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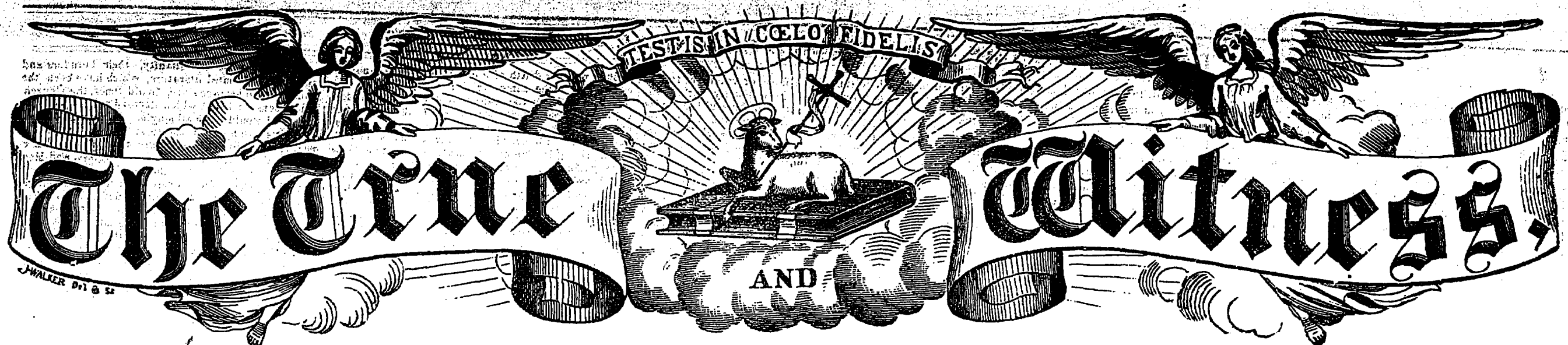
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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CROHOORE OF THE BILL-HOOK.

BY JOHN BANIM.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

'Who! by my good word,' said another, 'that's the worst of the story; arrah, Mourteen, what made you forget that?'

'Musha, how can a body think of everything at once?' said a third, 'and though Mourteen happened to speak about the *mishmoch* (courage or spunk) o' the boy, it's well known that if he were as handy at everything as he is at the tongue, the devil himself, Lord save us, couldn't stand afore him.'

But old Mourteen, nothing discountenanced at this rallery, and looking upon them as mind is above matter, only vouchsafed a scornful glance at his boyish companions, and, pulling down his wig with both hands, prepared to conclude his speech, while they, leaning forward on their elbows, put on faces of mock gravity and attention. In fact, Mourteen prided himself on his eloquence, and never failed to exercise it when good occasion offered; and the opportunity of haranguing and converting Pierce was too rare and too favorable to be neglected. He had enlisted many in the war against the proctors, and so far was valued; but like his great prototype, the Athenian orator, Mourteen was rather the cause of courage in others than distinguished for that virtue in his own person; in one word, his friends knew him to be a rank coward; and at this constitutional weakness the shafts of their satire were now directed. Pierce, however, unacquainted with the fact, and not understanding the humor of the party, listened attentively to the conclusion of Mourteen's lecture, which ran as follows:—

'Hasn't the sassenach clergy, I say, all Ireland to himself every tenth year, while the world is a world, and sure, if he had a conscience along wid id, that might be enough, and not for to send the bloody proctor on our back, to lift the double of that again; to take food from our mouths, our Christen mouths, and the rag of coverin from our beds and our bodies; and our own poor clergy, God bless 'em, that kept wid us in want and sorrow, and cums to us night and mornin', through wet and dhry, cowlid and hardship, to stand by our sick beds, and make Christen souls in us—what do they get but the bits and scraps, and lavins the sassenach laves behind; the sassenach that rises the hire widout arnin' id, robbin' id from them that does; the sassenach that thought to tear and burn us up, root and branch; that hunted our *sogariths* like 'bastes o' the field, and hung and shot them an' all ir us, just because we said our prayers after the fashion of them that went afore us, and cum after us, and 'ill do the same for ever and ever, amin, praise God, and thank God, that laves us, the wouther to tell that we're here to do id at all—musha, musha! Mourteen added, hastening his peroration, from a misgiving of some slight confusion of ideas, and a dread of getting farther *bogged* (as he would himself have called it) 'musha, and ochown-a-rie, it's enough to make a body run mad to think ir id.'

I believe what you say is true,' said Pierce, in reply to this holding forth, and anticipating Mourteen's tormentors, who, with many a sly wink, were preparing to open their battery on the spokesman; 'but my father has all along taught me to ask what I uow ask you—how much good has come or can come from all you are able to do?—little mischief to your real oppressors, and your own death upon the gallows, more certainly than the relief you look for.'

His attention was here rivetted by the miserable man opposite to him, who, at once, with that violence of action, and furious contortion of countenance, for which the Irish peasant is remarkable, poured out a speech in his native tongue, adopting it instinctively as the most ready and powerful medium of expressing his feeling; for one who boggles, and stammers, and is ridiculous in English, becomes eloquent in Irish;—we follow the speaker in translation, which will necessarily show none of the rude *patois* he must have betrayed, had he attempted, as all the others did, to display his feelings in a language almost unknown to them and him. 'Who talks of the good we can do?—we look not to do good; we are not able nor fit to do good; we only want our revenge! And that, while we are men, and have strong hands, and broken hearts, and brains on fire, with the memory of our sufferings—that we can take. Your father, young man, never writted in the proctor's gripe; he has riches, and they peace and plenty, so that the robbers' visit was not felt or heeded: but look at me!' With the fingers of one hand he pressed violently his shallow and withered cheek, and with the other tore open the scanty vesture, that, leaving him uncovered from the shoulders to the ribs, exhibited a gaunt skeleton of the human form—'I have nothing to eat, no house to sleep in; my starved body is without covering, and those I loved, and that loved me, the pulses of my heart, are gone; how gone, and how am I as you see me? Twelve months ago I had a

home, and covering, and food, and the young wife, the mother of my children, with me, at our fireside; but the plunderer came on a sudden; I was in his debt; he has a public house, and he saw me sitting in another in the village; he took my cow, and he took my horse; he took them to himself; I saw them—and no good luck will attend his ill-got riches!—I saw them grazing on his own lands; I was mad; everything went wrong with me; my landlord came, and swept the walls and the floor of my cabin; my wife died in her labor;—who was to stand up for me? No one; no where; there is no friend, no help, no mercy, no law for the poor Irishman; he may be robbed—stripped—insulted—set mad—but he has no earthly friend but himself?'

The wretch sprung from his feet, seized his vessel, and, with the look and manner of a maniac, added—

'And here let every man pledge me! May his heart wither, and his children and name perish—may the grass grow on his hearth-stone, and no kin follow his corpse to the grave, who will refuse to wreak on the hard-hearted proctors the revenge provoked by the sorrows they inflict.'

All had arisen; even the old woman had stretched her wrinkled face and stringy neck into the circle, and, as the toast was quaffed, her shrill tones mingled with the hoarse 'amen' that followed. In this moment of frenzy and inebriation—his youthful sympathy in their cause grafted on the hope of recovering his mistress—did Pierce Shea take the whiteboys' oath, and with wild clamor was his inauguration celebrated.

'And now,' said Doran, when the uproar had somewhat subsided, speaking in a calm and earnest voice and manner, 'listen to me, all: I appoint Pierce Shea my first lieutenant for the parish of Clarah; are all content?'

A general hurrah, joined with new congratulations, shaking of his hand, and drinking to his health, was the answer.

'And you freely accept the commission?'—Doran resumed, fixing his eye on Shea, and proffering his hand also.

'I accept it: but—no matter!—I accept it unconditionally; I join you for your own sakes; for your cause, your wrongs, and your revenge; for your success or failure—for good or ill—redress or the gallows.'

'It is enough,' said Doran violently squeezing Shea's hand, while his eyes sparkled, and his cheeks grew pale, with strong emotion.

'Meantime,' resumed Pierce, 'let me fairly own that another motive first led me this evening among you.'

'We know what you mane,' interrupted Mourteen, 'and are ready and willing to remember id; sure one good turn deserves another.'

'You all know my situation, men,' said Pierce, after a pause, dropping his head on his hand, to hide the overflowing tears that a moment's recurrence to his personal misfortunes rendered irresistible.

'We do, we do,' they cried out, 'and it's the hearts in our bodies that are aching for you, Master Pierce, a-roon; and wait till we show you so mooch, widout more talkin about id.'

'It's only thought and expected,' continued Mourteen, 'that our new lieutenant 'ill cum wid us one night, just to make clear and clane his good wishes, for the next night will bring him straight ahead on Crohoore-na-billhoge.'

'That's id; that's the very thing,' the men repeated.

'I shal' not fail,' answered Pierce.

'Then, I believe,' said Doran, 'our business for to-morrow night is to call, out of love and kindness, on Peery Clancy, the friend of poor Terence Delany, here; nodding at the man who had harangued them in Irish.'

'Life will be spared?' asked Pierce.

'Life and limb; unless ears or legs or arms,' answered Doran; and Pierce objected or questioned no further; though he saw a grim smile of disagreeable expression on the features of Terence Delany.

'And in throth,' said one of the young fellows, 'I'm tould the poor man is hard o' hearin; a great pity, sure, when it's a thing so ay to be righted; for there is nothin in the wide world to do, but just crop the ears as close to the head as a body can, and I'll take my swear he'll hear a whiteboy, at any rate, for a good mile of ground, as long as he lives, ever after.'

'Musha, that 'll be no more nor a Christen turn,' said another; 'fur who wouldn't pity a poor body that's dead, like him? and Bryan Whichpatrick must scawb him a turn on the fiddle, when he gets the gift o' hearin.'

They had attached to their body a man of the name here mentioned, or rather of a name like it, Fitzpatrick being its true pronunciation, who was their poet and musician, and who always added effect to their processions, when they paraded a poor proctor to the place of his punishment.

'Aye,' said Mourteen, 'and we may as well plant him in the ground up to his chin, just to see if he'd sprout into an honest man.'

'Aroch, there's little fear o' that, he was answered: 'fur if you war to sow an acre of proctors, the duoul a worse crop could a poor body have to look at in the barrest time.'

'Och, and have a care, boys,' said another, 'bud they'd grow up into a nate crop of hemp, that 'd make cravats fur some ir us, as ay as we're takin id.'

Thus in the spirit of that peculiar levity and jeer which the Irish peasantry mingle with the feeling and execution of their very hardships, despair, and revenge, did they discuss the business of the night, until Doran, rising up, and smartly rapping the table, said—

'Come, come, enough to night; every man quietly and by himself to his home—if he has one; Murthock, don't sleep over your part of the work; be careful to warn all the boys;—you're better at it than at your music, my good fellow.'

'Ha, ha! Rbix Doran; you're welcome to your joke; bud, afore to-morrow night, all the boys in the parish 'ill know id, ir Murthock does be a live piper.'

Upon this, the council broke up, and Pierce and Doran returned to old Shea's house.

CHAPTER X.

When Pierce Shea had slept away his intoxication, and with it the enthusiasm it had excited, he awoke to feel the goadings of an upbraiding conscience; for he recollected he had broken his father's most positive injunction. The old man's good sense early perceived that the acts committed by the whiteboys, even divested of their immoral and cruel character, could only, in the end, bring ruin on themselves. He was rich, as Terence Delany remarked, and the title-proctor had been to him but the cause of a pecuniary loss, which, however unwillingly he might have suffered it, was in itself of little inconvenience; his passions escaped, therefore, undue agitation, and his reason exercised a comparatively unbiassed sway.

Pierce was a dutiful son, as well from principle as inclination: his father was, to his only child, a fond and good father, and, exclusive of the affection this insured in a warm and virtuous heart, he entertained the highest opinion of his parent's good sense; it was, therefore, afflicting to him to reflect on what he had done, in joining an association, from all intercourse with which the paternal voice had repeatedly commanded and warned him; in addition to his other causes of unhappiness, the thought made him very wretched; and when, the next night, he stole with a felon's step from his father's roof, to assist in an illegal outrage, a foreboding of heavy and retributive evil to follow, caused his head to sink in his bosom.

But he had solemnly sworn to obey his captain in all things, and a refusal to comply with the present order, Pierce shuddered to think, might lay the sin of perjury on his soul. His courage and consistency, too, would at once be questioned; and then came the strongest and most beguiling argument of all—his conduct on this night was to aid in discovering and releasing his mistress, and in dragging to punishment the murderer of her parents. Right or wrong, it was a sacrifice called for at his hands by the loudest voice of love, duty and necessity; and so he braced himself to concede to it, like a man to whom desperate resources are the only alternative.

Doran awaited, and joined him at a short distance from his father's house; wearing over his clothes a shirt, the distinguishing garb of the fraternity, whence was derived their denomination of whiteboys, and armed with two pistols secured in a belt, whilst at his back was slung a huge bullock's horn, which, besides being used to sound the different signals, was a badge of command worn only by leaders. Pierce, according to orders, had also provided himself with a shirt, horn, and arms, which being now adjusted, the friends set out at a brisk pace.

Even to Doran, Shea disguised his real feelings, apprehensive that any doubt or misgiving might be construed into pusillanimity or cowardice, terms ever most humiliating and distressing to a young man's ear; he even forced himself to affect the swagger of a bravo, than which nothing could be more loathsome to his mind and spirits, while Doran volubly rehearsed, half in laughter, the feats and glories that night to be realized.

After some smart walking, they ascended an eminence, about half a mile from Pierce's home, where Rha Doran, putting his gigantic horn to his mouth, blew a deafening blast, that—our veracious old chroniclers have often assured us—could be distinctly heard at the distance of three Irish miles, if the night was still, and the low breeze favorable. In an instant he was answered from other eminences, contiguous, and far off, all around; and a final flourish, that startled the ear of night, in the low country, almost at their feet, terminated the signals.

'And now, lieutenant, to the place of muster!' said Doran; and, descending the hill together,

they approached a number of men who were assembled in a field at a little distance. As the friends joined them, others were seen scrambling or leaping over fences on every side, all garbed like themselves, but only a few with horns and weapons, the majority being unbadged and unarmed. After a short pause, the muster seemed completed; they gathered in silent bustle round Doran and Shea, and the former inquired—

'Is everything ready with you, boys?'

'All right, and nate, and purty, captain, agra, and in our glory,' he was answered.

'The nags, then,' cried Doran. They ran to four corners of the field, or jumped into the adjoining one, and every man returned holding a horse, that had been pressed from different farms on their route, nor were the worst put in requisition. The two finest and grandest steeds having been presented to Doran and Shea, the leader at once mounted, exclaiming—

'Well, then, jolly boys as ye are, up and ram along; and see who'll the first for supper.'

All were instantly on horseback, and with a stifled, though general 'hurrah!' dashed off at full speed, first, over the hedges and fences immediately around them, then, sometimes over a bit of road, if it happened to come in the way, but, for the most part, over hedge and ditch; again, hill and hollow, stream and bog, like mad and evil spirits careering with the night-blast, their hoarse and guttural 'hurrah!' still occasionally breaking out in wild and unearthly cadence.

Few accidents occurred on this headlong ride, and those of no importance, if it be taken into consideration that, with the exception of Doran and Shea, no man in the party sat in saddle, nor had even a bridle to direct or govern his steed; blessed was he that boasted so much as a halter; and it must be allowed that, under such disadvantages, they displayed considerable skill in horsemanship; much more, we are inclined to think, than a regular drilled squadron of dragoons would show, if similarly accoutered and situated.

And, 'hurrah! hurrah!' they still muttered as they still swept along, until, after somewhat more than an hour's mad driving, the horses began to stumble and totter from fatigue. Then Doran's voice was again heard.

'We ought to be near upon the place for a change,' he said to those immediately around him.

'At the foot of the rath afore you, captain,' was the answer.

He sounded his horn, and was promptly answered from the direction pointed out, and, spurring and lashing, he set the example of one desperate push to gain the point of relief.

'Faultha, Faultha, (welcome, welcome) to the rattling boys that thrive by night!' was shouted by many voices, as at last they came up the destined hill.

Doran instantly flung himself from his saddle, asking, 'How many horses have you?'

'Five-and-forty, captain, you darling of fellows.'

'Enough, and enough is as good as a feast,' then turning to Pierce, during an instant's delay in changing their saddles, 'Come, lieutenant, your hand; by the blessed moon you are a brave whiteboy, already! the girls were now tightened, the bridle slung to him, and he was again on horseback in a twinkling, adding to the party that had met them, 'We'll be here again in an hour, be sure to have beasts ready; and, up and ram along, boys!' was again the word, and onward all again dashed at the same furious rate as before.

At last they entered among a few straggling huts, built at irregular distances, and in disorderly lines, dignified by the inhabitants with the name of a village. The stillness and sobriety of night prevailed; no light gleamed from the wretched cabins, and the hour of labor and life seemed to have sunk in repose; yet, as they clattered along, door after door was stealthily opened, half-dressed figures, male and female, appeared at each, and the oft-repeated salutation of 'Dieu luve a-roucheleen,' (God speed you, lad) uttered in that gurgling and bitter tone in which they would have set their mastiffs on a detested enemy, told that the mission of the riders was understood and appreciated: and when they reached the forge, or smithy, a man issued thence with candles, a lighted sod of turf, and a sledge, proved that they had been duly expected.

'Is the ould bird in the nest?' asked Doran of this person, as he pulled up.

'Och, and that he is, snug and warm, and waiting for you, captain a-chorra.'

'Well, that's civil and dacent of him, after all, poor sowl—show the way Thady.'

There was a house standing apart from the others, distinguished from them as well by its station as by its great superiority of extent and appearance; though its thatched protruded a forked stick, to which appended a signboard, that had it been daylight, might be seen to boast a dull raddled ground, with a black shape thereon

having, very necessarily and wisely, 'The Black Bull' painted in black letters above its head and beneath its feet; and lower down still was also painted—

'Entertainment for man and horse.'

At the door of this doomed abode, the party stopped: it was the residence of Terence Dolan's uoosor, and the same swaggering tithe-proctor whose portrait we have before attempted to sketch.

With the utmost possible silence, the party ranged themselves about the house, so as to prevent escape, and then, having lighted their candles, by blowing at the red turf, one clash from the eighteen pound sledge burst the door open. Doran, and three others, who were armed, rushed in, Pierce being left in command of the main body outside. The visitors took their measures so well and so speedily, that they seized on the terrified proctor as he crept under the bed from which he had just arisen.

'Arrah, then, crawl back wid yourself, here my ould bouchal,' said one of the men, as he dragged him by the legs into the middle of the room.

'And isn't it a burning shame,' cried another, 'to see a responsible, well-doing body, like you, go for to hide yourself like a chree-chraw-tha, after we coming so far a journey to see you?—Foch upon you, to serve your own cousins in such a way, in your own house.'

'Musha, because he does so shabby by us, it's a long day 'till we come see him again,' said a third.

'In throth, Peery, agra, it's little right you have to give us the 'neen-sha-shtig;' (not at home) for your mother's people, and that's ourselves, that are all come of the Mulcahay's, is an ould dacent stock.'

'Don't be spakin' to our cousin after that fashion; myself is almost sure, by the pleasant face that's on him, he's glad in the heart to have us under his roof this blessed night.'

Such was the mockery bandied from one to another, while the unfortunate man sat stupefied in the middle of the room, looking around him in hopelessness and horror, and in dreadful anticipations of the tortures he well knew awaited him. Twice had he been admonished to rise without showing any sense of the words addressed to his ear, until, at last a smart application of Doran's whip to his shoulders, and the shrill tones and terrible words of 'Come out for tithing, Peery!' that accompanied the blow, roused him from his lethargy. But he only clapped his hands and cried for mercy; and when, by main force, the three men proceeded to carry him out, his instinctive struggles for freedom only called down, again and again, an answer from Doran's whip.

'Och, gentlemen, honies, take pity on a poor mau!' he repeated, as they bore him over his own threshold.

'Aye, now, Peery; consider wid your conscience: and don't be asking from us the thing you never yet had for man or baste, your own self,' was the reply, that showed how little commiseration he had to expect.

Outside the door, Doran refreshed his men with some liquor, for which he had ransacked the house, and then proceeded to put them in order of procession. First, he called for Bryan Fitzpatrick, poet and musician to the body, as has before been mentioned, who manufactured all their songs, and who was so intimately acquainted with the muses, that, by their assistance, he gave his own history; beginning thus:—

'Och sure it was from the sweet county of Lestrim I came, And I plays on the fiddle, Bryan Fitzpatrick by name.'

A most important personage on show occasion like the present, he now came forward at call to take rightful place at the van of the array. Peery Clancy, mounted on his own pampered gelding, had the next place; and immediately followed Captain Rhaib Doran, with Shawn O'Barke, who had learned to emit from that most primitive, though unwieldy instrument his bullock's horn, such a variety of strain, suited to every occasion, whether material, triumphant, or pathetic, as, with some, created him a rival of Bryan Fitzpatrick, muse, fiddle and all; whilst, to the unprejudiced ear, his variations equalled, at least, the different transitions from high and low bellowing, once practised by the animal to which his instrument had originally been an appendage. Shawn rode at the right hand of the captain; at the left was Yemen O'Nase, 'the fisher of the law'; the rest, brought up by Pierce, followed in whatever order they might. At the first movement from the house Bryan Fitzpatrick drew his fiddle-stick, and was instantly seconded by Shawn O'Barke, whose doleful blate certainly outdid his competitor, in every way, on this occasion: heretofore, whatever Bryan lost in loudness and power, he had been enabled to make up by melody; but now he only produced a most unaccountable noise, and in pure comparison with noises, contemptible

one, it is, he had been so unlucky as to tumble from his horse during the rapid ride, and, to his great consternation, when he uncased his fiddle, it appeared woefully disabled by the accident, one side being battered in and all the strings snapped across; his only resource was, in the short pause afforded, to knot together two lengths of string, each of which, he afterwards found, was composed of different scraps of different strings, first, second, third, and bass, as they came to his fingers; the result, we have described. But, as the troop passed along in order, the loud shouting of the men rose for his relief, drowning, as the outcry rent the air, his pitiful minstrelsy; the inmates of the hovels, at their doors, or lying on their straw, joined the uproar, and even the shrill scream of women, and the tiny pipes of children, could be distinguished; there was no pity for Peery Clancy.

They arrived at the place where he was to undergo his punishment. History, the faithful mirror of truth, the rigid chronicler of facts, proceeds in her duteous details without consideration for the squeamishness of nerves; among other instances of the principle, the legal retribution visited on Damien and Ravillac has found its careful registrars; nor, in this transcript of real scenes, shall the illegal violence done to an Irish title-proctor want true and courageous historians; therefore proceed we in the circumstances.

Conformably with other preparatives, a grave was dug for the proctor's reception, close by the hedge in a contiguous field; in this he was laid and covered with loose earth to the chin; and then did Yamen O'Nase, who, like Shylock, had, for some time, been busily occupied sharpening upon a flat stone, the broad blade of his pruning-knife, advance, and, in the in-felt pride of being a dexterous operator, exclaim—

'Well, we're all ready; and it's a sweet bit of a blade that's in you, for one knife; oh, but it isn't none of your blade that's fit for nothing but cutting butter; I go! you my conscience, this holy and blessed night, 'twould take the horns in a ten-year old bull, not to spake it a poor proctor's ears, though them same does be hard enough in regard of all the prayers they won't hear, and all the lies they tell; come, come, interrupting himself, as he knelt down to his work, 'one of your o'clowns, Peery; don't be lase unasy in yourself, agra; you may be right sartun I'll do the thing nate and handy; but, man, in reply to a shrill scream, 'I'd whip the ears in a bishop, not to talk of a creature like you, a dark-er night nor this; divil a taste I'd lave him; and wouldn't bring any of the head wid me neither—' usha, what ails you at all? after he had half accomplished his task; 'you'd have a better right to give God praise for getting into the hands of a clever boy, like me, that—stop a bit now—that 'ud only do his captain's orders, and not be letting the steel slip from your ear across your wind-pipe, Lord save the hearers—stop, I say—there, now; wasn't that done purty?'

'Why, Peery,' said another, 'bear in mind that it's all for the good of your soul we're so kind to you; sure there's no doubt at all that the proctors, every mother's son of them, go strait ahead to the divil; but I'll be bound to say that Peery Clancy, that was burned,—and a decent berrin he got, wid his own people around him,—and Peery Clancy, that 'll be afther him, won't be the same body, at-all-at-all, in regard that one had wings to his head, and the other not one in the world; you won't be the same man, only some one else; and more be-token, the penance of this night 'll be mighty good for you in the time to come; take care of yourself there, a-voch.'

'Good night, Peery; and sure you have all the crop we can give you,' added others.

'To make everything sure,' said Doran, 'you must just swear as I desire you, Peery, or have Yeman at your throttle, along with your ears; give me the hook.'

A hook was handed to him, which he held to be kissed by the proctor, and the buried-alive swore never again to follow his unpopular profession. A sentinel was then placed over him, also sworn to release the sufferer in an hour.

'And now for the 'sallin-na-morra!' cried Doran, 'strike up, Bryan; Shawn, your horn; attention, men, and chorus.'

The 'sallin-na-morra,' or death-prayers, was a celebrated chant, pathetic-ludicrous, composed and sung to his fiddle, by Bryan Fitzpatrick, on all such occasions as the present; and, while the party gathered round the proctor, it now arose, according to orders, first as a plaintive solo by the son of the muses, and then chorussed in terrific diapason by the whole body, joined to the utmost efforts of Shaw's horn, and, indeed, of all the other horns present.

After one encore, Doran flung himself on his horse, and his words, 'up and ram along!' were the signal for the retreat of his troop, whose wild 'hurrah!' testified their triumph and readiness to accompany him, as they at once vaulted on their bare-backed couriers; and away they set, over the ground they had already travelled, at the same savage speed in which they had arrived.

After driving some miles, Doran, who kept abreast with Shea, carelessly said—

'I'm sorry we have left the poor devil in Terence Delany's hands, after all.'

'I was going to say the same thing,' replied Pierce, 'and to ask you if you think there is danger of the unfortunate creature's life.'

'Heaven knows, not I; but you remarked the tone of his voice, and expression of his face, when he repeated my words, to release his prisoner in an hour?'

'I did; and for that very reason have my doubts; suppose we turn back?'

'Oh, very well, lieutenant; I have no wish or cause to order you from such a benevolent turn; only, it may be too late; you intend riding back by yourself?'

'Have I much to fear for my own life, if I do? You said something about risk just now.'

'Nothing of risk to a single man and horse, though; all is quiet, I believe; you didn't notice any one leave the house while you guarded it?'

'No,—good night,' answered Pierce, checking and turning his horse towards the village.

'Good night, then, and let us see you soon; on, boys, on!'—and the friends galloped in opposite directions.

The last clang of the whiteboys' horses, and the echo of their far hurrah, were lost in distance to the victim's ear, and his faint moan was then the only sound that disturbed the silence of the night around him. Terence Delany, his guard, stood over him, speechless and motionless; even his breathing was not whispered by the still air. But, after a considerable pause, he walked a few paces to the fence near which the grave had been dug, and returned bent and panting with some heavy burden round which his arms were clasped; it was a huge stone; he stopped and laid it down beside the bleeding head.

Again he paused, and stood motionless; but at last his husky tones broke suddenly and ominously upon the dead calm; for the proctor's moans had subsided into the feeble breathings of exhaustion; he spoke, as was his almost invariable custom, in the Irish language, of which we will endeavour to give the substance, and turn of speech.

'Know you, Peery Clancy, who it is that stands over you in the lonesomeness and silence of this night? The answer came also in Irish; 'I know not who you are; but, if you have a Christian's soul, you will release me from this misery.'

'Did you never bring it to your mind, and did the recollection of it never put your sleep astray, when, stretched on a bed of comfort, after a pleasant meal, that, by your deeds, Terence Delany, and his wife, and his three poor little children, were left houseless and hungry?'

'Oh! I'm lost for ever!' moaned the wretched man.

'Hah! you know who stands over you now; yes, you sunk them and me in poverty and the grave; you made me mad! and you now lie there, sure of the death-stroke from the arm of the madman you made!' The victim shrieked.

'Waste not your breath in idle cries; I will turn away, and give you a few minutes to make your prayer of God; when you hear my step again near you, cry mercy on your soul.'

He walked aside. By one of those singular coincidences which occur oftener than they are noticed, the face of night suddenly changed; the stars became extinguished, and the wind howled through the leafless branches. He turned his brow upwards, as if confusedly affected with the change; paused his time, in that position; but then starting wildly, hurried back, and heedless of the frightful scream for mercy, left with his foot for the exact situation of the head—stooped, and after many efforts raised the ponderous stone; poised it a moment over the mark;—when Pierce Shea bounded upon him from the other side of the hedge, forced him from his stand, and the rock fell, with a dull and hollow sound harmless on earth.

Delany instantly sprang on Shea, and with both hands gripped his throat; Pierce seized him in return, and swung him about, but the iron grasp became firmer; the blood stopped and throbbled in his head and could not circulate; so that breathing became a painful labour. In a violent attempt to free himself, both fell to the ground, and Delany entangled and locked his legs with those of his adversary, who now felt the man's hold tightened more and more, and heard the gnashing of teeth at his ear, while the pang of suffocation closed on his heart. In a moment's rapid thought, however, Pierce recollected a sleight he had learned in wrestling, by which it was possible to release himself from the disabling bondage the murderer held over his leg; and using it therefore, and immediately after summoning an effort that the fear of death could alone supply, he sprang on his feet bringing the other with him. Thus shook Delany's grasp; and Pierce instantly relieved, though of another sleight, acquired also in the wrestling rig; it was successful as the first; his enemy swung loose from him; and then a well-directed blow in the throat brought him down senseless.

(To be continued.)

ROME AND CIVILISATION.

Rather curious in contrast were two pastoral letters which appeared some years ago. In Dublin had been chosen; as usual those were attacked who, deprived of the many means of escape of the wealthy, most needed aid from others.

One of the pastoral letters was from the distinguished theologian, Dr. Whately, Protestant Archbishop, by law, of Dublin; the other was from the venerable Dr. Murray, Catholic Archbishop, despite law, of Dublin. Dr. Whately, with clear and decisive reasoning, proved that no Protestant ministers were not called upon by their duty to go amongst the contagion-spreading sick, but rather to think first of the safety of their own families, wives, and children, lest they should bring contagion among them. Dr. Murray's pastoral, taking apparently his ideas for granted, not troubling itself to prove anything, was a cordial expression of approbation and thanks to his priests for their unwearied assiduity and devotion to the pestilential sick and dying. Decidedly, this does not prove that the ministers were less tender-hearted, or benevolent, or intellectual than the priests; it simply proves that Catholicity urges men to the highest standard of moral heroism, and, by celibacy, her ministers stand as peaceful athletes, ready for the most perilous conflicts, having given up pleasures which would encounter them, and prepared themselves so that no dread of endangering others could hinder them from the toil with pestilence or death.

Evidently, such a circumstance deserves notice as giving an agent in civilisation—one powerful over others in so far as example is better than precept. And considered as an agent in civilisation, such may be discussed in a newspaper, from which we exclude controversial writings. One or two examples, then, touching this matter. Men who thus stood above between earth and sky, without any ties which claimed their efforts for private individuals, could give up all their endeavours to those who needed most in the great human family. Hence, deeds of

surpassing heroism, not for fame, or valour, or self in any way, but for others, in obscurity performed, without applause of men, but with the soul bare to its Creator. Such things transform men and lift them to the higher levels. Thus, in 'Bothen,' Kinglake, speaking as an English Protestant, says of some monks of the Holy Lands, that they were 'the lag remove of the human race.' He speculates on their physiognomies and opines lowness. Pre-conceived judgments—prejudices—naturally lead his mind captive; under such influence, one will go into a church and peer at every priest's face. Do you think they are building up a judgment by reasons drawn from what they see? Undeceive yourself. They are simply painting those features with hues from their own prejudices. Does the observed look down, with a habit of study, thought, or humility? What cruel, cringing servility! Does he smile, does he look about him?—What heartlessness, what intrigue, what laughlines! But Kinglake passes to facts:—'The monks do a world of good in their way; and there can be no doubting that (previous to the arrival of Bishop Alexander, with his numerous young family, and his pretty English nurse-maids!) they were the chief propagandists of Christianity in Palestine. My old friends of the Franciscan Convent at Jerusalem, some time since, gave proof of their goodness, by delivering themselves up to the peril of death for the sake of duty. When I was their guest they were forty, I believe, in number! Yet that forty were reduced in a few days to sixteen: the plague was the messenger that summoned them to taste of real death, but the circumstances under which they perished are rather curious. It was about three months after the time of my leaving Jerusalem that the plague set his spotted foot upon the holy city. The monks felt great alarm; they did not shrink from their duty; they imagined themselves almost safe so long as they remained within their walls, but it was quite needful that the Catholic Christians of the place, who had always looked to the convent for the supply of their spiritual wants, should receive the aids of religion in the hour of death. A single monk, therefore, was chosen either by lot or some other fair appeal to destiny; being thus singled out, he was to go forth into the plague-stricken city, and to perform with exactness his priestly duties: then he was to return, not to the interior of the convent, for fear of infecting his brethren (and thus incapacitating all), but to a detached building, which, I remember, belonged to the establishment, but at some little distance from the inhabited rooms. He was provided with a bell, and at a certain hour in the morning he was ordered to ring it, if he could, but if no sound was heard at the appointed time, then knew his brethren that he was either delirious or dead, and another martyr was sent forth to take his place. In this way twenty-one of the monks were carried off. One cannot well fail to admire the steadiness with which the diabolical scheme was carried through—the anxiety with which they must have expected each day the sound of the bell—the silence that reigned instead of it—and then the drawing of lots (the odds against death being one point lower than yesterday), and the going forth of the newly-doomed man.'

The good shepherd gives his life for his flock, but the hireling flees in time of danger. Such an instance so remarkable to Mr. Kinglake—assumes almost the character of commonplace to the Catholic versed in the history of the Church, of the saints, and religious orders. But, it struck him; and he should have reflected more on the subject; he should have enquired what power was it which, resisting the spirit of the age, and the desires of the flesh, could so transform 'ignorant peasants,' shut off from European civilisation, taken from Spain, Portugal, or France—could so transfigure this 'lag remove of the human race,' as to make them surpassing in heroic chivalry. No wonder then, that when the Church entered on her mission—the Church which was no novelty, but existent from the first times, with types and signs in the Jewish form, with these all fulfilled in the Christian, the one Church universal from eternity to eternity, and not 'destroyed, but fulfilled' and made victorious—no wonder, when such a one spread abroad, inciting men to such heroic deeds, inspiring such self-sacrifices, that the prayer was answered:—'Send forth Thy Spirit and they shall be created, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.' The face of the earth was, indeed, renewed; slavery was done away with, not by the degradation of the master to the low level of the slave, but by the elevation of both to a far higher equality. For what was counselled and done by Otto, the 'most just, most virtuous, most holy teacher, that the Divinity had given to men' (as Seneca says)—that is, to sell off all old and infirm slaves, in order not to support useless beings, would hardly be done by those slaves' Christian descendants with regard to a dog. Yet, Otto was the most virtuous, most just, most holy teacher, et cetera.

Europe of a new life: a soul had come into it. Everywhere, throughout its widest forests, its most stern wastes, farthest island, and unknown peoples, monks went as missionaries, and working at clearing the forests, tilling the soil, making roads, and building bridges and houses, they did similar labour in the hearts of the wild Pagans, in whom the traditions received from the common family, in old time, had been dimmed and distorted. They cleared away cruel and bloody superstitions, planted the Christian duties, made straight the path, and erected the Church in their hearts. Each of them, then, became a member of the mystic body of the Lord, acquiring infinite dignity, peace, gentleness, and a spirit of love and devotion to others. Ireland, indeed, shone in those days; and is not degraded even now. Bruce, the American historian, relates some instances which shows that old, but ever new, spirit of missionary enterprise among the Indians. The name of Jesus stands in honour in his pages, and in every heart which takes not its 'history' from the pages of Eugene Sue, or the like. He writes:—'1673. The long-expected discovery of the Mississippi was at hand to be accomplished by Joliet, of Quebec, and by Marquette—who, after years of pious assiduity to the poor wrecks of Hurons, whom he planted near abundant fisheries on the cold extremity of Michigan, entered, with equal humility, upon a career which exposed his life to perpetual danger, and by its results affected the destiny of nations.' He proceeds to describe the many wanderings of the 'meek, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette,' and his associate; their perils and preaching. At length 'they entered happily the Great River, with a joy expressed. Sixty leagues down the track of men was discovered on the Mississippi sand. Marquette and Joliet advanced alone to dare the discovery of the Indians. Six miles inland they found a village, and were well received. At the great Council Marquette published to them the one true God, their Creator. They are attended to their canoes by hundreds of warriors. After some perilous adventures, Joliet returns to Quebec to announce the discovery of the Mississippi. The tribe of the Illinois that traversed the banks of the river Illinois entreated Marquette to come and reside amongst them. The vaunting Marquette remained to preach the Gospel to the Miamies, who dwell in the north of Illinois, round Chicago. Two years afterwards, sailing from Chicago to Mackinac, he entered a little village in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said Mass, after the rites of the Catholic Church, then begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for half an hour:—

'In the darkling wood, Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down, And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks And supplication.'

At the end of the half hour they went to seek him, and he was no more. The good missionary, discoverer of a world, had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream that bears his name. Near its mouth the canoe-men dug his grave in the sand. Ever after the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument.'

Such was the death of a Jesuit. Here is another example from the same writer:—'1717. At Norridgewock, on the banks of the Kennebec, the venerable Sebastian Raskes, for more than a quarter of a century the companion and instructor of savages, had gathered a flourishing village round a church which, rising in the desert, made some protestations to magnificence. Severely ascetic—using no wine, and little food, except pounded maize—a rigorous observer of the days of Lent, he built his own cabin, tilled his own garden, drew for himself food and water, and distributing all that he received, gave an example of religious poverty. Himself a painter, he adorned the humble walls of his church with pictures. There he gave instructions almost daily. Following his pupils to their wigwams, he tempered the spirit of devotion with familiar conversation and innocent gaiety, winning the mastery over their souls by his powers of persuasion. He had trained a little band of forty young savages, arrayed in cassock and surplice, to assist in the service and chant the hymns of the Church, and their public processions attracted a great concourse of red men. Two chapels were built near the village; * * * there the hunter nerved his prayers on his way to the river or the wood. When the tribe descended to the sea-side, in the season of wild fowl, they were followed by Raskes, and on some islet a little chapel of bark was quickly consecrated.

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So far we see the labours of the Church to elevate the red man to establish his equality and fellowship with the white; such had been its course with the wild men of Europe, whom it is Christianized. Could it have acted undisturbed, in America the red man would now be in the cities and government of his native land. In Mexico, where its influence was only partially hindered by ambitious men of arms, the Indians are not exterminated. But let Bacract display how that influence was totally 'put down' in the North by the Puritans:—'1721. Several chiefs had, by stratagem, been seized by the New England government, and were detained as hostages. For their liberty a stipulated ransom had been paid, and yet they were not free! The Abenaks then demanded that their territory should be evacuated, and their imprisoned warriors delivered up, or reprisals would follow. Instead of negotiating, the English seized the young Baron St. Germain, being a half-breed, at once held a French commission and was an Indian war-chief, and after vainly soliciting the savages' (which were the savages?) to surrender Sebastian Raskes, in mid-winter Westbrooke led a strong force to Norridgewock to take him by surprise. The warriors were absent in the chase, yet the Jesuit had sufficient warning to escape with the old men and the infirm into the forest. . . . These insults induced the Indians to hope for no peace but by inspiring terror. On returning from the chase, after planting their grounds, they resolved to destroy the English settlements on the Kennebec. (The war-chiefs are assembled, and Brunswick settlement is assaulted and burned.) The clear judgment of Raskes perceives the issue. The forts of the English could not be taken by the feeble means of the natives, 'unless the French should join with the Indians,' he reported the land as lost. Many of his red people retired to Canada; he bade them go; but to their earnest solicitations that he would spare their flight, the aged man, foreseeing the impending ruin of Norridgewock, replied: 'I count not my life dear unto me, so I may finish with joy the ministry which I have received.'

The Government of Massachusetts, by resolution, declared the Eastern Indians to be traitors (!) and robbers (!), and while troops were raised for the war, it also stimulated the activity of private parties, by offering for each Indian scalp, at first a bounty of £15 and afterwards of £100. (This horrible purchase of blood—human blood—has been well known here and in England since Elizabeth's time; it is a mark of progress and reform, no doubt!) In 1724, the Puritan troops attacked and burnt the village and chapel. This is the concluding scene:—'1724. Twice it was attempted, in vain, to seize Raskes; at last, on the 23rd August, 1724, a party from New England reached Norridgewock unperceived, and escaped discovery till they discharged their guns at the cabins. There were about fifty warriors in the place. They seized their arms and marched forth in mutinously—not to fight, but to protect the flight of their wives, and children, and old men. Raskes roused to the danger by their clamour went forward to save his flock, by drawing down upon himself the attention, and his hope was not in vain. Mentioning the savages (not the Puritans, but the red men, the word is taken in its primitive sense, savages, not necessarily ferocious) fled to the river, which they passed by wading and swimming, whilst the English pillaged the cabins and church, and then, heedless of a rifle, set them on fire. After the retreat of the invaders, the savages returned to nurse their wounded and bury their dead. They found Raskes tangled by many blows, scalped, his skull broken in several places, his mouth and eyes filled with dirt; and they buried him beneath the spot where he used to stand before the altar.'

That scalp, with its grey, gory hair, we hope the Puritans have preserved as a relic; no doubt, it indicates the property of the Government, and was paid for, at least, at the highest rate, £100. Possibly, it was brought forward to swear by, in late years, when Navitiam, and Know-Nothingism wrecked churches and convents, and tarred and feathered a priest for expressing his constitutional rights, and persecuted the nuns, who now tend their wounded and dying. One of the Sisters of Charity wrote lately from the military hospital, Louisville, Ky.:—'Some of the sisters and several priests have already died quite suddenly, of sheer fatigue, so that all have a good chance of resting from their labours before the summer is over; therefore pray for me continually, that God may grant me the peace of a happy death, which is all that can add to my happiness, which is, indeed, extreme and can hardly be understood even by myself.' Where was that happiness? In a suffocating hospital, amid the wounded, where 'yellow fever, and cholera, have already begun their desolating work.' One would have thought the sufferings and self-sacrifices of men enumerated above would strike a stranger; but, it appears, that they have been surpassed. The Protestant Bishop, Potter, of Philadelphia, lately said:—'The Sisters of Charity are worth more to the cause of our brethren of the Roman communion, than all the wealth and learning of their hierarchy and priesthood, and all the self-sacrifices of their missionaries.' Their lives, indeed, but also that of monks and priests, is a daily labour for others; work wrought so silently that you must seek it—seek it in its effects upon mankind, but not upon the platform, with the self-trumpeting philanthropists. Yet there are some—it will hardly be credited—who look blackly on convents, and scowl on their inmates, and abhor strongly the idea that any woman should bare the liberty of choosing a single life, in order the better to serve her Creator by giving herself up more completely to the service, the amelioration, and Christianising of His poor. But, it is not the poor, the sick the maimed, or the dying who say this. No, but men who have got the rugged heritage of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, who parade in bits and scraps of the rinsel of 'strong thought' in vogue in the 18th century. They do not know that the sneers and jeers of that time have gone by the board with its fables against Christianity, and they adhere to them, still, thinking them still alive, or even life-like. The skeptics of that time were only skeptics against what had elevated and freed humanity; any idea, any theory, any assertion of their own or their friends was received with blindest credulity. Hence, their speculations favouring Buddhism or Mahomet.

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IRISH JOURNALISM—The Provincial Press of Ireland appears to undergo a transformation which is far from being an improvement, and when we observe that instead of a plain unvarnished narration of facts, a hybrid style, between the penny-a-line of England and the sensation of America, is springing up, it will readily be understood how a morbid appetite is promoted in the public, and a highly-favoured pabulum is furnished by its caterers. This is evidently attributable to the metropolitan penny dailies, which in scrambling for existence endeavour to outvie each other in the monstrosities they present to public admiration; and it will hardly be credited by persons who are not in the habit of seeing various specimens of the genus, that several of our provincial contemporaries affect a similar style, and evince a peculiar satisfaction when their spicy nothings are copied first into the Dublin and then into the London journals. If one touch of nature makes the world akin, how closely does such newspaper toadyism ally its practitioners to the 'lion's prowl' who, the leader he bows over his prey, is more likely to attract the attention of the forest king. The glory and honour of being 'quoted' is sufficient stimulus to increased exertion; and the consequence is that though falsehood is not directly chargeable, the identity of a transaction is rather indistinct. A drunken squabble 'going home from the fair,' is magnified into a 'faction fight,' or 'wraying.' Last week a Kilkenny contemporary metamorphosed an assault that appeared the week previous in the *Express* into 'an attempt to cut off a man's head'—three lines of capitals introducing the fact that a man was cut on the jaw by a blow inflicted with an old sword. A Carlow contemporary recently, and upon mere rumour, issued an extra edition, announcing disturbance in the colliery, investing with an alarming character a circumstance of which our reporter by inquiry on the spot revealed the true nature. A Clonmel paper issues a weekly supply of State of the Country paragraphs, truly, perhaps, in the unkin, but so highly coloured that strangers would be led to believe society in Ireland to be languishing under a 'reign of terror.' Then the contradictions to which these hyperbolics give rise, form a piquant diversion from a monotonous recurrence of horrors. Not long since, the *Clonmel Chronicle* asserted that a house fire was lit upon the very spot where M. Thiébaud had been murdered. This the *Tipperary Advocate* denounced as a falsehood; but it subsequently appeared that a fire had been kindled about a mile from the place. Several of our contemporaries act as if their mission was solely confined to blackening the character of their countrymen, while another class find full occupation in rebutting the calumnies, and painting Irishmen as demi-gods. One staple article in the news market is 'agrarian outrage,' and this when 'finished up' with all the exaggerations that can be heaped upon a mere skeleton, finds ready consumption in Dublin and in England, like the bovine products of our stalls and pastures. We have crimes enough to answer for, and the bloodshed with which our soil is stained is truly lamentable, but the magnifying of every incident that can by any means be tortured into a systematic dissection conveys an idea of our condition that cannot fail to be injurious to our best interests. Some of those who descend most touchingly upon insecurity to life and property, greatly aggravate the feeling, which is hardly less intolerable than the reality. The loss sustained by the want of English capital invested in remunerative projects is strongly urged, while every effort is used, as if of set purpose, to scare away speculators from our shores. The mischief done in this way is incalculable; and those who would object that this view is not actually borne out in fact, must fall back upon the alternative that their 'sensational' items are not believed. The supply of Irish news for the London journals consists of those inflated extracts from provincials which the Dublin penny dailies may think up to the mark according to their extreme partisan notions; and it is as ungrateful to our national pride to have English estimates formed upon such caricatures, as to have the O'Connell harvestmen who used to resort to England taken as fair specimens of our entire population. Sober, matter-of-fact narrative is now almost disused, and many of our contemporaries act as if they thought it 'as good to be out of the world as out of the fashion'; though there are some honourable exceptions whose desire appears to be rather to furnish their readers with a true representation of 'passing events' than writing themselves into notice by 'our Irish Correspondents' of the London press. 'Rowing horse heads,' or 'screamers,' as they are called by the Yankees, may serve to sell cheap publications; but their effect is now visible in the Great Republic; and we cannot too strongly deprecate a revolution that would lead to a similar literary demoralization. If our contemporaries do not exercise some control over their exuberant faculties it must come to this complexion, when the entire tone and standing of journalism will be depreciated, and must jeopardy a corresponding place in public estimation. — *Leinster Express*.

We are rejoiced to observe that the press of Ireland is once more seriously debating the question of the Irish Church. How is it that it does not write upon it week by week, and day by day, we cannot imagine. There must, after all, be a solid substratum of patience in the Celtic race. What other people on the face of the globe would have endured for three centuries the anomaly and abuse which exist under cover of the legal establishment of religion in Ireland? It is not merely that the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland is the Church of a mere fraction of the people — of one in eight only of the population. This is seen in Scotland and Wales. The Irish Church exhibits, in addition to this anomaly, abuses such as would long ago have extinguished it, instead of a religious, it had been a civil or military institution. It is a great ladder for the support of a few families. Its churches are for the most part churches only in name, they might as well be heathen temples, for the number of worshippers which attend them. It is the most monstrous exhibition of payment without service — the most gigantic illustration of the sinecure system which any Government has ever maintained. And yet it is borne with; the people who find the money to support it uttering only now and then a faint cry against it. — *Liberalist*.

THE PROTESTANT PRIMATE.—Outside the Church as established by law in Ireland, there is no such windfall to be met with as £9,000 a year, with Church patronage to a vast amount; and we are not surprised that it took some time for Lord Palmerston to make up his mind as to the fortunate man who was to succeed the late Lord Primate and enjoy this enormous income for doing nothing. Our London correspondent informs us that Archbishop Whately was at first a candidate for the office, and when over the week before last, he urged his claims on the Premier, through a mutual friend; Lord Palmerston, however, would not consent, intimating that Dr Whately was well provided for, and should be content with his lot. This resolve having been communicated to the Archbishop, he at once set off for Dublin, in high dudgeon, and it is probable will not forget it to the Premier if ever an occasion offers. Dr Whately having thus got his answer, expectation was on tip-toe to learn who was 'the favourite,' and, as length the murder is out. The selection has fallen upon no less noted a personage than the Right Rev. Marcus Gervais Beresford, Bishop of Elphin, Kilmora and Ardagh. When we say 'noted,' we should not be understood as conveying an idea to our readers that the pillars of the establishment had created any sensation in this united diocese. His bishopric was worth £5,248 per annum, with some nice pickings in addition, and we defy any one to say if his lordship ever left in their power to charge him with contributing a shilling towards the relief of the terrible distress that has for so many months existed in the diocese of Elphin. Perhaps it was modesty that prevented him coming to the relief of the people, as it was notorious that the most Rev. Dr Gillyool, Lord Bishop of Elphin — immediately on the loss of the harvest becoming known — took instant measures to save the lives of the

people, and to mitigate their sufferings. Our readers, of the word, noted had reference to quite another matter of which we have a lively recollection, and which is thus chronicled in the *Evening Post*:—
Twenty-seven years ago, when the now primate, was rector of Drung and Lara, a serious difference arose between him and his curate, the Rev. Thomas A. Lyons. The rector required Mr. Lyons to catechise the children in the school; the curate held that the church was the proper place for catechetical instruction. Neither would give way, and the rector determined to discharge his curate. A matter of account had to be settled. The salary of the curate was £6 8s per month. The curate rented one-acre, and owed to the incumbent £7 10s, which exceeded his salary due to him by £1 2s. The whole case was published in the *Dublin Evening Post* at the time, and so decided was the impression on the public that every one did something should be done for the poor curates. Our illustrious countryman, Moore, became acquainted with the facts during a visit to his old friend, the late Frederick William Conway, and in his office he wrote the lines we subjoin, in which the incident between the rector and the curate is told in the best manner of the poet:—

"THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE; OR ONE POUND TWO."

"I trust we shall part as we met, in peace and charity. My last payment to you paid your salary up to the first of this month which being a long month of 31 days, amounts, as near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings. My steward returns you as a debtor to the amount of seven pound ten shillings, for one acre ground, which leaves some trifling balance in my favour." — *Letter of Dismissal from the Rev. Marcus Beresford to his Curate, the Rev. T. A. Lyons*

"The account is settled—the bills are drawn out—

The debt and credit all right, no doubt—
The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,
Owes to his curate six pound eight;
The Curate, most un-fed of men,
Owes to the Rector seven pound ten,
Which makes the balance clearly due,
Twixt Curate and Rector one pound two.

A balance on earth unmet, uneven!
But sure to be all set right in Heaven,
Where bills like this will be checked some day.
And the balance settled the other way:
Where Lyons the Curate's bard-wrong sum
Shall back to his shade with interest come,
And Marcus, the Rector sore may rue,
That tot in his favour, of one pound two."

We must not close our brief chapter without adding that the Liberal Government, which then ruled in Ireland, took up the case of the Rev. Thomas Lyons who did not long remain a curate, and was eventually promoted to the valuable Rectory of Danmore, which he now enjoys.

Neither can we close, without an addendum. It is a member of the same Government who has selected 'Marcus, the Rector,' for the Archbishop of Armagh. If Moore were now on the land of the living what would he think of the 'tot in his favour' from £5,248, to £9,000 a year, with church patronage to a vast amount? This is another phase of the church as established by law in Ireland, where the inhabitants are the most impoverished of any people on the face of the earth. — *Sligo Champion*.

Lord Clifden has informed his tenants in the county Kilkenny that if his agent, Mr. Croxson, threatened with assassination — be injured, every tenant in the district will be evicted. The tenants, therefore, have the strongest possible interest in the preservation of that gentleman's life. Sir Charles Dumville has adopted the same plan, threatening to evict all the tenants in the neighborhood, if the author of a threatening letter sent to his agent be not detected. He has been detected, and so the tenants have escaped.

A young man named Charles Addison was charged at the police office, Dublin, with having forged three checks, and with having tendered them for payment in the Bank of Ireland. They purported to be signed by Mr. William Cruise, registrar of the Fines and Penalties Office, Dublin Castle. It appeared that upon Saturday, the 6th Sept., the prisoner, who was employed as messenger in the Fines and Penalties Office, had abstracted from a desk in the office three blank checks, to which he had forged the name of Mr. Cruise, the amounts being one of £30, a second of £25, and a third of £10. Yesterday, he presented them for payment at the Bank, but the checks having been missed in the meantime by Mr. Cruise, and information communicated to the Bank, he was arrested when he presented them. The prisoner seemed to feel his position; he is said to have borne a fair character hitherto. The prisoner was committed for trial.

A PHILANTHROPIST.—On last Friday morning a respectable looking man was brought before Alderman Hackett at the Mayor's Office, charged with obtaining fifteen shillings worth of bread at the shop of Mr. Patrick Devine, Dublin-street, for which he refused to pay.

Magistrate—Well, Sir, you heard the charge made against you, what have you to say?

Defendant—"Rear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear." On this morning I came into Clonmel; the streets were crowded with agricultural laborers and women waiting to be employed; I saw a respectfully dressed farmer offer the women eightpence a-day, without diet, for binding; shame, said I, to only offer 8d. without diet to Irish women for a long day's work; girls, said I, don't go for that hire, come down with me and I'll give you each two-pence worth of bread, and call to me on this evening at 4 o'clock, at Mr. McCarthy's and I'll give you eightpence apiece. They did come down to this man's house; I ordered the bread, they got it, and out it. It would do your heart good, Mr. Mayor, to see the poor creatures, how they did eat that bread.

Magistrate—That was a very good and charitable act, but why do you not pay for the bread? You should be just before you were so generous.

Defendant—Pay for the bread?—To be sure I will pay for it, when I get the money.

Magistrate—You should not have called for it, unless you were ready to pay for it.

Defendant—Well, I have three horses in Mr. McCarthy's yard, in Johnson-street, and I will give you one of the horses as security for the money.

A constable was sent to inquire if his statement was true, and on his return informed the Alderman that there were three horses of his at livery with Mr. McCarthy, and that he did not know what to think of the owner, who was the most eccentric individual he ever met with.

A summons was then issued under the Small Debts' Act and served upon the defendant, who gave his name as John Dobson, for the amount of bread sold to him by the complainant. — *Clonmel Chronicle*.

THE CORK SWINDLER.—At the Cork City Sessions on Friday, James Miller, the New Orleans 'captain,' was tried for stealing a gold watch and other articles from Mr. M. O'Loughlin, and found guilty. He said he came to the country looking for his friends and could not find them; he had got into difficulties. He was guilty, he said, and he was sorry for it. The Recorder then sentenced him to six months' imprisonment with hard labor.

THE WEATHER—THE CROPS.—The weather for the past week has been all that could be desired; dry, with a good maturing heat. The ripening of cereals has, in consequence, advanced apace, and some fields of wheat have even been committed to the sickle. There are complaints of a smut being on the wheat, which it is generally admitted, will not be an average crop, particularly in low ground. There is a slight blast on the barley and spring oats. The turnips, contrary to expectation, appear to make no advance, and mangolds are only middling. All the late hay has been saved. The hay has been an abundant crop. — *Wexford People*.

LUNATIC HARVESTMEN.—A six-acre field of prime oats on the lands of the Limerick District Lunatic Asylum was this week cut down, bound, and stooked, by the lunatic patients, with a precision and nicety not to be surpassed by the most skilled harvestmen. — *Limerick Chronicle*.

BURNING OF GARIBOLDI IN ARMAGH.—A large number of people assembled on Thursday evening in Irish street, while Garibaldi was lecturing, and burned tar barrels, and an effigy of the Italian Liberator. The police will, we understand, introduce some of the parties to the magistrates at the petty sessions on Thursday next. — *Armagh Gazette*.

Three houses were burnt in Parliament street, in this city (Dublin) on Saturday night, Sept. 6. The first which took fire was nearly consumed before the engines could be got to play upon the flames. Two of the houses belong to Mr. Berry, a merchant tailor, who occupied one of them. The origin of the fire is unknown. Mr. Berry's two houses are insured for £500 each, and his stock for £1,600, in two offices. The third house was insured for £600. The night was perfectly calm; otherwise the destruction of property would have been tremendous. Fortunately no lives were lost. It appears that the only person found in any of the three houses was an old woman, who was got out in safety. — *Cor. Times*.

The ladies will perhaps feel obliged to a Cork paper for supplying them with a proof that a certain favorite but much abused article of their attire is capable of being applied to a useful purpose. Speaking of an extraordinary take of small fish in Cork harbor the *Examiner* says:—"So plentiful is the supply that the nets usually employed appear to be regarded as inadequate, and a singular means of capture has been resorted to—orioles. With this novel apparatus thousands have been already taken, the smaller end of the article being closed up and a pole attached to the other extremity."

SINGULAR FENCIBLES IN A CHURCH.—A correspondent of the *Belfast News Letter* describes an extraordinary contest which took place last Sunday in Coalisland church, county Tyrone. Two gentlemen disputed about the right of a seat, and began a regular fight in the aisle. They were separated by the congregation, but they agreed to meet in the evening and fight it out in the same place, and the victor was to have the seat. From the social position of the parties concerned and the unusual place where the quarrel had begun and was to be finished, an excitement quickly spread through the town and the adjacent neighborhood. The road about the church was crowded with people of every denomination, and the green and fence in front of the church was filled with people, most of them women, not belonging to the congregation. Mr. Little, J.P., having received intelligence of what had occurred, sent into Dungannon for a party of police. They came out to Coalisland just as the people were collecting for evening service, and prevented the unseemly disturbance.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANNOTOR'S CROSS.—We have not hitherto had an opportunity of stating that a silver cross, beautifully modelled, of great religious and antiquarian worth has been found in the ruins of Quin Abbey, Clare, and obtained as a favour from the jeweller in this city to whom it was sold by the finder, a youth who was employed in the care of cattle in the fields around. Digging or poking among the ruins, he espied it in the debris below the ancient walls, and brought it into Limerick, where it was cleaned, and ascertained to be a product of ancient manufacture, demonstrative of great excellence in metallurgical medieval art. It is supposed to have been a pectoral cross of a nitred abbey of the Franciscan Order, to whom the abbey, one of the oldest and finest in Ireland, belonged. It is silver gilt, perfectly solid, of much weight in proportion to its size, and bears an exquisitely carved figure of the crucified Saviour, the prominent features partially worn, evidently by constant attrition. The sacred emblem might have been borne for ages by successive superiors of the convent and order, nay, from the date of the construction of the church, five hundred years ago, for it was founded in A.D. 1350 by one of the M'Namara's, a name, we need not say, still eminent in Clare, perhaps by an ancestor of the good and great-hearted Major, who stood by O'Connell in and out of Parliament, and was by his side, eye and before him, when he confronted D'Esterre, devoted to death by that pretised duellist, and saved as by much by Major M'Namara's self-possession as by his own cool courage and steadiness of aim. The Convent of Quin, in the barony of Bunratty, is known to the admirers of the ancient edifices of our land as one of the finest structures of which the ruins remain to tell the tale of cloistered sanctity, and the savage fanaticism by which it was assailed. The convent was founded by Siobhán M'Namara, and says the Rev. M. J. Brennan, O.S.F. in his 'Ecclesiastical History of Ireland,' was "the first convent of the Franciscan Order in Ireland, in which the strict observance had settled; Pope Eugenius IV. having granted a license to that effect in 1443." The ruins of which are truly magnificent, was at length involved in the general consecration of the sixteenth century. In 1582 it was granted in fee to Sir Thirlan O'Brien, of Inishinny, and if it be now in possession of the noble representative of the name in Clare, let us express the hope that it will be saved from the desecration to which it is said to be so frequently subjected, with the good taste and judgment that appertain to the educated and the long descended of the great sept of Ireland. The Abbots' Cross must have been, as we said, borne by many successors. The ribbon loop is nearly worn through, and the foot-ring, from which depends an ornamental drop or tassel, is in like manner reduced by friction to a thin silver ring. Above the head of the Redeemer's figure is a small square silver box, embracing a precious stone of sanguine hue, affording room for a relic, perhaps some portion of the true cross; beneath and at the foot is a cavity in which, doubtless, another precious stone is imbedded. Combining the shaft and the arms of the cross is an ornamental square piece of silver, and the arms and shaft are traced on the backs with wreath-like lines, tastefully drawn, a small tassel depending from each end of the former, and one of the ends bearing an indelible stain—at all events, a colour different from the rest. It is supposed to be blood. It could not be removed in the process of cleaning; and the conjecture is that the holy Abbot, who wore the sacred emblem, may have fallen a martyr near the convent wall, and left it steeped in the life tide flowing from his wounds into the ground. The peculiar colour is ineffaceable, and as it seems to be that which man's blood might produce the conjecture is not too fanciful or irrational. When the abbey or convent was dismantled, we cannot precisely say; but history tells us of the destruction, as well as of the massacres wrought by Cromwell; and his brutal hordes may have been at their barbarous work in Quin as in other portions of our ravaged island. The cross, which is now in the possession of an estimable fellow-citizen, worthy of its custody, was cheerfully purchased by him on the terms which were kindly named. It is doubly dear to the present owner for the memories connected with it, and it may well be prized by a Catholic, for it must have lain over more than one bosom filled with the love of Christianity and virtue. — *Monster News*.

LANDLORD LIBERALITY.—A new Catholic Church has been built by William Creagh Hickie, Esq., at his own expense, on his estate at Ardee, between Ballybunion and Ballylongford, in Kerry. The estimated cost of the edifice is about £1,000, and it is erected, we believe, near or upon the site of the old church in which, built by the grandfather of this generous and popular landlord, the forefathers of the hamlet worshipped, from youth to age, as uninterceptedly as descendants of the tenants of the present liberal proprietor, will probably enjoy the blessings of their faith in the new and beautiful one which he has raised. As applications for the religion, and temporal welfare of the occupiers as their good landlord, his amiable lady, a Protestant, unites with him in

advancing it; and having one of "the most comfortable bodies of tenantry in Munster, they carry out the traditions and principles of their excellent family, and live respected and beloved amongst their people. One among the best of the landlords himself, Mr. Bickel adopts in the management of the estates of which he is agent in Tipperary, the system which he judiciously observes on his own possessions; and he is, therefore, regarded with as much respect and inspires as much confidence and attachment in the administration of the property, of another as in his own. The people of Ardee seconded the measures of their excellent young landlord in the construction of the handsome church with the most cordial good will, and gave all the assistance in labor and the carriage of materials that they could afford. Well it became them. Such a landlord deserved all the people's support in such a work; and we are sure there is none in which he engages, and no interest of his which they can sustain, that they will not support with all their energy and advance with all their hearts.— *ib.*

THE PURSUIT OF HAYES.—The Government have increased the reward for information leading to the arrest of Hayes to £300, but without, as yet, tempting any one to discover on the fugitive. A few days ago two policemen in civilian's dress came within sight of him, but as he was surrounded by several persons, they did not venture to make an arrest; their proximity was speedily discovered by Hayes's friends, who mounted him on a horse and sent him galloping away. The police frequently got wrong information as to his whereabouts, and their own surmises and suspicions turn out to be equally wide of the mark. Very lately two members of the force, finding that the driver of a covered car would not stop when they called him, concluded that the man they wanted was inside; and acting on this impression, they gave chase. The driver whipped away as fast as he could, and outdistanced them, and subsequently transpired that the interior of the vehicle was occupied, not by the murderer of Mr. Braddell, but by a runaway couple! But the possibility still is, that the fugitive will not be able to escape out of the country.

ARREST OF THE SISTER OF THE LATE CONVICT WALSHE.—The mother of the unfortunate Walshe was received into the Limerick Asylum on Friday last, and the sister into the County Gaol on Saturday, the authorities thinking that she might be in possession of important information concerning those who aided in the escape of her brother, particularly against a farmer named Jeremiah Crowe, of Blon; but I understand she has, on being questioned by the magistrate, denied all knowledge of the affair. Some tell me that the reason she was arrested was owing to some expressions made use of by her at the awful moment of the execution of her brother. The set of the arrest of the sister so soon after the death of her unfortunate brother is spoken of through the country in severe terms, but of course it is not within my province to comment on it. The authorities know their own business, and we shall wait for time to judge of its propriety. — *Correspondent of Limerick Reporter*.

THE MURDER OF MR. FITZGERALD.—The mother of Walsh, the recently executed convict, who was a woman of the very humblest class, being almost a beggar displayed throughout the whole history of this terrible drama the most extraordinary and touching affection for her guilty son. During the time that he was in hiding she acted as a keen and clever scout, and it was chiefly through her watchfulness that he was so long able to evade the pursuit of justice. When she found that all her efforts were useless, and that Walsh was captured, she strove to have him accepted as an approver. On the day of his sentence it was a terrible sight to watch her for a whole day pacing to and fro before the courthouse, monotonously repeating in a low moving tone, "my son, my son." Even after that she did not quite abandon hope, conceiving that the revelation it was known he made would save his life. When this hope proved fallacious, her reason utterly gave way, and she was taken to the workhouse a raging lunatic. This morning she was removed to the Go Limerick asylum a case of confirmed and hopeless insanity. The Fitzgerald murder is likely to prove an ordinary tragedy. Two men have perished on the scaffold, the mother of one has become a maniac, and two more have yet to be tried for their lives. An awful lesson truly, and which, if any mere lesson could, should suppress the whisper of temptation to blood greediness, and stop the uplifted hand of passion. — *Cork Examiner*.

THE FUGITIVE HAYES.—The search for the murderer of Mr. Braddell still continues with unabated energy, but without success. The reports would lead one to believe that Hayes is merely amusing himself with the efforts of the authorities to lay hands on him. The recital of his appearances and hair-breadth escapes outdo those of Welsh; and, though doubts are expressed that he cannot long escape the efforts the police make for his capture, yet days and weeks are passing and he is at large. There is little doubt, however, that he is in the country, and there seems to be as little in the astonishing fact, that he has not left the neighborhood in which he consummated his crime. He is at one time reported to have been seen at Newpallins; again in his own house; and again eating his dinner comfortably at the side of a 'ditch,' some distance from his residence. The police are said to search those places immediately after the occasions on which Hayes was stated to have been seen, but the red-banded fugitive had taken himself off. Cordon of police are formed round suspected districts, but within all those Hayes has numerous friends, as we observed at the outset, who form inner circles, and can easily, in such districts as he frequents, render nugatory the efforts of the most zealous of the force. It is impossible that if Hayes has been "on the run" since he committed the crime with which he is charged, that he could escape the measures taken in many quarters for his arrest. It must not be forgotten that though he was an energetic, strong man, he is over sixty years of age, and suffering from privation and anxiety for some time. It is, therefore, most likely that Hayes, if not left the country, is yet in secure concealment in the immediate neighborhood of the scene of his crime. A resident of the district expresses to us the belief that the tales told of his appearances are all apocryphal. — *Munster News*.

GREAT BRITAIN

ENGLISH MORALITY.—The general dissolution of morals in this country is notorious. If we take away Ireland, which is so singularly and remarkably free from crime, we do not believe that there is an established Government in Europe, under which half the number of crimes against life, property, and person are perpetrated that take place in this country. Nowhere is this fatal product of this advanced, but non-Christian, civilisation, more manifest than in the commercial and trading transactions of the country. From the swindle of that eminent Protestant of the religious sensation school, Sir John Dean Paul, until now, the newspapers have contained an almost unbroken record of frauds, swindles, impostures, and systematic cheating. No class, no department of trade or commerce, no kind of dealing between man and man seem to be exempt. All seem to be alike wanting in truth, honesty, and integrity. The food we eat, the liquids we drink, are all adulterated in every form and proportion that ingenuity can invent, and the most unscrupulous conscience adopt. If one's health is impaired by the abominations we consume for our sustenance, the very medicines prescribed for us by the doctor, to help us back to health, are as false as our food. Noblemen, members of Parliament, ministers of the established ecclesiastical, barristers, solicitors, shipowners, directors of joint-stock companies, and, last of all, our consular and foreign countries, have of late figured in our courts of law and police. Of the extent to which an idiosyncrasy

reference to anything like honor and integrity prevails amongst the farming class, we ourselves have had practical experience. One or two courts martial, recently held, have exhibited an utter lack of truth, extending even to perjury, in addition to mean and malignant passions amongst the military class, thus none of us were prepared to find in a class supposed hitherto to be especially jealous of their reputation for sensitive and punctilious honor and truth. — *Northern Press*.

INFANTICIDE IN THE METROPOLIS.—At an inquest held in Islington; Dr. Lankester, one of the coroners for Middlesex, took occasion to make some remarks on the very large number of cases of infanticide which occur in the metropolis, and on the failure of justice in instances where there is too much reason to suspect that actual murder has been committed. The inquiry at which the coroner was presiding was one into the circumstances connected with the death of a newly born male child, whose body was found on Thursday last in a mew at the rear of Compton terrace, Islington. Police constable 270 N deposed that the dead body of the child, wrapped up in some wool, had been found by a little girl. The constable knew no more about the matter; and, in reply to Dr. Lankester, he stated that he had not made any inquiries on the subject in the neighborhood of the place in which the child had been discovered. The coroner said he supposed the police thought the finding of the dead body of a newly born infant too ordinary an occurrence to call for inquiry. Dr. Stannford, the medical gentleman who had made the post mortem examination, gave his opinion that the child was born alive, and that it had been three or four days dead when found. The unobscured color was tied, but not in a skillful manner. Dr. Lankester said that this was one of a class of cases which were exceedingly numerous at the present day much more so, he thought, than society generally were aware of. He regretted to state that such cases were constantly occurring in London. He believed he held nearly one inquest a day on the bodies of newly-born infants. The English public were not aware that the finding of the body of a dead child was so common an occurrence in London that there were instances of it every day. So common was it that the police seemed to think no more of finding a dead child than they did of finding a dead cat or a dead dog. This was a blot on our civilisation, and vigorous measures ought to be adopted with the view of removing so great an evil. In the case under consideration the jury returned a verdict of "Found dead."

421,801 criminals were proceeded against, summarily or by indictment, in England and Wales in the year 1861.

Garrington has increased of late in the streets of London. The papers say that some of the crimes have been characterized by singular audacity, and that they are not committed in secluded places alone but in Waterloo Road and Piccadilly as well as in Kensington and Whitechapel.

THE BARON DE CAMIN ONCE MORE.—When shall we hear the last of this person? The news of him this week is that he has been disturbing the peace of the good town of Bradford. He has, however, thanks to the spirit of the Catholic population, failed in effecting the objects of his patrons. The local journal has the following:—"On Monday placards appeared on the walls of Bradford announcing that the Baron de Camin would give two lectures in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Thornton-road, on the subject of Popery. It seems that last week he engaged the hall for Monday and Tuesday evenings in the present week, merely stating that he wanted it for a religious purpose, or that the lectures he proposed to give would be on a religious subject, and as he was not known to the persons having charge of the hall, there was nothing to cause them to apprehend that his discourse would excite anybody's indignation. So the engagement was concluded; in due time the placards were posted. But on learning who the lecturer was, and the tumult which his lectures were likely to produce, Mr. O'Connell, the treasurer of the hall, obtained an interview with him, and informed him that he could not have the use of the room unless he found two respectable persons to guarantee the cost of repairing any damage which might be done to the building or furniture. With this condition the Baron failed to comply, and hence he was not permitted to lecture. There was, however, an immense muster of Roman Catholics of both sexes and of all ages, opposite the Odd Fellows' Hall, at the time the lecturer was expected to make his appearance on Monday evening, and great was the excitement. The usual entrance to the hall was kept closed, but into the other parts of the premises, which are used for the purposes of an inn, there was a tremendous rush, in expectation, apparently, of finding the man who, as one Irishman said, was 'going to insult the Catholics.' It soon became known that the lecture was not to be delivered, but the excited crowd appeared to suspect that the lecturer was within the building, and it was a long time before the multitude assembled in Thornton-road dispersed." So far the Bradford paper. The *Outlook* have quietly, it seems, put him down this time. We trust that so excellent an example will be followed. A determined stand made in the outer, unaccountable by any breach of the peace, but manifesting a calm resolve not to let these vagabond insults pass without an effective protest, would go far to extinguish this most contemptible, and yet most intolerable, nuisance. Camin is, of course, what we all know him to be, but there are those who are more to blame than he is. It is little notice or notoriety he could attain unless he were patronised and brought forward by local bigots, who employ him to feed his narrow-minded, misanthropic hatred of their Catholic fellow countrymen. As they cannot convince or coerce, it is something to be able to insult. Hence the demand, for which the Camins, the Achills, and the Gavazzis form the supply.

Since the above was in type, a letter from Bradford has reached us. It says:—"This notorious enemy of the Catholic Church proposed delivering two lectures of the usual obscene type against Catholicism in this town on the nights of Monday and Tuesday last. It appears that, notwithstanding the industry and recklessness of the 'Baron's' bigots, and his faithful endeavours on all available occasions to pander to the taste of the anti-Catholic public, he could get no lecture-room, even if he paid beforehand for it, which is the last thing his sense of honesty dreams of doing; so, rather than leave the public ignorant of his 'expositions,' he engaged a very large tap-room in a public house, and placarded the town that the lecture would be delivered there. The tap-room was immediately converted into a 'hall,' and every other necessary preparation made. 'Crowds of people, English and Irish, rushed from all directions, not with the intention of hearing the 'Baron,' but to express their indignation at his cowardly conduct at Wakefield recently; and by 8 o'clock (lecture hour) the throng was quite dense, but the lecturer was not forthcoming; half-past came, but no 'Baron.' Then some genius in the crowd suggested that they might compensate, to some extent, for the reception they intended giving him by burning his effigy, and burned it was on the spot, amid vociferous cheering. I should have mentioned that the 'Baron' was refused protection by the mayor and town council, to their honour be it said; and the Catholics of Bradford were thus spared the insults of this blasphemous vagabond; and if he and such other impostors got the same spirited reception elsewhere as in Bradford, we would very soon clear the land of such vermin." — *Weekly Register*.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—Notwithstanding all that has been done towards the abolition of imprisonment for debt the returns show that 13,591 debtors were committed to the prisons of England and Wales in the course of the year 1861, 646 of them women. In the five years 1852-56, the average was 10,009. In the five years 1857-61, 14,275. At the end of 1861 the number in prison was 1,315 which was 250 more than at the beginning of the year.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

We may be said to be suffering from a perfect dearth of news, in so far as Europe is concerned, and instead of facts, we find only rumors in the columns of the British journals.

The Italian question remains undetermined.—The Sardinian Government knows not how to deal with Garibaldi; and whilst on one side it is affirmed positively that he will be brought to trial, on the other it is asserted with equal confidence that a general amnesty is about to be proclaimed.

The accounts of the harvest in the United Kingdom are upon the whole favorable. The crop, in spite of the gloomy anticipations concerning it, turns out to be but little below an average; and it is to be hoped therefore that the famine under which the people of the South-west of Ireland have so long been suffering, and whose pangs they have endured with truly Christian patience, is now at an end.

The past week has been unmarked by any events of great military or political importance to the United States. Both of the combatants seem to be somewhat exhausted by the late terrible, bloody, and indecisive contests, and neither of them seems to be very anxious to resume the initiative.

shooting one another, in a very gratifying manner indeed. Thus General Sigel, one of the best, perhaps the best officer in the Northern Army, has tendered his resignation; General Nelson, General Davis, and boxed his ears; General Davis borrowed a pistol, and therewith shot General Nelson—and so the game goes on.

President Lincoln's Proclamation for emancipating the slaves in the revolted Southern States not subject to his rule, and for encouraging the blacks to rise against and cut the throats of their white masters, has been much commented on by the American press, and upon the whole meets with little opposition.

The facility, however, with which a military despotism of the strictest pattern can be established and enforced in a democratic community, with a Constitution after the most approved democratic fashion, affords a valuable lesson to political theorists and Constitution-mongers of all shades.

From the South we receive but little news, and that little is generally grievously mutilated and distorted by the medium through which it passes before it reaches Canada. The Southerners are however jubilant over the result of the Maryland campaign.

The precise position and the condition of the Southern army is not well ascertained. It appears however, that they have taken a formidable, almost impregnable position near Winchester in the Shenandoah valley, and that all the losses incurred in their late battles.

THE JAPANESE MARTYRS, AND CANADIAN TRACT PEDLARS.—Our friend of the Montreal Witness is very infelicitous in his attempt to establish an analogy between the Catholics who suffered martyrdom for their faith in Japan, and the hired agents or pedlars of the French Canadian Missionary Society in Canada, who occasionally find themselves forcibly ejected from the houses of French Canadian habitants; into which, despite the protestations of the owners, the former will persist in forcing themselves and their unwelcome wares.

easy, to condemn our very illogical assailant, who thus describes the conduct which draw upon the Missionaries of Japan the persecution of the heathen:—

(1) "These martyrs had been missionaries who, honestly and conscientiously convinced that the Japanese people were perishing for want of a true worship went among them with the sole object of inducing them to forsake the religion of their fathers and receive a purer one."—Montreal Witness, 24th ult.

Again:— (2) "These missionaries sought the people wherever they could find them—in the streets of cities, in the high roads of the country, and did not hesitate in order to attain their religious object to go into as many private houses as they thought best."—ib.

(3) "The faith of the missionaries was not that of the nation—patriotism demanded that an anti-national creed should be driven away. These foreign preachers that peddled through Japan, trying to pervert the people from the national and ancestral religion had no business there; they must be forbidden to walk with the people in the streets or in the parks; if they will not desist, they must be ordered off, and if they do not go instantly, then violence must be resorted to."—ib.—(The Illiterates are our own.)

Such was the plea, continues the Montreal Witness, of the Japanese for persecution—and wherein, we would ask, is there any analogy, however remote, betwixt the conduct of the Japanese martyrs and their persecutions, and that of the pedlars of the French Canadian Missionary Society who, with their irreligious books, infest our country districts, and do their best to corrupt the faith and the morals of the rural population? We will point out a few striking instances wherein they essentially differ.

In the first place, the Japanese martyrs, in their efforts to convert the heathen, and their fellow-countrymen to Christianity, were actuated by "the sole object of inducing them to forsake the religion of their fathers and receive a purer one." No pecuniary motives, no ten or twenty per cent commission on books sold, or wares successfully peddled, stimulated the Catholic Missionaries and native martyrs of Japan to action; and not only were they men of irreproachable morals themselves, but the superiority of the moral code which they essayed to introduce amongst the heathen, over that which the latter professed and practised, was manifest in the daily lives and conversation of their converts, and of Christians everywhere.

The pedlars of the French Canadian Missionary Society, on the contrary, are a set of fellows whose "sole object" is to make an easy and comfortable living as commission agents of a wealthy Society whose wares they hawk about the country. Too lazy to work, they find it pleasanter to "loaf" about from house to house, than to dig, to plough, or to fell timber; and having, for the most part, renounced for a pecuniary consideration the Catholic religion, they are only careful to procure an increase of their infamous wages, by appropriating themselves the unscrupulous agents of their employers.—Hence their anxiety to sell the goods and to dispose of the contents of their stocks in trade; for the best salesman is of course esteemed the most active servant of the Lord. The "objects" therefore of "Japanese martyrs" and "Canadian Tract Pedlars," are essentially different.—So also are the means which, respectively, they employ.

The former, though zealous for the conversion of their heathen fellow-countrymen, did not deem themselves at liberty to force their way into private houses against the consent of the owners; and when told that their presence was unwelcome, and when civilly requested to leave, they did not act as if their religion authorised them to violate the sanctities of domestic life, to outrage the rights of private property, or to set at naught the authority of the father of the family. "Canadian Tract Pedlars," on the contrary, claim the privilege of obtruding themselves, unbidden, upon the domestic circle; of forcing their wares upon its unwilling members; of insulting, in the most outrageous and indecent language, the faith of their hearers; and of setting at defiance, the reiterated requests and commands of the owner and the father of the family to leave the premises, and to abstain from shocking the ears of his wife and children with their violent, and often most obscene No-Popery tirades. Here again, it must be confessed, is a very important difference betwixt the conduct of "Catholic Missionaries," and that of evangelical "Swaddlers."

In the third place, it was what the Witness terms "patriotism" which demanded the driving away from the land, or rather the cruel death, of the former; whilst respect for the decencies of life, for the outraged rights of private property, and for the axiom that every British subject's house is his castle, which no one, except in due process of law, is permitted to invade—demands, not the banishment, not the punishment even of the "Tract Pedlars," but simply this: that they be restricted from forcing their way into private houses against the consent of the owners or legal occupiers. We do not ask that they "be forbidden to walk with the people in the streets, or in the parks;" but we do demand that "the people" be protected in the enjoyment of their legal and natural rights; and that no father of a

family be compelled to admit within the bosom of his domestic circle any person, upon any pretext whatsoever, whose presence, is unacceptable to him; and whose object he believes to be hostile to the faith and morals of those to whom he stands in the position of husband, father, and guardian, and whom God Himself will call to a strict account for the manner in which he has exercised his sacred functions.

It is therefore false, that in approving of the conduct of those householders, and fathers of families, who turn by force out of their own houses those intrusive "Tract Pedlars" who will not walk out when politely requested to do so, the TRUE WITNESS, gives any countenance to the violence exercised by the heathen governments of Japan and China against Catholic missionaries. On the contrary, as the Witness well knows, we have always contended for the legal right of his friends to sell their books without molestation or insult of any kind, so long as they, on their part, refrain from encroaching upon our houses and families; and we strongly suspect that our contemporary himself—if some Yankee pedlar of vicious, immoral, or deistical works wherein his religion was insulted and misrepresented, were to force his way into the room where after dinner he was sitting with his wife and children, were to insist upon obtruding those works upon the latter, and were to refuse to leave the premises when ordered to do so—would act upon our recommendation to French Canadian habitants, and would kick the intruder out of the hall door.—Were he so to act, and were the summarily ejected pedlar to carry the tale of his wrongs before the civil courts, the complainant would be told that he had only got his deserts, because no man has the right to force himself into another man's house. The case is so clear that it is wonderful that Catholics should be called upon to justify their principles; that they are called upon to do so, is a proof of the extent to which Protestants carry their impertinent pretensions. They actually have the insolence to claim that their agents and "Tract Pedlars" shall have the right to set the laws of God and of the land at defiance, shall ride rough shod over both our civil and natural liberties, and shall be supreme in our own houses, and even over our own families.

There is another important consideration which we would suggest to our contemporary, and it is this—That it is the cause, not the punishment, which makes the martyr; and that the Catholic habitants of Canada have reasons for refusing admittance within their homes to the emissaries of Protestantism, which were entirely wanting to the heathen persecutors of Christian Apostles either at Rome or at Japan. The French Canadian Catholic has constantly before his eyes proofs of the deleterious moral influences of Protestantism; and though he may not be able to discuss a knotty point of theology, the lax moral code of Protestantism, especially with reference to the intercourse of the sexes, and the relations of husband and wife, convince him that it is a system which has the devil for its author, and to which he is therefore bound to close his ears.

Could the heathen of Rome in the days of Dioclesian, have pointed to the prisons of the Empire, and from official statistics could they have shown that the overwhelming majority of the criminals—of the thieves, forgers, burglars, and scoundrels of every grade therein confined—were always Christians, and always and everywhere followers of the religious system preached by St. Paul; could they have cited the moral condition of neighboring communities which had embraced, and whose entire system was moulded in harmony with, those doctrines; could they have shown that in those communities, illegitimacy and child-murder were always on the increase; that every eleventh Christian child was a "bastard," and one Christian mother in eleven a w—; † that—as in the United States—the sanctity of the marriage tie was amongst Christians ignored; that the union of the sexes was with them nothing but a transient concubinage, liable to be broken by any, and every cause however trivial; that polygamy was not only tolerated by them, but reduced to a system; that the practice of producing abortion, was so general, and so lucrative that its professors publicly paraded their skill—as in the Protestant journals of the United States and Canada; that fraud under the name of "smartness," and cheating conveniently and euphuistically disguised as "a business transaction," were not only universally prevalent, but were esteemed no dishonor; could, we say, the heathen of Rome in the days of the persecutions have shown all these things by irrefutable statistics, and by the admissions of Christians themselves—they would have been perfectly justified in refusing to listen even to the preachers of such a system as Christianity, and in kicking its apostles out of doors, when they attempted to thrust themselves upon the presence of honest heathen fathers of families, and modest Roman matrons.

* See Report of Inspectors of Prisons and Penitentiaries for Canada.

† Statistics of bastardy in Protestant Scotland, quoted by the Express (Protestant), show that "in the Spring quarter of the present year, for which the returns have recently been issued, there was upon an average an illegitimate child born every hour in Scotland. Yet the entire population is not much above 3,000,000, little more than 1,600,000 of them are females; about half of these are not in a state to bear children, and from those who are, most of course be deducted all the married women."—Express. Non noster hic sermo.

"BABES OF GRACE."—By courtesy, all babes after the flesh, are "remarkably fine" and "remarkably intelligent." Spiritual babes also, that is to say, those who have been born from Popery and darkness unto Protestantism and light, are "remarkable," though the qualities for which they are so, are not those of which most people are anxious to be esteemed the possessors.

Of these "babes of grace" or "new creatures in the Lord," there is one with whose name our readers must be familiar. It is that of M. Pepin, sometimes styled the Reverend M. Pepin, a French Canadian Missionary, who on more than one occasion has figured rather prominently, if not very honorably before the public. Some five or six years ago, the Quebec Morning Chronicle 16th February, 1857, had a notice of this bright particular light of the conventicle; from which it transpired that, having been caught by an indignant husband locked up in a room with said husband's lawful wife, the Reverend Missionary received a sound kicking. Made, Jacques, for that was the name of the unhappy woman, of whom the Rev. M. Pepin had made a "prosselyte"—such being the delicate term employed by our Quebec contemporary to designate what in vulgar phrase is styled a prostitute and adulteress—Made, Jacques was torn from the righteous and loving embrace of her sanctified "prosselytiser," and restored to her husband; and the Protestant press teemed with truculent paragraphs anent a "Brutal Assault" upon a reverend minister of the Holy Protestant Faith. The facts of the case were however too glaring, or rather too nasty even for the Protestant press to deal with; a reverend missionary caught locked up in a room with another man's wife, with whom he had been cohabiting for four or five days is but a poor log out of which to carve even a Protestant martyr; and so our friends, the Montreal Witness included, prudently came to the determination of allowing the Reverend M. Pepin to drop; and of drawing a decent veil over his much kicked and much afflicted sitting part, whereunto vigorous application of the Romish husband's boots had been somewhat unceremoniously made.

We thought that we had done with the Rev. M. Pepin, but we were mistaken, for again his name figures prominently in the Montreal Witness. Since his detection whilst "prosselytising" another man's wife, and the consequent kicking, the Reverend M. Pepin has been more than ever actuated by a profound compassion for benighted Romanists, and tormented by an ardent desire to bring the blessings of salvation to their doors. In a word, he has been pursuing the avocations of a "Home Missionary" with redoubled zeal; and indeed with such entire forgetfulness of all sublimity or mundane concerns, that he seems quite to have forgotten forwarding to his employers any account of the sums of money by him raised for the purpose of weaning Papists from their errors. It seems however that since his kicking at Quebec, he has found the latter city unpleasantly warm, and has made the discovery that Detroit is a better "field" for his evangelical labors—for it is as the Reverend M. Pepin of Detroit that he now figures in the columns of the Montreal Witness of the 27th ult., as the subject of the following:—

"CAUTION.—It appears that the Rev. Mr. Pepin of Detroit has for some time past been collecting contributions in Canada ostensibly for the purpose of promoting the cause of the Gospel among the French Canadian people. Many of the friends of the French Canadian Missionary Society have, it is understood, given him contributions, which they supposed would be devoted to the work of Missions in Lower Canada. It is well that these friends should know that Mr. Pepin has no connection whatever with the French Canadian Mission; and that so far as can be ascertained, not a farthing of the money which he has collected from the Churches in Canada for the last year and a half, has been appropriated for Missions in Canada. Ministers would do well before countenancing Mr. Pepin, to ascertain in what character he presents himself to the Christian public."

The advice in the last section of this paragraph is superfluous, for there can never be any doubts as to the 'character' of those who present themselves as agents of the several 'Swaddling Societies.' To expect honesty, chastity, or any Christian virtue, from such men would be as ridiculous as it would be for the mistress of a disorderly house to exact a high certificate of chastity from those whom she admits as boarders.—There is only one class of men who will on any terms consent to do the work committed to the hands of the Achilles, the Pepins, and the Chiniquys—and those men are necessarily Chiniquys, and Achilles, and Pepins.

But it seems that these sometimes, indeed not unfrequently, turn their talents against their friends; and the latter are very foolishly indignant thereat. What better could they have expected from such tools? Surely they are not so simple as to expect any Christian virtue, or even common honesty from "brands snatched from the burning?" It is because, and solely because the latter are morally corrupt and rotten; that they have become the emissaries of Protestantism; for not until every better feeling had been quenched in their bosoms, until the last spark of truth had been extinguished, could they have entertained the proposition even of doing the dirty work which their proselytizing employers exact from them.

It is amusing, nevertheless to see the Protes-

tant, press abusing these its dirty tools, and cautioning the public against them—as, for instance, the Chicago Presbytery; cautioned the public against Chiniquy, and the Montreal Witness caution its readers against the Reverend M. Pepin. Will not these things suffice to open the eyes of the more intelligent amongst Protestants, as to the moral value of conversions from Popery, and the true character of the agents whom they hire for bringing about these conversions! Should not two such glaring instances as these of Chiniquy and Pepin following close upon one another, suffice to convince the non-Catholic public, of the remarkable qualities which invariably adhere to these "babes of grace" or "new-born creatures in the Lord!"

"MEN ARE WANTED."—Yes indeed, men, true men are wanted always, everywhere, and in every department of life. They are terribly needed just now in the United States, in the Northern armies and in the Cabinet at Washington—or rather, to be more precise it is not so much "men," as "a man" who is wanted at the present juncture.

From all quarters the cry reaches our ears; but the particular shriek of distress which has aroused our attention, is one which comes to us from Canton, and from the snug residences of jolly, well fed, well paid, Protestant Missionaries to the Chinese idolaters. It proceeds from the mouth of one of the Missionaries themselves—a Reverend Mr. Piercy—and is conceived in the following terms:—

"What immense obstacles has Divine providence removed during these ten years! Surely the Committee will feel encouraged to look at the openings as strong calls to immediate action, and at once commence a Mission north, as well as give us two men for the south of China. The openings for extension are perfectly astonishing to those of us who were cooped up in the southern suburbs of Canton eight or ten years ago. Now all this country is before us. Men are wanted who will give themselves to the work of evangelizing this province in its length and breadth, who are willing to leave the old ports and penetrate into new localities, and with self-denying love to perishing souls encounter the difficulty of opening up new fields."

To those who remember that China has been "open" for the last three hundred years to Catholic Missionaries: that no lack has ever been experienced in the Catholic Church of men ready, willing, nay, anxious to penetrate into the interior, it will certainly appear strange that the country is only now beginning to present openings for immediate action to Protestant Missionaries; and that the latter hitherto have been "cooped up in the Southern suburbs of Canton," whilst Romish priests were going to and fro in the land, from North to South, from East to West, losing it is true daily by the sword from amongst their numbers, but nevertheless constantly filling up their ranks by the recruits who undauntedly pushed forward to supply the places of the martyred. We should like to see from a Protestant pen a plausible explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon; and a description of what it is that hitherto has closed the interior of China to Protestant Missionaries, and kept them "cooped up" like chickens "in the Southern suburbs of Canton." Surely it was not fear of death in any shape, or personal considerations that could have prevented such heroic servants of Christ from carrying the bread of life to "perishing souls!" Oh, dear, no!

The Christian Guardian of Toronto, the organ of the Methodists, is engaged in controversy with another Protestant journal, the Observer, on the subject of education—in the course of which our Methodist contemporary has the following passage, of which we have italicised the most significant portion:—

"And what if the Roman Catholics are opposed to a monopoly that excludes themselves? Is it not natural? Does the Observer think it is right to do them injustice? Does he think it wrong for them to be educated? And does he not think they would be better educated under a system of proper inspection than under any other system? But if it is an objection that Catholics oppose the monopoly, what will the Observer say to the fact that he has all the Infidels, Unitarians, and Latitudinarians of the land on his side? Does he not know it as a notorious fact, that the extreme dissenters of England almost always move hand in hand in politics with the infidel classes!—Toronto Christian Guardian, Sept. 24.

The truth of what the Christian Guardian here alleges cannot be called in question. It is a notorious fact that the "extreme dissenters"—that is to say the ultra-Protestants of England almost always move hand in hand in politics with the infidel classes—and the reason is obvious. Protestantism logically carried out leads inevitably to infidelity, or the total rejection of the supernatural element in religion; and therefore betwixt the professors of ultra-Protestantism or the "extreme dissenters" and infidels, there are close and natural affinities. Like herds with like. Papists, if faithful to the spirit of their religion, and if they allow that religion to influence their politics are and must be loyal, conservatives, and the friends of authority. Protestants on the contrary, if they carry out their fundamental principles, and apply them to both orders, to the political or secular order, as well as to the religious or spiritual order, must be demagogues, revolutionists and levellers in the one, and infidels in the other. Hence we find in history, that Anglican Episcopacy, which is less remote from Popery than is Scotch Presbyterianism, has always been more conservative and loyal than the more extreme form of Protestantism which prevails on the Northern side of the Border; that the Independents, or Congregationalists, who carried out Protestant principles still further, have always been more democratic than the Presbyterians;—

whilst the political and social theories of the "Fifth Monarchy" men, and other sectaries still more extremely and consistently Protestant; were barely distinguishable from those avowed, and for a time carried into practice by the Atheists of the Jacobin Clubs in France during the reign of terror. Always and everywhere "extreme" Protestants move hand in hand with the extreme democratic and infidel classes, as the Christian Guardian well and truly recognises.

The same reasons that induce the "extreme" Protestants in England to move hand in hand in politics with the infidel classes, compel the sympathies of the Protestant or anti-Catholic community throughout the world, for Garibaldi and Italian Liberals. The latter are, as to their religious opinions, thorough infidels; for the only form in which the Italian mind can accept Christianity is that of Popery, and when Italians cease to be Papists, they, as all Protestant tourists admit, cease to be Christians. They are Protestants nevertheless, for they protest against Popery; and as such they naturally meet with the ardent sympathies of their brother non-Catholics throughout the world; for if the latter subscribe plentifully for the conversion of the heathen in India, they move "hand in hand" with the infidel classes of Europe.

From these facts two conclusions may be deduced. First—that Catholics, whom the artifices and plausible barangues of smart demagogues have induced to move hand in hand in politics with Protestant Liberals, have good reasons for suspecting that they have fallen into very disreputable company; and second—that Protestantism has far closer affinities with infidelity than with Christianity, since its most ardent and consistent professors may always be found moving "hand in hand" in politics with the infidel classes.

THE REVEREND FATHER SCHNEIDER.—This holy priest who some years ago was attached to the establishment of the Jesuit Fathers in this city, and whose name must still be held in affectionate remembrance by many of our readers, has, as we learn from our exchanges, been taken prisoner by the Confederates, whilst officiating as Chaplain to a Federal regiment.—We have no doubt but that the Rev. Father will be well and respectfully treated by those into whose hands he has fallen: for the Confederates, though fierce as towards their enemies, have not in so far as we can learn, disgraced themselves by any of these many acts of brutality toward Catholics for which Northern Yankees are so notorious, and of which the Rhode Island Legislature gave the other day a notable example, as reported in the Boston Pilot.

ORDINATIONS.—The following Orders were lately conferred by His Lordship the Bishop of Tioa, Administrator of the Diocese of Quebec: Deacons:—M. M. Louis Honore Paquet, Pierre Hubert Beaudet, Louis Nicolas Bernier, Joseph Martin, Charles Galerneau, Luc Rouleau, and Joseph Chisholm.

Priests:—Rev. M.M. Nicolas M. Huot, Martial Richard Bilodeau, Francis X. Guay, Francois Gagne, Louis Honore Paquet, Pierre H. Beaudet, and Louis Nicolas Bernier.

On the same days His Lordship the Bishop of Three Rivers conferred the following Orders: Deacons:—M.M. T. Marault, M. Marchand, J. B. Chretien, J. B. Marcotte, A. Bardet, and F. X. Desaulniers.

Priests:—Rev. M.M. Trenee Douville, Severin Rheault, Alexis Desaulniers, and Patrick Quinn.

ST. PATRICK'S BAZAAR.—We would remind our readers that the Annual Bazaar, in aid of the funds of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, opens on Monday next, at the Mechanics' Hall, Great St. James Street. We need say no more to enlist the sympathies of our readers for such a good, indeed, holy work.

We regret to hear complaints from several parts of the country that the potato disease is manifesting itself with great virulence.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.—This is the name of a painting on a truly colossal scale, now on exhibition at the Cabinet Paroissial, opposite the Seminary, and representing that great and terrible scene as described by the Seer of Patmos. This work is a copy of one by Cornelius, and is from the pencil of M. Heldt, the skilful decorator of the Hotel Dieu. It is well worthy of a visit from all lovers of the fine arts, and all who feel it a duty to cultivate a taste for them in this young country, and we therefore hope that from the citizens of Montreal M. Heldt may meet with the encouragement which he deserves.

Mr. W. H. Mellon has kindly consented to act as Agent for the TRUE WITNESS for West McGillivray and neighborhood.

AN ADDRESS

From the Catholics of Aileade and Metcalf to their revered Bishop, the Right Reverend A. Pinsonault, D.D.

Right Rev. and Venerated Father—It is with sentiments of heartfelt joy and consolation that we hail with glad welcome the arrival of your Lordship on this the occasion of your first visit to a portion of your flock that has long yearned to testify to your Lordship the great love, esteem, and reverence which they entertain for you personally, and which the many virtues that adorn your sacred character could not fail to command. We are well aware had your Lordship known our wants, we would have experienced long ago the great happiness we this day enjoy, the happiness of seeing our beloved Bishop in our midst, and of receiving at your fatherly hand the salutary benediction which the Church empowers you to bestow upon your spiritual children. We are happy and rejoiced at beholding your Lordship among us in improved health and spirits, dispensing those precious gifts of which our holy mother has constituted you the guardian and donor. We earnestly hope that in future your Lordship will be enabled to visit us from time to time, that by your presence and paternal council we may be strengthened and encouraged to persevere unto the end in fulfilling all those duties imposed upon us by our holy religion.

We beg leave most respectfully to tender your Lordship the assurance of our most grateful appreciation of the deep and abiding interest which you have always felt in our spiritual welfare. More particularly do we feel that your Lordship's consideration and mindfulness in applying this extensive mission with a zealous, active, and energetic pastor entitles you to our warmest thanks and gratitude. We know well that the choicest blessings that Catholics can enjoy here below, is that of being ministered to by a good priest. In the pious and faithful clergyman whom your Lordship has appointed to take charge of our spiritual concerns we realize such a blessing. Already has our esteemed pastor given abundant evidence of how much good can be accomplished in a short time by a priest who is animated with zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Our Church, is now, if not a grand and imposing edifice, a fit place wherein to offer up the great and adorable sacrifice of the New Law. The means, too, of providing a suitable parochial residence at Stratroy, are being provided. In a word, Father Lynch shows by his life and actions that he has the welfare of religion and of the people entrusted to his care deeply and affectionately at heart. He is true to us and we shall prove faithful to him. His efforts and his labors may not be duly estimated by the indifferent or the lukewarm who hold religion in light estimation, or by the miser who values his dollar with an inordinate esteem that excludes every other consideration; but by sincere practical Catholics his worth and virtues will be recognized and approved.

Once more we bid your Lordship, in the fullness and sincerity of our hearts, a thousand times welcome, and we pray most earnestly that God may vouchsafe to give you renewed health and vigor to rule over your extensive diocese, and to promote the eternal welfare of the thousands of souls committed to your pastoral care.

Signed on behalf of the congregation, PATRICK WALSH.

—Toronto Freeman

ADDRESS OF SYMPATHY WITH THE HOLY FATHER.

(From the Ottawa Tribune.) The retreat of the Reverend Clergy of the Diocese of Ottawa closed on Tuesday last. Before leaving the city the following Address was adopted and signed by the Lord Bishop and the Reverend Clergy: ADDRESS OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF OTTAWA, AND CLERGY, TO HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX.

MOST HOLY FATHER:—

Before leaving the City of Ottawa, where we are at present assembled for the exercises of the Pastoral Retreat, we are anxious, in prostrating ourselves at the feet of Your Holiness to express our filial piety and the sentiments which we at present experience. Though separated by considerable distance from Your Holiness, we have ceased, with anxious solicitude, to watch your sad career during many years past. Your Holiness's sufferings have also been our; your pains and consolations we have also shared.

When lately, for the alleviation of Your sorrow, and also to give an earnest proof of that life, ever new, which animates the Catholic world, the Bishops of every nation at once obedient to your voice, hastened, with eager fervour at the first call, to the City of Rome, bringing with them both the wishes and the faith of their respective Churches; our thoughts and affections followed them. With them we prostrated ourselves at your feet, to hear your words; to receive your teaching, and obtain, with affection, that choicest benediction which consoles and fortifies the soul and prepares it to undergo the greatest sacrifices.

Like them, have we admired the Pontiff who, though humbled by injustice, yet not the less respected; who though he be tried, is not less amiable; who though unrighteously plundered, is not the less firm; who though threatened with a fearful catastrophe is not the less confident. Like them, have we execrated with feelings of horror, the attempts of those modern vandals, who, having invaded the greater portion of your inheritance; would lessen your territory, and despoil that treasury erected at the expense of the greatest sacrifices and with the most rigid economy. We have approved of your struggles and admired, your dignified resistance. We have condemned, by our protestations, the impious and wanton doctrines of those who would feign justify the errors and crimes which, up to this time, characterized the Italian revolution.

Like them and with them we hold as orthodox that which Your Holiness proclaims to be so; censure that which you condemn; and love that which Your Holiness loves and approves. We know that in attaching ourselves to the See of Rome we are also attached to the centre of unity, to follow the Successor of St. Peter. We follow Jesus Christ, to love your authority. We also adhere to the truth since it is in the name of Him who has the words of eternal life that you order and direct. Rome has ever been for us a great and noble city, the grand bulwark of Catholicity and the Mother of all Churches, but she has increased still more in these days of her ordeal, and she has become, with still more justice, the chief, the centre, and the queen of the Catholic world; and the Pontiff who reigns within her walls and guides her destinies with a dignified courage; and illumines her by the practice of the most heroic virtues, we look upon as a Pontiff above all human comparison.

Long then most illustrious Pontiff may you reign for the consolation of your children, the triumph of truth, the welfare of our Holy Church, and the confusion of our enemies; and may there be granted to Your Holiness, after these days of trial, peace and the happy tranquillity of brighter years, yet to come, to efface the long and sad experiences to which Your Holiness has been subjected.

Prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, we humbly supplicate and ask the Apostolic benediction for the chief pastor of our diocese and also for the clergy and the flocks committed to their care.

† Jos. Eugene, Bishop of Ottawa. D. Dardurand, V.G., O.M.I. J. Tabaret, V.G., O.M.I.

- L. Ginguet, P. O'Connell, J. Brady, E. Vaughan, T. O'Boyle, A. O'Malley, J. Lynch, M. Bourassa, J. Byrne, P. McGoe, J. Bouvier, F. McDonagh, L. Ouellet, B. McPeely, J. Jovent, J. J. Collins, J. David, J. Gillie, C. W. J. Bertrand, C. Guillaume, O. Boucher, A. Chaine, O. Gay, A. Pallier, O. M. I., M. Mollon, H. Mauroit, L. Reboult, J. Toriel, R. Oonke, G. Guillard, J. Lefebvre, J. McGrath, J. Mourier, M. Babel, P. Leveleochere, R. Deleage, J. M. Piau, A. Leberet, B. Casey, L. Fremont, R. De Saunhae, J. O'Brien, A. Brunet, J. Manchip, John L. O'Connor.

VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR TO THE HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE

(From the Toronto Mirror.) His Excellency visited the house of Providence yesterday, and was well pleased. The building was surrounded by a beautiful Union Jack, and the entrances were decorated with evergreens in a most tasteful manner. The Governor, on entering, was received by loud and enthusiastic cheering. The whole of the avenues leading to the Providence were lined with the orphans, the pupils of the convent, and the boys of the Brothers' Schools. The ground in front was lined by the pupils of St. Michael's College, attended by their professors. At six o'clock His Excellency arrived in his carriage attended by an aide-de-camp in uniform, and his Secretary, Mr. Godley. Upon his arrival, he was greeted with tremendous cheering, which made itself heard at a great distance.

His Excellency was received on the steps of the House of Providence by His Lordship Rt Rev Dr Lynch, and the Rev Father Rooney, P. P. St Paul's. Surrounding the Governor were the Very Rev Mr Soulerin, V. G., Very Rev Father Walsh, V. G., Very Rev Mr Gordon, V. G., of Hamilton, Very Rev O Kelly R. D., Peterboro', and the Rev Messrs. Shea, Pamy, Granotier, Ferguson, Ryan of Oakville, Conway, O'Donohoe, Northgraves, Proulx, Vincent, Lynch of Douro, Grifa, Kaue, and Laurent.

His Excellency having entered the Hall, remained uncovered while the orphans sang the National Anthem. He was then seated on a raised throne, where surrounded by the clergy, the following address was read to him by one of the orphans;—

"May it please your Excellency,—We, the Orphans of the House of Providence, beg leave to approach your Excellency, and say that we fondly embrace the happy opportunity afforded us to-day of expressing our sincere gratitude for the signal favor of your Excellency's visit has conferred upon us.

"The recollection of this auspicious day shall never be effaced from our memory, but we shall treasure it up with fond affection, and it shall be our most pleasing thought to revert with pride, in all our future walks of life, to your Excellency's condescension in visiting us in our humble position.

"His true, we are a weak and helpless portion of the community; we are children who, by an all-wise Providence, have been bereft of our parents, and deprived of every thing in the exterior world that might make us happy; but God in His goodness has not abandoned us. He has given us guardians who promote our welfare, and who inspire us with sentiments of our duty to God, and of love and affection towards our Most Gracious Sovereign the Queen, and towards your Excellency, her noble representative in these Provinces.

"We hope your Excellency will not refuse to accept the only gift in our power to bestow, our most sincere prayers to the throne of heaven for your Excellency's welfare and successful career."

At the conclusion of the Address, His Excellency proceeded through the various apartments of the House, returning from which he held a kind of levee. His Lordship the Bishop presenting to him all the clergy and such of the laity as were standing by. The Governor's manner was most cordial; as soon as he arrived, he stepped from the carriage and shook hands with Dr. Lynch with the cordiality of an old acquaintance. The orphans, ere His Excellency set out, sang another hymn, and the line of little boys with candles in their hands (for it was quite dark at the time) added to the brilliancy of the scene. At his departure, His Excellency was greeted with such a round of hearty cheering as he has received nowhere else in Toronto.

The Governor's visit to the House of Providence will be long remembered. It was a success for which all who were connected with it are entitled to credit, and especially the prime mover in the whole affair, Father Rooney.

We had well nigh forgotten to state, that His Excellency having arrived later than the hour appointed, apologized to our Bishop in the most handsome manner.

ST. ROCH'S CONVENT.—An extensive addition has been recently made to the St. Roch's convent, in this city, consisting of a new wing of 88 feet in length by 35 in width, and three stories in height. The building—a handsome fire-brick edifice—was only commenced some six or seven weeks ago, and it is now completely covered in. It has been erected by the Care of St. Roch's, at his own cost in consequence of the convent being found altogether too limited for the accommodation of the very large number of female children attending school. The additional class-rooms afforded by the new building will be a great boon to the working classes of the populous suburb of St. Roch, who would otherwise have found themselves, through lack of sufficient school accommodation, unable to obtain for their children the benefits of free instruction.—Quebec Chronicle.

In his speech at Toronto the Governor General made an allusion to the Militia, which is worth repeating and particular mention. He said:—"Gentlemen, I am in a position to state to you, that not only myself but those who are responsible to the people of this country for the government of the country, have at heart the question of preparation for national defence as strongly as have any men at home. I trust that in a very few days a system will be promulgated to you, which will enable the people of this country, in a manner inexpensive to themselves, and little onerous in regard to their industrial vocations, to put themselves in such a position of self-defence as will ensure them against aggressive attack."—Montreal Gazette.

We are glad to learn that the Quebec subscription for the relief of the British operatives is getting on much better than was expected; the lower town list already reaches \$5000.—Com. Advertiser.

The St. Patrick's Hall at Kingston was destroyed by fire on Thursday night. It was insured in the Royal.—Id.

THE BISHOP OF HURON ON COMMON SCHOOLS.—At the inauguration of a new Common School in London (Upper Canada) on the 10th inst., the Bishop of Huron was present, and spoke at some length. In the course of his speech he thus expressed his adhesion to the Common School system:—"Our children belong to the State, and were given to the people to bring them up, and by the means of public schools the State fitted them for the different grades and walks of life; it was for the benefit of the community that the nation instructed them."

Not one out of every hundred members of the United Church of England and Ireland, whether in the Mother Country or in her hundred colonies, hold the opinions expressed by the Bishop of Huron in the foregoing extract. "Our children belong to the State" says Dr. Cronyn—a Divine of the Low Church stamp. In our opinion, children, as members of a family, belong not to the State, but to their parents, who are responsible to a Higher Power than the State for the manner in which they shall be educated and fitted for the duties of life. Churchmen will not be merely surprised but pained to learn that such an opinion should be entertained by any Anglican Bishop. It is rank Fourrierism—such as might be consistently expressed by Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, or other demagogues of the French Revolutionary school. Many Churchmen were of opinion when the Rev. Dr. Cronyn was elected Bishop of the new Diocese, that a better selection could have been made; and that they were correct in their opinion, is sufficiently plain. British Standard (Protestant).

Births. In this city, on the 29th inst. Mrs. A. E. Pelly, of a son. In this city, on the 28th inst., the wife of Mr Terence McMahon, of a son.

OUR CHANGEABLE CLIMATE. People should guard against our changeable climate; it is as fickle as woman, and a little more so, indeed. To-day, the mercury simmers at 90 and upwards; to-morrow, you shake and shiver for the want of the overcoat you have battered off to the old clo' man. To avoid colds and to cure all diseases of the lungs, get a box of Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers; only 25 cents.

Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Oare, & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co.; S. J. Lyman & Co. Lamplough & Campbell; and at the Medical Hall; and all Medicine Dealers.

The Postmaster General is said to have promised the Press Association that the newspaper postage shall be abolished. It yields \$50,000 a-year, a sum which a department which does not pay its expenses, is in no position to sacrifice.

A proclamation in the Canada Gazette prorogue Parliament until the 5th of November, not then to meet for the despatch of business.

GERMAN EMIGRATION.—A London, C. W. paper says:—We are happy to observe that some German gentlemen have arrived in Canada, with the intention of selecting a township upon which to settle some 3,000 of their countrymen. They recently went north of Kingston to examine some new townships in that vicinity.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Montreal, September 30, 1862. Flour—Pollards, \$2 to \$2.50; Middlings, \$2.50 to \$2.75; Fine \$3.00 to \$3.50; Super No. 2, \$4.25 to \$4.85; Super, \$4.85 to \$4.85; Fancy, \$4.75 to \$4.85; Extra, \$5; Superior Extra, \$5.20. Bag Flour, per 112 lbs, Spring Wheat, \$2.50; Scotch, \$2.50 to \$2.55, 1,000 barrels good Super. were sold yesterday at \$4.75. To holders are not so firm, and \$4.65 would be taken for 100 bri. lot.

Oatmeal, per bri of 200 lbs, nominal at \$4.25 to \$4.50.

Wheat—Canada Spring, in car loads, almost unobtainable at 94c to 96c; afloat, 97c; Milwaukee Club, \$1 to \$1.02; Canada Winter, about \$1.07, excels; \$1.10 to \$1.15, afloat. We note a sale of a cargo of U.C. Spring Wheat at 97c.

Corn per 56 lbs, nominal at 47c to 48c. Peas, Barley and Oats—No transactions. Ashes, per 112 lbs, Pots, \$6.70 to \$6.72; Pearls, \$6.40 to \$6.45.

Butter is still in active demand, and prices tend upwards; the finer grades may be quoted a little higher; inferior, 10c to 10 1/2c; medium, 11c to 12c; fine, 12c to 13c; to choice, 14c to 15c.

Eggs slow of sale at 9c. Lard 8c to 8 1/2c. Tallow 8 1/2c to 9c. Hams 9c to 11c. Pork—Mess, \$10.50 to \$10.75; Thin Mess, \$9.25 to \$9.75. Prime Mess, \$8 to \$8.50; Prime, \$8 to \$8.50. Pork is dull, as stock are large and demand light.—Montreal Witness.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, will be held in the Society's New Hall, BONAVENTURE BUILDING, on MONDAY EVENING next, 6th October.

An Essay will be read by a Member of the Society. The Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock (By Order, P. O'NEARA, Rec. Sec.)



THE DIRECTORS & TRUSTEES of SAINT PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM respectfully invite the Officers and Committee of St. Patrick's Society, the Officers and Committee of St. Patrick's Temperance Society, and the Officers and Council of St. Patrick's Literary Association to meet them in the SACRISTY of SAINT PATRICK'S CHURCH NEXT SUNDAY, 5th inst., immediately after Grand Mass, on business of importance. Oct. 3rd, 1862.

J. M'DONALD & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 36 M'GILL STREET, CONTINUE TO SELL PRODUCE and Manufactures at the Lowest Rates of Commission. October 2.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL THE EXPOSITION OF THE LAST JUDGMENT

WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE IN MONTREAL TO-MORROW EVENING. Doors Open daily from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and from 7 to 9 P.M. ADMISSION—12c cent.

D. R. SHERIDAN, OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN, HAS arrived in Montreal and intends devoting his attention to professional duties. Diseases of the EYE, EAR, and LUNGS, and the System generally, are treated by the Doctor in the most successful manner, practised by him when in Dublin.

Office.—DAVID'S BLOCK St. Peter Street; Open from 9 A. M. till 6 P. M.; and on Sundays from 9 A. M. till noon. The cause of the Dr. Advertising is he might be in the city for years and the afflicted know nothing about him. Montreal Sept. 25.

C. W. WEBB, SURGEON DENTIST, 94 Saint Lawrence Main Street, (13 Years' Practical Experience.) TRANSLUCENT ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Single Teeth, to complete sets, fitted to defy detection, be worn with comfort and subserve for Mastication, upon bases of Gold, Platina, Vulcanised Rubber and Silver. Sets from \$15 upwards. Filling Extraction, and all operations guaranteed satisfactory.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF ANN FLYNN, daughter of Richard Flynn, Carrickmacross, Co. Monaghan, Ireland. When last heard from, five years ago, she was in Waterloo. She emigrated to this country in 1851. Any information concerning her will be thankfully received by Edward Sheeran, Richmond Street West, Toronto, or at the office of this journal. Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery, School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. Jan. 17, 1862.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

Paris, Sept. 10.—The second Lagueroniere letter, "The Interest of France in the Italian Question," is twice as long as the first, but not at all more conclusive or convincing. It says...

"Not only our moral grandeur is incompatible with Italian unity; our national interest equally repels it. The equilibrium of the world is based on the good distribution of the forces composing it."

The Senate... The affair of Aspromonte, which brought Garibaldi's enterprise to a conclusion has produced, as was natural to expect, a sudden change in the moral situation of the various money-markets throughout Europe.

The London Post is informed that in the circles of extreme Italian revolutionists language has lately been employed, threats have been used, and plots have been darkly hinted at, skin to the threats and the plots that foreshadowed and were realized by the conspiracy of Orsini.

The Parisians, by one of them, M. Pelletan, who has lately published an article in the Courrier du Dimanche, expressing a wish that the French press might enjoy the same amount of freedom as the press of Austria, has just given to the world a book entitled "La Nouvelle Babylonie," purporting to give a sketch of modern Paris by an ancient prophet, who revisits it after an absence of thirty years.

Paris, September 9th.—Events have of late progressed with a rapidity which renders detailed correspondence well nigh impossible. Between each letter so many startling events have had their turn in public attention and been in turn forgotten, that a passing sentence only can be given to them collectively.

The success of the Confederates affords great delight to the Constitutionnel, and has caused a renewal of the project of intervention in American affairs, with which the Mexican expedition has been considered to be closely connected.

The elections are announced for the 25th of October. Among the men of the day, M. Thiers, Dufaure, and Falloux are the only candidates whose election is safe. Keller appears sure of his re-election for Alsace, but the Viscount de Montebello has but little chance, and M. de Flaviy has none in Corsica.

The Gazette of Ministers at St. Cloud.—The Esprit Public makes the following pompous pretension to exclusive information: "Public opinion is justly preoccupied with the attitude which the French Government is about to take in consequence of the late events in Italy."

The Cabinet of Ministers at St. Cloud, on the eve of the departure of the Emperor for Biarritz. At that meeting, at which, independently of all the Ministers now in Paris, some members of the Privy Council, among them Cardinal Murlet, were present, the official intelligence received from Italy was first made known, including the affair at Aspromonte.

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They knew nothing of the King's proclamation. Some believed that all had been arranged with the Government, while others said that Garibaldi had deceived them. Nicotera, Misasi, and Miceli were arrested on the 28th, probably to prepare a movement in another part of the province.

On board the Duke of Genoa, Sept. 1. They thirsted for blood, and I wished to spare it. Not the poor soldier who obeyed, but the men of the clique who cannot forgive the revolution for being the revolution—it is that which disturbs their conservative digestion—and for having contributed to the re-establishment of our Italian family.

Yes, they thirsted for blood; I perceived it with sorrow, and I endeavored in consequence to the utmost to prevent that of our assailants from being shed.

I ran to the front of our line, crying out to them not to fire, and from the centre to the left, where my voice and those of my aides-de-camp could be heard, not a trigger was pulled. It was not thus on the attacking side.

As all this happened at the opening of the conflict, and I was carried to the skirt of the wood after being wounded. I could see nothing more, a thick crowd having formed around me while my wound was being dressed. I feel certain, however, that up to the end of the line which was at my litter, and to that of my aides-de-camp, not a single musket was fired.

My wounds led to some confusion in our line. Our soldiers, not seeing me, began to retreat into the wood, so that little by little the crowd round me broke up, and the most faithful alone remained.

On the 29th of August, in the evening, a priest, who is believed to be a prelate, received a dagger wound at the ascent to Monte Cavallo, below the Quirinal palace. On the same day, at nightfall, the venerable Father Guidi, while crossing the piazza of Sant' Andrea della Valle, was also made the victim of an odious ambush.

The Opinions of Turin, in a leading article, comments on the increasing symptoms of the revival of seditious warfare in Italy. At Milan, an unarmed and peaceful citizen has just fallen by the stab of an assassin; at Monza the Delegate of the Police was (as already stated) murdered in the same manner during the late disturbance there.

Mr. Bishop, the Englishman arrested for conveying Bonapartist communications between Naples and Rome, has been sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment. The Armonia of the 2nd instant says: "Twenty-seven Garibaldians, deserters from the army, were shot yesterday in Catania by order of Cialdini."

Garibaldi, it is said, sanctioned drafts to the amount of 330,000 francs on the public money of the towns of Sicily. The committee at Milan, Genoa, Florence, and Naples sent him 500,000 francs, and Catania also furnished a large sum.

The news from Queensland is that cotton plantations on a large scale are in course of formation. Considerable quantities of cotton had already been shipped.

UNITED STATES. THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.—President Lincoln has swung loose from the constitutional moorings of his inaugural address and his messages at the opening of the two successive sessions of Congress under his administration.

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possible? No certainly. The state of intolerable anarchy of imminent disorganization, which the policy of the French Government, in the Roman question, creates for Italy, will drive off all the financiers who have shown themselves so eager in other circumstances.

The Paris says that so many "cross" the frontier from Italy into Austria, that a special regulation has been made concerning them, in virtue of which Piedmontese deserters are required to join the Austrian ranks, after fulfilling certain formalities, while the Lombards, formerly in the Austrian service, who were given up to Italy by the treaty of Zurich, have merely to resume their places in their former corps.

An illustrated journal of Turin, the Fischietto, has just published a lithograph which has obtained a great success throughout Italy. It is an imitation of a celebrated picture by Signor, at the Luxembourg; Garibaldi, with his arms crossed, is waiting the denunciation of the Ministers, when Oavour re-appears and exclaims to the latter:—Let him among you who is without sin throw the first stone.

The Armonia relates that a parish priest in the Canton of Ticino having refused to admit as godfather at a baptism a man whom the ritual and the sixth diocesan Synod declare unfit for that office, the father of the child to be baptized, who had been requested to avoid this inconvenient arrangement, denounced the parish priest to the Council of State of the canton, and the Council of State wanted to compel the parish priest to baptise the child, and accept as godfather the person so unfitted.

A letter from Rome, addressed to the Correspondencia of Madrid, and quoted in the Monde, says:—"His Holiness is perfectly calm, and contemplates no political proceedings of an unusual character so long as the Piedmontese do not invade the present Pontifical States; so long as official orders are not issued to the Turin army to occupy the whole or any part of the Roman States."

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Strong Language in New York.—Below we reproduce from the New York Herald an extract from a speech delivered at a Democratic meeting in New York, to support the nomination of Mr. Seymour for Governor of the State of New York.

We live under a despotism and usurpation: We want no Union; with citizens imprisoned without law, and fetters, and clogs on the press—with a reproduction of star chambers and Jeffries' trials. We want the old Union—that is, the Union we intend to fight for in this election.

But while the people are giving up their lives to the cause a republican cabinet and a republican Senate coolly calculate how many lives of our brave youths they must sacrifice before they raise them to the fiendish excitement which shall call for a St. Domingo massacre of one half our people.

The amount of paper money issued, and for which preparations are making to issue by the Government of the United States, is \$335,000,000. The draft is meeting with serious opposition in Pennsylvania. In some counties, the Democratic politicians have succeeded in so working on the populace as entirely to prevent an enrollment of the militia.

The American Tract Society has expended nearly \$40,000 since the commencement of the war, in furnishing religious reading for the army and navy. The managers state that at least \$30,000 more will be needed.

One of the drafted men in this city paid \$300 for a substitute, and felt easy. But when he came to present his credentials, with the others, on the camp-ground, on Monday, his friend was non est—possibly had 'skedaddled.' It subsequently proved, however, that another drafted man had produced the same substitute, paying 'a little higher' for him—Harford Times.

A THOROUGH SOUTHERNER.—A Philadelphia paper gives the following sketch of Gen. D. H. Hill, of the Confederate States Army, and his violent and Northern peculiarities:—

Gen. Hill is a South Carolinian in all his feelings, principles, and prejudices, and doubtless rejoices that he is such. He has nursed his hatred to the North to such a degree, that it has become as near to a passion as his cold nature permits.

At the Women's Rights Convention, held at Syracuse, New York, composed of one hundred and fifty delegates, the old maids, childless wives, and bed-lambs, were to each other, as the numbers 7, 7, and 3. How many were there of each class? P. 129

A gentleman in Richmond expressed a willingness to liberate his slave, valued at \$1,000, upon the receipt of that sum from charitable persons. He received contributions from twenty-four persons, and of these there were fourteen nineteenth the sum from the North than from the South, and the average donation of the former was four-fifths the smaller than that of the latter. What was the entire amount given by the latter? P. 153.

The year in which the governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut sent treasonable messages to their respective legislatures is expressed by four digits. The square root of the sum of the first and second is equal to 3; the square root of the second and fourth is equal to 4; the first is equal to the third and is one-half of the fourth. Required the year? P. 317.

The field of battle at Buena Vista is six and a half miles from Saltillo. Two Indian volunteers ran away from the field of battle at the same time, one a half mile per hour faster, than the other, and reached Saltillo, five minutes and fifty-four and six-elevenths seconds sooner than the other. Required their respective rates of travel? P. 322.

GREAT BRITAIN

SUNDAY IN GLASGOW. - An O'Connell writes to an Edinburgh contemporary... Travelling in Scotland two years ago, in company with two or three friends...

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH. - There are some hopes that the Atlantic telegraph may in the course of another year or so be again at work.

ONLY A MISDEAMOUR. - The judgment of Dr. Lushington in the 'Essays and Reviews' has established the fact that the clergy of the Establishment may, within certain limits, be unsound theologians without becoming disqualified to act as ministers.

THE RE-OPENING OF THE CLASSES AT THE CONVENT OF LAIGNE will take place on the 1st of SEPTEMBER next.

ACADEMY

SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS, St. Laurent, near Montreal.

The Course of Study comprises: Religious Instruction, Reading, Writing, Grammar and Composition, Arithmetic, History, ancient and modern, Geography, Book-keeping, the Elements of Astronomy, the Use of the Globes, Mapping, Domestic Economy, Music, vocal and instrumental, Painting and Drawing, &c., &c.

Besides the above, young ladies will be taught plain and fancy needlework, embroidery, all kinds of crocheted work, netting, artificial flowers, &c., &c. The French and English languages are taught with equal care.

COSTUME. For Summer. - Dark blue dress, with cape of the same material; a straw hat, trimmed with dark blue ribbon; a white dress, with large cape.

For Winter. - A black or dark blue mantilla; a black bonnet, trimmed the same as in summer.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS.

1st. The scholastic year is ten months and a half. 2nd. The terms for Board are, per month, \$5.50.

The House furnishes a bedstead, and also takes charge of the shoes, provided there be at least two pairs for each pupil.

3rd. The price of the washing, when taken charge of by the House, is 80 cents per month.

4th. By paying \$1.50 per month, the House will furnish the complete bed and bedding, and also take charge of the washing.

5th. The terms for half-board are \$3.00 per month. 6th. Doctors' fees and medicines are, of course, extra charges.

7th. Lessons in any of the Fine Arts are also extra charges. Instrumental Music, \$1.50 per month; use of Piano, \$1.50 per annum. Drawing lessons, 60 cents per month. Flowers, per lesson, 20 cents.

8th. Parents who wish to have clothes provided for their children will deposit in the hands of the Lady Superior a sum proportionate to what clothing is required.

9th. The parents shall receive every quarter, with the bill of expenses, a bulletin of the health, conduct, assiduity, and improvement of their children.

10th. Every month that is commenced must be paid entire, without any deduction.

11th. Each quarter must be paid in advance.

12th. Parents can see their children on Sundays and Thursdays, except during the offices of the Church.

13th. Each pupil will require to bring, besides their wardrobe, a stand, basin and ewer, a tumbler, a knife, fork and spoon, table napkins. By paying 50 cents per annum, the House will furnish a stand.

N.B. - Our former Pupils will be admitted on the same conditions as they have been for the preceding years.

Aug 28.

THE Opening of the Classes at the CONVENT OF LAIGNE will take place on the 1st of SEPTEMBER next.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, MONTREAL, No. 19 Cote Street. No. 19.

THE RE-OPENING OF THE CLASSES will take place on FIRST SEPTEMBER next.

The Programme of Studies will, as hitherto comprise a Commercial and Industrial Course in both the French and English languages.

To the important improvements made by them a few years ago, the gentlemen, the Commissioners, have been enabled, this year, to add a *Gymnasium*.

For particulars apply to the undersigned, at the Academy.

U. E. ARCHAMBEAULT, Principal. Montreal, Aug 27th 1862.

TO CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

THE undersigned, desire to invite attention to the Extensive and Varied List of SCHOOL BOOKS, of their own Publication, mostly prepared and adapted to the wants of Catholic Institutions.

Constantly on hand a LARGE STOCK of all STANDARD SCHOOL and CLASSICAL BOOKS; also, a large and well selected Stock of SCHOOL STATIONERY, comprising Copy, Letter and Note Papers, Copy Books, Slates, Steel Pens, Pencils, &c., &c., all of which they are prepared to supply at the VERY LOWEST RATES, FOR CASH.

In addition to an extensive List of their OWN PUBLICATIONS, they keep constantly on Sale all the CATHOLIC BOOKS, published in the U. S., which they are prepared to supply at Publisher's Prices.

Constantly on sale, a large stock of FOREIGN BOOKS, including ENGLISH, IRISH, FRENCH, and BELGIAN Editions of NEW and STANDARD CATHOLIC WORKS, MISSALS, BREVIAIRES, &c., &c., comprising the largest, most varied and complete assortment to be found in the United States, which they are prepared to sell Wholesale and Retail, at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Purchasers will readily see the advantages, convenience and saving of time and expense, which this combination and concentration of Stock affords, in being able to purchase everything in this line at one place.

Orders, which will receive the same care and attention, as if selected in person, are respectfully solicited.

MURPHY & CO., Publishers, Booksellers, Printers and Stationers, 182 Baltimore street, Baltimore. August 28. 3t.

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FLORIDA WATER

THE cheapest, most delicate and durable of Perfumes distilled from the most fragrant of Tropical Flowers.

For the Bath, nervous headache, faintness, or oppressive heat, it is more refreshing than Cologne or Toilet Vinegar.

For Insect bites, the removal of Tan Freckles, Sunburn, &c. Also, as a wash for the Teeth and Gums, and for gentlemen after Shaving, it is better and pleasanter than any preparation extant, - and is justly called the LADIES COMPANION or TOILET REQUISITE.

PRICE 50 CENTS in 4 Pint Bottles.

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"Chicago, December 9, 1859. "Dear Madam - Your Series of Readers will, I am convinced, supply a want long felt and acknowledged in our Catholic Schools. I cordially approve of your publications, and recommend them to the Schools of this Diocese."

"We can conscientiously recommend the Series for introduction into all our Catholic Schools, both as to style and sentiment." - Brownson's Review.

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3. Bessy Conway; or, The Irish Girl in America. By Mrs. J. Sadler. 16mo., cloth, \$0 50

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HENRY THOMAS, Esq., Hon. LOUIS RENAUD VICTOR HUDON, Esq., JOSEPH TIFFIN, Esq. Montreal, June 26, 1862.

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NORTHROP & LYMAN, Newmarket, C. W. General Agents for the Canadas. March 20.

VALOIS & LABELLE. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

NOTICE is hereby given that Messrs. VALOIS & LABELLE have OPENED, at Nos. 18 and 20 Jacques-Cartier Place, in the Store recently occupied by Messrs. Labelle & Lapierre, a LEATHER and BOOT and SHOE STORE.

They will also always have on hand an assortment of Shoemakers' Furnishings and Tools.

NARCISSE VALOIS, SEVERE LABELLE. May 28. 6m.

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J. F. NASH, (LATE OF LONDON, ENGLAND.) HAVING taken the Rooms lately occupied by Mr. Wood in the Bible House,

83 Great St. James Street, is prepared to give instruction in DRAWING and PAINTING in WATER COLOURS. Classes will be formed in the Morning, Afternoon and Evening to suit the convenience of all.

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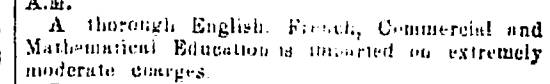
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EASTERN TRAINS. FROM POINT ST. CHARLES STATION. Mixed Train for Island Pond and all Intermediate Stations at 8:00 A.M.

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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.

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AN American Lady, a Convert to the Church, Experienced, and well qualified to teach all the English branches, desires a Situation as TEACHER in some Canadian Family or School. In or near Montreal or Quebec preferred. For particulars apply to this Office. Testimonials can be added if required. Sept. 4.

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

INFORMATION WANTED OF WILLIAM DONNOLLY, late of Boriskane, County Tipperary, Ireland, who landed in New York in June last, and is supposed to be now in Canada. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his wife, addressed to Sergt P Walsh, City Police force, Quebec. Exchanges with please copy.

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H. BRENNAN, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, 195 Notre Dame Street, (Opposite the Seminary Clock,) AND NO. 3 CRAIG STREET.

No. 163, Notre Dame Street (Cathedral Block.) THE CHEAPEST MUSIC.

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Catalogues can be had on application at No. 163, Notre Dame Street (Cathedral Block.) 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.

GRAND EXCURSION TO THE FAR-FAMED RIVER SAGUENAY! AND SEA-BATHING AT MURRAY BAY AND CACOUNA.

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WILL LEAVE NAPOLEON WHARF, QUEBEC, Every TUESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, during the Season, at EIGHT o'clock, for the SAGUENAY, To HA! HA! BAY. Calling at MURRAY BAY, RIVER DU LOUP and TADOUSSAC.

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Returns Tickets good for the Season at Reduced Fare, or any information may be obtained on application to C. F. MUCKLE at the Hotels, or at the Office, 21 Great St. James Street. ALEX. MILLOY, Agent. Montreal, June 17, 1862.

CONVENT OF LONGUEUIL. THE OPENING OF THE CLASSES is fixed for the FIRST OF SEPTEMBER. COLLEGE OF ST. LAURENT. STUDIES will be resumed in this College on the 3rd of September. J. REZE, President. August 21.

W. F. MONAGAN M.D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR. Physician to St. Patrick's Society, &c. OFFICE, No. 55 WELLINGTON STREET, Near Corner of George Street.

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

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

H. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 33, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

P. J. KELLY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, No. 38, Little St. James Street. Montreal, June 12.

ST. LEON SPRINGS MINERAL WATER. THE undersigned begs leave most respectfully to intimate to his friends and the public, that he has established a MINERAL WATER DEPOT at 233 Notre Dame Street, (West opposite Shelton's.) JUST RECEIVED, A Supply of the Celebrated ST. LEON, Fresh from the Springs. Orders for the same promptly attended to. PRICE: TEN PENCE per Gallon, delivered to all parts of the city. W. G. SLACK. May 22.

MRS. WENIORTH STEVENSON BEGS to inform the Public of Montreal and its vicinity, that, at the request of her patrons and friends, she will open an ACADEMY OF MUSIC, (VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL,) On the 1st of SEPTEMBER next, at No. 145 NOTRE DAME STREET, being the private and commodious apartments on the first floor over PRINCE'S MUSIC STORE.

TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS will be devoted to the Vocal Instruction of a CHOIR CLASS, (for Ladies and Chorister Boys only,) when the art of SINGING AT FIRST SIGHT will be included in the instructions given. All persons wishing to join the above named Evening Class, are requested to call on Mr. BARRIOW, at Prince's Music Store, Notre Dame Street, and enter their names on the list for the Class now forming.

Terms for the EVENING CLASS, ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF a month; to be paid in advance on entering name, when a receipt and card of admission to the Class will be given. Terms for Private Lessons (given without exception at the Academy) can be obtained at Prince's Music Store. Hours for the Evening Class, from half-past SEVEN to half-past NINE.

Mrs. STEVENSON'S method of teaching either Vocal or Instrumental (Piano-forte) Music, includes the use of the 'BLACK BOARD' and corresponding Slates, according to Hullah's most approved and modern system, which teaches the pupil to write as well as read music. N.B.—Mrs. STEVENSON takes the present opportunity of stating that all applications for Concerts during the Fall and Winter Seasons must be made to her Agent, Mr. McCORMACK at the Transcript Office. August 14.

CONVENT, ESTABLISHED IN HUNTINGDON, C. E., Under the direction of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame

THIS Institution will be opened for Boarders and Classes on the 2nd of September 1862. The course of Instruction will embrace the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, and the use of the globes; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight into Chemistry and Philosophy, Astronomy, Botany, Geology, Conchology, Music, Drawing and Painting. Every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-work will also be taught to the pupils. Differences of religion will be no obstacle to admission, provided the pupils conform to the general regulations of the house. No deduction, except for sickness, will be made in the terms which can be known at the Convent, or at the residence of the Rev. L. G. Gagnier in Huntingdon.

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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.

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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 a 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.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. 220 RAIN OULTRIC E. THE undersigned EMIGRATION COMMITTEE of the Society will meet in their New Hall, BONAVENTURE-BUILDING, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, from SIX till EIGHT o'clock P.M., to give ADVICE and ASSISTANCE to EMIGRANTS in need, and endeavor to procure employment for those of them who wish to remain among us. Parties, in town or country, who may be in want of Servants, male or female, or who can, in any way, give employment to the Emigrants now arriving on our shores, are earnestly requested to communicate with this Committee.

PATRICK WOODS, BERNARD TANSEY, W. P. MCGUIRE, PATRICK JORDAN, DANIEL LYONS, JOHN MURPHY. June 5.

R. E. M. B. E. R. THAT GUILBAULT'S BOTANICAL & ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN HAS BEEN REMOVED TO HIS

SPLENDID NEW GROUNDS, Entrance by Upper St. Lawrence Main Street, or St. Urban Street, near the Nunnery. OPEN EVERY DAY—ADMISSION, 12 CENTS

CANADA HOTEL, 15 & 17 St. Gabriel Street.

THE Undersigned informs his Friends and the Public in general that he has made GREAT IMPROVEMENTS in the above-named Hotel. Visitors will always find his Omnibus in waiting on the arrival of Steamboats and Cars. The Table is always well furnished. Prices extremely moderate. SERAFINO GIRALDI. May 28.

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.

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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,

where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices. Baths, Hydrants, 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.

TEACHER. WANTED, by a young man, who has lately arrived from Ireland, a situation as TEACHER of an elementary English School; he can teach the higher order of subjects, viz., Algebra, Geometry, Philosophy, &c., with the ordinary course of literature. He can produce a certificate from the Training Establishment, Dublin, and another of promotion, from a Board of Inspectors, also an Agricultural Certificate. Apply at the True Witness office. Montreal, August 8.

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 bile. 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 all 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 Scales on an inflamed surface, you will rub it to your heart's content; it will give you such relief, 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 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, as neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended to the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted with scrofula and other humors.

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE, Superiores of St. Vincent's Asylum. ANOTHER. Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphan under your charge, from your valuable discovery. One 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.