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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1858.

No. 34.

THE MURDERED PEDLER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

(Concluded.)

All was now still in the house, but Kathleen could not sleep. She was feverish and restless; her limbs ached, her head throbbled and burned, undefinable fears beset her fancy; and whenever she tried to compose herself to slumber, the faces of the two men she had left below flitted and glared before her eyes. A sense of heat and suffocation, accompanied by a parching thirst, came over her, caused, perhaps, by the unusual closeness of the room. This feeling of oppression increased till the very walls and rafters seemed to approach nearer and close upon her all around. Unable any longer to endure this intolerable smothering sensation, she was just about to rise and open the door or window, when she heard the whispering of voices. She lay still and listened. The latch was raised cautiously, the door opened, and the two Hogans entered; they trod so softly that, though she saw them move before her, she heard no footfall. They approached the bed of Halloran, and presently she heard a dull heavy blow, and then sounds—appalling, sickening sounds—as of subdued struggles and smothered agony, which convinced her that they were murdering the unfortunate pedler.

Kathleen listened, almost congealed with horror, but she did not swoon: her turn, she thought, must come next, though in the same instant she felt instinctively that her only chance of preservation was to counterfeit profound sleep.—The murderers, having done their work on the poor pedler, approached her bed, and threw the gleam of their lantern full on her face; she lay quite still, breathing calmly and regularly. They brought the light to her eyelids, but they did not wink or move; there was a pause, a terrible pause, and then a whispering: and presently Kathleen thought she could distinguish a third voice, as of exhortation, but all in so very low a tone that, though the voices were close to her she could not hear a word that was uttered.—After some moments, which appeared an age of agonizing suspense, the wretches withdrew, and Kathleen was left alone, and in darkness. Then, indeed, she felt as one ready to die; to use her own affecting language, "the heart within me," she said, "melted away like water, but I was resolute not to swoon, and I did not. I knew that if I would preserve my life, I must keep the sense in me, and I did."

Now and then she fancied she heard the murdered man move, and creep about in his bed, and this horrible conceit almost maddened her with terror; but she set herself to listen fixedly, and convinced her reason that all was still—that all was over.

She then turned her thoughts to the possibility of escape. The window first suggested itself: the faint moonlight was just struggling through its dirty and cobwebbed panes. It was very small, and Kathleen reflected, that besides the difficulty, and, perhaps, impossibility of getting through it, it must be some height from the ground: neither could she tell on which side of the house it was situated, nor in what direction to turn, supposing she reached the ground; and, above all, she was aware that the slightest noise must cause her instant destruction. She thus resolved upon remaining quiet.

It was fortunate that Kathleen came to this determination, for without the slightest previous sound the door again opened, and in the faint light to which her eyes were now accustomed, she saw the head of the old woman bent forward in a listening attitude; in a few minutes the door closed, and then followed a whispering outside. She could not at first distinguish a word until the woman's sharper tones broke out, though in suppressed vehemence, "If ye touch her life, Barney, a mother's curse go with ye! Enough's done."

"She'll live, then, to hang us all," said the miscreant son.

"Sooner than that, I'd draw this knife across her throat with my own hands; and I'd do it again and again, sooner than they should touch your life, Barney, jewel; but no fear, the creature's asleep, or dead already with the fright of it."

The son then said something which Kathleen could not hear; the old woman replied,

"Hish! I tell ye, no—no; the ship's now in the Cove of Cork that's to carry her over the salt seas far enough out of the way; and haven't we all she has in the world? and more, didn't she take the bit out of her own mouth to put it into mine?"

The son again spoke inaudibly; and then the voices ceased, leaving Kathleen uncertain as to her fate.

Shortly after the door opened, and the father and son again entered, and carried out the body of the wretched pedler. They seemed to have the art of treading without noise, for though Kathleen saw them move, she could not hear the sound of a footstep. The old woman was all

this time standing by her bed, and every now and then casting the light full upon her eyes; but as she remained quite still, and apparently in a deep calm sleep, they left her undisturbed, and she neither saw nor heard any more of them that night.

It ended at length—that long, long night of horror. Kathleen lay quiet till she thought the morning sufficiently advanced. She then rose, and went down into the kitchen: the old woman was lifting a pot off the fire, and nearly let it fall as Kathleen suddenly addressed her, and with an appearance of surprise and concern, asked for her friend the pedler, saying that she had just looked into his bed, supposing he was still asleep, and to her great amazement had found it empty. The old woman replied, that he had set out at early daylight for Mallow, having only just remembered that his business called him that way before he went to Cork, Kathleen affected great wonder and perplexity, and reminded the woman that he had promised to pay for her breakfast.

"An' so he did, sure enough," she replied, "and paid for it too; and by the same token, didn't I go down to Ballygowna myself for the milk and male before the sun was over the tree tops; and here it is for ye, ma colleen;" so saying, she placed a bowl of stirabout and some milk before Kathleen, and then sat down on the stool opposite to her, watching her intently.

Poor Kathleen! she had but little inclination to eat, and felt as if every bit would choke her: yet she continued to force down her breakfast, and apparently with the utmost ease and appetite, even to the last morsel set before her. While eating she inquired about the husband and son, and the old woman replied, that they had started at the first burst of light to cut turf in a bog, about five miles distant.

When Kathleen had finished her breakfast, she returned the old woman many thanks for her kind treatment, and then desired to know the nearest way to Cork. The woman Hogan informed her that the distance was about seven miles, and though the usual road was by the highway from which they had turned the preceding evening, there was a much shorter way across some fields which she pointed out, Kathleen listened attentively to her directions, and then bidding farewell with many demonstrations of gratitude, she proceeded on her fearful journey.—The cool morning air, the cheerful song of the early birds, the dewy freshness of the turf, were all unnoticed and unfeared; the sense of danger was paramount, while her faculties were all alive and awake to meet it, for a feverish and unnatural strength seemed to animate her limbs. She stepped on, shortly debating with herself whether to follow the directions given by the old woman. The high road appeared the safest: on the other hand, she was aware that the slightest betrayal of mistrust would perhaps be followed by her destruction; and thus rendered brave even by the excess of her fears, she determined to take the cross path. Just as she had come to this resolution she reached the gate, which she had been directed to pass through; and without the slightest apparent hesitation she turned in and pursued the lonely way through the fields. Often did she fancy she heard footsteps stealthily following her, and never approached a hedge without expecting to see the murderers start up from behind it; yet she never once turned her head, nor quickened nor slackened her pace:

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind his tread.

She had proceeded in this manner about three-quarters of a mile, and approached a thick and dark grove of underwood, when she beheld seated upon the opposite stile an old woman in a red cloak. The sight of a human being made her heart throb more quickly for a moment; but on approaching nearer, with all her faculties sharpened by a sense of danger, she perceived that it was no old woman, but the younger Hogan, the murderer of Halloran, who was thus disguised. His face was partly concealed by a blue handkerchief tied round his head and under his chin, but she knew him by the peculiar and hideous expression of his eyes; yet with amazing and almost incredible self-possession, she continued to advance without manifesting the least alarm, or sign of recognition; and walking up to the pretended old woman, said in a clear voice, "The blessing of the morning on ye, good mother! a fine day for travellers like you and me!"

"A fine day," he replied, coughing and mumbling in a feigned voice, "but ye see—hugh ugh!—ye see I've walked this morning from the Cove of Cork, jewel, and troth I'm almost spent; and I've a bad cold, and a cough on me, as ye may hear;" and he coughed vehemently. Kathleen made a motion to pass the stile, but the disguised old woman, stretching out a great bony hand, seized her gown. Still Kathleen did not quail. "Musha, then, have ye nothing to give a poor old woman?" said the monster, in a whining tone.

"Nothing have I in this wide world," said Kathleen, quietly disengaging her gown, but without moving. "Sure it's only yesterday I was robbed of all I had but the little clothes on my back, and if I hadn't met with charity from others, I had starved by the wayside by this time."

"Och! and is there no place hereby where they would give a potato and a cup of cowlid water to a poor old woman ready to drop on her road?"

Kathleen instantly pointed forward to the house she had just left, and recommended her to apply there. "Sure they're good, honest people, though poor enough, God help them," she continued, "and I wish ye, mother, no worse luck than myself had, and that's a good friend to treat you to a supper—ay, and a breakfast too; there it is, ye may just see the light smoke rising like a thread over the hill, just fornest ye; and so God speed ye!"

Kathleen turned to descend the stile as she spoke, expecting to be again seized, with a strong and murderous grasp; but her enemy, secure in his disguise, and never doubting her perfect unconsciousness, suffered her to pass unmolested.

Another half-mile brought her to the top of a rising ground, within sight of the high-road; she could see crowds of people on horseback and on foot, with cars and carriages passing along in one direction; for it was, though Kathleen did not then know it, the first day of the Cork Assizes. As she gazed, she wished for the wings of a bird, that she might in a moment flee over the space which intervened between her and safety; for though she could clearly see the high-road from the hill on which she stood, a valley of broken ground at its foot, and two wide fields still separated her from it; but with the same unflinching spirit, and at the same steady pace, she proceeded onwards; and now she had reached the middle of the last field, and a thrill of newborn hope was beginning to flutter at her heart, when suddenly two men burst through the fence at the farther side of the field, and advanced towards her. One of these she thought at the first glance resembled her husband, but that it was her husband himself was an idea which never entered her mind. Her imagination was possessed with the one supreme idea of danger and death by murderous hands; she doubted not that these were the two Hogans in some new disguise, and silently recommending herself to God, she steered her heart to meet this fresh trial of her fortitude; aware, that however it might end, it must be the last. At this moment one of the men, throwing up his arms, ran forward, shouting her name, in a voice—a dear and well known voice, in which she could not be deceived: it was her husband.

The poor woman, who had hitherto supported her spirits and her self-possession, stood as if rooted to the ground, weak, motionless, and gasping for breath. A cold dew burst from every pore; her eyes tingled, her heart fluttered as though it would burst from her bosom. When she attempted to call out, and raise her hand in token of recognition, the sounds died away rattling in her throat; her arm dropped powerless at her side; and when her husband came up, and she made a last effort to spring towards him, she sank down at his feet in strong convulsions.

Reilly, much shocked at what he supposed the effect of sudden surprise, knelt down and chafed his wife's temples; his comrade ran to a neighboring spring for water, which they sprinkled over her: when, however, she returned to life, her intellects appeared to have fled forever, and she uttered such wild shrieks and exclamations, and talked so incoherently, that the men became exceedingly terrified, and poor Reilly himself almost as distracted as his wife. After vainly attempting to soothe and recover her, they at length forcibly carried her down to the inn at Ballygowna, a hamlet about a mile farther on, where she remained for several hours in a state of delirium, one fit succeeding another with little intermission.

Towards evening she became more composed, and was able to give some account of the horrible events of the preceding night. It happened, opportunely, that a gentleman of fortune in the neighborhood, and a magistrate, was riding by late that evening on his return from the Assizes at Cork, and stopped at the inn to refresh his horse. Hearing that something unusual and frightful had occurred, he alighted, and examined the woman himself, in the presence of one or two persons. Her tale appeared to him so strange and wild, from the manner in which she told it, and her account of her own courage and sufferings so exceedingly incredible, that he was at first inclined to disbelieve the whole, and suspected the poor woman either of imposture or insanity. He did not, however, think proper totally to neglect her testimony, but immediately sent off information of the murder to Cork.—Constables, with a warrant, were despatched the same night to the house of the Hogans, which

they found empty, and the inmates already fled; but after a long search the body of the wretched Halloran, and part of his property, were found concealed in a stack of old chimneys among the ruins; and this proof of guilt was decisive.—"This country was instantly 'up';" the most active search after the murderers was made by the police, assisted by all the neighboring peasantry; and before twelve o'clock the following night the three Hogans, father, mother, and son, had been apprehended in different places of concealment, and placed in safe custody. Meantime, the Coroner's inquest, having sat on the body, brought in a verdict of wilful murder.

As the judges were then at Cork, the trial came on immediately; and from its extraordinary circumstances, excited the most intense and general interest. Among the property of poor Halloran discovered in the house were a pair of shoes and a cap, which Kathleen at once identified as belonging to herself, and Reilly's silver watch was found on the younger Hogan. When questioned how they came into his possession, he sullenly refused to answer. His mother eagerly, and as if to shield her son, confessed that she was the person who had robbed Kathleen in the former part of the day, that she had gone out on the Carrick road to beg, having been left by her husband and son for two days without the means of support; and finding Kathleen asleep, she had taken away the bundle, supposing it contained food; and did not recognize her as the same person she had robbed until Kathleen offered her part of her supper.

The surgeon, who had been called to examine the body of Halloran, deposed to the cause of his death; that the old man had been first stunned by a heavy blow on the temple, and then strangled. Other witnesses deposed to the finding of the body; the previous character of the Hogans, and the circumstances attending their apprehension; but the principal witness was Kathleen. She appeared, leaning on her husband, her face was ashy pale, and her limbs too weak for support; yet, she, however, was perfectly collected, and gave her testimony with that precision, simplicity, and modesty, peculiar to her character. When she had occasion to allude to her own feelings, it was with such natural and heart-felt eloquence that the whole court was affected; and when she described her encounter at the stile, there was a general pressure and a breathless suspense; and then a loud murmur of astonishment and admiration, fully participated by even the bench of magistrates. The evidence was clear and conclusive; and the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict, guilty—Death.

When the miserable wretches were asked, in the usual form, if they had anything to say why the awful sentence should not be passed upon them, the old man replied by a look of idiotic vacancy, and was mute—the younger Hogan answered sullenly, "Nothing;" the old woman, staring wildly on her son, tried to speak; her lips moved, but without a sound—and she fell forward on the bar in strong fits.

At this moment Kathleen rushed from the arms of her husband, and throwing herself on her knees, with clasped hands, and cheeks streaming with tears, begged for mercy for the old woman. "Mercy, my lord judge!" she exclaimed. "Gentlemen, your honors, have mercy on her.—She had mercy on me! She only did their bidding. As for the bundle, and all in it, I give it to her with all my soul, so it is no robbery. The grip of hunger is hard to bear; and if she hadn't taken it then, where would I have been now?—Sure they would have killed me for the sake of it, and I would have been a corpse before your honors this moment. O mercy! mercy for her! or never will I sleep asy on this side of the grave."

The judge, though much affected, was obliged to have her forcibly carried from the court, and justice took its awful course. Sentence of death was pronounced on all the prisoners; but the woman was reprieved, and afterwards transported. The two men were executed within forty-eight hours after their conviction, on the Gallows Green.

They made no public confession of their guilt, and met their fate with sullen indifference. The awful ceremony was for a moment interrupted by an incident which afterwards furnished ample matter for wonder and speculation among the populace. It was well known that the younger Hogan had been long employed on the estate of a nobleman in the neighborhood; but having been concerned in the abduction of a young female, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, which for want of legal evidence could not be brought home to him, he was dismissed; and, finding himself an object of general execration, he had since been skulking about the country, associating with house-breakers and other lawless and abandoned characters. At the moment the hangman was adjusting the rope round his neck, a shrill voice screamed from the midst of the crowd; "Barney Hogan! do ye mind Grace

Power, and the last words ever she spoke to ye." There was a general movement and confusion; no one could or would tell whence the voice proceeded. The wretched man was seen to change countenance for the first time, and raising himself on tiptoe gazed wildly round upon the multitude; but he said nothing, and in a few minutes he was no more.

The reader may wish to know what has become of Kathleen, our heroine, in the true sense of the word. Her story, her sufferings, her extraordinary fortitude, and pure simplicity of character, made her an object of general curiosity and interest; a subscription was raised for her, which soon amounted to a liberal sum; and they were enabled to procure Reilly's discharge from the army. Mr. L., the magistrate who had first examined her in the little inn at Ballygowna, made her a munificent present, and anxious, perhaps, to offer yet farther amends for his former doubts of her veracity, he invited Reilly, on very advantageous terms, to settle on his estate, where he rented a neat cabin, and a handsome lot of potato ground. There Reilly and his Kathleen were living some years ago, with an increasing family, and in the enjoyment of much humble happiness; and there, for aught we know to the contrary, they may be living at this day.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE VERDICT AGAINST THE ITALIAN ASSASSINS.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The sentence of death, pronounced by the French Tribunal within the last week on the conspirators of the 14th of January, is at once a conclusive commentary of the just policy of Southern Europe, and a palpable condemnation of the past revolutionary conduct of England. During several years past the English press published daily articles from their Correspondents at Naples, at Vienna, at Florence, at Paris, at Madrid, and at Lisbon, in which articles (patronised by the successive Leaders of Cabinets) the Monarchs of Catholic Europe were branded as unendurable tyrants: their laws painted as the vilest despotism: their police represented as the degraded instruments of an infernal slavery: and the national press exhibited as the mercenary tool for the extinction of public liberty. Whoever wishes to consult the files of the *Times* will learn the facts here stated, and will agree with me that the millions of Englishmen who have daily read that journal, down from the Prime Minister to the village weaver, have all joined in "the cry" of the *Times*, maligning the Thrones, believing the Institutions, and slandering the Religion of all Southern Europe. When one compares this Editorial system in one end of Europe with the plan pursued by the same papers towards their Northern neighbours; when we observe the praise bestowed on Denmark, Norway, and Sweden: or notice perchance the total silence observed towards Prussia, Hanover, and the German States, it is impossible to avoid arriving at the conviction that these English writers have been bribed, either by money or by an equivalent in Ministerial and popular patronage, to conceal the vicious policy of the North, and with equal injustice to belie the ancient and honored legislation of the South. In this case England has herself, in her own corporate national capacity, exhibited at home all the vices which she falsely ascribed to her Catholic neighbours abroad: and she now appears before mankind as having demonstrated by recent events that her own lying Press, her own past bigoted Cabinets, her own persecuting Ritual, and her own oppression towards a differing creed, was the unmistakable original from which she has long painted the picture of Southern Catholic Europe.

This is the peculiar art of English historians: they parade in public parchment laws of liberty, while concealing within the most grinding exclusion: they proclaim their Church as practising no exactions on the poor, while they wrench from the land the incredible revenue of eight and a half millions a year: they tell all mankind that English liberty is written on all the Institutions of the realm, while the motto on the Gates of Bandon is carved on every door in the empire. And when the inquirer will visit the Horse Guards, the naval colleges, the civil offices, the revenue departments, he will learn that all the exclusion, all the illiberality, all the bigotry of Catholic Europe combined in one arithmetical aggregate, does not equal in quality or in quantity the burning political, social, and religious sectarianism found even in any one English Government establishment. Like the artful cry of "Stop thief!" raised by the street robber, in order to divert pursuit, and thus escape detection, this is the old, well-practiced scheme of the English historians; ever charging other nations with their own crimes, while they themselves rob the world in their policy, and pervert mankind by a spurious Gospel and a counterfeit religion. But the hour has arrived when this

long deception has been detected... England shall retrace in disgrace... The Italian assassins at Paris... The civilized world now know the band of villains who long disturbed the laws of Naples...

March 11. D. W. C. The Archbishop of Dublin... The letter of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin to the Rev Mr Farrell...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—THE BYRNE FUND.—The letter of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin to the Rev Mr Farrell...

My DEAR MR. FARRELL.—Will you be so good as to hand over to the trustees of the Byrne Estate Fund the accompanying £2—viz. £2 from England...

REV. J. FARRELL, C.O. Westland-row. Mrs. Jane Cooke was received into the Church at Adare, on Sunday week, by the Rev. Mr. Cregan, C.C.—Muster-News.

DEPARTURE OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE.—On Wednesday his Excellency the Earl of Carlisle, K.G., the outgoing Lord Lieutenant, left Dublin Castle upon his way to England...

MR. BOWYER, M.P.—The hon. member for Dundalk, Mr. Bowyer, has just been elected by the Chapter of the Order at Rome a Knight of the Religious and Military Order of St. John of Jerusalem...

GOVERNMENT HACKS.—His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, in forwarding his subscription to the Defence Fund for Father Conway, delivers himself of some remarks upon "hacks" in general...

IT is melancholy to reflect, that after the promises and vows of the great National Party of '52 to protect the religious, social, and political interests of all those interests should be now placed in such imminent danger...

ANOTHER PROSECUTION OF THE PRIESTS.—We are grieved and surprised to find that the Poor Law Commissioners have thought fit to revive the prosecution against the estimable Curate of Glenamaddy...

THE CHARGE AGAINST MR. BUTT.—After a protracted and searching inquiry before a Committee of the House of Commons, Mr. Butt has been honorably acquitted of the charge of breach of privilege...

FATHER CONWAY.—The Rev. Father Conway, of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, has been a source of universal joy to the thousands of well-wishers which the Rev. gentleman has at home and abroad... His return home on yesterday was quite an ovation...

THE NEW MISSIONARIES.—The Rev. Father Conway, of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, has been a source of universal joy to the thousands of well-wishers which the Rev. gentleman has at home and abroad...

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR RELIEF OF DONEGAL.—We learn with much pleasure that Mr. Burke (editor of the Lamp) is about to deliver some lectures in different parts of London, in aid of the fund for the suffering people of Donegal...

THE POOR LAW COMMISSIONERS.—Six men were arraigned for being members of an illegal society known as Ribbonism. Mr. Smyly said that owing to the meritorious exertions of the Rev. Mr. Gallagher the persons were prepared to plead guilty...

LONGFORD ASSIZES.—Notwithstanding the predictions of our local crime-mongers, Longford has not forfeited its character as one of the most orderly and peaceful counties in Ireland...

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THE BARRISTERS.—The following is a list of the Barristers-at-Law who have been called to the Bar at the Inner Temple...

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The Freeman's Journal gives the following summary of the report of the Endowed Schools Commissioners...

The report extends over 287 closely printed pages of blue-book, and we can hardly hope, in giving a summary of the results arrived at, to do more than put our readers in possession of the more remarkable of the conclusions forced on the minds of the commissioners...

"We are of opinion that the art of reading is in general very imperfectly taught. We rarely met with a pupil whose elocution evinced an intelligent comprehension of the subject."

"History," the commissioners tell us, "is rarely taught." "Arithmetic" is not understood by the so-called teachers, and in some schools we even found an ignorance of enumeration—a subject which, however, receives due attention in the schools of the Christian Brothers and those of the National Board...

"The entire amount of endowments belonging to the Christian Brothers' Schools is very moderate. Several of them were inspected by our assistant commissioners, and are returned in the tables of schools and endowments. In their general reports some of our assistant commissioners notice the state of instruction in these schools."

Thus Mr. Crawford says,—"The most efficient schools in my opinion, are those managed by the community of Christian Brothers; and I attribute this efficiency to the excellence of their system, the training of the teachers, and their zeal in the cause of education."

Mr. Pennafather says,—"In the school under the management of the community of the Christian Brothers, which I was directed to visit, I found the teaching efficient and the masters zealously devoted to their work."

Doctor McBlain says,—"I was much impressed with the general aspect presented by these schools, and particularly with their discipline and order, combined with the cheerfulness and docility of the pupils. The boys educated in the Christian Brothers' schools have in general attained an unusual degree of proficiency in the different branches of learning in which they are instructed."

The superiority of these schools is, doubtless, in a great measure to be ascribed to the extraordinary personal influence exerted by the teachers over the pupils—an influence based on the distinction that these teachers have devoted their lives to the cause of education for no private or personal gain or reward, but solely in the discharge of a sacred and self-imposed duty."

of non-exclusive, and they recommend that these, together with a great many other lesser foundations, be placed under a general board, which is to regulate the present Education Board, and that the grammar schools and higher class schools constitute, in connection with the primary schools, now under the Board, a series of progressive schools for united secular education, and that the exhibitions in connection with Trinity College, now given to pupils of the Royal Schools, be increased and opened to all classes. Mr. Stephens, dissenting from this report, without stating his reasons. Mr. Hughes, the late Solicitor-General, dissented, and stated his reasons in a long and a very able letter, which is appended to the report. He objects to the principle of mixed education because he believes that religious education should form a portion of every system of education. The mixed system—that is, the system of mixing youth for the purpose of excluding religion—has been condemned by the Roman Catholic bishops and repudiated by the Protestant bishops; and on these grounds Mr. Hughes objects to the 'mixed' and prefers the separate systems. The separate system has been adopted by the Privy Council in England—it is the system that prevails in the only schools in Ireland—the schools of the Christian Brothers—which met the unqualified approval of the three Protestant commissioners, and, therefore, Mr. Hughes argues that the practical experience of the commissioners themselves, as well as the authoritative judgment of the heads of the two churches, demand that the separate system be the system of reform applied to these institutions.

The *Moniteur* contains an imperial decree granting a silver medal of honour of the first class to James Doyle, master of a pilot-boat, and Robert Byrne, master of a fishing-boat, of Kingstown, for saving the lives of three sailors of the crew of the French merchant-ship, France and Brazil.

CONVERSION.—We are able to state that the Rev. Robert Wilson, M.A., of Brighton, and formerly of Stapleford, near Crawley, Sussex, has been received into the Catholic Church. Mr. Wilson was at one time we are informed, Secretary of St. Nicholas's College, Shoreham; and took an active interest in the educational schemes of Mr. Woodard.—*Weekly Register*.

"Popish Conversion."—The London *Watchman* says: "The folly of looking mere education as a sure preservative from Popery is demonstrated by the events of every day. Such is the fact, independently of Protestant paragon and ecclesiastical connection. Church and Dissent, Independency and Presbytery, are alike humbled and mortified in the matter of Popish conversion. Where now is the son of the late celebrated Mr. Gunn, congregational pastor of Christ Church, Hants? Where the son of Dr. Henry Foster Burder? Having withdrawn from the community of his honored fathers to the Church of England, he at length succeeded to that of Rome; and to the great grief of his venerable parent, he now occupies an exalted place in the Eternal City."

THE DERIVIVES AND THE CONSPIRACY BILL.—We (Globe) have unquestionable authority for stating that the French ambassador, Count Persigny, was assured, both by Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, that they would give their strongest support to the measure introduced by Lord Palmerston for amending the law relating to conspiracies to murder, and that Mr. Disraeli further volunteered his opinion that the bill was not half strong enough. We shall be curious to see how the matter will be treated by those gentlemen who will find themselves next week mounted on the British lion for the edification of their constituents, or how they will explain the violation of their pledge to the French government, with which they are so anxious to establish relations of cordiality and confidence.

Lord Palmerston's government did more to turn the heart of the Irish people against English rule than even that of Lord John Russell, who talked himself out of office on the "mummy-of-superstition" key. The people now say—"There can be no faith placed in any section of the Whigs. They are all alike deaf to our cries—hardened against our complaints—reckless in their legislation." Thus have they exasperated the entire nation. There is no slight, no cruelty, no injury, no insult to our creed or country that they do not seem to laugh at.—The result is, that every Irishman, whether Protestant or Catholic, is beginning to see that nothing need be expected in the shape of just measures for Ireland from any English cabinet.—*Mayo Telegraph*.

Parliamentary reform will be postponed until 1859, if Lord Derby has his way. It was mooted in 1858, when the Whigs talked of considering it. It is mooted in 1858, and the considering cap is placed on a Tory head. Impatient and unpopular assemblies are traditionally said to be capricious; they have been docile enough in this matter. Lord John had a bill in view in 1831, it was postponed; Lord Derby in 1833, although sworn to resist the Deluge, was prepared to go into the question, though not just then; Lord Aberdeen, in 1853, actually presided over the introduction of a measure, but the Russian war intervened; Lord Palmerston, obtaining delay until 1857, promised to propose something next year; next year he is overthrown, and Lord Derby begs that the discussion may be deferred until 1859; early in 1859, in all human probability, he will return to opposition, if not earlier. Then, is a new Premier to come in, "totally unprepared," and ask for a year in which to mature his project? Upon this calculation we may have a Reform Bill in 1860.—*Leader*.

The unquenchable Spooner has given notice of his annual anti-Maynooth farce. It is truly sad to think that a statesman like Lord Derby should allow himself to be hampered by men of the Spooner and Beresford clique. Are they worth the discredit they bring upon him? and are their votes (by no means to be relied on) worth a thought in comparison with the support of a Gladstone, a Sidney Herbert, or a Duke of Newcastle?—*Union*.

Lord Naas, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in his election speech at Cockermonth, said that in Ireland there was much to be changed, much that needed reform. There was considerable skill required to prevent party spirit taking the place of sound and sober judgment, and there was ample opportunity for any one wishing to do so to serve his country well.

There seems a curious sort of retributive justice in the particular matter which caused Lord Palmerston's downfall. "His sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard," and certainly the saying was never more amusingly realized than in the case of the judicious bottle-holder of Continental conspirators, censured and dismissed for supineness, or cowardice in the cause of revolutionary Liberalism. This, however, is taking the less serious side of the question, because it is by no means clear that the charge preferred against the Whig Minister of betraying, through cowardice, the honor of the country, it is not founded on literal fact. It may seem strange to suppose the confidant and patron of Mazzini should have been wanting in zeal for the cause of revolution, and, still more, that the Minister who sent a British fleet to threaten Athens with a bombardment, and who has been ready any day these two years to utterly annihilate the King of Naples, should have failed in showing a proper spirit on receiving what the *Times* calls "an outrageously insolent despatch." The explanation, however, is easy. The old Roman maxim, "parcere subjectis et debellare superbis," is exactly reversed in the policy of the model British Minister. It is easy to bully Greece and Naples, but it would be dangerous to try that game with France. Bullying of the weak and trucking to the strong has been the leading idea of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, and, perhaps, that of the Minister of Louis Napoleon, asserted that England countenanced and favored political assassinations, the noble Premier's conscience informed him that, to some extent, the charge was only too true.—*Tablet*.

THE DUKEDOM OF DEVONSHIRE.—There is (so we hear) a claimant to the dukedom and its magnificent appanages in the person of a son of the late duke, by a lady to whom it is positively asserted, that his grace was privately married, by a Roman Catholic Oligarchy, the lady being a member of that Church. Such a marriage, though it might have been attended with illegality, would not be necessarily null or void, and the issue thereof might, undoubtedly, be the heir-at-law of his father, and therefore of the Duke of Devonshire, if the late duke had really been the rightful possessor of that exalted title. The claim, if formally advanced, will necessarily raise two important questions:—1st, whether the claimant is or is not the legitimate son of the late duke; and 2nd (supposing this point established in the affirmative), whether the late duke was or was not the legitimate son of his father, the fifth duke. The first question will, however, be the most serious; for, if the claimant should establish his own legitimacy, the Earl of Burlington will find it a rather difficult task, in the teeth of notorious facts and circumstances, to successfully maintain his own right to the title and estates of the Duke of Devonshire.—Everybody knows that the late duke's title was publicly recognised by the House of Lords and by all the members of his own family; and it would be rather awkward in the latter now, at the end of nearly fifty years since his grace's accession to the peerage, to come forward with a plea of illegitimacy in bar of his legitimate son's rights, such plea being founded upon evidence which, if it exists at all, must have been in their possession since 1811, and has been allowed to remain dormant all the time.—The establishment of such a plea would indeed be a serious offence against the constitution of parliament and in the event of its turning out that the late Duke of Devonshire has left a male heir, born in wedlock, as we are informed is the case, we more than doubt whether his right to succeed to the title will be disputed on the ground that the late duke was illegitimate. We understand there is no doubt at all as to the late duke having left sons who succeeded to very considerable property by his grace's death, and that the claim of one of these to the patrimonial honours and estates is now going through the preliminary stages necessary to a legal investigation.—*Court Circular*.

PROTESTANT INJUSTICE.—A very interesting Parliamentary return relating to the allowances granted by the State for the maintenance of religious services in Her Majesty's Army at home and abroad, during the years 1853, 4, 5, and 6, was printed this morning. It is gratifying to perceive that the Governments of late years appear better disposed to recognize the value of religious ministrations to the troops who fight our battles and maintain, at all hazards, the national honor. The disproportion between the amount allowed for Catholic Chaplains and for those of the Established Church is, however, sufficiently glaring to call for especial comment.—Deducting the soldiers of Scotch regiments who profess the Presbyterian Faith, the largest portion of the rank and file of the army is Catholic. Notwithstanding this fact, the allowance for Catholic worship in the year 1856 was within 28 per cent. of the amount granted to the few Presbyterian regiments in Her Majesty's Service. It appears that the total amount paid to officiating Clergymen of the Church of England in Great Britain, Ireland, and abroad, in the year 1856, was £30,440; to Catholic Clergymen, £6,375; and to Presbyterian Clergymen, £5,592. The Protestant Chaplains, it would therefore seem, get five times as large an allowance as the Catholic Chaplains, while the Presbyterian Chaplains get nearly as much as the Catholic. The allowance to Catholic Chaplains officiating in Ireland is beggarly in the extreme. The total amount allowed for Ireland in 1856 was £6,206; and of this sum the Protestants took upwards of two-thirds, or £4,035, the Catholics £1,559, and the Presbyterians £612. The stipends paid to the Catholic Chaplains vary from £5 per annum to £150; but even in the most Catholic parts of Ireland an absurd and insulting superiority is maintained in favor of the Protestant Church. Thus in Cork the Protestant Chaplains get £200, while the Catholics get £25; in Dublin the Protestants get £500, and the Catholics £130; in Mullingar the Protestants get £120, and the Catholics nothing; in Athlone the Protestants get £100, and the Catholics £30; at the Curragh (where the vast majority of the troops are Catholic) the Protestants get £300, while the Catholics get £50; at Charlemont the Protestant Chaplains get £80, while the Catholics get £5; at Newbridge the Protestants get £168, and the Catholic £18; and at Templemore the Protestants get £122, and the Catholic £64. Notwithstanding these unjust and insulting distinctions, it is but candid to admit that the grants for religious purposes have increased nearly 100 per cent. during the last four years. The total amount voted for Ireland in 1853 was £3,702; in 1854, £3,954; in 1855, £4,196; and in 1856, £6,206. The sum granted for foreign stations in 1857 was £9,196, of which only £1,080 was paid to Catholic Chaplains. The discrepancy between the respective allowances at home and abroad is even more glaring than in the instances to which I have already referred. At Quebec, for instance, the Protestant Chaplains get £365, and the Catholic £40.—At Kingston, (Canada) the Protestant gets £290, and the Catholic nothing; at Cape Town the Protestant gets £250, and the Catholic £26; at King William's Town the Protestant gets £250, and the Catholic £26; at Gibraltar the Protestant gets £250, and the Catholic £26; at Cephalonia the Protestant gets £240, and the Catholic £26; at Malta the Protestant gets £230 and an allowance of £10 for a Clerk, and the Catholic £20; at the Mauritius the Protestant gets £400, and the Catholic nothing; at Halifax the Protestant gets £546, and the Catholic £50; at St. Helena the Protestant gets £300, and the Catholic £75; at Dominica the Protestant gets £128, and the Catholic £131. The allowance to Protestant Chaplains in the Crimea in the year 1856 was £8,250; to Presbyterians, £3,122; and to Catholics, £2,850. It would seem by this return that prior to 1854 (the period of the Crimean war) it was not considered necessary to provide Catholic Bibles or Prayer-books for the use of Catholic soldiers. In that year, however, the Government provided 993 Douay Bibles, and in the following year 1,814; and in the year 1856 the number was increased, 9,378 Bibles: as against 26,072 of the Protestant version. The total expenditure on religious books for the use of the army in 1856 was £4,917 6s. 9d. The ground on which the distinction between the pay of Protestant and Catholic Chaplains is sought to be justified is the most fallacious and irrational that can be well imagined—namely, that the former may be married, and that the latter are notoriously not so. What on earth has this to do with the question? The money is voted by Parliament for a distinct service, and wages are granted by the State, as by private employers, for work and labor done. If the work and labor be done, it is the extreme of impertinence in the employer to inquire whether his servant be married or single. There are hundreds upon hundreds of unmarried Clergymen in the Church of England, and, no doubt, many unmarried Protestant Chaplains in the army; but no Vicars, Curates, or Chaplains of the Protestant Faith receive, by reason of their celibacy, smaller pay than their married colleagues in the Ministry. Not a bit of it!—*Dublin Freeman*.

It is rumored that in the investigations connected with the Orin trial, some curious disclosures have been made as to the means by which Mazzini visited Milan two years ago, as a courier in the family of a leading M.P. who has lately made himself conspicuous by the overthrow of Lord Palmerston's Government. The wife of a Catholic soldier of the 95th Regiment, named Nelson, was obliged to risk the loss of her allowance of six shillings a week from the Patriotic Fund, by withdrawing her three children from a Protestant school, in which the scrupulous and impartial Commissioners had placed them.

The Queen has announced her intention of visiting Birmingham to inaugurate the People's Park in the course of the present year—an act which shows the interest which Her Majesty takes in every movement that contributes to the health and comfort of the humbler classes. Good taste and a judicious appreciation of the circumstances of the times are visible in all the Queen's appearances in public in the great towns, where her visits form an event in the local history. The intended visit to Birmingham is a proof of this healthy feeling.

A FANCY SKETCH.—Let us venture on the venial fault of rejoicing that we are not in all respects like model republicans. We have just had an exciting struggle in the English House of Commons, involving a complete transfer of political power, and stimulating ancient grudges and recent passions into extraordinary vitality. Suppose that an episode of the party contest on the Conspiracy to Murder Bill had been described in the following manner:—About 4 in the morning Mr. Disraeli crossed the House to speak with Lord John Russell, and something occurred during his stay which induced him to object to the address of a Ministerial speaker on a point of order. Upon this Mr. M. T. Baines called out, "Why don't you go over to your own side, hang you, if you want to object?" What business have you on this side anyhow?" Mr. Disraeli retorted that the floor was free, and was returning to his seat, when the "gentleman from Leeds" met him, and asked, in a ruffianly tone, what he meant by that answer, adding, "I'll show you, you d—d Conservative puppy." The representative of Buckinghamshire answered, "You may think what you like, but let me tell you no beggarly lawyer shall come here to bully me as he does his witnesses." "We'll see about that," said Baines, and seized him by the throat. A short and ineffectual round was terminated by the interference of friends; but presently Mr. Baines rushed at Disraeli again, and seized him a second time, when he received from the successor of John Hampden a well-planted blow under the left ear, which fairly sprawled him on the floor. A dozen Ministerialists ran towards the combatants, some, doubtless, to keep the peace, others to have a hand in the fight. Grey, of Morpeth, Williams, of Kars, Wilson, of the Treasury, and the Ellices, father and son, were prominent in the scrimmage. The anti-Ministerial men sprang in a body to the rescue. Foremost came Mr. Bright, of Birmingham, a very athletic compact man, who bounded into the centre of the excited group, striking right and left with tremendous vigour. Pakington, of Droitwich, and Samuel Warren, of the northern bar, were equally ready for action. Roebuck kicked wildly at the shins of the veteran Premier; and Akroyd, of Huddersfield, appeared to have lost his head in the confusion, and taken the wrong side by mistake. For a moment or two it seemed as though we were to have a Kilkenny fight on a magnificent scale. Turner, of Manchester, had hold of Disraeli, when Bright struck him a severe blow, supposing that he was hurting that gentleman. Turner supposing it was Graham who struck him, dropped Disraeli and struck out at the baronet from Carlisle. The Lennoxes (Henry and Alexander) found themselves rather too closely engaged with Alfred Paget, of Lichfield, and his brother Clarence, of Sandwich, General Thompson caught up a heavy stoneware spittoon, with which to brain any one who might seem to deserve it; but, fortunately, did not get far enough into the crowd to find a fitting object for his vengeance. The Speaker yelled and rapped in vain; and the sergeant-at-arms marched to the scene of action, mace in hand, with no greater effect. The melee was not quelled until Fox, of Oldham, clutching the hair of Mr. —, apparently for the purpose of drawing him into chancery and pommeling him to greater satisfaction, found that the luxuriant wig of his antagonist came off in his left hand, while his right fist expended itself with tremendous force against the resisting air. The laughter excited by this incident terminated the battle. Change both the names, the facts are true. Everything that we have here set down from an imagination which may seem to have been indulged in the wildest extravagance, is related to have actually happened in the House of Representatives, at Washington, on the night of the 5th of February. The subject of discussion was the constitution that is to be given to the new State of Kansas; in other words, the policy of the Union in regard to the great question of the extension of slavery. The hostile parties, whose mutual relation we have compared to that of Ministerialists and the Opposition in the late division, are those which respectively designate themselves Democratic and Republican.—*Manchester Guardian*.

It appears now that the Sepoys were commanded by European, even by English officers, and unfortunately names are given. But then hereafter the story may be contradicted or explained, so uncertain is the whole Indian mythology. Should it prove true that European or English officers have deserted to the mutineers, perhaps fomented the sedition, we shall have a clue to the horrors of the campaign, and an adequate explanation of the atrocities committed, as well as the denial of them afterwards so authoritatively made. If English soldiers have adopted Hindoo or Mussulman habits, renouncing that outward profession of Christianity in which they had been nurtured, we have at once a solution of the enigmas. We see into the deep possibilities of wickedness to which such men would fall, and the cruel ferocity which would of necessity govern their lives. Men of sensual habits are always cruel, and only a sensualist could assume the religion of Mahomet, or plunge into the superstitions of the Hindoos. Such men as these, once in power, would turn round with a fury utterly indescribable upon those who are less wicked than themselves; neither would it surprise us to learn that the most exaggerated stories were true, if these apostates had anything to do with the facts on which they are based. It is said that an English officer had given his daughters in marriage to infidels, and had himself adopted their mode of life. If this officer can be traced, as it is alleged he can, among the rebel Sepoys, it is beyond all doubt certain that he must have been a cruel enemy to his countrymen. At once traitor, deserter, and apostate, triple chains of evil, he must have been a veritable fiend, a man whom no conscience could check nor law subdue. So much has been said of the Indian cruelties that it becomes a sort of obligation now to trace them to their source. Let us know the truth, whatever it may be, for even Sepoys do not deserve to be condemned unheard. If they are guilty of the acts attributed to them, let us know whether they were not urged on by others who once knew better. If apostates were in the rebel ranks, let us know who they were, how they came there, and what counsel they gave to the enemy, what evil they wrought against the race they abandoned. If the sours of the Indian Government are festering and incurable, let us know the truth, for it may be necessary to cut off gangrened limbs, to tear away dead flesh from the body, lest the whole should perish of corruption. The far East is a mysterious land, and men change their characters when they get far from home; it is, therefore, possible that the Anglo-Saxon, the Celt, and the Scot, when they settle down in India, assume something of the character of that population, which is of necessity cruel, because it is so profoundly corrupt. The knowledge of the truth about the Indian rebellion will enable us to judge more correctly what the India House may have been, and what the Board of Control is at this day. Corruption may have become a normal state of that immense Government, perhaps an incurable evil; and that Eastern habit, perhaps too seductive for the calmer temper of the West? One thing is clear, and perhaps an element in the general degradation, English Protestantism, has done its best to ruin India; on the one hand supporting the national superstitions, on the other robbing the people of what national virtues were left in them by the schools; it has founded, and the instruction it has furnished—*Tablet*.

ANGLICAN SQUABBLES.—The following statement has appeared in all the morning papers:—"The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has refused to consecrate a new church just completed in the parish of Horfield, a couple of miles from Bristol, by the Rev. Henry Richards, the Incumbent. His Lordship states that some time before the death of the late Bishop, Mr. Richards consented to the formation of a new district for the parish of Horfield, which was to be liberally endowed by the Horfield trustees, and of which the Bishop for the time being was to be the patron. Shortly after the appointment of his Lordship Mr. Richards withdrew his consent, alleging that he could not allow a person holding the religious views of his Lordship to nominate a Clergyman. Mr. Richards afterwards built a church, offering to endow it with 40l. a year if he should have the presentation; but to this the Bishop would not consent for upon the first vacancy in the living of Horfield the new district will be amply endowed by the trustees and the patronage preserved to the see. The Bishop says that the church can be used for Divine Worship, and that it can be consecrated and the district formed whenever Mr. Richards carries out his original agreement."

TWO SOLICITORS CHARGED WITH FORGERY.—On Saturday morning James and Charles Mellor, father and son, solicitors, recently in business at Ashton-under-Lyne, were brought before the magistrates that borough charged with forgery. Mr. Marriott, solicitor of Manchester, said the prisoners were captured in America, and brought to this country on two charges of forgery. One of these charges was the altering the word "one" to "four" in a receipt given to the Mellors by Simon Fothergill, of Manchester, whose wife was a legatee under the will of the late Mr. Hart, the administration of whose affairs had been placed in the hands of the elder prisoner.—The receipt had thus been passed off as £450.—When the prisoner had, in reality, only paid £150.—The second charge was for creating and passing off, as for value, a deed of conveyance, which purported to convey to a person named Prestwich certain property at Saddleworth, the name used as that of the conveyor being that of a clerk in Mellor's office.—The elder prisoner was charged with uttering these forgeries, and the son Charles with having engrossed the fictitious conveyance, asked the clerk to sign it, and that he had, as for himself, witnessed the signature. Evidence of a *prima facie* character only, upon which to ask for a remand, was given, and the magistrates then remanded the prisoners until Wednesday. It appears the prisoners were captured by Mr. Buckley of the Manchester detective police, who started in pursuit on January 15th last, with warrants for their apprehension, by the Canada steamer from Liverpool to Boston. From Boston he went to Portland, thence to Island Pond, Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, and Sandwick. At the last place he hired a wagon and proceeded to the prairie land of Illinois about thirty miles from St. Louis, where he arrived on February 6th. Here he found the prisoners staying at a farmhouse occupied by Mr. E. Heaps. He was introduced as a countryman, and did not disclose his errand until he had satisfied himself by conversation with them that they were the men he was in search of. He brought them home by the Edinburgh steamer from New York, and arrived at Ashton on Saturday, having travelled altogether between 3,000 and 10,000 miles. It was expected that the prisoners would have a large sum of money with them, the result of the heavy forgeries they committed, but Buckley only recovered £140 and some deeds. The prisoners held a highly respectable position at Ashton.

A most affecting incident took place at the War Office a day or two ago, which proves that ministers after all are but human. Lord Pamure met General Peel to hand over the records and explain to him all that had been done—which took a very short time—and all that had not been done, which was rather a tedious detail. General Peel listened with polite attention to all that the departing Secretary of State had to say for himself, and seemed deeply to sympathize in the sorrow which reddened his face and agitated his waistcoat. When the business of the interview was over, General Peel, with a degree of kindness that will never be forgotten, grasped the hand of the sobbing "Out," and in a tone worthy of the ordinary of Negvate when addressing a malefactor on the scaffold, or of a second in a duel, who sees it all up with his principal, said, "Tell me, tell me, my good lord, is there anything I can do to mitigate the affliction which bears you down?" The generosity of the appeal quite overcame the ex-captain of the 70th. Bursting into a torrent of grief, he exclaimed, "Oh, general, this is true humanity—my heart must speak. Take—take—oh, do take—care of Dowd!—*United Service Journal*."

THE DOCTRINE OF ASSASSINATION.—The *Morning Post* of Saturday insists that M. Walewski was right when he asserted that "assassination is erected into a doctrine and openly preached in England." In proof of this, our contemporary cites several extracts from, and promises to publish in full, a pamphlet entitled "Letter to Parliament and the Press," signed by Felix Pyat, Bossou, and A. Talandier, on behalf of the Committee of the Revolutionary Commune, and dated London, Feb. 24th, 1858. The pamphlet extends over fifteen pages, and, according to our contemporary, "It defends the right of assassination, and vindicates the late attempt in London having killed the ruffian, every citizen is bound to reply to force by force, to bullets by grenades, to caution by revolvers, to grape by fuming powder, to the Imperial Guard by infernal machines. 'What is the Imperial Guard but an infernal machine with a hundred thousand caps?' As for regicide, these gentlemen will not argue the question. They say, with those who executed Stuart, 'It is a right not to be discussed'; but they will not even admit the word 'regicide' in an attempt upon 'this person.' It is too good for him. He is a monster to be killed, assassinated, got rid of; and in such a praiseworthy attempt they say—alluding to the massacre of the Rue Lepelletier—'What does it signify that his paid and decorated accomplices, and five or six of his gendarmes and sbirri, should fall by his side and pick up pensions?' Human life is truly as nothing in the hands of these sanguinary and ferocious philanthropists. 'The Italian patriots—for this is how they term the villains—are not assassins, they are combatants, they die for their country.' As far as we are concerned, unhappily, we can pretend to nothing in the merits of their deed; we had not the honour of participating in their enterprise! After this frightful avowal, blasphemous steps in to render the thing more devilish—the cock would crow thrice if French voices did not acknowledge them."

BEGGING PARDON.—Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything happened to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying.—On one occasion, a few days before his death, he was treated to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him:—in the middle of his discourse he observed, with commotion in the gallery for some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed,—"What is the matter? The devil seems to have got among you." A plain country looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Hill in reply, said,—"No, sir; it aren't the devil's agents doing it; it's a fat lady, your wife, and she is a fat un, and don't seem likely to come out again in a hurry."—"Oh! that's all," observed Mr. Hill drawing his hand across his chin, "then I beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's, too."

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Orsini and Pierri have suffered the just punishment of their dastardly crimes. They were guillotined on the 13th ult. before a large crowd of spectators; Rudie the other conspirator had been respited. Little of interest has transpired in the British Parliament. From India there is nothing of consequence: the latest dates represent the bombardment of Lucknow as about to commence immediately.

We learn by the Persia that the French Ambassador, disgusted with the refusal of the Derby Government to proceed with the "Conspiracy Bill," is about to return to France. This bodes no good to the *criterie cordiale*. We hear also of great and unusual activity in the French dockyards.

Our friends in Toronto deserve the thanks of the community for the prompt and energetic action which, to their credit, they have inaugurated against the aggressions of Orangeism. To them be the honor of having been the first to come forward publicly to protest against the encouragement by the Legislature and Government of Canada, of this most dangerous institution. We hope that their example will be speedily followed throughout the Province; and that ere many weeks elapse, the table of the Legislative Assembly may be covered with petitions both from Upper and from Lower Canada, protesting respectfully, and constitutionally, but plainly and boldly, against any formal recognition by the Government of any Secret politico-religious association, whether "Orange" or "Ribbon."

Both are alike incompatible with the peace and prosperity of the country; both are alike odious in the eyes of all prudent statesmen and sincere Christians; and it is the duty of those to whom has been entrusted the government of this noble country to discountenance both alike. If the "Orangemen" are incorporated, and recognised by the Legislature to-day, why should not the "Ribbonmen" be incorporated, and in like manner formally recognised by the Legislature to-morrow? No valid reason can be assigned why the latter should be treated differently from the former; and the only statesmanlike way of dealing with these infamous and dangerous—because secret—societies, is to carefully abstain from giving to them the slightest semblance even of encouragement or recognition. Secret politico-religious organisations have been the bane of society in the Old World; if not promptly checked and actively discountenanced, they will ere long be the curse of society in the New.

We have therefore much pleasure in inserting the following petition against Orangeism from the citizens of Toronto, and in warmly recommending their public spirited conduct as worthy of imitation throughout the Province; for if Orangeism succeeds in obtaining from the Legislature the formal recognition and sanction which it is now asking for, the reign of civil and religious liberty in Canada is at an end forever:—

PETITION TO THE HONORABLE THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF CANADA:

The Humble Petition of the undersigned, Inhabitants of the City of Toronto and its vicinity,

HUMBLY SHewETH—

That Your Petitioners have learned with the deepest concern that a Bill is now before Your Honorable House, to incorporate a Secret Political Association, known as the Loyal Orange Institution of British North America.

That membership in the said Association is admittedly confined to persons professing one set of religious opinions, a fact which of itself establishes its exclusively sectarian character.

That the anniversary of the said Loyal Orange Institution is the 12th day of July,—the anniversary of a battle fought in the native land of a large section of the population of Toronto and vicinity; an event that naturally recalls the hostile feelings which it has been the settled policy of the British Empire, for many years past, to diminish and discourage.

That during the present year, and the year 1857, the Prime Minister of England, and the highest authorities in Ireland, have enforced, in the most conspicuous manner, this settled policy of the Empire.

That Your Petitioners have the best reasons to believe, should this Institution be legally recognized in Canada, that counter Associations for purposes of defence or retaliation will be formed—if such are not already in process of formation.

As loyal subjects of the Crown, and sincere friends of the peace and prosperity of the Country, the undersigned beg most earnestly and respectfully to submit to Your Honorable House, that the said so-called Loyal Orange Institution ought not to obtain the Act of Incorporation, for which they have now applied; and ought not, in any other particular, to be countenanced or encouraged by the Government of this Country.

(Signed)

Nor have the citizens of Montreal been altogether wanting at the present crisis, in the duty that they owe to themselves and to their country. The following petition has been prepared, and in the course of next week, will be presented to them for signature: whilst copies thereof for the same purpose will be left at Mr. Sadlier's store, corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier streets—at Mr. Flynn's, Alexander street, and at other places of which due notice will be given. We hope that every man will hasten to attach his name to this petition, which will be entrusted to our City members for presentation. This is no sectional or national question; it is not even an

exclusively Catholic question. French Canadians and Irishmen are alike concerned therein; Protestants as well as Catholics, have an interest in discouraging the further spread amongst us of secret politico-religious societies—those accursed firebrands which threaten our social edifice with destruction. This is eminently a citizen's question, in which men of all religions and of all creeds, may, and should take part; and it is in the sincere hope that they will so take part, that we lay before our readers the following form of petition to the Legislative Assembly against the formal recognition of any secret politico-religious organisation by our Canadian Legislature. We should be prepared to resist the progress of the Orange Incorporation Bill at every stage of its progress—in the House of Assembly—before the other Chamber should it arrive there—and, if necessary, before the Queen in Council; praying Her Majesty to withhold her sanction from a measure so fraught with peril to the best interests of her loyal subjects in Canada:—

TO THE HONORABLE, THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF CANADA.

The Petition of the undersigned, Inhabitants of the City of Montreal and its vicinity,

HUMBLY SHewETH—

That your Petitioners have learned with deep regret of the introduction of a Bill into your Honorable House, for the Incorporation of a secret politico-religious association, styling itself the Loyal Orange Institution of British North America.

That this Institution, after an existence of nearly half a century in Great Britain and Ireland, was, in the year 1835, made the subject of a most searching Parliamentary inquiry; to the evidence elicited before which your Petitioners would most respectfully refer your Honorable House, for the proofs of the dangerous nature of the Orange Institution.

That in consequence of that Parliamentary investigation, and of an address to the Throne by the House of Commons, and of the reply thereunto of His late Majesty William IV. strongly condemning the existence of Orange Lodges—more especially in the army—the Institution was abandoned by most of its leaders in Great Britain, in Ireland, and in the Colonies; and for some years ceased to excite the apprehensions or antagonism of any portion of Her Majesty's subjects.

Within a few years past, your Petitioners have seen this secret politico-religious organisation revived with new vigor, and with higher pretensions than before, throughout this Province; have seen it enter as a dictatorial power into Parliamentary and Municipal elections; have seen its leaders claim and obtain some of the highest, and many of the most important employments in the government of the country; and your Petitioners, as friends of the peace and prosperity of Canada, cannot but deeply deplore further to find, that whilst the Imperial authorities have firmly resisted, and still discountenance this attempted revival of the Orange Institution, the Provincial authorities of Canada have, most unfortunately for this portion of Her Majesty's dominions, taken an entirely opposite course. For your Petitioners are fully persuaded that—should this secret politico-religious organisation continue to spread, menacing as it does the dearest rights of Her Majesty's loyal Roman Catholic subjects in Canada—and that should it unfortunately receive the sanction of the Legislature and thereby be recognised as a power in the State—counter-secret politico-religious associations will be the inevitable consequence; and that scenes will ensue, at the very imagination of which all loyal subjects, and good Christians must shudder with horror.

Wherefore your Petitioners humbly pray:—

That the application of the Orange Association to be incorporated by Act of Parliament, may at once be rejected by your Honorable House; and that its rejection may be accompanied by such a condemnation of all secret politico-religious organisations, as shall effectually discourage their growth, and continued existence, under any pretence whatsoever, in this Province.

And your Petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

We are happy to learn from an esteemed Quebec correspondent that the citizens of the ancient capital of Canada are taking steps to petition against the Orange Incorporation Bill. This is no more than we expected from the well known public spirit of the Quebecers; and we hope that their example will be followed throughout Lower Canada.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN QUEBEC.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Quebec, March 26th, 1858.

DEAR SIR—The festival of Ireland's Patron Saint was celebrated here in the usual manner. At nine o'clock the St. Patrick's Society marched to Saint Patrick's Church, where a Grand Mass was chanted by the Very Rev. C. F. Cazeau, V.G., assisted by Deacon and Sub-Deacon. The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Horan, Bishop elect of Kingston. His text was—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace; of him that saitheth forth good, that preacheth salvation, that saith to Zion, Thy God shall reign! The voice of thy watchmen: they have lifted up their voice, they shall praise together: for they shall see eyes to eye when the Lord shall convert Zion."—ISAIAH liii. 1, 8, and not from ROMANS xv. 15, as erroneously stated in the Quebec *Vindicator*.

Mozart's Twelfth Mass was nicely sung by a choir of ladies and gentlemen—M. A. Tuore presiding at the organ. A splendid carpet, the gift of the ladies of the congregation, covered the sanctuary floor, and a magnificent silver lamp, the present of some unknown person, hung from the ceiling.

After Mass, the procession re-formed, and after saluting His Grace the Archbishop, and the Reverend Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, marched through the several streets of the city with drums beating, and banners fluttering in the breeze. About three o'clock this large procession of Erin's sons broke up with three cheers for old Ireland, and also with the hope of meeting again at the Literary and Musical Soiree to be given for the St. Patrick's Catholic Institute in the Music Hall.

As early as seven o'clock, in spite of the rain, and bad state of the roads, the Music Hall was crowded,

so much to that after that hour it was impossible for a person to get in further than the doors.

At eight, the Rev. B. M. Gauffin opened the proceedings of the evening with some very appropriate remarks; showing the motives why all were there assembled.

The sentiments proposed were—

1. "The Day, and all who honor it." Mr. D. Carey was to have responded to this sentiment; but being suddenly indisposed, was unable to do so.

2. "His Holiness Pope Pius IX."

3. "The Queen."

4. "Erin our Fatherland," responded to by Mr. Jeremiah Nolan in a very eloquent speech, which does him credit.

5. "Canada, the land of our adoption," responded to by Mr. O'Brien in an able manner.

6. "Our fellow-Colonists," responded to by Mr. T. J. Murphy in his usual brilliant style.

Last, though not least, "The Ladies," but unfortunately the young gentleman, Dr. Buckley, who was to respond to this sentiment was non est in actu, and consequently the dear creatures had no one to extol their charms, &c.

A brass band filled the orchestra, and discoursed sweet music several times during the evening. And here I may state that one of the military bands was asked, but the officers commanding refused to grant them permission to come, although their services would, as on last St. Patrick's Day, have been well paid for. This little act of anything but friendliness on the part of the Commanding Officers, will not soon be forgotten.

The choruses—"Thou' dark are our sorrows," "I'd mourn the hopes," "Soggarth Aroon," "God save the Queen," "Let Erin remember the days of old," "The Shamrock," "As slow our ship," and "Fly not yet"—were very nicely sung by a choir of ladies and gentlemen under the direction of Mr. Henry Carter, organist of the English cathedral. The solos—"The Banner of Britain," "Meeting of the Waters," "The Land of the West," "Then you'll remember me," and "Single blessedness," by Messrs. Wyse, Hopkins, G. Prendergast, and Wyse, and Dr. Buckley—were well sung. But the gems of the evening in regard to songs were—"I'm sitting on the style, Mary," by Mrs. Wyse; and the duet, "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme," sung by two ladies in a style that could scarcely have been excelled even by a Bishop, a Pnye, a Black Swan, or a Heron; I am sorry that I cannot mention their names, knowing that it would displease them.

Mr. Carter, "executed," so the programme stated, "several pieces of music" among the number was poor "Savourneen Dhealish."

At midnight, the happy assembly broke up, highly delighted with the doings of the evening.

The proceeds of the Soiree amount to \$400; thus crowning the efforts of the St. Patrick's Institute with success.

Yours in haste,

UPSILON.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN PERTH.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Perth, March 18th, 1858.

SIR—You may from some other source receive a more eloquent and correct description of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Perth, C.W.; if you do, throw this aside. A stranger among the people of Perth, and I may say a guest of the St. Patrick's Society on the occasion, so agreeably surprised, and so highly delighted was I with every thing I witnessed on this my first visit to that thriving town, that I cannot refrain from giving a few details of the celebration of the day.

In my boyish days, and in the fair land where it was my wont, year after year on each recurring St. Patrick's Day, to gather the ever fresh, the ever green, and the ever blooming emblem of Erin's conversion to the faith of the True God—the last echo of the eve's midnight chime did not die on the air, until the birth of Ireland's great festival was hailed by the joyous acclamations of myriads, the enlivening strains of music, and the far-booming roar of the cannon.

But on this occasion, it would seem that Perth endeavored to outstrip even Erin herself; for early on the eve the far-famed Henry Giles delivered to a vast audience one of his masterly lectures on the "Characteristics of the Irish people." Though he is not of us, so truthful is his delineation of the Irish character, and so unbounded and enthusiastic is his admiration of the "Island of Saints" and martyrs, of that land of song and eloquence, that every Catholic heart was filled with grief, because the great lecturer was not a spiritual child of St. Patrick.

The morning was cloudy, and threatened to grow into a very unfavorable day; nevertheless, from early dawn, crowds were seen thronging in from all the surrounding townships. At nine o'clock the members of the St. Patrick's Society formed into procession at their rooms; and with flags streaming, with banners reared aloft, and headed by the Perth St. Patrick's Band, they marched in order to the church. The beautiful building was crowded to the utmost, and hundreds without even standing room in the church, were obliged to remain outside during the celebration of the Divine Mysteries.

High Mass was celebrated by the Pastor, the Very Rev. J. H. McDonagh, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Hay of St. Andrews, as Deacon, and by the Rev. Mr. O'Connor of Cornwall, as Sub-Deacon—the Rev. Dr. Madden acting as Master of the Cereemonies. This last named gentleman was also the preacher of the day. His discourse was truly magnificent, and lasted an entire hour in its delivery—the whole audience uninterruptedly wrapt in the most intense attention.—It was a sermon highly worthy of the occasion, and more than a fair sample of the highest range of eloquence, for which his countrymen are so justly famed. The singing of the celebrant and of the choir—the accompaniment on the splendid organ—the occasional strains from the band—the beautiful sanctuary—the crowded aisles of the magnificent church—all contributed to render the celebration one of the most pleasing I have ever witnessed.

There was one heart there whose happy emotions I could scarcely refrain from envying. It was that of the celebrant—surrounded by the people whose "soggarth aroon" he has been for full twenty years—in that temple due to his untiring exertions. Beholding the signs of the prosperity and happiness of his beloved flock, every thing spoke to his heart words of joy, and filled his soul with gratitude to God, Who had done for them and for himself all that he beheld.

After Mass, the procession re-formed, and after marching through the principal streets, it deployed before the Presbytery, where three hearty cheers, and one more, were given for their Pastor, and President of their Society, three for the Preacher, three for the Pope, and three for the Queen; then the band, accompanied by the voices of the people, struck up the Imperial anthem, after which all quietly dispersed to their several homes.

In the evening, some eighty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous repast in the fine hall attached to Mr. Doohor's hotel. The Very Rev. Mr. McDonagh, as President of the St. Patrick's Society, occupied the chair, the croupiers' seats being ably filled by the Vice-Presidents, J. Browne and P. McDonagh, Esqrs. It gave me great pleasure to behold at the Chairman's right, Henry Giles, Esq., the eloquent lecturer of the eve. Near the chair also, I observed the Rev. Messrs. Hay, O'Connell, and O'Connor, and the Rev. Dr. Madden. After the repast, several toasts, admirably prefaced, were given from the Chair, and were drunk with all the honors. Mr. Giles, in his usual eloquent style, delivered an appropriate address.—The Rev. Dr. Madden, and the Rev. Messrs. Hay and O'Connor responded eloquently and feelingly to the several toasts to which they were called on to reply.—I cannot pass over unnoticed one portion of the proceedings. It was when the Chairman, turning to the Rev. Mr. Hay, requested him as the oldest Clergyman present to give the next sentiment on the list

"The memory of the deceased Bishops of the Diocese of Kingston, the Right Rev. Drs. McDonnell, Gaulin, and Phelan." These were the representatives of the three nations of which the Church in Canada is chiefly composed—Canadian, Scotch, and Irish. The Catholic understands the significance of this toast. In the Church all are of the one household of the Faith, and equally dear to all must be the memory of the great and good, no matter of what clime, or of what nationality.

The following are the toasts as given from the Chair on the occasion:—

"The Day we celebrate."

"Our Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX."

"Our Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria."

"Our own loved Erin."

"The Memory of Daniel O'Connell."

"Canada, the land of our homes."

"The memory of the deceased Bishops of the Diocese of Kingston—the Rt. Rev. Drs. McDonnell, Gaulin, and Phelan."

"The Hierarchy of Ireland."

"The Memory of Father Matthew."

"The Ladies."

The following voluntary toast was proposed by T. Foote, Esq.:

"Success to the St. Patrick's Society of Perth."

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

H.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN OSHAWA.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Oshawa, March 24th, 1858.

MR. EDITOR—Allow me to ask insertion for a few brief remarks in the columns of your valuable and talented paper, concerning the celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

The mornings of the 17th, and the previous day, were extremely wet and disagreeable; and the roads were indescribably bad. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, the church of St. Gregory was densely crowded. The interior of the church was very tastefully decorated with evergreens, natural and artificial flowers, &c. High Mass was sung by the Rev. Mr. Coyac, a young clergyman, who has been but a few months ordained; he was assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Walsh and Lee. The greater number of the congregation received Communion that morning. The Rev. Mr. Lee delivered a very eloquent and impressive sermon on the fidelity of the Irish Catholic to the faith planted by St. Patrick in the Emerald Isle; on the persecutions, hardships and stratagems, that are practised by their enemies, in order to wrest their faith from them; and on the privations, unfriendliness and contempt they receive from strangers, when cast on foreign shores. As the Rev. preacher truly remarked, it was to the Catholic priests alone that the poor emigrants could appeal with confidence as their friends and protectors; who are ever ready and willing to make any sacrifice for the comfort and happiness of the poor; to console them in their afflictions and misfortunes, and seek shelter and employment for numbers of them. He then spoke of the manner in which many Catholics are drawn from their faith. The sermon being ended, the Rev. Mr. Proulx, our worthy and zealous Pastor, ascended the altar, and gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The ceremonies of the day having concluded, the people returned to their respective homes, delighted and gratified with the proceedings of the day, which were characteristic of Irishmen and Christians.

VENIUS.

ORANGEISM.—We would call the attention of our readers to the subjoined important document; being a despatch from Lord Glenelg to a former Governor of Upper Canada, who, like the present Governor-General—though not to the same extent—had manifested a disposition to encourage, and promote the growth of Orangeism in this portion of the British Empire. This document is well worthy of the careful perusal and serious attention of the community in general, and of the Canadian Legislature in particular; as it illustrates in the clearest manner possible, the policy which for now near a quarter of a century, the wisest statesmen of the British Empire have felt it to be their duty to adopt towards Orangeism, and other secret politico-religious societies. It will be seen from its date that it was written shortly after the celebrated Address to King William IV. from the House of Commons, wherein Orangeism was so emphatically condemned, as repugnant to the spirit of the British Constitution, and as dangerous to the peace of the country, the discipline of the army, and the well being of society; whilst from its contents it will be seen how a Canadian Governor was snubbed by the Imperial authorities, for conduct not half so gross, or unbecoming his official situation, as that of which Sir Edmund Head has of late years been guilty. So severely was this snubbing felt by Sir F. B. Head that he attempted—so at least it is said—to suppress the despatch, and to keep its contents a secret from the public. Here it is however, and most applicable is it in every word to the present posture of affairs in Canada:—

Downing Street, 24th Aug. 1836.

SIR—I have the honour to enclose for your information a copy of a return which has been presented to the House of Commons in pursuance of an Address of that House to His Majesty, adopted on the motion of Mr. Hume, M. P.

I am aware from a comparison of the dates, that at the time when you received the Address of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, a copy of which is contained in the enclosed parliamentary paper, you could not have been aware of the proceedings which had taken place in the month of February last, in the House of Commons, relative to Orange Lodges; and that you could not at that time have received my despatch of the 27th of February, transmitting to you a copy of the Address to the King from the House of Commons on this subject, and of His Majesty's answer to that Address. On the recent occasion of those observations reflecting on your conduct, with reference to this question, being made in the House of Commons, Sir George Grey felt it his duty distinctly to state this fact to the House, as materially affecting any opinion which might be formed on the policy or propriety of the terms of your answer to the Address of the Assembly of Upper Canada. I need scarcely observe, that there is nothing which His Majesty's Government would more deeply regret, than that while their unremitting endeavors are directed in this country, and especially in Ireland, to check the evils which have been engendered by religious differences, and to put a stop to irritation and violence which partly processions are calculated to produce, any semblance of indifference to the same important subject should be manifested by His Majesty's Representatives in other parts of his dominions. I am far from assuming that you do not cordially enter into the views of His Majesty's Government on this subject; and I should be doing you a great injustice, if I could admit a question as to your zealous co-opera-

tion with them in discountenancing those passions and animosities which, especially when connected with religious differences, are the fruitful sources of innumerable evils, and throw the greatest obstacles in the way of the welfare and prosperity of any country. I have however, felt it incumbent on me to call your attention to this return; in the full confidence that it is your purpose to administer the Government which His Majesty has confided to you, with the strictest impartiality, and with the single object of advancing the real interests of every class of His Majesty's subjects in the Province.

I have, &c.

(Signed) GLENELG.

Lieutenant Governor Sir F. B. Head,

K. C. H. &c., &c., &c.

We would particularly request the reader to take notice of the passage marked in Italics; and to remember that it is not Mr. McGe, not a Papist, who therein gives utterance to his natural feelings of hostility to Orangeism; but that it is the calm and deliberate judgment of a British Protestant statesman upon that institution, and the formal declaration of the policy which the Imperial authorities desire to see adopted towards Orangeism throughout the Empire. "Any semblance" even "of indifference" on the part of a Colonial Governor to the evils inevitably accruing from the growth of Orangeism, would have been a subject of the deepest regret to His Majesty's Government in the days of William IV.; can we then believe that his successor, our present beloved Sovereign Queen Victoria, would approve of a policy which her predecessor's Government condemned?—or that conduct which drew down the severest censures of the Imperial authorities upon the head of a Colonial Governor in 1836, might be repeated, and even surpassed in indecency, by another Colonial Governor 1856? No; and if the person who now, to our disgrace, and for the misfortune of Canada, misrepresents amongst us our Sovereign Lady the Queen, has hitherto escaped censure, it is because we—Catholics—have not had the courage and honesty to bring his most unstatesmanlike, and most ungentlemanly, conduct under the notice of Her Majesty's Government.

From the above despatch we may also judge with what sentiments of regret, surprise and indignation that Government—unless it has within the few last weeks renounced the policy which it has under every successive administration, consistently followed for the last twenty years—would learn that a secret politico-religious society, discountenanced at home, as the fruitful parent of riots, of bloodshed, and of murder, is, in Canada, openly countenanced by the Governor-General, protected by the first Law Officers of the Crown, and recognised as the supreme power in the Legislature; and that, though in Canada as in Ireland its path is stained with blood, it defies the law, mocks at our tribunals, and claims from the Provincial Parliament a formal recognition in virtue of a special Act of Incorporation—an Act for which we say, without hesitation, there is no precedent in the History of Great Britain, or of any other community.

Yes; it is not enough that the Law officers of the Crown, instead of being the guardians of the rights, the lives, and property of Her Majesty's loyal subjects, should connive at, if not openly encourage, the murder of Papists, and outrages upon their persons and property; it is not enough that Orange Magistrates should shelter Orange criminals from the punishment due to their crimes—that Orange Law Officials should set a premium upon perjury, and should systematically pack the juries, in order to procure the condemnation of innocent Papists, and the acquittal of their "Dear Brother" Orangeman with hands still reeking with the blood of the Irish Catholic whom he has murdered—it is not enough that a Governor-General, unmindful of what he owes to His Sovereign, and to the people of Canada, should give official sanction to an organisation, condemned by statesmen of all parties at home, and odious in the eyes of all Her Majesty's Catholic subjects. That all these things should be, is not enough to satisfy the cravings of Orangeism after absolute power, and uncontrolled "Ascendancy." No; it must assert that Ascendancy in the Courts of the Legislature as well as in the Courts of Law; even Parliament—may! the Crown itself, in the person of the Vice-Roy, must do homage to it; and every authority in the State must bow down and do it reverence, as the one supreme authority in Canada.

This is the sole meaning of the present effort to obtain an Act of Incorporation from the Legislature. It is the recognition of Orangeism by the Legislature, as a legitimate and useful organisation that the promoters of this measure aim at; for this recognition obtained, they know that it would speedily become irresistible. It is for this reason that we are bound as Catholics, as the maintainers of religious equality, and therefore the opponents of Protestant Ascendancy, to offer to this Act of Incorporation our united, determined, but strictly constitutional opposition.—We ask not that Orangemen be proscribed; we ask against them no Bill of Pains and Penalties; we propose no Penal Statutes, and seek not to inflict upon them one iota of those accursed laws which they in the day of their power imposed upon the Catholics of Ireland, and which, if we be fools enough, or traitors enough to give them the means so to do, they will ere long impose upon the Catholics of Canada. No—we ask none of these things; we ask from the law no action against Orangeism, but a bare neutrality. We ask that it shall abstain from encouraging, or promoting the growth of, a secret politico-religious society—in Canada, which long years of bitter and bloody experience have proved to be most prejudicial to the welfare of society in Ireland; which Great Britain's wisest statesmen in both Houses of Parliament have repeatedly and forcibly condemned; and which the recent murders of O'Farrel and of Sheedy, and the late brutal Orange riots at Toronto, have clearly shown to be incompatible with the peace of Canada, or the civil and religious liberties of Her Majesty's loyal subjects of the North American Provinces.

REVIVAL ITEMS.—We clip from the United States papers, a few paragraphs illustrative of the strange excitement now raging in that country. On our 6th page will be found some further particulars of the "Jerks," which are it seems spreading far and fast amongst the Methodists. The New York Evening Post says:

"Certainly never was religious propagandism so thoroughly carried. Printed hymns, tracts, placards, everywhere remind the inattentive of their duties. Girls and young men visit families by the block, give them tracts, urging them to repent, offering them free seats in the neighboring churches, and taking an inventory or spiritual census of the number and condition of the households. Altogether the revival may be pronounced the most striking phenomenon of the day."

The following is from the New York Freeman:

"It is very curious, in this movement, to notice how it, and the theater and 'fancy-world' coquet with each other. The revivalists have taken possession of the dilapidated old theater in Chambers-street, formerly occupied by Burton. Here is an incident reported of one of their meetings:

"Still another voice ascended from the parquette in prayer, for Mr. Burton, that the great Father might let him know that there was a God. They had seen him stand before those foot-lights and there portray human nature; might he fall at the foot of the cross and, calling on the name of Christ, there receive the remission of his sins!

"While the prayer was being offered, Mr. Burton was within a short distance of the speaker, and manifested considerable emotion."

"We have seen him exhibit 'considerable emotion' in the character of Amiadab Sleek, in the Serious Family. We thought he had missed it by studying the Cockney evangelical of Exeter Hall, instead of American characters. Perhaps, after his present study, he may add some new points to the future representations of his favorite character."

"We notice also, that with a sharp eye to business, the people of Barum's Museum have offered that most equivocal of all New-York theaters, to the Young Men's Christian Association, at some hour not interfering with the regular representation of the Maudral Drama."

"On the whole, from the later directions taken by this movement, we incline to the opinion that its interest, as an evidence of the religious mindlessness of the American people, is about at an end, and that the politicians, persons and show-men, are coming in to divide among themselves what remains."

Another New York paper, edited apparently by a profane person, insinuates that the "proof of the conversion of some of our ex-councilmen would be more satisfactory, if their confessions would reveal notorious acts of speculation, and restore to the city treasury certain missing funds." The Christian Inquirer, a leading Protestant journal of New York, "deprecates the return of the raving superstitions that have, in former years, run over the land like wildfire, and left behind them a dreary desert, blackened with ashes." "The worst of all scepticism" he adds:—

"Comes from these whose nervous excitements have been trumpeted up as proofs of Heaven's irresistible grace, and who find that what was set forth as the crowning proof of the Christian faith was but a passing fever of the blood, under the magnetic witchery of the current frenzy. The custom now current even with some portions of our secular press, of proclaiming on the morrow throughout the land the transports of the last night's revival meetings, as if all who shout halallelujah for the first time are, of necessity, converts of Heaven, and Saints of God, seems to us as irrational as it is indecent. We were not willing till now to believe that the worst measures of the old revivalism could be resumed, with its groanings and shoutings, its obtrusions of personal feelings into public notoriety, and its bulletins of souls saved, without even a twenty-four hour's suspension of judgment to test the reality of the conversion. If we are not mistaken, some of the devices of late political campaigns have been carried into the sanctuary, and men quite hackneyed in political engineering, and no strangers to its wiles, have been ruling spirits in some of the most offensive measures."

The same Protestant journalist gives some amusing details of the worse vulgarity, and impudent familiarity with sacred things—that characterise these "Revival Meetings." One obstreperous fellow gets up in a state of wild excitement, and bellows forth a petition to God to "capsize hell;" and is followed by another, who in language perhaps more grotesque, gives vent to his feelings in defiance of all the laws of grammar and of decency. Upon the whole the Christian Inquirer comes to the conclusion that there is a close connection betwixt the phenomena of "Revivals" and those of "Spiritualism;" and he very sensibly asks:—

"Which is more astounding, the light that shone into Awful Gardner's grim eyes, after days of groaning in his circle of determined proselytisers, or the mystical lore that drops from Cora Hatch's girlish lips, after she has been lulled into dreamland by her potent magnetizer?"

We pause for a reply from the Montreal Witness, who is looked upon by the "elect" as an oracle in "Revival" matters, and as possessor of great "spiritual insight."

The epidemic has, we regret to observe, crossed the lines, and declared itself in several parts of the Province of Canada. Great efforts are being made here in town to propagate the distemper, by means of placards stuck up in the public thoroughfares; announcing that "Business" Prayer Meetings are held at certain hours in certain localities; and that itinerant rhapsodists are going about from house to house in the suburbs, devouring, we suppose, the widow's substance, and for a pretence making long prayers. (We believe our language is strictly scriptural.) Hitherto the efforts of these gentry have not been marked with great success. A few silly old women of both sexes may have fallen victims; but the majority of the Protestant population of Montreal have hitherto escaped remarkably well. This hardness of heart—for our Montreal men of business are very "hard cases"—is fully accounted for in the following amusing anecdote which is related with much simplicity by the pious man of the Montreal Witness in his issue of Saturday last:—

"A Montreal merchant on being asked to attend the daily prayer meeting now in progress, declined, on the score of want of time; but being a candid man, he immediately corrected himself, admitting that if there was a will he might find a way to at-

tend." It was remarked to him that the merchants of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, were attending such meetings greatly to their own advantage, and that of the community; and his answer is the reason for this matter being noticed at all. He replied, that those places had suffered far more seriously than Montreal, and added that, if our merchants had lost as much money they would probably be as ready for prayer meetings as in New York."

A "hard case" indeed is this Montreal merchant; and a living illustration of the truth of our remarks, in attributing a great part of the religious excitement in the United States to the commercial crisis of last autumn. When the navigation opens, men will find business more pressing to attend to than "prayer meetings;" and the temporary favor which these assemblies of the Saints have enjoyed, will pass away like the winter's ice and snow in our streets.

In the meantime, and while business is dull, some of the New York extravagances, though on a smaller scale, will perhaps be repeated here. The Pilot, which but a few days ago affected to laugh at the whole affair, and was, together with the TRUE WITNESS, put down by the other Witness, as a scoffer and an enemy of "spiritual religion"—has taken to puffing the "Revival" movement in Canada; and gives us the details of the progress that it is making amongst us. Thus from its issue of Monday last we learn that the Hon. J. Ferrier—formerly in the hardware line—opened a meeting, "by singing the 540th hymn," and that a committee of "business men and ministers" have been appointed to organise a "Union Prayer Meeting." From other parts of the country also we have "refreshing" tidings—how in one place "the altar of prayer is filled nightly with seekers after pardon, &c.," (this is from the Bayfield Mission)—how in another place, "the altar is crowded with anxious seekers"—and how in Griffithown "fifty or more persons have within the last ten days publicly sought redemption." Yet in spite of all this, it is we think impossible to deny that that hitherto the "Revival" movement, in so far as Canada is concerned, has been what the profane call "No Go," and what the carnal minded pronounce a humbug. Even the Witness is forced to confess that "very few merchants attend," though business is slack; and that their "young men" seems to have but little discernment, and to take but slight interest in hymns sung "to the most familiar tunes." Even the novelty of the thing has no charm for the young men of Montreal. Whereupon our poor dear friend cries out—Oh my Bowels!

Our friends in Upper Canada are beginning to feel the effects of Orange Government, and seem to be becoming alive to the truth which we have been long endeavouring to impress upon them—that, with an avowed Orangeman as principal Law Officer of the Crown, it is in vain for Catholics to look for justice or protection from the laws of the land. Thus the Catholic Citizen of Toronto—which but a few days ago deprecated Mr. McGee's allusions in the Legislative Assembly to Orangism, as untimely, i.e., as likely to embarrass the Ministry of which the Citizen and Mirror are docile organs—now cries out:—

"The sentiment is now widely diffused amongst us that there is no protection here for the Catholic portion of the community, and however true it may be, that they consider the safety of their lives depends wholly upon the strength of their own right arm."

And to whom, and what is this deplorable state of things owing? would we ask. We repeat, it is entirely attributable to those who have used their influence to support an Orange Attorney-General in office; who have basely consented to receive "government pay" from the enemies of their race and of their religion; and who, when the worst insults have been offered to both, have systematically discouraged every movement on the part of Catholics to assert their rights as British subjects, and to bring the conduct of the guilty parties under the notice of the proper authorities.

It was thus that in July 1856, we tamely allowed the open encouragement given by Sir Edmund Head to the Orange Societies of Canada to pass unrebuked. In Montreal alone was action taken against this outrage upon decency; and that action was unsupported by the Citizen of Toronto, and condemned by the Mirror as "unjust, unnecessary, and impolitic." And so, like broken spirited curs, we had to crouch under the lash of our insolent enemies; and having once approved ourselves deficient in energy and manly spirit to resent a wanton insult, we have provoked its repetition upon all subsequent occasions. Had the Catholic, or nominal Catholic press of Upper Canada done its duty in 1856—had it been a little less greedy after "government pay," and a little more intent upon the interests of those whom it professed to represent—its columns would not in 1858 be filled with accounts of Orange violence, and complaints that "there is no protection for the Catholic portion of the community."

And even now, when one would expect that recent events would have elicited from our cotemporaries some signs of life, some words of salutary counsel to their fellow-countrymen and co-religionists, what do we find in their columns? They are aware that a Bill is before Parliament for incorporating the murderers of Farrell and Sheedy, and for giving to the ruffians who assailed their brother Catholics in the National Hotel, and who beat a Catholic priest in the streets of Toronto, a legal standing in the Province. They know too that the Catholics of Toronto are petitioning against this infamous Bill; and that it is the interest as it is the duty of the entire Catholic body throughout the Province to follow that example. Under these circumstances then, we should naturally expect that our Toronto cotemporaries—professing as they do to speak the sentiments of the Catholic body—would sympathise with and encourage the movement initiated by the Toronto Catholics, and recommend it to the imitation of their Catholic readers. What then do our readers suppose that we find in their columns?—what notice, does the Catholic press of Toronto take of the movement now going on in that City? We find lots of Government Ad-

vertisements—Advertisements from the "Inspector General's Office," from the "Crown Lands Department," from the "Post Office Department," from the "Honorable Commissioner of Public Works"—&c., &c., &c.; but not a word about the Orange Incorporation Bill, not a syllable about the petition of the Catholics of Toronto, or the duty of Catholics throughout the Province to come out boldly and constitutionally in opposition to a measure which, if carried, will give a death blow to the peace and prosperity of Canada. How is this strange omission to be accounted for? Very simply—as thus:—

The Orange Bill is actively supported by the Attorney General; and the Attorney General is the dispenser of official good things. To petition against the Orange Bill would therefore undoubtedly be an act of high handed opposition to "Dear Brother" McDonald, and would probably entail the cutting off of the supplies of pap. The Toronto Mirror and Citizen therefore, like well trained "government hacks" maintain a most discreet silence. How then can it be wondered at, that by those who look upon such journals as the representatives of Canadian Catholics, we are held in contempt as a mercenary and "dough-faced" set of lick-spittles, easily bought up, and yet scarce worth the buying.

And with an inconsistency which would be amusing, if it were not so injurious and so inoffensively degrading to the Catholic community, both the Mirror and Citizen admit and bewail an evil to which they will not make the slightest effort to apply the sole constitutional remedy—viz., that of uncompromising opposition to every Ministry that will not pledge itself to refrain from all official recognition of Orangism. They point out the striking fact that there is not one single Catholic on the Jury investigating the circumstances of the murder of an Irish Catholic, during a row caused by an attack of Orangemen upon a St. Patrick's procession; they recognise the fact that the Catholic community has lost all confidence in the administration of the laws in Canada; that Magistrates, Jurymen, and the highest legal functionaries being partisans, there is no justice to be expected by Catholics from our legal tribunals; and recognising these facts, not only do they refuse to indicate to their readers the sole constitutional remedy that is within their reach, but they actually continue to support the Ministry to which this state of affairs is owing, and seek to divert public indignation from the Attorney General, to a miserable charlatan like George Brown. In fact the name of George Brown—a fellow impotent for harm—is the bugbear where-with they try to frighten us, and thereby to conceal their own venality, and treachery to the cause of Catholicity.

MURDER AND ROWDYISM AT TORONTO.—At the inquest on the body of Sheedy, murdered during the Orange riots at Toronto on St. Patrick's Day last, one of the witnesses gave the following evidence:—

"I was on West Market Street at the time Lennox came into the lane when some one said the row was over, and he said he was sorry for it for he 'would like to shoot some of the Papists.' He then went up the lane saying 'before night I'll walk knee deep in Papist blood.'"—Toronto Colonist.

The amiable Lennox, the Orangeman above alluded to, is a member of the City Council, and one of the "Dear Brothers" of the Attorney-General for Canada West. Of course M. Turcotte is quite prepared to extend the right hand of fellowship to him, and to vote for incorporating the blood thirsty murderers who are so anxious to "walk knee deep in the blood of Papists."

For the rest we may observe that the inquest into the murder of Sheedy, and the Orange attack upon the National Hotel, are the merest mockeries of justice. The Attorney General is as an Orangeman, anxious to screen his guilty brother Orangemen; policemen, and Toronto civic authorities generally are Orangemen, and animated with a similar spirit; and thus in the words of the Montreal Herald of Wednesday last:

"Violence and murder everywhere seem united, and supported by perjury in the jury-box; perjury in the witness-box; and it is to be feared, the guilty connivance of public officers, not always of the lowest rank."

Well! what else can the Montreal Herald reasonably expect with a partisan Orange Governor, and an Orange Attorney-General? The parallel however, which our cotemporary seeks to establish betwixt the Orange riots at Toronto on St. Patrick's Day, and the Gavazzi riots at Quebec in '53, is necessarily imperfect. In the first place, no one pretends that, either by word or deed, did the Catholics of Toronto, or the guests at the National Hotel, give the slightest cause of offence to their assailants; whilst it is on evidence that at Quebec, the first act of physical aggression was committed by Protestants; and that, at a public meeting, a lecturer, by them hired for the purpose, abused the Catholic clergy as devils, and reviled the Sisters of Charity as prostitutes. Gavazzi having defied any one to contradict him, a Catholic most imprudently accepted the challenge, when he was immediately attacked and cruelly beaten by the Protestants who were in an overwhelming majority; and the subsequent trifling riot, in which no one lost his life, was the consequence of these insults, and this cowardly assault.

This does not of course justify the violence of the Gavazzi rioters at Quebec; but it is sufficient to do away with any parallelism betwixt their conduct, and the unprovoked attack of the Orangemen of Toronto upon the Irish Catholics of that city. Why! even the editor of the Montreal Herald would we suspect have spunk enough in him to kick the fellow who should dare to insult his mother, sister, or any female friend, by applying to her epithets one hundredth part as offensive as those which Gavazzi publicly applied to the Catholic Sisters of Charity. Now Irish Papists are but men, and as little disposed as is the editor of the Montreal Herald to allow any man to insult their female friends and relatives with impunity. He, and he only, who would allow his sister to be called a—before his face, without raising a finger against her traducer has the right to complain of the violence of the Gavazzi rioters.

JUDICIAL CHANGES.—It is rumoured; say the Lower Canadian journals, that Mr. Justice Aylwin is to retire from the Bench, to make room for Mr. Cartier, and that another vacancy is to be made for Mr. Loranger. We hope this rumor may turn out to be without foundation. Mr. Justice Aylwin is an honest man, and has done much to raise the character of our legal tribunals. Such a man is invaluable on the Bench, and his place will be but poorly supplied by such men as Cartier and Loranger. Why should the judiciary in fact be made a House of Refuge for broken down political hacks, an asylum for unfortunate and disappointed place-hunters? What Greenwich Hospital is to the navy, that in Canada, is the Bench to worn out politicians; with this distinction, that one is a reward for honorable services—the other for services which for the most part, are anything but honorable.

In justice to Mr. Alley, we should observe that our esteemed, and generally very accurate cotemporary, the Courier du Canada, gives a version of his speech essentially different from that which provoked our strictures some two weeks ago. That speech we copied from the Parliamentary Reports of the Toronto Colonist, the Leader, and other Upper Canadian journals: all of whom agreed in attributing to Mr. Alley the offensive and anti-Catholic language upon which we commented in our issue of the 19th ult. According to the version of the Courier du Canada, however, the speech of Mr. Alley appears in a very different light; and if the latter be claimed by that gentleman as a true and faithful report of what he did say, and if he publicly repudiates as false, the vile sentiments attributed to him by the Colonist and Leader—both Ministerial organs—we shall have the greatest pleasure in retracting the harsh things that we have said of him; for we would not willingly believe, that any Catholic with a drop of Irish blood in his veins could be guilty of the dastardly conduct imputed to him by the Toronto Ministerial press. The following is the report of Mr. Alley's speech as given by the Courier du Canada:—

"As to the cry of No Popery there can be no doubt that it has been everywhere raised in Upper Canada during the late elections. Social order is based no doubt upon religious principles; and true liberty is the daughter of Christianity."

Now if these—and not the expressions attributed to him by the Colonist and Leader—were the words made use of by Mr. Alley, that gentleman should speak out; for he is bound in honor, as a Catholic, and as a public man, to give a prompt, formal and public contradiction to the above named journals; and we can assure him that it will be with the greatest pleasure that we shall then find it in our power to retract the harsh things said of him by the TRUE WITNESS. Of course his silence will be universally accepted as an acknowledgment of the accuracy of the report given of his speech in the Toronto papers; and until Mr. Alley publicly repudiates that report, we cannot retract, or even modify the expression of indignation which that report justly provoked.

In the case of Miller the Orange murderer of O'Farrell, an Orange Grand Jury have thrown out the Bill, though his guilt was clear—thereby proclaiming to all "Dear Brothers" throughout Upper Canada, full license to murder Papists. This is but another specimen of the way in which justice is administered under our present Orange regime.

The Argus complains that no Bill has as yet been laid before the Grand Jury this present term, against the persons who stole the body of the late Mrs. Spiller from the Montreal General Hospital. Our cotemporary is of opinion that the investigation by the authorities of the Hospital, was but a "hol-and-corner" species of investigation; and that the real criminals are still to be looked for amongst "persons of high rank amongst the officers of the institution."

A CANARD.—A silly story has been going the rounds of the papers, about a young lady seduced from one of the educational establishments of this city, and reduced to great distress. The Montreal Herald gives it a formal contradiction.

Garrison too late for this week, shall appear in our next.

Died. In this city, on the 29th instant, Mr. Edward Maguire, aged 39 years, third son of the late Mr. Edward Maguire, and brother of Mr. E. Maguire and Mr. James Maguire, Livery Stable Keepers, of Montreal.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES. March 31, 1858. Table with columns for Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Peas, Beans, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Beef, Pork, Butter, Fresh Pork, Eggs, Ashes—Pots, Pearls. Prices listed in dollars and cents.

WANTED, for a Catholic School in PICTON, C.W., a TEACHER holding at the least a Second Class Certificate. Salary, \$60 per Annum. Address to THOMAS McFADDEN, Trustee. PATRICK KEARNEY, Trustee. Picton, March 29, 1858.

JOY TO THE WORLD! DEAR SIR.—I feel that it is a duty I owe to suffering humanity that I should give a relation of the great benefits I have derived from the use of Perry Davis's Pain Killer. Last summer I had the misfortune to lose two of my children by that dreadful scourge—the cholera—and in all human probability should have fallen a victim to the pestilence myself if a kind Providence had not provided me help in the hour of need. I first became acquainted with the Pain Killer whilst travelling on the river with my husband. A gentleman passenger had some with him which he recommended in the highest terms as a remedy for cholera. I thought no more of it at the time, but the same night I was attacked by the cholera in the worst form. I resorted to various remedies used to arrest its progress, but all in vain. I was seized with violent cramps, and my discharges began to assume the same character as did those of my dear children previous to their death. I was looked upon as lost, but all at once thought of the PAIN KILLER. My husband obtained the bottle from a fellow passenger and administered to me a dose. I experienced almost immediately a cessation of pain. The dose was repeated at intervals of fifteen minutes, four or five times, and the result was my complete recovery. I feel confident that I owe my life to the Pain Killer, and only regret that I had not have known of its extraordinary virtues earlier, I then might have saved the lives of my dear children.—Since that time I have used the Pain Killer in my family extensively, and the more I use it the better I like it. As a great family medicine, it has no equal.

SARAH SANDERBERY, St. Louis. Lyman, Savage & Co., and Carter, Kerry & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

GREAT CURE AFTER THE PHYSICIANS HAD FAILED.

RUSSELLVILLE, Ohio, Jan 10, 1855. Dr. C. M. Jackson. Dear Sir:—We would inform you that we are out of Hoodland's German Bitters, which are very ready sale. One of our neighbors has been doctoring for some time. (We think about two years, with all the doctors in the country,) but all of no avail. He looked as much like a dead man going about as anything we can compare him to. His case appeared to be an overflowing of the gall. With hard persuasion we prevailed on him to try your Bitters, with the promise to him, if it did no good, we would charge him nothing for it provided he took six bottles according to the directions, which he has done, and is now entirely cured, and has become a well man. This cure has created a great sale in this neighborhood. Respectfully,

EDWARDS & BROWN. Ask for Hoodland's German Bitters, and take nothing else. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson, is on the wrapper of each bottle. These Bitters are manufactured by Dr. C. M. Jackson, No. 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canada, West Indies and South America, at 75 cent per bottle. For sale by all Druggists, in Montreal.

MRS. UNSWORTH HAS the honor to announce to her Friends and the Public, that she will give a GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, AT THE MECHANICS' HALL, ON TUESDAY, THE 6TH APRIL, Assisted by her DAUGHTERS and several distinguished AMATEURS and PROFESSORS. PROGRAMME.

- 1. Solo—Pianoforte.....Mr. Cherrier.
2. Song—"March the Cameron Men," Mr. Muir.
3. Duett—"Speak Gently," (Gio: Miss A. and M. ver).....Unsworth.
4. Song—"The Nightingale," dedicated to Florence Nightingale, by J. A. Harrower,.....Mr. C. Harrower.
5. "Ah che la morte," (Il Trovatore),.....Mr. C. Clarendo.
6. Cavatina—The Mocking Bird, (The Slave),.....Mrs. Unsworth. Flute Obligato.....M. H. Gauthier.
PART II.
1. Duett—"What are the Wild?" Miss A. Unsworth. Waves Sailing,.....Mr. C. Bennett.
2. Solo—Violin,.....Mr. G. Herbert.
3. Song—"Jessie's Dream, or the Relief of Lucknow," (Crawford),.....Mrs. Unsworth.
4. Song—"Like the Song of Birds in Summer,".....Miss A. Unsworth.
5. Song—Caller Herrin,.....Mr. Muir.
6. Irish Ballad—"Rory O'More," Mrs. Unsworth.
7. Grand Finale—"God Save the Queen!"

Tickets 25 ed each—can be had at the Music Stores, Sadtors' Book Store, and at the door of the Hall on the night of the Concert. Doors open at SEVEN, Concert to commence at Eight o'clock. March 31, 1858.



THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, for the ELECTION OF OFFICE-BEARERS and the Transaction of other Business, will be held in the ODD FELLOWS' HALL, Great St. James Street, on MONDAY EVENING next, the 5th of APRIL, at EIGHT o'clock precisely. A full and punctual attendance is requested.

By order, WM. WALLACE O'RRIEN, Recording Secretary. N.B.—The Secretary will be in attendance at SEVEN o'clock on the above evening, for the purpose of enabling Members in arrears to QUALIFY themselves to VOTE at the Election.

A LUXURY FOR HOME. IF our readers would have a positive Luxury for the Toilet, purchase a Bottle of the "Persian Balm" for Cleansing the Teeth, Shaving, Chamooing, Bathing; Removing Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sun-marks, and all disagreeable appearances of the skin. It is unequalled. No Traveller should be without this beautiful preparation; as it soothes the Burning sensation of the Skin while Travelling, and renders it soft. No person can have Sore or Chapped Hands, or Face, and use the "Persian Balm" at their Toilet. Try this great "Home Luxury." S. B. BLODGETT & Co., Proprietors, Ogdensburg, N. Y. LAMPLUGH & CAMPBELL, (Wholesale Agents), Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.—The revolutionary movement... The Monteur of Tuesday morning states that at Chalons...

It was only on Monday that intelligence of the above affair began to ooze out. It appears that a band of about forty men appeared...

The uncertain state of the relations between France and England gives rise to the most contradictory reports in Paris, and public opinion is likely to remain unsettled until parliament meets...

A semi-official journal, the Patrie, of Monday night, contains an article intended to tranquillize the public mind, which is filled with gloomy forebodings of a rupture with England. It says—

Count Walewski's sharp note to the French legation in Switzerland, which was verbally communicated to the Federal Council, is published in a Swiss journal. The Count complains of the evasive reply to his demand that foreign refugees in Switzerland shall be removed from cantons bordering on France...

According to the Patrie, the documents connected with the appeal of Orsini, Pierri, and de Rudio, were on Wednesday forwarded to the office of the Procureur General, to the Court of Cassation. The appeal will be tried on Thursday, March 11, and will probably be decided the same day.

A NEW CARDINAL.—The Paris correspondent of the Globe says—"A red hat is to be given to Switzerland. Since the 15th century there has been none worn by a Swiss head. The last was the famous Skinner, Cardinal of Sion in the Valais."

GENOA, MARCH 4.—It has been ascertained that the plot discovered in this city was a ramification of the attempts at Paris. It is now known that different insurrections were to have broken out under the direction of Mazzini on a signal from France.

ITALY.—The people and government of Piedmont, it is said are extremely anxious to know what Lord Derby intends to do with the Conspiracy Bill, and what the English parliament will do with it and Lord Derby.

RUSSIA.—The Central Committee on the abolition of Serfdom was presided over by the Emperor himself, and was composed of thirteen Councillors of the Empire, among whom are the Grand Duke Constantine and Prince Gortschakoff.

TURKEY.—The oppressions and cruelties practised on the Christians of Turkey have, been but little mitigated of late years, notwithstanding the weighty obligations incurred by the Sultan to the Christian powers of Western Europe...

tionians profess to see in the desire manifested to recall Changarnier, at this moment, an intimation that his services may shortly be required; the General, as is well known, having proposed a plan for the invasion of England to the Republic...

It seems that the Earl of Malmesbury's despatch has been transmitted. It must have been forwarded on Friday or Saturday; but the greatest secrecy is observed with regard to it.

The Bombay Gazette publishes the following summary:—"Since our last issue, considerable progress has been made in the reduction of Central India and Rajpootana. The two brigades of Sir Hugh Rose's division parted at Sehore, and while Orr's proceeded in the direction of Jhansi, and reached Gooja, thus opening the road to Gwalior and Agra, Sir Hugh in person marched towards Saugor, and halted, on the 26th of January, before the strong hill-fort of Ratghur.

INDIA.—ARRIVAL OF THE OVERLAND MAIL.—The overland mail, with dates from Bombay to the 9th Feb., reached London on Saturday.

UNITED STATES.—FASHIONABLE PRAYER MEETING.—One thousand persons meet each day, from 4 to 6 o'clock P.M., in Rev. Mr. McAulroy's church, on 5th Avenue, for prayer.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Avoca, under date of the 1st ult., gives some further particulars as to the state of religion amongst the Methodists.

THE BOMBAY CORRESPONDENT OF THE TIMES writes:—"Bombay, February 9th. No single event of any very great moment has to our knowledge occurred since I wrote to you ten days ago. The final series of operations in Rohilcund and Oude had not, up to the latter days of last month, been commenced.

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the chief already had with him; and which I found at sixty-eight pieces of all calibres. Some 800 infantry, English and Sikh, composed the escort, and under their protection travelled several ladies and children bound for the lower provinces.

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rogues of all sizes are convicted and converted and washed of their sins, the stronghold of the old sinners of Wall street stands out in the old and decaying front of Gibraltar.

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And the amount of capital in the buildings, the land on which they are erected, school furniture, books, &c., is \$1,948,000. The Union seems to think that not much headway can be made against such formidable numbers of teachers and pupils, and such a liberal outlay. No attempt is made to show that these Catholic school, teachers and pupils, have no right to be where they are, but there is an intimation that something more than has been done must be undertaken against these terrible matters.

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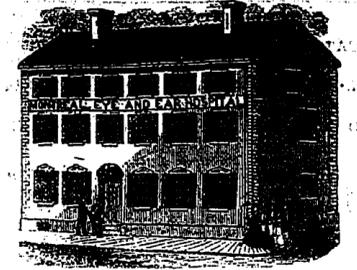
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