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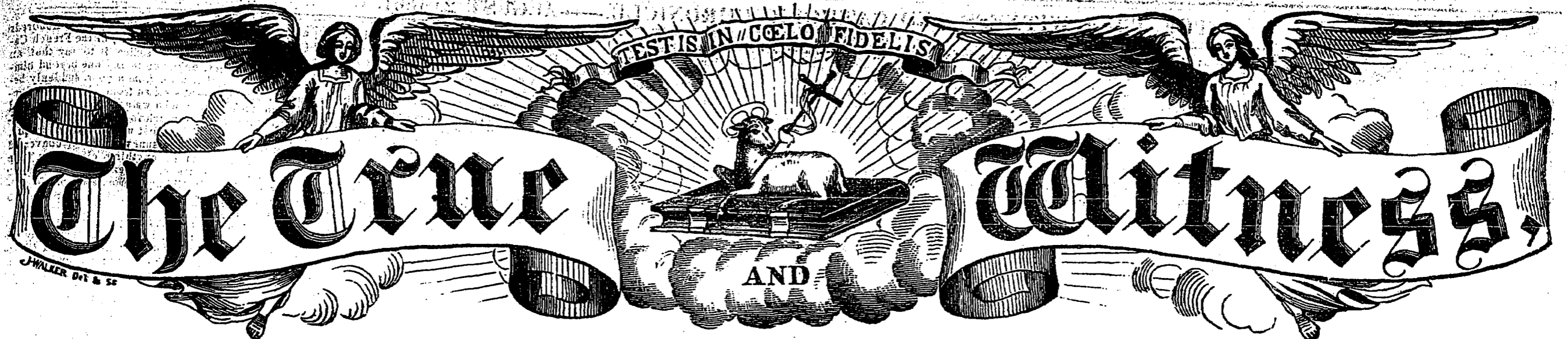
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1861.

No. 51.

TURLOUGH O'BRIEN;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER.

CHAPTER XII.—SHOWING THE HALL OF LISNAMOGE AND THE HILLS OF SLIEVE-PHELM BY NIGHT—AND NARRATING HOW NED O' THE HILLS SMOKED A PIPE OF TOBACCO AND STRUCK A BARGAIN.

On the same night, Miles Garrett was sitting in the same shabby habiliments in which we have last beheld him, buried in profound and by no means gentle thought, in the hall of his castle at Lisnamoge. At a table—equally taciturn, though by no means so thoughtful—sat at a little distance, the very person who had, but a few hours before, so terrified the fair Grace Willoughby, and afterwards so roughly atoned for his discourtesy; and he was absorbed in the engrossing demolition of a mighty mountain of beef, which he washed down with copious draughts of ale, and abundant potatoes of more generous liquor. It was not until this unattractive personage had concluded his repast, and twice filled and twice emptied his goblet, that the silence of the apartment was disturbed. Pushing back the oak stool on which he sat, the brawny gentleman (for he claimed a gentle lineage) arose, heaved his huge shoulders, hitch up his breeches, and drawing the cuff of his coat across his greasy mouth, he approached his entertainer with an easy swagger.

"Well, sir, that's done; and how, I may say, I'm all as one as ready for the road," ejaculated he, planting his broad fists on the table; "so, if it's pleasing to your honor, you might as well give me the bit of paper for I'd like to be tramping at once."

"Sit down, then," said Garrett, taking pen and paper, "sit down and attend to me. You have deposed to having lost sundry head of cattle, and you now require a warrant from me, empowering you, in the king's name, to search for the same—is it not so?"

"To a micety," ejaculated the fellow, with a sly grin.

"You know your powers under this warrant—eh?" enquired the magistrate.

"Och, bloody wars? what id ail me?" answered he immediately.

"Then I shall place it in your hands, leaving it all to your discretion," continued Garrett, with marked significance, while he applied himself to draft the necessary document, which having dried it carefully at the fire, and read it through, he handed to the applicant, observing, as he did so, with emphatic deliberation—

"I have no choice in this matter, Mr. Hogan. As a justice of the peace, I have no choice—but to grant your application; and as a justice of the king's peace, I wish you success. You say you have an appointment for to-night elsewhere, touching this untoward business, so it were poor courtesy to press your farther stay;—should you desire it, however, you can have the same bed in which you last night slept."

"Well, Miles Garrett, a bouchal," cried the ruffian, exultingly, as he pinned the paper in his waistcoat pocket, "never believe me if you don't hear of quare news before a week is past and gone—and if I don't do all you want, and maybe a bit to the back of it."

"What do you mean, sir?" said Garrett, with stern abruptness, and staring full in the fellow's face, until the familiar gaze of the ruffian sank for a moment abashed and subdued under the steeper and more commanding idea of the superior villain. "Execute that warrant as seems most consistent with the king's service and your own interest; and, again, sir, I wish you may succeed in recovering your cattle."

"Well, well," said the other, "take your own way—it's all one—we both of us know what we want, and that is everything; and so, your worship, I wish you a good night and the best of good luck, and peace and plenty; and here's to your good health."

He had approached the wine-flask, as he spoke, and, filling a bumper, with a grin of savage meaning, he nodded to Miles Garrett, quaffed it down to the last drop, and then looking in vain into the unmoved countenance of his host for a single ray of corresponding significance, he muttered—

"Well, well, but you're a quare boy;" and so, turning upon his heel he left the room, and was, in five minutes after, riding slowly along a broken and narrow way, which led through the heathy steeps and wilds of the savage and desolate mountains of Slieve-Phelim.

Miles Garrett, meanwhile, arose, and paced the stone floor of the hall, with an exulting stride.

"All goes smoothly and steadily onward," said he, with an ill-favored smile; "by this time to-morrow night, the better part of all his cattle and his other substance will be driven or waste, and thus the first act of the tragic drama will have been completed; and he resist their entrance, demanded in virtue of the warrant—then, in that case, comes the second act—the second and the best—for all the rest flows smoothly on from thenceforth to the crowning

scene—the tragic catastrophe. Stupid, headstrong, helpless bound!"

With a pale face, dilated nostril and a grim smile, Miles Garrett paced the floor from wall to wall. His ruminations seemed to afford him no small delight, for he slapped his head exultingly, and muttered—

"It's all the brain—the brain—the brain!"—He relapsed into silence for some minutes, and his countenance grew darker and darker every moment. At last he spoke again—

"And as for thy daughter," he continued, with an ugly scowl, and biting his thin lips at every pause, "as for thy daughter, if I but choose to have her, I shall have her, in spite of all thy frantic bluster. Bah! Hugh Willoughby, you ought to know me by this time;" and he smiled in the malignant consciousness of his own dogged and resolute sagacity and daring. "Yes, Hugh Willoughby, you shall know within a month all you have lost in madly repelling my proffered hand. Old scores of vengeance and bright hopes of profit and advancement I was willing to forego; but, like an idiot, you repulsed your fortune. You have had your miserable triumph. Make the most of it; for now—now something tells me my triumph is at hand. Yes, Hugh Willoughby, you have made your bed, and you shall lie in it."

While Miles Garrett thus chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancy—as with downward, ominous glance, and heavy stride, he stalked backward and forward through his gloomy hall—his recent guest and companion was under the hazy moonlight, pursuing his lonely and uneven road. This track, little better than a broken pathway, wound along the elevated surface of the broad range of hills, deep among whose vast and heathy undulations the horseman was soon tracing his solitary and melancholy progress. The sense of loneliness is nowhere so awful as among the gigantic and monotonous solitudes of mountain scenery, especially when the exaggerating and uncertain radiance of the moon shrouds the vast undulations of the bleak and mighty hill-sides, and invests their dusky outlines with undefined immensity of distance and magnitude. There the solitary traveller—lifted high above the sounds and sights of human habitation, with savage and gigantic scenery looming in deserted sublimity above and around him—feels, amid the vastness and the utter solitude of nature, awe-struck with a fearful sense of his own nothingness. An intruder, as it were, among elements and influences, stupendous, desolate, and unsocial, he loses all sense of companionship with the things around him, and a feeling of isolation and of undefined danger steals solemnly and fearfully upon him.

The horseman whom we are bound to follow, now found himself in the lap of a broad misty hollow, around which, as he proceeded, seemed to gather and thicken the dark and swelling summits of the hills—like monstrous forms closing him in to intercept his escape, and sailing slowly onward to overwhelm him in their awful confluence. Here and there the inequalities of the heathy flat, over which his course lay, were marked by huge strata of naked rock, lifted above the dark brown surface in vast riven masses, and strewn along the soil in grey shimmering lines, like the fragments and foundations of some Titanic fortification; and the grandeur and desolation of the scene were heightened by the rush and moan of the upper currents of the air, as they swept among the hill tops, and through the rocky glens and solitary ravines.

The cavalier had heard of 'phockas' and other malignant sprites, who, in desert places, encounter, scare, and even smite with decrepitude or madness the benighted traveller. He was familiar, too, with a thousand wild stories of the freaks, the delusions, and the malice of the good people.

He had heard how farmers, returning alone from distant fairs; or travelling pedlars pursuing their benighted way, had been met and accosted on these lonely hills by ugly dwarfs, or intercepted by calves or dogs of unearthly kind, and other strange beings, who had terrified or abused them, so that, by the morning light, they had lost either their wits or their lives. All these tales of preternatural terror floated in gloomy succession through his mind, as he rode slowly onward thro' the vast and misty solitudes of the mountain tracts. Often, as he pursued his way, he drew his bridle and paused, fancying that he had heard a woman's shriek, and uncertain whether the shrill and distant sound might not have been the cry of some wild bird, scared by the night-owl from its nest; and listening on with a horrible misgiving, lest the sound should prove some phantom-wail, and be succeeded by some wilder spectral freak of unrequited and insupportable terror; again he would turn and gaze behind him as the hushed breeze hovered like close whispers in his ear, and scowling breathless, with blanched cheeks and parted lips, into the bleak void, subduing the half-muttered, curse which instinctively rose to his lips, and mumbling a word or two of a forgotten prayer; and then, with an effort to reas-

sure himself, giving his hat a new set, squaring his shoulders, planting his arm a kimbo, and whistling a snatch of some favorite tune, he would once more resume his way, again to interrupt it as before.

It was, therefore, with a sense of relief which he would scarcely have confessed even to himself, that at last, after more than an hour's lonely progress, he found himself within a mile of the spot at which he knew he should find human companionship. Inwardly congratulating himself upon his proximity to his journey's present termination, he pressed onward at a brisker pace—still, however, very far from being altogether freed from those visitings of awe and doubt which he had, during his long and lonely night-ride, in vain endeavored entirely to suppress.

While he thus spurred onward, now traversing the soft, elastic peat with noiseless tread, and now clanging over the naked rock, a strange and dwarfish figure, which fancy might well have assigned to one of the malignant fairy brood, on a sudden started—he knew not how—as it seemed from the very soil beneath his horse's hoofs. A thrill of superstitious terror for a moment unnerved him, and it was not until he had gazed for some seconds upon the wild and startling apparition, that he recognized the elf-looks and smoke-dried visage of the ill-favored boy, whose unexpected appearance had that day so affrighted Sir Hugh's fair daughter at Glindarragh bridge.

"God bless us!" said the horseman, recovering from an indistinct attempt to cross himself; "and so it's only you, you devil's whelp."

And indulging the irritation which often follows causeless alarm, the burly horseman dealt the urchin a sharp blow of his switch across the head, which made him howl and caper in so unearthly and uncouth a fashion, that one unacquainted with his eccentricities of mien might well have felt his supernatural doubts confirmed, rather than allayed by the wild and grotesque exhibition.

"Never mind it, Shaun Dhass, never mind it, purty boy," said the man, as the urchin gradually abated his strange demonstrations. "I did not know you, ashore—never mind it; but tell me like an honest gorsoun, is he down in the glin?"

"He is—what id ail him?" said the boy, "himself an' two or three more, *Leum a rinka* and Shaun Lauther, an' a boy iv the Kelly's, an' a quare little gorsoun like myself, and the old Shanavan, an' that's all that's in it."

The horseman spurred his steed into a clattering canter, the boy running lightly and easily by his side; and thus they continued in silence to advance, until the track which they pursued swept into the course of a narrow glen, at first presenting a declivity so slight as to be scarcely distinguishable from the heathy level of the higher region, but gradually becoming more and more defined, until at last it deepened into a dark and craggy pass, precipitous and rocky, clothed with furze and heath, and traversed at the bottom by a stream, now dwindled to an attenuated thread, and whose gravelly bed supplied the broken and precarious roadway over which they dashed and scrambled. An abrupt turn of this defile brought them on a sudden to the object of their search.

From the door of a wretched hovel perched half-way up the steep and narrow pass, there streamed a strong red light, which flooded the rocky fragments and tufted furze, crowded closely about it, with warm and cheery crimson; and as it lay at the shadowy side of the deep ravine, the dusky light relieved the few objects on which it fell in fiery distinctness, and rendered the surrounding darkness but the denser and blacker by the contrast. Placing his horse's bridle in the hand of the uncouth and savage urchin who attended him, Hogan ascended the steep path which led to the cabin-door, and in a few moments he stood beneath the roof-tree of the hovel.

In the strong red light of the fire sat, or rather reclined, three men in the coarse frize, listlessly chatting in the strong gutturals of their native tongue; and thus disposed around the hearth in such attitudes as suited each, they occupied the hard earthen floor beneath the chimney, and warmed themselves the while. An old, smoke-dried, puckered hag covered at the back of the hearth, showing through the filmy turf smoke scarcely more substantial than the pale blue and yellow flames which flickered above the red embers. Pacing the uneven earthen floor at the front of this rude and comfortless chamber, and from time to time glancing sharply through the open door as he arrested his measured pace, was a personage, of whose appearance we must say a word or two. He was rather above than below the middle size; his structure compact, well-knit and wiry; and as he measured the floor with a firm and elastic tread, and turned his quick and fiery glance from object to object, there was a restless excitability and energy in his whole air and mien, as well as a piercing shrewdness, a promptitude and decision in his marked and swarthy countenance, which stamped him at once as a man of action and of daring.

His dress, though considerably worn and weather-beaten, was alike in fabric and fashion that of a man who pretended to the rank of a gentleman. His own coal-black hair escaped from under the broad leaf of his hat, and added to the effect of his dark and sharply-marked features, which alike from the intense brightness and activity of his dark eye, and from the peculiar conformation of the strongly-developed under jaw, bore a character of sternness and even of cruelty which impressed those who looked upon him with feelings bordering upon fear, aversion, and distrust. As he strode backward and forward he seemed wrapped in exciting meditation; one hand was buried in his bosom, the other held the slender stem of a tobacco-pipe, from which he drew the smoke, which, in dense and rapid volumes, he puffed into the eddying air. With downward aspect and knitted brow, and flashing glance, he thus traversed the breadth of the dreary hovel to and again, as Hogan reached the door.

A curt but cordial greeting passed between these two personages thus brought together, and a close and earnest conference followed, partly carried on in English, and partly in the "mother tongue." Through this it is not necessary to follow them; it is enough for our purpose to state its concluding words—

"You'll be able to gather the boys in time?" asked Hogan, doubtfully.

"With one whistle I'd bring them round me from Keeper to Monaster-owena, and from Doon to Killala," rejoined the other, scornfully.

"And you'll not fail me?" continued Hogan.

"When did O'Moel Ryan fail of his promise?" returned "Ned-o'-the-Hill"—for he was the speaker—"with tranquil disdain."

"Hand and word," cried the brawny visitor, as with emphatic energy he smote his broad hand upon the extended palm of his companion—"hand and word and the bargain's cleached."

At a word from Ryan, one of the followers at the hearth sprang to his feet, and filling out two drams of brandy, carried them to the door where the two principal persons stood.

"I drink to you, Mr. Hogan," said Ryan.

"And here's towards your good health," replied Hogan, in a voice of thunder, "an' success to us both, an' smashing to smithers be the luck of our enemies."

With these words he dashed off the liquor, and, with a wild hurra, he flung the glass high into the dewy night air, whence descending, it burst into jingling shivers in the craggy depths of the bleak glen—a type of the savage malediction to which he had just pledged its contents.

"To-morrow night, and half an hour before the moon goes down," said our new acquaintance shaking back his long dark locks, as a lion might his mane, when he scents the prey afar off, "in the wood of Glindarragh, and under the *Carrigna-Phoka*. And so, God send you safe home."

Thus they parted, Hogan to pursue, in his long and solitary night-ride, the purpose which occupied his mind; and his confederate to complete, in the hurried interval, the vast and deadly arrangements of their desperate enterprise.

Meanwhile, in her chamber in the old castle of Glindarragh—books, music, and old-fashioned tapestry work all neglected—sits in her ponderous high-backed chair, her soft eyes resting in deep reverie upon the changing embers of the hearth, the sweet Grace Willoughby, pensive, pale, and mournful; she who, before that night, scarce ever knew what one grave thought or one transient cloud of sorrow might be. What thoughts are now chasing one another through the clear stillness of her mind? The agitating dangers of the evening have ceased to quicken her pulse and flush her cheek; the flutterings of her proud and timid heart are now quiet, and yet she sits absorbed in the deep enchantment of her reverie. Her beautiful face, late so radiant and dimpling with the pleasant smiles of arch and girlish merriment, is now touched for the first time with the loftier character of pride and melancholy—yet both combined so softly, and in so lovely a look, that nothing but the nobleness of pride and the gentle sweetness of sorrow reign in its pure and mournful tranquillity. As she leans her graceful head upon her small white hand, on which falls thickly the golden shower of her rich hair, her memory is busy with the words, the looks, the gestures, aye, with the very plumes and spurs and gold face of the handsome champion who had rescued her that day. She hears him as he spoke—every accent of his rich, manly voice is sounding in her ear; he stands before her, in all his proud and martial beauty, as she that day beheld him—she sees again his look of chivalric, respectful tenderness, as he led her towards her home; and then, again, oh! sudden painful change, she beholds the stern and proud aspect, the averted look, with which her transformed deliverer took his abrupt departure. Innocent girl! as thus she muses, she persuades her willing heart that she but yields to the promptings of her simple curiosity; yet if she will but look into that heart, she will find a

deeper interest there. What makes it happen to thee to recall his lightest word, or gesture; and when his sudden parting rises in thy memory, why that pang of wounded pride, and whence that rising sigh? Oh! girl, bethink thee ere it be too late; he is thy father's foe—the devoted enemy of all thy house; beware, sweet Grace, beware; love not where thou canst not be loved again; guard well the portals of thy warm and gentle heart; oh, dwell not on his words and looks so fondly, but banish that image from thy ber with fear and horror.

CHAPTER XIII.—SUNSET AND MOONLIGHT ON THE TOWERS OF GLINDARRAGH.

Though the meditated attempt on the castle of Glindarragh was vaguely known among the surrounding peasantry, and though it supplied the material of gossiping discussion at every forge and shebeen-shop for miles around, yet, neither to Sir Hugh nor to any one individual of his household, was one hint of danger spoken—absolute mystery sealed the lips of every peasant; and had it not been for the warning of which we have already spoken, the castle of Glindarragh might easily have been surprised, and all within it lain at the mercy of a wild banditti.

The sun was now hastening downward among the eastern hills, and, as it seemed, with a fiery and vengeful light glared markedly upon the old towers of Glindarragh. A low wind moaned and whispered through the chimneys and battlements of the doomed building and the neighboring wood, with a wild ominous sound, in fitful gusts, which muttered and swelled like the laughter of fiendish revelry, and died away in long wailing moans. On the castle walls, from time to time, might be seen anxious groups scanning the distance with stern and gloomy suspense. The gates were fast closed and barred, and the stout old building, in its bold and sombre isolation, might well have suggested the image of some gallant storm-beaten ship, with rigging taut and all hands on the alert, awaiting an approaching hurricane.

Occasional snatches of songs floated, as if in defiance, from the grey summits of the old towers, and mingled strangely with the lowing of cattle which arose from within the walls—and again all was lost in the bleak howl of the rising gust. Everything gave note of preparation—the loop-holes in the river tower flanking the great gate, which had been walled up for years, were now again opened for the play of musketry; and from the summit of the Banseah's tower, which at the other extremity, in like manner, flanked the entrance, peered downward the muzzle of an ancient and honey-combed demi-culverin, loaded with musket bullets half way to the mouth. The castle-yard, too, presented an unwonted spectacle; for all the best of Sir Hugh's cattle had been driven from the neighboring pastures, and cows and fat oxen and sheep stood in patient groups, penned closely within the precincts of a rough paling, which left but one free avenue down the centre of the yard, and a clear though narrow passage down the sides. Thus the crowded cattle stood in hundreds closely pent within the dark enclosure of the castle walls, and all the air of stir and bustle within the fortress was enhanced by the arrival, from various quarters, in prompt response to Sir Hugh's summons, of motley reinforcements, numbering in all full seventy men; some of gentle birth, accompanied by their servants; others, sturdy yeomen, with their sons or brethren; and all with due supply of muskets, matchlocks, birding pieces, or other servicable fire-arms, and proportionate and proper ammunition therewith; for Tyrconnell's proclamation for the disarming of the yeomanry and gentry had been but partial and imperfect in its effect, and, unless where there existed a pressing necessity, or what was so considered by King James's government, for enforcing its requisitions, had remained practically inoperative; except, indeed, that the new construction of the law exposed the man who ventured to dispute it to the risk of a state prosecution, if by any overt act he evinced his disobedience to the Castle manifesto, and thus was added not a little to the embarrassments and the perils of men, whose properties and lives the government had not at all times the power, even if it had the desire, to protect, and who were, therefore, in most cases reduced to rely for safety, under Providence, solely upon their own energies and resources.

It was now late enough, in all conscience, for Jeremiah Tisdal, the cool and cautious Puritan, to have sought the security of Glindarragh Castle, and along with his unguilty servitor—Praise-God Bligh—to have contributed to the numbers of the little garrison its due contingent from the townland of Drumgunnill; yet Jeremiah Tisdal had not arrived, and Sir Hugh was perplexed to divine the reason of his absence, and often missed his sagacious counsel, as with the aid of the more experienced of his friends he apportioned the defence of the old fortress among its garrison and assigned to each his post and office when the emergency of actual conflict should have arisen.

The level beams of this stormy sunset, and the lengthening shadows had, however, warned Tisdal that the time had indeed arrived when he could no longer, with safety, protract his stay within the comparatively unprotected mansion of Drumgunniol. With Praise-God-Bligh, therefore, by his side, and a matchlock of marvellous length gleaming upon his shoulder, and the huge horn of gunpowder and a leathern bag of bullets dangling by his belt beneath the cloak, the Puritan might have been seen issuing from the wicket-door of the yard, and tracing with his wretched gait, and with a countenance unusually black and troubled, the pathway which conducted from his house to Glindarragh bridge—the tank and sad-colored form of the lad who accompanied him with a short musket slung at his back, followed closely and fearfully at his heels; and never did sunset-ray light upon a gloomier or more forbidding pair. In total silence they thus traversed the lonely path together, and without encountering a human form, except one or two peasant loungers, whom they passed without one word or gesture of greeting, in sullen silence and with a dark interchange of looks of mutual menace and hatred, they both, at length, found themselves upon the little bushy eminence which commanded a view of the bridge and Castle of Glindarragh. Here the long pent-up feelings of the master of Drumgunniol at last found vent. He stopped short and looked back with an aspect of the extremest distress towards the spot where the grey chimneys of Drumgunniol peered above the bushes which clothed the brow of the intervening slopes.

'It is a sore extremity, and hard to bear,' he muttered, clutching the stock of his matchlock with the energy of rage. The servant responded by one of those peculiar groans, which rise mournfully from the depths of the stomach, and finding no vent at the compressed and drawn-down lips, escape, at last, with a dismal twang from the nose. With this meek and mournful response, he folded his lean hands, and turned up his eyes. 'Bligh,' said his master, clutching him decisively by the arm, 'thou art a fleet runner, even as Asahel, who followed after the chariot of Abner; unsling thy firelock, and back to the house—it will be dark ere thou hast reached it, and the serpent eyes of that incarnate devil cannot penetrate the dark; try once more what has baffled us—(woe is me!) all the day long—without his seeing thee, get me the money bags and thou shalt have—I will give thee—I will not tell thee what, at present—but speed thee, and I will wait for thee where I stand; at all events, be sure that you return with speed—our lives may rest on it—away!'

Bligh knew too well the absolute and cruel temper of him with whom he had to deal—much as his bowels yearned to plead for a remission of the dreaded order—even for a moment to dispute his master's command, and with trembling knees and a sinking heart, he started upon his very doubtful mission. But, ere he did so, the sun went down, and the murky twilight began to strive more and more faintly with the moonlight, whose cold radiance was soon to illumine the wide expanded landscape.

Everything conspired to enhance the uneasiness of the proprietor of Drumgunniol. Half an hour had now elapsed, and his servant had not returned—though, as his impatient master calculated, so fleet a runner as he might have easily traversed the intervening distance four times over in the time. He cursed his hard fate a thousand times—bitterly he anathematized the lagging courier, whom he would have cheerfully seen roasted to a cinder at a slow fire, in exchange for the blessed assurance that his precious gold was safe. Another half hour had nearly passed, and Tisdal eyed the dark battlements of the tower, and inwardly prayed that he might, ere ten minutes more had passed, find himself safely within their compass—resolved that, should that time elapse without bringing the return of his absent messenger, the lad, and, alas! the gold must be left to their doom.

With the nervousness of a man who knows that every moment of his stay may prove that of his own destruction, and who yet feels, that to desert the post of suspended danger which he occupies, is, in effect, to abandon that which is dearer to him almost than his very life, Tisdal paced the narrow platform which he had chosen for his watch, from bush to bush; the chill blast froze his heart, and its deep threatening and wild sounds dismayed him. With looks of jealousy and ferocious scrutiny, he trod the narrow space and searched the distance, as the daring and storm-beaten captain of some surrounding smuggler, in the desperation of his circumstances, might pace his quarter-deck, and strain his eyes for the distant chance of relief or escape. The moon, however, was now the only source of light, and her silvery disc was fast approaching the verge of the horizon; to stay any longer, indeed he felt, would be but madness—one despairing curse he launched at his lagging messenger, and then was about, in sheer distraction, to cross the bridge, and claim admittance to the castle, when he saw a dark figure gliding along the pathway from Drumgunniol towards him.

'It is Bligh,' thought he, while his heart bounded with exultation—but, alas! never was hope more delusive. Bligh had had his adventures, and was then far enough away.

Tisdal moved a pace or two to meet the approaching form, and, as he did so, his ear was startled with the report of a musket, sharply echoed from the direction of his own house, and, with a momentary glance, he beheld a strange blood-red light tinging the horizon with a wild and lurid glare, exactly where his mansion stood. 'As I live, it burns,' said Tisdal, while his color shifted to a livid hue, and his breath came thick; 'they have fired the house. Now—now it is all up with thee, crafty, subtle, ill-fated miscreant.'

There was, however, no triumph in his face as he thus spoke—nothing but a deadly, livid horror. His eye travelled again to the pathway, where he had beheld the solitary figure but a moment before, and now it seemed as though, in dense and sombre masses, the dark bushes themselves were creeping and stealing onward to meet

'May the Almighty guard me!' it is the wild Irish, he muttered, with a terrible repulsion, and instantaneously turned, and ran, with what speed his stiff joints could command, down the rugged pathway toward the bridge. A dense mass of human forms, however, noiselessly deployed before him upon the open road at the near bridge-end—he knew not how, or from whence—like a black sea, overflowing its banks, and noiselessly pouring its waters into the neighbouring flats and hollows.

'Surrounded!—oh, merciful Father, deliver me,' he ejaculated, in the extremity of his despair.

And now, all around him, were seen the same dark masses, stealing, and crowding, and creeping along; and now another, and another shot was heard in the dull distance from Drumgunniol, and the fierce glare which lifted up the horizon glowed deeper and wilder. It was no longer possible to avoid detection, so, with the desperate resolution of selling his life as dearly as he could, Jeremiah Tisdal grasped his matchlock firmly in both hands, and ran towards the bridge, upon the desperate chance of forcing his way unexpectedly between the party who occupied the river bank and the castle gate, and, this done, of keeping them at bay until he had reached the shelter of the walls. His plan, however, was hardly conceived ere it was frustrated; for, in his quick descent, he stumbled upon the rugged pathway, and striding with accelerated speed down the broken slope, he at length fell headlong, and, in doing so, discharged innocently, with loud explosion, the whistling bullet from his matchlock, through the night air; and ere he could recover his feet, was overpowered and secured.

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

(From the Special Correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune.) Washington, July 23, 1861.

My narrative of this extraordinary battle can accurately embrace most of what occurred with the division under General Tyler, which opened the attack, which was, with the exception of one brigade, and which, so far as I can judge, was the last to yield before the panic. The conflict extended over many miles, and the experience of a single observer could grasp only those details which immediately surrounded him. The enemy's strength had been tested by the hot skirmish of Thursday, the result of which did not justify a second serious attempt upon the same ground. There was, moreover, abundant evidence that the entire line of defenses along Bull Run was equally formidable. It was therefore determined to open the assault in two directions simultaneously, and to offer a feint of a third onset, to divert attention, and, if possible, confuse the enemy's defence. Accordingly, Colonel Richardson was left with a considerable battery of artillery and one brigade—the fourth of General Tyler's division—at the scene of the skirmish of Thursday, with directions to open heavily with cannon at about the moment of the real attack elsewhere. The remainder of General Tyler's division, with powerful artillery, but without cavalry, was sent to cross Bull Run at a point a mile and a half or more to the right. A stronger wing, comprising the divisions of Colonel Hunter and Col. Heintzelman, was carried around a good distance to the right, with the purpose of breaking upon the enemy in flank and rear, and driving them toward General Tyler, by whom their regular retreat should be cut off. Colonel Miles' division remained at Centerville in reserve, and had no part in the action.

Long before dawn, the three divisions which sustained the battle moved to the attack. The march was irregular: There seemed a lack of unity and direct purpose among the officers, which sometimes was made too evident to the troops. It was plain to all that real and sound discipline was abandoned. I do not mean that this was the case with separate regiments, but with the army as a whole. The march was continued until, at half-past five o'clock, Gen. Tyler's Division had reached the place of its attack. A heavy 32-pound rifled cannon was brought well forward on the road, and threw a couple of shells among the rebel lines. These were not answered, and, for a while, the cannonade was discontinued from our side.

Our position was less commanding than that we had occupied on Thursday, and we were surrounded by thick woods. The enemy, on the contrary, had cleared away all obstructing foliage, and bared the earth in every direction over which they could bring their artillery. Trees and bushes remained wherever their earthworks and other concealed defenses could be advantageously planted among them. The long interval between our first discharge of artillery and the positive attack afforded abundant opportunity to overlook the ground. In no spot did the enemy seem weak. Nature had supplied positions of defense which needed but little labor to render them desperately formidable.

While our division waited, General McDowell led the columns of Hunter and Heintzelman far around by the right, to the enemy's flank and rear. It was not until about 11 o'clock that we were able to discover indications of their having met the rebels.—From Richardson's position, we heard, at 8 o'clock, the commencement of vigorous cannonading. Then the hurrying of our officers told us that our assault was about to open. The skirmishers had detected a thick abatis at the banks of the Run, into which, before advancing, a few shells were thrown. As these burst, the rebels swarmed out and took up their next fortified post beyond. General Schenck's brigade was moved forward, but, before reaching the Run, received the full fire of a battery masked with bushes, before which they retired to their first line. Again all operations were suspended, and until eleven o'clock the contest was carried on by the artillery.

Suddenly a line of troops was seen moving over the open hill-slope precisely in advance of us. The 3rd Brigade, under Colonel Sherman, was now drawn from its shelter and led rapidly round toward one of the enemy's best positions. A few shots, and a round or two of artillery next came upon the 2nd Brigade. Orders were given to the men to lie upon their faces when not in motion, and menaced by artillery. However proper this precaution may have been, it afterward turned out to be one of the most fatal causes of demoralization. It was so frequently repeated that some regiments at last could not be made to stand at any point whatever and I saw an entire company of the New York 2nd grovel in the dust at the accidental snapping of a percussion cap.

At half-past eleven o'clock the attention of the enemy seemed to be distracted from us. We were then able to destroy great volumes of smoke in the precise spot at which Hunter's column should have arrived. This gloomy signal waved slowly to the left, assuring us that Hunter and Heintzelman were driving the enemy before them. At the same time, our right brigade disappeared over the eminence for which they had been contending, and the distant cheers, which evidently came from them, proved that the present triumph was their own. To sustain them the reserve brigade of Colonel Keyes was marched forward, in spite of a tremendous cannonade which opened upon them from the left, in the same line as that which Colonel Sherman had followed. The left brigade, under General Schenck, did not advance, but remained where it had formed. The result of this inaction was, that our left was at the

edge of the water, and the successful capture of the bridge. The enemy did not pursue this final triumph, but was not the fault of the commander of that brigade, but of a mischance which was done. Colonel Keyes soon vanished with his four regiments, and the Second Brigade was left isolated. At half-past 12 o'clock the battle appeared to have reached its climax. Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions were deep in the enemy's position, and our force, excepting the 2nd Brigade, was well at work. At one point the rebels seemed determined to risk all rather than retreat. Many a regiment was brought to meet our onset, and all were swept back. Prisoners who were brought in admitted that some of our troops, especially the 71st N. Y. Regiment, literally mowed down double their number.—Two Alabama regiments, in succession, were cut right and left by the 71st. The flanking column was now fully discernible, and the Junction of our forces was evidently not far distant. The rebels at some points fled precipitately. It is probable that they only deserted one strong post for another even stronger. But they had positively relinquished the entire line in which they had at first arrayed themselves, excepting one fortified elevation at the left, which could have been carried by the 2nd brigade an hour before. How far the enemy had retreated before Hunter and Heintzelman I cannot say. But little appeared to remain for our victory, but to perfect the union of the two columns, and to hold the ground we had won.

The fire now slackened. We could see a peculiar activity among the enemy at the spot where they had been most vehemently repulsed by Heintzelman. A long line of fresh regiments was brought forward, and formed at the edge of a grove through which our men had penetrated. Four times we saw this line broken and reformed. A fifth time it was reformed, but could not be made to stand fast, and was led back to the fortified ground.

For nearly half an hour after this we were left in great uncertainty. All that was done within our view was the leading forward of Schenck's brigade on the open road. But many of our men passed ahead to Bull's Run, and assured ourselves that the field was open for nearly a mile in advance. From Bull's Run the aspect of the field was truly appalling. The enemy's dead lay strewn so thickly that they rested upon one another. Few of our men had suffered here, although further on they lay in greater numbers. But the attention of those who gazed was quickly turned from these awful results of the battle to the imminent hazard of its renewal. Down toward our left a new line of troops moved with an alacrity that indicated entire freshness. Grape and round shot struck the ground before, behind, and each side of Gen. Schenck and the group of officers about him. Gen. Schenck was in great danger, to which he seemed perfectly insensible. But more than this Gen. Scott cannot claim.

Nevertheless, our work progressed. Capt. Alexander had completed a bridge across the Run, over which our ambulances were to pass, and by which our artillery could be planted in new positions.—Even then, although that stealthy column was winding about our left, no person dreamed that the day was lost. The men of the brigade were firm, although they began to suffer severely. Four men were torn in pieces by a single round of grape shot, and their blood was flung in great splashes over all who stood near. The carnage seemed more terrific than it really was, so hideous was the nature of the wounds.

A few minutes later, and the great peril our division was upon us. The enemy appeared upon the left flank, between us and our way of retreat. Why they failed to pursue this enormous advantage, it is impossible to conjecture. It is certain Col. McCook displayed a firm resistance to the charge and that the enemy wavered and then withdrew. But the first proofs of the panic were disclosed. From the distant hills, our troops, disorganized, scattered, pallid with a terror, came pouring in among us, trampling down some, and spreading the contagion of their fear among all. Whoever had stood would have been trodden under foot. The rebel cavalry, having circumented our left, had charged in among a crowd of wounded and stragglers, who surrounded our hospital. Nothing but the unexpected courage of a considerable number of unorganized men, many of them civilians, saved that point from being occupied.

The secret of that panic will perhaps never be known. All essay to explain it, and all fail.—Whether Gen. McDowell did or did not, give an order to retreat I cannot say. I am assured by one who was with him that he did; and by others that he also failed to preserve his self-control. All we can now be sure of is the afflicting fact of our utter rout.—How nearly one great object of the day had been accomplished may be understood when it is known that Gen. Tyler and Gen. McDowell had actually met. Many who came into battle with Col. Heintzelman and Col. Hunter fed by the road over which Gen. Tyler had advanced. In the race from a fancied danger, all divisions, and all regiments are mingled. A mere fraction of our artillery was saved. Whole batteries were left upon the field, and the cutting off of others was ordered when the guns had already been brought two miles or more from the battle ground, and were as safe as they would be in New York. Some cried to be lifted behind those who rode on horses, and others sought to clamber into wagons, the occupants resisting them with bayonets. There were exceptions, but I am speaking of the rule. Drivers of heavy wagons dashed down the steep road, reckless of the lives they endangered.—Some of the better men cried out against the flying groups, calling them "cowards, poltroons, brutes," especially when no enemy was near. The runaway only looked relieved, and sought renewed assurance that their imagined pursuers were not upon them.—Every impediment to flight was cast aside. Rifles, bayonets, pistols, haversacks, cartridge-boxes, canteens. The provisions from the wagons were thrown out, and the tops broken away. All was lost to that American army, even its honor.

The agony of this overwhelming disgrace can never be expressed in words. I believe there were men upon that field who turned their faces to the enemy, and marched to certain death, lest they should share the infamy which their fellows had embraced. But suddenly their spirits were revived by a sight which they will never cease to remember.—Stretching far across the road was a firm line of men to whom the sight of the thousands who dashed by was only a wonder. This was the German rifle regiment, and to see the manly bearing of their General, and feel the inspiration which his presence gave at that moment, was like relief to those who perish. I need not speak in praise of the action of Blenker and the officers who served him so well. Steady and watchful, he held his line throughout the evening, advancing his skirmishers at every token of attack, and spreading a sure protection over the multitudes who fled disordered through his columns. With three regiments he stood to fight against an outnumbering enemy. At 11 o'clock the attack came upon the advance company of Col. Stahl's Rifles, from a body of cavalry whose successful passage would have been followed by the destruction of our broken host. The rebel cavalry was driven back and at two in the morning, the great body of our troops having passed, the command was given to retreat in order, and the brigade fell back slowly and regularly, and as thoroughly as the will of their leader as if no danger had come near them. Over and over again Blenker begged permission to maintain his post, or even to advance. "Retreat!" said he to McDowell's messenger; "bring me the word to go on, Sir!"—but the command was peremptory.

I remained at Centerville, trusting that by the morning a sort of reorganization should have taken place, and that our front should still oppose the enemy. At 7 o'clock I started towards the battlefield, but, on reaching a considerable activity, was amazed to find that no vestige of our troops remain-

ed. As I passed the churchyard and hospital, the doctors came out, and, finding me to be the condition of affairs, walked rapidly away. I do not wish to say that they deserted the wounded. At the outbreak of the village thousands of dollars' worth of property lay abandoned. In one field a quantity of powder had been thrown. A woman asked us if we meant to leave it for the use of the enemy. We explained that we could not well take it with us, upon which she insisted that it should be blown up. But the experiment of blowing up a thousand pounds of powder was not an agreeable task to set ourselves and we trusted rather to the rain for its destruction. Another woman stood by the roadside with the tears running down her brown cheeks, asking all who passed if they were hungry, and offering them food. "God help you all," she said, as some of the wounded limped by her. We passed now and then groups of disabled men, who had forgotten their injuries in their fear, and had striven to drag themselves along by their companions. Some of them still streamed with blood; and yet would wrench themselves forward. The destruction of property seemed to have increased at every mile. Baggage wagons were overturned, ambulances broken in pieces, weapons of every kind cast off. Horses lay dead and dying. Food was heaped about the wayside. Bags of corn and oats were trodden into the ground. Piles of clothing were scattered at all sides. In many places the discarded goods and equipments were ranged breast high, and stood like monuments erected by our own hands to our own shame.

At Fairfax I had hoped to find a rallying place, but the village was deserted, excepting by prowlers who were ransacking our baggage wagons. Beyond Fairfax the marks of destruction were less frequent. Three miles from the Long Bridge I came upon the rear of Blenker's Brigade, Stahl's German Rifles still holding the hindmost position. Still in advance was the DeKalb Regiment, also intact. But beyond all was tumult again.

I was told that a few regiments, besides the three faithful ones of Blenker's Brigade had come in in fair order; and that they were the 2nd and 3rd Michigan and the Massachusetts 1st, of Richardson's Brigade. I should be glad if it were so. I did not see them arrayed upon the field to resist the tempest, and I am unaware that any part of the army evaded that dreadful panic, excepting the three regiments.

Apart from the panic, we lost the battle in a legitimate way. In number and in tactics the enemy proved themselves our superiors. The majority of our Generals were ignorant and incapable. Who can hope that we win battles under conditions like these? Another fact is, that the enemy seemed perfectly acquainted with our plans. The number of our killed and wounded is still a serious question: I cannot believe that it exceeds five hundred. The number of missing is much greater, and if it be true that parties have been taken prisoners, I am afraid that many must be added to the list of killed.

FATHER CHINIQUY.

The following correspondence with reference to the unhappy Chiniquy, appears in the Cork Examiner of the 10th of July:—

Kaukahee, Nov. 1 1860. DEAR BROTHER,—It is my painful duty to inform you that late developments relative to Rev. C. Chiniquy, compel us to withdraw our confidence from him. His brother, A. Chiniquy, has been deprived of his Eldership and suspended from the communion of the church. We apprise you of the danger of placing funds in the hands of C. Chiniquy. Since in Europe he has made his brother the only receiver of funds, and has given him the power of attorney to use those funds as he pleases. C. Chiniquy published a letter on the evening after his departure, in which he states that there were 30 or 36 young men who, in a most solemn manner, dedicated themselves to the gospel ministry, for whom he is now soliciting public charity. We were surprised and overwhelmed at the statement; but, for fear of doing him injustice, we made a most thorough examination by committee of the Presbytery, and find that the statement is wholly untrue. Our committee, last Monday, passed a resolution to warn the Christian public against him. Now, believing him to be either a deceived man, or a great deceiver, the committee of Presbytery appointed to watch over the people, &c., meet to-morrow to suspend him from his pastoral relations, and to commence a process against him. He wrote to me a short time since that he was only collecting money enough to pay his expenses; and yet the very same week his brother received from Edinburgh (so the banker informed me) 1,200 dollars. The French people of this city have protested against his course of begging, and then sending the money to his brother, whom all the people at St. Anne's, at a public investigation, by vote declared to be a dishonest man, making money out of the charities of generous people. I have been the first friend of the Rev. C. Chiniquy, and have done more to serve the people than any one man, and up to last June or July, would have sacrificed everything for him. I have now, from statements made by him, which I know to be false, gotten up for the purpose of exciting the sympathies and drawing out the charities of God's people, lost all confidence in him.

Knowing what I now do, I feel that I would be recreant should I not apprise you in Scotland, as he is there collecting funds for these young men. The young men have given us a paper which is contradictory of the statement of C. Chiniquy. It is painful beyond expression to make this announcement to you, but truth and righteousness demand it.—Yours, &c.

M. W. STAPLES.

Again Mr. Staples writes to me under date March 20th:—"I hope the public will be saved from further imposition, both in Europe and America." Among other copies of documents furnished me by Mr. Staples, is a letter from M. Chiniquy, imploring a quashing of the contemplated investigation, on the ground that it would create a "great scandal," and threatening if an exposure were to be made that he would not return to America but remain in Europe. Mr. Staples has fully authorized me to use these documents as I please.

I would wish to add the conduct of the Presbyterians appears, as far as I am capable of judging, to have been straightforward and honest throughout. They now see that they were too credulous at the first in opening their arms to M. Chiniquy, and sending him forth in the world to beg for money, with their indorsement, in spite of the numerous warnings they received at the time; now, having discovered the imposture practised on them, they have the manliness to be the first to come forward themselves and state so to the public, and warn them from further impositions. They are jealous for their own reputation as Protestants, lest it should for a moment be imagined that they knowingly, through zeal for their denomination, favoured a swindle—and are they not right? Who would have any confidence in Presbyterians or any other denominations of Protestantism or in Catholicism either, if a pious fraud, when detected, were to be concealed and hushed up, for fear of injuring the cause, instead of being honestly denounced and rejected? In religion above all things in the world, what basis have we to stand upon, or where is our faith and truth if they be not founded upon truth and righteousness? As to M. Chiniquy's college (?) for which he made such touching appeals, and from which were to go forth missionaries who were to convert all the French in the States as well as in Canada, it is a mere district country school, and the vaunted "young men" were mere little bits of boys. M. Chiniquy himself has been likened to Luther, and even to St. Paul, and now his own Presbytery has issued a trial against him for barefaced falsehood and embezzlement of money, &c. As to the means by which M. Chiniquy, after being twice excommunicated and almost hopelessly estranged from his own church for matters entirely un-

connected with the doctrine, (2) some hundreds (perhaps thousands) of the French Canadian people in Illinois suffice it to say that an amount of money, unknown to any one beyond himself and his brother who, from a poor, suddenly became a rich man—was raised from charity and applied to these people, who were extremely poor and intensely ignorant—so much so that the Chicago Tribune, a journal which at first went in for Chiniquy, stated that a tide of the sum would have converted them to Mormonism or anything else. One man named Zare gave me as his reason for not being "converted" that M. Chiniquy promised him 200 dollars, but that he could never get no more than 5 dollars from him.

I found that one result of the proceedings amongst these people—and my statement is confirmed by the Rev. Mr. Williamson, Protestant Episcopal Minister of Kaukahee, in his answer to my original letter, who ascribed "the fact to... circumstances that ought not to have transpired" (and I have found a similar result from the operations of the Irish Church Missions)—to be the creation of a number of infidels.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, THOMAS BIGGS, LL.D.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

COADJUTOR BISHOP OF LIMERICK.—We have great pleasure in announcing, on authority, that the bulls for the consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Butler as coadjutor Bishop of this diocese have been for some days in the hands of the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel, and that the 26th inst. has been fixed upon as the day of consecration. It is expected that the splendid Cathedral of St. John's will be in a suitable state for the solemn religious procedure. Now that the appointment of the Most Rev. Dr. Butler is authoritatively announced, we may freely congratulate the people upon the accession of a clergyman of their own diocese, whose missionary life of twenty years among them has been distinguished by the most untiring devotion to their spiritual welfare, the most stainless purity of personal conduct, and the most indefatigable and unshrinking discharge of parochial duties at all times, and, above all, when pestilence tried the courage of priests, and incessant demands by day and by night taxed their best energies. Never did a Catholic priest dedicate his labor and life with more unreserved anxiety to his office, than the clergyman who is now coadjutor bishop of this diocese; and it is but fair to anticipate, apart even from the generous qualities which belong to him, that his administration of the high and holy office upon which he enters will be characterized by the same anxious and active zeal for the religious interests of the diocese, and the same devotion in the advancement of the temporal and spiritual welfare of the people.—Munster News.

The Coadjutor Bishop announces that his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, accompanied by the Very Rev. Dr. Thomas MacHale, Professor of Theology in the Irish College at Paris, has left Dublin for the continent. His Grace is in excellent health, and is about to visit Switzerland.

LOUGH DERG.—The station, as it is usually called, of the celebrated Sanctuary of Lough Derg, to which the Holy See has annexed the fullest plenary indulgence, opened this year, with the sanction of the Bishop of the Diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. McNally, on Tuesday, the 25th of June, and will continue until the end of the month of August. Owing to the dilapidated state of some of the buildings, the Bishop of the Diocese found it necessary to interrupt the Station for one year, during which considerable improvements have been made, and although not yet entirely completed to the extent the Bishop contemplates, are sufficiently advanced for the admission of persons desirous to perform the devotions of the Station. In the improvements already made large sums have been expended, but large sums will be still necessary for the completion of the entire, which it is hoped the strong religious feeling and piety of the faithful will speedily supply. The Road from Pettigo to the Lake is being thoroughly repaired.

THE PAPAL TRIBUTE: DIOCESE OF KERRY.—The finance balance of the Papal Tribute, from the Diocese of Kerry, has been received by the Papal Committee; no less a sum than £1,343 11s 7d having been contributed by Kerry to the Holy Father. Out of their very poverty, we may say, have the peasantry of that historic county given with abundance of generosity. With the exception of Tralee, there is not a large, populous, or wealthy town in its vast expanse, while many districts are so poor that yearly their call for aid is heard and heeded by the others. Yet from this diocese a munificent subscription attests the devotion of its people to the faith of their fathers, threatened by assault on its Supreme Pastor. Nor did Kerry content itself with this handsome offering of filial duty; as is now well known, its sons were amongst the very first who hastened to rampart with their lives that menaced Pastor; the first Irishman who fell dead in the bloody fight of Perugia, being a son of Kerry—young Alliman of Tralee. Well may the revered and zealous Bishop of Kerry, and his patriotic clergy, survey with pride and gratification the devotion of such a flock.—Morning News.

NEW AGUSTINIAN CHURCH, JOHN STREET.—For a long time the great want of a larger and more appropriate building has been felt by the increasing congregation of the Catholic church, John Street. The Augustinian Fathers have succeeded in purchasing the ground adjoining their present chapel, and have determined on commencing the new edifice in the spring. Several plans were submitted, and those of Messrs. Pugin and Ashlin approved of. The style selected for the new building is French of the 13th century. The church will consist of a nave 36 feet broad, aisles, transept, chancel, and four chapels. The total length will be 146 feet by 64 in width in the clear, exclusive of the transept. The nave will be separate from the aisle by lofty Aberdeen granite columns on black Kilkenny marble bases, and will be terminated in an apse of five sides, under which the high altar will be placed. The chancel will be surrounded by the aisles, from which will radiate the side chapels. It is proposed to light the church chiefly from the aisles, which, contrary to the usage in Gothic churches, will be also as high as the nave. The columns being of marble can be reduced to a very small section, so that the view of the altar from the aisles would be almost unintercepted. It is hoped by this means that all the objection to the use of aisles will be obviated, as they will afford as good accommodation in every respect as the rest of the church. The height of the nave interiorly is 68 feet, that of the isles 45. The facade of the church will be in Thomas Street, and will be surrounded by a bell-tower, terminating in French double-pointed roof, and attaining the height of 160 feet. With a view to expedite the work, the columns and the tracery of the windows are to be put in hand immediately. It is proposed later to erect a monastery forming a quadrangle with the church. It may be interesting to state that the future church will stand on the site of an old monastery in which mass has been celebrated since the very earliest ages.—Dublin Freeman.

The Catholic church in Ennis, the altars of which were consecrated on Sunday, 7th of July, was commenced many years since, by the late Dean O'Shaughnessy, by whose zealous exertions the building, as exteriorly seen, was completed. The principles and details of ecclesiastical architecture being little regarded when the church was projected it was fortunate that no portion of the interior decoration had been attempted, when about ten years since the internal arrangements and completion of the remainder of the church were placed by the parishioners, under the direction and control of the eminent architect, M. J. J. McCarty, of Dublin. The beautifully paneled wooden ceiling, the pillars and arches, dividing the area into nave, aisle and transepts, the organ gallery,

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Also at Mr. Alexander's Bookstore, opposite the Post-Office, Quebec.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUG. 2, 1861.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

"At last," says the London Times, "the Italian Government is convinced that stern measures are absolutely necessary to restore peace to the territory of the Two Sicilies." We have had domiciliary visits by the agents of the intrusive Government of Victor Emmanuel, arbitrary arrests, and wholesale shootings, or *justillades*, of the Neapolitan loyalists and patriots by the foreign mercenaries of Piedmont; but all these, and other persuasive, well known to Liberals, have been resorted to in vain, and now "stern measures!" are to be employed.—The Neapolitans are as unruly as ever; from one end of the country to the other, the people are rising in arms against the alien intruders, and to assert the rights of their lawful king, Francis II.; and so at last the invaders are convinced that stern measures must be resorted to, to subdue the inconvenient love of liberty and national independence with which the people of Naples are animated. To Cialdini has been entrusted the execution of these "stern measures." A force of about 60,000 Piedmontese troops has been despatched to the South of Italy to complete the subjugation of the conquered Provinces; and even this force, says the Times, "is not too large, and will probably be severely tasked in doing its duty." From these simple data it is easy to conclude to the actual feelings of the Neapolitans towards their foreign rulers, and to the success which has hitherto attended the efforts of the revolutionists to establish a United Italy. What Russia is to Poland, that is Piedmont to the Two Sicilies; and as it is permitted to the friends of liberty to sympathise with the Poles and to pray for their success, so also we trust it may be permitted to us to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon the courageous efforts of the Neapolitans to throw off the alien yoke by which they also are oppressed.

By the latest and most reliable accounts from Rome, the health of the Holy Father would seem to be improving; though there is a party of course who anxious for his death, and speculating upon it as a powerful help to the revolutionary cause, magnify every trifling and transient ailment with which Pius IX. may be afflicted, till it assumes the terrific proportion of mortal disease. On the other hand we have very serious hints as to the precarious condition of the health of the French Emperor, who has derived but little benefit from his visit to Vichy. Thus, whilst Louis Napoleon is calculating on the death of his former friend and benefactor Pius IX, his own enemies, and he has many enemies, are looking forward to another by no means, improbable contingency, when France shall be called upon to elect a new ruler. Carour has been suddenly called away, and sent to his own place; the other enemies of God's Holy Church may each in their turn, expect to have a similar dread summons. "Thou fool: this night shall thy soul be required of thee"—is a text upon which Louis Napoleon and his fellow-workers in iniquity would do well to ponder.

The battle, or rather the route, at Bull's Run continues to furnish the topic of general conversation. The actual amount of killed and wounded it is not easy to ascertain; but it would seem that the first accounts were in this respect much exaggerated. The gallant Northerners ran away so soon and so fast, from the field of battle that the slaughter on their side could not have been great; and though they got a most precious threshing, with the exception of their artillery and their baggage, the *matériel* of their army, and their honor, their losses do not seem to have been very heavy. The Irish, Scotch and German troops engaged, alone behaved well; and it is to be regretted that so much good blood should have been spent in such a cause. Why not leave the Yankees to fight it out amongst themselves! The report of the death of Meagher is contradicted; and though the journals in the interest of the Northern States teem with awful accounts of the cruelties practised by the victorious Southerners upon the wounded left on the field of battle, there is no reason to doubt that these accounts are for the most part ludicrously exaggerated. Raw troops never do practise those courtesies of war with which veterans are familiar; and flushed by triumph, the Southerners

may, in some few instances, have directed their guns upon ambulances, and have thrown shells amongst groups of wounded men; but the stories about their killing, in cold blood, the disabled, left by the panic-stricken Northerners on the field of battle, are as incredible, as they are revolting.

The Southerners have not followed up their success. Probably because their troops are deficient in steadiness, and because a rapid advance is almost as trying to the discipline of raw levies as is a rapid retreat; and probably also from motives of policy. The Southerners, if wisely led, will remain strictly on the defensive, will abstain carefully from any aggressive demonstrations calculated to irritate, or provoke the patriotism of, the people of the North, and to alienate the sympathies of strangers. They are spoken of as rebels—just as the insurgent Neapolitans are styled "brigands" by the Piedmontese invaders—and rebels they may be; but at all events they have as good right, and as good cause to rebel against the Federal Government, as bad the thirteen colonies to take up arms against the rule of George III. General Beauregard is a rebel in the same sense that General Washington was a rebel; and if the former succeed as well as did the latter, as favorable a judgment will be passed by posterity upon him and his brothers in arms, as has by the same tribunal been already passed upon the fathers of American Independence.

Following close upon the comet, a new visitor in the person of the valorous and illustrious Prince Napoleon, better known as Plon-Plon, has come amongst us. His principles not allowing him to give, or exact satisfaction, and his non-fighting tendencies being the subject of many cruel sneers at home, Plon-Plon has determined to make the New World happy by the light of his countenance. Amongst our republican neighbours a real live Prince, although notorious as a poltroon, is certain of being received with all the honors; and in the serenity of Yankee flunkies, Plon-Plon may perhaps find balm for the spirit wounded by the unkind sarcasms of the Empress Eugenie, and his other acquaintances in France. It is a pity he did not arrive to take a part in the ever memorable flight at Bull's Run; His Imperial Highness would no doubt have distinguished himself, even amongst the volunteers, by his alacrity in running away from the post of danger, and have thus earned fresh laurels for the name of Plon-Plon.

From all parts of Upper Canada we have the most satisfactory accounts of the appearance of the crops; and if the present prospects are not blighted by a too long continuance of wet weather, an abundant harvest may be anticipated.—The *Arabia* with English dates to the 20th ult. reports a decline in the markets for breadstuffs. Political news at home and abroad unimportant.

MAUDLIN TENDERNESS FOR AN ABORTION-ST.—There are crimes upon which Protestantism looks with a very lenient eye; there are offences against the divine law which, weighed in the scale of Protestant ethics, assume the proportions of amiable weaknesses, if not those of actual virtues. Amongst those crimes and offences must be classed that of child-murder; and whilst the poor ignorant Papist looks upon this as the filthiest, the most atrocious of all conceivable murders, the Protestant treats it as if it were an act so meritorious as to palliate, it not to justify the murder of the parent. With a certain class of Protestants, child-murder, like charity, covers a multitude of sins; and the sympathies of the community are evoked in behalf of a doubly dyed murderer now lying under a justly deserved sentence of death in the City jail, upon the grounds that, if he did kill the mother, he had previously destroyed the soul and body of her unbaptised child, and that the murder of the former was the undesigned result of the other criminal act.

This is incredible, our readers will exclaim. Surely no man would dare—unless an "intelligent jurymen" who is an idiot *ex-officio*, and proverbially insensible to the voice of reason and morality—surely no man would dare so to outrage public morality as to plead for a mitigation of sentence in the case of the infamous "abortion-doctor" whom tardy justice has at last overtaken, but from whose grasp it is now attempted to deliver him. Alas! it is but too true, as shall be evident from the annexed paragraph which we clip from one of our most influential Protestant journals, the *Montreal Gazette*:

"THE PATTERSON CASE.—A petition to the Governor-General in Council from Clareneville, praying for the commutation of Patterson's sentence to imprisonment for life has been shown us. It is signed by the magistrates and others who were particularly active to obtain the arrest and punishment of the convict, and who know well the nature of the case. The opinion of these men is entitled to respect. We believe the interests of justice and society will be better conserved by following the course indicated by the petitioners than carrying out the extreme sentence. The prospect of the Penitentiary will be a sufficiently wholesome warning for abortionists, and convictions will be more certain and easy."

Two of our City papers, the *Herald* and the *Transcript*—to their credit be it said—oppose the disgraceful prayer of this disgraceful petition; and argue conclusively—1st—that the crime of

which the "abortion-doctor" has been convicted is, in the strictest legal sense of the word, murder; and 2nd—that in his case there are no mitigating circumstances whatsoever, to justify the interference of the Executive. For him who in a moment of intense passion slays his fellow-man—for him who laboring under cruel provocation takes the life of his brother, there may sometimes be urged reasons why the extreme penalty of the law should be remitted. But in the case of this foul mercenary wretch Patterson, it is impossible to detect a single mitigating circumstance. The fellow was a murderer by profession; one who gained his infamous wages by the practice of destroying life; one therefore in whose behalf no single reason for mitigation of sentence can be pleaded. It may be true that he did not intend to kill the mother, but there can be no doubt that he intended to murder, and did succeed in murdering, that mother's child;—and unless it be pretended that, in morals, two murders are equivalent to one virtuous act—as in grammar two negatives are, in some instances, equivalent to an affirmative—we see not how, or upon what principle, any sympathy can be elicited for the doubly-dyed villain whose cause the *Gazette* so eloquently advocates.

The crime of child-murder is—this is universally admitted—rapidly on the increase. It is a branch, a very lucrative branch, of the medical profession; and though of course one scouted by the respectable practitioner—and we have, thank God! many most respectable and high-minded medical practitioners, both Protestant and Catholic in our midst—there is a large section of the medical profession whose services are as often put in requisition to destroy life as to save it. A severe example is therefore necessary to deter these unprincipled scoundrels; and no punishment is so exemplary, or so efficacious as a deterrent from crime, as is the death punishment when judiciously and consistently inflicted. There are numbers still at large, no doubt, as guilty as the wretched convict Patterson; of these some may yet, let us hope, be entangled in the meshes of the law; but how to these could the due reward of their iniquities be meted out, were the life of Patterson to be spared, and if in his case the gallows were to be defrauded of its most legitimate prey?

"The prospect of the Penitentiary" will not be, as the *Gazette* foolishly pretends, "a sufficiently wholesome warning for abortionists," and scoundrels meditating the crime. "So long as there is life, there is hope," is an old and common adage; and by none is it more carefully treasured up, and more generally applied than by the criminal classes of the population. The first, the very first, the most important question which invariably suggests itself to the mind of the professional criminal when meditating some act likely to bring him within the reach of the arm of the law, is, as to the degree or nature of the penalty to which, if convicted, he will be exposed; and whilst the prospect of imprisonment has but little terrors, that of the gallows strikes the most hardened with awe. Even though not always sufficient to deter, when the chances of detection are apparently small, and the prospects of gain are great, yet, as every one conversant with the habits, the modes of thinking and acting of the criminal classes knows—it is often eminently successful in deterring from the meditated crime, and of all punishments, is always the most efficient as a warning and an example. There are two punishments of which all criminals stand in dread above all others—the gallows and the cat-o-nine tails; and it is much to be regretted, in the interests of morality, and for the sake of society, that through the prevalence of a morbid, or maudlin philanthropy, these two most efficacious deterrents from crime have, in a great measure, fallen into desuetude. We say a "morbid" philanthropy; because it is a fact, which every one who has carefully studied the question of secondary punishments is aware of, that, whilst almost utterly worthless as a deterrent, or warning to others, there is no punishment so cruel, and so morally injurious to the criminal, as that of long protracted imprisonment.

The only semblance of argument urged by the *Gazette* in favor of mitigating the sentence of death in murder cases, amounts to this:—That, as a body or class, our *petit jurors* rank so low in the scale of intelligence and morality that it is almost impossible to expect from them a verdict in accordance with their solemn oaths, when that verdict is likely to entail consequences of which they disapprove. We believe that this argument has in it a certain degree of force. We believe that jurymen are often either so thick-headed, or so dishonest, as to confound their functions with those of the judge; and that instead of restricting their attention—as in duty, and by oath, bound—to the simple issue of fact presented to them, they will persist in dragging in the, to them, totally irrelevant question of the nature of the punishment to which a verdict of "guilty" would subject the convict. This is a great evil, and one we fear inseparable from trial by "intelligent jurymen." But in that the latter will not do their duty; in that through natural stupidity they cannot, or that through an inherent depravity they will not, refrain themselves from

perjury, we can scarcely find a valid reason for rescinding the law according to which the murderer is consigned to the gallows. We should rather endeavor if possible to raise the intellectual and moral standard of jurymen; we should rather endeavor to impress upon their dull perceptions that, with the consequences of their verdict they have nothing to do; but that their legitimate functions are exclusively those of determining from the evidence laid before them, the simple fact of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, of that wherewith he is charged.

Underlying this morbid or rather maudlin sympathy for the "child-murderer" or "abortion doctor," there is a most important dogmatic question, or question of theology; on whose solution depend the several views taken of the crime by Protestants and Catholics, respectively. By the former it is viewed simply in its physical aspect, and as such it assumes the guise merely of a misdemeanor at worst; of an offence indeed, but one far less heinous than the murder of the adult. To the Catholic, however, the destruction of the unbaptised child, from the latter's consequent eternal exclusion from the enjoyment of the beatific vision and the supernatural destiny for which it was designed, appears as the very worst form of murder imaginable. No unbaptised person can enter the Kingdom of God; and the abortionist, or child-murderer deprives the wretched victim of his crime, of that Sacrament of regeneration by which at once it would have been made a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is this which, in the eyes of Catholics, imparts such a peculiar atrocity to the crime of which the *Gazette's* client Patterson has been proved guilty, and renders him of all criminals, the one least deserving of any clemency, or mitigation of sentence. Let him be exhorted to make his peace with God; let him, by all means, have time and opportunity given him for so doing; but do not defraud the gallows of its legitimate prey, and do not deprive the guilty wretch himself of the most efficacious means of doing penance, and making atonement, for his crime. The death penalty accepted in a proper spirit becomes, as it were, an expiation; and both justice to society and tenderness to the criminal, whose soul we would save even at the expense of his mortal body, demand its unflinching execution.

II.

(Continued.)

"Sir Archibald Alison in a letter to C. W. Clay contends that the American Constitution is a failure, and recommends a National Church and a Monarchy."

As a remedy for all these so recently discovered evils, Sir Archibald recommends a *National Church*. It is refreshing in these days of pseudo-liberalism to find a man bold enough to advocate such a remedy. The movement for the separation of Church from State is just now so active in England, that he must indeed be a bold knight who dare advocate its adoption.—And yet the ultra-conservative Sir Archibald; and the pseudo-liberals, may shake hands; for though apparently advocating opposite doctrines, they in reality aim at the same thing. "Ecclesia ancilla" is the aim of both, though they propose different means for its attainment. The pseudo-liberals demand the *separation* of Church and State, in order to render the Civil power absolute, and thereby degrade the Church into a mere hand-maid. Sir Archibald advocates the very opposite means for attaining the same end. He would *join* the Church to the State, in order thus to cripple her power. Both, though by different means, are aiming at the same end—a handmaid church. This in a Protestant country may be all very good, nay, in fact, is *absolutely necessary*; for Protestantism, being but a parasite, requires some stable edifice around which to climb. But with the Church of God this is not only unnecessary, but absolutely *impious*. However, it is not from a religious, but a political point of view that we would now consider this question.

Whilst then on the one hand we recognise the *independence of the civil power*, as a necessary guarantee of liberty—so on the other, we maintain the *independence of the spiritual power* as equally necessary. A *free Church in a free State* can be the only equilibrium of true liberty. This independence of the temporal and spiritual powers was proclaimed for the first time in the *Christian world*. Before that Gospel in which this distinction is mentioned, the world had never realised the idea of a worship independent of the State. Neither Plato, Aristotle, nor the Stoics, nor the historians of ancient Rome, ever dreamt of this doctrine, which has become the foundation of Christian public right. Amongst all those nations which have not been enlightened by the Gospel, the Church and State have been confounded, sometimes in the most monstrous manner, always to the detriment of true liberty; and it is precisely as we leave the confines of the Catholic Church that we find this principle so essential to true liberty, most despised or least understood. If we cast our eyes over Europe in her actual state, this is very apparent; for it is in Protestant Sweden, Schismatic Russia, Lutheran Germany, Anglican Great Britain—

amongst all these free (!) people that we find a church in chains—Sir Archibald's *national church*. It is true also! that even in Catholic nations, we often find Caesarism or Napoleonism endeavoring to establish this junction of Church and State; but in doing so, it has only fulfilled its mission of tyranny, and acted contrary to the teaching of the Gospel. The present struggle in Italy is a sufficient proof what importance Catholicity attaches to the divine doctrine of the separation, or rather distinction of Church from State, and of the battle she is prepared to fight to uphold it. Would the Pope but consent to forego this principle, French Napoleonism and Sardinian absolutism would have gained their impious ends.

But though, on the other hand, the pseudo-liberals would advocate this principle of the *distinction of Church and State*, let it not for a moment be supposed that it is for any love they bear her. It is not that they wish this separation really and truly—granting to the Church her proper place in the human polity—but rather they desire her extinction, or at least her subordination. They seek to separate, in order to destroy her; they would absorb the spiritual in the temporal;—they would degrade her Priests to the level of civil functionaries. Thus it has ever been. Gallicanism—Josephism—the regime of the Convention—the code Napoleon of the first Empire—Orangeism—in a word, the whole history of Europe during the last century prooves it. The centralisers of all shades—from the Austrian bureaucrat to the French functionary—from the Anglican anti-Papist Orangeman to the Russian Pope—from Victor Emmanuel to Dr. Ryerson, shew how adverse all are to this principle of true liberty—the distinction of Church and State. To them the State is their God, before which they prostrate themselves like the Chinese in blind adoration. They raise up the State above all other powers, and then falling down adore this God, the work of their own hands. In this new worship, the head of the department is the invisible priest, and his ministers, the augurs and aruspices; and woe to the unfortunate devotee who shall unwittingly exceed the bounds of their ritual.

Such is the system which Sir Archibald proposes as a remedy for the United States; and herein we think he has erred. In England a State Church has existed without any great detriment to the fullest liberty, because it was imposed upon a firm foundation of Catholic institutions and ideas, which, through the conservatism of her disposition, she has unwittingly preserved in spite of her Protestantism. Few powers have given to the Catholic Church fuller liberty than Protestant England, because Protestant England is more politically Catholic, than Catholic France or Austria, or any other existing nation. Her political institutions are anterior to the so-called *Renaissance*, and if properly traced, their roots will be found striking back and drawing their nourishment from the deep sub-soil of Catholic England long prior to the Reformation.—This it is that has guaranteed her the extraordinary liberty, and the free institutions she enjoys. Her *foreign and external policy* (amongst which we must rank her treatment of Ireland) is *abominable*, and is *Protestant*. Her internal policy is *admirable*, and is *Catholic*. But with the United States the case is far different. They have no Catholic history to fall back upon—no sub-stratum of Catholic ideas from which to draw nourishment for freedom; and to superimpose a State Church upon a foundation of practical infidelity would be indeed to lower even Protestantism below the dust.

SACERDOS.

THE LONDON "TIMES" AND PROTESTANT POOR LAWS.—The *Times* is occasionally very imprudent in its admissions; and though it hates Popery with a sincere and perfect hatred, it has its lucid intervals during which it lets escape important truths, which in its normal condition—that of intense Protestant horror of Monastic institutions—it would be most careful to repudiate and protest against. In a late article on the Poor Laws of England—that blot on the civilisation and Christian charity of modern times—the *Times* in one of these lucid intervals to which it is occasionally subject admits that:—

"Poor Rates themselves are only referable to the time when the dissolution of the Monasteries, and the doctrines of the Reformation, produced at once the recognition of the duty, and the political necessity of a State provision for the helpless poor."—*London Times*.

This is a valuable admission; one most glorious to Catholicity and its Monastic institutions, most humiliating to the Reformation and its doctrines; as tantamount to a confession, that Protestantism imposed the necessity of a State-provision for the poor, by destroying the Monasteries in which, in the good old days, all their wants had been abundantly supplied; and that the principles of a vicious political economy flow naturally and inevitably from the adoption of the Reformed doctrines, just as the principles of Christian charity flow from the adoption of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. In Popish times the provision for the poor was the consequences of the adoption of the last-named principles; after the Reformation, the dissolution of

the Monasteries and the persecution and exile of the Religious, the other principle came into fashion; and if the poor were still relieved, it was no longer because in them the rich man beheld as it were the person of his suffering Redeemer, but as a State necessity, as a matter of prudence, and as a safe-guard against revolution.

There can be no necessity for a State-provision for the poor there, where the principles of Christian charity are recognised by individuals, and where no arbitrary restrictions are placed by the State upon their full development. These principles must be allowed to work, and charity must be embodied in an organism, it is true, to meet the daily increasing wants of society; but it is only because Protestantism hates, and endeavours to destroy, these organisms, or to impede their development, that the degrading alternative of a State-provision for the poor becomes a necessity. Catholic charity blessed, and indeed ennobled its recipient; State-provision for the poor degrades and brutalises its subjects, and can but inspire them with hatred against the social system under which they live.

The Oshawa Vindicator thus eloquently and convincingly urges the claims of Mr. George Brown to the confidence and support of the "low Orangemen" of Canada:—

"But looking at the case from a common sense stand-point, irrespective of what this or that writer may have penned in favour of, or against the man, what reason, derived from his public acts and views have Orangemen for denouncing the Hon. George Brown? What man in Upper or Lower Canada has been more bitterly assailed by the Roman Catholic clergy for his faithfulness to the interests of Protestantism; for his opposing grants of public money to Roman Catholic Colleges and Nunneries; and for his firm stand against Separate Schools, than has the Hon. George Brown? It is easy, of course, to say that Mr. Brown rides the Protestant horse when it suits him; but the fact that the Roman clergy do not believe any such thing of him ought in itself to convince the public of the falsity of such an unbecoming assertion, if we had not the record of his whole public life before us in the columns of his own paper and upon the journals of the Legislature. What measure have the Orangemen striven for as a body that the Hon. George Brown has not advocated long and ably? And what advances, to the injury of Protestantism, have Roman Catholics sought that the Hon. George Brown has not contended against, with all his power, to the great sacrifice of his own personal and political interests?—Oshawa Vindicator."

We find the following in the Commercial Advertiser, and have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellent arrangements of the Richelieu line of steamers to Quebec, and the attention of the proprietors to the wants of their passengers:—

To the Editor of the Commercial Advertiser.
SIR,—In these days of "Testimonials" to Insurance Companies and others, it may not be considered out of place to take special notice of a case where great praise is due. I allude to the way in which the Richelieu Company are running their boats between this city and Quebec. I was a passenger down by the Napoleon and returned by the Victoria a day or two since, and must say that the most fastidious could find no room for complaint on either trip. The courteous manner of the Captains of these boats, and evident solicitude of the subordinates to meet the wants and wishes of a crowd of passengers, reflect the greatest credit personally; while the general equipment of the boats, and the efficiency and number of the crew show a liberal and discreet management on the part of the Agent of the Company. The enterprise is, I believe, essentially of French Canadian origin, and has the best wishes of
AN ENGLISHMAN.

Owing to the absence of the editor from town last week, several communications remained un-answered. This will, we hope, explain the silence of the TRUE WITNESS upon one or two topics which it otherwise would have noticed.

ST. PATRICK'S TEMPERANCE PIC-NIC.—This was a decided success, creditable to the President and members of the Society by whom it was organised, and most agreeable to all who attended it. The proceeds, after deducting all expenses, exceeded \$400, and were handed over to the Rev. Mr. Dowde for the decorations of St. Patrick's Church.

THE GARIBALDI GUARD.
To the Editor of the True Witness.
Richmond, Vt., July 23, 1861.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to draw your attention to a portion of a despatch from Washington yesterday, and which I find in to-day's issue of the Burlington Times, relative to the gallant conduct of the Garibaldi Guards in "the grand retreat" of our Northern troops on Sunday night. I have not, for a long time, read anything that points so well; and I earnestly hope that every member of the Protestant press of Montreal will at an early day make it the text of a leading article for the special benefit of its readers. The portion of the despatch to which I refer reads as follows:—

"In the grand retreat many of the Garibaldians acted like savages, firing in every direction on the run to Fairfax. Country houses along the road were invaded and many persons maltreated."

And wherefore should they not have "acted like savages?" or why should the laws of nature be reversed in their regard? They "acted" as "savages" only because they are savages, because the spirit which animates and rules them is that of the chief of savages, the arch-rebel against all legitimate authority, the true type of a brigand, Garibaldi himself. Men do not gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles. It was not without being compelled to it that the author of the despatch gave their true appellation to the unsavoury progeny of Garibaldi; for he and his nation patronized the conspiracies and hugged the conspirators to their bosoms. But your correspondent humbly thinks they have found a hornet's nest.

The writer of the despatch, an unexceptionable

witness, testifies to the entire demoralisation of the Garibaldians—that they are "savages," and as the disease is contagious can you wonder at that grand "retreat" of our army in which they played so conspicuous a part? Ah! if these heroes had only faithful priests and helpless nuns to deal with the telegraph would have to report a complete victory instead of a "grand retreat." But let me do justice to their gallantry—for the despatch gives them credit for some valiant deeds. It says, "country houses along the road were invaded and many persons maltreated." Yes, so the States of the Church were "invaded," and "many" of the clergy and religieuse "maltreated."—Semper sui similes.

Ah President Lincoln! if you have the salvation of the country, the preservation of the Union, but above all, the inviolable sanctity of the American homestead at heart, you will forthwith disband these "savages," order them to quit the American shore, and even pay their passage to Italy, where they may once more betake themselves to the congenial occupation of massacring priests, banishing bishops, and "invading" and plundering convents.

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,
VERMONT.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)
MR. EDITOR.—In looking over the columns of your valuable paper, I met, with pleasure, an account of several distributions of premiums, &c., in the different Colleges and Convents of Canada. As yet I have not seen any account of that which took place at the Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame, in Kingston, of which I had the pleasure of being an eye witness for the first time; and, although I am not particularly acquainted with this institution, I will offer some remarks suggested by the agreeable afternoon I there spent.

Having entered a few moments before the appointed hour, I had an opportunity of admiring the spacious hall, and the graceful decorations, altogether appropriate for such an occasion; but what most attracted my attention was the happy and innocent looking countenances of the numerous children, seated around the platform, all attired in light blue uniform. This added not a little to the tout ensemble. I was reflecting on the loveliness of virtue, when rich strains of music struck my ear. His Lordship the Bishop entered, and was followed by several of the venerable Clergy, and now the young ladies begin their little debate. Two very good compositions were read; one was the "Discovery of America by Columbus;" the other, "The ruinous effects of Pride," both subjects probably chosen by the young ladies themselves. Some pieces of music were very nicely executed by the junior pupils, and afterwards a dialogue on the Seasons by the same, came in for its share in the praise. Again the scene is varied by some pleasing music; then a dialogue of much interest was entered upon—"The Settlement of Montreal"—in which the little Indian girl played her part most admirably—showing at once her yearnings for her forest home, and the grateful feelings she entertained for those pious individuals who first taught her to love and fear God. They retired amid the well deserved applause of all. The young pupils again resumed their stand, and sang with youthful raptures their Vocation Song. The senior pupils next came forward, and represented with much ease and grace the several characters of a drama, entitled "The Orphan of Salisbury," after which they executed on the Piano and Harmonium several brilliant pieces of music. These were followed by a sacred song, by two of the young ladies, which was very much admired. And now, the pupils, with smiling countenances, descend, one after another, to receive from their Rev. Bishop, in the presence of beloved parents and kind friends, wreaths and premiums, the well deserved reward of their year's labor and application. An address was read by one of the pupils who had most distinguished herself. She thanked His Lordship and the audience for their gracious attendance. In reply His Lordship expressed his satisfaction, and congratulated the young ladies on their progress of the year.—They then sang a farewell, in which they testified their regret at leaving for a time their Convent home.

I must not forget to add, that not only the mind is cultivated in this institution, but the young ladies are also taught to handle the needle, in every form of plain sewing, embroidery, and fancy work, of which there was a profusion laid before us, together with several pieces of painting and drawing. I returned home much gratified, and deeply convinced that in this institution, of which Kingston should be proud, nothing is neglected to complete a young lady's education.

A. SPECTATOR.
Kingston, July 22, 1861.

"POLITICAL PRIESTS"—AN OLD GAME REVIVED.

(From the Leader of the 25th ult.)
The deposed Opposition leader is resolved, it seems, to devote his "retirement" to the revival of the No-Popery cry. The Catholics have excited his ire beyond measure by combining to defeat him, and he is prepared in return to do his utmost to kindle afresh the sectarian antipathies upon which he formerly built his influence. For three years the Pope has lain upon the shelf in the Globe office. High Protestant professions have slumbered soundly all the time. And the probability is, that had Mr. Brown succeeded in deluding the Catholic body into a continuance of their support to himself, we should have heard no more No-Popery roaring from that quarter. Experience, however, rendered further deception impossible. The Catholics, like the Orangemen, lost faith in the pretences of a man who alternately coaxed and bullied them; and the recent election terminated political affinities in that direction. The consequence might have been predicted. Mr. Brown had been civil towards the Catholics, not because the old leaven of intolerance had departed from him, but because expediency seemed to dictate terms of courtesy. The motive having vanished, the action changed and from day to day since the election, the reader of the Globe has been able to trace the working of the old tempter, and to discern the indications of an approaching explosion.

That explosion has occurred already. It may be mild in comparison with the outbursts of former days. We are not treated as yet, to denunciations of "the Scarlet Lady," and heaps of ridicule upon "petticoated priests." All that is coming. Meanwhile, we have an unmistakable attack upon the whole Catholic clergy, who are stigmatized as "political priests," and upon all that portion of the Catholic laity who refused to render Mr. Brown the assistance he desired. The latter are derided as "priest-ridden," "the McCabes and McGuires, and O'Rourks" being held up to scorn with peculiar delight. Over and over again these genuine Irish patronyms are played with, with the obvious intention of throwing ridicule upon their nativity not less than upon their faith: So the old cry may be said to be fairly renewed. The tall Protestant horse, with Mr. Brown upon his back, is on his legs once more. And if the Globe have its way, Upper Canada will witness a recurrence of the disgraceful displays of bigotry which long constituted its distinguishing characters. The attempt will be futile, we confidently believe. Nobody can now-a-days be fooled into the supposition that Mr. Brown or his journal cares one iota for Protestantism, or any other ism, save as it may serve to help him on in the road to office; but the mis-

chievous intent, the wicked design, will remain nevertheless.

What means this violent outcry against "political priests"? According to the Globe's doctrine, the Catholic clergyman who presumes to express an opinion on matters political is guilty of an outrageous offence against property and good government. He is a "political priest," forsooth!—A meddling with what concerns him not—a tyrant whose authority should be suppressed. The party to whom the clergyman accords his support must submit to be branded as a "priest-ridden party. The people generally are encouraged to hunt him down; and to overturn the Government which happens to be the recipient of his support. Altogether, the revived No-Popery zealot is anxious to give currency to the idea that the province is ruled by "political priests," that ministers are kept in their places only by "priests," and that if we are to enjoy electoral liberty and honest government, "the priests" and the "Roman Catholic vote" must be swamped in one manner or another. By way of accomplishing this the Globe yesterday ascribes "glory to Father Lynch," and sneers at the "McCabes, and McGuires, and O'Rourks" as the hapless victims of priestly wiles.

We are at a loss to discover any special virtue in Mr. Brown's aversion to "political priests," using the phrase in other than a denominational connection. We would comprehend his consistency if he affirmed a broad principle against participation in political affairs by clerical gentlemen, whatever their church and creed. It would be difficult, perhaps, to appreciate the logic which approves of "christian politicians" yet rebukes the christian minister who interferes with politics; but at any rate the position would be intelligible. There would be no good ground for an accusation of narrow-mindedness, or for the imputation of sectarian selfishness. The rule would be applicable to all. Its enforcement would be binding equally upon Presbyterians as upon Catholics—upon Episcopalians more than upon Baptists; discriminating every record in the land, and effectually exempting party contests from the suspicion of being influenced by "spiritual pastors and masters" whether hailing from old Scotia or associated with "the McCabes, and McGuires, and O'Rourks" of the Globe's detested Ireland.

Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Brown's reputation as the antagonist of "political priests," his indignation is one-sided. No epithet is too vile, no sneer too savage when "Father Lynch" is concerned for his favor was not bestowed upon Mr. Brown. On the other hand, fulsome compliments are showered upon reverend gentlemen of the Free Church when they dabble in politics; for their influence, be it great or small, is on the side of Mr. Brown. It is not upon "political priests" of themselves, that the Globe wages war. It is only when they are political, and not Brownite, that the hypocritical howl is raised against them.

Notoriously, "political priests" have been the most influential auxiliaries Mr. Brown ever had. A corps of them, red hot, have been in his service in Upper Canada. There has not been silent support, nor has he been indifferent to its value. Without "political priests" as his coadjutors, he had been consigned to privacy long ago; and his only hope of a political resurrection lies to-day in the continuance of a "priestly" alliance. Not with "Father Lynch" we admit. But with the ministers of divers denominations, who talk for him, canvass for him, and as far as possible drag him in his behalf those over whom they exercise control.

It is sheer nonsense to pretend that of all clergymen Catholic alone merit the stigma, "political priests." In nearly every contested constituency, in the recent election, more or less clerical influence was excited in the interest of the Opposition. Records by the score might be named, who, not content with voting for the Opposition candidates, spoke and wrote politically, as violently and oftentimes as untruly as the most unscrupulous secular partisans. Far and near this was the case. It occurred here, at our very doors, and Mr. Brown bestowed upon it his sweet smiles. It occurred in Bruce, where a reverend gentleman disguised in Gaelic more outrageous falsehoods than we ever encountered in the form of an election address. It occurred all over Upper Canada, without eliciting from the Globe a solitary expression of disapproval. Not a word appeared about "political priests" so long as the clergymen's politics tallied with those of the Globe. The offence comes only when they use the right which belong to every member of the community, and use it adversely to the Globe's decree.

In these circumstances, neither appeals to denominational dislike nor abuse of the Catholic clergy is likely to prove very advantageous to the Opposition. We shall be mistaken, indeed, if from the better part of the Opposition there come not loud cries to "No-Popery" as partisan stock in trade; for, beside being unprofitable, the artifice is disgusting to every liberal mind. An honest bigot is entitled to respect. But a man who plays fast and loose with religious feelings as a party weapon, and would array the members of one church against the members of another, simply that although their differences be may attain position, deserves the detestation which sooner or later overtakes him. Let him, should lustily as he may, the "No-Popery" cry will not save Mr. Brown.

THE WIND'S WHISPER.
For the True Witness.
The wind is sweetly, softly whispering
A tale it oft hath told before;
Oh joys long past, of young hopes dying,
And loved ones that are now no more.
It breathes of childhood's joyous days,
Of deep green woods and murmuring streams;
Brings back to me, the winding ways,
The hills, the flowers, the star's bright beams.
Now plaintive on my ear is falling,
The sound of voices, silent long;
The noble boy, his sister calling,
Hush! hush! oh wind, both, both are gone.
A mother's voice is round me breathing,
To me the sound was ever bliss;
Her gliding tear, and gentle chiding,
Her look of love, and sweet soft kiss.
And then her death, when wildly gazing,
On each loved feature, cold and white;
Whispering, while that small hand raising,
Oh! would that I could die to-night.
Then bending down and gently kissing,
The life-like lips and noble brow;
Wondering strangely was she missing,
The breaking heart that mourned her now.
And now oh wind that sad's thy wailing,
I sigh for friends so far away;
For home, for twilight softly palling,
For kindly hearts and voices gay.

I weep, for all is strange to me,
I miss the looks I loved to trace,
And yearn so, once again to see,
Each well-known, loved familiar face.

MARY.

Montreal, July 16, 1861.

THE CROPS.—The general appearance of the crops of all kinds, throughout this section of country is most favourable. Fall wheat alone is somewhat affected in fields where the weevil has made its appearance; but this is more the case towards the ridges of Reach than in the extreme front where the destructive insect is disappearing. The Fall Wheat is ripening very fast, and on some farms rear of Pickering reaping will commence Monday next.—Whitby Chronicle.

HARVEST PROSPECTS IN WELLINGTON.—In the county of Wellington, the singular weather in April and May, and the long continued droughts of June and July, have been very severe on almost all kinds of agriculture and horticultural productions. There are complaints of rust and of the mildew in a few localities, but the reports that reach us are, upon the whole, more satisfactory than we anticipated. Should Providence send us favourable weather during the next few weeks, we do not anticipate that the farmers will have much reason to complain.—Guelph Advertiser.

THE HARVEST.—Contrary to everybody's expectation we shall have, at least, a moderate harvest. The winter-killed wheat has "come to" beyond all expectation. If the stalks are distant and unneighborly, the heads are prodigious. Mildew seems to be getting discouraged. The wheat is so precocious. One can hardly say—John Robinson, Esq., after spring opens, before wheat is ripe. Mildew feels it.—Norfolk Messenger.

The Action Copper Mines now employ 600 men, women and boys, and yield about 100 barrels of 30 per cent ore a day, worth from \$1500 to \$1800. The gross expenses exclusive of royalty are about 25 per cent. There appears no prospect of a diminution of yield, the product being larger now than at any previous period since the discovery.

In every constituency in the Upper Province has the Catholic vote exercised a certain influence, and in most of them it has had the balance of power. Well organized and prepared, it has done its work without parade or excitement. We congratulate our co-religionists upon the manly manner of their action—upon the zeal they have displayed in a good cause—and upon the proofs thus given of their capacity for prompt, deliberate and effective judgment in political manoeuvring. We cannot forbear in this connection from urging upon our friends the necessity of continuing their exertions. They should perfect their organizations in every locality and stand prepared in any emergency to make themselves felt in the political field. The success which has just crowned their efforts should stimulate them to a more thorough consolidation of their power. There should be one common bond of union from one end of the Province to the other. We speak advisedly when we say that Catholics must win justice for themselves. The moderate conservative party—whose success they have just secured—may prove ungenerous. The political friend of to-day may be the enemy of to-morrow. It is a time of transition among politicians. Catholics require to be prepared for any unjust action on the part of a parliamentary majority. It may be that liberal professions on the hustings will be forgotten in high places. If freedom of education—equal rights—a fair representation in the public offices of the country—shall be denied to the Catholic community in Upper Canada; or if bigotry shall be elevated, and any attempt be made to place one class of the population over the other—then will the efficacy of Catholic organization be again made apparent. For the same power can always in the nature of things effect the same end.—Ottawa Tribune.

Much of the time of the next session of Parliament is likely to be taken up with the settlement of contested election disputes, which will doubtless be as bitter and prolonged as after the preceding general election. The returns from East Brant, Montreal West, Terrebonne, Kent, West Elgin, West Northumberland, East Durham, Peterboro, Perth, Russell, Dundas, North Wentworth, and others, are all accompanied by petitions against them, while additions may be made to the list before Parliament is called together.—Commercial Advertiser.

BIRTH.
At Prescott, C. W., on the 19th ult., the wife of Mr. Francis Ford, of a daughter.

DIED.

On the 27th instant, at Quebec, suddenly, by disease of the heart, Mr. William Johnston, a native of the County Fermanagh, Ireland, aged 60 years.

Deceased came to this country when a young man, and during the whole of his long residence here, his life was spent in one even, unbroken course, fulfilling all the duties of a good and virtuous citizen and pious Christian, and beloved by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. Pious without ostentation, charitable without parade, his heart and purse were ever open to objects deserving of sympathy or compassion. He was a sincere lover of his country and race, always evincing his sympathy in the most substantial manner. Almost faultless in his daily life, he resigned his spirit to his Creator, the God of Mercy, to receive the reward of a life spent meekly in accordance with His Divine injunctions. He leaves a number of sorrowing relatives and friends who mourn his loss, but are cheered with hope and with the edifying example he left behind for them to pursue. May his soul rest in peace.

CONVENT OF LORETTO,
NIAGARA FALLS.

THE LADIES OF LORETTO, from Toronto, have OPENED AN EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT, at their New Convent at NIAGARA FALLS, and are prepared to receive PUPILS on the 2nd of SEPTEMBER next. The beauty and salubrity of the position—its many advantages, easy of access—the most magnificent view from the Convent overlooking the great Falls and the Rapids, but completely out of reach of the spray—the Museum and Botanical Gardens, open weekly to the Pupils, the grounds very extensive, and beautifully ornamented—the first-class Education which the Ladies impart—the tender care that young Ladies will receive at the hands of the Nuns—the advantage of being able to send to the Convent at Toronto in the Winter any young Lady who may desire it,—all tend to render this Establishment one of the best in the country.

Terms, &c., to be known at the Convents—Niagara Falls, Loretto, Toronto, Guelph, and Belleville; and by application to their Lordships, Bishops of Toronto and Hamilton; Very Rev. E. Gordon, Hamilton; Very Rev. J. Walsh, V.G., Toronto, &c.; and also at the College of our Lady of Angels, near Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.
THE ANNUAL PIC-NIC of the above Association, will be held in
GUILBAULT'S GARDENS
ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, THE 7th OF AUGUST.

Full particulars and Programme will appear in the daily papers.

By Order, JOHN O'CONNOR, Sec. pro. tem.

Montreal, August 2, 1861.

NOTICE.

AS it is now nearly three years since the demise of the late Charles Donlevy, proprietor of the Mirror, Notice is hereby given that unless payment of all accounts due to Mr. Donlevy be paid immediately, they will be handed to a solicitor for collection. The undersigned must do so reluctantly.
MARY DONLEVY, Administratrix.
Office, 95 George Street, Toronto.
Post-Office, box 166.

TO TEACHERS.
WANTED, a Female Teacher to take charge of a small primary School, in the Municipality of LaCrosse, County of Terrebonne. Applications addressed to the Rev. A. Payette, Priest of St. Sophie de LaCrosse, County Terrebonne, or to the undersigned, will be attended to.
WILLIAM CAMPBELL,
Sec. and Treas. to S. C.
St. Sophie de LaCrosse, 30th July, 1861.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
DIRECTED BY THE
RELIGIOUS OF ST. ANN'S CONVENT,
AT
LACHINE, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL,

The opening of the Classes will take place on the 2nd of September next.

THIS institution contains in its plan of Education, every thing required to form Young Girls to virtue, and the sciences becoming their condition. The diet is wholesome and abundant. In sickness as in health, their wants will be diligently supplied, and vigilant care will be taken of them at all time and in all places. Constant application will be given to habituate them to order and cleanliness; in a word, every thing that constitutes a good education, corresponding to the condition of the Pupils.

A magnificent Garden and the position of the Establishment on the borders of the St. Lawrence, opposite the Sault-St-Louis, and at only five or six acres from the first Railway Station at Lachine, contribute to offer to the Pupils a most agreeable abode.

COURSE OF EDUCATION.
The Course of Instruction contains the study of Religion, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, House Economy, Sewing Embroidery, Music, &c.

The same Course of Education is followed in English by the Pupils who desire to learn but that tongue. The Pupils who follow the French Course will have an hour of English Class every day if their parents desire it.

CONDITIONS.
For the Scholar year, payable at the beginning of each Quarter. £ s d
Boarding entire, with Table Service. 18 10 0
Half-Boarding. 9 5 0
Washing. 2 0 0
Music Lessons (ordinary) per month. 0 10 0
Drawing, per month. 0 2 6
The Pupils of the Village, who do not board in the Convent, will pay yearly for their instruction. 3 0 0
The Convent will furnish Bedsteads, which the Pupils will hire at 2s 6d per year. 0 2 6
The Pupils who desire it will have a Bed complete for. 1 10 0

When the parents withdraw their children before the end of a quarter, nothing will be returned to them unless it be for superior reasons.

COSTUME.
The Pupils wear every day a Blue Dress with a Cape of the same colour; they should also have a White Dress.

OBSERVATIONS.
1st.—The Pupils generally receive no visits, except on Thursday.
2d.—Every year, there is vacation of six weeks; the Pupils who desire to do so can pass this time at the Convent.

TO PASSENGERS
—PER—
"GREAT EASTERN!"

THE steamer NAPOLEON will leave the QUEBEC BASIN, Montreal, for QUEBEC, on the morning of MONDAY, the FIFTH OF AUGUST, at SEVEN o'clock, going alongside the GREAT EASTERN to embark passengers and luggage.

This will afford an opportunity for Tourists and friends of passengers to witness the sailing of the GREAT EASTERN, on the morning of the SIXTH prox. Fare—Three Dollars there and back.
Meals and State Rooms extra.
For Tickets apply to
JOSEPH LEVY,
Richelieu Steamboat Co.'s Office,
Montreal.

Should sufficient encouragement offer, the Napoleon accompany the Great Eastern below Quebec without extra charge.
Montreal, 2nd Aug., 1861.

THE "GREAT EASTERN,"
FOR LIVERPOOL.

THE "GREAT EASTERN," JAS. KENNEDY, Commander, will sail from QUEBEC for LIVERPOOL, weather permitting, on TUESDAY, the 6th of AUGUST, proximo.—Passengers to be on board on the evening of the 5th.

RATES OF PASSAGE.
Cabin. Sixty-Five Dollars.
Steerage. Thirty Dollars.

Passengers occupying the Grand Saloon Berths will be charged FIFTY DOLLARS EXTRA.
Berths not secured until paid for.
Two experienced Surgeons are on board.
Steerage passengers are required to provide Bedding and Eating and Drinking Utensils.
The ship will take as cargo Flour, grain, Ashes, Dry Deals, &c., &c.

For further particulars apply to the Consignees, ALLAN GILMOUR & Co., Quebec; or GILMOUR & Co., Montreal.
The Great Ship will be exhibited from WEDNESDAY, 17th until WEDNESDAY, the 31st instant, both days inclusive.
TICKETS OF ADMISSION, 50 cents each; Children under 12 years and Schools half-price; to be procured from the Consignees in Quebec, and at the office of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, Point Levi, Montreal, July 11, 1861.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held on MONDAY EVENING, 5th inst., at ST. PATRICK'S HALL, at eight o'clock.
By Order,
M. F. COLOVIN, Rec. Sec.
August 2.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, July 10.—As I do not think with Macchiavelli that all actions are indifferent in treachery, and only to be estimated by the ability they display or the success they secure, I have never concealed, since I have had the honor to correspond with you, the small sympathy that I feel for a Government founded in treachery, and built up by subordination and arbitrary acts; but I own that my vision fails me in the new phase of the Italian question. I have been too charitable in supposing that it was impossible for Napoleon even to push his audacious madness to such a pitch of treason to France as is shown in creating an Italian Empire. The motive of this sudden determination, into which he was led by no political compulsion, was precisely the same as that which led him to take up the Italian question, namely, the fear of Orsini-shells. The secret of the comedy came out in the discovery of Rudolphi's plot, of which the Emperor received information on the same day from Flahaut at London, and from the poor and loyal Francis II. at Rome. Not that I can tell you anything about this abortive conspiracy; you must know more about it than we, who can only speak in whispers about it, and who just know its existence. The Emperor, more ill than he is supposed to be, and who is ordered to Vichy by his physicians, was much affected by this incident, and Persigny as usual was exasperated. For the moment, the Legitimists are in favor at the Hotel of the Minister of the Interior. He is frightened at the result of the elections. He sees that a Government without either the support of the party of Order or the patronage of the revolution would be impossible. Moreover, he sees that a too intimate alliance with the Reds would be a foolish game, and would oblige him to revoke the law de surete, and other burden to which he attached much value. He therefore inclines to a system that may win the greatest number of large proprietors. This is Persigny's invention, and his first application of it was the war he declared against the Orleansists; but on this ground he should turn Delangle and Rouland out of the Ministry; and he would like to do so. Such is the talk of the day; and as anything is possible here, I believe just about as much as I believe most other reports. For the moment the reports of the evacuation of Rome are suspended, but I am convinced that the principle of it is determined upon. Prince Piombino boasted to one of my acquaintances that Thouvenel had assured him of the fact. This person has not seen Napoleon, but has had many conversations with the Leperello of our Don Juan (M. Mocquard), which comes to much the same thing, and with the ex-Legitimist Gueronniere, who is now a Senator.

Turin has never been more at the feet of Napoleon than now. In spite of Ricasoli's patriotic protestations, he is as much a traitor as Cavour, and has engaged to let France have Sardinia for Rome and Sicily for Venice. Italy has greater need of a capital than of Cagliari, and more desires the destruction of the Quadrilateral than the submission of the Sicilians.—With two such islands in the Mediterranean, France would make that sea a real French lake, and would be fully paid for the sacrifices she has made for Italy. And this Southern development would delay the danger of Prussia on the Rhine; Russia might obtain some advantages in the East; the only dupes would be England and Austria, which latter now counts for nothing.—This is the plan, and I know that it exists. Will it succeed?—Paris Corr. of Weekly Register.

JUDGMENT ON M. MIREs.—PARIS, Thursday.—Judgment was given to-day in the affair of MM. Mires and Solar. Both were condemned to five years' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs.

Count Simon, member of the Council of Surveillance of the Caisse des Chemins de Fer, was declared civilly responsible for the losses of the depositors.

M. de Chesseport, M. de Pontalba, and Count de Poret, also members of the Council of Surveillance, were acquitted, as not having acted with knowledge of the frauds committed by MM. Mires and Solar.

MIREs, THE SADDLER OF FRANCE.—M. Senart summed up the various charges, involving numerous cases of ruin, insanity, and suicide, resulting from the reckless persecutions of the accused, who displayed uncontrollable rage, and broke out into violent interruptions in the course of the pleading. The history of the Roman railways was unfolded, and the amount of dishonest dealing in that scheme alone was fearful. The Spanish transactions with Salamanca were also shown up, and the whole career of the speculator scrutinized with unparrying severity. On his own showing, his rise and progress were based on puffery in newspapers, and even now a glance at some Paris letters in Continental journals indicate that he relies on creating a fictitious impression through the same instrumentality.

MIREs AGAIN.—In pursuance of the system he found so profitable from the starting point, viz., careful manipulation of newspapers and vigorous puffery, Mires had organized and got permission to work out a private shorthand report of the proceedings, on the stipulation that nothing should be cooked. His son-in-law, Polignac, wanted to alter and amend, but the printer, Ouaix refused his demand; meantime there is scarcely a paper in Paris to which the prisoner does not write letters apologetic, explanatory, or deprecatory, contriving to fill the public mind with irrelevant statements, drawing off attention from the plain facts of plunder and peculation. He insisted on reading a long rigmarole in court on Friday, and the pleading only came on on Friday, when Mathieu spoke on his behalf.

of catching a glimpse of him when returning on foot from visiting the encampment of Grenadier Guards in the neighborhood, and the works for the embarkment of the Allies. At last he came in sight accompanied by several gentlemen, to whom he chatted familiarly. Enthusiasm reached its height, the nearer he approached. The French gentlemen and blouses uncovered their heads, the French ladies waved their little pocket-handkerchiefs; but the English lady in question, to whom the perusal of Raleigh's life had been like a peal in a swine's snout, uncovered her shoulders, and forgetful of the dignity of womanhood, rushed forward and flung beneath the Emperor's feet a magnificent shawl of Chantilly lace. The object of this act of self-degradation is remarkable for the greatest courtesy to women in general, and probably it was to prevent must have felt that the English lady and her shawl were not passed by unnoticed. Finding it too late to halt he stepped across the improvised carpet, turned around, picked it up from the dusty ground, and with a smile handed the soiled article to the owner. M. Braine says the smile was a gracious one for, of course, Emperors are above feeling contempt for anything, so that he must speak correctly, although an immense moustache rendered it impossible to say in what way his Majesty's upper lip may have curled or expanded. In this instance, neither it nor the under one deigned to let fall any gracious words, and while the English lady was curtsying to the ground and matting to the worst French her sense of the honour which his Majesty conferred upon her, the Emperor retired to his villa, where, if he often meets with flattery, he is at least free from fulsome attentions such as that he experienced in the park of Vichy.—Star.

There are a few superstitious people who look upon the comet as the precursor of European wars, as some did that of 1858, which certainly appeared some months before the war of Austria. The state of Europe excuses these forebodings. There are, however, a few who are not superstitious, and who deem such an event is not at all impossible. The following are the observations of an intelligent and unprejudiced writer, M. Graty, in his late work "La Paix; Meditations," on the singular contrast between the protestations of peace which one hears on all sides and the present state of Europe:—"When has Europe had under arms four millions of soldiers? It is covered over with citadels and armed to the teeth. Every day are invented with feverish haste and ardour new engines of destruction. Fleets are multiplied; ships are covered with armour; floating citadels are built, and batteries to move on the waters. England for the first time in her history, is girding herself round with fortresses; and it is the 19th century that England awaited to do so. Tradesmen are turned into soldiers. Germany, the learned Germany, Switzerland the neutral and pacific, exercise themselves in the handling of weapons. The maddest has reached the United States of America. As for France, she has within the last ten years doubled her war taxes, as England has during the same period doubled hers. France borrows millions for war; and England does the same. Austria borrows, Russia borrows, Piedmont borrows and all, without excepting the smallest, borrow, and still for war! The Turk too wants to borrow, for a part of his troops have been without pay for the last three years; and what is still more frightful even than all this material preparation is that at this moment are heard on all sides the mutterings of anger and that men's minds are devoured by rage.—Times Cor.

ITALY. Those who expect that the revolutionary Government of Turin will show any more regard to the rights of property than to the rights of conscience should con the following cynical announcement of the Italian correspondent of the Times:—"The House of Deputies now frequently holds both morning and afternoon sittings—from 8 a.m. to 12 at noon, and again from 3 to 5 or 6. At one of the afternoon sittings a Bill was discussed empowering the Government to seize on the convents and monasteries wherever the public service required it. It had been originally proposed simply for military purposes, to enable Government to quarter troops on monastic establishments whenever and wherever there might be want of room; but the Select Committee improved upon his plan, and allowed the Executive to turn such establishments into schools, hospitals, &c., as well as into barracks, only enacting that the occupation should be temporary, and that the inmates of religious houses should be provided with suitable abodes in other convents of their own orders. The bill was hotly combated, both on old-fashioned religious principles and upon the equally untenable ground of the rights of property, and gave rise to a variety of harangues and somewhat questionable sneers and absurd jokes. It was, however, approved, and freedom was thus given to the Government to rid the country of monachism almost on any pretence, and with but little restraint.

One would think that Englishmen could never receive such cool announcements of the principle of robbery and sacrilege with approbation; we should like to hear what they would say if they were applied to English Rectories and Vicarages and Scotch Mansees, or even the parsonages of the sincere Irish clergy. But it is only when Catholics and the Catholic religion is concerned, that British principle sanctions and upholds the most infernal unfairness, and that British jurists make it an inviolable rule to give verdicts in direct contradiction to the evidence.—Weekly Register.

A letter from Turin of the 4th, in the Legitimist Union has the following:—"A voice has at length been raised in the Italian Parliament to protest against the violent spoliation of the monasteries and the sacred places. It was the Abbe Amicarella, who on the occasion of the discussion of a bill of that kind dared to pronounce the word immoral. This caused a great uproar in the Chamber, but the honourable ecclesiastic did not allow himself to be intimidated, and continued his speech against the bill, which is, he said, unjust, because the statute declares that all property is inviolable. M. Minghetti, Minister of the Interior, rose in his turn and said that the Government had no intention of injuring religious persons. M. d'Ondes Reggio, Professor of Constitutional Law supported the arguments of the Abbe Amicarella, and declared that the bill was a violation of the statutes. 'If it be wished,' said he, 'to reform religious orders, let it be done by means of liberty!' Baron Ricasoli tranquillized the speakers by promising that the Government would have due regard to those positions. The Chamber then adopted, by 136 votes to 16, the bill which gives to the Government the power of temporarily occupying the houses of religious corporations in each province of the kingdom, whenever and so long as it shall be necessary.

If the diplomatic relations between Paris and Turin were ostentatiously altered (though not broken off) last year because of the invasion of the Papal States, how comes it that now, when the robber's wallet is fuller since the plunder of Naples, "normal relations" should be considered a correct thing to re-establish, at a time, too, when the Ministry of Piedmont are avowing their determination to leave no stone unturned, to deprive the Pope of his remaining patch of territory?

To obtain Rome for a capital, says Ricasoli, "is not only our right, it is an imperative necessity." So said the late Bill. Sykes, no doubt, when an advantageous burglary was pointed out to him. It is a reversal of the Scriptural injunction. Having stolen the coat he thinks he has a right to steal the cloak also.—Cor. of London Tablet.

It is stated in a letter from Rome, that General de Goyon, on receiving despatches from Paris, announcing the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy by the French Government, assembled all the officers of the Army of Occupation, and thus addressed them:—"The Emperor, gentlemen, has thought right to recognise the Kingdom of Italy, but this act changes the situation in no way; and he has besides made reserves which prove his desire to respect treaties and remain united to the policy of the Sovereigns of Europe. I beg of you, gentlemen, to display the greatest prudence, and to maintain the same attitude as heretofore, because the policy of the Emperor is not changed. He firmly maintains his views with regard to Rome and Venetia."

On the other hand, the Opinion Nationale has announced, without being contradicted, that the French Government has admitted the principle of the destruction of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See, and that it will not be long before the principle is realised in facts, for the mission of Goyon at Rome, it says, is precisely the same as that of Admiral Barber de Trian at Gaeta; and that was, as our readers will remember, not to prevent the accomplishment of the national Italian programme, but to prevent its being accomplished too soon for the convenience of the French Government. This announcement of M. Gueroult is of little consequence in itself, but events have too often justified his perspicacity, and the speech of Ricasoli, who declares that the Piedmontese will soon enter Rome with the full permission of the French, makes one suspect that the Opinion Nationale speaks from official information.

On the evening of St. Peter and Paul, after the fireworks in the Piazza del Popolo, a transparency of a revolutionary kind was lit in the Corso, and some gentlemen, trying to prevent the manifestation from proceeding, one of them was stabbed to heart by a member of the "National Committee" who had just finished a sentence at the Gallies for a similar crime at Bologna. The assassin was secured after wounding dangerously one or two soldiers, and is now in prison. The murdered man had a magnificent funeral a few days after, attended by thousands of people.

Several other assassinations of soldiers in the Pontifical service have been since then attempted, but in no case with fatal results.—Corr. of London Tablet.

Mgr. de Merode has recently purchased a vast tract of land near Rome, which the Fathers of the Society of Jesus have been obliged to sell to provide for their exiled brethren whom the King of Sardinia has foully driven from Italy. Mgr. de Merode has purchased it at his own expense, and has offered it to the Holy Father for the use of the Pontifical army. The estate is the old Praetorian camp, where dwelt the men who made and unmade Roman Emperors.

The situation of Southern Italy is indeed most distressing. The horrors which are witnessed in the late Kingdom of the Two Sicilies are beyond belief. Our readers have the letters of our correspondents at Turin and Naples, and may judge of the evil from the serious tone in which it is described. From other quarters, too, come alarming rumours, and, if anything were wanted to show the danger of the crisis, it would be the glee of our Ultramontanes and would-be Legitimists at home, whose spokesmen in the House of Commons the other night quoted our correspondence as a proof that the Neapolitans were revolting against their oppressors, and desired nothing better than the expulsion of the Piedmontese.—Times.

The state of Naples may be judged not only by the admissions of the Times correspondent, but by the following official despatches addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor between June 23 and June 29. These despatches are from five great provinces—the Terré Ulterior Abuzzi, the Terré di Lavoro, the Terré di Molise, the Capitanate, and the Principato.

SANTA ANASTASIA, June 22.—The masses of the rebels here are 4,000 strong. In an engagement between Patena and Santa Anastasia we have lost 62 men. A troop of brigands, 200 strong, has disarmed the National Guard of Durazzano, and passed on with cries of "Viva Francisco II."

PESCARA, June 26.—Three companies of the line have been beaten and dispersed by a numerous band of brigands near Ortona.

The Royal steamer Ruggiero has saved 160.

VENAFRO, June 27.—Isernia is threatened by numerous bands of brigands.

Reinforcements are asked urgently.

SALENNO, June 28.—The whole valley of Drano is in the power of the insurgents. Two companies of infantry have been destroyed in the gorges of Veletri by a mass of brigands. Let troops be sent at once.

CAMPO BASSO, June 28.—The insurrection gains ground. The National Guard refuses to fight. It is intelligence with the brigands. The troops are insufficient.

FOGGIA, June 29.—All the Gargano is in arms. A provisional government has been proclaimed in the Bourbon name. The troops are few in number and discouraged by this kind of war.

SAIANO, June 29.—A numerous Bourbonist band has been trying to seize on Saiano since morning. The fight has been maintained for five hours; the brave Hungarian legion shared in it. We have to lament losses. The band is now on Monte Porca, whence a messenger has come from Giacomo Gravina with a summons to give up our arms and to find money. Troops must be sent from Sarno, Lucalici, Lauro, and Palma to take the brigands in the rear.

SALENNO, June 29.—On Monte Prato, near Saiano, 120 Bourbonist resist our troops. Sarno and Mirco are threatened. San Giorgio has dispatched 80 men of the Hungarian legion, and has called out all the National Guards of the district. White flags fly on the mountains. We have but few troops.

SALENNO, June 29.—San Severano and neighbourhood are disturbed.

The National Guard has been disarmed by brigands.

Benevento is in insurrection. The garrison has withdrawn into the fort. The line of telegraph is broken.

AUSTRIA. The following is the text of the Imperial rescript announcing to the Hungarian Chambers the rejection of their address:—"Francis Joseph I., by the grace of God, Emperor of Austria, Apostolic King of Hungary, &c. We offer our greeting to our barons of the empire, ecclesiastical and lay dignitaries, and representatives of our faithful kingdom of Hungary and the countries annexed, assembled in Diet in virtue of our Convocation of April 2, 1861. Although we have been greatly surprised on learning the debates that have taken place in the Chamber of Representatives concerning our rights as Sovereign, as well as the attacks directed against the hereditary right which belongs to us incontestably according to law, we nevertheless thought that we ought to consider them rather as the manifestation of the momentary excitement of certain passionate speakers than as the faithful expression of the sentiments of our assembled Diet. But since a positive expression has been given to these erroneous views, both in the form and the drawing up of the humble address which has been destined for us, we consider it to be our first duty, in order to preserve the humble respect that is due to our Royal person and our Royal hereditary rights—a respect which the throne and its dignity demand by good right, and which has been set aside in this address of the States and Representatives by their discarding the forms legally used to reject the address which, in violation of the Royal right, is not addressed to the hereditary King of Hungary. We have, nevertheless, the strong desire to pronounce without reticence on the questions of high importance contained in the address of the magnates and representatives, and consequently we seriously invite the Upper Estate and the Representatives to submit to us the address, observing the course followed by

the Oromador Diet of 1790, under such a form that its acceptance may be in harmony with the dignity of the Crown; which it is our duty to preserve, against all attacks, and with our hereditary Sovereign rights. For the present, we still retain for you our good will and Imperial grace.

VIENNA, June 30.—The Emperor and the Hungarian Diet.—VIENNA, July 10th.—The following is the textual reply given by the Emperor to the Presidents of the House of the Hungarian Diet, on the presentation of the address:—"I have observed with satisfaction the dutiful readiness with which the estates and the representatives of Hungary have met the desire I lately expressed. Entertaining the hope that the estates and the representatives of the country will receive in the same spirit the reply which I am about to give to the address of the Diet, solely in the interests of the country, and for the general good of the people, I will give this my reply as soon as possible.

The ground on which the Emperor Francis Joseph refused to receive the address of the Hungarian Diet was, that it was so framed as not to admit him to be King of Hungary. The Diet has consented to alter the preamble in such a way as to remove this objection, but it has made no change in the substance of the address, which remains as M. Deak originally drew it, and which will now, we may presume, be received by the Emperor. It cannot, however, be supposed that all the Hungarian demands will be granted, although there are reports that the Vienna ministers are prepared to recommend their sovereign to accord very considerable concessions, and there is not the slightest indication that the Magyars will yield a title of what they deem their constitutional rights or allow the Reichsrath to levy recruits or impose taxes in Hungary.

POLAND. A letter from Warsaw of the 4th says:—"Yesterday evening we narrowly escaped another massacre. The religious service which had been held in front of the churches has for some time past concluded with patriotic hymns. Yesterday evening a prodigious crowd was assembled in the Rus Leszno. They had scarcely begun the first hymns when troops arrived, under the command of a general, and the assembly was ordered to disperse. All representations to the general were fruitless; he continued to threaten to fire. Already some fanatics had cried out, 'Well, then, fire!' whilst the majority were on their knees; when, happily, some influential citizens succeeded in inducing the crowd to disperse. In the cities of the provinces there is constant agitation. Troops continue to leave for the Austro-Prussian frontiers. In a conversation with the Grand Rabbi, General Suchosanski has threatened to close all churches and synagogues where patriotic hymns continue to be sung."

RUSSIA. The following account of the Emperor of Russia's reception at Moscow appears in Buller's lithographic sheets:—"Letters received from persons well-informed announce that when the Emperor Alexander entered the theatre at Moscow all the company quitted it, as if they obeyed a preconceived signal. It is added that the Emperor's aides-de-camp were insulted by the crowd. But what is still more serious, the insurrection among the peasants is extending every day, and is assuming alarming proportions. Either the troops have acted without hesitation against the insurgents, but fears as to their fidelity are now beginning to be entertained."

BELGIUM. The Belgian Court of Cassation has decided the question of the Peter's Pence collection, which has been under discussion for a year. The Court decided that the collection was lawful, that no previous authorisation was needed.

SPAIN. The Madrid journals of the 5th state that when the Queen's troops entered Loja, as announced by telegraph, the principal inhabitants waited on the General in command to express their satisfaction at their arrival, and that in the evening the town was illuminated. They add that many of the persons who were with the insurgents had been made to join them by force, and that the chief, a shoemaker, named Perez, was one of the very first who ran away on the approach of the troops. Military courts had been instituted to try the insurgents who were captured. The Spanish journals publish a despatch which M. Mon, the Spanish Ambassador, had addressed to M. Thouvenel relative to the occupation of Rome, simultaneously with the despatch of Prince de Metternich on that subject. The Spanish note, however, has now only an historical interest, and is so much like the Austrian one that there is no necessity for publishing it.

For reaction against Freemasonry, if it be true, there are no doubt most solid reasons. The activity of this Secret Society at the present moment is almost superhuman. They rule Portugal; they are doing their best to conquer Spain, where under British patronage they propagate Socialism and Republicanism under the cloak of Protestantism and Biblicalism. The insurgents, who have just been crushed at Loja made a bad fight; but the less they fought the more they shouted, and their shouts were "Down with the Pope!"

PORTUGAL. The following article appears in the Monde:—"Everybody is aware that Lisbon, the capital of that little British entrepot called Portugal, is now the part of Europe most infected with St. Simonianism, Rationalism, Voltairianism, in short, with progress generally. The insults to which the Sisters of Charity have been exposed in the streets of that capital, and the slanders of a degraded press against those holy women, are symptoms which give a very accurate idea of the moral condition of a nation once the most distinguished for its Catholicism. At first sight it is not all surprising that a nation under such influences should recognise the pretended Kingdom of Italy. However, if we examine the situation of Portugal with regard to Spain there is some ground for surprise. After all, what has passed in Italy, if not the absorption of the weak by the strong, contrary to all right, justice, and treaties? What is this appropriation of the work of Garibaldi and Cavour, if not an encouragement to all future annexationists? Should there ever arise at Madrid a Ministry careless of the commandment against picking and stealing, and holding the opinion that the States of his Portuguese Majesty would be a very desirable addition to the dominion of Queen Isabella, if that Government, encouraged by the recognition of accomplished facts in Italy, and relying in consequence on the neutrality of England, (whom it would not be disposed to insult by supposing that she could have two weights and two measures, and by thinking she would disappear in Spain what she sanctioned in Turin); if, we say, Spain should suddenly, without any declaration of war, and without provocation, march an army of 100,000 men on Lisbon; if she sent before her army some few bags of gold to rouse the disaffected and foment treason even in the King's Cabinet; if, in short, imitating the great Cavour, she expelled the legitimate Sovereign, and appealed to universal suffrage, to ratify her conquest what would the King of Portugal say? What protest would England make? Would not Spain be justified in replying,—"Modern right has been proclaimed in London. Now modern right is nothing but the glorification of force and accomplished facts supported by your principles. I annex Portugal, to which I have at least as much right as Piedmont has to Naples." It must be admitted that the new right is a death-blow for little Portugal. In the present day there is no occasion for any casus belli before attacking one's neighbour, as it is not even necessary to give notice before crossing the frontier, and, since success is everything, the road to Lisbon lies open to the

Spaniards, all they have to do is to choose their time well, and act with promptitude.

There may be good reasons why English, Scotch, and Irish Whigs should forget the outcry they made some years ago against the government of the King of the Two Sicilies; but there are none why we should wish them success in their necessary labours. They fostered the rebellion; if rebellion there has been, and contrived the invasion by which Southern Italy has been laid waste. It was the incessant and unwearied lying of the Liberals that menaced the throne of the Bourbon, and at last accomplished his temporary ruin. The population throughout the Neapolitan dominions, with the exception of Sicily, was not so great as that of Ireland, but the British Liberals affected to believe that all the inhabitants of Southern Italy were not only discontented with their lot, but cruelly governed and administered. The agents of the revolution in France and Sardinia repeated the same cry, and by degrees a storm of fiery wrath was raised against the King of the Two Sicilies, against which the efforts of honest men could not prevail.

The Liberals have gained their end; the Bourbon Sovereign is in exile, and the King of Sardinia has entered and plundered his palace. Even Garibaldi the pirate refrained from touching the property of the King of the Two Sicilies, but Victor Emmanuel had no scruples: the robber of the Church could rob his own relations, and the palace of the King of the Two Sicilies, respected even by the ruffians who had made themselves masters of Naples, proved too great a temptation for a royal plunderer, and the priceless curiosities of the royal residences were, by the orders of Victor Emmanuel, transported to Turin. The Neapolitans gained nothing by the change, and the revolution imposed upon them tended only to make them poorer. The imaginary grievances which European Liberal instructions, daily lamented, have been converted into real afflictions from which they are unable to deliver themselves, because their oppressors, for the moment, are stronger than they are, and have the sympathies and good wishes of the revolution.

According to the admissions of the Liberals themselves, the state of the world has not improved in Italy. There is great insecurity of life and property, greater misery and keener want, under the rule of the King of Sardinia than there ever was while Naples was obedient to its lawful Sovereign. But there is no cry raised against the Piedmontese; the Liberals see no harm in oppression when inflicted by themselves, and they are now completely satisfied with the fierce tyranny under which the Neapolitans groan. The country is given up to anarchy; the law is not respected; private property is at the mercy of the strongest; and the Southern Peninsula is desolated by civil war. The Neapolitans will not have the Piedmontese to rule over them, and the latter, in order to keep down the native population, rely on the troops, for the affections of the subject population were never theirs.

Victor Emmanuel, under the instructions of Count Cavour, used to bear the "cry of anguish" rising from the South, and afflicting his tender and Royal heart. He provoked Austria to a breach of the peace, and invaded the Duchies; he called in the French troops, and plundered the Church, in order to liberate Italy; and now Italy is in greater servitude, and sunk in deeper afflictions than before.—The sword of the liberator has slain the victim with the tyrant, and the oppressed nationalities are oppressed still, but by a more merciless tyrant and a more powerful oppressor. The Piedmontese cannot govern the country they have stolen; the people rise everywhere against them; the very peasants abandon their occupation, and make war upon the tyrants who oppress them. Whole villages, whole towns, whole districts, rise against the Piedmontese usurpers, and protest against the cruel wrongs they are compelled to endure; but the Liberals pay no attention to their cry, and show no sympathy with the innocent victims of a savage oppression.

The Piedmontese Government, the fount and source of all this misery, is so resolutely bent on continuing it, that Cialdini and Piselli are sent to the South; both of them men of blood, and truculent agents of the Piedmontese oppressions. The loyal population, faithful to its lawful Sovereign, is to be at the mercy of these men, because Piedmont cannot, by gentle means, pacify the people it insults. Again, no pity is shown by the Liberals! these men are without compassion for the victims of their cruelty, and applaud deeds which have rarely been equalled by notorious tyrants. So far are they from feeling for the unhappy people whom they injure, that they insult them also, and think they have answered able objections to their infamous policy when they have stigmatised honest and loyal men as brigands. The grand brigands of Europe have sufficient hardihood to give their own name to the men they rob. But on the other hand, the brigands they denounce are a whole people, they are a nation, and they are fighting in a just cause against the true brigands who have come among them. This uprising of the Neapolitans against the Piedmontese is a fact which the Liberals cannot conceal any longer, and hence their attempt to discredit honest and honorable men. The ill-used subjects of the King of the Two Sicilies are generously striving to be rid of their tyrants, they cannot endure the tyranny under which they live, and they cry for their King unjustly detained from them. The Liberals, ever ready to detrone monarchs, and to deliver nations from their grievances, show no symptoms of a wish to detrone Victor Emmanuel, or to rescue the Neapolitans from their grievous wrong. Victor Emmanuel is one of themselves, a Liberal oppressor, and the people of the South whom he wrongs, are not Liberals. The King of Sardinia does the work of the revolution, fosters anarchy, and makes government impossible; he is a Liberal, and as a Liberal, he may do all the evil he desires, and every Liberal will defend him.

It is time men threw aside the shameless hypocrisy which they practice; and avowed themselves to be despots and tyrants. If they were honest lovers of liberty, they would not defend Victor Emmanuel, whose rule in the South of Italy is as cruel as it is illegal. That sovereignty is the real tyrant, the man who rules against the wishes of the people, and who has moreover, no title to the country he lays waste. The true Sovereign, desired by the people, is in exile by the machinations of Victor Emmanuel, and in obedience to the commands of the Liberals throughout Europe, who would not tolerate a lawful King in Naples.

If the late Sovereign of the Two Sicilies had done a little of the evil deeds, confessedly done by the King of Sardinia, the men who bounded on the Revolutionists against him, might have had something to say for themselves; but there were no enormities committed under him approaching in horror to the daily excesses committed by the Piedmontese. The Liberals have not one word of reproach to utter against the King of Sardinia, while they are not ashamed to revile the loyal inhabitants of Southern Italy, and to denounce them as brigands to the indignation of Europe. The true objects of European pity are the deluded people of Italy who under the tolerable yoke of the Piedmontese are without security for their possessions. Let it be admitted that the armed people are brigands, the offscourings of society, and let it be denied that they are honest men fighting for their lawful sovereign against a foreign foe; the cause of the Piedmontese is not improved, for as it is under their rule that the brigands infect the country; and as it is under their protection that men's lives and property are said not to be safe; in either case the Piedmontese do not improve their position; they have brought anarchy and ruin into Italy, and sold Savoy and Nice for the opportunity of injuring the Italian race.—Tablet.

Friends should be very delicate and careful in administering pity as a medicine, when enemies use the same article as a poison.

AMERICAN SKETCHES.

By the Times' Special Correspondent. IRISH COMPANIES.—At Grand Junction Station the troops got out at midnight preparatory to their march to a train for Richmond, in Virginia. The first company, about seventy strong, consisted exclusively of Irish, armed with rifles without bayonets. The second consisted of five-sixths Irish armed mostly with muskets; the third was of Americans, who were well armed; but had no arms with them. The fourth, clad in green, were nearly all Irish; they were all sorts of clothing, and had no pretensions to be regarded as disciplined soldiers. I am led to believe that the great numbers of Irish who have enlisted for service indicates a total suspension of all the works on which they are ordinarily engaged in the South. They were not very orderly. Fixed bayonets elicited a wonderful amount of controversy in the ranks. "What are ye drivin' to?" "Sullivan, don't ye hear we're to fix bayonets." "Ayse the strap of me baynet, Sarjant Jewell!" If ye prod me wid that again, I'll let the day-elite into ye," &c. Officer, reading muster—"No. 23, James Phelan." No reply. "Voice from the ranks—"Faith Phelan's gone—sure he went at the last dipot." Old men and boys were mixed together; but the mass of the rank and file were strong, full-grown men. In one of the carriages were some women dressed as "vivandieres" minus the coquet air, and the trousers and boots of those ladies. They looked sad, sory, dirty and foolish. There was great want of water along the line, and the dust and heat were very great and disagreeable. When they have to march many of them will break down, owing to bad shoes and to the weight of clothes and trash of various kinds they sling on their shoulders.

ROVNDISM AND THE REMEDY.—My companion was a very intelligent man, formerly editor of a newspaper. We talked of the crime of the country, of the brutal shootings and stabbings. He admitted their existence with regret, but he could advise and suggest no remedy. "The rowdies have rushed in upon us, so that we can't master them." "Is the law powerless?" "Well, sir, you see these men get hold of those who should administer the law, or they are too powerful or too reckless to be kept down." "That is a reign of terror—of mob ruffianism?" "It don't hurt respectable people much; but I agree with you it must be put down." "When—how?" "Well, sir, when things are settled, we'll just take the law into our own hands. Not a man shall have a vote unless he's American-born, and, by degrees, we'll get rid of these men who disgrace us." "Are not many of your regiments composed of Germans and Irish—of foreigners, in fact?" "Yes, sir. I did not suggest to him the thought which rose in my mind, that these gentlemen, if successful, would be very little inclined to abandon their rights while they had arms in their hands; but it occurred to me as well that this would be rather a poor reward for the men who were engaged in establishing the Southern Confederacy. The attempt may fail, but assuredly I have heard it expressed too often to doubt that there is a determination on the part of the leaders in the movement to take away the suffrage from the men whom they do not scruple to employ in fighting their battles. If they cut the throats of the enemy they will stifle their own sweet voices at the same time, or soon afterwards—in a capital recompense to their emigrant soldiers!

MORAL FEELING.—By the Memphis papers it seems as if that institution of blood prevailed there as in New Orleans, for I read in my paper as I went along of two murders and one shooting as the incidents of the previous day, contributed by "the local." To contrast with this low state of social existence there must be a high condition of moral feeling, for the journal I was reading contained a very elaborate article to show the wickedness of any one paying his debt, and of any State acknowledging its liabilities, which would constitute an invaluable *modus vivendi* for Birmingham-street.

GETTING INTO GOOD SOCIETY.—In the course of the day I was introduced to exactly seventeen coloreds and one captain. My happiness was further increased by an introduction to a youth of some 23 years of age, with tender feet if I may judge from prunella slippers, dressed in a green cut-away, jean pants, and a tremendous sombrero with a plume of ostrich feathers, and gold tassels looped at the side, who had the air and look of an apothecary's errand boy. This was "General" Maggies (let us say), of Arkansas.

DIXIE'S LAND.—On landing the band had played "God Save the Queen" and "Dixie's Land" on returning we had the "Marseillaise" and the National Anthem of the Southern Confederation; and, by way of parenthesis, it may be added, if you do not already know the fact, that "Dixie's Land" is a synonym for Heaven. It appears that there was once a good planter, named "Dixie," who died at some period unknown, to the intense grief of his animated property. They found expression for their sorrow in song, and consoled themselves by clamouring in verse for their removal to the land to which Dixie had departed, and where probably the revered spirit would be greatly surprised to find himself in their company. Whether they were ill-treated after he died, and thus had reason to deplore his removal, or merely desired Heaven in the abstract, nothing known enables me to assert; but "Dixie's Land" is now generally taken to mean the Seceded States, where Mr. Dixie certainly is not at this present writing. The song and air are the composition of the organized African association for the advancement of music and their own profit, which sings in New York; and it may be as well to add, that in all my tour in the South I heard little melody from lips black or white, and only once heard negroes singing in the fields.

GETTING OUT OF DIXIE'S LAND.—Up at 3 o'clock a.m., to get ready for the train at 5, which will take me out of Dixie's Land to Cairo. If the owners of the old hostelry in the Egyptian city were at all like their Tennessee fellow-craftsmen in the upstart institution which takes its name, I wonder how Herodotus managed to pay his way. My sable attendant quite entered into our feelings, and was rewarded accordingly. At 5 a.m., covered with dust, contracted in a drive through streets which seem paved with waves of mud, to use the phrase of a Hibernian gentleman connected with the luggage department of the omnibus, "only the mud was all dust," to use my own, I started in the cars along with some Confederate officers and several bottles of whisky, which at that early hour was considered by my unknown companions as a highly efficient prophylactic against the morning dew, but it appeared that these dew were of such a deadly character that in order to guard against their effects one must become doud drunk. The same remedy, I am assured, is sovereign against rattlesnake bites. I can assure the friends of these gentlemen that they were amply fortified against any amount of dew or of rattlesnake poison before they got to the end of their whisky, so great was the supply.

NORFOLK FRESHING AS TO ENGLAND.—On reaching Cairo, Mr. Russell ascertains the opinions on the latest news from England:—"I find there is a general expression of satisfaction at the sentiments expressed by Lord John Russell in the speech which has just been made known here; and that the animosity excited by what a portion of the American press called the hostility of the Foreign Minister to the United States, has been considerably abated, although much has been done to fan the anger of the people into a flame, because England has acknowledged the Confederate States have limited belligerent rights."

RETAIATE.—The Lincolnites propose to treat privateers as pirates; they confiscate and destroy private property, extort oaths of loyalty from prisoners; they avow publicly their determination to hang and banish all the leaders and chiefs of the Government and people. In a word, they declare our nine millions of people outlaws—who have placed themselves outside of all the laws of nations. Such is the open and public declaration of the Lincolnites—a declaration which they carry out whenever it can be done without the danger of serious retaliation. Revolting as it may be in this age of Christianity and civilization to be driven to resorts only practiced by barbarous tribes, the Confederate States will not shrink from the responsibility of retaliating upon the enemy all the violations of the laws of war. If they maltreat prisoners, we shall do likewise, probably with interest. If they continue to extort oaths of loyalty, we shall require all our citizens to disregard such oaths, under penalty of imprisonment or banishment; if they confiscate private property we shall also confiscate. Fortunately we have in our power to return all these atrocities with interest. We have more prisoners than they have. There are ten dollars of Northern property in the South to one of Southern property in the North. So, begin, ye vandals as soon as you may, your hellish work; ye shall be prepared for you.—N. O. Delta, 4th.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.—Some time ago, about ten days, it may be, we saw in the Tribune a contradiction of an order attributed to the Secretary of the Navy, that none but Americans should be admitted into the ranks of the navy. We could not believe, at the time, that there was any necessity for the denial of so preposterous an order. The Tribune says that its writers accept the character of knaves, rather than submit to be considered fools. This is a mere matter of taste, and we do not quarrel with the choice in the least. Mr. Welles is of the same faith, and, therefore, we acquit him of the proposition, because of its utter folly. We have since discovered, however, that the charge against him is true. The navy enlistment office has been tested, and persons have offered themselves for service who have been asked several preliminary questions, among others, where they were born? When the answer is in Ireland, they informed there is no more need of men. This mode of proscribing him is not alone atrocious but cowardly. Very well! Let Irishmen be proscribed, but let it be in the land as well as sea service.—N. Y. Phenix.

The Hartford (Connecticut) Times, says:—"Many adopted-citizens of this city and surrounding towns are leaving the home of their adoption and going back to the 'old country.' Among them are many Irishmen. A number of these have already withdrawn their deposits from the savings bank and are ready to start. Yesterday we learn, eighteen of them left for Ireland.—Others are said to be preparing to go.

WHAT "IS PROSPERITY?"—If Mr. Donnelly's agricultural statistics are nearly correct, of which there can be no doubt, as they were collected by the constabulary with much care, they are calculated to produce some uneasiness as to the home supply of provisions. The statistics of 1861, judging from the present most promising appearance of the crops, will prove to be much more satisfactory than the last, which certainly exhibit a very serious falling off in agricultural produce, as compared with 1859. For example, there is a decrease in horses of 8,137; in cattle, of 216,363; and in sheep, of 54,958. Against this decrease we have to set off an increase in pigs, of 2,839. In cereal crops there is an increase of 5,467 acres, and in barley of 3,070 acres; but of oats there is a decrease of 21,278 acres. The total diminution in cereal crops for 1860, is 15,223 acres, and in green crops, 28,949 acres. The Cork Review is astonished that our representatives should behold this downward progress, "sitting down in quiet apathy and making no sign;" adding, "It is perfectly clear if the present state of things be allowed to proceed without remonstrance or discontinuance, that Ireland eventually must submit to the curse of the Hebrew Prophet—namely, the 'abomination of desolation.'" The writer does not inform us how the remonstrances of our representatives could affect the discontinuance he speaks of—could affect the diminution of stock, of cereals and green crops, or by what legislative measures cattle could be multiplied and the harvests rendered more abundant. The appearance of the country at the present moment, however, indicates anything but a tendency to desolation for the signs of industry and prosperity have not been more encouraging for many years.—Times.

A QUERYPAN COMMITTED TO THREE MONTHS' HARD LABOUR.—The Recorder of Liverpool on Saturday sentenced the Rev. Llewellyn Powell to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. It will be remembered that this person was committed for trial at the sessions about ten days ago on the charge of stealing money and silver jades from Mr. Barrett's, London Hotel, Clayton-square.

PROFANITY WITH A VENGEANCE.—A correspondent of Saunders's News-Letter, in a letter relative to the appearance of the comet presented in Dublin on Sunday, lugs in the following piece of profanity:—"The people spoke of it in the streets as a celestial firework in honour of the Prince of Wales." It is not very likely that the people who lit no solitary dip in honour of the Prince, would be so blasphemously loyal as to be heard saying, even in joke, that the comet was a "celestial firework," sent on his account. The Saunders's correspondent has more powers of imagination than sense of propriety, and a greater contempt for decency than either. Cannot these funkeys beleader this Prince without outraging the reverence due to the Lord of Princes and His handiwork?—Tipperary Advocate.

"THE LAMP," A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL, of Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, &c.: devoted to the instruction and amusement of all classes. Containing Sixteen pages in double columns Weekly. Subscription only 7s 6d a year in advance. The Lamp contains a large quantity of instructive matter, deeply interesting Tales; with BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS, the Lives and CORRECT PORTRAITS of distinguished characters. Views of new Catholic Buildings; Essays by eminent Writers; Poetry of a high character; Reviews of extracts from the newest and most agreeable varieties; Notes on leading events; Progress of Science, &c., published by the London Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company. The very low price at which this most interesting publication is supplied, places it within the reach of all classes, and it is hoped that it will be found in every Catholic family as no better work can be put in the hands of children. J. A. GRAHAM, 19 Great St. James Street, Montreal, Agent for Canada.

COALS. A CARGO OF NEWCASTLE NUT SMITH'S COALS, Just Received, and for Sale by McDONALD & Co., Canal. July 23.

WANTED, FOR the Parish of St. Patrick of Sherrington, TWO SCHOOL TEACHERS, competent to teach French and English. Should male Teachers apply, it would be necessary, if not married, to have permission to teach from the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal. Apply to JOHN HALPIN, Secretary-Treasurer, School Commissioner, St. Patrick of Sherrington, Canada East.

WANTED. FOR the RAWDON VILLAGE MODEL SCHOOL—a TEACHER, who can procure a Model School Diploma. Salary £80 per annum. Apply to R. E. CORCORAN, S. T. S. C., Rawdon. Rawdon, July 8, 1861.

HORSE-SHOEING, BY JAMES MALONEY, No. 21 Craig Street, adjoining Gavin's Carriage Factory.

SHORT HAND. PHONOGRAPHY can be LEARNED in THREE easy LESSONS from a person now in this City, formerly a Reporter to the Press. This method of writing enables us to write as fast as speech by a little practice. Enquire, and please leave address at this Office.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

The most certain and speedy remedy ever discovered for all Diseases of the Chest and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, Sore Throat, &c. &c.

THESE WAFERS give the most instantaneous and perfect relief, and when persevered with according to directions, never fail to effect a rapid and lasting cure. Thousands have been restored to perfect health who have tried other means in vain. To all classes and all constitutions they are equally a blessing and a cure—none need despair, no matter how long the disease may have existed, or however severe it may be, provided the organic structure of the vital organs is not hopelessly decayed. Every one afflicted should give them an impartial trial. To VOCALISTS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS, these Wafers are peculiarly valuable; they will in one day remove the most severe occasional hoarseness; and their regular use for a few days will, at all times, increase the power and flexibility of the voice, greatly improving its tone, compass and clearness, for which purpose they are regularly used by many professional vocalists. JOB MOSES, Sole Proprietor, Rochester, N. Y.

Price 25 cents per box. For sale in Montreal, by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clare & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Newcastle, C. W., General Agents for the Canadas. May 30. 4m.

T. RIDDELL, (LATE FROM MR. E. PICKUP,) HAVING commenced Business on his own account, in the Store lately occupied by Mr. Constant, No. 22, Great St. James Street, (Opposite B. Dawson & Son), Begs leave to inform the Public that he will keep on hand a Large Assortment of NEWSPAPERS and MAGAZINES.

Newspapers Neatly put up for the Mail. Also, a Large Assortment of STATIONERY, PENS, INK, BLANK CHECKS, &c., &c. A Large Assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS. POSTAGE STAMPS FOR THE MILLION. Montreal, May 4, 1861.



SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal support extended to him during the past twelve years, would announce to them that he has just completed a most extensive and varied Stock of PLAIN and FANCY FURNITURE—the largest ever on view in this city. It comprises every article in the Furniture line. He would call special attention to his stock of first class Furniture, such as Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, Oak, Chessnut, and enamelled Chamber Sets, varying in price from \$20 to \$225. Also to his Mahogany, Walnut and Oak Parlour, Dining, Library and Hall Furniture, of various styles and prices, together with 2000 Cane and 3000 Wood Seat Chairs, of thirty-five different patterns, and varying from 40c. to \$18 each. The whole have been manufactured for cash during the winter, and in such large quantities as to insure a saving of 10 per cent to purchasers. Goods packed for shipping and delivered on board the Boats or Car, or at the residences of buyers residing within the city limits, free of charge. Also, on hand a large assortment of the following Goods—Solid Mahogany and Veneers, Yarnish, Turpentine, Gline, Sand Paper, Mahogany and other Nobs, Curled Hair, Hair Cloth, Moss, Excelsior and all other Goods in the Upholstery line, all of which will be sold low for Cash, or exchanged. All Goods warranted to be as represented, or will be taken back and the money returned within one month. All sales under \$100 strictly cash; from \$100 to \$1000, three or six months, with satisfactory endorsed notes if required. A discount of 12 per cent to trade, but no deduction from the marked price of retail goods, the motto of the house being large sales and small profits. The above list is but an outline of the Stock on hand, and the proprietor respectfully solicits a visit which is all that is necessary to establish the fact that this is the largest, best assorted and cheapest Stock of Goods in this City.

OWEN MCGARVEY, Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, 244 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. April 19, 1861.

CARD OF THANKS. H. BRENNAN would respectfully return thanks to his friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage during the past three years and hopes to merit a continuance of the same. He has also to inform them that he intends to REMOVE to the East wing of the shop at present occupied by D. & J. Sadlier, corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier streets, where he will manufacture Boots and Shoes of the best material and to order as heretofore.

FOR SALE, THE LARGE STONE BUILDING, situated on the Old LACHINE CANAL, formerly belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, and now the property of the Sisters of Ste. Anne. For terms of Sale, apply on the premises. June 6. The Sisters avail themselves of this opportunity to inform the public that towards the end of SEPTEMBER next, they will OPEN their BOARDING SCHOOL for young Ladies.

DIPHTHERIA. We are informed that a sure specific for that DREADFUL DISEASE, DIPHTHERIA and sore throat, now prevailing to such an alarming extent, is Perry Davis' Pain Killer. It is used as a gargle to the throat, mixed with water—two parts water and one Pain Killer. It will quickly cure the disease, and never fail, if applied in time. As soon as the throat shows any signs of soreness, gargle with Pain Killer as above prescribed, and in bad cases, use it freely to bathe the neck. This should be made known to the world, and we advise every one afflicted to give it one trial. It is sold by medicine dealers generally. Read what DR. WALTER writes us from Coshocton, Ohio: "I am happy to inform you that the PAIN KILLER cures this new disease, Diphtheria or Sore Throat, that is prevailing to so alarming an extent in this section of the country. On Walnut Creek, Holmes County, they use scarcely any other remedy, and it has never been known to fail in a single instance when used in time. This fact should be made known to the world. The following remedies are offered to the public as the best, most certain, which medical science can afford. AYE'S CATHARTIC PILLS have been prepared with the utmost skill which the medical profession of this age possesses, and their effects show they have virtues which surpass any combination of medicines hitherto known. Other preparations do more or less good; but this cures such dangerous complaints, so quick and so surely, as to prove an efficacy and a power to uproot disease beyond anything which men have known before. By removing the obstructions of the internal organs and stimulating them into healthy action, they renovate the fountains of life and vigor, health courses anew through the body, and the sick man is well again. They are adapted to disease, and disease only, for when taken by one in health they produce but little effect. This is the perfection of medicine. It is antagonistic to disease, and no more. Tender children may take them with impunity. If they are sick they will cure them, if they are well they will do them no harm. Give them to some patient who has been prostrated with bilious complaint: see his bent-up, tottering form straighten with strength again; see his long-lost appetite return; see his clammy features blossom into health. Give them to some sufferer whose foul blood has burst out in scrofula till his skin is covered with sores; who stands, or sits, or lies in anguish. He has been drenched inside and out with every kind of medicine, and every remedy has done him no good. Give him these PILLS, and mark the effect; see the scabs fall from his body; see the new, fair skin that has grown under them; see the lateleper that is clean. Give them to him whose angry humors have planted rheumatism in his joints and bones; move him, and he seerches with pain; he too has been soaked through every muscle of his body with liniments and gales; give him these PILLS to purify his blood; they may not cure him, for, alas! there are cases which no mortal power can reach; but mark, he walks with crutches now, and now he walks alone; they have cured him. Give them to the lean, sour, haggard dyspeptic, whose gnawing stomach has long ago eaten every smile from his face and every muscle of his body. See his appetite return, and with it his health; see the new man. See her that was radiant with health and loveliness blasted and too early withering away; want of exercise or mental anguish, or some lurking disease, has deranged the internal organs of digestion, assimilation or secretion, till they do their office ill. Her blood is vitiated, her health is gone. Give her these PILLS to stimulate the vital principle into renewed vigor, to cast out the obstructions, and infuse a new vitality into the blood. Now look again—the roses blossom on her cheek, and where lately sorrow sat joy bursts from every feature. See the sweet infant wasted with worms. Its wan, sickly features tell you without disguise, and painfully distinct, that they are eating its life away. It is picked up now and then, and restless sleepings, tell the dreadful truth in language which every mother knows. Give it the PILLS in large doses to sweep these vile parasites from the body. Now turn again and see the ruddy bloom of childhood. Is it nothing to do these things? Nay, are they not the marvel of this age? And yet they are done around you every day. Have you the less serious symptoms of these distempers, they are the easier cured. Jaundice, Costiveness, Headache, Sickness, Heartburn, Foul Stomach, Nausea, Pain in the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, King's Evil, Neuralgia, Gout, and kindred complaints all arise from the derangements which these PILLS rapidly cure. Take them perseveringly, and under the counsel of a good Physician, if you can; if not, take them judiciously by the advice as we give you, and the distressing, dangerous diseases they cure, which afflict so many millions of the human race, are cast out like the devils of old—they must burrow in the brutes and in the sea. Price 25 cents per box—5 boxes for \$1.

Through a trial of many years and through every nation of civilized men, AYE'S CHERRY PECTORAL has been found to afford more relief and to cure more cases of pulmonary disease than any other remedy known to mankind. Cases of apparently settled consumption have been cured by it, and thousands of sufferers who were deemed beyond the reach of human aid have been restored to their friends and usefulness, to sound health and the enjoyment of life by this all-powerful antidote to disease of the lungs and throat. Here a cold had settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the glassy eye, and the pale, thin features of him who was lately lusty and strong, whisper to all but him CONSUMPTION. He tries every thing; but the disease is gnawing at his vitals, and shows its fatal symptoms more and more over all his frame. He is taking the CHERRY PECTORAL now; it has stopped his cough and made his breathing easy; his sleep is sound at night; his appetite returns, and with it his strength. The dart which pierced his side is broken. Scarcely any neighborhood can be found which has not some living trophy like this to shadow forth the virtues which have won for the CHERRY PECTORAL an imperishable renown. But its usefulness does not end here; it is an accomplished cold and cough which it cures as the seed which would have ripened into a dreadful harvest of incurable diseases. Influenza, Croup, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Pleurisy, Whooping Cough, and all irritations of the throat and lungs are easily cured by the CHERRY PECTORAL if taken in season. Every family should have it by them, and they will find it an invaluable protection from the insidious prowler which carries off the parent sheep from many a flock. Authenticated evidence of these facts, with directions for the treatment of each complaint, may be found in Ayer's American Almanac, of which we publish three millions, and scatter them broadcast over the earth, or the order may be sent, every where, may have before them the information it contains. Druggists and dealers in medicine generally have them for distribution gratis, and also for sale these remedies, prepared by DR. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. No medicine is more prompt in its action in cases of Cholera, Cholera Morbus, &c., than Perry Davis' Pain Killer. It is the acknowledged antidote which seldom fails if applied in its early symptoms. No family should be without a bottle of it always on hand. The stain on linen from the use of the Pain Killer is easily removed by washing it in alcohol. Davis' Pain Killer seems particularly efficacious in cholera morbus, bowel complaints, and other diseases to which the natives of Burmah, from their unwholesome style of living, are peculiarly exposed. It is a valuable antidote to the poison of Centipedes, Scorpions, hornets, &c. Rev. J. Benjamin, late Missionary in Burmah. Sold by druggists and all dealers in family medicines. For Sale, at Wholesale, by Lyman, Savage & Co.; Carter, Kerry & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, Wholesale agents for Montreal.

A NEW AND ELEGANT PRAYER-BOOK. ST. JOHN'S MANUAL, A GUIDE TO THE PUBLIC WORSHIP AND SERVICES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, AND A COLLECTION OF DEVOTIONS FOR THE PRIVATE USE OF THE FAITHFUL, Illustrated with fifteen Steel Engravings, after new and exquisite designs.

A new Catholic Prayer-book, 1201 pages, got up expressly for the wants of the present time, and adapted to the use of the faithful in this country. ADJUDGMENT OF CONTENTS. Meditation or Mental Prayer. Family Prayers for Morning and Evening. Morning and Evening Prayers for every day in the week. Instructions on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; Prayers before Mass; the Ordinary of the Mass, with full explanations. Devotions for Mass, by way of Meditation on the Passion. Mass, in Union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Prayers at Mass for the Dead. Method of Hearing Mass spiritually, for those who cannot attend actually. Collects, Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays, including the Ceremonies of Holy Week, with explanations of the Festivals and Seasons. Vespers, with full explanation. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with Instructions. The Office of Tenebrae. An ample instruction on the Sacrament of Penance. Instructions and Devotion for Holy Communion—Prayers for Mass before Communion—Mass of Thanksgiving after Communion.

GENERAL DEVOTIONS. Devotions to the Holy Trinity... to the Holy Ghost... to the Sacred Humanity of our Lord... the Passion... the Holy Eucharist... the Sacred Heart; Devotions to the Blessed Virgin; Little Office... Office of the Immaculate Conception... Rosary. Devotions to the Holy Angels... to the Saints, general and particular. Devotions for particular seasons and circumstances, &c., &c. Prayers for various states of life. DEVOTIONS FOR THE USE OF THE SICK. Order of the Visitation of the Sick... Prayers before and after Confession and Communion... Order of administering the Holy Viaticum... Instruction on Extreme Unction... Order of administering it... Last Blessing and Penance Indulgence... Order of commending the departing Soul. The Office of the Dead... the Burial Service for Adults and Infants... Prayers for the Faithful Departed. Manner of receiving Profession from a Convert. Litanies of the Saints... of the Most Holy Trinity... Infant Jesus, Life of Christ... Passion... Cross... Blessed Sacrament... Sacred Heart of Jesus... Sacred Heart of Mary... Immaculate Conception... Holy Name of Mary... St. Joseph... St. Mary Magdalen... St. Patrick... St. Bridget... St. Francis... St. Ignatius... St. Francis Xavier... St. Aloysius... St. Stanislaus... St. Teresa... St. Francis de Sales... St. Vincent de Paul... St. Alphonsus Liguori... Litany of Providence... of the Faithful Departed; of a good intention... of the Will of God... Golden Prayer, &c., &c. No Prayer-book in the language contains a greater number of Prayers, drawn from the works of Canonized Saints and Ascetical Writers, approved by the Church. Various Styles of Binding, price \$1 and upwards. Wholesale and Retail, at No. 19, Great Saint James Street. J. A. GRAHAM.

PROSPECTUS OF A LARGE AND ELABORATE MAP OF CANADA WEST. MESSRS. GEO. R. & G. M. TREMAINE, OF TORONTO, PROPOSE to publish an entirely New and very Comprehensive Map of Upper Canada, drawn upon a large scale, making the Map about five feet nine inches by seven feet in size, and showing the County and Township Boundaries, Concessions, Side Line and Lot Lines, Railways Canals, and all Public Highways open for travel; also distinguishing those which are Thoroughfares or Main Travelled Roads between Towns, Villages, &c., and the Planked, Gravelled, and Macadamised Roads; showing the Capital of each County, and all Cities, Towns, and Villages, those with Post-Offices distinguished from others. Also, all Lakes and Harbours; the correct courses of all Rivers and Mill Streams; the location of Mills the location and denomination of Country Churches; the location of Country School-houses and Township Halls. Also, complete Meteorological Tables; a Chart, showing the Geological Formation of the Province; Time Tables; Table of Distances; and the Returns of the New Census, or so much of them as relate to the Population, &c. The Names of Subscribers, in Cities, Towns, and Villages, will be published; also, if furnished by the Contributor, the Title, Profession, Trade, &c., of each making a concise Directory for each City, Town, and Village, which will be neatly engraved upon the Margin of the Map. It is also intended to exhibit a History of the Province, Showing the First Settlements throughout the Country, with the dates thereof; the exact place where Battles have been fought, or where other remarkable events have occurred, &c., &c., &c. The Map will be published in the best style, with Plans upon the margin of the Cities and principal Towns, on an enlarged scale. It will be furnished to Subscribers on Canvas handsomely Colored, Varied, and Mounted for Six Dollars per Copy; which sum we, the Subscribers, agree to pay to the Publishers, or Bearer, on delivery of the Map above referred to, in good order and condition. ROBERT KELLY, Agent for Montreal.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF ELLENOR and SARAH MOORE, natives of the County Donegal, Ireland. Three years ago; when last heard from; they were living in New York; and where, it is supposed, they are residing still. Any information concerning them would be thankfully received by their brother, James Moore, care of John Reilly, Aylmer Street, Montreal.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Osholm. Adjla—N. A. Coote. Ajlmer—J. Doyle.

O. J. DEVLIN, NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE: Union Buildings, 28 St. Francois Xavier St. MONTREAL.

M. F. COLOVIN, ADVOCATE, & C. No. 30, Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

A. CARD. DR. R. GARIÉPY, Licentiate in Medicine of the Laval University, Quebec. OFFICE—No. 6, ST. LAMBERT STREET, Near St. Lawrence Street, MONTREAL.

L'UNIVERSEL. THIS is the title of a daily paper published at Brussels, Belgium, and devoted to the defence of Catholic interests, of Order and of Liberty.

M. P. RYAN, No. 119, COMMISSIONER STREET, (Opposite St. Ann's Market.) WHOLESALE DEALER IN PRODUCE, PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, & C.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. [Established in 1826.] THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Planations, & C., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular.

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THIS LITERARY INSTITUTION is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. It was opened on the 20th of September, 1848, and incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament, in 1852.

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SEWING MACHINES. THESE really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarnia.

E. J. NAGLE'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, 25 PER CENT. UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!!

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

E. G. NAGLE, Esq. Dear Sir, The three Machines you sent me some short time ago we have in full operation, and must say that they far exceed our expectations; in fact, we like them better than any of I. M. Singer & Co.'s that we have used.

NAGLE'S SEWING MACHINES. Are capable of doing any kind of work. They can stitch a Shirt Bosom and a Harness Trace equally well.

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

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

W. PRICE, ADVOCATE, No. 28 Little St. James Street, Montreal.

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

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Table with columns: Board and Tuition, English language, French & English language, Arithmetic, Half Boarders, Music Lessons, etc.

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

THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized.

NEW CLOTHING STORE. BERGIN AND CLARKE, (Lately in the employment of Donnelly & O'Brien.) Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters, No. 48, M'GILL STREET, (Nearly Opposite Saint Ann's Market.) MONTREAL.

READY-MADE CLOTHING CONSTANTLY ON HAND. All Orders punctually attended to. May 16, 1861.

J. O. MILLER, WOODS & CO., GENERAL & COMMISSION MERCHANTS, DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COAL, & C., & C. OFFICE: Corner of Youville and Grey Nun Streets. (Foot of M'Gill Street.) MONTREAL.

Constantly on hand, best qualities of COAL—Lehigh Lump, S. M.; do. Broken, S. M.; do. Egg, S. M.; do. Stove or Walnut; do. Cheesnut; Lackawanna; Scotch and English Steam; Welsh, Sidaey, and Pictou; Blacksmith's Coals.

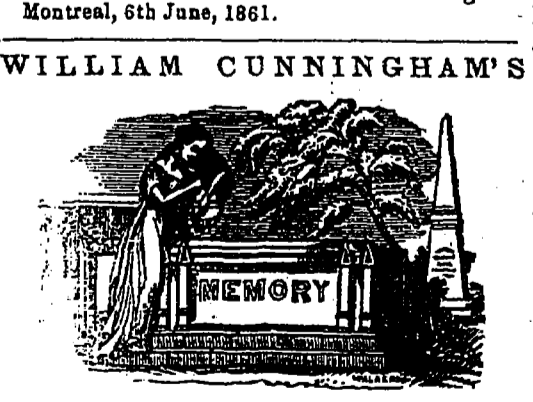
PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM-FITTING ESTABLISHMENT. THOMAS M'KENNA. WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has REMOVED his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment to the Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street, (Formerly occupied by Mitchell & Co.)

where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices. Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipe, & C., & C., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. ALTERATION OF TRAINS. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. ON and after MONDAY, the 10th of JUNE, Trains will leave Pointe St. Charles Station as follows:—

Table with columns: Accommodation Train, Express Train, Mail Train, Mixed Train, etc.

WESTERN TRAINS. *Day Mail Train for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit and the West, at... 8.45 A.M.



WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY, BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.) WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FOUNTS, & C., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent from the former prices.

GOOD SAMARITAN COOKING STOVES. THE most economical Stove known. We have a large variety of other patterns; also a good assortment of MANTLE PIECES AND GRATES, IRON BEDSTEADES, IRON RAILING, & C. RODDEN & MELLEUR, 71 Great Saint James Street, Montreal, March 28.

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX, IMPORTER OF DRY GOODS, No. 112, St. Paul Street, HAS constantly on hand grand assortment of Merchandise, French and English, Carpets for Saloons, & C., & C.

D. O'GORMON, BOAT BUILDER, BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, O. W. Skills made to Order. Several Skills always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province. Kingston, June 3, 1858.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered in one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.

For Scrofula, these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.

Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humor so prevalent among children, of that class, so neglected before entering the Asylum, and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects.