

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

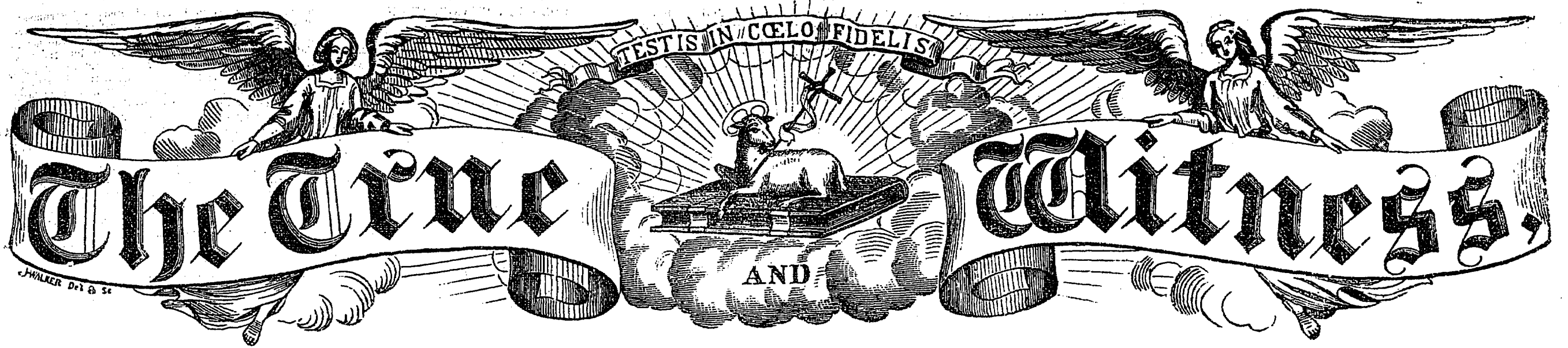
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

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



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1862.

No. 37.

THE PROPHET OF THE RUINED ABBEY.

By the Author of "The Cross and Shamrock."

CHAPTER X.

During the confinement in jail of the family of the O'Donnells, our friend 'Terry,' the 'enchanted warrior,' was not inactive in his favorite vocation of defeating the designs of the enemy of his country.

The lieutenant who delivered this message instructed him, furthermore, to be ready at a moment's notice to start for the metropolis, nothing preventing the setting out immediately of the escort in whose custody he was to go, but an order from the Lord Lieutenant, which was hourly expected, and only delayed by his excellency, who was on his way from England, where he had gone to consult the sovereign regarding the critical state of the country.

'I renounce allegiance to a lawful sovereign! You are in error, sir, I tell you,' replied the captain. 'I never yet had a lawful sovereign.'

'Well, your honor,' interposed O'Mara, 'won't you allow the captain to use my master, his brother's gray mare, or rather one which Lord Barterborough has in grass with us, to ride on to Dublin? Eh, your honor, General Kidd?'

In order that the reader may learn the cause of Terry O'Mara's fib regarding the 'Seagull,' it will be necessary to state, that at this period, or about it, no Catholic could possess a horse over the value of five pounds sterling, and whenever Catholics owned animals of more than this value, they were held in trust for them by some liberal Protestant of their neighborhood.

But to return to our narrative. After Terry O'Mara had received instructions to have 'Seagull' ready at any time within a week, when she might be required, and having been instructed to go by the mail-coach to Dublin himself, in order to ride the mare back, he started off to the cottage, to set about the requisite arrangements.

Dinny Cuddihy was puzzled and alarmed at this extraordinary training, and though forbidden by O'Mara to open his mouth on the subject to anybody, was heard in the kitchen, when the former was out, to mutter to his neighbor Patchee Meer, 'that Terry must be cract, or that the fairies had a houl of him, for he was laid out in either killing the mare, or teaching her tricks as would keep her from sellin' for ever.'

O'Mara having learned, on one of his daily visits to the prison, on what day the Captain was to set out for Dublin, and having left 'Seagull' ready saddled at the town hotel, for the latter, on the eve of his setting out, suddenly disappeared himself from the cottage, attended by Cuddihy.

The remaining portion of the family were astonished for what use the two famous donkeys were taken away, knowing their irremediable propensities to kick and bite all quadrupeds, and other animals not of their own species, and they had an especial antipathy to horses.

of Kilkenny, where, having prepared feed for their beasts, they intended to put up for the night. They had scarcely grained their animals, and partaken of a slight refreshment themselves, when they were startled by a troop of guards, twenty-five in number, who rode up to the hotel, the 'Ormond Arms,' with poor Captain O'Donnell guarded in the centre of the body.

'Come, Cuddihy, come, you knave,' cried O'Mara, after having heard the commander of the troop, Lieutenant Scarcecrow, cry out that his men had twenty minutes for refreshments, and to guard well the prisoner; 'come, Cuddihy, let us haste, or our stratagem is spoiled—the captain is lost.'

Our force, now consisting of the respectable quadrupeds already described, with two men, all together counting five individuals, made as great haste as they could across the Nore by the stone bridge, to occupy the 'road to Dublin.' Having travelled about two and a half Irish miles outside the 'Faire City,' on the Dublin road, they halted near the gate of what is called a 'gentleman's house,' which lay enclosed amid a plantation of magnificent trees, that hid it from the vulgar eye.

'Not a word from you Deuny,' he said, 'under pain of instant death;' at the same time drawing a concealed 'skine blade' from under his overcoat. 'See, is that gate open?'

'Very well. Now have your live coal ready, and when I say 'fire,' light this straw rope, and fling more straw on it; and when I cry 'cut,' then slip off the muzzles of the donkeys, cut their girths, and face them towards home.'

Soon the heavy tramp of troopers' horses was heard from the west. 'Draw!' cries O'Mara, and soon the whole cart-load of straw was drawn like a hedge across the road. 'Fire!' was next given, and now the whole place smoked and blazed like a wall of fire.

'Cut!' answered Terry, after stopping the Lieutenant's sentence by a bullet in the head. 'Cut, cut!'

With that, the asses rushed forward on the troop, and braying in high tenor notes, and rearing and kicking in gallant style, they set about biting the horses, some of whom were overset. Terry, in the mean time, struck with his 'skine' at the thongs with which Captain O'Donnell's horse was tied to those of two dragons, and crying 'Over!' 'Seagull,' as if conscious of the consequences that were dependent on her leap, flew like a bird over both fire and smoke.

The dragons attempted to follow, but their horses became restive, and balked. They fired several shots, but the smoke and the darkness intercepting their aim, the shots took no effect.

The whole troop now rushed in at the gate of Colonel Bruit, for want of a better way, and drawing up before his hall-door, alarmed his whole household. The colonel rushed, sword in hand, attended by his servants and tenants in arms, whom he had to defend his house against apprehended attacks of rebels, and ere he was aware who or what they were, another of the king's men fell lifeless from his horse, by a bullet discharged from one of the king's own muskets.

The captain, on his way back to the ancestral cottage of 'Fairy Hill,' borne along by the sure-footed 'Seagull,' took the old road by the foot

of 'Slab-na-man,' in order to escape the vigilance of the patrolling detachments of yeomanry which he knew frequented the mail-coach roads, to the great annoyance of the neighboring peasantry and inconvenience of travellers.

He had just advanced so far on his journey as to place him on a line with the little town above mentioned; and passing by the ruin of an old castle called Holly Mount, which stood on his left, he perceived, by the faint light of a waning moon just rising, that a party of horsemen and a carriage were approaching. They were just on an eminence of the road called Barna-na-Guibe, or Wind-gap, when his keen eye perceived them against the now brightening horizon; and, after having appeared like a vision, they were soon lost in the shadow of the hill.

'Is this a fairy land?' he whispered to himself, 'or are my senses imposed upon by some mocking demon of these dreary hills? There are articulate voices issuing from the earth, and laughter, as if to scorn my attempt to catch at their meaning; and here are a carriage and horses gliding rapidly along a hard road, without making the slightest noise.'

Returning back again to where his horse was secured, he not only heard the voices anew, but could hear distinctly what was said; and from the speeches, and toasts, and songs, that issued from the ruins of 'Custawn a Cullen,' 'Holly Castle,' he concluded that, instead of a conclave of fairies, he had fallen in with one of Croppies; and that the pottene was freely used among them, he concluded from the speeches that were made and the toasts that were proposed.

'Fill your glasses,' said one sharp voice; 'fill to the brim. Here's to the memory of Father O'Donnell, God rest him, and confusion to his enemies!'

'Ainen!' followed from about twenty voices. 'What's the time o' night, gienral?' said another, who appeared to be the guard or watchman of this troop.

'Just half-past eleven precisely,' answered the general.

'Come, thin, a story, a story. Come, O'Rafferty, you are a new comer. It is your turn now to begin. 'Shule lath.' Come on.'

'Oh, excuse me, gientlemin, excuse me.'

'No excuse, ma boughal, no excuse; the general orders.'

'Well, the only story I have is a throe one.'

'All the better. So much best. Silence, boys, till we hear the story; not a word out of yer mouths.'

As the story would be too long to put into this tale, and as it would require a separate chapter for itself, we may as well finish this by saying that the general of this nightly party of Croppies was a schoolmaster named Walsh, called by the peasantry 'Shawn Kaum,' or 'Crooked Jack,' from the deformity of his body; and that by his pretended knowledge of military tactics, and his recital of the persecutions which he said he suffered in the North of Ireland from the Orangemen, he was chosen by the peasantry as a leader, and all confidence reposed in his patriotism and virtue.

into his power; but when his low habits of drunkenness and dissipation, repressed for a time, began to be known, he was turned out of the farmers' houses, and afterwards turned spy, betrayed the confidence of the peasantry, took the Government 'bloud money,' and brought desolation and woe into those families to whose charity and hospitality he owed his elevation from poverty and degradation, to a position of comparative comfort and respectability, had he not the abandoned soul of a traitor, and the cursed tongue of a hired perjurer.

O'Rafferty proceeded to narrate one of the legends of the country, and the captain followed with a story by another of the company.

CHAPTER XII.

While Captain O'Donnell remained a listener by the ruins of the 'Old Castle,' partly detained by his curiosity, and partly by his doubts as to whether or not he should seek direction from some of his obstreperous fellow-rebels as to the safest route towards the place of his immediate destination, the cry of 'To arms! to arms!' rang on his ears; and ere he could again reach the back of his 'gallant gray,' a dozen rude hands were on his collar; and the shouts of 'We have him now! here is one of 'em, at any rate!' brought the leader of the band of desperadoes from his cavern to the upper air.

'Yes, captain, we have one of the tyrants, at any rate. Your bread is baked for certain.—Where are the rest of your associates?—come, tell us at once, or you die this minute—speak out instantly.'

'Oh, you will indeed; come, follow us.'

He was now ushered into the presence of the captain, after having been forced through a circular hole in the wall of the castle, within about a foot of the ground outside, but as many as 8 or 10 feet from the floor of the cellar, in which the captain and his guards were assembled. The captain of the Croppies, assuming as much dignity as was consistent with his rather tattered habiliments, which were kept from falling off his body by a sort of belt or rather cord of green baize or flannel, which girded him tightly around the middle, under which he wore a case of pistols, and a silver hilted dagger, now commenced a minute scrutiny of his prisoner.

After a solemn pause, and before allowing his prisoner leave to speak a word, this midnight Rhadamanthus, leaving a sigh and making a speech on the responsibility that devolved on him in virtue of his office of chosen leader of a trusty band of patriots, at length pronounced his horrid decree, and that sentence is, that you must die within one hour. You killed Father O'Donnell.

'I to have any thing to do with his—'

'Yes, you and your friends, associates and fellow-tyrants; you must therefore die the death.'

'You are under a grievous mistake. I neither consented to his unjust sentence, nor has Father O'Donnell suffered death, as you erroneously imagine.'

'Hold, sir, hold your tongue; have I not seen his head on the accursed spike of the Saxon, in the town of Cloughmore? Did I not witness the thunder, wind, and lightning,—the signs of Heaven's displeasure,—that enveloped the atmosphere and the earth alike in their terrible and wrathful mantle, at the very hour of his execution? The very elements, the inanimate creation, stood in mourning, and gave expression to their loud and wrathful lamentations at the foul murder of England, while you and your associate judges and sheriffs were feasting as if at a wedding, at this your triumph over the poor down-trodden Celt. Death, death, sir, is too mild a punishment for the vile execution of an O'Donnell, by your guilty hands.'

The whole party applauded this cruel speech of a half-crazy and drunken desperado, and the sad reality stared the captain of the Chasseurs de Vincennes in the face, that he had escaped from the meshes of English cruelty and injustice, to become entangled in the snares of a lawless and desperate band of Croppies, in comparison to whose summary and cruel sentence of death, that of English injustice itself would have been preferable. All his protestations of innocence of the crime laid to his charge, of being the judge who sentenced his own brother to death were unavailing. All his arguments, to prove his identity as Charles O'Donnell, only provoked the

scornful laughter of 'Shawn Kaum' and his midnight gang. The dreadful moment now approached, when three of the best shots were chosen to execute the summary sentence. The Croppy chief took great praise to himself for the generosity he exhibited, in permitting his victim to die a soldier's death, instead of being hanged like a dog; and he promised O'Donnell the favor of a decent burial in the neat green mound in front of the old castle, for the generosity of the latter in bequeathing him his gold watch.— Being asked if he had any commands to communicate to his friends, O'Donnell drew a small memorandum book and pencil from his breast-coat pocket, and wrote a few lines to his brother Thomas, acquainting him of his own sad fate, telling him where his body might probably be found, and begging of him, in charity, to procure for his soul the suffrages of religion. Having discharged this, his last earthly duty, as he had every reason to believe, he knelt, and with his hand crossed on his breast, poured forth his fervent prayer to his Creator for mercy and pardon for the sins and transgressions of his life. The executioners had their firelocks presented, and standing within three yards of their victim's breast, waited for the signal of 'fire' from their leader, when a voice of one exclaiming, 'You murderers, desist,' startled the whole party, and a horseman, brandishing a heavy whip, rushed into this mad circle of inebriate half-savages.

'Father Murphy,' muttered the Croppy chief, whom the priest recognized as the teacher of a country grammar-school, of a neighbouring parish.

'Is it you whom I find presiding over a scene like this, Walsh?' said the priest.

'I was but a very unwilling actor here,' rejoined the false-hearted Croppy; 'but this being one of the judges who condemned Father O'Donnell, the boys here were determined to have blood for blood.'

'Scoundrel, what evidence had you that this gentleman is one of these judges? Know that you were going to murder the brother of him whose death you pretend to revenge, and that for the death of one who is now living and well.'

'Ob, murther, did we not see the head of our priest on the spike over the court-house, at Cloughmore?'

'Nonsense, sirrah, nonsense. I fear your head will be soon there, for your crimes deserve such a fate. Let me find you away from this neighborhood, off to your native north, within one week from this day, Walsh, or I shall myself inform on you, and give you up to justice. And you, men,' he said, addressing his deluded followers, 'renounce this dangerous man's company, or he will hang you all some day. Come, now on your knees, and ask this gentleman's forgiveness for the unpardonable injury and insults you have offered him.'

So they did; and after having faithfully promised the priest that they would renounce 'Shawn Kaum's' leadership, and bury their arms, till some national occasion demanded their use, the Croppies separated for their respective homes, and the captain and his reverend friend took the road towards Knockmelldown.

'How providential you came by this old ruin to-night. I should have been by this time decently buried,' said the captain, breaking the silence, which was observed for about half an hour between them.

'I shall never cease to thank God for this providence,' said the priest. 'But how dreadful must have been your sufferings while in the hands of such barbarians, and especially when you were on the very eve, almost in the very act of being murdered.'

'The sensations of my soul were dreadful, indeed, especially when I felt that I was going to suffer by mistake, and by the hands of those misguided men, who, if they knew me, would die to save me. You were my angel, indeed; but what brought you this way, may I ask, at this hour?'

'Well, a most singular succession of incidents. It happened yesterday morning that the parish priest, our neighbor of St. Molanafide's, got his leg broken by a fall from his horse; and having no assistant, he wrote to our pastor, Dr. O'Healy to beg that he would permit myself or Father Fogarty to attend to any sick calls that may come from his people, till the bishop could provide for his parish. And as Providence would have it, about two hours ago I was roused by a peasant to inform me that his wife was in her last agony, consequent on protracted confinement; and on my way to where the peasant directed me, I somehow or other lost my road, notwithstanding my knowledge, as I thought of every by-road and almost hut of this mountain district! It is to this sick call, and to my unaccountable missing of the more direct road, that you owe your delivery without a doubt. Who cannot see the hand of God in the affair? In fact, O'Donnell, you must be destined for something extraordinary, or Providence would not have so visibly interposed in your behalf.'

'I gratefully acknowledge God's special favor and mercy in my regard, but I do not think I will ever be anything but an unhappy exile from my beloved home, the sport of fortune, and the representative of a family doomed, I fear to everlasting obscurity and decay. Tell me, Father John, how did my brother feel when you saw him last? Did he reach the 'Joan d'Arc' in safety?'

'Yes, perfectly so, and in good spirits. I went with him to the water's edge, and saw him ascend the gallant vessel, and waited till the brave craft flew, like a fairy, over the smooth sea. But that dreadful storm, which soon after rose, alarmed me much about the fate of the little bark.'

'It was a truly awful one, I am told; but the captain, Le Barry, is an experienced sailor, and I hope they were out in the channel ere it commenced.'

'O yes, they had time to be, but, for twenty years, I never recollect to have witnessed such a hurricane while it lasted. The peasantry interpreted the hurricane and thunder and lightning as manifestations of divine displeasure, on account of the perjury committed at Father Senan's trial;

and the general impression is, that he was executed.'

'So I believe. I can never forget your kindness to my poor, Father John, and I trust the part you acted in aiding him to escape his pursuers will be of no prejudice to you hereafter.'

'Don't mention it, my dear friend; my brother was more than a brother to me, and I would risk my life any day to save his. It is not very clear to me, however, that I will not have some little difficulty on account of having accompanied him to the beach, for, on my return back, at day-break, with his horse and my own, I was met by that perjured renegade, Sergeant Mally, who eyed me rather suspiciously, and who, I am sure, reported everything he sees or hears to headquarters, for he is fishing for promotion.'

'I should be sorry, but you must count on my aid if ever you get into trouble; and though now in trouble myself, I can tell you that I may not be long so, for I stand high in the esteem of the French king.'

'No doubt, no doubt. We must part here for the present, I to my sick call, and you to Fairy Hill, I suppose. Convey any commands you may have for me through that brave fellow, O'Mara. God be with you.'

And off started Father Murphy to his sick call, and the captain made the best of his way to the residence of his brother Thomas, or rather to the mountain in its vicinity.'

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM DR. O'BRIEN TO THE YOUNG MEN OF IRELAND.

(From the Cork Examiner.)

Newcastle West, March 24, 1862.

I address you to-day. I no longer confine myself to the Young Men's Societies, numerous though they be, and holding, as I believe, your bond and sinew. I address you all, high and low, rich and poor, ignorant and educated, and before God I declare that I believe myself placing before you the most important issue that ever engaged the hearts and heads of the Irish race.

And I do not confine myself in this appeal to the men who have not entered what is called the "National Brotherhood of St. Patrick." Nay, in a particular way I appeal to them. To the "initiated," who, perhaps imagining that rebellion against God can mean fidelity to their country; to the "uninitiated," who have not yet surrendered their liberty to the sanguinary fanaticism of revolutionary passions; to the honest men of every class, grade, and hope within that Brotherhood, I address myself in the face of our common danger, and I pray of them calmly to read these lines. I pray them calmly to read them, reason, and reflect upon them, and then pronounce their judgment; whether they can love God, Ireland, and their honor and remain where they are.

There is only one class whom I except—because that class is inaccessible to reason—and almost inaccessible to God. There is a class who hold in their pockets the pay for this country's humiliation—a class that hates with the hatred of demons the invincible faith of our martyrs and the blessed hopes of our patriots; a class which has found its merchandise in the honest enthusiasm of our country, and has sold us in the market of English ascendancy at every epoch of national expectancy. I do not address myself to them. They are men whom nothing will attract but gold, and the guilt that earns it. To them I have nothing to say; only that Ireland shall know them yet—and curse them!

Young men of Ireland! you saw the programme of the National Brotherhood which came from California last week. Read it. Let every man in Ireland read it; young and old. With the blush of burning shame upon our cheeks, and with bated breath, and praying to God for patience—let us read an advice given to the children of the saints, that we should become robbers, plunderers, murderers, apostates, infidels, and hired assassins, in the cause of public liberty. Great God! all moral principle be a mockery, and if rapine, slaughter, and anti-Christian impiety be the virtues of patriotism, let us burn the records of our fathers' heroic fidelity, and spurn the folly which left us landless and homeless for many a hundred years. If the doctrine of infidelity and sacrilege be the faith in which we are to rear the children of this generation, let us be wise with the dictates of our dogma. Let us fling down the old crosses, uproot the old abbey, turn our cathedrals into whiskey stores and museums of industry, and let us spit on the graves of the fools who did not accept the heresies of Edward, Elizabeth, and Knox, and save their descendants from the national confiscation which have left us paupers and oppressed!

Young men of Ireland—there is the programme of the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick. There is the philosophy of the resurrection of dead nations. Fling God and virtue overboard—turn to the devil and bloodshed and you shall be free!

What say you to it, young men of Ireland? What say you to this blasphemy against your dead kindred, and your living fathers, and your living faith? What say you to this creed of the National Brotherhood of St. Patrick?—Answer!

Pass over what every one knows. Pass over the merciless slaughter of unarmed and undisciplined men. Pass over the hangings—drawings—transportations—sack and sacrileges—the goods which spies sell for English gold, and which English ministers have been so ready to buy. Pass over the ruin—the black, desolate ruin, over which the purchased patriots of English connection would stride with the assured dignity of men who are honored for having led a country to sell. Suppose that you had a fair field—an equal chance—or half an equal chance—suppose anything—what say you, young men of Ireland—would you take assassination and infidelity for your leaders—would you take this "National Brotherhood of St. Patrick's" doctrine for your battle-cry? Shame! Shame!

The National Brotherhood in Ireland, however, does not accept the creed of butchery and impiety. Of course they do not. We are not yet ripe enough for that. The Committee of the National Brotherhood will "modify it," before they accept such a profession of faith. They will tell us the railroads "not to be torn up," and, maybe, "the landlords to whom rent is to be paid." They will say when we may be "allowed to build a church," and when we "may listen to a Bishop or a Priest." This Committee of the National Brotherhood may sometimes permit us to provide places of education for our children; and if Garibaldi obtain Rome they may allow us to send a "moderate" contribution to the Pope. For auld you, young men, the Committee of St. Patrick's Brotherhood will modify the plan of American butchery and communism!

Judge well! I beg of you, in this matter. The "Brotherhood" in San Francisco proclaim a creed of blood—a creed more diabolical than Mirabeau ever laid down or Mazzini ever dared to plan.

The Brotherhood in Dublin (not yet of Ireland, thank God) says this creed must be modified, and is not entirely to be believed. Whom—which Brotherhood, is to be trusted as the real exponent of the National Brotherhood's views?

You will answer at once—the San Francisco Brotherhood, the outspoken Red Republican, must here claim the right to preach the true gospel of the Dublin Committee.

Why? Why, because the American "Brotherhood" spoke with perfect freedom. They spoke equally without compulsion and without restriction. They spoke as they were ruled and as they were sustained and therefore had no motive to conceal or to promulgate their doctrine cautiously. The Brotherhood in

Dublin (not of Ireland, thank God, again) do not come out with perfect freedom—they do not speak without apprehension or moral restriction—they do not come forth unsuspected and unquestioned to modify the same creed. They come to the bar of Irish judgment suspected—accused of the very things they deny—restrained by apprehension—their life or death, all their interest, dependent on modifying the creed of their brotherhood in America. They had not, and they cannot, in common sense and reason have any claim to believe when they deny their own body, their own friends and allies. I do not believe them; young men of Ireland, what say you? But we must get the bottom of this question now. The issue must be plainly put, and the Brotherhood of St. Patrick must be fairly and justly accused and proved guilty—and accused and proved guilty precisely in proportion to the criminality which evidence shall have established.

Well regarding this Committee of the National Brotherhood, (and of this National Brotherhood we know nothing more) I say, that if we knew every man of them to be as pure a patriot as Tell, and as heroic as Hofer, we could not believe them—we dare not believe them in a contingency such as this.

First of all, Secret Societies—those societies which are never seen together in public, or those which are never seen together in public and legal forms to cover the villainies of mysterious combination—both of them have two sets of opinions. They have a set for display and a set for conspiracy, a set for catching the simple and a set for destroying the reign of all Right and Truth. Such has ever been their history. Such it is to-day; and this difference, this necessity of "modifying" the San Francisco document, is simply a plan of the trade.

Let us not be told that the committee (which is all we know of the association) are honorable men, and would not recede before their own principles. This cannot be said. To admit such pleading would be a suicide of all hope and reason, as things develop themselves now. Who are they? Whoever they be is Ireland to be surrendered to them? If they be mere tools—the mere tools of illegal, socialistic, Californian combination, they cannot be believed; because they are not in the secret—they are not sworn. If they be principals—red-handed conspirators, or mean-hearted spies they are not to be believed—because they, the conspirators and spies, are the people of the double creed. The one either one or the other.

Young men of Ireland mark me! In the year 1846 there were three men at the knees of Pius IX. They had been brought back from exile to their homes by his clemency. They swore a thousand oaths of eternal fidelity and two of them poured out the tears of full-hearted love and contrition at his very feet. They went to the church and received from his hands the Body and Blood of the Saviour, and they publicly prayed "that Paradise might close its portals in their face" if they should ever prove false to their benefactor and Prince. Mark and reflect! Almost from the very altar these men—Galetti, Riczzi, and Bianchi—retired to a back room to plot—to plot the overthrow of the Pontiff!

Listen. Like the National Brotherhood, they had the two creeds.

"Take the moderate as far as they will go with you," says Mazzini, "even make them leaders as long as they go your way." Thus the innocent were to be entrapped by vanity, and even led on by an appearance of lunacy with public principle. But these same men who used them, these patriots who seduced them, practised upon the necks of corpses to make themselves masters of assassination, and devoted themselves to eternal destruction if they would not kill an enemy, when called upon to do so, "even though he took refuge in the bosom of his mother, or in the Tabernacle of Christ."

Why was this? Because like the National Brotherhood, they had the two creeds.

Young men of Ireland, I again and again repeat—whether you innocently belong to the party represented by this Dublin Committee, or whether you be still free from their trammels—I say that the question for you to decide is whether you will sacrifice your country and your God or fly from all participation in the wickedness projected and practised by those who are the movers of this Brotherhood, and who hold the double creed.

They—this people of the double creed—they tell you there are no secret oaths.

I tell you there is. They tell you there is no Revolutionary blood-stained object proposed to be initiated.

I tell you there is. They tell you they contemplate the freedom of Ireland.

I tell you that many of them contemplate the sale of Ireland, and are in the pay of the police.

And now young men of Ireland! I pause for this day. I have now right to speak to you. For fourteen years I have laboured for you day and night, far and near, with the strong hope of building up a union which one day would represent the majority of my country's mind and strength. I never asked a penny of your money, and I never employed your influence for any personal end. We often spoke of Ireland. We spoke of the day when our schools would have brightened her intellect—our libraries stored her soul—our lectures imbued her with the thoughts that,

"In the bright forms of ages past," would have stirred her home pride, and have awakened her noble energy, and given her a hold upon the respect of Europe. We talked of the irresistible force thus derived and developed, and we placed the future under the sceptre of God. We were succeeding—fast succeeding—when the devil or the "foreign policy" of some anti-Irish plotter adopted the whole of our system, but, as was wise in them turned religion out of doors. I say then, young men of Ireland, I have some right to give you warning.

Well, then, to sum up this letter, long but necessary:—

Firstly: the creed of this National Brotherhood is simply blasphemy, rapine, and murder. This is proved by the San Francisco document, a thing of more authority than the Dublin Committee can pretend to.

Secondly: This creed of assassination and impiety places our country at the command of spies, infidels, and English political designers.

Thirdly: This creed makes an Irish union impossible, for no man who respects himself, religion, or Irish traditions will join them; while most men will not like to encounter its unscrupulousness and bad language, by forming another organization.

Fourthly: This Brotherhood thus helps distraction and division, and places all the hopes of constitutional liberty under the feet of English power.

Fifthly: This Brotherhood has members bound by oaths, and thus excommunicated and banned by God of that may certainty is as indubitable, as my certainty is of the light now shining.

Sixthly: This Brotherhood has members "proclaiming" the road to Botany Bay, and the best way of making Ireland ridiculous.

Of this my certainty is equally great.

I therefore place the plain issue before you, young men of Ireland. Impiety—revolutionary absurdity, that means riveting our chains—rapine—dishonour on one side—with the National Brotherhood; and God and Ireland on the other. Which side will you take?

I am, your devoted servant,

R. L. O'Leary, V. G., P. P.

P. S. Mr. Mitchell seems to think that "bad repute" is not a sufficient reason for warning your friend against a stranger's company: I differ with him.

He, Mr. Mitchell, also thinks I was informed by "certain persons." Yes; I think that it is necessary to be acquainted with any man's repute—good or bad. But the "certain persons" were in every part of Ireland where the "National Brotherhood" had had a representative, and in many parts of England also. This makes repute, I think.

COLONIAL EMANCIPATION.

(To the Editor of the Daily News.)

Sir,—If any Canadians have been offended, as it appears some have been, by my first letter to you on the subject of Colonial Emancipation, it is the fault of the *Times*, not mine. I send to you, whose motto is open councils, a letter obviously intended as a contribution to English discussion, but which, when read entire, could not be thought disparaging to the colonists. The *Times*, being apprehensive lest my remarks should do mischief at "Quebec and Montreal," drags the letter from "its obscurity," and calls the particular attention of the people of Quebec and Montreal to the passages which it thinks likely to be offensive. Perhaps I should have either been left in obscurity, or differently treated, if I had not on a previous occasion, spoken rather freely against an ecclesiastical system which, because it is the useful outwork of a corresponding political system, the "statesmen" of the *Times* in common with other 'statesmen,' piously defend.

No doubt my first thought was justice to the English people, who maintain, by the sweat of their brow, that "magnificent fabric," as the *Times* calls it, of reckless and useless expenditure, which the profligacy of past rulers reared, and the blindness of their successors uphold. A Quebec journal tells me that "my God is Mammon." My neighbor tells me that I am Mammon, because, when he is better off than I am, I do not wish to pay his rates. Our statesmen need not fear to encounter the reproach of Mammon worship when public money is to be saved. A wealthy Genoese, long known for his liberality, all at once turned miser, and became by his solid parsimony the object of general wonder and of general scorn; but at last, with the savings of that parsimony he paid the public debt of Genoa, and with her solvency restored her greatness. The extravagance of our government is sustaining the reputation of a minister who has no other ground for his reputation; but not only does this extravagance diminish the comforts of our people in peace—it cuts beforehand the sinews of just war.

However, my argument is that timely separation is good for both parties, but especially good for the colonists. They love a fresh start in the world, with a heritage of modern liberty and civilization, unencumbered by the feudalism which still presses, and will long continue to press, on the energies of the mother country. Their destiny, as it is the last gift of Providence, is probably higher than ours, if they will only go forward like men to meet it, instead of clinging, like frightened children, to the skirts of the Old World.

What is it the Canadians hope to gain by remaining a province? What is it that they fear to lose by becoming a nation?

We have given them all that we really have to give—our national character, our commercial energy, our attitude of law and government, our language, with all the stores of wisdom and beauty which it contains—the memory of an illustrious origin and bond of affection which will not lose its force when the Governor General ceases to exercise his nominal rule. We have given them the essence of our constitution—free legislation, self-taxation, ministerial responsibility, personal liberty, trial by jury. The accidents of that constitution—the relics of the feudal mould in which it was wrought—we can no more give them than we can give them our history or skies. Do they or any of them desire an hereditary aristocracy? They must be prepared to accept the necessary basis of an hereditary aristocracy—primogeniture and great settled estates, with waste, neglect, pauperism, absenteeism and Windhamism in their train. An aristocracy without acres would soon prove anything but an august institution or an element of political stability. I find it difficult to soar to the poetic conception of a free-new Canadian monarchy, with colonial lords of the bedchamber and ladies in waiting; but I find it still more difficult to soar to the conception of a Canadian peerage, with the Duke of Montreal, the third perhaps from the creation of the title, begging like Belshazzar for an obolus, or whistling on a costermonger's cart.

Again, the Canadians possess what is essential in our religion. Do they or any of them wish to import our ecclesiastical institutions, with state bishops sitting in parliament and ecclesiastical courts to enforce Church authority in matters of opinion, and bring men to trial for writing what they believe to be the truth? Does not the very mention of these things at once remind us that ages as well as oceans lie between the feudal civilization in church and state, and that of which the colonies are born heirs?

Or to drop from these refined and airy speculations to the vulgar and substantial, do the Canadians hope that this country will always go on paying for their army and navy? Then I do not shrink from declaring my belief that, governed by the power of the clubs as we are, and cajoled as we are by the great organ of that power, to hope this is to hope too much from the suzerainty of the English people.

If then, the Canadians have nothing to hope from continuing a dependence, have they anything to fear from becoming a nation?

That their trade with us would not suffer they know, not only from the reason of the case, but from the decisive example of the United States, whose trade with this country has rapidly increased from the first hour of their dependence.

They dread annexation to the United States. But I submit that their greatest danger of being annexed arises from the position as a dependency of England. That England will some day get into a war with the United States is only too probable, were it only from the intense hatred which our aristocracy naturally feel for the model republic, and which has so signally broken forth since the commencement of the civil war. And in case of a war between England and the United States, Canada, as an outlying dependency of England, would no doubt be placed in jeopardy. But is there any reasonable ground for presuming that the American people are so extravagantly ambitious and so outrageously profligate as, without provocation, to invade and annex an independent nation?

And supposing the Americans to be bent on this change, could England undertake ultimately to prevent it? We are now able to spare a large force for Canada, because we have no other enemy on our hands. But the day may come when we shall be engaged in a death struggle with some European power. And shall we then be able to keep a great army in Canada, a flotilla on her lakes, and a fleet upon her coast?

I doubt the judgment of the Canadians in these matters, because I see that they are animated by an extravagant and childish antipathy to the Americans. Their reliance on the protection of England encourages them to give vent to this antipathy, which may some day lead them into acts of folly, and consequent disaster.

That they should be a separate nation from the Americans is manifestly to be desired, not only for their own sake, but for that of the Americans themselves, who have shown only too plainly that they stand in need of the lessons which nations, like men, derive from the society of their equals. But it is idle to think that Canada can be a part of the Old World. Let us see a Canadian dollar. Whose image and superscription has it? Those of England or those of America? And ask the holder of Grand Trunk shares or of Hamilton bonds whether the people of the country in which that dollar circulates, as commercial men, are so very different as they imagine from their neighbors of New York. Not that the character either of the Canadian or the Yankee ought to be judged exclusively by their commercial morality. A lax commercial morality is, in effect, the barbarism of a young commercial nation. The progress of civilization will introduce nobler objects of pursuit than money, which at first it is every colonist's natural business to make, and assuage that craving desire to grow suddenly rich from which wild speculation and profligate repudiation spring.

I submit, then, that the interest of the Canadians,

as well as ours, is on the side of separate government. They gain nothing by the present system but the payment from this country for their military and naval defences, which as it leads them to neglect the duty of self-defence, they will find in the end no gain, but a heavy loss. And if I am told that it is strange and ungracious to propose separation at a moment when the Canadians are so loyal, my answer is, that I believe no greater or nobler boon can be given them than independence, and that no time can be better for bestowing that boon than one of perfect mutual confidence and affection.

I have now, sir, only to thank you for having given admission to my letters on this subject. I am not without hope that the public attention has been in some degree drawn to this question. If it has, my object is gained, and I have not much doubt as to the ultimate result.—I am, &c.,

Oxford, March 21. GOLDWIN SMITH.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CANADA.—In our last but one we (*Irish Farmer's Gazette*) published an extract from a London (*Canada West*) contemporary, the *Canadian News*, giving a sketch of the condition of our finest dependency, its agricultural capability, and the encouraging prospects held out to settlers there, as well on account of the great fertility of the soil, the excellence of the climate, the unrivalled means of communication by water and rail throughout the province, which gives nearly equal value to farm produce in all parts of it, and the extremely liberal terms on which the Canadian Government are now bestowing the land on industrious settlers who make Canada their home.—There is, perhaps, however, no feature in Canadian life and prospects so favorable to the settler as the great trade in timber, with which the soil of Canada has been so bountifully supplied by Providence. The forests of the country are said to be covered with enough of wood to supply Europe for ages—an immense source of wealth when combined with the other advantage that the tributaries of the great St. Lawrence, when swollen in the spring by the melting of the winter's snows, convey the timber to a market at Quebec with such facility and at hardly any expense, while the snow which lies on the ground in the months of December, January, February, and part of March in some places, is most valuable in "macadamizing" the roads to draw the timber on sleds to the banks of the rivers. Many parts of Canada, not readily reached in this way, have also been tapped by the railways recently constructed, but they only bring a small proportion of the whole quantity exported to the shipping port.—The value of Canadian yellow pine, the great staple wood of the country, is well known. Of late the beautiful Canadian black walnut has become a favorite article, and is highly prized for making the most elegant description of furniture. The hard maple, curly birch, and other ornamental woods also grow in almost unlimited variety and profusion, besides the celebrated rock elm, oak, red pine, Tamarac and other ship-building woods, so valuable items of Canadian export. But we were certainly not prepared to learn that Canada produced anything like so many varieties of wood as were shown to us yesterday by E. J. Charlton, Esq., a native of Ireland, and for many years a resident in Canada, who now represents the Canadian Government in this country, for the purpose of encouraging emigration to Canada. The box of specimens shown to us embraced a variety of over fifty different kinds of wood, being as many varieties as are imported into the United Kingdom from all parts of the world. They are beautifully got up, and are creditable to the taste, as well as indicative of the wealth and resources of Canada, and are well worthy of inspection by our artisans and manufacturers, who will receive from Mr. Charlton useful information as to what these woods are best suited for, the quantity in which they can be produced, and the probable cost laid down here.—But the most interesting consideration in connection with Canadian timber is the great assistance it is the means of affording to the farmer who makes a home for himself in Canada in the neighborhood of the lumber merchants' operations, to whom it gives a market for his produce at all times at high prices. The farmer in the new settlements on the Ottawa and St. Maurice, for instance, not only gets the prices current at the great market towns on the St. Lawrence, but as much added as will cover the cost of transport from thence to the farmer's own door in the neighborhood of the timber manufacturer's chandler or saw mill—a most important consideration, indeed, to a new settler, and one that should have the effect of inducing intending emigrants to select Canada in preference to the western prairies of the United States, where an absence of all timber causes the farmer to be put to great expense and suffering for fencing, for building materials, and fuel, and where there are no prices for his produce, Indian corn having sold last season at sixpence per bushel of sixty pounds in the centre of Illinois. We congratulate Canada on the enlightened and liberal policy adopted by her rulers and the people of this country disposed to emigrate in the means taken to inform them where they are so likely to secure independent positions for themselves; and we are glad to learn that Mr. Charlton's mission will result in inducing a large number of valuable settlers from this country to adopt a home in Canada in preference to the United States.—*Irish Farmer's Gazette*.

If we may draw an inference from the condition of the old Orange organs in Dublin, there is something rotten in the state of Irish Orangeism. The *Evening Packet* was founded some 35 years ago upon the ruins of a vile old no popery paper called the *Correspondent*, and was conspicuous as a "state of the country" paper, that is, an Irish metropolitan journal which made it its chief business to befoul its country by scrapping together all the crimes, real or fictitious that were mentioned in the low Orange provincial newspapers, and blazoning them forth for the gratification of the enemies of Ireland in this country. The *Packet* is defunct, or, which is the same, is merged in the *Dublin Evening Mail*, whilom a flourishing concern; but that was when Mr. Sheelán held the reins, and before that able writer and amiable gentleman had the boundless happiness to become reconciled to the Church.—*Weekly Register*.

THE SOUVENIR AND THE CENSUS.—Hotels and lodgings have been looking up, during the past week. There is a stir amongst the evangelicals; croquet requisites have been in demand; and every Parsonage in the city is arranging its round of social parties, where the young ladies may have best chance of meeting unattached Rectors, with good livings or fair prospects. The Tract Trade is importing largely and sales of Bibles are tumbled from the holds of the steamers without any seeming reverence for their contents. All Parsondom will march upon this beleaguered city, on Monday next, and hold it within their pious grasp for the next week. The Rounda will be the Head Quarters of this Army of Evangelizers, from which various lines of operation will extend throughout the city and suburbs. Tribulation, and and sore, has fallen, however, upon these good men, since they last assembled in the Metropolis. "Essays and Reviews," its ultimate logical consequence; the Ultramontanes may threaten to attack the Establishment; an unbelieving Parliament may even take into consideration an authorized interpretation of every text in King James's Version, having first recast, abridged and amended the Prayer-Book, and decided as to the number of the sacraments, and nor this, nor these, nor all could equal the disastrous blow levelled against Protestant interests by the publication of the Census Returns, last year. Rev. Major Dallas must clip the wings of his poetic imagination and conform his figure of speech, regarding the fabulous missionary harvest in Co. Wick, not to the causes of criticism, but to the unpoetical op-

James of figures in the Census Return. The Irish Mission Society, Dallas, Plunket, O'Callaghan, and Co., only at the April gathering, or Proselytising Congress, last year, told of crowded churches, packed schools, and insufficient Ministry in the growing vineyard of the Gospel in Oounaught, but the Police soon followed them and revealed the startling fact, that by dint of care, assiduity, and diligent search, they were able to make out three Protestants, and three-hundred of another, amongst every hundred of the 254,449 inhabitants yet remaining in Mayo. Where are the fruits of Ryder's ravings in Achill, of Bishop and Miss Plunket's persecutions in Partry, of Mrs. Ridley's doings in Bullinade, when nearly 97 of the population are still as deeply steeped in the abominable superstitions of Popery as before these godly apostles, of both sexes, first entered upon the godly task of converting the natives? Kishikirk, Clifden, Oughterard; what storehouse capacities enough to garner the gospel harvest which the pastoral sickles of Dallas and O'Callaghan gathered round those centres of propinquity! The Census again comes forth and assures the heretofore trusting world of Exeter Hall that in the whole county Galway, containing 271,042 persons, only 31 Protestants could be found in every 100 of the inhabitants. If the Proselytising Brigade will only penitentially read, at each of their meetings next week, the results of the Census, we pledge ourselves never again to expose the imposture which they have been practising upon the public for the last twenty years.—Dublin Telegraph.

EMIGRATION.—The question of emigration forces itself on the consideration of every Irish journal sympathising with the Irish people at home and abroad. If the unnatural contest now raging with such fury between the North and the South, and in which so many of Ireland's sons, ranged on opposite sides, are every day shedding their life blood on the battle fields of America, were once ended, it is quite possible that we should see another exodus across the Atlantic equalled only by what we have already seen the sad witnesses of, since the famine of 1846-7. We fear the Emigration of our people is only suspended not stopped by the American war, and while those who can afford the outlay are packing up for Queensland or some other far away destination, others are turning their attention to Canada, which has many recommendations to an Irishman, besides being so easily reached.—16.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.—Nearly 300 persons were booked, up to this day, at the agency office of Messrs. C. and W. D. Seymour & Co., for passage to America, by the "Eton," the outward bound vessel. The emigrants were chiefly young females of the small farming or laboring classes, the cost of whose passage had been defrayed by friends and relatives in America.—Cork Examiner, 27th ult.

DISTRESS IN THE WEST.—We find in the morning newspapers the following, which has been addressed to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor:—

Recess, Connemara, County Galway, March 20th, 1862.

My dear Lord Mayor—I have been staying for a few days in this neighborhood, and I wish to bring before the attention of the Mansion House Committee some facts relative to the distress in the West. The parish of Roundstone is in the barony of Ballinahinch, and extends about twenty-five miles from Murvey to Shankill, near the half-way house. It contains about 500 families. The population is almost entirely Roman Catholic. The Rev. Mr. Griffin, of Roundstone, is the only priest to attend to this great district. There are two Roman Catholic chapels—one at Roundstone, and another at Ballinahinch. There are three national schools, and a school conducted by the monks at Roundstone. Almost the whole of this country is bog and mountain. There is, however, plenty of arable land, and Glen Inagh and other mountain valleys afford capital grazing for the Connemara ponies and the native cattle and sheep. In the best of times the people of this district live on potatoes boiled by means of turf. During a great part of the year there is also plenty of cheap fish, hake and herrings. They sell some of their sheep or cattle to pay the rent. Two wet seasons have reduced this district to starvation. There are no potatoes—the turf is destroyed—meat, clothes and fire are the three necessities of life, and two out of the three are almost gone. If any traveller wish to see to what condition the peasantry of the West are being reduced, let him pay a visit to the miserable village of Lissoughter, within half a mile of Recess. There is a collection of filthy hovels unfit for human habitation. A few starved creatures creep round them with the wistful look of hunger in their eyes. They have been living upon half-boiled Indian meal—their bed-clothes are pawned—they are helpless—the natural industry is here covered by hopeless poverty—and here is the final result of centuries of ignorance, oppression, and submission. This district forms a portion of the vast estates of the Law Life Insurance Company, formerly the property of the Marquis of Ballinahinch Castle. The company possesses an extent of country larger than many a German principality, with high mountains, deep valleys, 52 miles of sea coast, and inland fisheries. The natural beauty of the country is unsurpassed in the world. The property is as well managed as the property of absentee landlords can be managed, and it is said to produce a rental of £15,000 per annum. In 1850 the Special Commissioner of the Daily News wrote:—"Here is an estate running through forty miles of country on which there is scarcely 20s. a day spent on any sort of labor. I am unaware what great change there is by way of improvement since. I respectfully ask for some relief on behalf of the poor people here. Mr. Robert Mecreedy has collected a small fund from the gentlemen who have frequented the district for the purpose of angling. This has been all expended, principally in the purchase and distribution of seed potatoes. The starving women and children of the place get meals at his house; but private charity is unable to relieve all the hungry crowd. It may not be possible to prevent the gradual process of the extermination of the Irish peasantry. Political and social causes are at work, over which we living in Ireland unfortunately have no control. But it is our present duty to relieve the misery and starvation of the West.—I have the honor to be, my dear Lord Mayor, your obedient servant,

DENIS CAULFIELD HERON.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT.—An article appeared in a recent issue of the Times which may afford us two-fold profit, by enabling us the better still to estimate the results of that English civilisation which is held up to us as the standard to which we should conform our tastes and habits, and by showing the value of those structures in which that great exponent of English opinion and English feeling as regards this country indulges when dealing with questions affecting the social condition of Ireland. It shows us the qualifications that England brings to the task of our reformation, and how the Times is entitled to act as our censor. The article in which we refer treats of a system—an organised system—of murder which prevails "in a busy, prosperous, and enlightened" city in England. If this prevailed in any other country than England the Times would call it by its proper name. If those murders, or attempts at murder, occurred, for instance, in Ireland, they would be called "assassinations," and so of other countries; but as it is in England the scene is laid, the English journals cannot afford to display their usual felicity in strong epithets, the expressions are accordingly softened down, and the crime is defined as "Trade outrage." From time to time a certain description of crime takes like an epidemic through the land, and rears in enormity. But circumstances in these cases show that each criminal is only prompted by the devil that possesses himself. There is no evidence of concerted design to effect a common object, not so in those "Trade outrages," where the "individuals act upon the impulses of others," and hence the

Times rightly draws the distinction, and regards those "outrages" as the result of an organised system for slaughter. We do not quote the Times for the purpose of warning Irishmen against copying the example of those "outrages." Indeed English legislation has so effectually disposed of Irish trade, as to render such advice totally unnecessary. England, with a sisterly care for securing our morality and her own interests, has taken very good care that the opportunities for "Trade Outrages" shall be deprived of us by annihilating our trade. But we desire to quote some passages which will enable us to appreciate the blessed results of English civilisation, particularly as showing the influence which the expensive machinery of the English State Church and educational appliances has in moulding the morality of that people. Let us remind the reader that the words we quote are not descriptive of the Thugs, or of the "unenlightened agrarian assassins" in Ireland. "It will scarcely be believed," says the Times, "that in the present day a certain town in England is, and has been, characterised by the prevalence of a peculiar system of murder." Very nice this for a commencement. It proceeds—"The town is busy, prosperous, and enlightened—at any rate in its own estimation—beyond most other towns." It then goes on to describe those outrages with its own graphic force. "Infernal machines are constructed, so as to explode with a fuse, and in the dead of the night a terrible report informs the neighbourhood that another trade outrage has been perpetrated." The consequences are summed up in one sentence, thus—"The deaths and mutilations are daily chronicled next day, but the discovery of the assassins is a rare occurrence." Now for the organisation. "It will be easily understood that any struggle against such a system as this must necessarily be carried on in the dark. They are perpetrated in conformity with a recognised system." It states the reasons for its belief: for "If the murders were not organised by a system, they would not be so uniform in character, or have been continued for so many years!" "They—the perpetrators—must be shielded by the influence of sympathy or terror." The reader will observe how like this reads to the language which the Times was in the habit of addressing to the wild Irish. It cannot evade the comparison, and therefore adds, "like the agrarian assassins in Ireland." So here we have the 'agrarian assassins' in Ireland, and a large section of the population of a "busy, enlightened, and prosperous" English city standing upon the same moral level, and placed there by the Times! The parallel is still further carried on in the words which follow—"The system, in fact, if we may judge by its fruits, seems exactly analogous to that by which tenant right used to be enforced in Connought. There the victim had offended against a certain popular code, designed to regulate the tenure of land, and at Sheffield the offence is against a similar code designed for the regulation of trade." The article goes on to point out how it was the practice of the Irish assassin to crouch behind a hedge, with a blunderbuss, while the Sheffield assassin calls science to his aid and manufactures a shell; and closes the paragraph by again referring to agrarian crime in Ireland, as the madness by real sufferings and imaginary wrongs. We shall not stop to inquire how the sufferings can be real, and the wrongs imaginary, but the knowledge of Irish topography, shown in this extract, is equal to that of Sir Robert Peel, who places Skibbereen in the diocese of Tuam. It is well known that Connought has been singularly free from agrarian crime, thanks to the teaching of the Catholic clergy, although in no other part of Ireland has the arbitrary power of landlordism been exercised with more devastating effect. Not even has that Peer of Ireland and Bishop of Tuam, who wields the crow-bar more potently than the crozier, been threatened with retaliatory vengeance. It is not our present purpose to confute those calumnies; but we desire the reader to mark—taking the Times to be literally correct as to Irish and English crime—the difference of treatment in each case.—When some unfortunate Irish peasant, 'goaded into madness' by the operations of a nefarious code of land laws, seeks 'the wild justice of revenge,' and brings the load of murder on his soul, the Times never disconnects the individual from the nation. The crime is the offspring of Celtic 'unenlightenment,' of anything rather than of English legislation. If we could only be brought to English enlightenment and morality; would that take kindly to the State Church, which is distributing such blessings in Partry and Tuam, and to the ameliorating crow-bar, all would be well with us. In dealing with 'trade outrages,' the Times rightly confines the charge of complicity to the members of certain organisations. And have we not a right, we ask, to report upon the Times, and inquire is this the result of your boasted civilisation—your national prosperity? For Sheffield has Lord Brougham's schoolmaster been long abroad; missionary meetings, no doubt, are held there for the enlightenment of the heathen world outside—the wild Irish amongst the number—and the lesson from the Bible, and the 'Hill' hymn book are there delivered with nasal intonation. The Sheffield assassin is 'enlightened and prosperous'—the latter cannot be charged against the Irish peasant 'goaded into madness.' If the Times in dealing with Irish questions would keep its 'morality,' which we will have none of, and its moral disquisitions to itself, and apply them for those at home, where on its own showing they are much wanted, and would look deeper, and see in predial outrages the symptoms of a diseased state of the social system, which wise and humane legislation should and could remedy, would look with fish eyes at the causes of those 'real sufferings which goad to madness,' as it looks at English grievances with English eyes, it would be 'doing the state some service.'—Dublin Telegraph.

THE IRISH POOR RELIEF BILL.—In a discussion on the Irish Poor Relief Bill, which took place in the House of Commons on Monday night, 23rd ult., some noticeable observations were made by supporters and opponents of the various clauses. Mr. Gregory suggested that the Poor Law Commissioners should communicate with the Catholic Bishop of the diocese before dismissing the chaplain of any workhouse. Mr. Osborne remarked that at least one member of the Irish Poor Law Commission ought to be a Catholic. Mr. Hennessy inquired why it was that neither in the report of the committee of last session, nor in the blue-book they had issued, was there any reference to the fact that out-door relief was given in England to 1 in 23 of the population, in Scotland to 1 in 24, but in Ireland only to 1 in 140. To the latter question Mr. Cardwell replied that "perhaps the committee were of opinion that it was no approach to a poor law if it did not extend relief to a certain large portion of the population, or that it would be any credit to it if it did." This is, of course, a very satisfactory and explicit answer to the question. In answer to Mr. Gregory, Sir Robert Peel said that "no great dissatisfaction" with the present arrangement existed, and that it should not be altered. As to placing a Catholic on the Poor-Law Commission, the appointment of a board of Englishmen and Protestants to deal with an Irish and Catholic people, were made solely owing to their efficiency! "He thought it would be very injudicious to introduce sectarian feelings in the selection of the members of the commission." In such words of hollow mockery as these do the Government deal with the just and reasonable requirements of the Irish people! Colonel Greville very pointedly asked "what confidence would the English people have in their Poor Law Board were composed of Irishmen and Roman Catholics?" But that was a question which the Government did not find it convenient to answer.—Dublin Nation.

Mr. Vincent Saulty, M.P., has indignantly decided the report that he intends to resign his seat for Cork County, and to accept office.

Colonel Luke White's name appears in the new Letters Patent appointing Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.

In an elaborate manifesto which has been sent over to Ireland by the "Brotherhood of St. Patrick," in California, and published in the organs of that party there, the following significant passage occurs illustrative of the anti-Catholic nature of the society:—

"FROM ONLY YOU YOUNG MEN.—You have spilled your blood freely for the Queen of England and for His Holiness the Pope. Perhaps you did well to show your slumbering valor in any opening that offered, to assure the world that it was not extinct. In future we should advise you to husband your blood for the defence of your own country.

"BUILD NO MORE CHURCHES.—For 50 years past you have thrown every spare shilling you could catch into stone and mortar; building magnificent cathedrals without any title to the country on which they were erected. Had you applied the cost of these expensive piles, and the cost moreover, of private monuments erected in Glasgow churchyard—mere signs of puerile vanity—to the physical organisation of yourselves; had you, with these moneys, paid military teachers, to form you into a well-drilled national army, an army of a million of soldiers, like the Swiss, you might then reasonably hope to keep up large congregations to fill and support those magnificent edifices which you might call your own; but if you do not immediately change your tactics, there will soon be few people left to worship in those costly cathedrals, few to show signs of life but the beasts of the field; and now we advise you to suspend church-building until we ascertain who is to own these churches—whether the English or the Irish.

"CHURCH AND STATE MUST BE DISSOLVED.—Nor can we perceive any benefit to accrue to the independence of Ireland from disputes respecting the Universities, whether the Queen's or the Pope's; nor respecting the temporalities of the Protestant Church. Our time is too precious now to study the 'battles of the bishops.' Nor can we omit to mark, as most mischievous and absurd, the system of clerical education prevailing in Maynooth College. The Irish priesthood are, for the sake of £30,000 a year annual grant from the Parliament to the College, sworn in as a species of police force for England. Our eyes are opened by the M'Manus funeral to the sickening fruits of this alliance between Church and State."

Dr. O'Brien is a true patriot and a sterling Nationalist; we believe him to be as devoted to the real of Ireland, and as anxious for native rule, obtained by honorable and legitimate means, as many whose names we reverence.—Nation.

At the Mayo assizes, Edmond Joyce was, for the third time, placed on his trial, charged with wilful and corrupt perjury in reference to the murder of Alexander Harrison, the ploughman of Lord Plunkett. The public are familiar with the facts of this remarkable case. The trial occupied the entire of Saturday, and resulted in the jury being again discharged without coming to a verdict.

The Globe, after examining the latest Irish criminal statistics, congratulates Ireland on being out only one of the "most prosperous," but on the whole one of the best behaved countries in Europe.

THE REPRESENTATION OF MALLO.—The name of Mr. Sargent Sullivan is, we are informed, very generally spoken of in connexion with the next election for Mallo. From the popularity of the learned gentleman, and the just pride his fellow townsmen feel in his career, there is every reason for attaching credence to the communication which has reached us.—Cork Herald.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A petition against the return of Major O'Reilly has been presented. We hardly know whether such brazen insolence most excites astonishment or blame. It is not too much to say that no contested election in Ireland within the memory of man has ever given so little plausible colour for this charge of intimidation. To repeat only one or two unquestionable facts. There were in the county two regiments of cavalry, two battalions of infantry, and one thousand five hundred police (a force which in Ireland is recognised as a regular military arm), the whole under the command of Major-General Yates, sent down specially for the occasion. There were also three stipendiary magistrates. It was, therefore, clearly impossible that any outrage should really have been committed without some of the guilty parties being arrested. Yet the only persons taken in charge during the election was two drunken men, one of whom was laid hold of by the police, the other by the populace, who were resolved that no excess of which he might chance to be guilty should give any plausible colour for the charge of rioting, and therefore of their own accord gave him in charge, although they had considerable difficulty in compelling the police to take him in charge. More than this, neither the Sheriff nor any of the officers, civil or military, were even called upon to protect any voter or take any steps for the preservation of the peace. This alone is enough to prove that the charge of violence is unfounded. So large a military force, where there was clearly no need of its attendance, might have been held to be an undue interference on behalf of Colonel White. In England it would certainly have been made a ground of complaint. But this, anyhow, cannot be made a charge against those who were opposed to the Government candidate. But more than this, the senior of the three stipendiary magistrates present publicly declared that, in the whole of his experience, which was very large, he had never seen a contested county election so absolutely peaceable. The Sheriff, as we all know, made a very similar declaration. We may add, that we have been favored with the sight of a letter written by a Protestant clergyman, the Rector of an English parish, who, being a Longford elector, attended and gave his vote for Colonel White. This letter declared that the claims of truth came first, and that the writer was bound to declare that neither in voting nor in walking both through the streets of the town and on the road from Longford to Newtown Forbes, which was that along which most of Colonel White's voters came, had he either been interfered with himself or seen anyone interfered with. In like manner, a gentleman, well known in the House of Commons as a late member for Westmeath, Mr. Hugh Morgan Tuite, who is one of the largest Protestant proprietors of the county, is ready, we are assured, to testify that he walks with his Protestant tenants through the streets of the town, and that they all voted for Colonel White; but that neither while coming, voting, or returning, did they experience the slightest interruption. Under these circumstances, it is difficult to imagine that the petition will be seriously pressed. Col. White, as might have been expected, repudiates it, and will have nothing to do with it. In fact, we imagine the real petitioner in this case to be Sir Robert Peel, who having been the person above all others to whom Major O'Reilly owes his election, cannot bear the humiliation he has brought upon himself and the Ministry, and has not yet learned the lesson, very necessary to a politician, of bearing defeat with a good grace.—Weekly Register.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—March 31.—Iron-Clad Ships.—Sir Frederic Smith called the attention of the Secretary for War to the report of an engagement between the Confederate iron-clad frigate, the Merrimac, and the Federal iron gunboat, called the Monitor, having a shot-proof roof. He described the construction of the former, which had plates five inches thick, and as regards defensive purposes she was a great success, but as regards her sea-going qualities she was not so confident. The Monitor was of a different construction, but she had on her passage proved her sea-going powers. The action was fought gallantly on both sides. The Monitor was the least powerful, but the Merrimac was fired upon by batteries from all sides. Under these circumstances, he wished to consider the future prospects of defensive warfare, and urged that small vessels of this description would be cheaper and more efficient than stationary forts on land, which could be sailed by with

impunity by iron-plated vessels. He, therefore, considered the proposed fortifications of the dockyards, especially of Portsmouth, as so much waste of money, and that the day of wooden vessels of war was proved to have passed away. So confident were the Americans of this fact, that they were constructing a most formidable fleet, of all sizes of vessels, for defensive and sea-going purposes. He, therefore, strongly urged the cessation of the works at Portsmouth, and the construction of a fleet of iron gunboats and other small vessels.—Mr. Laird said it was clear that the Monitor had saved all the Federal ships on the spot. In his opinion the question had never been one of invulnerability, but of sea-going capabilities, under so heavy a weight of iron plates. The Americans were so satisfied with this experiment that they were going to abandon the use of forts, and to rely solely upon a fleet of Monitors. He believed that iron for ships of war would be in the end the cheapest, and that facilities for docking and cleaning iron vessels must be provided for at home and abroad, as there must be an efficient iron steam navy, and he hoped government would turn its attention seriously to the question.—Mr. Gregory believed that this country, with its resources in iron and coals, would be enabled to maintain its maritime supremacy.—Lord A. Vane said that from his own knowledge the Merrimac was only fit for river purposes, and that the Monitor was really the more efficient vessel of the two. He hoped that government would act upon the views expressed by all practical men.—Sir G. C. Lewis said questions had been raised, one on the construction of fortifications, the other on our naval defences; but he must warn the house that any change would involve great expense. If this revolution in naval warfare was to be carried out, the practical result would be that his noble friend at the head of the government would have to ask for a supplementary naval estimate of £12,000,000 to £15,000,000 (laughter). This particular question of Portsmouth had been brought by Lord Herbert under the notice of the Defence Commissioners, and they, after having fully considered it, adhered to their former views, alleging that if those positions were not fortified they might be occupied by the enemy. They urged a combined system of forts and iron-plated auxiliary vessels; for his own part, he did not think the action between the Merrimac and the Monitor threw any new light upon the qualities of iron-plated ships. There were two questions involved—first, the defence of the coasts against iron vessels, and probably forts could be made to maintain their superiority over floating batteries; secondly, he believed that the inventors of modern artillery were sanguine that they would be able to crush these iron vessels, which it was assumed would be able to invade our coasts. He was also supported in this view by the fact that the Americans were constructing a gun of 20 inch bore, capable of throwing a ball of 1,000 lbs., and likely to smash the side of any vessel, however thick its plate; it would not, therefore, do to proceed too hastily without further experience in so expensive a question, but government would most carefully watch that question.

The English papers have been occupied during the week with the results of the action between the Merrimac and the Monitor; and very properly. The whole system of naval war is changed. Our majestic fleet is rendered practically useless. Whether we are to adopt shields to our existing ships, or to build new iron rams and tortoises, or, as we suppose, to do both, is the only question. That the Emperor's discovery of defensive armour for ships will cost us many millions, is certain. We have once more to run a race for our maritime power, that is in fact for our national greatness and independence. There remain two great questions—first, it is wise that we should continue at present the enormous expenditure on which we have just entered for fortifications for our harbours and dockyards—for it seems as if floating forts alone are to be henceforth of real use; and next, can we so far improve our projectiles, as to overcome the strength of the new armour? Can we, as Sir G. Lewis anticipates, find anything powerful enough to crack their iron sides? Alas! it is clear enough that for many a day to come the chief energy and expenditure of civilised nations is to be devoted to improve machinery of destruction.—Weekly Register.

It is of no use mincing the matter. Our fine screw line-of-battle ships and frigates have gone the way of our fine old sailing 74's. They are good for nothing against an iron-clad battery. They must be struck off the list of effectives if we wish to save life and escape disaster, and we must concentrate all our efforts upon a new class of vessels. There is no reason why this should be any great tax either on our energies or our resources. We are always ship-building, and have always large sums available for the purpose. The Navy Estimates were neither framed nor voted in any niggardly spirit. All we have to do is to guard against any misdirection of energy or waste of power. Fortunately, the development of the new principle is in the direction rather of economy than extravagance. Captain Coles's invention is cheaper than the iron-clad frigate; and the Monitor if she could go to sea, would be cheaper, we imagine, than the cupola or shield ship. So we are not going from bad to worse in that respect, though we doubt if Mr. Kriesson's vessel would fulfil all the conditions of a British man-of-war. However, the main question of all has now been finally decided for us, and at the expense of others. The Admiralty is already on the right track. Lord C. Paget announced in his official statement that we had at length ceased to build line-of-battle ships, and were devoting ourselves to iron-cased frigates. One step further will put us in safety. Let our authorities, pending the completion of these formidable fabrics, address themselves vigorously to plating and arming the numerous vessels admitting of such conversion. The Merrimac herself was only a converted ship, and we may get a score of Merrimacs in a very short time.—Times.

The Morning Herald treats it as a proved and established fact that the attempted unification of Italy, and the Piedmontese annexation of Naples, are condemned. It contrasts the perpetual denunciations of the last two Bourbon Kings by Liberal Statesmen and journals with their silence and indulgence towards the conduct of the Piedmontese Governors of Naples, whose cruelties and atrocities, and whose arbitrary violation of every right of freemen, exceed everything attributed to the former Sovereigns. It declares that England has incurred a terrific responsibility towards Italy, because it was the English Liberal Government which first compelled Napoleon III., not to oppose Garibaldi's incursion from Sicily; and secondly, which compelled the withdrawal of the French fleet from Gaeta. It is a powerful and unanswerable denunciation of the Italian policy of the Whig-Liberals. More instructive still is the latest utterance of that authentic exponent of Liberalism, the Globe. The Globe says—"There is something extremely painful in the conduct of the Tory party on the Italian question." Extremely painful! "The doctrine that kings have a free simple of their kingdoms is at the root of that fervid affection for the late Despot of Naples, which distinguishes the section of the Tory party, which regards Mr. Disraeli as a sound leader and Lord Normanby as a prophet. At this moment the organs of the party are expatiating on the possible return of a Murat dynasty, and the conversion of Naples into a French province, in order to terrify the timid and foolish into an advocacy of the claims of King Francis." "We wish," says the Globe, "to point out that the destruction of Italian Unity, the restoration of despotic power, the preservation of the temporal power of the Pope, and alliance with all who will work towards these ends, is the sincere desire of the Tory party, or at least, of that section of it which includes the leading men." "In the interests of rulers like the late King of Naples, the late Duke of Modena, the late Papal Governors of the Legations, and the present Governors of the Papal States, Toryism opposes by all means the consolidation of Italian Unity." All this

is quite true, with one exception. It is not true that the restoration of despotism is the object of either the Conservative party or of the Catholic party.—True Catholic principles, and true Conservative principles abhor tyranny, arbitrary power, despotism and absolutism; they favour freedom and teach that the rights of everybody are limited by the rights of everybody else. But both Catholic principles and Conservative principles agree in repudiating the doctrine that Kings are tenants at sufferance, and have no better title to their Sovereignty than the continued acquiescence of their subjects in their rule. They agree that loyalty and allegiance are duties, and that the subjects' rebellion is not equivalent to a forfeiture of the Sovereign right.—Tribet.

UNITED STATES.—BATTLE OF PITTSBURG.—The correspondent of the New York World has so far furnished the best account of the battle of Pittsburg; and so far as the censorship allows him, he appears to tell his story with a large amount of impartiality. He establishes that the attack was a complete surprise; that the Federal troops were driven before the enemy in panic and confusion; that the fight became at last a frightful massacre; and that the result has been a complete demoralization of the army. Writing from Cairo on the 12th, he says that the Federal loss in killed is 3000 but he puts the wounded at only 2000 when allowing the smallest known proportions they must be 12,000. He states Grant's force in the field the first day at 65,000 men. Of the cowardice of many of the Federal troops, he says:—"None but the brave deserves the fair." What will the fair say to the men who dishonored their profession and their cause on Sunday last? The most astonishing stories are told of the abject cowardice of our men. Nor, was this confined to privates only. We prefer not to detail any of them to the public eye, in the hope that they may prove untrue, or, at least, exaggerated. But when men will ignominiously leave their commands in the hour of danger and fly back to the boats, and be careful to pull their straps from their shoulders in the hope of escaping recognition, it is but justice that they should be distinguished from those who shared the dangers of the day, so that whatever honors are the meed of the gallant defender of his country may not be showered upon a cowardly poltroon. The New York Tribune correspondent says that ten or twelve regiments early in the day sought safety in flight, and never appeared again in line. The Confederate troops advancing in a gradually contracting semi-circle drove the enemy before them in intermingled mass, Prentiss's division was cut to pieces and absolutely annihilated; Sherman's and Hurlbut's made but a slight resistance, and gave way before the terrible volleys which were poured into them by the Confederate troops advancing on them at the double with tremendous cheers. McClellan's division gallantly attempted to stay the tide, but was forced back, fighting desperately. All appeared to be lost, and surrender to avoid inevitable destruction was being debated, when the opportune arrival of the gunboats arrested the disaster; and the pursuit was checked by their fire. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field, without shelter, attendance or aid. Notwithstanding the exertions of our surgeons the mortality must be alarming. The confusion into which the army was thrown, and the rains which have recently fallen, have rendered the work of gathering in the wounded a work of great labor. The enormous loss, the terrible character of the wounds have filled Cairo with lamentation and woe; but after host arrives loaded with sufferers; all resources have been exhausted to meet the exigency, and yet three days after the battle hundreds of wounded were lying upon the field,

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY At No. 233, Notre Dame Street, by J. GILLIES. G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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; at T. Riddell's, (late from Mr. E. Pickup,) No. 22, Great St. James Street, opposite Messrs. Dawson & Son; and at W. Dalton's, corner of St. Lawrence and Craig Sts. Also at Mr. Alexander's Bookstore, opposite the Post-Office, Quebec.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Our latest European dates are by the steamship Bohemian, from Londonderry, 11th instant.—The news are almost completely devoid of interest. In the British Parliament there have been lively debates on the question of iron-clad shot-proof ships; and the influence of the late brilliant exploits of the Merrimac and Monitor upon the minds of British statesmen may be traced in the order given from the Admiralty, to transfer all the shipwrights from the wooden, to the iron vessels now in course of construction.—The Government has also contracted for an iron-cupola ship on Captain Coles' plan, to be ready for sea on the 1st of June, 1863. Sir William Armstrong insists however that heavy guns can be made which shall send their shot with such force as to pierce through, and crush any amount of iron armor that can be placed on a ship's sides; and experiments lately made at Shoeburyness show that the best, and hitherto invulnerable, iron-sides can be penetrated almost as easily as timber.

From the Continent there is nothing interesting to report. Slight reductions in the French army are announced, and what is of more importance, commercially and politically, the prospects of the coming crop are reported good.—Another bad harvest in France would probably bring on another revolution.

Italian affairs remain unchanged. The Piedmontese Government complains of the asylum given by the Sovereign Pontiff to the King of Naples, whose presence of course encourages the loyalists or "brigands" to persevere in their desperate struggle for the emancipation of their country from Piedmontese rule. Some very silly persons, and of these the Lord knows there is no lack, profess to detect in that passage of the Pope's last Allocution wherein his Holiness declares that the "temporal power" is not a dogma or article of Catholic Faith, a disposition to compromise. Seeing however that by no Catholic theologian has the "temporal power" ever been treated as a dogma, the expectations or hopes of these silly persons rest on a very insecure basis. The question of the "temporal power" is to day what it was yesterday, and will be still to-morrow.

Since the great battle of the 6th instant, no important events have occurred in the United States, and both parties seem to be preparing for another desperate struggle.

His Lordship the Bishop of Tloa, accompanied by the Rev. M. Tachereau, Rector of the University, arrived in Montreal on Sunday morning last. His Lordship celebrated High Mass at the Cathedral; and on Monday proceeded by railroad to New York, whence in company with their Lordships the Bishops of Toronto and Buffalo, he was to sail for Europe in the Asia. We find in the Quebec Morning Chronicle the following account of the honors paid to the Bishop of Tloa upon occasion of his departure:—

DEPARTURE OF THE BISHOP OF TLOA.—Monsieur Baillegon, Bishop of Tloa, and R. C., Administrator of the Diocese of Quebec, left this city on Saturday afternoon, accompanied by the Rev. E. A. Tachereau, Rector of Laval University, en route for Rome. His Lordship proceeded from the Archeveche to the Grand Trunk Railway Wharf, Champlain street, at 6 p.m., escorted by the Hon. G. E. Cartier, Attorney General for Lower Canada, and by His Worship the Mayor of Quebec. Among the other gentlemen who accompanied His Lordship to the wharf we observed the Hon. C. Allegre, Provincial Secretary; Lieut. Col. the Hon. Jos. Cauchon, commanding the Seventh Battalion, or "Chasseurs de Quebec"; Colonel Paquet, commanding Seventh Military District, &c.; Lieutenant Col. G. L. de Salaberry, commanding Ninth Battalion, or "Volunteers"; and a large number of other officers of the Staff, and of the 7th and 9th, in full uniform. The guard of honor, which (by permission of His Excellency) was composed of the 1st and 8th Companies of the Ninth, under Capt. C. E. Paquet and Gagnon, extending from the gate opening on Champlain street to the post-office, presented arms as His Lordship passed down towards the ferry-steamers. A detachment of the City Police, under Capt. Bureau was drawn up on the pontoon. A large concourse of citizens accompanied Monsieur Baillegon from the Archeveche; and a crowd assembled on the wharf to witness his departure. Monsieur Baillegon and the Rev. M. Tachereau are expected to return about the middle of July.

His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston is amongst the number of the Prelates of Canada about to assemble at Rome, in compliance with the invitation of the Sovereign Pontiff. The Church of this country will therefore be well represented in the capital of Christendom. Mgr. Horan sailed in the Asia.

Letters have been received under date 3rd instant announcing the arrival of the Bishops of Montreal, St. Hyacinthe, and Hamilton in England. Their Lordships were to proceed immediately to Rome, where they would probably arrive in time for the ceremonies of Holy Week.

ORDINATIONS.—On Sunday last, at High Mass, Mgr. Tache Bishop of Boniface, Red River, conferred the following Orders:—Deacons—Mr. Joseph Leclerc, Montreal; Mr. Jas. O'Beilly, Hartford; Mr. W. John Daly, Boston.

SEEING THINGS IN A NEW LIGHT.—Some years ago the Protestant people of Great Britain were in a state of great exultation at the prospects opened out to them in China, by the progress of the rebels or Taepings. The leaders of this immense system of brigandage put forth proclamations in which the practised ears of the Protestant missionaries could detect the right evangelical twang, almost the nasal utterances of the conventicle. Not only did the brigands speak like Protestants, but, in the words of the poet, "they behaved themselves as such."—They pillaged and violated and murdered; and towards Buddhists, and "Romish priests" they showed no mercy—killing, with horrid tortures all upon whom they could lay their hands, as "idolaters," and as worshippers of graven or carved images, whom it was the duty of the Lord's chosen people to put to the edge of the sword. This Cromwellian procedure was of course very consoling to Protestantism. Exeter Hall was moved to its utmost depths; and how to "improve the occasion," and how to avail themselves of the "Great Opening" which the Lord had given to them, were the questions which saintly men in white chokers, not altogether without an eye to profitable investments in the China trade, addressed to one another as they mutually imparted the tidings of the massacres of Romish Priests, and the overthrow of the Romish superstition in the far off Eastern land.

"There was a time," says the London Times speaking in the name of all Exeter Hall—"there was a time when we English had a sort of tenderness for these rebels. . . . We hoped in those days to recognize in them a Christian sect, and when we found their zeal hot against Buddhist idolaters, and that they were putting to death the Roman Catholic priests because 'they also were idolaters' some of our Protestant missionaries entertained great expectations from them." These are not our words, but the words of the Protestant Times; and if they seem to convey a slur, or something more than a slur, upon the Christianity of "our Protestant missionaries;" if they do seem to imply that those meek and sanctified looking followers of Our Lord, who stand on platforms, and for a pretence make long prayers—do habitually receive with joy the tidings of the murder of "Roman Catholic priests," and are in the custom of rejoicing when they hear of the cruelties perpetrated by the Taepings upon Popish missionaries—the slander is one for which not the TRUE WITNESS, but the London Times is alone responsible. At the same time we may be permitted to say that nowhere have we ever met with such a hideous imputation upon "our Protestant missionaries." If they are what the Times represents them to be, they must already be as akin to demons as it is permitted to those who still wear broadcloth and the bifurcated garment to be. This question however we leave "our Protestant missionaries," dear tender-hearted men, to settle with the Times.

But the sentiments of English Protestants towards the Chinese rebels have undergone a considerable change of late. In the first place, they—(the rebels)—"have lately been killing Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries with a rigid impartiality;" and however much "our Protestant missionaries" may approve of martyrdom when applied to mere idolatrous Romish priests, it is a process which they strongly deprecate when they themselves appear to be threatened with it. More than this, it appears that the Protestant Taepings have captured Ningpo, and now menace Shanghai another of our "Treaty Ports," and one whose annual commerce is estimated at thirty millions of pounds sterling, with a similar fate. This is touching Protestantism upon its tenderest points. "Our missionaries," who had looked with such complacency upon the Taepings so long as the latter were cutting the throats of Roman Catholic priests, have now become alarmed for their own safety, and tremble for those snug little homesteads enriched with all the luxuries of Europe and of Asia, which their service of the Lord in the East has enabled them to acquire; for, en passant, it may be remarked that in a pecuniary point of view, there is no business so good as that of a "Protestant missionary." Even in the "opium line," once so profitable, it was never so easy to amass a fortune in a few years, as it was, and still is, in the "gospel line."

Threatened thus in person and in property, "our Protestant missionaries" have come to look upon the rebels in quite a new light. Their proclamations once so savory, so orthodox, are now pronounced by the Times to be,— "Such a horrible burlesque of Christianity, that

they are not to be described where any reverence for the most sacred name exists."—London Times.

Their murders, now that these are no longer confined to "Romish priests," awaken no more joyous transports in the hearts, provoke no more devout thanks from the lips, of "our Protestant missionaries—but are stigmatised as,— "Deeds of butchery so revolting that they have caused a stupor which deters resistance."—Id.

And the Taepings, themselves, as the disturbers of British commerce in the East, and as the ruthless destroyers of British property are now denounced by the Times as unmitigated ruffians, and as the enemies of the human race.

The truth of the matter is that these Taepings are a sort of Chinese Orangemen; a bloodthirsty set of vagabonds ever ready for deeds of rapine and slaughter, but instinctively hostile to "Romish" priests, whom they torture and kill with an especial delight. For such men it was natural that the "we English," in whose name the London Times speaks, should entertain "a sort of tenderness;" and when the news arrived in England that these Chinese Orangemen, like their Irish prototypes, "were putting to death the Roman Catholic priests, because they also were idolaters;" it was in perfect harmony with all Protestant precedents that "our Protestant missionaries entertained great expectations from them," and came to the conclusion that the murderers of "Romish" priests in China were sound Protestants, and worthy of the loving sympathy of their coreligionists in Europe. The Times narrates all this as the most natural thing in the world, without apparently the least suspicion of the damaging imputation it thereby makes against the Holy Protestant Faith and "our Protestant missionaries." Yet what manner of men the latter are it is not difficult to ascertain, when we find in their own organ the avowal of their "tenderness" for the Taepings, of whom the only thing that was known was that they were, in the civil order, rebels—and in the religious order Protestants, as manifested by their cruelties towards "Romish" priests. In the opinion of "our Protestant missionaries," the outward and visible sign of a Protestant convert is, not a holy, chaste, honest, temperate and charitable demeanor; but rebellion, theft, lust, and the "putting to death Roman Catholic priests." At such evidences of conversion to the Holy Protestant Faith, whether in Ireland or in China, "our Protestant missionaries entertain great expectations." So at least says the Times, and from such an authority we will not presume to dissent.

COMING TO JESUS.—The trifling with this Holy Name, in which our friends of the French Canadian Missionary Society indulge, must, to every Christian, be as disgusting, as their assumptions of intellectual, moral, and religious superiority over the Catholics of Lower Canada, whom by their ministrations they propose to "bring to Jesus," are false, impertinent, and, if duly considered, ludicrous. To all the insinuations of the French Canadian Missionary Society there is one conclusive answer. Look—we say—at the moral condition of the Catholic Lower Canadians, as evidenced by official statistics; contrast that condition with the moral condition of the Protestants of Upper Canada as revealed through the same medium—and account, if you can, for the purer morality of the former, if, as you pretend they are yet strangers to Jesus, and need your instructions how to come to Him.—The Penitentiary statistics establish beyond a possibility of cavil the moral superiority of the Catholic, over the Protestant section of the Province—of the people of Lower Canada over those of Upper Canada. Now this greater morality must be due to one of two things: either to a moral superiority by nature, or to a moral superiority by grace.

The objects of the French Canadian Missionary Society were explained at a recent Ordination of French Protestant Ministers, whose proceedings were given in full by the Montreal Witness. We are told that:—

"The Society had for its object, not to bring to people—(the French Canadian Catholics)—under any special form of Protestantism, but to bring them to Christ Jesus. They desire the revival of primitive Christianity, and such a purpose supposes the existence of a state of things loudly calling for reform."

Two very desirable objects no doubt. To bring to Jesus men who are strangers to Him, to restore or revive "primitive Christianity" where it has become extinct or is dead, are objects deserving of our warmest sympathy and highest commendation. Two things however are supposed, or taken for granted by the French Canadian Missionary Society, neither of which it has any more right to assume than had the good old lady down in Connecticut to "suppose that the Dog-star of which she heard some folks speak, was a Skye terrier." Two unwarrantable premises are assumed. The first, that because of their Popery, French Canadians are strangers to Jesus; the second, that the form of religion now existing among French Canadian Papists is not substantially identical with the religion of the first, second, third and fourth centuries of the Christian era, or in their own words with "primitive Christianity." To these errors we may add a third: That of supposing that they—(the

French Canadian Missionaries)—have it in their power to "bring men to Christ Jesus;" or to revive primitive Christianity. "Physician heal thyself," is a proverb especially adapted for their meditation.

What is it to "come to Jesus?" Is it to love the Lord Jesus Christ with all one's heart and soul, and strength? to believe in him as our Redeemer and Deliverer from the curse of sin, and the bondage of Satan? Then must every one who is a Papist in deed, as well as in name, have "come to Jesus." Is it to strive diligently and constantly to conform one's life to that of Jesus?—to be like Him chaste and humble of heart, honest and upright, rendering good for evil, and eschewing iniquity? Then has every one who yields obedience to what the Papal Church commands, already "come to Jesus." What then do our would-be proselytisers mean, when they tell us that their object is to "bring us to Christ Jesus?"

Do they want to give us a higher notion of the Person, character, and mission of Christ than that which we already entertain in virtue of our belief in the teachings, or the Christology of the Catholic or Papal Church? But this they cannot do; for one material point of difference betwixt Papists and all Protestant sects, consists in the far higher, the infinitely higher views which the former entertain of the Son of Mary. According to Catholic faith that Son was one Person, and that Person, God, the Second Person of the ever Blessed Trinity. This in substance all Protestants deny, for they deny to her who was the Mother of the Person Christ Jesus, the title of Mother of God, thus shewing that they do not believe in the doctrine of the Incarnation. The low views entertained by all Protestants, of her whom all generations of true Christians have ever called "blessed," are incompatible with exalted views of the Person of her Son; and these, again, are incompatible with exalted views of that Son's office, dignity, and mission. Protestants do not realise the idea that He Whom the Blessed Virgin bore in her chaste womb, nursed in her encircling arms, and nourished from her maternal breasts, was indeed God, consubstantial to the Father; how then can they look upon the victim expiring upon the cross with the same feelings as those with which Catholics are inspired by that spectacle! The Papist cannot become a Protestant without thinking meanly of Christ, of His Person, of His mission, and of Christ's death on the cross. Only in and through the Catholic Church can men "come to Jesus;" to Him Whose blood, and Whose blood alone, can cleanse from all sin:—

"Cujus una stilla salivam facere Totum qui ab omni mundum sceleret."

And what is this "primitive Christianity," whose revival amongst Catholics is another object of the F. C. M. Society? Thank God! here we are once more upon solid ground, and have to deal with facts, not metaphors. To "come to Jesus" is a figure of speech, which men may, and will to the end of time, interpret differently. How the Christians of the first three centuries worshipped?—what they worshipped?—and what therefore they believed concerning Christ, and His teachings?—are questions very easily settled by the clearest evidence. The "primitive Christians" worshipped even as now we Papists worship; the central object of their worship was, as is our's, Christ ever present in the Eucharist, and upon the Altar; and their belief therefore upon all points connected therewith, was identical with that which Papists of the nineteenth century profess. These are facts which no man acquainted with the history of the Catacombs, and their daily accumulating revelations as to the faith and worship of the Christians of the first three centuries, can call in question.—The primitive Christians may have been superstitious and idolatrous; their worship may have been false, and their faith a perversion of truth. Upon these points we will not argue; but that "primitive Christianity" was identical with nineteenth century Popery, is a fact which the Catacombs attest in language the most unambiguous that can be conceived.

The Catacombs are in short to the Christian inquirer and theologian, what the fossiliferous rocks are to the geologist and the comparative anatomist. As the latter in the rocks trace the clearest proof of the existence at remote epochs of uncertain antiquity, of peculiar fauna and flora, and from these are able to conclude to the physical conditions under which these latter flourished—so in the Catacombs we find, graven also upon the rocks, the simple but touching evidences both of the religious belief, and practise of those by whom these memorials were made. The proofs afforded by the carboniferous strata of the existence of an ancient, and once most luxuriant vegetation, are not stronger or more conclusive than are the evidences afforded by the Catacombs of the fact that they who worshipped therein met to offer the daily sacrifice of the Mass, and were believers in Transubstantiation, or the Real Presence in the Eucharist. The phials wherein may still be seen the marks of the martyr's blood, and which they who attended Mass in the Catacombs during the persecutions of the early centuries carefully collected and stored away as most precious treasures, are as eloquently convincing of

the "relic worship" in which "primitive Christianity" delighted, as are the fossil shells, and fossil bones, which geologists gather together in their cabinets, of the existence of animal life on this globe at remote, but uncertain epochs. But we know when and by whom the Catacombs were used as places of worship; and in this respect, more fortunate than the geologist, can determine with certainty when and by whom that peculiar form of Christianity whose existence the Catacombs reveal, obtained; and are thus assured by evidence which cannot deceive—by evidence of the same nature as that which convinces the geologist as he gazes upon the footprints of some strange, though now extinct monster upon the stone before his eyes, that the monster itself must have once existed, and walked on the surface of the earth, whilst as yet that which is now hard and unyielding as marble was soft and plastic—that "primitive Christianity" and nineteenth century Popery are in faith and worship identical. We do not pretend that from the Catacombs we can ascertain the truth; for there is just as good reason for supposing that Christ allowed His Church to fall into error in the second or third century, as in the seventh, tenth, or sixteenth; but the Catacombs, with their altar-tombs, their memorials, relics, and inscriptions do teach, and in the plainest language, that the faith and worship which French Canadian Missionaries condemn as superstitious and idolatrous amongst French Canadian Papists under the reign of Queen Victoria, universally obtained amongst the Christian population of Rome under the reign of the Pagan Emperors.

THE TORONTO ELECTION.—Mr. Robinson, it will be seen, has been elected by a large majority over his opponent, Mr. Bowes. This is looked upon as a Ministerial gain, and a defeat to the Clear-Gut party; we know not whether we of Lower Canada can take any very great interest in the matter.

There is, after all, only one question of paramount importance before the country, and that is "Representation by Population"—or in other words, the question whether the religion and the nationality of Lower Canada shall be crushed beneath the hoofs of the champions of Protestant Ascendancy. Upon this question we are told that Mr. Robinson, the victor at Toronto, is in favor of the policy of Representation by Population; and if so, he, as is every other man who favors that policy, is our enemy. In face of the great danger with which we are menaced, it is a shame that a union cannot be cemented amongst all Lower Canadians, and all Catholics, to oppose, no matter at what risk, or at what cost, the policy of the enemies of Lower Canada and of the Church; and to uphold at all hazards the principle of "Equality of Representation," so long as the Legislative Union endures.

Why above all are not French Canadian united on this all important question?—why are they ever squabbling amongst themselves, about place and office, whilst the enemy is thundering at their gates? What matters it who is in office, so long as he is all right upon the question of Representation, and determined never, so help him God, to yield one iota to the demands of Upper Canada on the Representation question. With secular politics, and with Ministerial arrangements, it is neither our business nor our inclination to meddle; but upon this question we hesitate not to say that all Catholics, and all Lower Canadians, should be united to a man;—and should treat every one as their enemy who will not boldly and unequivocally avow his resolve to uphold Equality of Representation as the condition sine qua non of a Legislative Union betwixt the two Provinces.

If we are told that such a policy is under existing circumstances impossible, we reply that that very impossibility is a proof how monstrous a thing the Union was, and is; and that it is therefore an all-sufficient reason why that unhallowed joining together of those whom God has made two, and not one, should be dissolved. The people of the two Canadas are not a homogeneous people, and can never by any process of human legislation become so. Now all our difficulties proceed from the fact that our legislators have overlooked, and will persist in overlooking this essential fact. The Upper Canadians and the Lower Canadians are, and ever must be, two distinct and essentially different people, with nothing in common betwixt them except their allegiance to a common Sovereign. In every other respect they are aliens to one another—in blood, in language, and in religion; and to attempt to govern, and legislate for, them as if they were one homogeneous people, is as absurd and mischievous in the moral order, as it would be absurd and ruinous in the material order for the architect, or mechanic, to ignore the facts of gravity and friction, and to persist in building his houses, and in constructing his machinery, as if no such forces existed. The "laws," if we may speak the language of Mr. Buckle, of the moral order are as rigid as are those of the material order; man can succeed in what he attempts only by frankly recognising them, submitting himself to, and working in harmony with them. They will not allow themselves to be violated or overlooked with impunity; and so long as our Canadian statesmen

will persist in ignoring facts, and in dealing with the people of Canada as if they were one, whilst in very fact they are two, and will remain two to the end of the chapter—so long must all Canadian legislation prove a failure.

Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder. Protestants daily violate this evangelical precept by their divorce legislation, and the dissolution of Christian society will be the consequence. Whom God in His infinite wisdom has put asunder, let not man attempt to join together. This, which is the converse of the other precept, is a law which cannot be violated without danger to the entire political fabric. No Union betwixt alien races have ever succeeded; they have resulted either in the chronic insubordination of the weaker race, oppressed by the stronger, or in the total extinction of the former. Scotland and England were successfully united, because, before the Union, the two races were one—one in blood, in language, and in Protestantism; the Union of Ireland with Great Britain has proved a failure, because it attempted to join together those whom God had made two. And so has it been with the Canadas, although the evil consequences have hitherto been mitigated, if not entirely averted, by that provision in the Union Act, which Upper Canada now seeks to abolish, and which gave to the Union more of the Federal than of the Legislative complexion.

And if that provision could be maintained, we should offer no objection to the Union, but should be content still to endure it as *un fait accompli*, and as an evil now too late to remedy. Repeal of the Union means, we know, the annexation of Upper Canada to the United States, to which, even now, the Western section of the Province naturally gravitates, and with which it has stronger affinities than it can ever have to French and Catholic Lower Canada. For the sake therefore of our Catholic brethren of the West, to whom Repeal of the Union, and annexation to the United States, would bring an increase of persecution, and additional restrictions upon their civil and religious liberties, we have no desire to see the Union repealed—so long as equality of representation can be maintained. But this last security taken away, we should be unable to defend our own; much less then should we be able to come to the aid of the Catholics of the West; and therefore if no alternative betwixt Representation by Population, and Repeal of the Union, *par et simple*, be left to us, we without hesitation declare ourselves in favor of the latter.

We publish an article upon the subject from the *Toronto Mirror*, with whose sentiments we perfectly coincide.

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG.—We have now some details of this great battle, on which we may rely. It now appears to have been the most desperate conflict yet waged on this Continent, and for slaughter to be entitled to rank amongst the great battles of the world. As yet no very important consequences to either side, none commensurate with the terrible loss of life, have been drawn from it. It was a fierce duello, in which the South has reaped the laurels indeed, but from which it derives no substantial advantages. We publish below some extracts from a letter by an eye witness, a Northerner, with strong Northern proclivities, which appeared in the *Cincinnati Gazette*. It will be seen that the reports of the panic which fell upon the Northerners, and of the cowardice of many of their troops are fully confirmed. We must remember, however, that these troops were in great part composed of raw levies, of men who had never seen a shot fired in anger, and that panics are by no means rare amongst raw troops, no matter how brave the individuals of which they may be composed. From this reflection we should conclude how foolish it would be for us to attempt to oppose raw militia, to the disciplined troops which in case of a war our not over scrupulous neighbors might pour across our frontier:—

FIRST DAY'S FIGHT.
(From the *Cincinnati Gazette*.)
Field of Battle,
Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., April 9, 1862.
THE WARNING OF DAWN.

The sun never rose on a more beautiful morning than that of Sunday, April 6. Lulled by the general security, I had remained in pleasant quarters at Crump's below Pittsburg Landing, on the river. By sunrise I was roused by the cry, "They're fighting above." Volleys of musketry could soon enough be distinguished, and occasionally the sullen boom of artillery came echoing down the stream. Momentarily the volume of sound increased, till it became evident that it was no skirmish that was in progress, and that a considerable portion of the army was already engaged. Hastily springing on the guards of a passing steamer, I hurried up. The sweet spring sunshine danced over the rippling waters, and softly lit up the green of the banks. A few fleecy clouds alone broke the azure above. A light breeze murmured among the young leaves; the blue birds were singing their gentle treble to the stern music that still came louder and deeper to us from the bluffs above, and the frogs were croaking their feeble intonation from the marshy islands that studded the channel. Even thus early the west bank of the river was lined with the usual fugitives from action hurriedly pushing onwards, they knew not where, except down stream, and away from the fight. An officer on board hailed numbers of them and demanded their reason for retreating in such disorder, but they all gave the same response: "We're clean cut to pieces, and every man must save himself." At the landing appearances become still more ominous. Our two Cincinnati wooden gunboats Tyler and Lexington, were edging uneasily up and down the banks, eager to find in their broadsides of heavy guns, but unable to put in where they could do it. The roar of battle was startlingly close, and showed that the rebels were in earnest attempting to carry out their threat of driving us into the river. The

landing and bluff were covered with cowards who had fled from the ranks to the rear for safety, and who were telling the most frightful stories of the rebel onset, and the sufferings of their own particular regiments. Momentarily fresh fugitives came back, often guns in hand, and all giving the same accounts of the thickening disasters in front.

OUR MEN SURPRISED.
Almost at dawn Sherman's pickets were driven in a very little later than Prentiss' were; and the enemy were into the camps almost as soon as were the pickets themselves. Here began scenes which, let us hope, will have no parallel in our remaining annals of the war. Many particularly among our officers, were not yet out of bed. Others were dressing, others washing, others cooking, a few eating their breakfasts. Many guns were unloaded, accoutrements lying pell mell, ammunition was ill supplied—in short the camps were completely surprised—disgracefully might be added, unless some one can hereafter give some yet undiscovered reason to the contrary—and were taken at almost every possible disadvantage. The first wild cries from the pickets rushing in, and a few scattered shots that preceded their arrival, aroused the regiments to a sense of their peril; and an instant afterwards rattling volleys of musketry poured through the tents, while, before there was time for thought or preparation, there came rushing through the woods, with lines of battle sweeping the whole fronts of the division camps and bending down on either flank, the fine dashing compact columns of the enemy. Into the just aroused camps thronged the rebel regiments, firing sharp volleys as they came, and springing forward upon our legguards with the bayonet, for a while their artillery, already in position, was tossing shells to the further side of the encampments, scores were shot down as they were, running without weapons, hatless, coatless, towards the river. The searching bullets found other poor unfortunates in their tents, and there, all unbedded now, they still slumbered, while the unseen foe rushed on. Others fell as they were disentangling themselves from the flaps that formed the doors to their tents; others as they were buckling on their accoutrements; others as they were vainly trying to impress on the cruelly reluctant enemy their readiness to surrender. Officers were bayoneted in their beds and left for dead, who through the whole two days' fearful struggle, lay there gasping in their agony, and on Monday evening were found in their gore inside their tents, and still able to tell the tale.

Such were the fearful disasters that opened the rebel onset on the lines of Buckland's brigade, in Sherman's division. Similar, though perhaps less terrible in some of the details, were the fates of Prentiss' entire front. Meantime, what they could our regiments did. Falling rapidly back through the heavy woods till they gained a protecting ridge, firing as they ran, and making what resistance men thus situated might, Sherman's men succeeded in partially checking the rush of the enemy long enough to form their hasty line of battle. Meantime, the other two brigades of the division (to the right) sprang hastily to their arms, and had barely done so when the enemy's lines came sweeping up against their fronts, too, and the battle thus opened fiercely along Sherman's whole line on the right. Buckland's brigade had been compelled to abandon their camps without a struggle. Some of the regiments, it is even said ran without firing a gun. Colonel Apple's Fifty-third Ohio is loudly complained of on this score, and others are mentioned. It is certain that parts of regiments, both here and in other divisions, ran disgracefully. Yet they were not wholly without excuse. They were raw troops, just from the usual idleness of our 'camp of instruction'; hundreds of them had never heard a gun fired in anger; their officers, for the most part, were equally inexperienced they had been reposing in fancied security, and were awaked, perhaps from sweet dreams of home, and wives, and children, by the stunning roar of cannon in their very midst, and the bursting of a bombshell amongst their tents—to see only the serried columns of the magnificent rebel advance, and through the blinding stifling smoke, the hasty retreat of comrades and supports, right and left. Certainly, it is sad enough but hardly surprising, that under such circumstances some should run. Half as much caused the wild panic at Bull Run, for which the nation, as one man became a loud-mouthed apologist. But they ran—here as in Prentiss' division, of which last more in a moment—and the enemy did not fail to profit by the wild disorder. As Buckland's brigade fell back McClernand threw forward his left to support it. Meanwhile Sherman was doing his best to rally his troops—dashing along the lines, encouraging them everywhere by his presence and exposing his own life with the same freedom with which he demanded their offer of theirs, he did much to save the division from utter destruction. Hildebrand and McDowell were compelled to retire their brigades from their camps across the little ravine behind; but here, for a time, they made a gallant defence, while what was left of Buckland's was falling back in such order as it might, and leaving McClernand's left to take their place, and check the wave of rebel advance.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRENTISS.
General Prentiss was faring scarcely so well. Most of his troops stood their ground to be formed into line; but, strangely enough, the line was drawn up in open space, leaving to the enemy the cover of the dense scrub oak in front, from which they could pour in their volleys in comparative safety. The men held their position with an obstinacy that adds new laurels to the character of the American soldier; but it was too late. Down on either flank came the overwhelming enemy. Fiercely pushed in front, with a wall of bayonets closing in on either side like the contracting iron chamber of the inquisition, what could they do but what they did? Speedily their resistance became less obstinate, more and more rapidly they fell back, less and less frequent became their returning volleys. The enemy pushed their advantage. They were already within our lines; they had driven one division from all its camps, and nearly opened, as they supposed, the way to the river. Just here, between nine and ten o'clock, McArthur's brigade, of W. H. L. Wallace's division, came up to give some assistance to Stuart's brigade of Sherman's division, on the extreme left, now in imminent danger of being cut off by Prentiss' defection. McArthur mistook the way, marched too far to the right, and so, instead of reaching Stuart, came in on the other side of the rebels, now closely pushing Prentiss. His men at once opened vigorously on the enemy, and for a time they seemed likely still to save our impelled division. But coming unawares, as they seem to have done, upon the enemy, their positions were not well chosen, and all had to fall back together. Brigadier General Prentiss and three regiments with him—the twenty-third Missouri, of his own division, and the twelfth and fourteenth Iowa, of those who had come to his assistance—delayed their retreat too long. Almost before they were aware of their danger the flanking forces rushed in from either side behind them and they stood, perhaps two thousand strong, in the midst of twice their number. They threw down their arms, and the rebels signaled their first attack by marching three Lincolnite regiments, with a division general, as prisoners, to the rear. Overwhelmed by this fresh disaster, without a general to organize them, with still hotter and hotter fire to their front and flanks, the remainder of the division, whole regiments at a time, gave way in disorder. For a short time a few maintained a confused defence, retreating, halting, firing, courting death by remaining in isolated squads or companies, to resist a little longer the overpowering advance; but before ten o'clock the whole division was in rapid retreat. Some regiments came off the field in a degree of order; the most in sad confusion—And thus, by ten o'clock, one entire division of our army was put hors de combat.

The Northerners were thoroughly routed, driven back upon the river, and no alternative save that of an unconditional surrender seemed to be

left to them. At this time, the field of battle presented the aspect described below by the Northern correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*:—

COWARDS.
On the bluffs above the river is a sight that may well make our cheeks tingle with shame for some of our soldiers. There are not less than three thousand skulkers lying the banks. Ask them why they don't go to their places in the line:—"Oh, our regiment is all cut to pieces." "Why don't you go to where it is forming again?" "I can't find it;" and bulk looks as if that would be the very last thing he would want to do. Officers are around among them trying to hunt up their men, storming, coaxing, commanding—cursing, I am afraid. One strange fellow—a major, if I remember aright—is making a sort of elevated, superfluous 4th of July speech to everybody that will listen to him. He means well, certainly:—"Men of Kentucky, of Illinois, of Ohio, of Iowa, of Indiana, I implore you, come up now. Help us through two hours more. By all that you hold dear by the homes you hope to defend, by the flag you love, by the States you honor, by all your love of country, by all your hatred of treason, I conjure you come up and do your duty now." And so on for quantity. That fellow's a good speaker; he was the only response I heard, and the fellow who gave it nestled more snugly behind his trees as he spoke. I knew well enough the nature of the skulking animal in an army during a battle. I had seen their performances before, but never so large a scale—never with such an utter sickness of heart as I looked, as now. Still, I do not believe there was very much more than the average per-centage. It was a big army, and the runaways all sought the landing.

At this crisis, General Buell arrived with his reinforcements. The writer from whom we have already quoted, thus describes the night after the battle:—

THE WORK OF SUNDAY NIGHT.
With the exception of the gunshot bombardment the night seemed to have passed in entire quiet. A heavy thunder storm had come up about midnight, and, though we were all shivering over the ducking, the surgeons assured us that a better thing could not have happened. The ground, they said, was covered with wounded not yet found of whom we are unable to bring from the field. The moisture would to some extent cool the burning, parching thirst, which is one of the chief horrors of lying wounded and helpless on the battle field, and the hilling water was the best dressing for the wounds. The regiments of Buell's divisions were still disembarking at the landing. Many had taken their places; the rest hurried on out as fast as they landed, and fell in to the rear of their brigade lines for reserves. I stood for a few moments at the landing, curious to see how these fine fellows would march out to the field where they knew reverses had crowded so thickly upon us the day before, and where many of them must be down to sleep his last sleep ere the sun, then rising, should sink again. There was little of that vulgar vanity of valor which was so conspicuous in all the movements of our rawer troops some eight or nine months ago. There was no noisy and senseless yelling, no shouting of boasts, no calling on looks-on to show us where the cowardly secesh is and well clean "em out double quick." These men understood the work before them. They went to it as brave men should, determinedly, hopefully, calmly. It soon became evident that the gunshot bombardment through the night had not been without a most important effect in changing the very conditions under which we renewed the struggle. The sun had gone down with the enemy's lines clasping us tight on the centre and left, pushing us to the river, and leaving us little over half a mile out of all the broad space we held in the morning. The gunboats had cut the coils, and loosened the construction. As we soon learned, their shells had made the old position of our extreme left, which the rebel had been pleasantly occupying, utterly untenable. Instead of being able to slip up on us through the night as they had probably intended, they were compelled to fall back from point to point; each time as they had found places they thought out of range, a shell would come dropping in; nowhere a safe range could they lie, but the troublesome visitors would find them out, and to end the matter they fell back beyond our inner camps, and thus lost more than half the ground they had gained by our four o'clock retreat the afternoon before. Less easily accounted for was a movement of theirs on our right. They had held here a steep bluff, covered with underbrush, as their advanced line. Through the night they abandoned this, which gave them the best possible position for opposing Lew Wallace, and had fallen back across our open fields to the scrub oak woods beyond. The advantage of compelling our advance over unprotected openings, while they maintained a sheltered position, was obvious, but certainly not so great as that of holding a height which artillery and infantry would make as difficult to take as many a fort. Nevertheless they fell back.

WANT OF SYSTEM ON OUR SIDE.
Sunday night there was, as has been said a council of war, but the Major General commanding developed any plans beyond the simple arrangement of our line of battle, I am very certain that some of the division commanders didn't find it out. Stubborn fighting alone delayed our losses on Sunday; stubborn fighting alone saved us when we had reached the point beyond which came the child's jumping off place; and stubborn fighting, with such generalship as individual division commanders displayed, regained on Monday what we had lost before. To those who had looked despairingly at the prospects Sunday evening, it seemed strange that the rebels did not open out on us by daybreak again. Their retreat before the bombshells of the gunboats, however, explained the delay. Our own divisions were not in motion almost simultaneously. By seven o'clock Lew Wallace opened the ball by shelling, from the positions he had selected the night before, the rebel battery, of which mention has been made—a brisk artillery duel, a rapid movement of infantry across shallow ravines as if to storm, and the rebels, enflamed and excited in front, lumbered up and made the opening of their Monday's retreating.

On Monday morning the Northerners, strongly reinforced, assumed the aggressive. The Southerners retired to their old position, fighting to cover their retreat, but carrying off with them their prisoners, their guns, and trophies of victory. The result of the two days' fighting is thus summarized up:—

The camps were regained; the rebels were repulsed; their attack had failed; we stood where we began; rebel cavalry were within half a mile of us; the retreating columns were within striking distance. But we had regained our camps. And so ended the battle of Pittsburg.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.
I do not pretend to give more than an estimate, but I have made the estimate with some care, going to the Adjutants of different regiments that had been in as heavy fighting as any, getting statements of their losses—sure to be very nearly, if not quite accurate—and approximating thus from the loss of a dozen regiments to the probable loss of all. I have ridden over the grounds, too—have seen the dead and wounded lying over the field—have noted the number in the hospitals and on the boats. As the result of it all, I do not believe our loss is killed and wounded will number over thirty-five hundred to four thousand. The question of prisoners is another matter. Reports that certain regiments only have half the men answering roll call indicate nothing.

The regiments are all more or less disorganized and the soldiers scattered everywhere. Many go home with the sick many are nurses in the hospitals, many keep out of sight, seeing all they can.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Kingston, April 19, 1862.
SIR—Conscious as I am of the interest you take in promoting its welfare and advancement, I think you will not hesitate to give insertion to this communication, if the subject of which it treats should in any way tend to a similar purpose. The Catholic young men in the City of Kingston have for many years felt the necessity of an Association wherein they might cultivate science and literature; where, after the toil of the day, they might enjoy each other's society, and where morality and religion would not be scoffed at. That the young men and rising generation really wanted such a Society, is but too evident: for where are their places of enjoyment—where are their halls of entertainment? The sturdy, buoyant spirit of youth cannot be inactive; it must do something; and whether that something be good or evil, depends upon the direction its plant nature shall receive. That such an incentive to science and literature was desirable requires no assurance; for the many respectable young men who assembled to form the Society, and the happy results derived from like institutions in other parts of the Province, sufficiently attest it. For these reasons a Society was formed under the title of the "*Catholic Young Men's Literary Association*." It is intended to have a Library and Reading Room in connexion with it, together with a lecture and debating hall. After the Constitution was framed—which document reflects great praise on its compositors—it was presented to his Lordship the Bishop for approval; who not only approved of it, but congratulated the Committee who waited upon him, on the happy prospects of the institution. His Lordship also kindly consented to be its Patron. I regret to say that this institution, in its infancy should so soon be deprived of its worthy and revered Patron, who is now leaving for the Eternal City, and whose absence will be regretted by none more sincerely than by the "*Young Men's*" Catholic Literary Association, of which I have the honor to be

A MEMBER.

KINGSTON CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

At a Meeting of the members, held on Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., the following gentlemen were elected Officers for the ensuing term:—

- Rev. J. Lonergan—Director.
- Mr. John Rourke—President.
- P. J. Buckley—1st Vice-President.
- Dr. Branigan—2nd do.
- Mr. Roderick O'Connor—Treasurer.
- Luke J. Ealy—Recording Secretary.
- Francis Rourke—Corresponding do.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

- Messrs. O'Donnell, O'Neill, Casey, Curtin, Leonard, Lema, Donoghue, Branigan, Rourke, Scadin, Buckley, and Molloy.

We are well pleased to had once more our old friend the *New York Freeman*, suspended some ten months ago by the free government of the United States, which also consigned the editor of the *Freeman*, Mr. M. Master, to the *bastille*, upon "suspicion of being suspect" of Southern proclivities. The embargo has however been raised, and the *Freeman* is once more free to write what he pleases, so long as he writes nothing which may offend the susceptibilities of the authorities.

REPRESENTATIVES BY POPULATION.—This objectionable measure may now be considered the greatest before us. On its behalf every argument that political ingenuity or religious bigotry can devise, has been urged. Powerful appeals have been made to public opinion by its advocates, and the question has been continuously asked, "Is it just that Lower Canada, which has a much less numerous population than Upper Canada, should have the same number of representatives in Parliament?" This is the question, repeated in a hundred different shapes, which ever and anon meets us, and which we are expected to believe unanswerable, and which the organs of the party, by their refusal to quote contrary opinions, induce the deluded multitude to regard as really unanswerable. There never was a question before the people on which such unfairness of the kind has been exercised as this one.

Now, it is quite true, that some 287,000 of the people of Upper Canada are unrepresented in Parliament. That is the excess of our population over that of Lower Canada, and there can be no doubt that it about represents the number of unrepresented people in the Upper Province. But the question is, will the concession of ten or fifteen more members to the Western section of the Province, secure the representation of the unrepresented quarter of a million of the Upper Canadian people? Suppose we give Haron and Bruce three more members, Grey one more, and so on, will that satisfy the just requirements of the case, and can we then say that the excess of our population over Lower Canada is adequately represented, and that every hinge in the machinery of our constitution will, hereafter work harmoniously? Upper Canada contains a quarter of a million of people more than the sister Province. The advocates of Representation by Population claim that this excess entitles her to ten or fifteen more members on the present basis of electing them. The question for every man to consider, and especially for every Catholic to consider, will that arrangement be a real representing of the excess in our population, or will it be a mere increase of the power held by a dominant class, a simple addition to the enormous might which they exercise at present, to keep in political bondage 258,000 of the inhabitants of Western Canada?

To the mind of any Catholic, (and it is to such we address ourselves now in a special manner,) we think this question will be satisfactorily answered. The addition of fifteen more members to the House, would not add one Catholic. There would not be one member of that persuasion more returned to Parliament, nor a single one more directly under our influence on those peculiar questions which affect us alone of all the religious bodies in the Upper Province. The new members would be just another repetition of an old story. So far from being a reform, their presence in the House would be only a perpetuation of the old abuse under a new phase. There would remain the same grinding exclusion in the matter of official appointments. Catholics would be rejected at the polls, as they are now, without the slightest regard to their political opinions, merely on account of their religion. The fifteen additional members would be Protestants, every one—not in-

deed, in a religious sense: (in that form we should not object)—but in a political sense. Whenever a question arose producing a storm to try men's minds, we should find these fifteen bowing their heads with the rest. If any man professing the Catholic religion came forward as a candidate for the Lower House, we should find him succumbing before the bigotry of a tyrannical majority, after the same manner as we do at present. The addition of fifteen more members to Upper Canada in the way in which the advocates of Representation by Population demand them, would be merely to add fifteen more votes to a party who already possess more than they are entitled to when we take into consideration the large and influential minority over whom, at every election, they exercise the most disgusting tyranny. This Catholic minority they will not permit to advance, socially or politically, if they can help it. If opposed to them in political opinion, they raise a bitter sectarian cry against its members. If on their own side, they elbow its leading men, and try to reduce them to a mere position of degrading subserviency.

Let us understand the question, then, and let us endeavor to make the advocates of Representation by Population *par et simple*, understand it too. This excess of population over Lower Canada—this quarter of a million of unrepresented Upper Canadians—this excluded class of the population—this body of people "knocking at the door of Parliament for admission"—are none other than the 258,141 Catholics of Upper Canada, who are almost wholly unrepresented, and who have to depend on the generosity of Lower Canadian members for the advocacy of all that they hold dear and sacred. At the present moment they have no representatives of their own. No matter who presents himself from their body, and no matter where, his fate is defeat, through a combination of accused bigots. From Stormont to Essex, the cry in elections is the same—

"Turk, Jew, or Atheist."

The sentiment is inscribed on the pillars of the Representation from Upper Canada, as effectively as ever it was before the entrance of the Protestant Church at Brandon. Yet the advocates of the late late Mr. Brown's representation scheme have the graceless impudence to ignore all this; and to claim, under the hypocritical guise of justice, that the representation due to us shall be handed over to them—that in fine, (astounding audacity!) these 258,141 unrepresented Catholics, shall be represented by a fresh batch of Howatts, Macdonalds, Hillyard Camerons, or Tom Fergusons! This would certainly be, as far as the Catholics of Upper Canada are concerned, going from the frying pan into the fire; for little representation as we obtain from the Lower Canadian, we should obtain nothing but misrepresentation from the proposed fifteen accessions to Parliament from this section of the Province.—*Toronto Mirror*.

THE FLOOD AND THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.—We learned on Saturday the following particulars of the flooding of the Grand Trunk Railway Track. The principal breaks caused by the flood on the Western Line were at Matilda, Alleville, Lancaster, Cotton Landing, and between the Tammeria and Blue Bonnet, in the part known as the swamp. At all these places the waters had on Saturday covered the track and streams being quite insufficient to carry off the great quantity of surface water caused by the melting of the snow. The worst obstructions were at Lancaster and Cotton Landing, at each of which points one or two miles of the track have been entirely submerged. The damage, however, though causing much inconvenience, was not considered of a serious nature, as the bridges and culverts were all tight. The amount of injury to the surface of the track cannot be accurately ascertained till the waters have subsided. A large force of men were immediately employed, who repaired the breaks as far as Lancaster, and it was expected that the mails and passengers for the steamer at Portland would be able to reach Montreal on Sunday afternoon, when they would be dispatched by special train to Portland, the steamer to await their arrival. On the Eastern line, the only drainage was near Beloit, where the track was washed away, but this was speedily repaired.—*Montreal Herald*.

WEST TORONTO ELECTION.—The following is a special telegram which we received from Toronto, dated Saturday evening:—"Mr. Bowes retired at the close of the first day. Mr. Robinson's majority at the close of the poll to-day is 527." Mr. Bowes did, doubtless, well to retire. Doing so saved him trouble, but not, in the slightest, the ignominy of disgraceful defeat. It was a contest in which success could have brought no honor. He will probably think it better to remain in private life for the future. The *Globe* and the *Clear Grits* made gigantic efforts in his interest. The *Globe* has fairly reined with the matter every day since the contest began. The abuse daily heaped upon Mr. Robinson outraged decency. Probably, by this time, both its proprietors and conductors feel that they sold themselves rather cheaply in taking up Mr. Bowes on credit. If it cannot add to their comfort to feel that they have been disappointed in obtaining the poor price for which they stipulated, the experience, although perhaps, very bitter, ought to have the advantage of teaching them wisdom.—*Montreal Gazette*.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.
April 23d, 1862
Flour Pollards \$2.50 to \$3; Middlings about \$3.50. Fine, \$4 to \$4.20; Super. No 2 \$4.30 to \$4.40 Superfine, \$4.50 to \$4.60; Fancy, \$5 to \$5.10; Extra, \$5.30 to \$5.50; Superior Extra, \$5.60 to \$6. Bag Flour \$2.45 to \$2.55, per 112 lbs.
Sugar was sold yesterday at \$4.50 to \$4.55. The news from Britain strengthens the market a little, and there is more inquiry for future delivery.
Oatmeal per brl. of 200 lbs, \$3.80 to \$4. Nominal.
Wheat Buyers only offer 97c and what arrives is going into store.
Ashes, per 112 lbs—Pot, \$6 70 to \$6 72 1/2; Inferiors 5c to 10c more; Pearls \$6 60 to \$6 65.
Butter—Store-packed, 10c to 13c; choice Dairy in demand at 15c to 17c.
Pork—Mess, \$12 to \$12 50; Prill Mess, \$10 to \$11; Prime \$9 50 to \$10. All dull and nominal.
Seeds—Clover Seed, about \$1 50; Timothy, \$1 60 to \$2.
Freights—Flour by the first trip from Hamilton to Montreal is to be charged 40 cents; by subsequent trips, 35c.—*Montreal Witness*.

Died.
In this city, on the 20th instant, Mrs. Annataga Welch, No. 6 Columbia Street, Point St. Charles. At Chamblé, C. E., on the 18th instant, Mr. John Morriarty, aged 39 years.

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

A CARD.
Dr. LACHAINE—Graduate of Laval University, 23 St. Antoine Street, April 10.

MR. CUSACK, PROFESSOR OF FRENCH, 71 German Street.
FRENCH TAUGHT by the easiest and most rapid methods, on moderate terms, at Pupils' or Professor's residence.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, March 31.—M. Lavelette has had his audience of the Emperor. He explained, at some length, to His Majesty his peculiar and somewhat difficult position at Rome, and, it is said, expressed a wish to be relieved from it.—There are but two ways of doing so—to allow M. Lavelette to retire, or to remove General de Goyon, with whom that Minister cannot well get on. I doubt whether the Emperor has any desire to do either, unless M. Lavelette peremptorily insists upon having his resignation accepted. Though the diplomatist and the General differ greatly on the "Roman question," means may yet be found to make them act together in appearance, if not in reality. One important assurance the Emperor is reported to have given to his Minister—namely, that even in case of the death of the Holy Father, the French army should not be withdrawn from Rome, as French influence must prevail over every other in the Conclave. It is still uncertain whether M. Lavelette returns to his post.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts state that the mill-owners are making great sacrifices by disposing of their produce at and under first cost, in order to give employment to their operatives.

Persons who have made a tour in the agricultural departments say that the appearance of the growing crops, particularly of the wheat, is very fine.

A strike has taken place among some of the working printers of Paris, and if it goes on as it has begun we may see the whole of the newspapers and presses of the capital stop all at once without *avertissements* or any other kind of repression by the Government. Disappointed and ill-natured people have said that when anything goes wrong in the world a woman is somehow or other at the bottom of it. This, of course, is calumny; but in the present instance it is certain that the sex have, without meaning it, contributed to the revolt of the printers. These men have long complained that they find it difficult to keep body and soul together with a tariff of wages established now more than 20 years ago. Every one knows that since 1840 the price of every necessary of life has enormously increased, not to speak of house-rent, which has already driven thousands away, while the wages of the printers are still the same. I am assured that the most skilful workman earns with difficulty 4*f.* a-day and 4*f.* a-day go a very little way when there is a family to bring up. The men have repeatedly expostulated against a tariff framed at a time when matters were far different. Several of the masters admitted the justice of the demand, and signified their readiness to adhere to it, when one of their body thought that he could turn the difficulty by introducing female labor into the printing-offices. Of course, a master has a right to employ women in work which does not require much physical strength; but the ingenious person in question employed women, and paid them, not according to the tariff, as he should have done, inasmuch as the result was the same, but on a reduced and, I fear, an arbitrary scale—nearly one-half what it was when men were employed. The men protested against this innovation. They demanded, that as women were employed, they should be paid the same wages for the same work as the men. On the refusal of the master 120 men struck work and quitted the establishment of the innovator, while at the same time the committee of master printers rejected the revision of the old tariff proposed by the workmen's committee. The conference between the committees was broken off, and the workmen were told that such of them as presented themselves at the office should be taken into custody. A commissary of police and his agents were installed in the workshops, and admission refused except on condition of at once setting to work. About 20 of the men were arrested, among whom was the President of the Society of Working Printers, who, I believe, had been named by the Government. These persons are charged with coalition, but they declare that there was no coalition other than an agreement to abstain from work, and that there was no understanding among them to force their fellow-workmen to do the same. The strike has not yet spread to the other printing-offices, but it is apprehended that unless the masters agree to a new scale of wages it will not be confined to the single establishment in question. It is said that the men taken into custody are sending in a petition to M. Persigny, praying for his intervention between themselves and the masters.—*Times' Cor.*

No one, I think, can hold Napoleon to be sincerely in favor of the Confederation. Had he wished for it, he would not always have acted in a manner that could only tend to destroy it; and certainly he would not have lost the chance of its triumph which he had, when he might so easily have stayed Garibaldi and refused to sanction the slaughter of Castelidardo.—What he wished for in Italy and everywhere else is a crisis, in which he may gather the spoils for himself. But the game he is playing is more dangerous than a decisive part would be. The *status quo* equally stimulates progressions and reactionists; but it may soon be ended by the interference of Austria, who cannot long suffer an armed peace.—*Cor. Weekly Register.*

The arrival of the Marquis de Lavelette at Paris should not be considered, the *Patric* declares, as a symptom of any coolness between the Vatican and the Court of the Tuilleries. On the contrary, a better understanding and a more conciliatory disposition, the Paris journal affirms have arisen of late between the representative of France and the Prime Minister of His Holiness. The discussions which have taken place in the Senate and Legislative Body and the important votes which responded to the language of M. Billault, solemnly consecrating, so to speak, the policy of the French Government, have produced a decided impression at Rome, and, according to the *Patric*, more prudent tendencies are beginning to display themselves.

less the Opposition can previously concert their operations, a work which requires much time. In Paris and the largest cities combination is comparatively easy, but in the provinces a general election, if it takes place in short notice, gives the Government an advantage that nothing can resist.

The Emperor and his Ministers are fully aware of the dangerous condition of France, and must be presumed to be prepared for all contingencies. Between Lille and Rouen a million of operatives are in want of bread. The distress is extreme. But the thermometer and barometer are now the statesman's chief study. The next harvest is a question of life and death, if not for France and society, at least for the Dynasty. In another fortnight we shall know what the prospects are. A bad or scanty harvest, involving an expenditure of some 20,000,000*f.* would bring to a fearful climax the present difficulties of the trading and manufacturing interests.

A social upheaving might ensue, that would subvert everything. In such a case resistance being impossible a diversion would be the only chance. But the only possible diversion would be a foreign war, pretexts for which are abundant if they were necessary. But if in a fortnight or a month, the prospects of the harvest are reassuring, and the necessity for war as a remedy for internal evils be avoided, it may safely be assumed that the Government will not leave the Opposition eighteen months of quiet preparation for an electoral conflict in the autumn of 1863. If the harvest be a good one, a decree will suddenly dissolve the Chambers in August; and within the strict legal term of twenty days the new elections will take place. The Opposition will be taken by surprise, and a new Chamber of Imperial nominees will be taken as a new manifestation of the sovereign people's will. Peace or war—Dissolution and new elections—or continuance and a Revolution—Success or ruin—are the ideas present to the Emperor's mind as he watches the rise and fall of the barometer.—*London Tablet.*

PARIS, April 1.—Instructions having been simultaneously forwarded to M. de Goyon and to M. de Lavelette, ordering the former to arrest the progress of the revolution, and desiring the latter to promote it; and M. de Merode, of whose devotion to Pius IX. there cannot be the smallest doubt, having seen through the stratagem, a conflict has arisen which forms the chief news of the day, and has brought Lavelette home. The names of several persons have been put forward as likely to replace him. The Duc de Montebello, and the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne were spoken of. Yesterday public attention was chiefly fixed upon the Duc de Vauvray, who for the past eight days has been at the Tuilleries; his wife having once played the part of an ambassador would gladly resume the same position, but as yet no decision has been come to, and the matter will, I think, resolve itself as follows:—The Emperor will give no rest to either Goyon, at whom he laughs, or Lavelette, whom he dislikes; he will displace both, and send his favorite Marshal Niel to Rome, charged with the duties both of diplomat and military authority. This ambitious man, who is notoriously servile, is well known also for his antagonism to religion; his mission, should he have one, will probably be the last to Rome. Such a selection would also seem to prove that the Emperor counts upon an approaching change in Italy, in which expectation he is joined by the public generally. Riccaoli, who has found a retreat at Geneva in the honourable family of de la Rive, has judiciously observed "that if he may be compared to a staff so stern, that it knows not how to bend, Ratazzi may be likened to a frail branch, that bows before all who breathe upon it, and that he will speedily be worn out by the force of this truly Italian exercise." Here also, no one is satisfied. Benedetti, sharing the ill-lumour of his friend Lavelette, is trying to work the young Chevalier Nigra into his place. The Emperor is anxious to be freed from the latter, in order that he may have his friend Arce near him, or M. Vimercati. M. Nigra is not capable of mastering the difficult position in which he would be placed; he has not yet reached the level needed. The beauty of his wife rather than his own intelligence was, report says the cause of his intimacy with Cavour. What will result from all these quarrels? No doubt a great disturbance must ensue, to which no good end can be hoped for, should England stand aloof, I am not much inclined to believe in the movement of "the Right" attributed to the Emperor. It is true that he has been surprised at finding no trace of former parties in the more recently discovered democratic plots; but this surprise shows that his understanding is darkened by his prejudices; he stands in absolute fear of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, and of the Jesuits, who appear to be marked out for expulsion this summer.—*Cor. Weekly Register.*

PARIS, April 2.—There is a great probability that M. Lavelette will, after all, go back to Rome. He himself appears to have no doubt whatever of it; and, as he declared in the beginning that he would not return so long as the officer commanding the military force set himself up as, in some sort, his rival, and constantly interposed between him and the Government to which he was accredited, it may be inferred that he has gained all he wanted. M. Lavelette does not require that General Goyon, or any other General, shall be his subordinate, and come to take his orders from him, but he does require that there shall not be two Ambassadors at Rome, the one civil, the other military, with entirely opposite views on public affairs, and interpreting in quite an opposite manner the instructions of their Government. There is nothing exaggerated or unfair in this, and the Emperor has probably admitted it.—What his Majesty, who, all about him know, never takes a final resolution till the moment when hesitation itself is exhausted, may do when that moment comes, neither I nor any one else can venture to state; but of the state of affairs up to Tuesday night I think I can inform you correctly. It was decided then that M. Lavelette should return to Rome; that General Goyon should be recalled, and that another officer should be sent in his place. Two or three persons have been spoken of, as, for instance, Marshal Niel, General Trochu, and General Ladmirault. It is, however, so unusual for a Marshal of France to accept the command of a Division that when Niel's name was mentioned it was thought that the functions of Ambassador and General were to have been in his hands. I do not know whether this arrangement was long or seriously contemplated, but at all events it was dismissed. General Trochu was next suggested, and the chances were for divers reasons in his favor. He is admitted to be one of the best officers in the army. He is anti-Garibaldi; he is anti-revolutionary; and we may infer from his standing high in the good graces of the Catholics at Court that he is no exterminator of the Papacy. I may add that he was at one time an Aide-de-Camp to General Lamoriciere. Besides his military qualities, he is said to possess talent, and in this respect he has the advantage of Goyon, who, his friends whisper, now that he is in difficulties, is not a man of commanding intelligence.

The candidate who, up to the date I have mentioned, was the favorite is General Ladmirault. He is, they say, a good officer, but of his qualities otherwise I say nothing, for I know nothing. As M. Lavelette consents to return to Rome with Ladmirault, I presume he is under no apprehension of any encroachments on his diplomatic rights and privileges. The arrangement was good up to Tuesday night, but as I have observed, I cannot say that it will stand good to the last. In case all goes well it is thought that M. Lavelette will start for Rome in eight or ten days, or less.

You will see by the following paragraph from the *Moniteur* that the Emperor is not satisfied with the way matters have gone on in Mexico, and that Admiral Jurien de la Graviere has not done all that was expected of him as a diplomatist. The *Moniteur* says:—

"The Spanish journals pretend that the Emperor's Government has demanded the recall of General

Prim from the Madrid Cabinet. This news is a pure invention. The Emperor's Government has confined itself to disapproving the convention concluded by General Prim with the Mexican Gen. Doblado, and subsequently accepted by the Plenipotentiaries of the allied Powers, because that convention appeared to it to be contrary to the dignity of France. M. de Saligny has in consequence been alone charged with the full political powers with which Admiral Jurien de la Graviere was invested, and this general officer has received orders simply to resume the command of the naval division."

ITALY.

The Turin correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"In the Chamber of Deputies, the Neapolitan Lovitto begged that a day should be appointed for him to call the attention of Government to the state of public security in the Southern Provinces, and to the means which he could point out towards its re-establishment. Some objections were raised by the friends of the Government, but the Chamber decided that Lovitto's interpellations should take place, leaving it to the Deputy and to the Prime Minister to agree as to the day to be named for the discussion. The state of those Southern Provinces causes at the present moment the utmost disquietude. Brigandage is re-appearing everywhere, and mustering stronger than ever in several quarters. New expeditions have been organized at Rome, and set off by various routes across the Neapolitan frontier. Other bands from Civita Vecchia, from Marselles, from Malta, threaten the long line of the Southern coasts. Already blood flows freely, and a party of 18 soldiers of the 8th Infantry, led by a brave Savoyard officer, Capt. Richard have fallen into an ambush in a wood near Bavino, and were cut to pieces by the band of Crocco. Bands of 80 and 100 mounted brigands are already scouring the provinces. The population is terrorised, and although the troops everywhere give proofs of their heroic endurance, still there is no doubt but they will be put to a long and severe trial in the spring. Such is Napoleon's pleasure."

The Paris correspondent of the *Standard* writes:—"An Italian paper called the *L'Alleanza*—just started professedly to support the clap-net motion known under the burlesque appellation of the 'solidity of peoples,' advocating 'the right of demagogues to stir up insurrection and foment disturbances in every clime and country—gives the substance of the programme agreed on at the recent interviews between Messrs. Klapka, Turr, Kossuth, and that curious compound of childlike simplicity, nonsense, and heroism, Garibaldi. These gentlemen propose a 'Constitutional Kingdom of Hungary,' the exclusion of the House of Hapsburg, universal equality, and an 'offensive and defensive alliance between Hungary, Croatia, and Roumania.' The *Temps* sagaciously remarks on this scheme that 'the document in question surely cannot have the pretension to do more than express the opinions of those that framed it.' The fact is that the reaction which has taken, and which is daily taking place, in Hungary in favor of the Vienna Government places M. Kossuth and Co. in a very ridiculous position, and the agitator-in-chief feels the want of doing something. He will not gain anything by his programme, which is more like the production of a moon-struck lunatic than a sensible politician. It remains to be seen, however, how long Austria will tolerate these continual conspiracies on her very frontier.

From Bologna the news are daily becoming more alarming,—that is to say, more alarming for the Piedmontese Government, owing to the rapid spread of Mazzinian doctrines, and the consequent Republican feeling in that city, as well as in many others in the Romagna. For myself I look with hope on this movement, convinced as I am that no settlement of affairs can possibly occur until Mazzinianism shall have played out its hand, and been fairly smashed and floored.

At the 'Parliament of Genoa,' as the Garibaldian gathering is called, it is said that Depretis, one of the new Turin Ministers, would have been present but for his office requiring him to remain at his post, and some journals build upon this a notion that Mazzini's time must be close at hand. A correspondent from Bologna says that the Marquess Zambeccari, a Colonel of Garibaldi's filibustering force, has just arrived there and has spoken out publicly and frankly as to the intention of the 'Italian Emancipation Society' to push ahead and settle the Italian question with, or without, the consent of the Government; that all the delegates have been sent home to their respective provinces charged with the mission of organising the people everywhere to act in concert with them, and to have petitions universally signed for the recall of Mazzini from exile; and, said Zambeccari, 'within two months Mazzini will sit as a Deputy in the Italian Parliament.' I think this is highly probable, and I shall be glad to hear of the exile's return and his occupation of a senatorial chair, for the end will be so much the nearer.—*Cor. of Tablet.*

TURIN, April 2.—The Turin papers of to-day assert that there are nearly 5,000 brigands in Rome and in the Pontifical States, who await a favourable moment to cross the frontier. The same journals add that the brigand chiefs will not make any serious efforts, because their numbers will not permit them to do so, but that they intend to continually harass the Neapolitan provinces by sending out small bands.

PARIS, April 1.—The *Moniteur* of to-day announces that the Italian Ministry has been definitively constituted as follows:—

- Signor Rattazzi—President of the Council and Minister of the Interior.
- Signor Durando—Minister for Foreign Affairs.
- Signor Matteucci—Minister for Public Instruction.
- Signor Conforti—Minister for Justice.

No change is made in the other Ministries. ROME.—The *Gazette de France* informs us, in its telegraphic intelligence, that General Goyon has given the Holy Father the most positive assurances of the maintenance of the integrity of the pontifical territory. His Holiness had long interviews with the French General and the ambassador.

The health of the Holy Father continues to be a subject of uneasiness. His physicians prescribe absolute rest, but he has positively forbidden any alteration to be made in his receptions. His Holiness was not able to say Mass on Sunday week last.

Sanguine 'patriots' here have hazarded a guess that the Pope has at last shown symptoms of yielding and making an arrangement with Piedmont, but this is too absurd to deserve the least notice.

The Bishop of Fossombrone, who had incurred the displeasure of the Piedmontese Government by his able and dignified reply to the circular of Miglietti, was tried ten days ago at Pesaro, on the charge of insult (*injuria*) to the Government; the trial occupied part of two days, and the verdict of the jury was "guilty." The punishment for so dire an offence might by law (Piedmontese) be from two months to two years of imprisonment or banishment, and from 200 to 5,000 francs of fine. The case against the Bishop was so utterly disgraceful, that after all the efforts of the Crown Prosecutor (whose speech occupied great part of a day), the judges only felt themselves justified in banishing the Bishop from his diocese for three months, and imposing upon him a fine of five hundred francs; but here we have a splendid case illustrating of the celebrated maxim of Count Cavour—"a free Church in a free State." The Bishop of Fossombrone replied singly to the Miglietti circular which attacked in the most reckless and unscrupulous manner the Italian Hierarchy. His letter was a calm and dignified refutation of the calumnies launched at the Catholic Hierarchy by Miglietti. He has been convicted and punished for outrage or insult against the secular usurping Government in the defence which he felt himself bound to make against an unjust series of accusations.—*Cor. of Tablet.*

The accounts received here (Rome) from the Kingdom of Naples prove that things are there in a most deplorable state. The great mass of the people are opposed to the Piedmontese government; the country people are in arms in many places, but the troops of Victor Emmanuel are committing the most frightful

atrocities, and shedding torrents of blood to compel the people to submit. What scandalous lies were circulated in the English press to induce the world to believe that the Neapolitans were anxious for the unity of Italy. Is it not strange that Mr. Gladstone and other English philanthropists, who wept over the sufferings of a Puerio and some few prisoners convicted of conspiring against their lawful sovereign, cannot find a word of condemnation for the bloody deeds of Pinelli and Fumel, and never show a feeling of sympathy for the thousands of poor innocent people who are inhumanly butchered every day in Naples.—*Cor. of Nation.*

THE ALLOCATION OF THE POPE.

The official *Journal* of Rome publishes the following Allocation delivered at the canonization on Tuesday last, in the Church of the Minerva, of three martyrs of Japan:—

"Nothing, certainly, could be more agreeable to my heart than the ceremony of which we are all witnesses, and which increases the number of the servants of God and the saints, who, while increasing in numbers, do not cease to intercede for us, and obtain for us *desideratum propitiationis abundantium*, abundantly meriting to defend the rights of justice, to obtain the conversion of the wanderers and the apostates, to sustain with firmness and resignation war and sufferings, and to assist, finally, in the triumph of peace. Yes, it is consoling for us to think that in the solemnity which we shall have shortly to celebrate, we shall be surrounded by the choicest souls, by the College of Cardinals, and by our brethren, the bishops. It will be a fine spectacle to see the supreme pastor, surrounded by other pastors who have supported unanimously the rights of this Holy See, and have allayed by their consoling words our profound grief. It is fitting to mention here a letter which we received only 24 hours ago, from a large town of Italy, or rather from the capital of Lombardy. This letter has been forwarded by an ecclesiastic who calls himself a canon, and it is there said:—'Take good care that in the approaching assembly of the Bishops at Rome the temporal power is not declared to be a dogma of faith.' If this poor priest, whom we should like better to call good priest, were present here, we should say to him as we say to you who are present:—'Rest assured that the Holy See does not maintain the temporal power as a dogma of faith, but it declares that the temporal power is necessary and indispensable so long as the order established by Providence shall endure, to sustain the independence of the spiritual power.' We should say to him, 'Think of the very holy martyrs who did not fear to give, and who did give, their blood and their life in defence of the church.' We would say to him, 'Since you are in such haste to manifest your fears that you have brought them under the eyes of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, hear his voice, which enjoins you, and the chapter to which you belong, to listen to your own pastor, to practice not only his orders, but also his advice; if you, with your colleagues, obey not, they will be miserably lost.' We would say to him:—'Recommend yourselves to the holy martyrs who have lost all that they might not lose God.' From a neighboring kingdom we have received written, signed by some ecclesiastic, in which they address to us the hypocritical insinuation that we should renounce the temporal power, which is for them, or rather for those who advise them, very inconvenient, and impedes the consummation of their anti-Christian and anti-social designs. But we at the same time receive letters, also signed by ecclesiastics, which are filled with respectful attachment to the Holy See. It appears, from these letters, that the Government of that kingdom, or its representatives or emissaries, sent printed forms, which we have seen and read, persuading some priests and miserable clerks to sign them, with a double view of causing it to be believed that the clergy sustain the absurd principle of the incompatibility of the spiritual with the temporal power, and of separating the inferior clergy from their bishops, whose admirable concord in these times has astonished the whole world. The good ecclesiastics who write to us beg us to give heed to the observations of this handful of deluded individuals, of whom some have been ensnared, and others led by fear, into giving their signature. Let the Holy See be persuaded, say these good priests, that their convictions are such that they do not any doubt as to the necessity of the temporal power. They invite us, consequently, to pardon those blind men who know not what they do, and we, on our part, add that these blind men, led themselves by other blind, will fall into an abyss from which it is almost impossible they should ever escape. Let us, on our side, take care that the intrigues tending to separate, the pastors from the flocks do not attain their object; let the holy martyrs obtain this for us from the Lord, and that there may be given to us through their intercession the necessary power to sustain with courage the combats to come. May the very Holy Virgin, under whose all-powerful auspices we have been kept safe and sound up to this hour, design to continue to us her protection; and may she inspire us with a perfect resignation to the Divine will, so that even as she pronounced the fiat expected by human generations, 'Ecce ancilla domini, fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum,' we may, in like manner, animated by her, say to the Lord, 'Ecce servi tui, fiat verbum secundum voluntatem tuam.' It now only remains for us to pray to the Lord that He will cause His blessing to descend upon all of us; and that it may descend upon the company which we have produced so many heroes for heaven, and so many defenders of the Church; and that it may give strength to maintain regular observances and exemplary precepts of life, in spite of so many contests. May this blessing give intelligence to our poor mind, and may it communicate strength to this poor arm! May this blessing solace and protect all those who endeavour to sustain the vessel of the Church, tossed about by the waves, that their voices may not be drowned in the noise of the tempest which has been let loose! May this blessing serve, in the last place, to encourage all the good, and to convert the souls of the wicked!"

PARIS.—The nature of the news from Naples remains unaltered. "Brigandage" remains in the ascendant, despite the forces brought to bear on it. It is intended to name Commissioners Extraordinary for those provinces where "brigandage" has broken out, who are to be armed with special powers. If more "special" powers are to be exerted than have been used by Fantoni and Fumel, the state of the poor peasants will indeed be wretched.

In the disturbances at Naples on the 15th ultimo, 14 persons were wounded, nine students and five of the Lazzaroni. The populace used sticks and stones and the students, revolvers, so recklessly, that the number is less than could have been expected. The 12th Battalion of the National Guard, which first made its appearance, drove away the Lazzaroni by a volley fired above their heads as they were in the act of storming the College buildings, and with the aid of the 3rd and 11th battalions, made numerous arrests. Father Corizza, who preached on the 15th in place of the usual preacher at S. Severino, the Abbe Musto, and who said that the time was nigh when an Archangel with a sword of flame would issue from Rome for the destruction of all the enemies of religion, was arrested in his rooms the same night. The Liberals have not yet recovered from the fright of the skirmish.

"The Pope for ever!" "Death to the enemies of religion!" were the cries of the infuriated populace. The possibility of a reactionary insurrection, which has always been denied, has been so clearly proved to the Liberals by ocular demonstration that they have suddenly lost all taste for those noisy processions in which they used to delight. "Even to-morrow, the feast of St. Joseph, which they call Garibaldi's feast-day," says a letter of the 18th, "they do not intend to have their favorite spectacles of tricolor flags and purchased oratories. In order to give the formidable Bourbonists less provocation they will confine themselves to illuminations and other noiseless exhibitions. The students in addition to

the drubbing which they got, have had the sad experience that their ungrateful Government will not even thank them for their services. A deputation sent to General La Marmora to complain of the Lazzaroni, was not even admitted, and the Rector of the University put forth an unsympathizing exhortation to be calm."

SPIRIT RAPPING.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—You expressed a wish to examine witnesses who have had "experiences" in modern magic. Allow me to offer you some of mine.

Some years ago a medical friend gave me Reichenbach's book, which I read carefully, enticed by the author's scientific treatment of mysterious subjects. About the same time a near relation took up mesmerism, and we tried to form an opinion. Mesmerism, clairvoyance, electro-biology, and table-turning had their turn, and now I have survived to meet a medium.

I set out with the conviction that truth is discovered by investigation and experiment; that untrue witnesses are found out by taking them off their guard; and that a detected cheat is a bad witness. If a man says that he does not see, or hear, or feel, and shows that he does, no hard swearing and no authority can convince me that his senses are absent; and nothing short of demonstration can prove that the senses are independent of their proper organs.

Men see with eyes; they must prove that they see with their elbows.

My first supernatural acquaintance was Alexis, and I confess that the roots of my hair moved uncomfortably when I saw him playing ecarte with a bandage over his eyes; but when the gymnastics began I recovered. The patient being in the rigid state, was set in a chair, and a man stood on his outstretched legs. They did not bend, but the weight overbalanced Alexis, and he, forgetting himself in a small matter, bent his "rigid" knees, got up, re-seated himself, and stuck out his legs once more. I did the same in the next room. Thus the experiment was a feat of strength. Alexis, when he pretended to be mesmerically rigid, tried to deceive, and all his proceedings then assumed the value of conjuring tricks. For example, the card-playing melted into a code of signals, for the assistant looked into both hands, and spoke continually during the game.

I next spent some hours in a dark room with a large magnet, striving earnestly to see the electric fluid. I knew by sounds that my companion was mesmerising me all the time, but there was no result. Our experiments failed, so we held a keen argument. My friend at last poured out some water, and, holding the glass in a particular manner, said, "If I give that mesmeric fluid to anyone he will sleep." This could be tested; there was no drug, so I drank the water, and did not sleep. My friend became a mesmerist, but this experiment convinced me that he habitually deceived himself, and many subsequent experiments confirmed the conviction. But I have seen my friend exercise an influence over another friend which amounted to an exaggeration of the power which Napoleon exercised over the nation which he commanded, but to nothing more. The most famous clairvoyant of her day described the symptoms of a sick person, and I wrote them down in silence till the list covered most maladies; but when a companion, who had been directed to keep silence, spoke and asked a leading question, the sitting became a mixture of guessing, and of the game of Yes and No. All symptoms were neglected but those indicated by the questioner, and there was no subsequent cure.

At a public electro-biological meeting I, with some 20 others, stared hard at bits of tin without any result, but a man of very suspicious exterior was affected, and he went through all sorts of contortions at the word of command; but these might be acted. Finally, the patient was told that he could not see, and declared that he did not see the candles. The operator, who was the most famous of his day, summoned the audience to examine the patient, and a medical spectator did so with a candle. The rigid, unwinking eyes, and the grim, stony face of the biolozized were something to remember, but the doctor said quietly, "The pupils expand and contract freely under the influence of light."

There was still a chance—the muscles might contract, though the man was unconscious of the luminous cause; but the audience were sceptical, and the angry patient removed all doubt by shouting, "I should like to see you bear the candle as near your eyes as I did without winking." He had seen the candle, then. The cheat betrayed itself in a small matter, and soon after this lecturer disappeared.

On mentioning this incident to another famous American biologist, who called himself "Doctor," he said that the retina expanded and contracted involuntarily under the influence of light. The medical sceptic said this was the pupil.

Again, a mesmerised patient of a then well-known operator declared that she was unable to hear, but a hard-headed medical sceptic walked quietly about muttering, "How wonderful!" "How extraordinary!" "Cannot hear!" Then, suddenly addressing the patient in the same tone, he said, "You can't hear at all, can you?" "No Sir," said the girl, "not a word." Another patient who could not feel, was slyly pinched in a tender place by another doctor, and, being taken unawares, sprang up, exclaiming, "You brute!" The doctor was "perfectly satisfied," and so, within my experience, whenever the senses were tested, the wonders of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and electro-biology disappeared. A mechanical model explained tableturning. Hands laid on a scale weigh considerably, so they do when laid on the edge of a table, on a hat, or on the spokes of a wheelbarrow. In like manner pens press upon the edge of a compass card when the points rest on it, and the pens lean outwards against the sides of the case. It is very difficult thus to arrange a dozen of pens so evenly as not to turn the card one way or the other; and, if it moves at all the whole system presses in one direction. All the pens come to slope one way, and push one way, and the card whirls round. And so tableturning is but a mechanical force exercised unconsciously. When Faraday's index proved that fact tableturning went out of fashion, but it still survives in mental corners.

Now we have a new phase of magic in spirit-rapping, and I hold it to be a wicked imposture, trading upon the best affections and feelings of human nature. The medium's charge confines his general audience to those whose family history is recorded in the *Peerage* and similar books. His professed dealing with deceased friends draws those who suffer and are least fitted to detect imposture. Grief, with its tearful eyes, trembling awe, veneration, and blank wonder, are ill fitted to cope with an imposture. Argument is useless where men wish to be deceived, but yet the cheat is transparent. The whole system is based on the assertion that dead men's ghosts follow a medium; the most famous of the tribe assured me in an unguarded moment that if he were haunted by a spirit it would drive him mad.

The system of communication is by raps. I saw the same man rapping while he asserted that the spirit of my aunt was communicating with him by raps. I saw the muscular motion in one knuckle of his right hand which he masked with his left arm, and each muscular contraction answers to each sound as a pendulum answers to the tick of a clock. I tried the experiment, and produced the same sound by moving the same muscle, so as to jerk the back of the nail of the fore finger against an edge cut in the side of the pencil, the point of which was pressed hard against the table. When the medium said that my dead aunt rapped for him, and had no sympathy with me, and when he made an audible noise with a pencil, visibly before my eyes, it was a buffeted, wicked attempt to deceive through human affection; but when he did that which I had done that evening at dinner, and kicked up the whole table with his knee, it was simply ludicrous, and there was a general shout of laughter.

When he wrote with one hand under the table, and

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS
Albion—Rev. J. J. Chisholm
Adolph—N. A. Ooste.
Aylmer—J. Doyle.
Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron
Archie—Rev. Mr. Girroir.
Arthur—M. Moran.
Brookville—C. F. Fraser.
Belleville—P. P. Lynch.
Barrie—Rev. J. R. Lee.
Burlington—W. M. Manamy.
Burford and W. Riding, Co. Brant—Thos Maguin.
Cassidy—J. Hackett.
Cobourg—P. Maguire.
Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
Cumbroke—Patrick Corcoran.
Compton—Mr. W. Daly.
Crisleton, N. B.—Rev. F. Dunphy
Dulhuise Mills—Wm. Chisholm
Dunville—J. M'iver.
Dundas—J. B. Looney.
Egansville—J. Bonfield.
East Haverbury—Rev. J. J. Collins
Eastern Townships—P. Hackett.
Erasmville—P. Gafney.
Frankton—Rev. Mr. Paradis.
Farmersville—J. Flood.
Guananogue—Rev. J. Rossiter.
Guelph—J. Harris.
Goderich—Dr. M'Dougall.
Hamilton—J. M'Carthy.
Huntingdon—O. M'Faul.
Ingersoll—W. Featherston.
Kenapville—M. Heaphy.
Kingston—P. Purcell.
Lindsay—J. Kennedy.
Leamdown—M. O'Connor.
London—B. Henry.
Lochiel—O. Quigley.
Loborough—T. Daley.
Lacolle—W. Hartly.
Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleber.
Merrickville—M. Kelly.
New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy.
Ottawa City—J. J. Murphy.
Oshawa—Richard Sapple.
Paris and Galt—Rev. Nicholas M'Kee.
Prescott—J. Ford.
Perth—J. Doran.
Peterboro—E. M'Comick.
Pictou—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
Port Hope—J. Birmingham.
Port-Dulhuise—O. M'Mahon.
Pembroke—P. Fallon.
Quebec—M. O'Leary.
Rawdon—James Carroll.
Russellton—J. Campion.
Richmond Hill—M. Teofy.
Sarnia—P. M'Dermott.
Sandwich—H. Morin, P. M.
Sherbrooke—T. Griffith.
Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton.
South Gloucester—J. Daley.
Summersdown—D. M'Donald.
St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay.
St. Athanas—T. Dunn.
St. Ann de la Poutiere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett.
St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey.
St. Catherine, C. E.—J. Caughlin.
St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald.
St. Romuald d' Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
St. Mary's—H. O'C. Trainor.
Starnesboro—C. M'Gill.
Sydenham—M. Hayden.
Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh.
Thorold—John Heenan.
Thorpville—J. Greene.
Tingwick—T. Donegan.
Toronto—P. F. J. Mullen, 23 Shuter Street.
Wainston—J. Hagan.
West Orpound—M. M'Evoy.
West Port—James Kehoe.
Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy.
Wallaceburg—Thomas Jarmy.
Windsor—D. Lamlyer.

SEEDS—SEEDS—SEEDS.
R. J. DEVINS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
NEXT THE COURT-HOUSE, MONTREAL,
(Premises formerly occupied by Alfred Savage & Co.)
JUST Received direct from
FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN,
A large assortment of the finest fresh
GARDEN,
FIELD,
POT HERB AND
FLOWER SEEDS.
— ALSO —
FOR SALE, all kinds of CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.
Feb. 17.

L. DEVANY,
AUCTIONEER,
(Late of Hamilton, Canada West.)
THE subscriber, having leased for a term of years that large and commodious three-story cut-stone building—fire-proof roof, plate-glass front, with three flats and cellar, each 100 feet—No. 159 Notre Dame Street, Cathedral Block, and in the most central and fashionable part of the city, purposes to carry on the
GENERAL AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS.
Having been an Auctioneer for the last twelve years, and having sold in every city and town in Lower and Upper Canada, of any importance, he flatters himself that he knows how to treat consignees and purchasers, and, therefore, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.
I will hold THREE SALES weekly.
On Tuesday and Saturday Mornings,
FOR
GENERAL HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
PIANO-FORTES, &c., &c.,
AND
THURSDAYS
FOR
DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES,
GLASSWARE, CROCKERY,
&c., &c., &c.
Cash at the rate of 50 cents on the dollar will be advanced on all goods sent in for prompt sale. Returns will be made immediately after each sale and proceeds handed over. The charges for selling will be one-half what has been usually charged by other auctioneers in this city—five per cent. commission on all goods sold either by auction or private sale. Will be glad to attend out-door sales in any part of the city where required. Cash advanced on Gold and Silver Watches, Jewellery, Plated Ware, Diamond or other precious stones.
L. DEVANY,
Auctioneer.
March 27.

INFORMATION WANTED,
OF MICHAEL HENNESSY. When last heard from, in 1858, he was in Oglet County, Illinois. Any information concerning him will be most thankfully received by his wife, MARY HENNESSY, St. Rochs, Quebec.

O. J. DEVLIN,
NOTARY PUBLIC:
OFFICE:
32 Little St. James Street.
MONTREAL.

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX,
IMPORTER OF
DRY GOODS,
No. 112, St. Paul Street,
HAS constantly on hand grand assortment of Merchandise, French and English, Carpets for Saloons, &c., &c.
P. F. has also on hand a choice selection of Dry Goods and READY-MADE CLOTHING, which he will sell, at very low prices, Wholesale and Retail.
Also, on hand, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, to be Sold WHOLESALE only.
Mr. F. has made great improvements in his Establishment and is receiving NEW GOODS every week from Europe, per steamer. He has also on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail.
April 6, 1860. 12ms.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.
[Established in 1826.]
THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a circular. Address:
A MENEELY'S SONS, West Troy, N. Y.

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 Sarnia.
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, SCHOLES & AMES.
Toronto, April 21st, 1860.
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.

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 Sarnia.
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, SCHOLES & AMES.
Toronto, April 21st, 1860.
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. 95 00
Needles 80c per dozen.
EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED.
All communications intended for me must be prepaid, as none other will be received.
R. J. NAGLE,
Canadian Sewing Machine Depot,
265 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
Factory over Barley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.
Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

T. C. DE LORIMIER,
Advocate,
31 LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL,
Will attend Circuits at Beauharnois Huntingdon and Soulanges.

W. F. MONAGAN, M.D.,
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
No. 71, WELLINGTON STREET,
Being No. 8 Ruglan Terrace,
MONTREAL, C.B.

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.

B. DEVLIN,
ADVOCATE,
Has Removed his Office to No. 32, Little St. James Street.

M. DOHERTY,
ADVOCATE,
No. 54, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

M. F. COLOVIN,
ADVOCATE, &c.,
No. 59, Little St. James Street,
MONTREAL.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co.,
MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS,
Successors to the late John M'Closky,
38, Sanguinet Street,
North corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

THE above Establishment will be continued, in all its branches, as formerly by the undersigned. As this establishment is one of the oldest in Montreal, and the largest of the kind in Canada, being fitted up by Steam in the very best plan, and is capable of doing any amount of business with despatch—we pledge ourselves to have every article done in the very best manner, and at moderate charges.
We will DYE all kinds of Silke, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woolens, &c., as also SCOURING all kinds of Silk and Woolen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.
DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co.
No. 19,
Great St. James Street.

THE CHEAPEST MUSIC.
THE Subscriber feels pleasure in announcing that he is Agent in Canada for the
CHEAPEST MUSIC PUBLISHED.
This Music, published in London, is distinguished for correctness, beauty of Engraving, and superiority in every respect, while it is sold for only about ONE THIRD the price of other Music, viz: TEN CENTS, (6d.), and larger pieces in proportion.
Among others, the compositions of Ascher, Baumbach, Bejer, Beethoven, Cramer, Chopin, Grobe, Herz, Hueten, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Ossten, Plachy, Schulhof, Thalberg, Weber, &c., &c.; besides the popular and lighter compositions of the day.
The Stock embraces Music of all kinds—English French, German and Italian, Songs and Ballads, Dance Music, Piano-Forte arrangements, Duets, Solos, &c. Music for Beginners, and Instruction Books. Music for the Violin, Accordion, Concertina, Guitar, &c., &c.,—all distinguished for elegance of appearance, correctness, and WONDERFUL CHEAPNESS.
Catalogues can be had on application at
No. 19,
Great Saint James Street, Montreal.

A liberal reduction to Schools, Colleges, Professors, the Trade, or others buying in quantities.
STATIONERY of all kinds, BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c., Wholesale or Retail, at Lowest Prices.
J. ANDREW GRAHAM.
ACADEMY
OF THE
CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME,
KINGSTON, C. W.

THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a polite Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry.
The Course of Instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education.
SCHOLASTIC YEAR
TERMS:
Board and Tuition.....\$70 00
Use of Bed and Bedding.....7 00
Washing.....10 50
Drawing and Painting.....7 00
Music Lessons—Piano.....28 00
Payment is required Quarterly in advance.
October 29.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS,
KINGSTON, C. W.
Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages.
A large and well selected Library will be open to the Pupils.
TERMS:
Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (pays in half-yearly in Advance.)
Use of Library during stay, \$2.
The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July.
July 21st, 1861.

NEW CLOTHING STORE.
BERGIN AND CLARKE,
Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters,
No. 48, M'GILL STREET,
(Nearly Opposite Saint Ann's Market.)
MONTREAL,
HAVING commenced BUSINESS on their own account, beg leave to inform their numerous friends, and the Public in general, that they intend to carry on the CLOTHING Business in all its branches.
READY-MADE CLOTHING
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
All Orders punctually attended to.
May 16, 1861.
WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S
MONTREAL,
MARBLE FACTORY,
BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)
WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent from the former prices.
N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada has so much Marble on hand.
June 9, 1859.

PLUMBING,
GAS AND STEAM-FITTING
ESTABLISHMENT.
THOMAS M'KENNA
WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has
REMOVED
his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment TO THE
Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street,
BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE STREETS,
(Formerly occupied by Mitchell & Co.)
where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices.
Baths, Hydrant, Water Closets, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipe, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.
The trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms.
Thomas M'Kenna is also prepared to heat churches, hospitals, and all kinds of public and private buildings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has already fitted up in some buildings in the City, and which has given complete satisfaction.
Montreal, May 2, 1861. 12m.

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.

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 flesh 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 ALKXIS SHORS,
Superior of St. Vincent's 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.

The Montreal Gazette
BOOK AND JOB
STEAM
PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
36 Great St. James Street,
SUPPLIES
EVERY DESCRIPTION
OF
PRINTING
WITH
NEATNESS, ECONOMY AND DISPATCH.
Being furnished with POWER PRINTING MACHINES, besides CARD and HAND PRESSES, we are enabled to execute large quantities of work, with great facility.
BOOK PRINTING!
Having the different sizes of the new SCOTCH CUT and other styles of TYPE, procured expressly for the various kinds of Book Printing, all CATALOGUES, By-Laws, REPORTS, SPEECHES, &c., &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch, at moderate charges.
FANCY PRINTING!
Particular attention is paid to COLOURED and ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. The highest style of work, which it was at one time necessary to order from England or the United States, can be furnished at this Establishment, as good, and much cheaper than the imported article.
CARDS
Of all sizes and styles, can be supplied at all prices, from \$1 per thousand to \$1 for each copy.
Particular attention given to BRIDAL CARDS, &c.
BILL-HEADS!
The newest style of Bill-Heads supplied at a very low figure.
Country Merchants supplied with SHOW-BILLS of the most STRIKING STYLES.
BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS
OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY.
Jobs ordered by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by Parcel Post.
M. LONGMOORE & CO.
MONTREAL GAZETTE BUILDINGS,
36 Great St. James Street.

MEMORY
WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S
MARBLE FACTORY,
BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)
WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent from the former prices.
N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada has so much Marble on hand.
June 9, 1859.

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 flesh 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 ALKXIS SHORS,
Superior of St. Vincent's 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.

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 flesh 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 ALKXIS SHORS,
Superior of St. Vincent's 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.

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 flesh 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 ALKXIS SHORS,
Superior of St. Vincent's 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.

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 flesh 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 ALKXIS SHORS,
Superior of St. Vincent's 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.