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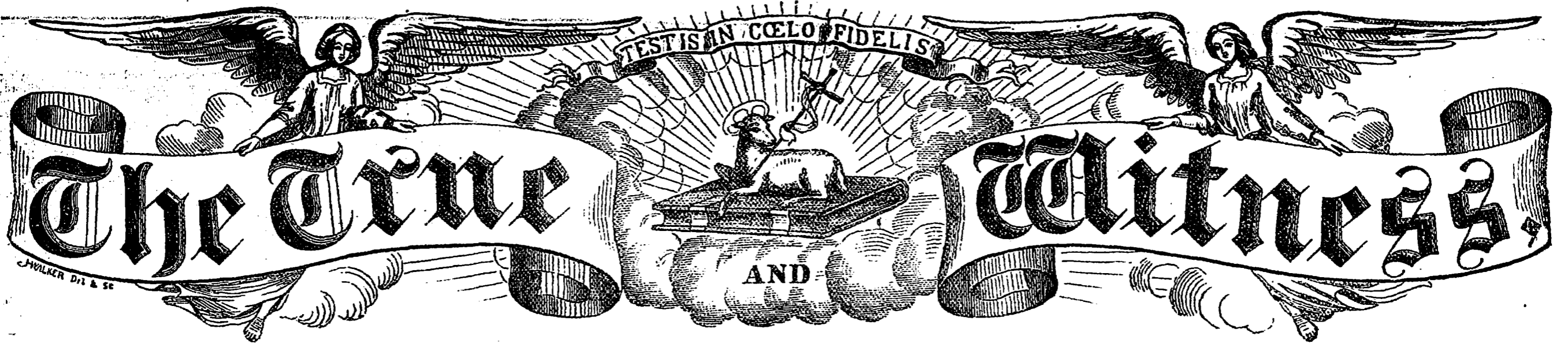
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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CHEATING THE GAUGER; OR, HOW BARNEY O'TOOLE INFORMED AGAINST HIMSELF.

AN IRISH STILL-HUNTING EPISODE.
By an ex-British Subaltern.

Once upon a time, when the Duke of York—God bless him!—reigned at the Horse Guards, and it was an article of faith that the commander-in-chief could do no wrong—an illusion now happily dispelled—it was ordained by fate and his Royal Highness, that I, John Jollynose, a jovial subaltern, in the Royal Fire-eaters, should become a temporary inhabitant of that island which one of her enthusiastic children maintains to be "first flower of the earth," and which another of her well-wishers proposed should be sunk in that sea, of which, on the same authority, she is asserted to be the "gem." In other words, I was quartered in Ireland.

Not the prosperous, well-behaved, slow going Erin of these degenerate modern days, when bogs are wilfully drained and cultivated, and the destruction of snipe-shooting; when corn-fields are arrogantly superseding the good old fashioned potato-gardens; and Irish gentlemen have taken to paying their tailors' bills; but the regular whiskey-drinking, jig-dancing, shillelah-flourishing, rebellious Ireland of forty years ago, when every man's house was his castle, from which he defied the law and all its myrindons.

One of the most rampant institutions in those good rollicking days, was the illegal manufacture of whiskey; and the duty of assisting the civil power in its suppression, was looked upon with almost as much dread as banishment to Sierra Leone. The unfortunate individual engaged in the uncongenial sport of still-hunting, was converted for the time being into a regular Robinson Crusoe, with all the exciting accompaniments enjoyed by that illustrious exile; and the distillation of the outlawed spirit was carried on in the wildest and most uncivilized parts of the country.—It is not singular that this duty was rather unpopular among military men; for though willing to lay down their lives for their country in a fair fight, there were very few candidates for the honor and glory of being shot by an illicit distiller of *whiskey*.

Entertaining strong objections myself to becoming an animated target under any circumstances, and being naturally of a social disposition, no language can express the intensity of the disgust I experienced on reading one evening in that peremptory volume the Regimental Order Book, that Lieutenant Jollynose would "hold himself in readiness to proceed with a detachment to Ballyblanket, there to be stationed, and assist the civil power in the suppression of illicit distillation." It is unnecessary to repeat the energetic expression I made use of as I sent the offending manuscript flying to the other side of the room, to the no small astonishment of the orderly-sergeant who had brought it. "Hold myself in readiness!" I exclaimed bitterly, when the non-commissioned officer had vanished after gravely picking up the book and saluting without moving a muscle of his countenance. "Just as if I should be ever ready to exchange all the fun and jollity of head-quarters, with a steeple-chase and a dozen balls in perspective, for solitary vegetation in the middle of an Irish bog, with no one to speak to but the priest and the excise-man, and nothing to eat but eggs and bacon."

'To be obliged to leave unfinished, at a most interesting crisis, a flirtation I was engaged in with Julia Mackintosh, the prettiest girl in the place, to the no small envy of a score of rivals, and march to Ballyblanket, a little town somewhere in Wicklow, the female population of which walked about with bare legs and no bonnets,—O, it was too horrible! But I resolved not to resign myself to my fate without a struggle. Although an order issued is thought to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, if I could only provide a substitute, I might escape the doom which hung over me of exile from mess, and separation from the only girl I ever truly loved in that part of Ireland.

I rushed frantically about the barracks, and expatiated in glowing terms, and quite at random, on the beauty of the mountain scenery, and the excellence of the snipe-shooting to be obtained at Ballyblanket, of which I knew about as much as I did of Kamschatka. I pathetically represented to each and every subaltern I met, that by taking my place in the terrestrial paradise I had painted, it would only be a source of the greatest gratification to himself, but would everlastingly oblige his attached friend and comrade, John Jollynose.

All, however, seemed to turn a deaf ear to my eloquent appeals; and I was upon the point of giving up in despair, when, to my great joy, I discovered a sentimental young ensign who had been abominably jilted, and was plunged in the lowest depths of despair in consequence. I immediately gave him the benefit of the enthusias-

tic descriptions, which the others, to their shame be it told, had failed to appreciate, and dwelt affectingly on the calm repose, so soothing to a wounded spirit, to be enjoyed at Ballyblanket. He gave in at once; this touching allusion to his dejected state, fairly overcame him, and he burst into tears. He didn't care, he said, about snipe-shooting, the only thing he wanted to shoot was himself; it was a matter of perfect indifference to him where he went—his life was a blank now; she was another's; and he rather liked the idea of going to Ballyblanket, as the solitude of the Wicklow mountains would fitly harmonize with the desolate void that was in his heart; and should a bullet from the blunderbuss of some vindictive Milesian put an end to his miserable existence, he would consider it the greatest favor that could be conferred upon him; with which cheerful sentiment he left me to commence packing.

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight. "I thought that lit about 'a wounded spirit' would hook him. What a lucky thing his fair one should have thrown him over just in time to save me from Ballyblanket! It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Now I can keep Julia all to myself."

I was reckoning without my commanding officer, and hallowing before I was out of the wood—or rather bog. My praise-worthy attempt to oblige the interesting victim of unrequited attachment, proved an utter failure. I had written to the adjutant, asking him to negotiate the exchange of duties, thinking, of course, no objection could be raised in the orderly room; when, in the midst of my frantic demonstrations of joy at my release, a knock came to the door, and in walked that functionary himself, with my note in his hand. I knew something was the matter from the official way in which he clattered into the room, and my heart sank within me at the rattle of his steel scabbard.

"The colonel desires me to tell you," bawled Dumbell, standing bolt upright, and speaking in the loud monotonous tone in which he used to read out the proceedings of a court martial on parade, "that he regrets exceedingly it is out of his power to grant your request, as he has especially selected you for the command of that detachment about to proceed to Ballyblanket, on account of the implicit confidence he places in your judgment, and the admirable qualifications you possess for the satisfactory discharge of the difficult duties you will be called on to perform; which means, Jollynose, my boy," said Dumbell, with a wink, dropping his official elbow, and subsiding into my arm chair, "that you've been bleeding the old gentleman a *lecille* too freely lately. Here's your route," drawing a hard-hearted looking document from his pocket and tossing it on the table; "you start to-morrow."

"What?" I screamed, "not even twenty-four hours' notice?"

"Case of emergency," said Dumbell, who on duty matters, spoke in short, staccato sentence: "gauger disappeared—he was last seen at Ballyblanket."

"But," I urged appealingly, "I haven't a thing packed; and my servant's a prisoner in the guard-room."

"Can't help it—colonel's order—parade to-morrow—eight sharp. I thought," said Dumbell, poking the fire with the end of his scabbard, "when I saw you crowing over the old fellow every night, and joking him about his bad play, that your fun wouldn't last very long.—Take my advice," said he solemnly, rising to depart, having successfully smashed a refractory knob of coal into 'swathereens,' you'll find that your winning from him is generally always a losing game in the end."

Dumbell was right. I had been guilty of the unpardonable crime of being a better whist-player than my commanding officer—an ill-tempered, blue-nosed old veteran, who cared for nothing but cards and port-wine; and the present opportunity was too favorable a one to be missed, for getting rid of an adversary who had the knack of invariably winning the odd trick, thereby decreasing the gouty old field-officer's balance at the paymasters. I little thought when I was triumphantly pocketing my commander's half-crowns, how dearly I should have to pay for my amusement.

Next morning, at "eight sharp," as Dumbell said, "I found myself shivering on parade, in a drenching rain; and a few minutes after, with my martial cloak around me, marching gloomily out of the barracks, at the head of my detachment, *en route* for Ballyblanket, the colonel maliciously waving his hand to me as I passed his window. I had besides to run the gauntlet of various satirical congratulations from my brother officers, shouted after me from the mess room, including an offer from several to be the bearer of any tender messages I might wish to send to Julia as my last dying speech, and an affectionate request from the senior ensign, to take the greatest care of myself, and on no account, to give him his promotion by sharing the fate of

the missing excise-man. The rejected lover, disappointed of his "dreary solitude," and the chance of perforation he was so anxious for, was the only one who sympathized with my misfortune; the rest were only too glad to have escaped the "forlorn hope" which my unlucky skill at whist had entailed on me.

After a march of three days, through a never varying succession of mountain and bog, and a never-ending downfall of rain, I arrived, with my small and saturated army at Ballyblanket.—And here I may remark, what I have no doubt has often been remarked before, that there is a sullen and dogged determination about Irish rain, worthy of a better cause. In tropical climates, where they have the "rains," *par excellence*, the water certainly does come down in bucketsful, with a hearty good will while it lasts; but when once over, there's an end of it—till next year. In Ireland, however, it rains all the year round. From January to December, it is one continual shower-bath; and when not actually pouring, there is a thick mist hanging about that penetrates to the inmost recesses of one's flannel waistcoat; so that the amphibious inhabitants of that excessively moist little island have but two phases of existence—the thoroughly wet and excessively damp, which may, perhaps, account for their extreme aversion to water in its undiluted state, administered internally.

I discovered on my arrival that Ballyblanket was only occasionally occupied by a military detachment, and that it was what is technically termed a half-billet station, that is neither barrack nor billet, with the miseries of one and the discomforts of the other skilfully combined.

A dilapidated old building had been hastily prepared for our reception, in one corner of which I was accommodated with a small kennel that had the door, window and grate so conveniently situated, that I could open one, shut the other, and poke the fire in the third without stirring from my chair.

The men, however, were too glad to get a roof over their heads after their wet march, and soon made themselves tolerably comfortable; and being no feather-bed soldier myself, and a bit of a philosopher to boot, after letting off my indignation by the Briton's usual safety-valve—a good grumble, which relieved me very much, I determined to make the best of a bad business; and to my surprise, soon found myself getting jolly under circumstances that even Mr. Mark Tapley would have allowed afforded considerable opportunities for "coming out strong."

Ballyblanket was not a cheerful place. Situated at the foot of a bleak and desolate mountain, and nearly surrounded by a vast expanse of black and impenetrable bog, it required no great stretch of the imagination to fancy I had suddenly dropped down into one of those chaotic regions which geologists delight in; and if I had met a megatherium, or other monstrosity wandering among those gray rocks, or seen a troop of ichthyosari floundering about in those inky pools, they would only have been fit accompaniments to the thoroughly antediluvian and uncomfortable appearance of the prospect.

There were few buildings in the town that could have been dignified with the name of houses, with the exception of the chapel, the priest's house, and the tumble-down old edifice which formed our temporary barrack. This last had been originally intended for a court-house; but justice had been so little appreciated, and so roughly treated by the inhabitants, that she had long since taken her departure, and her temple had fallen into disrepair. The remainder of the town consisted of a straggling street of miserable hovels, the majority of the human occupants of which appeared to consist of women and children; and on inquiring into the cause of the absence of the male sex, I learned that the "boys" were always busily engaged "cutting turf"—a professional term, as I afterwards learned, for brewing whiskey; in which meritorious occupation it very soon became my painful duty to interrupt them.

It is generally admitted that a certain unmentionable personage has not been treated with justice in the various portraits which have been painted of him; and that he is not by any means of so sable a hue as has been maliciously represented. In the same way I discovered that even Ballyblanket had its advantages, consisting in first-rate shooting, and a genial parish priest; and when not officially engaged in persecuting the unfortunate "turf-cutters," I managed, in total oblivion of mess, halls, and steeple-chases, and with an occasional sigh to the girl I had left behind me to pass my days slaughtering snipe in the bogs, and my nights with equal enjoyment, and chess with Father Patrick.

His reverence had taken me under his especial protection. All sorts of anathemas were invoked upon the heads of any persons doing us the slightest injury, and no enraged whiskey-manufacturer could take summary vengeance upon me for such a snaking old varmint; but the incensing certain excommunication and every

power disagreeable pain and penalty it was in the power of the jovial Father P. to inflict.

It was lucky I had such a friend to stand between me and harm, for the "boys" had no cause to bear me any particular good will. My arrival had been the signal for the commencement of a vigorous crusade against the *al fresco* distilleries with which the district abounded: and when a still had been marked down, though anything but a labor of love, I had nothing to do but order out my men, and assist the excise officers in the execution of their duty of destroying the implements and capturing the proprietors. For the first two months we were very busy, and requisitions from the civil authorities were continually turning us out of our beds, as seizures were generally made at night; but at the end of that time business began to get "slack," as the shopkeepers say, and an alarming rise in the price of the condensed spirit showed what havoc we had made among its producers. Numbers had been taken, and their apparatus destroyed; others had migrated further into the mountains, where gaugers were unknown; and the few that remained conducted their illegal proceedings with such secrecy as to baffle the attempts of the most sharp-scented excise-man to discover their hiding places.

One man in particular, a Mr. Barney O'Toole—supposed to be a deserter from some regiment, and celebrated all the country round for the superior quality of his brew—was known to have an establishment in the neighborhood in full work; and though a large reward was offered for any information leading to the discovery of a still, the "Old Soldier," as he was called, had hitherto eluded all detection, and continued to supply the population of Ballyblanket (myself among the number, *sub rosa* of course), with the most delicious mountain-dew that ever gladdened the heart of a lonely subaltern.

By the merest accident I became acquainted with the spot where this nectar was distilled. I was strolling one day along a desolate valley, gun in hand, on my way to a spring tenanted by a lively little jack-snipe that had become quite an old acquaintance. I had nearly reached my small preserve, and with two barrels at full cock, was expecting my invulnerable little friend to get up a screech, and whistle off as usual unharmed through a shower of No. 8, when I found myself suddenly enveloped in one of those mighty mists that were continually stalking like ghosts about the country, which soon increased to a drenching rain. I look'd in vain for shelter.—Not a creature was in sight; and as far as I knew, I was miles away from any human habitation; so "reversing" my arms, I made my way to a large rock, under the lee of which I crouched, and having lighted my pipe, philosophically made up my mind for a ducking. My thoughts, I suppose, took their color from the surrounding scenery, and I soon became wrapped in a study of the brownest description. I settled entirely to my own satisfaction that the colonel was an avaricious old tyrant, and myself a persecuted individual. I speculated as to who had taken my place in the elastic affections of Miss Mackintosh. By an easy transition, my thoughts wandered to Mrs. Brown, my sergeant's wife; and I was deciding whether that invaluable woman would bash or mince the leg of mutton that had formed my yesterday's dinner, when my ruminations were disturbed by the figure of a man looming through the mist, apparently making for the rock under which I was sitting.

He was dressed in a long-tailed grey frieze coat and hay-band gaiters. I could not see his face, for he kept his head down, butting like a ram at the gusts of wind that swept down the valley; and with one hand holding on his apology for a hat and the other grasping a stout black-thorn, he battled his way against the storm till he caught sight of the muzzle of my gun pointing to the centre of his waistcoat. If both charges had been deposited there, he could not have jumped higher than he did.

"Och, murder!—I'm done for," he exclaimed. "Halloo, what's the matter with you?" I said laughing, for I never saw a man so utterly taken aback. "You're not shot yet?"

At the sound of my voice his alarm seemed to subside, and after scratching his head—a practice common to Irishmen when they find themselves in a hobble; the irritation acting, I suppose, as a kind of mental blister, and drawing out an idea—he said, tugging at a carrotty lock that was dripping down his face, and lashing out behind with one of his hay-banded legs by way of an obscenity: "Och, is it you, captain? I'm glad to see yer honor looking so well."

"You're a queer way of showing it, Barney," I replied; for by this time I had recognized him as the notorious Mr. O'Toole.

"Faith," said he, with a comical look, "I thought it was Mister Ginger (this was the excise-officer). I ask yer honor's pardon for takin' you for such a snaking old varmint; but the rain blinded me."

"It's lucky for you I'm not," I said. "I expect you're after no good on the mountain, Barney."

"I was only takin' a stroll this fine soft day," said he, trying to look the character of an innocent stroller, and failing utterly in the attempt. "None of your nonsense," I said, laughing at his idea of a fine day, and looking for some trace of the still, which I guessed from his manner was not far distant. "Where's the shop, eh, Barney?"

This question quite upset his assumed composure; and he whined, dreadfully alarmed, "Ah, captain, you wouldn't ruin a poor man that has nothin' else to depend on."

"O, don't be afraid of that," I said; "I am not on duty to-day."

His face brightened directly. "Then be my sowl, it's myself that's right glad to see yer honor; and won't you walk in out of the rain?"

The offer of shelter was most acceptable, as the weather, to use Barney's expression, was getting softer and softer; but I tried in vain to detect any sign of the habitation he so hospitably invited me enter. I could see nothing but the rock I had been sitting under, in a crevice of which there grew some stunted furze bushes. I was not long kept in ignorance of the entrance of Mr. O'Toole's mountain residence; for having first peered cautiously about, an unnecessary proceeding on his part, as the mist was thicker than ever—he pulled aside the shrubs I had noticed, darted through a low opening they had entirely concealed, and beckoning me to follow, disappeared into a dark passage, from the recesses of which I could hear him shouting,— "Mind yer head, captain!"

This admonition was not unnecessary, as, notwithstanding the greatest caution, my head came several times into severe contact with jagged and unexpected angles of rock, raising bumps unknown to phrenology—and I had to progress some distance in a swimming position before I emerged into a good-sized cavern, smelling unmistakably of whiskey.

"Yer honor's welcome," said my host, bare-headed and bowing, as soon as I had exchanged my horizontal for a perpendicular position.

"Why, you've got quite a snug little parlor here," I said, looking about.

"O, snug enough," said Barney, grinning.— "It's little I want, if I'm lit alone."

"If you could only lighten your passage a little," said I, rubbing my head, "it would be more convenient for your friends."

"I don't care much about convenience, you see, captain. You'll know your way better another time. But sit down, yer honor," said Barney, turning up a suspicious looking tub for my accommodation, "while I bar the door;" and he dived into his tunnel.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

AND THE PROTESTANT BISHOP OF KILKENNY.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The General who points out and exposes the vulnerable points of the garrison he defends from within, is a more dangerous enemy to his companions than the foe who makes the assault; and the reader will, perhaps, agree with me that Dr. O'Brien, in his late public letter, has inflicted on his own Church Establishment and Creed a more deadly blow than could be well expected from the attack of his most powerful assailants. Most people have read the fable of the mule standing up in a public assembly of horses, claiming equality with their race, and boasting of the distinguished pedigree of his mother, the mare, when his father, the ass, having arrived, and having heard that all allusion to him was concealed, began to *Bray*, amidst the laughter of the entire audiences. Covered with confusion, his son, the mule, repented for his folly, in alluding to his pedigree while all the animals of every class knew his spurious genealogy, and moreover were intimately acquainted with his father! The following extract, taken from the late letter of Dr. O'Brien, will demonstrate the extreme folly of the Bishop in speaking of the origin and the genealogy of what he calls his Church; while all mankind, of every denomination, know that the early Reformation had its origin in ecclesiastical insubordination: in pride: in lust: in broken vows: in perjury; and in crimes, over which men shudder, and history would fain draw a veil of silent horror. In any remarks that may follow in this letter it is not intended to offer the slightest offence to the feelings or the creed of Protestants; and if any should feel pain, it must be ascribed to the gratuitous and wanton misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine on the part of one of their Bishops. I believe them to be mistaken, but perfectly sincere, in their religious opinions. No man would *consciously* follow a religion which owed its existence to vice, since such a profession would, in point of principle, make a Demon of God; nor would any person knowingly worship at an altar founded in obscen-

plunder, and blood, since such a creed would brand the Redeemer as the Messiah of a scheme of iniquity. The following is the extract referred to—

Now, that in one aspect our Church is a Missionary Church, with all the duties that belong to that office, you will not be disposed to doubt. She is indeed, the National Church of this country, not by the law of the land only, but by every principle of ecclesiastical law, as the true successor of the ancient Church of Ireland. This fact has been proved so often and so recently that you are all probably acquainted with the evidence on which it rests. But though she is of right the National Church, a majority of the inhabitants of the country do not acknowledge her as such, but give their allegiance to a rival Church, deriving its origin from an act of Papal authority since the Reformation, and retaining all the errors and corruptions which our Church was then enabled to cast away.

Although Dr. O'Brien is said to be the head of all the Soupers of Ireland, yet by referring the public inquiry to the origin of "the early Reformation," he has signally advanced the Catholic cause: he has forced Catholic writers to republish facts, which, from feelings of social courtesy, or charitable forbearance, they would fain withhold: and having himself volunteered to awaken religious acerbity amongst his unoffending neighbours, he has compelled the unwilling Catholic historian to lift the veil off the undisguised crimes in which the Reformation was generated, nurtured, and matured; and to publish an additional warning to the Irish poor Catholic against the hired and infidel band, which at present degrades the name of Christianity in our country. If the advocates of the Church Establishment published letters in praise of the learning, honour, and virtues to be found amongst the professors of Protestantism, every man of truth and experience in Ireland would, of course, unite their voice of assent to this just national eulogium: but when Bishops so far forget truth, and so much mistake our recollection of past history as to lift their heads in public, and unblushingly to paint early Lutheranism as the Law of God, it is the very last point of reckless imposture to which perverted intellect, wrong teaching, and false conscience can push this national fraud.

With much more plausibility, and with better argument could it be advanced in a letter from Brigham Young, that Mormonism is an improved revelation from Heaven to renovate the decayed frame of Christianity; than to set up the vice and knavery of Germany in the 16th century, as the inspired Restorative of the supposed failure of the ancient gospel. Every scholar in history knows the wicked confederacy from which this Reformation sprung: we know the recorded motives, the names, the characters of the men who planned this Revolution of the Church. The world has long since been made familiar with the proved crimes of that assemblage which met at Speers 1529; and which concocted "the protest" from which they have ever since derived their corporate appellation. Some of these men were persons of known talent, some of extended literature, some of distinguished family connexions, but all, without a single exception, were rebuked by the Church, condemned by the Pope, and branded in admitted public opinion by private or public acts of immorality. In point of fact, these men bore characters as notorious and as foul as the assassins who fired at the Pope, or murdered Count Rossi in Rome, in 1846. They were the Vergers, the Astrazis, the Paolis, and the Mazzinis of their day: and while they rejected the authority of Paul the Third, their Pope, they rebelled against Charles the Fifth, their King; and thus they appear before posterity stamped with the double depravity of infidels to the Church and rebels to the throne. How can it be conceived that same men can make allusion to their Church as being derived from such men; and how can it be believed that God would select persons amongst the most abandoned of the human race to be his chosen apostles: who in the midst of their vices were to perform the office of converting fallen men to a life of purity, virtue, and perfection! Yet this is the doctrine of the Reformation, to which Dr. O'Brien calls the attention of the people of Kilkenny! This principle, when urged to its extreme legitimate conclusion, will prove that prostitution can be the best school for female virtue, that perjury may be accepted by Heaven as an efficient help to enforce truth, that blasphemy may be selected by God as an incentive to true worship, and the devil may be appointed the most accomplished preacher of the new law. This is the Reformation to which the Protestant, the Reformed Bishop invites public inquiry: and hence I call on all my poor Catholic countrymen who know me, to study attentively the late epistle of Dr. O'Brien, to read over again the fable of the mule, and to learn accurately the pedigree, the genealogy, and the lineal descent of the heroes of "the glorious Reformation."

But how insignificant in sanctity do these first reformers appear when compared with the resplendent brilliant acts of piety, for which their immediate successors under God have been distinguished!! In order to carry out the work of the Gospel to which God called them, they plundered in England, six-hundred-and-fifty convents; ninety-two colleges; one-hundred-and-sixty almshouses; two-hundred-and-fifty asylums for orphans and widows; and between the spoliation of church lands, abbey lands, vestments, church plate and money, they have robbed the Church in England to the amount of our present currency of forty-eight-million pounds sterling!! How like men receiving their commission from Heaven are these public plunderers of the poor! how like the lives of the Saints are these edifying examples of those notorious robbers of property bequeathed for centuries under the sanction of the laws! how worthy the admiration of the Catholics of England! In Ireland too, the history of the blessed Reformers must be eminently calculated to win our Irish love, and to advance the cause of the Kilkenny soupers. Our churches have been seized, our abbey lands sequestered, our race persecuted; and, let it never be forgotten, that seventy-five thousand of our fathers were starved, banished, or put to death, during the single reign of Elizabeth from 1558 to 1603! What a judicious writer is this

Dr. O'Brien, of Kilkenny, to remind us of our obligations to the Reformation! how good-natured it is in him to convert the Butts of Kilkenny! and thus to add another connecting link, in order to bind our hearts more closely to the blessed gospel, which was preached to our fathers through the bullet, the axe, and the rope. Who can avoid being converted to this precious faith while he passes St. Nicholas in Galway, St. Mary's in Limerick, St. Patrick's in Dublin, and St. Canice's in Kilkenny! There the traveller can see with his own eyes, the truculent spoliation of these hypocrites: and there he can make fresh vows every year of standing on his father's grave, and swearing under the blue canopy of God's skies renewed firmness against the calumniators of his race, the persecutors of his creed, and the oppressors of his country. Many thanks to the Kilkenny Episcopal historian for this opportunity of searching out his title deeds of Apostolicity: and of making a discourse to my countrymen on the hollowness of the souper pretensions to the ancient gospel of St. Patrick. If Lord Palmerston, however, would condescend to send one line of friendly remonstrance to this learned and historical Prelate, to beg of him to mind his own business, to abstain from all intercourse with the hired scum of souper scurrility, it would make the Whig Administration more amiable in Ireland, give more recruits to the Indian army, and perhaps add a longer duration to the fraud of the Church Establishment. That part of Dr. O'Brien's letter in which he alludes to the failure of the true church; and, again, in which he asserts its restoration by the reformers is worthy of serious discussion.

There are no passages in Scripture which are written with more official decision, or asserted with a higher legislative enactment, than those clauses which have reference to the infallibility of the true church. I could much sooner believe that the sun lost his place in our system, and failed to balance and govern our local district of creation, than that the central power guaranteed to control and preserve permanently the Church of Christ should fail and mislead the Christian family. The passage in Scripture by which I believe in the existence, the death, the resurrection, and salvation through Christ present to my mind and belief just the same legal, revealed evidence, as the clauses on which I believe in the infallibility of the Church. If the latter can fail, I have no reason to believe in the truth of the former. If one set of clauses can be erroneous, I can have no Christian faith in the other; I may have an opinion, persuasion, but not a faith, I could much sooner believe that all men (unknown to themselves) would lose the use of their eyes, their ears, their limbs, their speech at a given period of their existences, and recover them all again, with equal unconsciousness, than I could believe that the Christian Church could cease to teach and profess the truth of the Gospel, guaranteed by Christ, under the clearest, the most obvious, and the most solemn clauses of the last will and testament. The truths of human life, published by God the Father, are not so strong in my mind, as the truths of spiritual life promulgated by Christ; and neither this earth, nor animal life, nor creation, supply my convictions with any argument, so strong in their practical working, as the sworn promise of Christ; so often repeated, of the enduring unchanging, unfailing existence of a central, permanent, living principle in the Christian Church. But only think for one moment of this light being extinguished, this central power having failed; and then reflect on the idea of the most flagrant miscreants in Europe re-lighting the lamp of faith, re-adjusting the erring machinery of human salvation, correcting abuses in which God has been unsuccessful, and setting right the Church in which Christ had failed! Reflect on the idea of incest, abduction, adultery (historical facts), plunder, and all crime, being the triumphant principle employed by God to restore the fallen Gospel, and to re-introduce the fulfilment of the commandments. Many thanks to the Protestant Bishop for affording us an opportunity of informing the benighted people of Kilkenny of the claims which his Lordship and his soupers have on the homage of the fallen Catholics of his diocese.

But, while up to this part of my address to the people of Ireland, I have been discussing the personal characters of the men engaged in the work of this reformation, it will be rather interesting to say some few words in reference to the creed which they introduced in room of the faith which they assert had been corrupted. This part of my subject will be both painful and amusing. Upwards of three hundred years have elapsed since this Reformation commenced its baneful infidelity amongst mankind: millions, tens of millions, thousands of millions, and hundreds of thousands of millions of pounds sterling have been taken from the people of these countries to support this huge swindle, and yet, strange to say, this Church Establishment has as yet no fixed creed! During the lifetime of Luther alone they have had four distinct and contradictory creeds: and although successive Parliaments sanctioned different creeds, still at this moment there is no decided, inalienable Protestant creed. The creed of the Thirty-nine Articles, finally sanctioned in the reign of Elizabeth, is a kind of depot, where the elements of several conflicting creeds are contained, rather than a legislative code of doctrine belonging to any one sect. Like different regiments meeting on the same parade ground, all denominations have freedom in these Thirty-nine Articles: all meet here to select their particular tenets; and Unitarians, Methodists, Independents, Darbyites, Walkers, old Protestants, modern Protestants, all, all, drink religion together out of this common lake. These Thirty-nine Articles, in fact, resemble the wonderful bottle of the Wizard of the North. There is no description of faith in Europe, (however contradictory or contrary in their individual tenets) which do not all agree, meet, march, and go through their religious evolutions, on the broad parade-ground of the Thirty-nine Articles. The fee-simple of India could be purchased for a less sum (eight and a half millions annually) than this Reformation has cost these countries, and

yet the public has had nothing for this enormous expenditure except a useless hierarchy, an intellectual ministry, a slanderous pulpit, a lying literature, a varying faith, and an infidel congregation. With all its wealth, its aristocracy, its influence, its patronage, its men of first-rate talent and name are flying from it; and its churches in its own metropolis, with royalty for its support, have empty benches under the very walls of the Palace. There is no other thing in the whole world like this Protestant creed, except the "Asymptote," in conic sections, always approaching a given point, but can never reach it.

"The Bishop takes particular pleasure it would seem, in calling this system, or as Cobbet would call it, this thing," as the National Church of Ireland: of course he includes in this definition the mission of Denny the Dicer, and of the London Cabmen, and of the other "suitable persons" sent over from England by the Society patronized by his Lordship. So "this thing" is the National Church of Ireland! Indeed! But what will the Bishop say, if it will turn out that "the thing" is no Church at all? Mr. Miall (it is said), the ex-Member of Parliament, and his associates, have prepared a Bill, to be presented to the House of Commons, to prove that the Protestant Church is a public lie; that there is neither consecration of Bishops or ordination of Ministers in that Church: that it is a mere lay society that hence, in point of fact, they are not entitled to tithes: that their position is one of usurpation and fraud: and that the Parliament are bound to correct this enormous swindle, and to restore to their original use for the poor and for the helpless the revenues so long retained by an illegal society, contrary to the claims of public justice and the decisions of the common law of the land. While other men, such as my humble self, would argue that there is no Church in the premises, from theological grounds, the English Society referred to undertake to add to my reasoning the judicial position—namely, that the Protestant Church is an illegal, false organization; and hence should be deprived of its income and forthwith dissolved.

I must say I agree with the framers of this bill: and I am sustained in my views by all the historians, lawyers, and jurists of Scotland. At the union of Scotland with England toward the end of the last century the Scotch Kirk demanded that their superior clergy should have a seat on the episcopal bench in the House of Lords: and stand thus on an equality with the Church of England. When in reply to this request it was urged that the Scotch clergy had no bishops, no consecration, and were, therefore, disqualified to hold the position referred to, the Scotch jurists, lawyers, and historians have written upwards of one hundred books and pamphlets to prove that the episcopal consecration had failed in the Protestant Church: that in part of the reign of Henry VIII., in the reign of Edward, and in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, the throne had invariably appointed bishops, had even ridiculed the idea of episcopal consecration; and hence on all hands that the argument of consecration rested on fallacious grounds. Whoever wishes to read this Scotch controversy will understand the arguments which are now in the mouths of all the Methodists and Independents of England; and which may, very soon, give the Irish Protestant bishops something more to do than pasting placards of offence on beer barrels, employing fiddlers, weavers, card players, and the refuse of the town parliques to carry on a system of slanderous misrepresentation and inappreciable rancour, odious to all classes, and disgraceful to the men who are its bigoted reputed supporters.

D. W. C.
Stranorlar, County Donegal, Jan. 14.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

THE QUEEN v. THE REV. MR. CONWAY.—The Court of Queen's Bench did not pronounce judgment on Thursday on the motion to change the venue, in consequence, it is said, of a disagreement between the learned judges. How far this may be true or not cannot be ascertained until judgment is delivered. One or two important results, however, flow from the postponement, according to the practice of the court. No trial can now take place at the next after sittings even though the crown should succeed on the motion. Next result, that if the venue be changed the trial cannot take place until the after sittings in Trinity Term, because no special jury cases are triable in the short after sittings of Easter Term. So here we have a necessary delay of five months before the great duel begins. There are accidents in time, and it is most probable the House of Commons that ordered the prosecution of the Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan may cease to exist before the termination of the trial.—*Freeman*.

THE TRIAL OF FATHER CONWAY.—The trial of the Rev. Mr. Conway, as the result of the Attorney-General's application for a change of venue, will take place in the city of Dublin before a special jury of the county at the close of the next after-sittings, subject, however, to a motion, for which notice has been served, whether the Common Law Procedure Act does not apply equally to criminal and civil proceedings. Delay seems to be the grand object of the defence, and to achieve this end it is abundantly evident that no stone will be left unturned, in the hope that in the chapter of political chances something may turn up that will lead to the rescue of Mr. Conway from the grasp of the Attorney-General.

In connection with this subject (Priest Persecution) we may say, in reply to inquiries made of us by Clergymen and others, that the great and pressing duty of sustaining Father Conway under this most virulent persecution is not likely to be neglected by the country. The affidavits made by the underlings of the Crown charge it as a sort of crime against Father Conway that some parties, including open members of Parliament, had publicly expressed it as their opinion that an humble Catholic Curate should not be left to contend single-handed with the whole power of the Crown, aided by a most powerful and unscrupulous party in possession of every office, and every public influence, and having the purse of the nation to draw on to an unlimited extent. Why even the Crown itself does not put the worst criminals on trial without allowing them some means of defence and surely it can be no crime in the Irish people, and Clergy to see that one humble Priest is not left to sustain, unaided in his own person a political persecution which is mainly directed against Catholic liberty, and the influence of the Catholic Clergy.—The real crime, and indeed deep disgrace, would be if so obvious a duty should be neglected when the proper time came for discharging it.—*Tablet*.

Mr. E. M'EVoy, M.P. for the county of Meath, has been accidentally shot in the face and one of his eyeballs, whilst out shooting with Mr. George Henry Moore, ex-M.P. Mr. M'Evoy is under medical advice.

THE PROSELYTING COMMISSIONERS.—We wonder that it does not occur to some shrewd, clever, and practical man as Lord Palmerston that this is a most unfortunate time to allow the minds of the Catholic Hierarchy of England and Ireland to be excited and exasperated by the proselyting tricks and devices of the bungling agents of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners. That those retired half-pay officers belonging to the naval and military services, who spend their younger days in cursing and swearing and the enjoyment of Pappian pleasures, and the evening of their lives upon religious platforms—gratifying not unkindred passions in youth and age—should find a pleasant excitement in making stealthy forays upon the Papacy, does not in the least surprise us. Neither are we at all surprised that numbers of unthinking people, secretly sympathizing with the objects sought to be obtained by these veteran abductors, rather give them nods of speechless encouragement than words of censure—even when their imbecile activity is generally felt to be pernicious. But we confess that we are astonished that one in the exalted position of the Premier of this country, and possessed of the keen clearheadedness of Lord Palmerston, should allow the Queen to be deprived of the services of any portion of her subjects, in deference to the bigotry of Admiral Harcourt, Major Ormsby, of Dublin, and the agents, underlings and servants of the commissioners of a fund of which her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen was the illustrious originator. Our common Christianity is in sore peril in India—the Sepoys are burning and destroying indiscriminately Protestant and Catholic churches, schools, and mission-houses—there is a cry raised that men are wanted in India, and yet this is the time when bigots fight over the bodies of orphan children—when soldiers' widows are ejected into denying their religion to obtain a pittance wherein to live, and when, whether with or without sufficient cause, the whole of the Catholic Bishops are led to believe that persons in authority and in office sanction the application of the Patriotic Fund to the making Protestants of the orphan children of Catholic soldiers. We may not share the very strong opinions many people entertain upon this subject. We incline to the belief that it is natural that persons zealous in the holding of any creed should desire to see all children reared in it. While we would do much to prevent such proselytism, if undertaken at the cost of our own creed, we are not disposed to quarrel greatly with it in the abstract. But the Patriotic Fund Commissioners are only trustees for the Queen and the nation. In them proselytism is a species of crime. In them it is the betrayal of an exalted, of an imperial trust. We had expected that so soon as Lord Palmerston could have reported to her Majesty the nefarious circumstances connected with the trial of the successful proselytizers of the Alicia Race, the Queen herself, as a constitutional head of the army, would have comprehended the importance of quieting the alarm excited in the minds of her Catholic soldiers. There is yet time for the promulgation of a healing expression of the royal will. And there is the more necessity for this, seeing that while there is within a fraction of nine hundred thousand native converts to the Catholic religion in India, there are only sixteen thousand Protestant converts. There are 12,800 native Catholics in the presidency at Bombay; 44,480 in the presidency at Madras; 7,500 in Hyderabad; nearly 12,000 in Agra; 23,000 in the presidency of Bengal; 160,000 in Pondicherry, and so on of other places, including a very large number in the Punjab. Now, if the effort making by the religious world in London to abolish caste in India prove successful, these native Catholic Christians will be the first to claim the benefit of Lord Shaftesbury's pious labours. Nothing is less desirable for the best interests of the country than that the mass of the people of Ireland should get it into their heads that, if they were to die in the service of the Queen, their children would be reared in a different religion from that professed by themselves. On the occasion of the royal marriage there will be addresses to the crown from all classes of her Majesty's subjects. Why should there not be an address from those Bishops who desire an act of royal grace in the matter of the future administration of this Patriotic Fund? There is nothing like the admixture of a few grains of common sense in these things. Without contending that the champions of a sect may not feel a sort of holy pride in gathering stray children into their fold, we put it to John Bull whether a hundred of such victories as that which promises to make a Protestant of Alicia Race would now compensate for the absence of an Irish regiment from India? Besides, there is a small security that children so trained will persevere in the faith inculcated by their proselyting nurses. We have ourselves known some remarkable instances of miscalculations in this respect. But, were there nothing to impede the voluntary action of the commissioners, proselytism at the present time would be, on their part, an insane proceeding. What is wanted, however, is the rendering them powerless for the time to come. Young men, before entering the army, must feel an assurance that if they die in the service the religion of those they may leave behind them will neither be tampered with nor will it operate as a bar to the acquisition of any right or to the enjoyment of any privilege to which otherwise they might be entitled. As not without some jealousy for the prerogative and dignity of the crown in this matter, do we ask Lord Palmerston to look to it without delay. His Lordship, we know, can have no difficulty in suggesting a course for putting all concerned in harmonious motion.

THE LANDSOWNE ESTATES—ACTION AGAINST MR. TRENCH.—A correspondent informs us (*Traveller Chronicle*) that "an appeal is about to be made to the friends of tenant justice throughout the country, to set on foot a fund for testing the legality, in the person of one of the serfs on the Landsowne estate, of the arbitrary fines and imposts which Mr. Trench has inflicted, from time to time, on those wretched people. An action at law will clearly be sustained, and the whole merits of a case so important to the advocates of tenant justice brought in strong relief before the empire. Woe, however, to the Curia who leaps into the breach for his fellows, unless he be sustained and indemnified by every honest man in the country."

INNISKEEN LANDLORDISM.—We (*Newry Examiner*) have heard that a public meeting will be, according to existing arrangements, shortly convened in Inniskeen, and that by such meeting a deputation will be appointed to wait on the Lord Lieutenant, and endeavour to elicit from his Excellency as Governor-General and Viceroy of Ireland, something in the way of governmental opinion on Col. Lewis's extraordinary policy, which has already provoked emphatic condemnation from the bench of justice. We have heard too, that a petition to the House of Commons, praying legislative attention to this avowed case of persecution for "conscience's sake," will emanate from the said meeting, which will not be a parochial or even a county meeting, but a meeting of all Irishmen who can conveniently embrace this first open and earnest summons to maintain that the profession of the Catholic faith shall not, at this time of day, nearly thirty years after the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, be practically legalised as a disqualification for holding land under Protestant proprietorship. A tolerably instructive lesson has already been read to Colonel Lewis by the Liberal press of Ireland. Will he take proper advantage of it, or indulge in his insatiation?

EXCITEMENT IN DONEGAL.—MEETING OF THE PEASANTRY.—A lamentable state of affairs has arisen in Donegal, which had been until recently one of the most peaceful counties in the United Kingdom. There have been differences between the Earl of Leitrim and his tenantry, and some of the latter are to be removed from their holdings. Altogether this usually tranquil county is in a state of such excitement that it has been deemed prudent to send down a large military force. A public meeting was held at Milford on Thursday, "to express sympathy with the tenants of Milford, Gweedore, Cloughineely, and

the surrounding country" and "a petition praying for a parliamentary inquiry into the state of Milford, Fannett, Rosgryll, and Gweedore, was laid before the meeting and adopted." Lord Leitrim has arrived at Milford, with three or four servants of bailiffs, armed at all points. The tenantry ejected at the last Lifford Sessions are to be dispossessed. Secret societies are spreading throughout the county, or rather the north west part of it, and it is said that all creeds and grades of farmers are joining in this secret organization. Bodies of police are moving about in all directions; and altogether the aspect of society is entirely changed. Those excellent landlords, Sir James Stuart, Bart., the Marquis of Abercon, the Marquis of Conyngham and several others, are exceedingly annoyed at the causes of all this excitement and disaffection.

The lands of Drumscoobe and Bonnesinglas, in the county Mayo, containing 323 statute acres, subject to £50 per annum, were sold by auction on Monday, after a spirited competition, for £2,300, the purchaser also paying the auction fees. The same property was sold in the Incumbered Estates Court, in July last, for £2,000.

From the official return published in the *Irish Farmer's Gazette*, it appears that within the week petitions for the sale of property in the Incumbered Estates Court to the amount of £2,900 have been presented. Among these were petitions for the sale of the estates of Mr. W. Horwood, situated in the Queen's county, of the annual value of £1,213, and of the Clare estates of Francis Westropp, the rental of which is estimated at £1,244. During the coming week property to the extent of £1,780 annual value will be put up for sale by the Commissioners.

We (*Nation*) are extremely happy to learn, as will be our readers, that the Very Rev. Mr. M'Keelo, the highly esteemed pastor of Castleblayney, is speedily recovering from the effects of the recent assault perpetrated on him, notwithstanding the severity and number of the wounds he received.

The promotion of Mr. Serjeant O'Brien to the Irish Bench will render vacant one of the seats for the City of Limerick. Major Gavin, a gentleman of considerable local influence, and Mr. John Ball, formerly member for Carlow, are the candidates, both on the Liberal interest.

On Thursday, while Colonel Kitchener, the new proprietor of Grotto, County Kerry, was engaged in watching the fall of a tree in his recently acquired demesne, the tree fell on him, breaking his collar bone and seriously injuring the upper part of his chest. He lies still in a most dangerous state having never recovered consciousness. The greatest fears are entertained for his life.—*Clare Freeman*.

In the hour of England's prosperity she has not been found willing to do an act of generosity or even of justice to Ireland; it was only when the hour of difficulty was upon her that she made concessions.—The whole political history of these kingdoms has proved so much, and the knowledge gained from its perusal has been put into the shape of an oft-quoted maxim—England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. This is called an ungenerous saying; but justice precedes generosity at all times, and there is a duty upon Irishmen of being true to themselves. Will the opportunity be taken advantage of now? If it is not, then we deserve to be wronged for ever.—*Meath People*.

Our "Liberal" contemporaries are rather unfortunate in their pets. We have no pity to throw away upon them, however. Whenever an agrarian outrage was perpetrated in this country, who so loud in denunciation (and very right) of the "skulking assassin?" Who so obvious in the meantime, of the wrong which had provoked that dark retribution? But when the murderer, or subornor of murder was an educated Italian "patriot," and not an ignorant Irish peasant—a MAZZINI, not a MacSWINEY; a GALLAGHER, not a GALLAGHER—who so mild in condemnation, so earnest in excuse? How many of these humbug advocates of popular rights have ever championed, manfully and sincerely, the rights of the people of Ireland? How many of them have uttered a word of protest against the Arms Acts and Coercion Acts of every kind, which have been the distinguished features of Whig legislation in behalf of this country? No; the highlings know better than to offer those discerning patrons who have it in their power to reward the journalists of their party with such snug sinecures as have already marked their "grateful recognition" of the services of Mr. John Forster and Mr. Tom Taylor. Therefore though they are always ready to howl in concert against Naples or Rome, or even (when not prevented by a hint from Lord Palmerston) against Austria and France, it is foreign despotism alone that moves their celestial ire, and they cannot afford to concern themselves with the oppression of their fellow-subjects especially in Ireland.—*Nation*.

The writ for Wicklow election will, of course, be issued after the re-assembling of Parliament. The Hon. Granville Leveson Proby is so far the only candidate, nor is there any great likelihood of a contest. Mr. Proby is a supporter of the Palmerston Ministry.

LIMERICK ELECTION—AFFAIR OF HONOUR.—Now that the representation of the city is fairly open, the candidates and their friends are hard at work, and electioneering squibs have gone forth to the public disparaging the claims of r. Ball and Major Gavin. Arising out of the circulation of one of these productions a very unpleasant circumstance has taken place—one which, but for the prompt intervention of friends, would have resulted in the detestable system of duelling, which, in former times, characterized many of our Irish elections, and led to fatal and lamentable results. It appears that a placard was issued representing "that Mr. Ball had no claims whatever upon the constituency of this city—that he was a stranger and unknown to the people except as a Whig hack—that he pledged himself not to take office until tenant right was made a cabinet measure, but that he did so notwithstanding, and that the notorious John Sadoir did the same." The placard in question was anonymous, and Captain Ball, brother of Mr. John Ball, feeling indignant at the imputations contained, met Major Gavin (his brother's opponent), whom he accused as the author. Major Gavin repudiated connection with it, and said he believed it was written by Mr. John M'Donnell, his conducting agent. Captain Ball replied that he would only deal with principals, and should have an explanation, upon which some hot words ensued, and the Club House was appointed for a subsequent interview, which took place. Captain Westropp, as the friend of Major Gavin, waited upon Captain Ball in one of the rooms of the club, and demanded a retraction of the offensive words used by him to Major Gavin, and a friend was also named by Captain Ball. The matter having become known, great consternation prevailed, and numerous friends waited upon the parties to remove the matter. The Rev. William Bourke, F. P. of St. John's a strenuous supporter of Mr. John Ball, at once waited upon that gentleman, and told him that if such proceedings as that contemplated was not at once abandoned, and altogether put aside, he and the Roman Catholic Clergy who were in Mr. Ball's interest would abandon him. The matter remained until next morning, when, I understand, Captain Ball by desire of all concerned for his brother, gave Major Gavin the required apology, and so the matter terminated. Since the occurrence took place Mr. J. O'Donnell has avowed himself the author of the objectionable placard, and circulated a letter bearing his signature, reiterating the statement it contained.

That the ensuing contest will be a fierce and angry one there is much reason to apprehend. The congregated trades of Limerick have declared in favour of Major Gavin, having, through their president, Mr. O'Regan, published an attack upon Mr. Ball, and barrels are borne nightly through the streets as a demonstration for Major Gavin. Mr. Ball is supported by the agents of Lord Clare and David Leahy Arthur, Esq., of Cork—each has great interest in the city and liberties.

THE PARIS PLOT.—DUBLIN, JAN. 25.—The escape of the French Emperor from the machinations of assassins was celebrated by a solemn Te Deum yesterday in the Church of the Conception. The building was crowded to suffocation, the congregation including the Lord Mayor, the French Consul, and all the leading Roman Catholics of Dublin.

KILLING THE POPE NO MURDER.—The palladium of the British Constitution, as the liberty of the Press has been termed, is just now affording Continental Governments very substantial grounds for not permitting its license to be exercised in their States.

AN HEIRLESS TAKING THE VEIL.—It is the Morning Post's unpleasant duty to announce that Miss Hales, the owner of the Hales estate, Canterbury, took the veil as a novice of the Order of Carmelite Nuns, on Wednesday, the 6th of January.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Bishop of Oxford, after having consulted his Chancellor, has issued a circular letter to the Vicars of his diocese forbidding them to grant licences to persons who have been divorced, unless the death of one of the parties to the previous marriage has rendered such proposed second marriage lawful.

to do.—The Bishop of Exeter has already resolved upon the step, and we wait with some anxiety for a similar move in other dioceses. No other way can this abominable bill, which came into operation a few days ago, be effectively resisted.

FRENCH CHAPEL OF THE VISITATION, LONDON.—"Te Deum" FOR THE EMPEROR.—On Sunday the 17th, a Grand "Te Deum" was sung at the above chapel by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in thanksgiving to God for the preservation of the life of the Emperor and Empress of the French from the late diabolical attempt upon them.

The opening of the law courts on Monday last was remarkable for one incident, which we have not yet seen noticed. Amongst the batch of counsel who have just received silk, and on that day took their seats within the bar, appears the name of Mr. Goldsmid. He is a son of the Baron Goldsmid, and, we believe, the first member of the Hebrew persuasion who has yet attained that dignity.

THE FRENCH ASSASSINATION PLANNED IN BIRMINGHAM.—Few of our readers, we suppose, when they read the accounts of the brutal and dastardly attempt just made in Paris, imagined any more than we did ourselves, that the plot was concocted in Birmingham.

to do.—The Bishop of Exeter has already resolved upon the step, and we wait with some anxiety for a similar move in other dioceses. No other way can this abominable bill, which came into operation a few days ago, be effectively resisted.

FOREIGN ASSASSINS IN ENGLAND.—One good effect at least, can hardly fail to result from the outbreak of diabolical fury which Europe has just witnessed. Some curb must immediately be imposed upon the little band of foreign revolutionists which accumulates and putrefies in London.

THE BIRMINGHAM PLOT.—The friends of Felix Orsini, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, are a good deal puzzled with the newspaper accounts of his complicity in the attempted assassination of the Emperor and Empress of France.

demand. Unfortunately, Lord Palmerston's reputation is such that although Englishmen can suspect him of favouring such crimes as we have just witnessed, all Europe, whether Conservative or Revolutionary, believes that he is as deep in the mire as Orsini or Pierrri themselves. These wretches have run upon their doom. For Pierrri there is no chance; whether the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Shaftesbury can do anything for Orsini, remains to be seen.

DEPARTURE OF JAMES SPOLLEN.—James Spollen, whose name will be for ever associated with the brutal murder of Mr. Little, has at length taken his departure for a distant part of the globe.

THE CONSPIRATORS IN ENGLAND.—COLONEL PIERRI.—It has been discovered, that one of the men arrested as an accomplice in the recent attempted assassination of the Emperor and Empress of the French, proceeded from Birmingham to Paris.

We believe (says the Morning Herald) that the cause of the mutiny will be found to exist not in the device or sham of the greased cartridge, but in another of those perpetually recurring mistakes which characterize the rule of the English in India; in fact, the same cause which drove the unfortunate Moolraj into hopeless rebellion—viz, an investigation into the titles by which lands are held.

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reciprocal attachment. They were married at Godalming Church a short distance from London. Soon after the ceremony, the newspaper on which he was engaged, died a natural death, and the Count was thrown out of employment. He failed to get a living and, as a last resort came to Nottingham, hoping to make some friends, through the influence of his wife, and in the expectation that the latter would be able to obtain work from her former employer.

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY J. GILLIES FOR GEORGE S. CLERK, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, At the Office, No. 4, Place d'Armes.

The True Witness. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 19, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE news by the mail of the 30th ult., is of little importance, the English journals being for the most part taken up with long descriptions of the marriage of the Princess Royal. With regard to the question of the right of asylum in Great Britain for Continental political refugees there seems to be but one opinion, that the law should be so altered as to make a conspiracy to commit murder in a foreign country as criminal as a conspiracy to commit murder in London.

Congratulatory addresses to the French Emperor, upon his late providential escape from the infernal machines of Orsini, & Co., are the order of the day in France. The army especially is loud in its professions of attachment to the Imperial regime, and more than insinuates its opinion that Great Britain should be held responsible for the murderous attempt of the 14th ult.

From India there is little of importance. After his victory over the Gwalior mutineers, Sir Colin Campbell had concentrated his force at Cawnpore, and was preparing for another advance upon the Oude insurgents. Tidings were hourly expected of an attack upon, and the capture of Cawnpore.

GIRL-FLOGGING IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF UPPER CANADA.—The disgusting revelations of Dr. Philbrick of Toronto, which we laid before our readers in our last issue, have provoked a rejoinder from the Local Superintendent which we give below; together with the answer of Dr. Philbrick thereunto. It will be seen that the veracity of that gentleman's allegations as to the brutalising and demoralising influences of the Upper Canada School system is not impugned; and that the sole offence which can be laid to the charge of Dr. Philbrick is that of having made those allegations through the public press.

As the attention of the Trustees of No. 1 School Section in the Township of York was directed to an article over the signature of "Cornelius J. Philbrick, Fellow Royal College of Surgeons of England," which appeared in your paper of the 4th inst., they considered the allegations contained in said article to be of sufficient importance for them to call a meeting of the inhabitants of the Section to investigate the same. At 2 o'clock this day a meeting accordingly to the notice given was convened. At this meeting the Dr. stated his reasons for publishing the article that had led the Trustees to call the inhabitants together; and the teacher also being present, was allowed to explain and defend himself against the charges that had been made so public.

before appealing to the public through the press: that as those who are responsible to the people for employing the teacher and for the general management of school matters in the section, they might have investigated the affair without giving it so much notoriety. However, in calling a meeting and thus giving all the parties interested an opportunity of making such statements as they were disposed to make, the Trustees have shown in the most satisfactory manner that they desire to manage the school interests of the section given to them in trust, according to the well understood wishes of the people by whom they have been put into office.

Also, it seemed to be the opinion of the meeting, that the Dr. had fallen into a very great mistake in charging our school system with educating "teachers in the exquisite artifices of torture and pain." The very opposite was shown to be the case. The rule is moral suasion, but as there are no general rules without some exceptions, the exception to this rule is corporal punishment. It is not allowed only in extreme cases. Thus after a rigid and thorough enquiry made by the Trustees in the presence of a respectable number of the inhabitants of the section who were urged to state all their grievances, it appeared that no other case could be referred to in which punishment of the severer kind had been inflicted, but those referred to in the published article. And it seemed somewhat singular that three blows with leather taws given across the shoulders on the outside of a dress should after four months produce such sad effects. However, so far from the Trustees desiring to pass the matter over lightly, they gave the teacher to understand that if a girl fourteen years of age, or any others, cannot be governed in the school without severe punishment, instead of inflicting it, he must report the case to them. And as the inflicting corporal punishment upon the young lady in question, even if no bad effects had followed, was inadmissible on the principle of having the school governed as an orderly family is governed, which is the principle laid down for the government of our schools, he should apologise to the parents of the young lady, and be more sparing of corporal punishment for the time to come. Thus have they made it apparent that they do not consider that the "aptitude of our youth is to be enhanced by a governmental system of flogging," for they do not believe nor can any person who has taken the pains to examine the system, believe that any such thing has an existence in Canada.

RICHARD JONES, Local Superintendent for York. Eglinton, 10th Feb, 1858.

To this Dr. Philbrick replies as follows, in the columns of the Toronto Colonist:—"COMMON SCHOOLS AND COWHIDE."

To the Editor of the Colonist. Toronto, February 10, 1858.

Sir.—The letter of Mr. Robertson, dated Feb. 6, and published in your issue of the 9th, requires only a passing notice. What he characterises as "outrageous corporal punishment" and "infamous act of cruelty" leaves everything advanced by me free from exaggeration. I might, however, confess myself at a loss to penetrate his method of argument, when in one and the same breath, he tells us that the teachings of the Normal School are utterly opposed to the flogging system, and that the regulation for the guidance of teachers is, "To practise such discipline in the school, as would be exercised by a judicious parent in his family, avoiding corporal punishment except where it shall appear to him to be imperatively required." The order to flog is clear. Teaching is legalized. Teachers are told, not taught to flog. Trustees are told, (the only wise and sensible thing in the order,) to burn their record of child beating, that future generations may not sicken at the history.

It is a notorious fact, that many, if not all of the teachers have never been married, and unless Mr. Robertson wishes it to appear, that these unmarried teachers luxuriate in every other relationship, save the wedded, how they, never having been parents, can be conversant with parental feelings, is not being a Normal master, do not pretend to divine. So far as I can learn there are no specific offences, nor derelictions laid down in the regulations, as worthy of bodily beating, but the teacher may and does cowhide according to his own whim.

Permitting raw hands thus to cowhide children is surely worse than teaching future masters how to chastise with mercy and discretion. So much for the system; what does it involve? The Schoolmaster, at the inquiry this afternoon, stated that the reason of the boy getting a black eye, was that his (the schoolmaster's) foot caught in the floor, and that he consequently misplaced the blow, and meted out more force than he intended. The boy says the real occasion of the thrashing was the omission of one item in his tables; the master said it was disobedience in not fetching his book to school. The girl of six years old "was bruised about the legs," as the mother said, "till there was not the natural color of flesh on them." She was accused of lying, upon the statement of another child about her own age, upon a mere quibble as to whether one child had told the other something or no. This girl gull asserts, that though thrashed she was right and the other in the wrong. On the other case, the schoolmaster informs us he was studying medicine, and therefore felt competent to question my opinion. He was anxious to make the girl's illness appear "Hysteria," and "feigned," not Cataplexy. I have only to remark that Dr. Hodder during the last fortnight visited her twice. As when before, I tapped a spot on the spine between the shoulders, she went off into a fit; so without any warning from Dr. Hodder to the girl, when he tapped the same spot similar manifestations followed. The girl continues as bad, if not worse than ever.

The occasion of the cowhiding of this girl was her laughing with the other scholars when the schoolmaster's desk broke down. Readers can easily recollect three thrashings in one family of children in a short time, with the "exceptional" and "imperative necessity notions" of Normal conceit. The School Trustees and local Superintendent have conducted the inquiry impartially and well, and I hope the investigation will lead to the abolition of the corporal punishment of children by strong, full-grown men, who are often hardly aware of their own strength; anyway, it is well to know the dispensation under which we live.

I am Sir, your obt. servant, CORNELIUS JAMES PHILBRICK, F. R. O. S.

It will be seen, and no doubt properly appreciated by the Catholic reader of the above correspondence, that the most disgusting feature in the Upper Canada school system—that of the herding together in one "common" school, of boys and girls of the age of puberty, and under a male teacher though formally brought under the notice of the Superintendent and the Trustees, elicited from them not one word of disapprobation or of censure. From this we may conclude that this disgusting intermingling of the sexes is an integral part of the "Common School" system of Upper Canada, and that the "common" schools of that section of the Province are not the most eligible places for the morals of the rising generation. Indeed had we the misfortune of being a resident of Upper Canada, we would quite as willingly entrust the education of our children to an ordinary house of ill-fame, as

to one of the Rev. Mr. Ryerson's State-supported academies.

Here then is one reason why Catholics, as one man, should rise up against the "Common Schools" of Upper Canada—as against hot-beds of vice, and sinks of iniquity; in which the pupils are initiated into the mysteries of premature profligacy, and where their animal passions are carefully strengthened, and called into play, by the fostering hand of a parental Government. The Devil himself could not devise a more certain means for corrupting the morals of, and therefore for de-Catholicising, the rising generation, than that of "mixed" schools for the youth of both sexes indiscriminately, and under the control of unmarried male teachers.

This is no sectarian question—it is essentially a parent's question. Fathers and mothers, ye who read this, is there one amongst you—who would allow his or her daughter of fourteen years of age to attend, a school frequented by boys of the same age, under male control, and where for some trifling offence she is liable to the degrading punishment of a public flogging? No—for the honor of our common nature, we will not believe that amongst Catholics or Protestants, there is one father, one mother, who would not, if the question were proposed to him or her in the above terms, answer with an indignant—"No! No, by heavens; sooner would I follow my daughter to the grave, and hear the cold earth fall heavy upon her coffin, than send her to one of those hell-begotten "common" schools; sooner would I close her eyes in death, and commend her pure spirit to Him Who gave it, than expose a daughter of mine to the unspeakable degradation, and almost inevitable pollution that awaits the pupils of the "common" schools of Upper Canada."

It would be to insult our separated brethren to suppose that they would, if the question were put to them individually, return any other answer than the above; why then will they not give us poor Catholics credit for an equal regard for the physical and moral welfare of our children?—why will they persist in forcing, or in attempting to force, upon us a system of education from which as Catholics and as parents we shrink with loathing? Yes—Papists, though we be, we have natural affection for our little ones, even as other men have; and to the Romanist mother, it does seem hard that her child, her own child, for whom she has suffered so many things, should be appropriated by the State, claimed by School Trustees—who know neither a mother's pangs nor a mother's joys—and handed over to the tender mercies of one of these cowardly brutes in human form who tyrannise over a crowd of trembling boys and girls in an Upper Canadian "common" school. We ask—and surely the demand is not an unreasonable one—that we be allowed to educate our own children, to select their teachers and school companions, and that we be not compelled to pay for the support of a system of education which reason and revelation, which theory, and practise—as in the United States,—alike condemn as injurious to the moral and material interests of the young.

Here then we say is the entire "School Question" in a nutshell. It is a question as betwixt parents, and a bureaucracy hankering after the spoils of office, and with lips watering after the fat meats of a government situation. We contend that no man should be compelled to pay for a school to whose management he has conscientious objections. We assert that the "common" schools of Upper Canada are so conducted as fully to sustain those conscientious objections, and to justify our worst suspicions. We appeal in proof of this assertion to the undeniable fact that in those schools boys and girls of the age of puberty herd promiscuously together, under the control of male teachers, who claim and exercise, the privilege of flogging their pupils of either sex. We maintain that schools so conducted can morally be in no wise distinguishable from brothels, and that their pupils in after life will turn out little better than profligates and prostitutes. Therefore, we say, we will have none of them: we will not—so help us God—allow any of our children to pollute themselves by coming in contact with one of your "common" schools; and we demand therefore as a right, that we be no longer forced to pay for them.

That we may not be suspected of speaking too harshly of the "common" school system of Upper Canada, we would direct the attention of our Catholic readers to the subjoined paragraph, which appeared some time ago in the Boston Times under the caption "Corruption of Pupils in Boston Public Schools." Now if such things occur in schools in which the sexes are kept apart, and in which the female pupils are under the charge—not of male teachers as in the schools of Upper Canada, but—of persons of their own sex, have we not too good reasons to dread the results of the system which, to the disgrace of our country and the scandal of religion and morality, actually obtains in this country? We would beg our readers to pay attention to the age of the pupils of the Boston "common" schools; and to bear in mind that girls of the same age promiscuously herd with, and are publicly

whipt before the boys of the "common" schools of Upper Canada:—

CORRUPTION OF PUPILS IN BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Boston Times says: "About a week since one of the monitors of the first class in a Public School for Girls, at the North End, happened by chance to find a written note on the floor of the school, which she read, and was so astonished at the contents that she handed it to her female teacher. The note was written by one of the pupils to another in the same class, and revealed (in language too indecent for publication) the astonishing intelligence that the writer of the note and five of her schoolmates, girls between the ages of 12 and 15 years, had been seduced and were in the daily habit of visiting certain places and indulging in the lewdest conduct. The disclosure was most startling to the teacher, and she instantly sent for the mothers of the depraved girls. As soon as they arrived an examination was made, and the girls made full confession of everything, disclosing the particulars in regard to the manner in which they were first induced to corrupt themselves, and the motives for continuing. As the girls related the deeds which they had performed, the anguish of their mothers was most terrible.

How long—we ask—how long are the Catholics of Upper Canada to be taxed for the support of a system of which the above are the legitimate fruits?

SPIRITUALISM.—From the pleasant dream, that this strange delusion had already died, or was fast dying out, we have been roughly awakened by the appearance amongst us of a real living Pythoness, or Apostles of the new spiritual doctrine, which is to renovate the face of the earth, to convert the most inveterate of sceptics, and to inaugurate the long expected millennium. Miss Emma Hardinge is the name of our amiable Pythoness; and the interest which her lectures on modern "Spiritualism," delivered by the lady whilst "in a trance"—and not as the profane insinuate "in a state of beer"—have excited, is a melancholy proof of the readiness of a large portion of our fellow-creatures to believe anything and everything, except the truth of the Christian religion as revealed through the Catholic Church.

Miss Hardinge's lectures were an appropriate sequel to the buffooneries and blasphemies of the Evangelical Anniversaries Meetings; and in justice to that lady we must premise that both in good taste, and in general information, she approved herself immeasurably the superior of the Wilkes, and Taylors, the Schufflers and Scudlers, who figured upon the boards of the Great St. James' Street Theatre. Miss Hardinge may in short be described in the language applied by her admirers to the younger Miss Pecksniff—as being a "gushing thing." If not eloquent she has what our old friend the elder Mr. Weller would call "the gift of the gab very galloping," and a marvellous power of "highfaluting." Add to these endowments, a very respectable physique, a good delivery, and an exceptional development of crinoline, overlook a few grammatical solecisms and a great deal of bad logic, and it must be admitted that to the seekers after excitement there was in the lectures of Miss Hardinge metal more attractive, than in the more orthodox, but certainly not less blasphemous, performances of the rival evangelical Company which annually attract crowded audiences from amongst the sounder portion of our Montreal Protestant population. If the members of the one Company be held in honor, we see not why the fair Emma should be despised.

Her performances, like those at the Methodist Chapel commenced with reading of Scripture, and "devotional exercises." Like the Spurgeons and Taylors, she "engaged in prayer" in a somewhat truculent manner, and went to work roundly with the Deity, like a person who was determined not to be trifled with. Indeed, as a friend of ours remarked to us, her style of praying forcibly reminded him of the ranting of a Methodist minister at a protracted meeting. This part of the exhibition was, perhaps, slightly disgusting, and might we think as well be omitted both by Miss Hardinge, and the evangelical troupe. The muscular contortions, whether of an obese man of God, or of a female lecturer, on Spiritualism, when "wrestling in prayer," are by no means pleasant to behold; and naturally suggest the hypothesis either of demoniacal possession, or of ardent spirits. We give our advice to the players, as Hamlet did his, gratis, and indeed scarcely expect to be thanked for our friendly criticisms.

Miss Hardinge showed also it must be admitted considerable tact in avoiding, or rather in giving evasive replies to, any questions which her audiences according to invitation, proposed to her, and to which it would not have been agreeable to the spirits to give a straightforward answer. One instance of this tact, as a fair specimen of her skill, and of the value of the information imparted by the "spirits," we cannot refrain from noticing.

Being asked by one of the audience how it happened that at a "spirit circle" where the spirit of Plato declared itself present, the said spirit through speaking unexceptionable English, and answering all questions put to it through the medium in that language, could not reply if he were addressed in Greek?—the fair Pythoness replied that, in the spirit world thought addressed itself immediately to thought, and did not require the intervention of language to make itself intelligible. This reply, couched in a multitude of words, of course only intensified the force of

the objection against the reality of spiritual communications, and confirmed the opinion that the media as they style themselves are but ar-rant humbugs; for why could not the spirit of Plato understand the thought of its questioner when that thought was expressed in Greek, as well as when it was expressed in English? The reason is obvious. Because the medium did not understand Greek, and because it was the medium and not the spirit of Plato, that took part in the dialogue.

Passing from the manner, to the matter of Miss Hardinge's lectures, we would notice the valuable evidence therein afforded as to the intellectual tendencies, and spiritual cravings of modern Protestantism. For be it remembered—"Spiritualism," with its external phenomena of "Rapping" and "Table-Tipping" is a legitimate and natural development of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, as Methodism, or Quakerism, or any of the other forms assumed by nineteenth century Protestantism. The premises in short, or first principles of the "Spiritualist," are held by him in common with the great majority of the Non-Catholic world. He is a "World Reformer" and a "seeker after truth," as almost all Protestants profess themselves to be, thereby admitting they are not yet in possession of that truth. Now the truth, the truth par excellence which it is the mission of Spiritualism to teach is the immortality of the soul, a truth in which the great majority of the Non-Catholic world of the present day do not believe. To correct this intellectual aberration of Protestantism, and to satisfy its cravings after that truth for which it is vainly groping, are the exciting causes of these strange commotions amongst our chairs, stools and sofas which heralded the advent of Spiritualism, and ushered in the latest development of Protestantism, of which Miss Emma Hardinge is the Apostles.

It will thus be seen that this new religion does not address, or pretend even to address, itself to Catholics; because they, never having lost their faith in the immortality of the soul, stand in no need of its revelations; because, like afflicted Job, they know that their Redeemer liveth, and that on the last day they shall rise out of the earth. With the Catholic, the immortality of the soul, and a life beyond the grave, is not, and can never be, a matter for doubtful speculation—for he knows, and with the certainty of faith, that he shall be clothed again with his skin, and in his flesh shall see God. This is his hope which is laid up in his bosom; a hope which the sophistries of scepticism cannot dim, and which needs neither the crazy antics of a three-legged stool, nor the incoherent utterances of middle aged females in a trance, for its confirmation. Even were we to concede the objective reality of the Spiritualistic phenomena, we should, as Catholics, pay no attention to them, for to us they have no object, and no meaning; and because to us the mediums, or media, have no lesson to reveal.—Let them preach then to the Protestant, or Non-Catholic world, which stands in need of their teachings. Thank God! we have the Church for our unerring guide, and can therefore dispense with that wisdom which cometh out of deal tables, and manifests itself by upsetting our crockery and household furniture.

Another truth of which "Spiritualism" boasts the possession, and which its professors undertake to teach, is that the spirits of the departed still take an interest in the affairs of this life, and hold intercourse with their friends upon earth. But what is this but a corruption, or parody, of the old Catholic doctrine of the "Communion of Saints?" We, listening to the voice of the Church, and without invoking the aid of deal boards, already believe that we can, and do, hold communion, and most profitable communion, with the spirits of the Saints; that not only can we be assisted by their prayers, but that we also in return can by our prayers give assistance and relief to the spirits of those whom we once loved in the flesh. Betwixt the members of the Church Militant upon earth, suffering in Purgatory, and triumphant in Heaven, there is according to our creed, a constant "communion" or reciprocal interchange of good offices; and though this truth may have been lost sight of, amongst Protestants, we, as Catholics, need no further evidence of its truth.

We should not notice the silly, indeed we may say the blasphemous ravings of Miss Emma Hardinge, but for our fears lest some weak minded Catholics might thereby be led astray, and indeed to make fools of themselves by taking part in the dangerous and unlawful excitement of the "Spirit-circle." We would remind these, if any such there be, they cannot do so without violating the positive and reiterated injunctions of the Church. We would remind them of the Pastoral issued some time ago by our venerated Bishop, against the impious mummeries of spiritualism, and of his solemn warnings against all tampering with the spirits of darkness. If its pretensions be true, Spiritualism is but another name for the accursed art of necromancy which every true Christian must hold in horror; if they be false, it is a superstition morally and intellectually degrading, which the wise man will despise—an imposture, from which the honest man will shrink with disgust. In either case it is unworthy of the countenance of the Catholic; and its progress amongst Protestants affords a melancholy proof of the absurdities into which man inevitably falls when he discards the guidance of the Church, and sets up his puny "private judgment" in opposition to the inflexible decrees of her who has been appointed to teach all nations, and to whom has been committed the depositum of revealed truth.

We copy from a late number of the Ottawa Tribune the following article headed "Orangeism and its Evils," which merits the serious attention of every true Catholic...

"Another victim has been sacrificed to the manes of Orangeism, and the assassin, without fear of detection or punishment, walks abroad with the secret word on his lips, more potent against all harm than the wand of an Egyptian sorcerer. Whilst the blood of Farrell is crying to Heaven for retribution, the Government views the tragedy with folded arms. This leads us to ask, what is the reason steps have not been taken to bring the murderer, Miller, to justice?"

That the facts are as stated by our Ottawa cotemporary, no one acquainted with what is daily taking place in our midst can deny. Catholics are murdered by Orangemen in broad daylight, and no effort is made to arrest the criminals...

There is, there can be no excuse for the Catholic who, in spite of the warnings of his pastors, consents to ally himself with a "secret association," whose members are bound by oaths, and are known to one another by secret signs and passwords.

But the Church does not, in this instance, call upon us to suffer, neither does our religion enjoin us to submit passively to the aggressions of Orangeism. All legal and constitutional means of opposition to its inroads are open to us, and if we do not make use of them we have ourselves alone to blame.

REPRESENTATION BY POPULATION.—It would almost appear as if this were about to be made a Ministerial measure. At all events, Mr. Sydney Smith, addressing his constituents, has, according to the reports of his speech in the public journals, pledged himself unequivocally to vote for Representation by Population, and other Opposition reforms.

BO-PEEP TO JOSEPH DOUTRE, ADVOCATE, MONTREAL.

HEALTH AND GRATING.—In the whole range of the animal kingdom there is not a more despicable, or a more degrading sight, than that of a fawning spaniel. The crouching attitude—the lithe contortions to escape observation—the cowardly skulking—the sudden spring upon the unsuspecting foe, of the feline race—may be despicable; but the loathsome retreat of the spaniel, surrounding itself with a feigned atmosphere unbearably to the least fastidious pursuer, may be abominable; but the open cringing, the low fawning, and the sycophantic licking of the foot that spurned him by the dastardly spaniel, is more despicable, more degrading, more loathsome still.

You are in favor of Common, and opposed to Separate Schools; because the Common Schools "are better fitted to promote the feelings of good neighborhood, and of cordial understanding between separate religions." Nay, do not start at your own words; they are the creatures of your own brain.

Another objection is drawn from Religion. The religious Catholic knows full well that the science of Religion is the most exalted of all Sciences. He knows too that an ordinary life time is but too short a time for the acquirement of any of the ordinary natural Sciences.

A fourth objection is taken from justice. The Catholic economist cannot (in spite of Clear Grit persuasion to the contrary), see any justice in his school tax going to the Common School, whilst he feels bound in conscience to send his children to his own separate schools.

These are a few of the objections against our common school system felt by conscientious Catholics. Of however little weight they may be to pseudo Lower Canadian Catholics, and Clear Grit politicians, they have sufficient weight with conscientious Catholics to form most weighty reasons; and rest assured, Joseph Doutre, that should their consciences be tampered with, either by Rouge or Clear Grits, in this particular, the Irish Catholics at least will resent it.

But before our "old" friend, listen to "Bo-Peep's" advice. Let not your vanity, to be petted by the Clear Grit leader, outstep your prudence. Believe not his promises—they are the compliments of the spider to the fly. He loves you not, but as you may serve a purpose. Nay, at the very time he praises you, in his heart he despises you on account of your nation, and of your creed.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

Remittances unavoidably left out; they shall appear in our next. A Protestant writing in the Pilot, over the signature of "Nimrod," upon the subject of the late "Anniversary Meetings," gives it as an opinion that with all the professed liberality of feeling amongst the religious public in this city, there is a large amount of sterling hypocrisy apparent.

MONTRÉAL CIVIC ELECTIONS. This forenoon (Friday Inst) at ten o'clock, the nomination of candidates for the office of Mayor and City Councilors took place in the respective wards. The attendance of voters at each place, except one, was comparatively small, the coldness of the weather, doubtless, preventing many from attending.

FOR COUNCILLORS. CENTRAL WARD. Alderman Whitney presided. The nomination for this ward took place on St. Lambert Hill. Mr. George Browne was proposed by Dr. Wolford Nelson, and seconded by Mr. Rollo Campbell.

WEST WARD. Councillor Rodden presided. Mr. N. B. Orose was proposed by Mr. Alexander Murphy, and seconded by Mr. David Muir. Mr. John Boyd was proposed by Mr. C. W. Shapley, and seconded by Mr. John Allan.

ST. ANNE'S WARD. Councillor Valois presided. Mr. Francis Mullins was proposed by Mr. Patrick Brennan, and seconded by Mr. Thos. Hanley. No other candidate being proposed Mr. Mullins was declared elected.

ST. JAMES WARD. Alderman Homer presided. Mr. John Smith was proposed by Mr. Leon Hurston, and seconded by Mr. John Maloney. Mr. Smith was declared duly elected, no other candidate being proposed.

ST. MARY'S WARD. In this ward three candidates were proposed, and the contest promises to be a keen one. The names are Mr. Jean Baptiste Goyette, Mr. Joseph Papard, and Mr. John Gavie—Pilot of the 12th Inst.

THE POETS OF IRELAND.—On Tuesday evening Inst, T. D. McGee, Esq., M. P. for Montreal, delivered a very interesting lecture in the Court House, on the Poets and Poetry of Ireland. The lecturer dwelt more at length on the poetry of the illustrious Moore, although he read several pieces by various of the minor poets of Ireland.

THE SHIP OF GOVERNMENT.—THE DISPATCH.—Downing Street, Dec 31, 1857.—Sir, by a despatch of the 17th of April last, I informed you that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to comply with the prayer of the Addresses presented to her by the Legislative Council and Assembly of Canada, viz:—That she would exercise the Royal Prerogative by the selection of some place for the permanent Seat of Government in Canada.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, QUEBEC.—BENSON M. JUSTICE DUVAL, AND MR. JUSTICE CARON.—CAPTAIN RUDOLF ADMITTED TO BAIL.—At the opening of the Court this morning, (Thursday Feb. 11,) Capt. John C. Rudolf late master of the steamer Montreal was admitted to bail, by the Court, himself in £1,000, and two sureties in £500 each.

MONTRÉAL CIVIC ELECTIONS.

Remittances unavoidably left out; they shall appear in our next. A Protestant writing in the Pilot, over the signature of "Nimrod," upon the subject of the late "Anniversary Meetings," gives it as an opinion that with all the professed liberality of feeling amongst the religious public in this city, there is a large amount of sterling hypocrisy apparent.

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THE MURDER OF FARRELL AT ALMA, O. W.—No REWARD OFFERED BY GOVERNMENT.—It is no doubt still fresh in the memory of our readers, that on the 23rd December last, John Farrell, an industrious and peaceable young man, was foully and cruelly murdered at Alma Four Corners, in the county of Wellington, by a ruffian named William Miller, an Orangeman, under the pretence of admitting him to bail. Government has offered no reward for the apprehension of the murderer. Why is this? Is Orangeism so all-powerful in the land, that its members may in cool blood, in open day, without cause or provocation, shoot down their innocent and inoffensive neighbors? Is this country to be converted into a second Ireland, by these fiends in human shape?

It is very strange that some people will endure Rheumatic pains for days and nights while a few applications of Perry Davis' Pain Killer, which can be procured at any store, will entirely relieve them.

Would our lady friends avoid the tan, the freckles and sunburn of our spring and summer? Use the "Persian Balm" at your toilette—it renders the skin soft, smooth and healthy. Try it.

Birth. In this city, on the 13th Inst, the wife of Mr. Patrick Cassidy, of a son.

Died. In this city, on Saturday morning, 13th Instant, MARY GILLES, eldest daughter of Mr. JOSIE GILLES, aged 17 years and 3 months. Suddenly, on the morning of the 16th Inst., at the residence of his brother-in-law, C. M. Dickinson, Esq., Andrew Cowan, of Cowansville, formerly Merchant in this city. At New York, on the 13th instant, Joseph Knapp, Esq., Merchant, of this city.

MONTRÉAL MARKET PRICES. Feb. 10, 1858. Flour, per quintal 11 3/4 @ 12 0. Oatmeal, per quintal 5 0 @ 6 0. Wheat, per quintal 5 0 @ 6 0. Onions, 1 1/2 @ 2 0. Barley, 2 0 @ 3 0. Buckwheat, 2 0 @ 3 0. Potatoes, per bag 3 0 @ 4 0. Mutton, per qr. 5 0 @ 6 0. Lamb, 2 5 @ 3 0. Veal, 5 0 @ 6 0. Beef, 5 0 @ 6 0. Pork, 5 0 @ 6 0. Butter, Fresh, 1 3/4 @ 2 0. Butter, Salt, 1 1/2 @ 2 0. Eggs, per dozen 1 2 @ 2 0. Fresh Pork, per 100 lbs. 27 0 @ 31 0. Ashes—Pot, 29 0 @ 30 0. Peas, 8 0 @ 9 0. Beans, 8 0 @ 9 0.

FROM BURMAIL. SURVIVORS OF BURMAIL, March 6, 1858. Mr. F. Davis—Dear Sir: Such is the great demand for the Pain Killer that I write you to send me as soon as possible, in addition to what I have hitherto ordered, 24 dozen boxes, (two dozen bottles in a box) and a bill for the same, that I may give you an order on the Treasurer of the Union to the amount of the same.

THE LADIES! THE LADIES! THE LADIES! It is a well established fact, that fully one half of the female portion of our population, are seldom in the enjoyment of good health, or to use their own expression "never feel well." They are languid, devoid of all energy, extremely nervous, and have no appetite.

READ THE TESTIMONY. F. M. CHALFANT says: MORGANTOWN, VA., Sept. 25, 1855. Ship me immediately 12 dozen German Bitters, and I assure you no medicine that I sell gives such general satisfaction, the demand for it being beyond all precedent. It affords me pleasure to sell a medicine so satisfactory to all. Our physicians no longer scold at it, but are compelled to acknowledge its intrinsic value, and the greater part of them have had magnanimity of soul sufficient to lay aside their prejudices and prescribe it in their practice.

A LUXURY FOR HOME. If our readers would have a positive Luxury for the Toilet, purchase a Bottle of the "Persian Balm" for Cleansing the Teeth, Shaving, Champroing, Bathing; Removing Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sun-marks, and all disagreeable appearances of the skin. It is unequalled. No Traveller should be without this beautiful preparation; as it soothes the Burning sensation of the Skin while Travelling, and renders it soft. No person can have Sore or Chapped Hands, or Face, and use the "Persian Balm" at their Toilet. Try this great "Home Luxury."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

After the Mass of Thanksgiving, at which the Emperor and Empress had assisted the day after the atrocious attempt on their lives, an affecting scene took place at the Tuilleries. The Imperial Prince was brought to see his august parents. Remarking the scratch on the Emperor's face caused by the projectile the evening before, he cried out, "Papa hurt!" The Emperor, deeply moved, took the infant in his arms, saying,—"Thou lovest thy father dearly?" The child answered, embracing him tenderly, "hurt, hurt."

The addresses from some of the regiments to the Emperor are worded so strongly as to attract much attention. "If your Majesty," says the 82nd regiment, "wants soldiers to reach these men, even in their haunts, we humbly pray you to designate the 82nd regiment as part of the advanced Guard of this army."

The Pope has addressed an autograph to Napoleon.

It is stated that Orsini was at Stuttgart when the Emperor was there last year, and that he had two or three other Italians were expected.

A Brussels paper affirms that the French Foreign Minister had addressed a note to the British, Belgian, Swiss, and Sardinian Governments, demanding certain measures which may prevent renewed attempts at assassination.

The relations of the "Church of England" to the French Catholic Church are just now brought into notice by the state of the English Protestant Church at Paris. For years there have been two, one "High Church," the other Low, and thus all tastes have been met. The "High Church" building being lately for sale, an Establishment job on a small scale was attempted without success. The English Government was unwise enough to be induced to buy it, intending to make John Bull pay for a Protestant Church for the fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the Rue Rivoli. But the House of Commons was wise enough to refuse to pay for it. Meanwhile it is now shut up till somebody will pay for it. This one should have thought a capital opportunity of setting an example of "Union." How easy for the congregation of the closed church to go to their parish churches! But the High Church Guardian says (what is no doubt true,) that that is not among the possible results; the real result of which it tells us is quite different:—"The state of things is neither satisfactory nor creditable to us. Travellers passing through can find no place where they may attend the service of their own church; the residents in easy circumstances find the one proprietary chapel of the Marboeuf wholly inadequate for their reception, and are driven either to temporary arrangements for service in private houses, or to attendance at French Calvinist places of worship; while the numerous classes of the English poor, the artisans, waiters, servants, shopmen, and others, who form so large a proportion of the population of Paris, are wholly unprovided for."

The plaintive wailings of the Journal des Debats and the Siecle, on the daily attacks against liberty of conscience in France, has at last aroused the sympathy of the London Times, who, forgetting all of a sudden the insults and abuse almost daily poured forth in its columns against the French Government, appeals to this same despotic power—to its enlarged ideas—to its respect for public opinion, to put an end at once and for ever to this state of things. "A stroke of the Emperor's pen," cries the Times, "will chain down in France this monstrous spirit of oppression, and put an end to its display."

What is it all about? What state of things is to be put an end to, and of what oppression are they talking? All religions in France enjoy an equal liberty, and the sects who are in a minority have less reason to complain, inasmuch as not to wound their prejudices, the public manifestations of our national worship have on many occasions been dispensed with. As to the Protestants, if we believe their own reports, they are gaining ground every day. We have more than once had occasion to mention the fact that permission has been obtained for building temples in parts of the country where permission would have been legally refused, and we see them erecting in Paris even spacious and magnificent schools. Neither liberty, nor honors, nor places, nor money is wanting. Where, then, is the oppression? and where are the oppressors? Does this "state of things" justify the lugubrious exclamation of the Times:—"The Protestants of France are in a most deplorable condition?" Is it not evident that these declamations of the English press are but the result of a series of tactics cleverly made use of by the sect, and which consists in crying out "persecution" at the very moment when the Catholics have really most to complain of their audacious attempts at proselytising. The article proceeds to show that where permission was refused to erect Protestant temples and schools, it was on just and sufficient grounds—that the entire population were Catholic in several of the communes, where some one or two zealous Protestants wanted to float the flag of discord and religious strife—that the schools were mere proselytising seminaries, which, under the hypocritical mask of charity, endeavored to seduce children of a tender age from the faith they were baptized in—that it is sheer absurdity to expect that the Government would tax the community for the support of churches and pastors they did not require, and that, in fine, the real grievances, the real cause of complaint is, "that Protestants wish not only the free exercise of their religion, but also for liberty to propagate their tenets by means which would encroach on the liberty of others. This desire is perhaps very natural, but it is also very natural that the Government of a nation, the immense majority of which is Catholic, should not blindly submit to the demand."

The Univers closes this very clever article by the following allusion to Ireland:—"The Times forgets completely the conduct of the English Government with regard to Ireland; it forgets all the injustice that the English Catholics have to complain of; it forgets even the famous question of the mal-administration of the patriotic funds, which occupies the public mind at this moment. But when it concerns Catholic wrongs or Catholic grievances, its principles are no longer the same, its tone is changed, and doubtless this is the reason that the Journal des Debats and the Siecle are so loud in their defence of liberty of conscience—so zealous in denouncing the intolerance of Catholics—guard a profound silence on those public acts of Protestant intolerance which reveals the injustice of which Catholics are the victims."—Univers.

BELGIUM.

The political excitement so recently evoked by the conduct of the Revolutionary party in Belgium appears to be fast subsiding. The Chambers have this week reassembled; and before a week is past, some light may probably be thrown on the intentions of the Government and the prospects of the Catholic party. Various rumors are abroad. Some assert that the Republican party are pressing measures on the Government of a very inconvenient character, and threatening them with the withdrawal of their support if they do not pursue a very onward course. A Brussels Correspondent of the Patrie of Bruges, a very vigorous Conservative journal, gives notice of a prematurely-discovered plan of M. Rogiers, to foment a quarrel between M. Dedecker and the Catholic party, and thus to divide the opposers of his Government. This attempt is not at all unlikely; and if so, the discovery of it will disarm it of its power, and thus do much good. We are glad to know that every day adds to the disappointment of the Government, and to the hopes of the Catholic party.—It is more and more evident that a large body of those who, at the late election, were led astray by the plausible theory that politics and religion should be kept distinct, are now determined to proceed no further, and would instantly join the Catholic party if they could perceive any danger to the Church. In a word, the more the principle is becoming understood on which the Government has come into power, the fewer its supporters. It is greatly to be hoped that the Catholic minority in the Chambers is sufficiently large to prevent the attempt on the part of Government to introduce measures of a mischievous character. If this be so, it is the opinion of many of the soundest members of the Catholic party that matters could not be in a better position, as far as the real interests of the Church are concerned. There are in Belgium, as in every country, a large number of persons disaffected to the Government as such. The Church does not now incur their wrath. The opponents of the Church are now held responsible for all that may go wrong, by their own fellow-countrymen, by the discontented, by the haters of taxation and all legitimate authority, and by the Governments of neighboring States. The Church meanwhile can pursue her course, can lay her plans for the future, preparing a body of Catholic youth (to use the words of a Belgian journal devoted to her interests), who may hereafter pursue an important career in days when she can safely take the reins of Government.—Weekly Register.

ITALY.

A plot against the life of the King of Naples had been discovered. Ten persons, all Frenchmen, are said to have been landed at Naples to carry out the design.

A conspiracy had also been discovered. An insurrection movement at Rome was said to have been planned for 16th January, but the police frustrated it.

It is now surprising that the report of an outbreak in the States of the Church came at the same moment with that of the attempted assassination of the Emperor Napoleon. It can hardly be doubted that the two were really connected, and that the disturbers of the peace at Ancona were privy to what was designed at Paris. The Official Gazette of Venice, however, announces, which we trust will prove correct, that the actual mischief was confined to a few murders, the outbreak of private vengeance, and was at once put down by "firmness and vigilant energy."

In Sardinia, the Minister of the Interior, Mazzini, has resigned. We are assured so earnestly this event is not the consequence of any political cause, that an opposite conclusion is naturally suggested. We trust the same may be said of the boast of the Times, that the change will rather strengthen than weaken the hands of its protegee Cavour, who has added the administration of Home Affairs ad interim to his former functions. In Naples, the indictment against the imprisoned English Engineers has been published and supplied to the Diplomatic Body, as well as to the advocates of the prisoners. The trial, it is said, will come on early in February.—Weekly Register.

PIEDMONT.—ITS FAITH, PRIESTS, AND MISSIONS ABROAD.—Whatever we might be obliged to say now and then against the government of Piedmont and the mischiefs which they do, yet there is no fear to see that little kingdom turned Protestant, as England would. The country is essentially Catholic, and they must be either Catholics or nothing. They are in Heaven seven Saints of the royal family, solemnly recognised, besides many other Princes and Kings dead in odour of sanctity, who are continually watching and praying before the throne of God for Piedmont and for the King. The Church of the Consolata in Turin can still count about 11,000 communicants on the festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.—The city church, erected on the spot where the great miracle of the Blessed Sacrament took place, is always frequented; the other thirty or forty churches go on like in old times, and at St. Francis of Assisi there are still about fifty Masses said every morning by the Priests, who prepare themselves for the practical Ministry for home and abroad.

Likewise there are in English possessions seventy three Piedmontese Priests, and twenty-two others in this United Kingdom—viz. the Bayda, Acquaroni, Borgogna, Bruno, Castellani, Ceroni, Coralli, Costa, Defong, Faa, Fagnola (the only one Piedmontese Priest who resides in London at the Sardinian Chapel), Garelli, Gastaldi, Gazzola, Languasco, Lignini, Pagani, Pinasco, Pozzo, Prelato, Rallo, Rinaldi.

These names being their family names in Piedmont, there might be change of names in England, because nearly all of them belong to Religious Orders.—Tablet.

RUSSIA.

It is said that Russia intends to restore all her marine stations on the Circassian coast, but on a new system which will evade the treaty of Paris. A new Sebastopol is also in contemplation.

TURKEY.

Serious disturbances were said to have broken out in Bosnia. A force of 3000 had been sent to suppress them.

INDIA.

The correspondence from Calcutta to the 24th December adds nothing of importance to the telegraphic despatch which anticipated the mail.

The Times correspondent gives a circumstantial account of the Windham affair, but facts do not differ from those already before the public. The scenes after Windham's defeat are said to have been fearful, the hospitals were crowded to suffocation, the enemy directed their fire specially upon them, and it was not till Sir G. Campbell returned, and with a dozen naughty words brought every man to his place, and order was restored.

Sir James Outram, at Alumbagh, attacked and defeated the enemy on the 22d December, and captured 4 guns. He sustained but trifling loss.

The following despatch has been received at the India House:—"Bombay, Jan. 9. 'Sir Colin Campbell, on the 12th December, advanced towards Ferukabad and intended to proceed thence to Agra.

Gol. Seston's column re-occupied Mysn poor on the 27th December, after defeating the rebels and taking 16 guns.

Brigadier-Gen. Chamberlain proceeds with a column to Rohilkand, and afterwards will join Sir Colin Campbell at Agra.

The Deccan mutineers had entered the Assain Country and her Majesty's 64th foot were in pursuit of them.

The conduct of the 31st Regiment of Native Infantry had excited suspicion.

The population of Indore had been disarmed, and tranquillity restored.

The Punjab and Scindia all quiet, but strong suspicions entertained of the Kholapore Rajah's movements.

New depredations by the Khandorah rebels reported, and Penit and Haasi rebels have been severely handled.

CHINA.

The correspondent of the Times, writing from Canton River under date of December the 16th, says that Yeh has returned an insolent answer to the ultimatum of the English and French plenipotentiaries, and that the two forces would in a few days attack Canton.

Lord Elgin's demand was of the most temperate kind. He asked no more than that the Treaty should be carried out—that Canton should be put upon the same footing as other Treaty ports, its gates open to commerce—that compensation be given for damage to British merchants; and the occupation of the Island of Honan be acquiesced in, as a guarantee until all matters are settled.

Yeh's answer to Lord Elgin is said to be couched in the most sarcastic terms; that the question of treatment of strangers at Canton has been settled by the Emperor's decree; that Sir George Bonham was made a Baronet for respecting that decree; and recommended Lord Elgin to follow his example; and as for compensation, Yeh has demanded it of the British for loss and suffering by the Chinese, a few days before this answer was received.

Mr. Reed, the American commissioner, solicited an interview in the city, and Yeh replied that he would meet him outside of the city, but that no barbarian should put foot within the limits of Canton.

The Paris Pays publishes accounts from Cochinchina. The persecution of Christians continued with unparalleled violence. The country was in a state of the greatest confusion.

UNITED STATES.

THE PASSIONIST MISSION IN BROOKLYN, N.Y.—MIRACULOUS MANIFESTATIONS.—The N. Y. Freeman's Journal says:—"The Rev. Father Gaudentius Rossi, assisted by the Rev. Fathers A. Calandri and L. Rasi, donelli, all belonging to the Passionist Monastery of Blessed Paul of the Cross, Birmingham, Pa., have for several weeks been giving missions with marvellous success and effect in different parishes of the Diocese of Brooklyn. These holy and self-denying missionaries gave their first mission at St. Joseph's Church, Bedford, in the bounds of Brooklyn city. The religious interest excited by this first mission was of the most charitable character. The church was thronged at every service; more than five thousand went to communion, and at the close of the mission, some twelve or fifteen non-Catholics, some of them persons of superior education, were received into the Church. In the course of this mission, it is asserted on credible authority, that God was pleased to manifest his favor by special graces of an external character.—The rumor, some way, went abroad, among the humble, who mostly compose the parish, that bodily diseases were cured by some of these missionaries. The blind, the lame, the afflicted with various chronic diseases were brought to the church in great numbers. The sensation created by this movement among those unprepared by their education for such "signs following them that believe," was intense. Father Gaudentius blessed those that came to him with the relics of the holy founder of his order, Blessed Paul of the Cross, and in some cases cures were effected on the instant. Others were popularly cited, but not so attested as to be cited here. A physician of Brooklyn was one of the number converted by the graces bestowed in this mission.

MATRIMONIAL INFELICITY.—There is a curious difficulty now in progress in one of our colored churches, the facts of which we give as nearly as we can from a somewhat roundabout hearsay. Two members of the church—man and wife—are so unfortunate as to live unhappily. The husband—whether under Obeltopangs of jealousy or simply because he was worried by a colored Xantippe—found his life so uncomfortable that he resolved to take some means to rid himself of his conjugalities, and be once more a man and a brother, but not a husband. There being no Joe Bieglar at hand, to whom he might apply for a "cup of cold pizen," and having a distaste for any of the more vulgar means of divorce, such as are said to be prevalent in Rochester, the "culled pussan" in question falls back on the Fugitive Slave law as a resource. His wife was a fugitive who came here by underground railroad—he wished she had stayed underground—and so he writes to her master down South imploring him to come North, provide property, pay charges and take his helpmate back to chains and slavery. The fact leaked out, and the matter is now dividing the church. We learn that a portion of the elders think that this remaining his own wife back to slavery was not just the fair thing, whilst others look upon it as justifiable. They argue that the husband may have suffered so severely under the bonds of wedlock, that the bonds of slavery would be more than a sufficient punishment for the wife. There the matter stands. The church is divided and distracted, and where it is to end nobody can tell.—Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

DIVORCE.—Cincinnati papers state, that on the 8th Jan., no fewer than one hundred and fifty-seven applications for divorce were made to the Court of Common Pleas in that city. Other cities throughout the country can show proportionate statistics; and even villages and rural places, especially in New England, are doing their utmost to rival in this respect, the scandalous records of their larger neighbours.

"AMERICANIZATION."—The abuse of this word is very like the abuse of the noble word "American" by the Dark Lantern faction. The Aspinwall correspondent of the New York Times says:—"Anderson spiked his cannon, burnt all the buildings about Oasillo, destroyed the machinery of a steamer at the Rapids, understood to be the Virginia, and having killed all the cattle and plundered all the merchandise with-in-reach, started down the river." The same statement, if we are not mistaken, was made by the correspondent of the Picayune, as may be seen by reference to its files. This is what they term "Americanization"—we'll say our Democratic friend say "by Americanizing they mean devastating."

THE "LAGER BEER" CONTROVERSY.—A discussion, says the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, is taking place in Brooklyn, before the Circuit Court, as to whether lager beer is intoxicating or not. The question is raised on the prosecution of a vendor of the above-named beverage, for having sold intoxicating liquors on Sunday, in violation of the 21st section of the Metropolitan Police Law. The defendant pleads that he has committed no offence, as lager beer is not an intoxicating drink. In proof of this, several Germans of high and low degree have testified as to their experience, and, if their memory serves them truly, it is established beyond all reasonable doubt that lager beer is powerless to intoxicate a German. Among the witnesses examined, there was one who stated that he drank a keg of lager beer, containing 30 quarts, within two hours, and "felt no intoxicating effects afterwards;" another confessed to drinking 15 pints "to get an appetite for breakfast;" another to drinking 60, 70, 80 and 90 glasses in a day, according to the strength of his purse; and another to drinking 160 pints in three hours, without becoming intoxicated. It used to be a common practice, now happily exploded, among students at the German Universities, to perform various ludicrous bier drinking feats, which entitled the drinkers to different honorary designations. Thus the student who drank at one time, half a glass, [i. e. half a pint], was styled a learned man, [gelehrer]; the drinker of a full glass was entitled to the title of "doctor;" of two glasses, "professor;" of four, "pope;" of eight, "Ocean;" [Welt-meer]; and of sixteen, to the not inappropriate name of "a burying-ground." The exploits of the Brooklyn Imbibor of 160, completely eclipse the "burying-ground." Whether liquor is intoxicating or not, most people will agree that drinkers to the excess above stated, make beasts of themselves.

VICTIMS OF HYDROPHOBIA.—We have to record two recent deaths from hydrophobia. One of these is a remarkable case. A few weeks ago a number of cattle and a horse belonging to James H. Hyde, of Norwich, Conn., were bitten by a mad dog. One of the cows which had been bitten was lately bought by a man named Randall, and a day or two after the sale she was attacked with all the symptoms of hydrophobia. Mrs. Ann Randall, a sister-in-law of the purchaser, who kept house for him, was induced by curiosity to offer water to the cow to see whether she could drink it. The froth and saliva from the cow's mouth got into the water, and afterwards Mrs. R. thoughtlessly put her hand into the water to rinse out the pail. On one of the fingers of her hand, thus introduced into the water, was a slight abrasion of the skin. Last Thursday morning Mrs. R. was attacked with hydrophobia, and after three days of terrible agony, died last Saturday night, and was buried on Sunday. The other case occurred in Buffalo, New York. About three months ago a young lad named Edward Hoyt, while on his way to school was bitten in the nose by a stragg dog that sprang upon him. The wound bled freely and in due time healed, leaving a scar. Last Wednesday he played with the boys at school more violently than usual, and in the night was heard moaning. On the day following he was taken with spasms, which recurred frequently; but during their intervals he was perfectly rational. On Friday medical aid was called, but it was impossible to afford him relief. He started when any one spoke to him, his eyes shone with the peculiar glare of a madman, and he fell into convulsions which became more and more frequent and distressing till his death. From the first severe attack of the spasms, till he ceased to breathe, he did not sleep. He was about thirteen years of age.

NEW BIBLES.—They are getting on swimmingly in New York with their several new translations of the Bible. The old translation, of course, to be regarded as the "Word of God," until time can be had to prepare a substitute. The Baptist version seems to be eminently suited to the peculiar views of that denomination, on the subject of the rite of baptism.—The word "immersion" being substituted, in the translation, for "baptism." The Presbyterian translation is less marked. We notice a few alterations in the text, the "Canticles" and the new "Word" is in exact conformity to those places with the text of the Douay Bible. The change is from the masculine pronoun "He" to the feminine "She." Some changes are wrought, also, in the spelling of the proper names in the New Testament: thus, Noe is changed to "Noah;" the first spelling, of course, is due to the language through which the "Word" has reached us. But, really, the attempt to better King James' Bible, is rather a failure, when considered with regard to the flourish of trumpets by which it was preceded.—Phil. Cath. Herald.

The Washington correspondent of the Montreal Herald thus describes a "free-fight" in the Congress of the "free and enlightened republic":—"The night session is always apt to engender excitement, but there was less than usual in the present case, and all parties seemed to be very good natured until about two o'clock in the morning, when a difficulty originated between the bulky Keitt of S. C.—who figured so disgracefully in the Sumner assault—and Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania who is the present republican leader in the House of Representatives. I should premise by saying that the republicans generally sit upon one side of the House, and the democrats on the other—although there are individual exceptions to the rule. Mr. Grow, having occasion to talk with a Douglas democrat—Mr. Hickman, of Penn.—crossed over to the democratic side, and was about returning to his own seat, when Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, asked the unanimous consent of the House to make a proposition of compromise. Mr. Grow objected, insisting upon the vote. Mr. Keitt, who rarely misses an opportunity to indulge in offensive bluster towards republican members, called out—"Why don't you go over on your own side of the House, if you want to object, G—d d—m you!" Mr. Grow, who is a slender very framed young man, but quick, cool and resolute, replied—"This is a free hall, a man has a right to object from any part of it, which he sees fit." Then, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Harris, of Ill., Mr. G. withdrew his objection to hearing Mr. Quitman's proposition. In the meantime, Keitt had left his seat, and come up to Mr. Grow, who was standing in one of the aisles, and inquired in a raffianly tone, what he meant by the answer he had just given him. Mr. Grow responded that he meant precisely what he said—that it was a free hall, and he would object from any part of it in which he saw fit.

The "chivalry" of the athletic South Carolinian, of course, took fire at this assertion of a white man's independence, and he replied, calling Mr. Grow "a d—d black republican puppy." Still the gentleman asked kept perfectly cool, replying indignantly—"you may call me what you please, Mr. Keitt, but I shall allow no nigger driver to crack his plantation lash around my ears"—or words to that effect. "I'll show you," said South Carolinian, as he grasped Mr. Grow by the throat. The latter threw his hand off, and at the same instant Mr. Ruben Davis, of Mississippi, interfered to restrain Keitt, who a minute later broke away and again seized Mr. Grow by the throat. Mr. G. finding his assailant determined upon a "free fight," drew off, and struck him a blow un-

der the left ear, which felled him completely to the floor, upon which he dropped like lead. Keitt swears he stubbed his toe, and fell from that cause, but Mr. Grow's first bona fide evidence of having been in contact with some "hard case" or other, and Keitt's certainly was the only object within striking distance. A profane wretch at my elbow suggests that when Keitt finds his way into the infernal regions, he will probably tell his Satanic majesty that he don't belong there, but came by accident—that he was going to the other place, but stubbed his toe and fell in. Then, as now, he will be assured that there is a remarkable coincidence between the result of the "accident" and his own deserts, and his plea will avail in neither instance. The discomfited bully picked himself up and left the hall quite satisfied with his experience. Meantime the House was thrown into the greatest possible confusion. All this transpired in an incredibly brief space of time, and upon the exchange of blows, the Southern men, who were nearest, sprang forward to interpose, and as Keitt was already done for, they naturally seized upon Grow. Others of the bullying sort sprang towards the spot, evidently with the expectation of settling the pending question by a pugilistic encounter. All the circumstances conspired to create the impression which seized upon Mr. Grow's friends, that their opponents were attacking him; and the Republicans, jumping from their seats, rushed en masse over to the "scene of action." Quicker than all others came Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, a well-built muscular fellow and bold as a lion, who leaped like a tiger into the very centre, and began to strike tremendous blows right and left, wherever he saw an opponent's plis. The first man he saw was Barksdale, of Mississippi, a "fire-eater," and somewhat mercurial in temperament, but full of "grit." Barksdale had Grow by the collar, so, without more ado, Potter planted a blow between his eyes, which staggered him for an instant, and the next left him furious as a mad bull, and quite as fearless. Who struck him he did not know, but, turning to see, his eye fell upon Elihu Washburn, of Illinois. Supposing him to be his assailant, he "pitched in" sans ceremonie—and they twain had a brief round, without serious damage to either. Just then G. Washburn, of Wisconsin, came up, supposing Barksdale had causelessly assailed his brother, flew to his rescue. Barksdale is a much heavier man than either of the Washburns, and Cadwallader is rather under than over medium size. Nothing daunted, he grasped the Mississippi's hair with his left hand, intended to draw his head "into Chancery," as the boxer's say, and have a "good time." But, sad to relate, Barksdale's scalp is only a wig, which came off in Cadwallader's hand, and his right fist simultaneously propelled for a stunning blow came flying round in a half-circle, with power enough to almost dislocate his shoulder. And so the fistful infection spread, until there were not less than twenty men engaged in ineffectual pounding and passing at each other—all or nearly all having got into the fight in consequence of mutual misunderstanding of the pacific purpose which nearly all of them had in view. For a wonder no weapons were drawn,—or blood would have been shed. One man seized an immense stone—wre spittoon with which he would have brained some one if he could have got into the ring where the contest was progressing, but fortunately he was retained until his passion cooled.

During all this scene the Speaker was yelling "order," and hammering his desk, while the Sergeant-at-Arms interferred to arrest unruly members. But the ludicrous incidents of this shameful affair came uppermost in the minds of everybody in an instant, and tended to the restoration of good feeling; and when the excited men separated and surveyed each other's tumbled apparel and dishevelled hair, a sense of shame,—struggling with the mirth which this "comedy of errors" was calculated to provoke—spread itself over every countenance. A minute later, Barksdale's wig,—which in his excitement he had put on wrong side foremost,—became the center of observation and broad grin and roars of laughter became "the order of the day." Thus, happily, good humour was restored almost immediately and the House proceeded with its business. Of course we have rumours of half a dozen duels to grow out of this affair, but I have no idea that there will be anything of the sort.

AN IMPARTIAL WITNESS.—CATHOLICS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Rev. Dr. Clapp, in his recently published memoirs of himself speaks in the highest terms of the Catholic Church. In the course of his remarks on his acquaintance with Catholics, and his observation as to the effects and tendency of the Catholic worship, he says:—"Since my acquaintance with Louisiana began, there have been, I believe, at no time, less than twenty priests stationed in New Orleans. Besides performing clerical functions in churches, chapels, convents, asylums, and hospitals, they have founded and kept in vigorous operation numerous schools and seminaries of learning for both sexes.—In these respective vocations they have displayed the most unflinching zeal, and ardent persevering industry. No Protestant ministers in the United States of any denomination, accomplish as much hard service as they do. Morning, noon, and night, at all seasons, whether healthy or sickly, they are engaged in the prosecution of their arduous and responsible labors. Apparently they live as if each day were their last, and as it becomes those to live who know what a day, what an hour may bring forth. Like the sun, which never pauses and never goes astray, so they revolve in the orbit of duty, a light, a charm, an ornament, and a blessing, to all who are embraced in their spiritual guardianship. In their public deportment, the Roman Catholic priest of New Orleans are models of clerical wisdom, decorum, and propriety. They are sufficiently grave, serious and dignified, and at the same time free from affectation, simple, natural, condescending, agreeable and unconstrained in their intercourse with persons of every age character and condition in life. I have sometimes been present when their religious peculiarities have been assailed by unjust gross and insulting insinuations, and beheld with profound admiration their imperturbable equanimity, meekness and forbearance. Never until I went to Louisiana, did I behold that living and most perfect exemplification of a Christian spirit exhibited in the conduct and benefactions of those denominated Sisters of Charity.—Look at them. They were in many instances born and bred in the lap of worldly ease and luxury. But in obedience to a sense of religious duty, they have relinquished the pleasures of time for the charm of a life consecrated to duty and to God. Their calm and gentle as angels, they stay at their posts amid the most frightful epidemics till death comes to take them to a better world. What a spectacle! Their whole existence is passed in watching the sick, and performing for them the most menial offices. They indeed fulfil the injunction of the apostle. "Honor all men." They glorify our common humanity.—They feed the hungry and clothe the naked.—When I have seen them smoothing the pillow, and whispering the consolations of religion to some unfortunate fellow-being in his last moments,—dying among strangers far from home, never again to behold the ace of wife child relative or friend this side the grave—I could hardly realize that they were beings of mortality. They seemed to me like ministering angels sent down from the realms of celestial glory.—Oh, how immeasurable the disparity between one of these noble spirits, and a mere creature of the feminine gender, devoted exclusively to the follies and vanities of fashionable life, who makes a dazzling show for a few hours and then sinks to be seen no more.—These angels are seen in all of our hospitals, both public and private, and in other places where their services are required, irrespective of the distinctions of name, religion, party, climate, or nation. Indeed the Roman Catholic church is infinitely superior to any Protestant denomination in its provisions of mercy and charity for the poor. They seek to inspire the most wretched and forlorn with these hopes

that point to a better world. No Protestant domination, with the exception of the Methodists, has been remembered the poor. This remark was made by a distinguished prelate of the church of England. In our Northern cities, as New York, there is an actual rivalry as to which church shall be the most exclusive. And one congregation has erected a separate building for the poor to worship in. Churches are constructed on purpose to shut out the poor. The pews are sold like the boxes of a theatre, to the highest bidder. The poor can never enter there. Oh what a commentary on the Christianity of our time! After spending the week in folly and dissipation, the aristocratic among us can repair to a fashionable place of worship on the Lord's day morning, to gratify a love of dress, to indulge that wicked pitiful vanity, which one act of true religious worship would annihilate forever. I do not know where all this will end; but I do know that Protestantism will soon go down into the dust and darkness of death, unless it changes its entire ecclesiastical plans and policies. Eternal honor be to the Roman Catholic Church for practically observing the distinctive precept of our religion, to remember and bless the poor. For, the larger the charity of a church, the nearer it is to God. I cannot but regard our doctrinal views as more simple, true, and evangelical than theirs. But their ecclesiastical organization, rules, and polity are infinitely superior to that of any Protestant denomination in Christendom.— And the more closely a sect imitates Popery in these particulars, the greater will be their usefulness and prosperity. I wish well to this ancient, venerable dispensation of Christianity. I rejoice that her churches, schools, and nunneries, are multiplying on every side. I should like to see them spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Arctic sea to the Antarctic, till the music and vesper bells shall resound along the valleys, from hill to hill, and from mountain to mountain, throughout a republic covering the entire Western continent.

ANTI-CATHOLIC LEGISLATION.—Protestants in the United States are beginning to find out that the luxury of persecuting "papists," and defrauding them of their property is likely to cost them dear. Persecution is a two edged sword, very sharp, very dangerous to meddle with, and quite as likely to cut the fingers of a friend as of a foe. Thus the *Banner*, a Protestant organ, is now complaining of the effects of an iniquitous law passed with the intent of preventing Catholics from bequeathing their private property for charitable or religious purposes; but which is now found to press heavily upon Protestants, and is therefore now for the first time discovered to be "an unjust law." "In looking over the last report of the 'Missionary Association for the West,'" says the *Banner*, "we find that a legacy from a member of the Church in Pennsylvania, was lost to that Association in consequence of the death of the testator within thirty days of the date of the bequest. This is a most unjust law, and all proper efforts should be made by the friends of the Church to obtain its repeal. This law, which is of recent date, and was obtained by a Philadelphia Senator, makes void any bequest to religious or charitable institutions, made within thirty days of the death of the testator. The injustice of such a law seems to us most manifest. Why a man in the full possession of his faculties may not dispose of his property to charitable and religious uses, within thirty days of his death, as well as to distribute it among his heirs, or to make bequests for other purposes, is hard to imagine upon any principles of justice or common sense. In the case of the late lamented Mr. Dupont, his bequests to the Church would all be lost if such a law was in existence in the State of Delaware.—We hope those friends of charitable and religious institutions who have influence in the Legislature will interest themselves to obtain the repeal of this unjust statute." It is the old story of "my bull and your ox." As long as these penal enactments were thought to affect only the Catholics, against whom they were originally aimed, they were all right enough; but the moment they begin to pinch in the other direction, the cry of "unjust legislation" is raised lustily by those who are themselves the authors of those laws.—Comment in such case would be superfluous.—*Truth Teller.*

TEMPERANCE.—The following is an extract from a pamphlet addressed to the heads of Colleges, by that indefatigable advocate of Temperance, Mr. James Haughton:—"The ignorance of the physical and moral evils resulting from the use of alcoholic liquors, accompanied by their almost universal use, and the erroneous impressions thereby given in early life, that these poisons are good, and may be safely taken in moderate quantities, induces those who are afterwards insensibly drawn into intemperate and drunken habits, to tamper with the destroyer in a way they perhaps would not do if they were warned in time of its dangerous qualities, and guarded against its influences. And it is not a few of those who are instructed to your care are thus ruined. Their name is legion. Their own sorrows and the sorrows of their friends no language can tell; and the loss to our country it would be impossible to count up." "The Temperance Reformation is yet in its infancy; but it is based on physical and moral laws which seem to be as unvarying as those other laws of our Creator which rule the universe, and to which you, as intellectually cultivated men, accord the most implicit reverence. "If it were needful, I would lay before you abundant testimony of the highest scientific character in proof that alcohol is a poison; that it is inimical to life, the citadel of which it undermines; and that it is injurious to health just in proportion to the quantity of it that is taken. Two thousand physicians of the United Kingdom have signed a document declaring it as their opinion that the entire abandonment of the use of intoxicating drinks would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race." Most of these men are, I believe, still living; many of them are the most trusted physicians and surgeons in our country. The revelations of chemistry are no less decided in opposition to the common use of alcohol by men in health. I believe its use cannot be justified except as a medicine."

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When the various passages become clogged, and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its action, becomes thick, corrupted and diseased; thus causing all pains sickness and distress of every name; our strength is exhausted, our health we are deprived of, and if nature is not assisted in throwing off the stagnant humors, the blood will become choked and cease to act, and thus our light of life will forever be blown out. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we have it in our power to put a medicine in your reach, namely **MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS** manufactured from plants and roots which grow around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, for the health and recovery of diseased man. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sadorific, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a plant which is an expectorant, that opens and unclogs the passage to the lungs, and thus, in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off phlegm, and other humors from the lungs by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and double strength to the kidneys thus encouraged, they draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out naturally by the urinary or water passage, and which could not have been discharged in any other way.—The fourth is a Cathartic, and accompanies the other properties of the Pills while engaged in purifying the blood; the coarser particles of impurity which cannot pass by the other outlets, are thus taken up and conveyed off in great quantities by the bowels.

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The reason why people are so distressed when sick and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will pass to the afflicted parts, and which will open the natural passages for the disease to be cast out; hence, a large quantity of food and other matter is lodged, and the stomach and intestines are literally overflowing with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing disagreeable fermentation, constantly mixing with the blood, which throws the corrupted matter through every vein and artery, until life is taken from the body by disease. **Dr. Morse's PILLS** have added to themselves victory upon victory, by restoring millions of the sick to blooming health and happiness. Yes, thousands who have been racked or tormented with sickness, pain and anguish, and whose feeble frames, have been scorched by the burning elements of raging fever, and who have been brought, as it were, within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for this great and wonderful medicine, **MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS.** After one or two doses had been taken, they were astonished, and absolutely surprised in witnessing their charming effects. Not only do they give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease, which is the blood. Therefore, it will be shown, especially by those who use these Pills, that they will so cleanse and purify, that disease—that deadly enemy—will take its flight, and the flush of youth and beauty will again return, and the prospect of a long and happy life will cherish and brighten your days.

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