all against whom well-founded complaints have been made to the police.
 5. To take prompt and efficacious means to repress the unlicensed sale of liquors, which is carried on in Montreal more than ever; and to add to the Municipal Amendment Act, now before Parliament, a clause to extend the right to prosecute infractions of these laws.
 We submit, with confidence, all these requests to your wise appreciation; because you desire that our

people should be a moral people; that it should set a good example; and that it may not be the scandal of the country. And we all know that the great number of dram-shops (Cantines) are a cause of disorders for the habitants, who come here to lose that virtue and sobriety which they practice so well in their parishes.
 J. G. de Montreal.
 D. Granet, Superior of Seminary.
 H. Morsau, Priest, President of Office.
 G. A. Leblanc, President.
 J. B. Pars, Priest.
 Louis Chabot, Secretary.
 A. Mercier, Chapel of the Section St. Joseph.
 A. Larocque, Treasurer.
 L. A. H. Lator, Sec. Council of Temperance,
 And other priests and influential laymen.
 Montreal, 24th April, 1860.

It will be seen that the prayer of the petitioners is the very reverse of that of the advocates of the Maine Liquor Law. The latter seek to suppress drunkenness by a legislative prohibition on the sale of intoxicating liquors; the former, knowing how futile all such attempts must be, wisely content themselves with agitating for an amendment or reform of the license system which the others seek to abolish.

No matter what Acts of Parliament may be decreed upon the subject, the quantity of liquor consumed by, or amongst, any community will remain a fixed quantity; that is to say, it cannot be sensibly affected by any legislation upon the subject. This has been proved by many years experience; by the worse than failure of all attempts to suppress drunkenness by means of total prohibition. But though the statesman can do but little to diminish the actual quantity of liquor consumed, he can, by wise and prudent legislation, do a good deal to repress the abuses arising from over indulgence in the use of ardent spirits. So the engineer cannot stop a stream or sensibly diminish the quantity of water which it annually discharges into the sea; but by means of dams, and carefully constructed embankments, he may to a certain extent, and within certain limits, divert its course from one bed to another, and secure the neighboring country against the dangers of inundation. If however, like the Maine-acts or Prohibitionists, he attempts to arrest its flow, he will but precipitate, and intensify the evils which he proposes to avert.

The quantity of liquor consumed remaining a fixed quantity, the sole question for the legislator is—How, and through what channel, can this liquor flow with least danger to the peace and morals of the community? Here the advantages of the license system present themselves; for though in its origin, or essentially, that system was purely fiscal, still experience has shown that to a certain extent, it may be made to contribute to the moral interests of society, as well as to the public revenue. If liquor is not sold in a licensed house, it will be sold in an unlicensed house, no matter what the law, or Acts of Parliament may enact or declare to the contrary; but the licensed house being always open to the surveillance of the police, the liquor traffic will be therein carried on with a greater degree of decorum than it would be under the unlicensed system; whilst the traffic in stolen goods—a traffic in which all unlicensed grog shops almost invariably indulge—is at the same time effectually detached or separated from the other, or mere liquor traffic.

As we must therefore have either the one or the other—that is to say, either an unlicensed traffic, and one completely beyond the vigilance and control of the police; or else the licensed traffic, subject to police surveillance, and contributing besides towards the support of the revenue—we pronounce decidedly in favor of the latter, as the less of two evils. Since we cannot check the current of drinking, we would try and divert it from the channel of the unlicensed grog-shop, into that of the licensed tavern; believing that flowing along the latter it will inflict less injury upon the community. We would endeavor by means of carefully devised police regulations to convert a fiscal arrangement into an instrument for mitigating the horrors of drunkenness; and though we are not so sanguine as to expect much mitigation of those horrors from any human system of legislation, we would at all events try and so legislate as to discourage the "sly grog-shop;" which physically and morally is one of the greatest curses to which a community can be exposed, and which always flourishes most, there and then, where and when, the advocates of total prohibition are able to carry out their well-intentioned, but practically, most dangerous schemes.

The *British Whig* comes forward most chivalrously as the champion of George Brown, denying that the latter is personally responsible for the insults offered to Catholics through the columns of the *Globe*; denying likewise that that journal has ever branded the priests and religious Sisterhoods of the Catholic Church as knaves and vagabonds, or the Irish Catholics as "Dogans." Our Kingston cotemporary will permit us to offer to him a word or two in reply.

We hold George Brown to be morally, if not legally, responsible for the beastly and mendacious libels which the *Globe* has been incessantly in the habit of publishing against the Catholic Church, and all her members, because he is the ostensible editor, the leading spirit, of that journal; and because even by Protestants he has been held, and dealt with as responsible for the scurrilities of his organ the *Globe*.

The *Montreal Herald*, for instance, is not a journal that can be suspected of entertaining strong prejudices in favor of Popery, or of an unreasonable hostility to George Brown. Yet even the *Montreal Herald* has occasionally felt itself compelled to rebuke the mendacity of the *Globe*; and to hold Mr. George Brown up to well merited reprobation as the responsible author of the No-Popery articles with which that organ of the Protestant Reform party of Upper Canada is constantly filled. The following rebuke to the "FALSEHOOD AND FANATICISM" of George Brown is from the *Montreal Herald* of September, 1855:—
 "Of all the dishonest devices by which, in a free state, the unscrupulous, self-seeking, professional politician endeavors to attain his objects—power and place—there is surely none so dangerous to the peace of society, none so revolting to every rightly

constituted mind, as appeals to the religious convictions and prejudices of the people. . . . It is then with feelings of mingled dread, and detestation—for all history evidences the unvarying and inevitable results of religious fanaticism—that we witness the 'base uses' which such mere politico-religionists as the *Toronto Globe* seek to make of the holiest sentiments of the human heart, by appeals to the religious prejudices of its readers. So long as this self-appointed champion of Lower Canadian Protestants confined himself to misrepresentation and abuse, we were unwilling even to notice his ravings. . . . We knew the futility of arguing either with a religious fanatic, or a political demagogue—('hard names these for the *Montreal Herald* to apply to George Brown')—and we were silent. It is otherwise, however, when we find this ambitious and thoroughly unscrupulous political firebrand passing the limits of mere misrepresentation, and appealing to the most patent and palpable falsehood in support of his slanders.—*Montreal Herald*.

There can we say be no doubt as to the identity of the "fanatic and demagogue," of the "ambitious and thoroughly unscrupulous political firebrand," of the liar and slanderer, of the place-hunting politician, alluded to in the above severe terms by the *Montreal Herald*, with Mr. George Brown the morally responsible editor of the *Toronto Globe*; and the *TRUE WITNESS* has, in substance, never said anything more severe of that journal and its unscrupulously mendacious editor, than is to be found in the preceding extract from our Protestant *Montreal cotemporary*. The latter may have changed, but we are unchangeable. We are in 1860 what we were in 1855; and we should be either fools were we to forget, or vile than dogs were we to forgive, the brutal insults and outrages which George Brown and the *Globe* have offered to our Church, and to all that we do most love and venerate upon earth.

For those insults and outrages we would refer the *British Whig* to the columns of the *Toronto Globe* at the time of the Gavazzi riots.—Every word, every accusation urged by that illustrious champion of Protestantism against the priests and nuns of the Catholic Church, were endorsed by the *Globe*; and Gavazzi himself, for indulging in language which, at the time, provoked from a member of our Legislature the remark, "that he sent his daughters to a Convent, without any fear for their chastity"—was, by the *Globe*, particularly honored with the title of the noble friend of civil and religious liberty. For every insult then hurled against us by Gavazzi, George Brown of the *Globe* is morally responsible; and of the nature of those insults—which are as fresh in our memories as they were the day they were uttered—as on the day when the *Globe* solemnly endorsed them—the *British Whig* can easily inform himself by referring to the printed reports of Gavazzi's lectures; wherein, we are told that the "Romish clergy" are "murderers," the "soul of Satan, and the soul of the devil himself." If this does not imply that Romish priests are "profligates," we must plead guilty to a sad ignorance of the meaning of the English language, and of the proper value of words. For the term "Dogans" as applied to Irish Catholics, we need only refer the *British Whig* to the columns of the *Globe*, where he will find it of almost daily recurrence.

We need not pursue the subject any further. We have adduced enough, and more than enough to show that even by Protestants, the *Globe* is looked upon as the mendacious slanderer of Catholics; and its editor, Mr. George Brown, as a low-minded, unscrupulous place-hunter, seeking by his lavish abuse of Popery and Papists to make for himself political capital amongst the more ignorant and vicious portion of the Protestant population of Upper Canada. This is, or a short time ago was, the opinion entertained and openly expressed of Mr. George Brown by the *Montreal Herald*; as it was and is the opinion of that individual held and entertained by the *TRUE WITNESS*, and held by all honest Catholics, who are not themselves unscrupulous place-hunters and office beggars, at the present day.

THE 'GLOBE' ON THE POPEDOM.—The organ of our "natural allies," the Protestant Reformers of Upper Canada, is sorely exercised in spirit by the late action of the Sovereign Pontiff towards the sacrilegious despoilers of his dominions. Pope George Brown cannot brook the independent attitude of his rival, Pope Pius IX.; and deems himself ill-used because he has not been first consulted as to the propriety of excommunicating Victor Emmanuel and his accomplices.

Now certainly of this we do not complain; for as Catholics, we cannot but accept our Protestant brethren's denunciations of the excommunication, as a standing proof, in spite of their reiterated assertions to the contrary, of their fears; and as a confession that the Papal thunders are not quite so innocuous as the Protestant press pretends. Laugh away, gentlemen, if you like, at the excommunication! Others have been excommunicated before now, and some in quite modern times; yet if the records of the Moscow campaign are not a myth, and the island of St. Helena a dream, an excommunication is anything but a source of amusement to those against whom it is directed.

But we have the right to complain of the *Globe's*, or rather of George Brown's, wilful and deliberate falsehoods, and misrepresentations; and though we may with confidence await the vindication of the wisdom of the Sovereign Pontiff's excommunication of his enemies, we cannot allow George Brown's slanders against the Ruler of Rome to pass unrebuked, and uncontradicted.

The recent action of the Papal government in letting loose the brutal soldiery in the streets of Rome, seemingly with instructions to cut down at their mere will and pleasure everybody with whom they came in contact, has excited a universal sentiment of disgust throughout Europe. Increased indignation is manifested when it is reported that after the bloody events of the 19th March, an attempt was made by the Papal police to excite insurrection, to form an excuse for the adoption of even more severe measures against the people. Cruelty and treachery are evil things in any government, but when they form the distinguishing features of the clerical rule of the "infallible head of the visible church"—what shall be said? If such a power can only command the obedience of its subjects by these means, surely there must be something wrong.—*Globe*.

the suppression of the attempted revolt of the 19th of March last; and the "brutal soldiery" are the handful of brave soldiers, whose pluck, discipline, and humanity, elicited from General Guyon the highest commendation; whilst if "a universal sentiment of disgust has been excited" with reference to the affair at all, it is a sentiment of disgust at the unscrupulous mendacity of a portion of the Protestant press, by whom the events of the 19th of March last have been so grievously distorted. The real facts of the case were simply these: That on the day alluded to, the friends of Garibaldi at Rome attempted to provoke an insurrection; that the Carabinieri were ordered to disperse the mob; and that this order they gallantly, but at the same time most discreetly, carried out—so that General Guyon, in reply to the falsehoods published concerning the riots by the anti-Papal press, felt himself constrained as a soldier and a man of honor, to express publicly his thorough approval of the conduct of the Papal police; who, though a mere handful, dispersed their ruffian assailants with but little bloodshed, and with no loss of life on either side. About twenty persons were slightly wounded, and this was the entire extent of the casualties.

We would moreover particularly call the attention of the Catholics of Upper Canada to the incessant diatribes of George Brown's organ against the Pope, to his charges of "cruelty and treachery" against the head of their Church—as a proof of the falsity of those who pretend that he has turned the No-Popery horse out to grass, or abated one iota of his hostility towards Papists. That betwixt the calumniator, and ribald slanderer of the Pope, and those to whom the Pope so calumniated and slandered is, or should be, the object of the warmest affection and reverence, there can exist any union, any semblance even of a political *entente cordiale* is inconceivable; as soon would we credit the possibility of a warm attachment subsisting betwixt the seducer, and the brother of his dishonored victim.

THE IRISH REVIVALS.—The failure of this movement is now generally admitted, and the awful disclosures of the *Northern Whig* (Protestant) as to the rapid increase of debauchery in those districts where the foul epidemic raged most violently, have given its death-blow to the cause of hysterical Christianity. Its promoters, in despair, are now taking to blackguarding Papists, which with them is the next best thing to preaching Christ. Amongst these, a noted "Swaddler," the Rev. Mr. Hanna, is prominent; and as a specimen of the spirit by which he is animated, we make extracts of some portions of his letters, wherein the marvels of the Revival are duly set forth and chronicled:—

"The Lord," says the reverend writer, "is giving proof of his presence and power in our midst in a very remarkable way. A Protestant girl was singing a hymn in the hearing of a Romanist; the truth went like an arrow to her heart, and the Romanist girl was prostrated. She repudiated all attempts on the part of surrounding Romanists to bring the 'priest.' She had much persecution to endure; her father declared that he would 'rather see the devil in the house' than his own daughter. He horsewhipped her ten times in a single day. On the morning of the next day he drove her from the house."

The reverend writer goes on to say that it is feared that the interesting convert has been spirited away by a bevy of "priests," and is now confined in a nunnery. Acting upon this reasonable belief, he urgently recommends an "inspection" of nunneries; and that all Roman Catholic establishments "suspected" by intelligent Protestants of being used as places of incarceration should be subjected to visits from Protestant "detective officers; and that in the case of Catholics, the fundamental principles of civil liberty should be set aside. As a specimen of the amount of personal and political freedom that Papists would enjoy in Great Britain, if such men as this Hanna had their way, we transcribe the entire passage:—

"It is believed that many persons are imprisoned in the nunneries, whom the present grievous movement had brought to a knowledge of the truth. We are all strongly assured of the fact although not able to say exactly who are, and where. There is a growing indignation against a system of incarceration for the suppression of conscience and liberty, and a strong voice from Ulster most shortly be heard demanding an end of such iniquity. It is intolerable that such should anywhere exist, but especially in a free and Protestant country. We shall not have attained the right until 'detective' officers be empowered by act of Parliament to visit at any time any Roman establishment suspected of this or any other abomination."

This is a fair specimen of the modern Dogberry's justice. To be sure he cannot tell who they are, or where they are, who are the victims of "Romish" persecution. But he is fully "assured of the persecution," though destitute of a shadow of proof; and upon this assurance he speaks, and acts. That a Protestant entertains suspicions of his Popish neighbor, supersedes the necessity of proof of the latter's guilt; and because the intelligent frequenter of the conventicle takes it into his head that Catholics are false knaves, the law is to treat them as if the fact were clearly established. Such is the origin of, and basis upon which rests the Protestant outcry for "Inspection of Nunneries."

THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF UPPER CANADA.—The discipline and internal management of these institutions seem to be lax, and very defective, and such as to provoke the comments of the Protestant press of the Upper Province.—The *Brantford Courier* speaks of the said Common Schools as in a fair way to become "hot beds of disloyalty and licentiousness;" and concludes an article upon the subject with the remark that, unless a better system of discipline be speedily established and enforced, "we shall soon have such scenes enacted in our schools as are sometimes witnessed in Texas and the far West, where indignant scholars with a few friends pour out their wrath upon teachers who have fearlessly attempted to discharge their duty by enforcing discipline, and mutilate and murder them with the revolver or bowie-knife." The Catholic press has often uttered harsh things of the Common Schools of Upper Canada, but nothing worse than this.

THE UNION AND REPRESENTATION BY POPULATION.—The Central Canadian, a journal published in the Upper Province, has some very sensible remarks upon the Union, and the benefits which the Western Section of the Province has thence derived:—

THE UNION OF THE CANADAS.—At the close of the Rebellion in 1838, Canada West was literally bankrupt, and the reformers of those days sought for a Legislative Union as the means of improving their credit and paying their debts. The authors of the Reform Address appear to have forgotten this, and now loudly iterate that Upper Canadians were ever opposed to the Union.

By reference to official documents, we find that in 1839 the Legislative Council passed a series of resolutions on the subject, from which we extract the following:—

Resolved.—That the present derangement of the finances of Upper Canada—the total suspension of her public improvements—the paralyzed condition of private enterprise—the cessation of emigration, and the apparent impossibility of the removal of these evils, without the united efforts of both the Canadian provinces—make the adoption of some great measure necessary, which will restore prosperity to the Canadas, and renew confidence at home and abroad in the stability of their political institutions.

Resolved.—That considering the hopelessness arising from past experience, and from a view of the political condition of Lower Canada, ever realising in separate legislatures, the unity of feeling or action in measures affecting equally the interests of both provinces on which the prosperity or safety of either may essentially depend, a reunion of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada has in the opinion of this House, become indispensable for the restoration of good government within these colonies, and for the preservation of institutions in connexion with the parent state.

Resolved.—That for these urgent reasons, the assent of this House be expressed to the enactment of the important measure of reunion of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, recommended by Her Majesty to both Houses of Parliament, and to the Houses of the Provincial Legislatures by his Excellency the Governor General; and that such assent, on the part of this House be given on the following terms:—

First.—That there be an equal representation of each province in the united Legislatures.

Secondly.—That a sufficient permanent civil list be granted to her Majesty to enable her Majesty to render the judicial bench independent alike of executive power and popular influence and to carry on the indispensable services of government.

Thirdly.—That the public debt of this province, contracted for public works of a general nature, shall after the union, be charged on the joint revenue of the united provinces.

The Lower House, by a vote of 47 to 6, assented to the above propositions, with the exception of the last, relating to the distribution of the public debt which was carried unanimously.

There is a trite saying, "liars should have good memories," and it is certainly useless to attempt an argument with those who pay no regard to truth.

Among the numerous readers of the Globe, the various statements contained in the Address of the convention will, doubtless, pass for Gospel. Many of them have no means of ascertaining the rectitude of the assertions so recklessly made, but if history be correct, the Opposition to the Union came from the present Chief Justice Robinson, Mr. Hagerman, and others of that political school, while the body of reformers all but unanimous in its support.

Now, the Gitis having found their inability to work into power under existing circumstances, swallow the leek and cry out for Constitutional changes: three Parliaments, three sets of officials, &c. To increase the number of Governmental officers is a strange mode of retrenchment, but all means appear right to the eyes of those who are anxious to grab the spoils.

It is pitiable that men who hold the position of Mr. Brown and his fellows, cannot see the folly of their procedure. We can agree with them as to the necessity for improvement, but do deplore the wilful maliciousness which induces them to circulate as truths that which is the contrary. No conduct is more calculated to destroy a people's confidence in public men than that of the so called Reformers, and if they ever desire to acquire a respectable position as politicians they must at once retrace their steps—show a little less regard for self and more for the interests of the Province.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—The proceedings present little of interest. Mr. G. Brown has brought forward his motion on "Constitutional Changes," and it is thought that this will be met by moving the "previous question."

The session will probably not last long, as members' wages have been cut down to a fixed amount.

IRISH LOYALTY TO THE HOLY SEE. To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir—From the day that St. Patrick, sent by Celestine of Rome, raised the standard of redemption on the Irish shore to the present, Ireland stands pre-eminent in devotedness and attachment to the Holy See. France, under Voltaire, has inhaled the noxious air of Infidelity. England, under Calvin and Luther—the vilest of men—has abandoned the faith of her forefathers, and imbibed to excess the poisonous drug of Protestantism. Nearly all the other countries of Europe have either schismatised, or become heretical; but Ireland—ever faithful Ireland—has never swerved from that dutiful and affectionate obedience which 1500 years ago St. Patrick taught her to pay, and which all her good and great men, in after years, taught her to pay to Rome, the centre of Catholicity. Ireland obeyed Rome when it was death to obey. The history of bye-gone days plainly demonstrates, how, with unflinching courage and heavenly fortitude, Ireland's sons, for their fidelity to Rome, braved alike the rage of the tyrant and the axe of the executioner. Yes; for her firm adherence to the good old faith, Ireland has suffered more than any other country in the world. Her fidelity to it has been the cause of tragic scenes—committed in the cottage of the poor—in the mansion of the rich;—in the cells of the recluse—in the temples of God. She has exhibited to the world burned harvests; pillaged cities; plundered houses; desecrated altars; violated homes; forfeited estates; an enslaved people; a confiscated country. Sum up the atrocities committed on that devoted nation by the first seated Protestant Pope, Henry VIII.; add to these the terrible persecution of Elizabeth, the first female head of the Protestant heresy; let the excesses of Cromwell be subjoined; and with these all the injustice, treachery, and insults perpetrated during the reigns of the Stuarts, of William and Mary and Anne, of the Georges, of William, and Victoria too; and tell us where can such a catalogue of crime and wickedness be found? But all these fearful ordeals were in vain; the true faith once brought from Rome by St. Patrick, and carefully disseminated by him through the length and breadth of the Emerald Isle, could never be extirpated. Unnaturally attacks were made against the honor of virgins and the principles of men; but they maintained the faith. Sabre, cannon, torch, scourge, manacles, prison, gibbet, were put into requisition; put into requisition on the Priest and his flock; on the monks and consecrated nuns; on everything Catholic in the country; yet all were in vain—the true faith could never be driven out of Ireland. Alas! those were the days that tried the faith of the good old Celtic race, when it was death, transportation, or imprisonment, to be a Catholic; but honor, patronage, distinction, gold, authority, to turn Protestant. But did Protestantism prevail?—was St. Patrick forgotten?—did disobedience to

the Holy See set in? Certainly not. Ireland's people were equal to the feudal persecution; Catholicity was not, could not be exterminated from the Island of Saints; the Irish heretic, the ruffian oppressors could lacerate; but its unswerving adhesion to the Chair of Peter, and the eternal truths which emanate therefrom, was too strong, even for the bestial Harry, the profligate Boss, and all the wicked princes that have succeeded these fearful tyrants, to destroy. True, Protestantism is in Ireland;—it is pampered there; but it is in the breast of the native children of the soil? Does it bloom on the branches of the old Milesian stock? Does the offspring of this antique Irish race fall heretic churches? Do they gulp down the teaching of false prophets? No. The progeny of the Protestant invader alone play the wolf, and alone are the prey of wolves in Ireland.—And now too, that the 258th successor in an unbroken link from St. Peter is beset on all sides by the vile machinations of wicked men, whose daily themes and nightly dreams are to rob him of his just inheritance, who are foremost in offering him the tribute of their warmest sympathy? Yes, in protesting against the diabolical endeavors of those wicked men? Irishmen sans doute. From the Giant's Causeway to Bantry Bay, men, women, and children are heard to cry aloud—While the blood flows within our veins, Pio Nono, the visible Head of our Church, shall not be deprived of one rood of St. Peter's patrimony. Seven millions of the Irish race, scattered through the length and breadth of the U. States of America, are amongst the foremost to raise their voices in his behalf, and to protest against any attempt by whomsoever made, to touch the least of his rights, or to deprive him of his legitimate inheritance. From every clime, from every country, where destiny has placed them, the sympathy and condolence of the Irish heart for Pio Nono, in his present afflictions, has been waited to the foot of the throne of St. Peter. But this, after all, is no more than what might be expected from the people of Ireland. For within the fresh memories of most of us, in days of national gloom and distress, when the shrill wail of famine and the loud moan of fever rose in almost every street, and thrilled through every hovel—when the unwholesome produce rotted in the untended field, and the graves scarcely sufficed for the neglected dead, Pio Nono did not forget them, but, from his own scanty revenues, contributed bountifully towards alleviating the sufferings of that famine-stricken people. Apart too from the personal claims of Pio Nono, attachment to the Holy See is hereditary in the people of Ireland. The history of the past 1500 years bears me out in this assertion. Look to the history of Ireland, not of yesterday, or the day previous, but of to-day, and then you shall see that, in persecution and suffering, in mid sorrow and darkness, amid storm and tempests, the faithful children of St. Patrick have ever borne, and still continue to bear, true allegiance to Rome, the centre of Catholicity. And for her unparalleled fidelity to the faith of Rome, does she not merit a reward?—Yes, heaven is not ungrateful. Let Ireland, therefore, move on to the last day of the world's existence, through every misfortune, under the lash of the oppressor and the scowl of the world, rather than abandon the precious pearl of her faith; for on that day she shall receive her full compensation;—on that day her scoffers shall weep;—on that day her appeal for justice shall be heard;—Omnipotence itself will be her Advocate and her Judge;—on that day her humbled, insulted head shall glitter with the diadem of everlasting glory;—on that day Catholic Ireland, the land in whose consecrated bosom lie the bones of our martyred sires, shall be amply remunerated for the loyalty and allegiance which she has ever borne to the seven-hilled City.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., A Tip.

CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REV. JOHN SWEENEY, D. D., AS BISHOP OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

The consecration of the Right Rev. John Sweeney, D. D., Bishop of St. John, which took place on Sunday, April 15, at the Cathedral, was the grandest, most solemn, and most impressive ceremonial ever witnessed in St. John. The immense multitude which thronged every part of the noble edifice, the richness and grandeur of the High Altar, the splendor and magnificence of the sacred vestments, the beauty of the decoration, the ornaments, the lights, the appearance of the bishops and priests within the sanctuary, who, as if surrounded by a holier atmosphere, seemed during the performance of the sacred functions as if more than human; above all, the sacred, ineffable solemnity of the holy rites pregnant with such awful meaning, all combined to excite feelings to which only the most hard-hearted or the most shallow-minded could be wholly insensible.

Several young men of the congregation had devoted the whole week preceding to the work of decoration, which did the highest credit to their taste and industry. The ladies too had been busy, and the Sisters of Charity adorned the High Altar, and prepared two beautiful side chapels. The plate, ornaments, &c., used on the occasion were all of the richest description.

Soon after ten o'clock the Church doors, which had been closed after nine o'clock Mass, were again opened, and in a few minutes the aisles and passages were completely blocked up, so that further movement seemed impossible. However, by the exertions of the members of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, aided by the good-natured efforts of all who could lend assistance, most persons who had seats engaged were enabled to get them, and when every seat was filled and every available spot was occupied, the vast congregation, numbering probably not less than six thousand, became as silent, as reverent, as only a Catholic congregation in a Catholic Church ever can be, and for more than four hours, during which the ceremonial lasted, there was never, for a single moment, the slightest noise or confusion in any part of the sacred edifice. Those who saw that dense mass of human beings stand so patiently, so quietly, so reverently during that long day, may well wonder how mere human nature could endure so severe a trial as it seemed to be.

At half-past ten, the prelates, priests and acolytes came in procession into the sanctuary, the Archbishop wearing his mitre, pallium, cappa magna, the other prelates their mitres, copes, &c.; the Bishop elect, a magnificent cope, and his biretum or cap. His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax was the consecrating Bishop on this occasion, and the assistant Bishops were the Right Rev. the Bishop of Boston, and the Right Rev. the Bishop of Arichat; Rev. Mr. Power of Halifax was Deacon, Rev. John Quinn, Sub-deacon, Rev. Mr. Kennedy, assistant Priest, Rev. Mr. Nugent, Master of Ceremonies, and all wore appropriate vestments. The Very Rev. Mr. McDonald, V. G., of P. E. I., Rev. Mr. Duany, Rev. Mr. Gear, Rev. Mr. Connolly, Rev. James Quinly, Rev. Mr. Farrell, Rev. Mr. Verreker, and Rev. Mr. O'Regan were also present, and assisted in the ceremony. The Rev. Dr. Cameron, a Priest of the Diocese of Arichat, read the Apostolic Mandate.

Our limits will not admit of a detailed description of the ceremonial—the strict examination on the most important points of Christian doctrine, and the profession of faith made by the elect; the exhortations, prayers, &c., the solemn words first used by the Saviour himself, which the consecrator now utters, thereby endowing the elect with the plenitude of the priesthood; the anointment of the head and hands, the investiture with staff and ring and mitre; the anointing of the newly consecrated, &c., &c.; and the procession which takes place afterwards when the newly consecrated Bishop is led by the assistant Bishops through the Church, and gives his benediction to the people, the choir singing the Te Deum &c. To be appreciated, all this must have been witnessed, and not merely as a magnificent spectacle, but at least as what the celebrants believed to be the real and actual conferring of all powers of the Priesthood conferred by the Saviour himself on his Apostles, on this one of the

last chosen to be their successors, in the very words used by the Great Head of the Church, and with the very rites and ceremonies handed down from the Apostolic age.

The Rev. Dr. Cameron preached a sermon on the Gospel of the day, John xx. 19, 31, which was singularly appropriate to the occasion. His discourse was plain and practical, his aim being to show that the peace bequeathed by Christ can only be attained by obedience to faith and conformity to the will of God, and that Catholics have in the succession of Bishops in communion with the See of Peter that security which alone can satisfy the reason and give peace to the mind, &c., &c.

The ceremony occupied about four hours. About half-past two o'clock the vast multitude began to disperse with the same gravity and decorum that characterized them during the day.—St. John's (N. B.) Freeman.

FAREWELL ADDRESS PRESENTED TO THE REV. DR. O'SHEA, ON LEAVING CALEDONIA, C. W.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER.—It is with feelings of the liveliest attachment and veneration that we take this manner of addressing you, in order to acknowledge the spiritual blessings which we have derived through your ministry in conjunction with the good and zealous father McNulty.

Your example has truly edified us, and has produced great fruit since we had the happiness of hearing your pious, fervent, and soul-stirring sermons and exhortations, inviting us to approach the Sacraments and make our peace with God, whom you have taught us so well to love; and when your holy words caused tears to flow from our eyes for our manifold transgressions, from our inmost hearts we besought the Almighty to pour His choicest blessings on you and keep you what you are—a pious, holy, and devoted priest of our Blessed and Divine Redeemer.

When we reflect on the manner in which the services of our Church were performed during Lent, particularly holy week, we are filled with thankfulness to God for sending you amongst us, and as we learn that you are now about leaving us, deeply do we deplore the loss we will sustain in parting with you, and earnestly do we beseech our Blessed Lord to decree that you may return soon to us again, in order to assist the respected and highly esteemed Father McNulty in forwarding the work which he has so well and steadily preserved in since his arrival in this mission.

We are not all surprised at the sorrow experienced by the good people of Adjala in parting with you, as you have realized all they had said respecting your ministry, and earnestly do we unite with them in praying that God may grant you health and happiness in this life, and a crown of eternal glory in the next. In conclusion, we implore of you, Rev. and dear Father, to pray that we may imitate your exemplary conduct, and thereby secure our eternal salvation.—With sincere sorrow at parting with you, we say farewell, and subscribe ourselves your devoted children in Christ.

(Here follow the signatures.)

REPLY. DEARLY BELOVED AND FELLOW-CATHOLICS.—The spirit of religion in which you address me, and the grateful accents in which you acknowledge the blessings God has vouchsafed you through our humble ministry, is more than a compensation to any zealous priest for the labor and fatigue of the day (alas! too short) in the vineyard of the Lord. And, though I cannot flatter myself as deserving the character you give me, still I cannot but admire the economy of God in producing through so unworthy an instrument a sense of sorrow for past defects, and a keen appetite for the spiritual food of souls, which strengthens and nourishes with life everlasting.

Your feeling address, combined with my knowledge of the state of religion in this "Upper Province," makes it painful for me to separate from a people so ready to be influenced by a steady, disinterested, and energetic appeal to their sense of duty towards their God; and whose fruitfulness, if not productive in the degree which one could wish, is only so because there are not laborers to carry out the necessary operations with a view to eliminate the mighty fund of devotion and pent-up faith that exists amongst them, like the deep and precious mines in the bowels of mother earth that remain unworked.

However congenial it may be to my feelings (and on religious grounds) to return to Europe, the act which led to it was not of my creation, nor could I feel satisfied in declining "the voice of the people" and the kind offer of your good Bishop, but the same wants which attracted me to this country draw me now to another field of labor. Nor do I rest upon any falsely presumed merits of my own to enable me to fulfil the duties to which I die; but I confide in God, who hath chosen "things that are contemptible and things that are not, that he might bring to nought things that are."

You touch another cord, my dear friends,—my late connection with Adjala. It was the same spiritual bond, the same silken tie of charity which has lately united us here that binds us there also. It was no earthly interest, but a sympathy and communion of souls that is already recorded on the pages of eternity as a scene in the mighty struggle in which man is engaged—fighting with sin and Satan, and striving for a never-fading crown of glory.

Time or distance cannot dissociate us in this combat. Continue then, under the guidance of your "good and faithful" pastor, to fight the good fight, and relax not your efforts, once begun, to arrive at the wished-for goal.

For the rest, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help me in your prayers for me to God."

"Now, the God of Peace be with you all, Amen." MICHAEL MARY O'SHEA, Late Pastor of Adjala. Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, 1860.

PROTESTANT GREAT BRITAIN.—England and Scotland are the sources from whence Mormonism is recruited; they are to Utah what Popish Ireland is to the United States, and furnish the apostles by means of whom this infamous Protestant sect is extended and perpetuated. This fact is strongly brought out by the statistics of Mormon emigration. During the month of March last 583 souls, converts to the Mormon sect, sailed from Liverpool en route for Utah, in the ship Underwriter. Of these converts to Mormonism and polygamy, 508 were of British origin, and only one was a native of Catholic Ireland. This simple fact speaks more than volumes of controversy in favor of the morality of the latter country. The bestly superstition to which the Protestants of Great Britain furnish annually so many votaries, can find no favor in the eyes of Irish Papists.

We publish amongst our items of Irish intelligence a letter addressed to the Dublin Telegraph by a "Returned" Irish Catholic "Emigrant" to which we would invite particular attention. The writer is one who has had bitter personal experience of the sad fate which almost invariably awaits the Irish Catholic emigrant and his children in the United States.

Acknowledgments in our next.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION CONCERT.—The Concert at Nordheimer's Hall, by the St. Patrick's Literary Association, was a very excellent performance. We were really surprised to note the improvement in the playing of the band. They are become adepts in their art, executing the most difficult concerted pieces like veteran artists. Their execution of the celebrated Ernani Chorus, and "Robert, toi que j'aime," from Robert Le Diable, was really excellent, as was that of Mr. Crozier's beautiful new Shamrock Polka. The singing left nothing to be desired. A Lady Amateur sang the difficult Cavatina "Ernani, Ernani, Insolenti" in a style we have seldom heard equalled on the boards of the Italian Opera; she also sang "Kitty Tyrrell" with a degree of archness that was surprising, considering that she is evidently foreign to the language. Mr. Williams surprised the audience with the manner in which he sang a beautiful air from Donizetti's Lucia di Lammermoor. He also sang another song later in the evening. Mr. Muir sang the favorite Scotch song, "Callie Herrin"; he was in remarkably fine voice. Mr. D'Albert presided, with his usual ability, at the Pianoforte; Mr. Torrington on the Violin, and Mr. Kyle on the Violoncello "discoursed most excellent music." Mr. Crozier, both as leader and as solo performer on the Clarinet, we need hardly say, sustained the high reputation he has acquired.—Altogether, as an amateur concert, this was deserving of most favorable notice.—Transcript.

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—We learn that the Board of Trade have passed a resolution to invite the heads of the different National Societies and other popular bodies, to co-operation, to make suitable preparations for the reception of the Prince of Wales.—Montreal Gazette.

DEATH OF THE GONORER OF QUEBEC.—We learn by private telegram that Mr. Panet, Coroner of the District of Quebec, died in that city on Friday.—It.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—About half-past four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the old wall running at the back of the new and old Court Houses fell outwards on the Champ de Mars, unfortunately burying a woman named Margaret Robillard in the ruins. She was walking along with her husband and child at the time, and the two latter had a very narrow escape, the father barely having the opportunity to seize the child and rush down into the Champ de Mars. Hearing the crash a crowd speedily collected and began at once to remove the rubbish, to save, if possible, the ill-fated woman. When taken out, however, she was dead, and so horribly mangled as to be scarcely recognizable. The body was removed to a house in Claude-street, in the vicinity of the Bonsecours Market. Yesterday a large number visited the ruins. The scene presented was melancholy enough, and was still further heightened by the recollection of the sad event of the previous afternoon. The wall seems to have fallen in two pieces, one after the other. The stones appear wedged into each other on the footway which the wall overhung, and some of them are scattered a considerable distance over the Champ de Mars. The place where the body was found is indicated by a branch of a tree set upright; the stones around are covered with blood. The opinion of every one is that the wall should have been removed years ago, and all who have passed by it know that it was in a very dangerous condition. It would seem that the city authorities have written to the government three times about the matter, but without receiving an answer. Looking at the imminent peril to hundreds who stood below this wall during parades and reviews, it seems providential that they did not meet the fate of the poor woman Robillard. About 30 yards of the wall have fallen. Yesterday forenoon workmen were employed in throwing down the remaining portion. The deceased and her husband lived in Dorchester Street. It is to be hoped that the authorities interested in the ground will make use of this sad occasion to pull down all the unsightly and, as it now appears, dangerous edifices, and replace them by something more worthy of the site. We understand that Mr. Honey, of the Prothonotaries Office, several years ago, suggested the demolition of the whole of the wall enclosing the old Jail and Court House. It should be noted, too, that the supporting wall of the bank below the Scotch Presbyterian Church is in a very dangerous condition.—Montreal Herald.

ARRIVAL OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—A little afternoon on Monday last, this fine steamer, the first from a European port this season, arrived at our wharves from Quebec and took up her usual berth. She belongs to the Anchor Line between Glasgow and Montreal, of which Messrs Shaw are the agents. The following are the names of the Cabin Passengers:—J. Hope, Wm. Hope, Wm. Stokes, Miss Aiken, H. Forbes, Mrs. Patterson, and Captain Welsh.—Total 7; and 96 steerage passengers.—Montreal Herald.

The following Commercial Review has been taken from the Montreal Witness of Wednesday last. The weather has been warm, bright, dry and delightful—as fine a seed time as could be imagined. Possibly, however, a little rain might be acceptable now for farming operations. There is a fair amount of activity in the produce business. Wheat.—Spring Wheat of good quality in stores has been sold at \$1.25. Flour has been excited, and small parcels of No. 1 of superior quality have touched the extreme price of \$5.75. The fair quotation, is, however, \$5.60 to \$5.70. Fancy—none in market; it would be worth \$6 to \$6.25; Extras, \$6.50 to \$7.50; No. 2, \$5.30 to \$5.40. Inferior grades—little doing. Oatmeal is higher, although there are few or no considerable transactions. Holders ask \$4.70 per brl. of 200 lbs. Rye Flour, \$4 to \$4.10. Indian Meal about \$2 per 112 lbs. Grain.—Oats, 37 cents per 36 lbs; Barley, 70c to 75c per 50 lbs; Indian Corn, 70c to 75c per 56 lbs. Butter.—Shippers have been tempted to buy, giving the extreme price that the qualities are likely to realize in Britain. The Butter here disappoints owners very much; they have great confidence that what they sent was an excellent article, which, if not exactly first, would at least inspect seconds; but when any lot is tried, and we have known several about which the owners were so confident that they were willing to hazard inspection,—they did not turn out more than fourths. In fact, at this season of the year there is scarcely any real good butter in market, and ordinary lots, although not quite so low as Grease-Butter at present, will be nothing better by the time they reach Liverpool. There is little or no demand from the Lower Ports, which can be supplied cheaper from New York, Boston and Portland, in all of which markets Butter is very depressed. We have to quote sales here at 10 to 11 cents for ordinary store-packed according to quality. The market is now getting bare, as it should be at this season. Ashes.—Pots 30s to 30s 9d, and Pearls 32s to 32s 9d. Supplies and demand moderate. MONTREAL RETAIL MARKET.—There being a poor attendance of farmers and a small supply of produce, the markets were inactive, and prices remained the same. Very little hay or straw in the market.

FAITHFUL MINISTERS OF HEALTH.—In examining the vessels at the various wharves we find among the curiosities of our commerce the Brig Miranda, just in from Truxillo with a cargo of Honduras Sarsaparilla for Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell. So particular are this firm as to the articles used in compounding their various remedies, that they have this drug, like some others they consume, gathered for them by a skilful agent of their own in the tropical regions of its growth. He informs us that there are many species of this plant, but two of which are really valuable in medicine; the qualities of these are also affected by the time of gathering, mode of curing, etc., operations which in that region of unreliable workmen imposes a heavy labor upon him. One of the inert varieties of Sarsaparilla grows wild in our own forests, while several others, nearly worthless, abound in Central and South America. The intelligent agent assured us that the virtues of this drug had never been fully told, and that the reason of the low esteem in which many hold it is mainly due to the importation of such immense quantities of the worthless varieties. His accounts of his trips to Honduras and his business-excursions along the Gulf of Dulce and the rivers of Montagua and Santiago and among the adjacent mountains were of intense interest. We can but commend and honor his employers for the faithfulness and energy with which they execute their trust as ministers to the public health, and we suspect that this course is at least one of the reasons why their medicines were held in such extraordinary favor throughout the civilized world. New York City News.

A SURE CURE FOR A FELON.—When the soreness first commences, or even when far advanced, it can be relieved and entirely cured by holding the finger or part afflicted in Perry Davis' Pain Killer for half an hour. It has been thoroughly tested, and proves a never failing remedy.

The true remedy for Dyspepsia and Indigestion.—It is acknowledged on all hands that the Oxygenated Bitters are the true remedy for these complaints.—They are free from alcohol, and contain judiciously combined with hygienic substances, oxygen, the chief vital element.

Married, On the 24th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Cooke, at the church of St. Joseph, Ottawa Duncan Chisholm, Merchant, to Mary Elizabeth Touley, both of Ottawa City.

Died. In Montreal, on the 30th ultimo, Catherine George, eldest daughter of Mr. George Horne, aged 8 years and 3 months.

In Montreal, on the 28th ultimo, Anna Campbell, second daughter of Mr. Wm. Kinloch, aged 5 years and 9 months.

At West Flamboro', on the 28th ult., William Miller, Esq., aged 47 years.

On the 11th inst., Margaret, relict of the late Dr. Primrose, of Toronto, aged 65.

In Ottawa, on the 23d April, Miss Bridget Byrne, aged 52 years.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place at the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING next, the 7th instant.

A large attendance is requested, as matters of vital importance will be discussed. The Chair will be taken at Eight o'clock precisely. By Order, WM. BOOTH, Rec Sec.

May 3, 1860.

NOW PUBLISHING, IN PARTS, (8VO. DEMI SIZE) A THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON ALGEBRA.

First Part Just Ready. THE WHOLE, when issued, will be found to be a complete and comprehensive Volume on the Science.

For Sale at the Booksellers', and at the TRUE WITNESS Office. Price 2s 9d, or 55 cents. April 19, 1860.

SCHOOL, Corner of McCord and William Streets.

MISS M. LAWLOR

WOULD take this opportunity to respectfully return thanks to her many friends for their encouragement, since her commencement; and hopes from her assistance and care to merit a continuance of the same. Miss L. imparts instructions in the elementary branches of an English Education, and in Music. May 3, 1860.

REMOVAL. J MAHER, 31 SANGUINET STREET,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he will

REMOVE ON THE FIRST OF MAY NEXT, TO

No. 8, St. Claude Street, Near the Bonsecours Market, where he intends to carry on his former business, with, besides, suitable accommodations for travellers and country people. Montreal April 19, 1860.

FOR SALE, A SMALL PORTABLE UPRIGHT STEAM ENGINE (six horse power) complete, formerly used on pile driving at the Victoria Bridge.

F. B. McNABEE. April 6, 1860.

R. PATTON, CUSTOMER BOOTMAKER, No. 229, Notre Dame Street,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his kind Patrons and the Public in general for their very liberal patronage during the last Seven years; and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

R. P. will, in future, devote his whole attention to WORK MADE TO ORDER. Now is the time! Montreal, April 19, 1860.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE EXCOMMUNICATED.—In France every precaution is taken to prevent the publication of the brief. The Minister of Justice has addressed two confidential circulars to the Presidents of the civil Tribunals and the Procureurs-Imperiaux, one recommending them not to neglect prosecuting clerical offenders without regard to rank, for any infraction of the organic laws of the Concordat; the second recommending an inquiry into the origin of the property held by religious communities, and as to the period at which such property may lapse.—Times Cor.

The Courier de la Moselle announces that a member of the Order of Christian Brothers, known as Brother Beltran, has been condemned by the Correctional Tribunal of Metz to a fortnight's imprisonment and 50f. fine, for having addressed his pupils in language calculated to excite hatred and contempt of the Government.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has addressed a circular to his clergy directing them to continue the prayers for the Holy Father until the Festival of the Assumption. He engages the faithful to associate more closely than ever in the sentiments and desires of the Head of the Church. This precatory command to his clergy, says the Star, "is considered the boldest manifestation of opinion which Cardinal Morlot has ventured ever since the great struggle began."

M. de Larochebroucault, brother-in-law of the present Princess Borghese, who is reported by the Independance to possess an income of 550,000 francs, (£22,000) a year, has determined to live upon 50,000 and to give 500,000 francs for two years to the Pope. "He equips at his own expense 500 men," says the Paris correspondent of the Universel, "paying down immediately 500,000 francs in addition to the million which will follow during the two next years. He has himself set out three days ago (on the 30th ult.) He will march at the head of the regiment of which he will form the chief nucleus, Messrs. de Bourbon Chabot and de Riordan accompanying him in this pious expedition." The latter before his marriage, was a lieutenant-colonel in the Austrian service. According to the same authority, the French legion in the Papal service is to number 6,000 men. The French Government grants leave to go to all former officers.

The Armoine says that a M. de la Rochetaillet, of Lyons, having recently received a rich inheritance, has ordered the first year's revenue of it to be offered entirely to His Holiness; and it has been forwarded to Rome through a banker of Marseilles.

When it was first known to the Emperor Napoleon that General Lamoriciere had listened to the overtures from Rome to organize the Pontifical army, His Majesty is said to have exclaimed, "C'est You, mais c'est chevaleresque!"—"whether in pity for the folly, or sympathy for the chivalry, they who know how it is His Majesty's glory to make war for an idea only, will decide.

When the rumors of those negotiations first got abroad a few of the papers declared that Lamoriciere would, by accepting service under a foreign Government, forfeit his rights and conditions as a Frenchman, and they hinted that it was little short of treason. It was then, of course, supposed that the Emperor would refuse his sanction; since the contrary is known this dutiful portion of the press has been silent. To these objections on the loss of citizenship an answer could easily be given. The Emperor of the French once entered the service of a foreign State—Switzerland—the loss of whose neutrality it, seems, to be the retribution for her acceptance. In the military schools of Louisbourg (Wurttemberg) His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon first acquired the knowledge and showed those talents for military command which were afterwards signally displayed in the Crimea and in the memorable operations at the head of the 5th Corps during the Italian campaign. These are undeniable facts, yet I do not believe that either the Emperor or his cousin forfeited the character of Frenchmen.—Cor. of Times.

DEATH OF M. HCC, THE CHINESE TRAVELLER.—The Abbe Huc, formerly a missionary in China and Tibet, and well known for his excellent work on this last-named country, has just died in Paris after a short illness.—Morning Star.

ITALY.

The Times' correspondent draws a gloomy picture of the state of public feeling in the late annexed Provinces:—

A new provisional Government has thus been established in Tuscany, which will certainly last for the best part of a year, and may also be indefinitely perpetuated. The solution of the problem of reconciling the administrative "autonomy" of Tuscany with the union of this province with the rest of the kingdom presents difficulties which the present arrangement is more calculated to increase than to smooth down. Even the War department, I am told, is to be entrusted to a special Director or "Regent" ("Reggente"), as he is to be called. The oldest circumstance connected with this appointment is that the officer designated for this task is said to be no less a personage than our late Minister, General Cadorna, who will stoop to a rank so much below the one he occupied—no doubt for the sake of the public good. Up to this moment it seemed clearly understood that the annexation or fusion would be entire and absolute, as far at least as the direction and administration of military affairs was concerned, but the choice of a functionary especially charged with the War Ministry, and the condition of the Tuscan Division under General Stefaneli, which is carefully maintained in its status quo, are all important facts, which give no little uneasiness to the partisans of downright, frank, and durable annexation. What is the real destination of Tuscany? For what Sovereign or for what State is it maintained in this separate and self-standing condition? Surely this is a mode of proceeding far different from that followed by the Sardinian Government in the Emilia, where the work of assimilation, absorption, and regular fusion is going on with an alacrity proving the right good will of the governors no less than of the governed.

Piedmontese troops have occupied Tuscany, Tuscan troops have marched into Piedmont, but how can the Piedmontese look to Florence or the Tuscans to Turin for their central administrative organization? How can either Ministry keep the accounts of troops which are constantly shifting their quarters, and passing from the jurisdiction of one into that of the other?

Now we are looking into the accounts of the late Administration we begin to see to what awful extent the Tuscan finances have been burdened by an almost incredible amount of vain and unprofitable expenditure. You have been told already that, according to the very clear and circumstantial budget published by the late Minister of the Finances, Baron Busacca, the expenditure in this Tuscan province must needs in ordinary years exceed the revenue by about 14,000,000 francs, though the total revenue of the State under the Grand-Ducal Government averaged between 32 and 35 millions of francs annually. Where, then, are the yearly additional 14,000,000 to come from? What was the remedy proposed by the ex-Minister for the cure of this grievous disorder?—Why, the sale of the State property, valued by himself at only 35,000,000 francs—a sum to be absorbed in two or three years.

Under these peculiar circumstances of financial distress, who can think without dismay of this administrative "autonomy," which implies a gradual and successive increase of expenditure, without any hope of proportionate increase of income? Now, Farini in the Emilia, and the three Governments

under him at Parma, Modena, and Bologna, have been as madly and recklessly extravagant in the outlay of public money as our Tuscan Ministers were. Indeed, "I suppose anything like moderation or economy is incompatible with a revolutionary Government; but in the Emilia revolution is at an end, and things will find their own level there, if they ever find it in the other parts of the kingdom. In Tuscany the provisional state continues to be the order of the day, Heaven knows for how long; Heaven knows for what hidden deeply political purpose. No present could be made to Tuscany more fatal than this separate administration. Her public debt is greatly increased; the number of her public officers is nearly doubled. Three Universities, a Lord-Lieutenant, a Governor General, five or six Ministers, yelet "Directors," are all persons, or aggregate of persons, whose keeping costs not a little. Large sums will be absorbed by public works, some of real, others of very questionable utility. The army alone causes an increase of expenditure of 17 millions—more than half the total outlay of the State under the Grand Dukes. Can Tuscany bear all this? Is all this to last, or what are our prospects for the future? What do Piedmont and France really intend to do for Tuscany, or how do they mean to dispose of her?

The solution of this problem is now to be found only in the teeming brains of the Emperor Napoleon and Count Cavour. For the present rational beings are strongly inclined to suspect that the annexation of Tuscany to Piedmont has been accomplished only in words, and that the connection, even such as it is, is meant to be, and will actually prove, of no long duration.

There is hardly an Italian able to explain to me how it was that Count Cavour was betrayed into that shameful declaration, "that the King's Government had never dreamt of giving up Savoy or Nice," how it was that he afterwards promised that "nothing should or could be done without the vote of the people and the consent of Parliament." There is no compromise between principle and expediency, and it was even better either to avow that Sardinia was acting under irresistible coercion, or to plead the great gain to the Italian cause, in consideration of which it was worth while to strain a point or two and break the statutes of the realm than to involve one's-self in a maze of deceptions which, after all, imposed upon no man, and added to the loss of two provinces and the violation of the national liberties, the blot on the King's fair name, and the ruin of his Minister's well-earned reputation.

But now consummation est, and wiser men do not re-pine at the irrevocable pact. The cruel mockery of an appeal to the popular suffrage will be hurried on in Savoy and Nice. Parliament, if it have a chance to speak at all, will only have to deliver a funeral oration. Gurribaldi himself will be too wise not to "let the dead bury their dead," and Europe will hardly go over a transaction by which none of the parties concerned declare themselves aggrieved.

Cavour's conduct in all this matter is not praised by any man; but there are those who attempt to explain it—those who fancy they get an insight in its vast and distant bearings. "France," they say, "is the only ally of Piedmont; in France itself Italy can reckon only upon one man—that man, the Emperor Napoleon. It was he alone who wished for the war; he who dragged the reluctant nation after him against Austria; he who wrenched Lombardy from the latter Power by might of arms, and the Central Provinces by a series of diplomatic feints and devices, by a whole pack of unutterable lies. Napoleon has set his mind on the deliverance of Italy—of the whole of Italy. His vast mind comprehends at one sweep the vastness and variety of the obstacles he has to contend with. He knows the means by which the great end is to be attained. He must needs be allowed to work in his own way. Already, in spite of the curses of friends and foes, he has triumphantly acquitted himself of a great part of his own task. For the attainment of the final object he must use France as a willing instrument. He cared never a rush himself for Savoy and Nice; it was a sop wherewith to gratify the vain ambition, the childish greediness of the French nation. For the sake of those poor 'dupes' (now he has given them a taste of conquest) Napoleon could easily lead the French armies to the Rhine, to the Danube, across the Channel, wherever the enemies of the Italian cause may have their headquarters. Savoy and Nice he must have—nay, he must have them in his own way, the way which best may flatter the French nation by giving it a high notion of his dexterity, of his imperiousness, of his omnipotence,—that way which best may wound the pride of Europe, and be resented as a most unprovoked, unjustifiable outrage. Hence must Cavour not only yield to him, but connive at, make shift, and quibble with him—above all things, boldly and shockingly lie with him. It is part and parcel of the scheme, and 'In parole nous est donnee pour deguiser nos pensees.' The Piedmontese constitution is in danger; but who would not let even that perish that Italy may live?"

This, be it understood, is not my way of reasoning, it is the theology I bear urged forward daily by Count Cavour's partisans when this hateful subject of Nice and Savoy is mooted. That the new Italian kingdom is in the hands of France no man would undertake to deny. Cavour's policy finds no support beyond the Alps, except in England—a power that shrinks from active interference in continental matters. Were there anything like political wisdom presiding over the Council of the European Powers, it might, perhaps, not be impossible to induce, if not Cavour, at least some other Sardinian statesman, to borrow a leaf out of the book of old Savoy history, and bring this kingdom to join the array of a European coalition against France. There are not a few patriots here who are satisfied neither with Napoleon nor with his fellow plotter at Plombieres. French policy is, to a great extent, forced upon the Italians as an incubus quo, to be shaken off. To go over from France to Austria would sound simply unnatural and monstrous; to give back the earnings of the last 10 months, or even to renounce the hope to which just successes have given rise, would be sheer madness. Rather stand by and fall with France!—But let only a glimpse of light be made on the other quarters; let it only be supposed, for one moment, that Austria is still to be persuaded to part with Venice, or at least with the line of the Mincio, in consideration of the help the Italians might give Europe, while wreaking their own vengeance on the man who betrayed them at Villafranca, and in cold blood wrenched the Western Passes of the Alps, 50 miles of Mediterranean shore, and some of their most loyal fellow-subjects bravest fighting man,—let there be such a loophole opened, and we shall hear then the real mind of the Italians as to the merits of their "magnanimous ally."

These are not thoughts to be uttered in a tone above a man's breath. Piedmont and Italy are in the toils of France, and there is no practical good in the supposition that Austria may ever be made to hear reason. It is quite certain, nevertheless, that the Italians see themselves in a false position, with a kingdom frontierless on both sides, at the mercy of two colossal Powers, with a constitution broken at the outset, with their faith shaken as to the value of men and men's words, heirth sick of the French, unwilling to turn to the Austrians, and yet unable, as of old, to seek in themselves that strong determination which alone, under any difficulties, can work out the real emancipation of a nation.

We have on several occasions called in question the validity of the so-called popular voting which is alleged to have contributed to the annexation to Piedmont of the Romagna and the Duchies. Some further examples have come to light which it is desirable should be placed upon record. In a recent pamphlet entitled "Sketches on the Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope," the Bishop of Algiers, Mgr. Parvi, says—"Is there anything in the world that can equal the injustice of the Romagnaes ballot? It is opened without authority; it is accomplished

without liberty; it is published without control." The following is given as the official result of the vote in the Romagna:—Voters inscribed, 488,468; of whom 427,512 have voted; 426,008 for annexation to Piedmont, and 756 for a separate kingdom; while 750 votes have been annulled. It is a farce! Without speaking of the exclusion of the Pope from the programme of the vote, and to limit ourselves to numbers, we find that the Romagna contains a millions of inhabitants, out of whom there are thirty thousand foreigners. The four Legations together reckoned 223,698 natives, married or widowers, 6,616 priests or friars, and 108,639 young men, above eighteen years of age, half of whom may be considered as of age; and giving, therefore, the number of 54,316 voters. The total of electors to be inscribed would therefore be at the maximum, 254,620; of whom have not voted, according to the late election return, 98,746; while annulled and anti-annexationist votes amounted to 1,506. Total to be deducted 100,253, leaving the real number of possible annexation electors, voting under Piedmontese pressure at 154,368. From that number, to the 426,006, announced by the Piedmontese authorities, there is an important difference! And yet what truth is there even in an amount so very much adulterated? The future will reveal to us many strange things, audaciously committed under the name of the liberty of Italy.

Again, according to the Civitta Cattolica, the Municipality of Milan had drawn up a list of little more than 5,000 voters according to the new Piedmontese election law, for a city of more than 150,000 inhabitants. We note this as a practical illustration of the tricks of the oligarchy which represents the Italian people. Out of the above mentioned number not more than 4,000 even claimed the privilege of being inscribed as electors.—Weekly Register.

ROME.—LETTER OF THE POPE TO VICTOR EMANUEL.—The text of the letter of Pope Pius IX. to the King of Sardinia has been published by the Journal de Mityence, as follows:—

"Your Majesty,—The thought which your Majesty expresses to me in your letter is unworthy of a honest man, of a Catholic, and particularly of one who springs from the noble race of the House of Savoy. The rest I have answered in my Encyclical Letter. I grieve not for myself, but for the state of your Majesty's soul, which, for the deeds committed by the counsel of those who surround you, has already incurred the censures of the Church, and will incur them yet more for those acts which you contemplate. I remind your Majesty that the time is not far off when you must account to a most inexorable Judge for the scandals you have already given, and for the evil which, by your conduct, you are bringing on your poor Italy.

PIUS IX. P. P.

General Lamoriciere, writing to a friend in Paris from Rome, speaks very hopefully of the prospect of affairs. He says, "With the assistance of God, and our own diligence, I hope soon to have Roman Zones."

The Holy Father is daily receiving practical proofs of the affectionate devotion and solicitude of his spiritual subjects in all parts of the world. Some instances will be pleasing and encouraging to our readers. From Spain we learn that the Bishops and Vicars capitular of the Ecclesiastical province of Saragossa have sent to the Queen of Spain an address expressing their sympathy for the Sovereign Pontiff, and placing at the disposal of the Queen their property and lives in order to contribute to the defence of the Holy See.

A rich Polish gentleman having obtained leave from the Holy Father to be enrolled in his troops, has paid 50,000 dollars to the Papal Exchequer on entering the Papal service.

GERMANY.

The Emperor of the French finds it necessary to reassure the fluttered spirits of Germany, and, if the remedy were only adequate to the disease, we may readily admit that it never was more called for. At first sight it might appear that Germany had the utmost cause for alarm. If twelve millions of Italians, menaced on the North-west by Austria and her formidable Quadrilateral, with the sea-coast open to the superior navy of France, and a Government not yet consolidated by time, can inspire such terror into the breast of the conqueror of Magenta and Solferino that he cannot believe himself safe unless he seize Savoy and Nice in order to shelter himself behind them, what amount of territory will be required in order to secure France against the evil designs of forty millions of Germans united for centuries in a federal league, and disposing of military and material forces far more formidable than any that are wielded by these terrible Italians? The Emperor assures the Germans that by the cession of Savoy and Nice all his apprehensions are terminated. The separation of Belgium from Holland, and its formation into a neutral kingdom, have put an end to all those apprehensions which France might otherwise have entertained of an invasion of the Dutch. To be sure, there is something wanting to the complete protection of France on the North which she has just obtained in the South. The neutralized districts of Savoy—neutralized, we apprehend, if the truth must be spoken, not for the purpose of defending France from the invasion of Switzerland, but rather of shielding Switzerland from a new French protectorate—have now fallen into the hands of France herself, while Belgium, which was doubtless intended to do the same good office between France and Holland, is still an independent though neutral sovereignty. The Emperor Napoleon has the magnanimity not to complain of this. Perhaps he thinks the time not yet come for annexing Belgium, as he has annexed Savoy. Perhaps he thinks that Belgium on his northern frontier is a very efficient protection, and secure his left flank in case of an advance on the Rhine. Be this as it may, the Emperor of the French is pleased to profess himself satisfied, and Germany may, if it will, accept his moderation and spare him Belgium as a set-off to the highly aggressive instinct which has been evinced in the matter of Savoy. For ourselves, the only fault which we have to find with these demonstrations is that we have a difficulty in believing what the French Emperor assumes as self-evident—that fear was really the motive which prompted the seizure of Savoy. Fear or necessity, which comes practically pretty much to the same thing, has always been supposed to be the defence which suggests itself most readily to the minds of absolute Princes. But if Germany should happen to be of opinion that it was not fear of Italy and Switzerland, but rather the determination to be still more formidable to them, which led to the occupation of Savoy and Nice, all the eloquence of M. Thouvenel will do little to reassure her.—Times.

Several attempts have recently been made by England and Prussia to induce Austria to give her support to Switzerland in the matter of the neutralized districts of Savoy, but they have proved fruitless, this Government being resolved "not to meddle in or with the business of other people." In political circles it is stated that Austria will remain inactive, "even though the French should invade the German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine," but a military man of the highest rank yesterday declared this to be "dummes geswatz" (mere stuff and nonsense). It is very generally believed that the so-called "rectification" of the French frontier towards Germany will begin on the Upper Rhine, and great preparations for the defence of the Palatinate (Rheinisch Bavarica) are now being made in Bavaria. Proper Should France make an attack on the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, this Government would doubtless be very slow in its movements, but it would not refuse to give assistance to its Federal ally. Austria entertains no kindly feeling towards Prussia, but she cannot break with her, as the Germanic Confederation would be entirely dissolved if she did so.

THE FRAUDS IN THE AUSTRIAN COMMISSARIAT.—The engrossing topic of the day is the gigantic frauds discovered in the Commissariat Department,

which, no doubt, were in no small degree influential in bringing to so sudden a termination the recent hostilities between the Austrian and Franco-Italian armies; and which, in the light, despite most powerful facts, involving a multitude of names, some of them holding positions so high as to render even allusions hazardous, in charges of the most flagrant and moral turpitude. The accounts in the Vienna and other Austrian newspapers are meagre in the extreme; and, but for the suicide of General Eynatten on the 7th-8th inst., which admitted of no concealment, these frauds would probably have never been alluded to. The deficit amounts to the astounding sum of no less than 17,000,000 florins, or £1,700,000 sterling, of which 3,000,000 florins, or £300,000, is laid to the charge of some of the leading capitalists of this city. One was imprisoned, two have fled, and others are undergoing forced examinations of books, papers, documents, &c. The strangest part of the tale is, however, that which is certainly the least known. It is said, and from the sources from which I hear it I believe it is true, that at the celebrated meeting of the rival Emperors which led to the armistice, and subsequently to the preliminaries of the treaty of peace at Villafranca, when Napoleon and Francis Joseph were left quasi alone for nearly three quarters of an hour, the former, addressing the latter, said, "Your Majesty would do well to listen to friendly and well meant counsels. You are surrounded by traitors. Your Majesty believes that your fortress of Mantua is provisioned for six months; I tell you," emphatically raising his finger, "it has not food for as many days. Test my information, and act accordingly." And so it proved, and afforded another lesson also of the infinite superiority of the French over the Austrian system of espionage.

To give some idea of the bare-faced effrontery of the fraud, and the number of accomplices necessary, one instance will suffice, though, if needful, I could adduce many others. Mantua is a walled city, and the bullocks which were driven in at one gate passed through the town out at the opposite, and then, making the half circuit of the walls, re-entered at the first gate, and every bullock made this parade five times! The richest part of the tale in connexion with Mantua is yet to come. A firm in Trieste made a contract with the Austrian Government for the hides of the bullocks supplied for the use of the troops. Now, although each bullock did duty living for five, still he could only be killed once, and supply one hide. The contractors, therefore, called upon and actually received from the Government the forfeit, as stipulated by contract, of one florin upon every hide short delivered; thus profiting to the extent of 30,000 florins for the non-delivery of the skins of animals which had never been killed! Solferino and Magenta might each have told another tale had not the hunger caused by Austrian fraud weakened, if not paralysed, Austrian valour.—Enough of this for the present.—Corr. of Times.

SWITZERLAND.

The Times remarks that Switzerland continues in the state of disquietude into which she has been thrown by the sudden appearance of an army of 600,000 men upon her frontiers.

This is her real position. The whole force of the French Empire is by the occupation of Upper Savoy brought not only to the frontier but to the open and unprotected frontiers of Switzerland. For Germany the occupation of Chablais and Faucigny is a much more important affair than the annexation of Nice, and Prussia does well to protect it. England is interested, but not to a sufficient extent to assume the championship of a cause which belongs to the whole of the powers of Europe.

RUSSIA.

A letter from St. Petersburg of the 9th of April says that the corps d'armee under the command of General Bezac, is about to be concentrated at Odessa, where his headquarters are at present. It is further stated that the four corps d'armee placed on the war footing during the war in Italy have not since been reduced to the peace establishment.—Prince Gortschakoff, Governor of Poland, has arrived at St. Petersburg. He went there to take the Emperor's command with respect to the conscription about to be levied in Poland. A ukase is shortly expected to appear commanding a levy of troops to supply the vacancies caused in the army during the last four years, when there was no conscription enforced. The writer of the letter adds that there never existed a more friendly feeling than at present between the Russian and French Governments.—Letters from Bulgaria received at St. Petersburg announce that the prayers in the churches in that province are no longer repeated in the Greek language, but in the native tongue. This change does not please the Russian Government, which expects shortly to unite all its co-religionists under one head.

INDIA.

The following appears in the Bombay Gazette:—"We scarcely know whether our readers will be more pained or relieved to hear that Miss Emily Wheeler, the daughter of General Wheeler of Cawnpore, is still alive. Captain Harvey, superintendent of the department for the abolition of Thuggee, has had communication with the unfortunate young lady, who, we understand, is so utterly broken in spirit that she treats her friends not to seek to bring her back again, but to leave her to her wretched fate. Yet it were better, surely, for the poor girl herself that her request should not be complied with. Time may obliterate the remembrance of even her sorrows, and it were no real kindness to her to obey what wild wishes her present morbid nervousness of feeling may suggest. It is necessary, too, that the Government should vindicate its own dignity and justice by ascertaining the true particulars of this sad story, and punishing the guilty parties with relentless severity."

CHINA.

The preparations for the northern expedition are going on steadily here, and we learn that the Chinese Emperor is also making the best use of his time in defensive preparations in and around Peking. Her Majesty's ship Acteon and the steamer Sampson, with two gunboats, left Shanghai on the 16th inst., under sealed orders, which has given rise to various speculations as to the special service on which they are bound. The current report is that they have gone to intercept a fleet of junk which lately sailed for the north, principally grain laden, but also carrying munitions of war for Tien-tsin.

General Montauban and suite arrived by the mail steamer, and we understand, proceed immediately to Shanghai. Admiral Le Page remains here. Sir Hope Grant is expected shortly from Calcutta. We hear the 24th Regiment had reached Singapore, and may soon be here now. All the available men-of-war steamers have been sent to Singapore to tow up the transports.

From Japan accounts are unsatisfactory. A native interpreter employed by the British Minister has been murdered, and the Government are pursuing a course of action likely to lead to complications. The Japanese Ambassadors were to leave for San Francisco on the 10th inst., in the United States' steamer Powhatan and a steamer belonging to the Japanese Government, but temporarily commanded by Lieutenant Brook, of the American navy.

WAR WITH CHINA.—The Leader gives the following article, which, though written from a British point of view, contains some advice that England might well ponder on. John Bull is not in a position to go to war just now with any nation, no matter how he may boast; if he sends another expedition to China it may, very probably, meet the fate of that which went to smash before the hot-shot and deadly balls of the Peiho fortress:—

When Mr. Gladstone in his budget speech, debited the national account for the year with no greater sum than £500,000 for the probable expense of the impending expedition to Peking, the more serious of

his bearers stared incredulously, and those of more impulsive temperament laughed aloud. What could be meant by talking of a "bagatelle" vote of this description? To defray the cost of one of the most difficult and questionable enterprises ever undertaken by venturous obstinacy or ambition? When Napoleon planned his memorable expedition to Moscow he had for the base of his operations the neighboring States of Germany, whence he was able to launch an army consisting of half a million of men, amply supplied with an abundant commissariat and all the munitions of war. He had to traverse, indeed, several hundred miles of thinly populated and ill-cultivated country, and to encounter a brave and disciplined enemy. But he was not dependent on the regions he proposed to overrun for provisions, and if his antagonists were numerous and brave, he had much to gain in a political sense by successive victories over them. The state of the case as between our Government and the Chinese is in every respect different, and in every respect the difference is disadvantageous. The base of the Elgin expedition against China is between four and five thousand miles from the first scene of its operations. Every item of commissariat, every pound of gunpowder, and every ton of coals must be borne that distance over sea before it can be landed on the outermost rim of the vast empire Lord Palmerston threatens to humiliate, if not to dismember. Thence to the inland capital the distance is greater than that which Napoleon had to traverse after he had crossed the Vistula. Glory there is none to be sought or hoped for on the way.

A swarming peasantry may be bargained with by our sutlers, or bullied by our soldiers in detail, and wholesale contributions may be exacted from towns and villages by order of our commanders; but military reputation cannot be acquired anyhow, though the safety of the devoted troops who are to form the expedition may be hazarded, and the lives of the greater portion of them forfeited by the way. Sir De Lacy Evans was told by ministers the other night that he reckoned too high when he assumed their number to be 40,000 men; a careful silence was observed as to what their numerical strength was really to be; and we are left to conjecture, therefore, whether the actual number of victims doomed to be sacrificed in vindication of Mr. Bruce's reputation as a diplomatist be twenty, twenty-five or thirty thousand. All we are told is that these gallant men are to scramble and scuffle their way as best they can from the mouth of the Peiho to Peking; and that when they get there they are to remain long enough to humble the pride and wound the prestige of the imperial government, get the treaty of Tien-tsin ratified, and then make their way back again as best they may. All this is easily said behind the red box in the House of Commons at Westminster. It sounded just as easy forty years ago in Napoleon's cabinet at St. Cloud to say—Go to Moscow, sleep in the Kremlin, dictate a spoliation treaty, and return triumphant by Christmas Day; but every wise counsellor of the French government in 1813 deprecated the desperate and wanton enterprise, and foretold its failure; and every humane and disinterested statesman in England at the present hour, publicly or privately, deprecates the foolish and cruel expedition projected against Peking.

UNITED STATES.

POLITICAL MORALITY OF THE UNITED STATES.—The New York Times boldly accuses several members of the New York Assembly with selling their votes on many important questions lately discussed in that body. It further says that if the Grand Jury at Albany would do its duty, a score of members, at least, would be convicted and sent to the Penitentiary, for the crime of selling their votes to put money in their pockets.

A NEW SECT.—Rev. Mr. Cumming, of the Christian denomination, opens to-morrow a new Church enterprise in Lamartine Hall, corner of Eighth-avenue and Twenty-ninth-street. Services will be held regularly every Sunday, morning and evening. This denomination now number some 300,000 in the United States and Canada, and are rapidly increasing; yet they are without a church at the present time in this city. They take the Bible alone as their only rule of faith and practice, and hail as their brethren all who give evidence of Christian faith and character by conformity to the requirements of the Bible. They freely give to all the right of private judgment in matters of opinion, and claim that Christian faith should be expressed in the precise language of the Book of God.—Tribune.

PROTESTANT EXCOMMUNICATION.—An unusual ceremony took place at Park-street Church, Boston, on Sunday, it being the formal excommunication of three members of the church—one for rejecting the doctrine of the atonement, and neglecting public worship; another for believing in Spiritualism, and neglecting the communion; and the third for wicked treatment of his wife. The last, being a moral heresy, was justly treated as damnable, whatever may be said of the others. The public declaration of excommunication is an innovation on modern practice, but was formerly the custom in New England and the formula of excommunication in those days was frightful enough to make a man's hair stand on end.

A MAN PLEADS HIS OWN CASE.—One of our Philadelphia exchanges says: In the Quarter Sessions, on Wednesday, a man named Pierce Kitchen was tried for an assault upon his wife. Mrs. Kitchen was brought to the stand. She couldn't swear that her husband had ever struck her, but swore that he indulged in whiskey and failed to support his family. The defendant, who pleaded not guilty, said that the lawyers were bunglers, and informed the Court that he would plead his own case. Mr. Kitchen spread himself, and made a speech. He faced the jury and went through the motions in a manner that would have made no discredit to any of our best Quarter Sessions practitioners. He informed the jury that, having failed to prove that he ever laid an angry hand upon his wife, he couldn't possibly be convicted of an assault upon her. As to the other charges he pleaded justification. "Mrs. Kitchen gentleman of the jury," said Mr. Kitchen, is a member of a church. Mrs. Kitchen forsakes her kitchen, while my breeches are going to seed, and the children going about with ill-kept noses and dilapidated extremities. Mrs. Kitchen is indulging in confab with a lot of old ladies about the shocking nudity of the South Sea Islanders. While willing to provide for her, gentlemen of the jury, I want willing to feed all the brethren of the church, nor to give Boba parties to 20 people a week, neither. If I've got tight on the strength of such provocation, gentlemen of the jury, it ain't a bit more than the best of you would have done if placed in my circumstances; and if you was me and I was you—knowing the case as I do—I'd render a verdict acquittal, and served the woman right." Having said this, Mr. Kitchen discontinued the subject, and the jury placing their heads together, tendered a verdict of "Not Guilty."

An Ohio paper adds up the expenses of the Ohio Legislature at its late session at \$85,750, and remarks that its principal acts were the passage of a dog law, and the election of a Senator. It concludes that Senators and dogs are expensive luxuries.

Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody; to befriend none; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to destroy all the finer feelings of nature, and be rendered mean, miserable, and despised, for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease, disappointment, and a miserable death.

A revising barrister having asked a voter the value of a house, the answer was "That depends upon what sort of a wife there is in it."

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

Alexandria—Rev. J. J. O'Connell.
Adelaide—Rev. J. J. O'Connell.
Albany—Rev. J. J. O'Connell.
Albany—Rev. J. J. O'Connell.
Albany—Rev. J. J. O'Connell.

CAST STEEL CHURCH BELLS

THE Subscribers having been appointed AGENTS for CANADA, for the sale of CAST STEEL CHURCH and FACTORY BELLS, are now prepared to execute Orders for them to any extent that may be required.

PATTON & BROTHER

NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHING WAREHOUSE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL.



SPRING AND SUMMER 1860.

Grand Trunk Clothing Store, 87 M'GILL & 21 RECOLLET STREETS.

The Proprietors of the above Establishment beg to notify their patrons and the public generally, that their SPRING assortment consists of Cloths, Dressing, Suits, Tweeds, Vestings, underclothing, with a beautiful selection of Shirts, Collars, Scarfs, Ties, &c., have now arrived.

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

which consists of the largest assortment, most fashionable styles, best assorted, and cheapest in the City.

DR. ANGUS MACDONELL, 18 1/2 Notre Dame Street. (Nearly opposite the Donegana Hotel.)

B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 30, Little St. James Street.

RYAN & VALLIERES DE ST. REAL, ADVOCATES, No. 59 Little St. James Street.

W. M. PRICE, ADVOCATE, No. 2, Corner of Little St. James and Gabriel Streets.

M. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

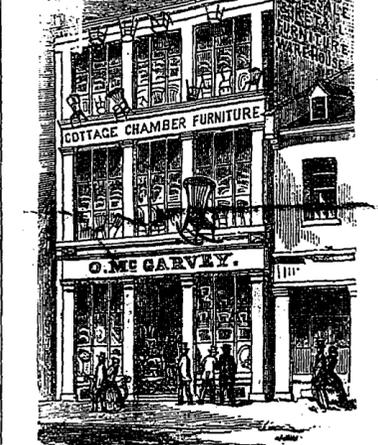
COLLECT YOUR ACCOUNTS IN DUE SEASON.

THE undersigned gives Solvent Security and respectable references. P. TUCKER, Collector of Accounts, 53 Prince Street.

D. O'GORMON, BOAT BUILDER, BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W.

Skiffs made to Order Several Skiffs always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province. Kingston, June 3, 1858.

N. B.—Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.



FURNITURE BUSINESS,

The Subscriber, while returning thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal support extended to him during the last ten years in the

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

that has ever been on view in this city, comprising every article in the House Furnishing line. To enumerate his Stock would take so large a space, that he will only name a few of the leading articles, with the prices of each:—Parlor Suits, in Rosewood, B.W. and Mahogany, from 125 to 500 dollars; Chamber Suits in Rosewood, B.W. Oak, Chestnut and Mahogany, from 20 to 250 dollars; 200 Mahogany Chairs, upholstered in the different styles, from 3.50 to 9.00 each; Mahogany and B.W. Sofas, from 14 to 50 dollars; 4000 Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, of 30 different patterns, some entirely new, from 40c to 4 dollars each; Spring Curled Hair Mattresses, Palm Leaf and Corn Husk Mattresses, from 4 to 25 dollars each; with a very large stock of Bedsteads, of Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, &c., of different styles and prices, from 3 to 40 dollars each; a very large assortment of Marble and Wood Top Centre Tables, Looking Glasses, Eight-Day and Thirty-Hour Clocks, Self-rocketing Cradles; an extensive assortment of Iron Bedsteads, Hat Stands, Swinging Cots, Marble Top Saloon Tables, Corner and Portable Washstands and Towel Racks. The above will be found one of the largest and best assorted stocks of Furniture ever on view in this city, and as it has been got up for Cash during the winter, will be sold at least 10 per cent below anything in the city.

Information wanted of MARIA MOORE, a native of the county Westmeath, Ireland, who left Montreal about 4 years ago, by her Brother, William Moore. Address to this office.

THOMAS M'KENNA, PRACTICAL PLUMBER.

CHAS. F. T. T. R., No. 52, SAINT PETER STREET, (Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets,) MONTREAL. BATH TUBS, HYDRANTS, WATER CLOSETS, FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS, &c., Constantly on hand, and fitted up in the best manner. Jobbing Punctually attended to. September 15, 1859.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS

JOHN M'CLUSKY, Silk and Woolen Dyer, and Scourer, 38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street. BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last 12 years, and now solicits a continuance of the same.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR. From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach. Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas. One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes. Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers. One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism. Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula. DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed. For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient. For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in. For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color. This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease fresh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass. For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces. Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1856. Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors. ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB, Superioress of St. Vincents Asylum. ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. Sisters of St. Joseph, Hamilton, C. W.

COMMERCE.

It has no limit. Its domain is widespread as civilization itself; wherever it comes life, wealth and progress appear, like the sun's light it stirs into action the whole face of nature. It is a lordly tree with many branches. It has a stream for every land and a tide for every sea. It is the pulse of nations, the forerunner of storms, and is yet the very repose of peace. It is the poor man's staff, the rich man's ambition, and one of the brightest gems in the diadem of royalty. It builds cities, maintains the army, and gives character to nations. Its influence is felt everywhere. It dries up the bitter tear and spreads a scene of gladness and content where poverty and despair held their dismal sway. It gives strength to the arm, action and enterprise to the mind, and honest pride to the man. It engages the professions, fosters the fine arts, and keeps up a constant interchange of thought between nations and men. It is a sort of a universal passport or medium, or language by which all countries and peoples come to know each other as circumstances may require.—System and Commerce are the two main-springs by which the whole machinery of society is kept in active motion. Commerce transports the products of our soil to distant lands and returns to us with the most beautiful fabrics that inventive genius can design. As a further illustration, we would advise an early inspection of the late fashions just arrived at the CLOTH HALL, Notre Dame Street.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ASTHMA.—For the INSTANT RELIEF and PERMANENT CURE of this distressing complaint use FENDT'S BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES, Made by C. B. SEYMOUR, & CO., 107 NASSAU STREET, N. Y. Price, \$1 per Box; sent free by post. FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL,

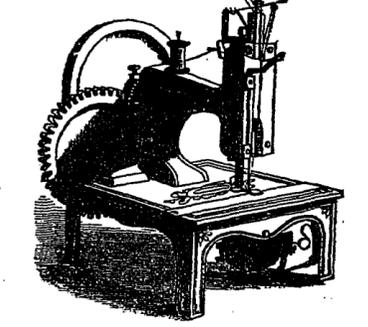
No. 2, St. Constant Street. A THOROUGH English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education is imparted in this Institution, on moderate terms. As the strictest attention is paid to the Moral and Literary Training of the pupils attending this School, there are none whose conduct and application are not satisfactory allowed to remain. For particulars, apply to the Principal at the School. W. DORAN, Principal. Jan. 6, 1860.

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and INFLUENZA, IRITATION, SORENESS or any affection of the THROAT CURED, the HACKING COUGH in CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, CATARRH, RELIEVED, BY BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or COUGH LOZENGES. A simple and elegant combination for COUGHS, &c. Dr. G. F. BROWN, Boston. "I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPRAWLS." Rev. E. B. BROCKMAN, A.B., Montreal. "Two or three times I have been attacked by BRONCHITIS so as to make me fear that I should be compelled to desist from ministerial labor, through disorder of the Throat. But from a moderate use of the "Troches" I now find myself able to preach nightly, for weeks together, without the slightest inconvenience." Rev. E. B. BROCKMAN, A.B., Montreal. Sold by all Druggists in Canada, at 25 cents per box.

H. BRENNAN,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, No. 3 Craig Street. (West End,) NEAR A. WALSH'S GROCERY, MONTREAL.

SEWING MACHINES.



F. J. NAGLE'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES,

25 PER CENT UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!! These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarria.

THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

TESTIMONIALS

have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:— Montreal, April, 1860.

We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind. BROWN & CHILDS. Montreal, April, 1860.

We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use. CHILDS, SCHOLLS & AMES. Toronto, April 21st, 1860.

E. G. NAGLE, Esq. Dear Sir, The three Machines you sent us some short time ago we have in full operation, and must say that they far exceed our expectations; in fact, we like them better than any of I. M. Singer & Co.'s that we have used. Our Mr. Robinson will be in Montreal, on Thursday next, and we would be much obliged if you would have three of your No. 2 Machines ready for shipment on that day as we shall require them immediately. Yours, respectfully, GILLGATE, ROBINSON, & HALL.

NAGLE'S SEWING MACHINES

Are capable of doing any kind of work. They can stitch a Shirt Bosom and a Harness Trace equally well.

PRICES: No. 1 Machine.....\$75 00 No. 2 " "..... 85 00 No. 3 " " with extra large shuttle. 85 00 Needles 80c per dozen. EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED. All communications intended for me must be prepaid, as none other will be received. E. J. NAGLE, Canadian Sewing Machine Depot, 265 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. Factory of Bartley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.