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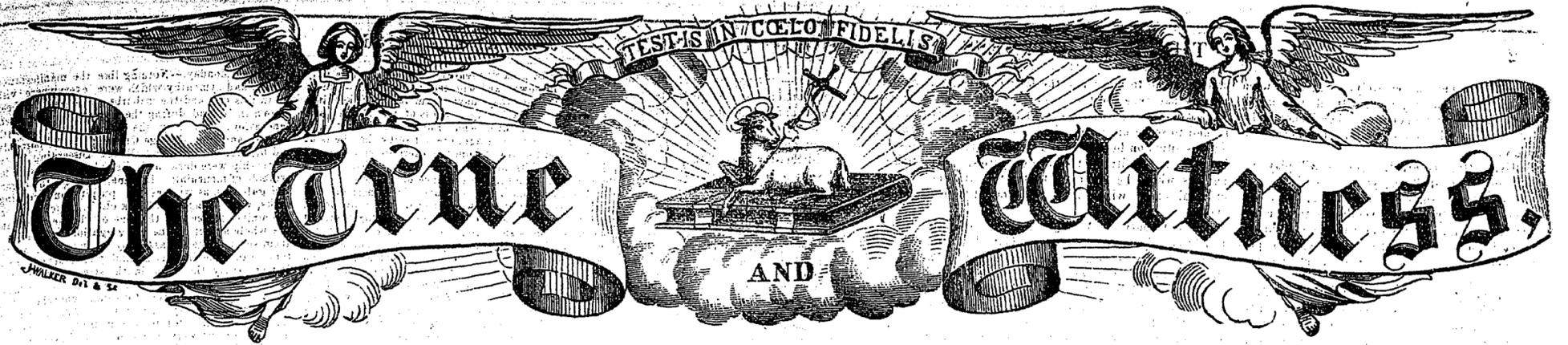
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 23.

TURLOUGH O'BRIEN;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER. CHAPTER LIV.—OF GLINDARRAGH CASTLE AND ALL WHO MET THERE.

The events which follow are matter of history. The siege and treaty of Limerick—the death of the Duke of Tyrconnell—and the flight of the Wild Geese, as tradition still calls the departure of the Irish regiments for the shores of France, to fill, as they afterwards did, all Europe with the renown of the Irish Brigade—on these events we need not dwell. But one intervening occurrence of a private kind, and of small interest, indeed, to the reader, though of some importance to our tale, it is here necessary to record; this is the death of old Sir Thomas Neville—now past a full mouth or more—and to which, as an explanatory fact, and as such only (without disrespect to his memory) allusion has now been made.

It was in the month of October, 1691, that the French ship in which Sarsfield was about to embark, floated with her white canvas spread, on the bosom of the noble Shannon. Standing with one foot on the gunwale of the boat, which was about to row him to the vessel's side, Lord Lucan, for the last time, wrung the hand of Turlogh O'Brien.

'Had you done otherwise,' he said, in conclusion, 'I should never have forgiven you; and what is more, neither would the king. You have redeemed your engagements to his Majesty well and nobly; honor imposes on you now another, and I trust, a happier allegiance. May she to whom it is due, prove all that rumor says of her—I can wish you no greater happiness. Remember all I've said to you of friends and country; and so, farewell—farewell.'

The boat skimmed the blue waves of the glorious river—a few minutes more, and the tall vessel floated down with wind and tide; the noble exile, as he stood upon the quarter-deck, waving his hat to the friends who watched his departure, under the shadow of that now deserted fortress—the ancient town of Limerick—which his energy and daring had so well defended.

Turlogh O'Brien having watched the departing vessel until the figures upon her deck grew dim and indistinct, mounted his charger, Roland, and was soon far upon his way to Glindarragh Castle.

Upon the same day it was, that Sir Hugh's carriage, in which travelled himself and his daughter, Grace Willoughby, also approached, though by a different route, the castle of Glindarragh.

The last miles of a journey, especially when it is to end with home, are invariably the most irksome. The roads were broken, and the progress of the vehicle in which he sat, so intolerably tedious, that the old knight's impatience could brook it at length no longer. He descended on foot, to cross the fields by a pathway which, traversing the now desolate farm of Drumgunniol, led pretty directly to the bridge of Glindarragh.

As the old man strode firmly through the straggling bushes, and marked the blackened ruins of the farm-house—these striking memorials of the troublous times so lately passed suggested irresistibly their corresponding associations of persons and of adventure—associations which haunted Sir Hugh, until, as he walked through the shadowy ruins of the old abbey of Glindarragh, he involuntarily exclaimed—'Unhappy wretch'—ill-fated Tisdal! what chance, I wonder, has befallen him.'

He was startlingly answered by a groan; and looking a little to the left, he saw, at a distance of but a few yards before him, seated upon a fragment of some dislodged and ruined tomb, the identical Tisdal with whom his imagination even then was busy; his hair grown thin and grey; his lank hands supporting his stooping head, and his dress soiled and tattered—a spectacle, indeed, of wretchedness.

Sir Hugh looked fixedly upon him, and, perhaps, something of pity softened the sternness of his regard.

The man—who had, indeed, seen him as he approached—arose, and turning sullenly away, walked some paces slowly into the ruin. He stopped, however—hesitated—returned, and threw himself at his old patron's feet. Strange and various were the impulses which crossed the mind of old Sir Hugh as he beheld this spectacle. His generous nature triumphed, however, and in a tone of deep sorrow he called on him to rise.—It was long ere that call was answered.

A strange conversation ensued! it concluded thus—

'It seems, indeed, the wisest, if not the only course left for you,' said Sir Hugh. 'In the new world, with the ocean between you and the scenes of all your troubles and remorse, you will have security at least, if not happiness. Of your property here I will become the purchaser.—Agree with my attorney in Dublin—you know

him well—and for your present necessities take this.'

Sir Hugh placed some gold in his hand as he spoke. The wretched man was unable to answer. At last he said—

'A wretch like me has no blessing to give;—but—but your own heart will bless you for this.'

He turned abruptly, as it seemed, unwilling to trust himself with another word, and walking hurriedly through the mouldering walls, was soon out of sight; but the old knight thought he heard him sobbing as he went.

Oh, how immeasurably happier was Sir Hugh, as he pursued his homeward path, than if he had turned sternly away from the prostrate, though guilty, suppliant.

The happiness of that day no words of ours can paint. What blessings, what welcomes back again, what tears of joy! Old Sir Hugh—simple and eager as a boy in his delight—attended by his favorite dogs—bounding and yelping round him in affectionate ecstasies, and by many a beaming face of humble friendship—revisits his horses and his hawks, handles once more his trusty birding-piece, again tries the spring and balance of his pet trout-rod, and, in short, like an emancipated schoolboy, let loose upon the yet untried delights of holiday time, hovers in rapturous uncertainty among the conflicting attractions of a hundred joyous and familiar sports. As thus he whiles whole hours away, which fly almost like minutes, Grace, once more, with her old nurse, signs in her quaint, darksome chamber. Those who had not seen her since she went forth, full two years since, might mark some change, though not unpleasant, in the buoyant, impetuous girl who then departed—something subdued, more tender, though not sadder, in the rich nobleness of her beauty; her high and graceful carriage had more of settled dignity; her affections, too, not warmer, but more disciplined; yet was she still more simple, true, generous as ever, only she had grown less a girl and more a woman.

'Well, well, a cushla,' said the old woman, archly, as she held up her tremulous finger, and looked with a puckered smile into the blushing face and laughing eyes of her darling; 'did not I say the old song was coming out; if it did not come true one way, it will another. There he stood on Glindarragh bridge, sure enough, and the leaf of the shamrock in the bone of his forehead—as who can deny that same, and the jewel on his arm; it's well I mind that night, for the jewel was yourself, mavourneen, that hung so beautiful round his arm, that frightful evening. The Lord be thanked that it's over, and gone for ever and ever; an' a bright, precious, glorious jewel you were, an' are, my colleen beg inoe.—An' under the old hall, sure enough, where the cider, an' the beer, an' the butter, an' all the rest, is stored away—for though they call it the store-loft now, the old hall it is—an' the hall you might hear the old people callin' it to this day—under the hall, sure enough, he stabled his horse, an' into the castle he's coming now for good; and' so the old song's come true, and' all's out but the endin' of it. Well, well, ye can hush that betwixt ye; and if the castle ever goes away from the O'Briens agin—for the want of an heir, at least—it's your own fault, you rogue, an' no one else's—mind my words;—for there is not a handsomer or a cleverer gentleman in Ireland's grounds, than that same Colonel—that same Turlogh Duv O'Brien.'

Ere the blushing and half-laughing girl could chide her old nurse, the clang of horse's hoofs were heard in the court-yard—

'He's coming, he's here,' she cried; and starting up, she threw her arms about the old woman's neck, and kissed her again and again; and then ran with a bounding heart and a glowing cheek, down to the stately parlor, with its dark wainscoting and its solemn files of ancestral portraits.

There, among those old family memorials, stood the breathing representative of that new alliance; which was to bury in love's oblivion, all the feuds and disorders of the past. Yes, Turlogh O'Brien—happy, thrice happy, in the true love of this devoted, and beautiful girl, with tumultuous greeting folds her to his heart, and, with the privilege of the betrothed, kisses her burning cheek—nay, kisses her very lips. Oh, joyous meeting; oh, ecstasy unutterable; too wildly happy for tears—too deep for laughter; yet trembling and gushing with the mysterious confluence of both; what raptures of affection in every look; what boundless tenderness in the hushed tones of every word.

Leave we them to talk together, to look on one another—to talk and look, and look and talk again, in fullness of happiness, while hours untold fly by with giddy speed.

Alas! there is one for whom this welcome hour hath brought no joy; who sits lonely and sorrow-stricken in the midst of the general happiness. Near the deserted mill, upon the woody slope, in that quaint cottage, sheltered by tufted thorns and knotted oaks, and wooed and sung to

by the wayward stream—sits in the lone case—ment a pale, faded, but still beautiful creature.—Her wan cheek leans upon her little hand. Her deep, dark eye wanders from the waving bramble to the foaming stream, but vacantly, for images unseen by others fill its sad vision, and wet its lashes with glittering tears.

Alas! poor little Phebe—lonely, lonely watcher—desolate and gentle creature—hoping ever on, in spite of sorrow and cold neglect, and long delays. Alas! shall joy ever more light up thy pale face with smiles; shall the day ever come, indeed, when he shall fold thee to his heart again—when his voice shall murmur the charmed music of his boundless love into thy longing ear—when his lips shall kiss away thy tears, and bid thee grieve no more; or is the hope, the one hope on which thy very life has sung, after all, but an illusion?

Hark! the unwonted clank of horse's hoof disturbs the day-dream of the solitary mourner; and now a step upon the stair; a voice—oh! blessed sound!—oh, heaven; can it be? Like a startled bird, toward that voice she flies, and, with one wild cry of joy, drops senseless into Percy Neville's arms.

'My wife—my darling—my adored—my own! and! and do I see you?—and do I hold you fast, indeed; indeed, once more? Phebe, darling Phebe, speak to me!—look up!—it is I, Percy, your own Percy, who will never, never, while he lives, part from you more.'

Weeping; oh, how bitterly! with very ecstasy of joy, her thin arms strained about his neck, sobbing and nestling in his bosom she lay.

'And could you, could you think your own Percy would ever, of his choice even for an hour leave you? Oh, could you think that all the world would tempt me to forsake you, dearest, my own, my idolized? Yes, darling, smile—smile through your tears; for we are met, indeed, never again—oh, never, while we live, to part!'

Oh, what rapture of affection! what greetings! what tears and blessings! what hopes for long and happy years to come! hopes, unlike too many of their human kindred, destined to be realized. What confidence, what mingled tears and smiles—what shall we say? Better to hold our peace, and leave these to the kindly reader's fancy.

Never in the Hall of Glindarragh was wedding feast half so joyous before. The old knight sat again at the head of his board, the very impersonation of gracious hospitality and cordial welcome, Grace and Turlogh O'Brien, as be seems the bride and bridegroom, at his right, and at his left Percy Neville and his own sweet Phebe; and beyond them good friends and neighbors true, and tenants and dependants. What hilarity, what happiness, what blushing and quizzing and laughter and toasting—what clattering of knives and forks, what huzzaing medley of many voices, what booming and squeaking of a full dozen of bagpipes, at least, straining in preparation for the coming dance, outside in the lobbies; what a jostling and crossing and confusion of servants, and not one sour or gloomy face to be seen among them all. Even Dick Goslin's sallow countenance glowed faintly in the reflected radiation of the general jollity and good humor, while Tim Dwyer in good fellowship and agreeability, absolutely overdid himself; and, as he was after heard to remark, despaired of ever coming up to it again, or anything like it, to his dying day.

But all this was nothing to Con Donovan; he was a sublimation of himself; his grandeur was never so grand before, his smiles never so luminous, his jokes were irresistible; the very twinkling of his eyes bewitching; his portliness seemed to have expanded and rounded; the very whiteness of his hair was whiter, and the redness of his face more rubicund. He was Con Donovan intensified and exaggerated a hundred-fold, as he stood, absolutely radiating with a kind of glory around him, behind the chair of his indulgent and beloved old master. This is, indeed, delightful, when every face you look upon beams with the glow of cordial, kindly merriment—when the tides of sympathy, like springs unlocked in sudden laws, gush genially and unrestrained; and all the clatter and rude uproar of jolly sound is harmonized by some soft undercurrent of pervading melody, as it were the sweet singing of so many hearts from very joy. Here, then, ere yet one coming cloud had thrown its shadow over the scene, drop we the curtain upon those actors, with whom we have grown familiar, and from whom the writer, at least, now parts for ever with something like regret.

Father O'Gara continued to hold his place as almoner after his regiment had been taken into the pay of France. He accompanied them thro' several continental campaigns, and finally retired into an humble monastery in the north of Italy—in whose library are, we believe, still to be seen, several volumes inscribed with his name. Thomas Talbot retired to the court of St. Germain's, where he subsisted, nominally, upon his wretched

pension, but in reality upon play, at which he was an adept—and which maintained him in those debauched and expensive courses to which he was addicted—until at last his vicious career was suddenly cut short, and he was found, early one morning, in a narrow lane, in an obscure part of Paris, lying stark and stiff, in a pool of blood—his body pierced with a hundred wounds, and his broken sword still gripped in his cold hand, attesting the characteristic resolution with which he had contended for his life.

The fate of Miles Garrett was somewhat remarkable. When Ryan, familiarly known as Ned of the Hill, retired to the Slievebelm mountains, the centre of the ancient patrimony of the O'Moel Ryans (the sept whose representative he claimed to be) none of the bordering proprietors suffered at all so severely and so often from his predatory excursions, as did the renegade proprietor of Lisnamoe. Bitterly did Miles Garrett resent the pillage which thinned his broad pastures of their choicest kine and horses; but unable with such a retinue as he, unaided, could command, to contend against the numerous band which the rapparee kept constantly about him, he secretly arranged a plan by which he and two neighboring gentlemen, Waller, of Castle Waller, and Bourke, of Glubbally, were to meet upon the heights overlooking Muroe, and thus to concentrate their forces for pursuit on the next alarm. This was not long deferred. One fine autumn morning, the herdsmen came running into the castle of Lisnamoe, with news that the outlaw and his men were driving off the cattle. Messengers were despatched in hot haste to those who had promised their assistance; and Miles Garrett and his men, making a long sweep to intercept the outlaw's retreat, halted at the head of Capperullin Glen, overhanging the little village of Muroe. Here, having dismounted, Garrett pursued the tangled and narrow path which wound along the edge of the precipitous glen, descending toward the village from which quarter the expected assistance was to arrive. Tradition says, that on turning a corner of this precarious and giddy path, he was encountered, face to face, by the rapparee himself. A brief and deadly struggle instantly ensued, in which, Garrett's footing failing him, the outlaw ran him through the body with his rapier. Whether the wound were a mortal one or not, the result was the same; for, standing upon the salient angle of the pathway—suspended a hundred feet and more above the craggy base, among whose rocks a swollen mountain stream was flashing and foaming—he reeled backward, and fell over the unguarded edge of the precipice. Headlong through the air he tumbled, and touching a branch in his fall, turned over, and so, head downward, reached the rocky bed of the torrent, where his skull was shattered like a gourd; and he lay huddled together among the stones and foam until hours after, the ghastly corpse was found by children gathering *fohans* in the depths of that lonely dingle.

THE END.

NICOLO PAGANINI.

A May day under the bright enchanting sky of Italy, what a charm it has! We children of the North cannot account for it; we can feel it only in our dreams. It is there that the earth puts on her brightest robes, and illumined by the softest, most brilliant rays of the sun, appears to her best advantage; it is there that the air is filled with fragrant odor, and even the heart of man, softened by the splendor which meets his eye at every gaze, expands; it glows and rejoices in the fullness of joy. A cold, stern countenance as, in Italy, as great a rarity as an icicle.

In this glorious country, one day in May, in the year 1793, a youth was seated on the beach near the town of Genoa, intently gazing at the smooth surface before him. He was about ten years of age; his form slight, his finely cut face pale and strongly contrasting with the rare looks that clustered thickly round his brow; his eyebrows strongly marked, and from beneath them flashed a pair of large black eyes—eyes wonderfully changing their expression; now flashing with anger—pride; now mournfully soft—sad as death.

A child's sweet silvery voice suddenly broke in upon the stillness, and interrupted the youthful dreamer.

'Nicolo, you naughty boy, where have you been all this afternoon? and she kissed him repeatedly, while her large, soft brown eyes tenderly sought his face, and she suddenly overshadowed him with orange-blossoms, myrtle, and wild roses. This folly aroused Nicolo from his dreams. He smiled, almost joyously, and smoothing down her long tangled curls with his hand, said, softly—

'I escaped from father, for a little while, Giannetta. I wanted to dream for a few hours in this lonely spot. Don't you know this is my favorite resort?'

'The child did not heed the question. 'Your father is a cruel man: I know he will

kill you. Mother often says so, and I know she is right. She says you are not strong; that your intense love for music will wear out your life, even if your father does not succeed in working you to death. He gives you no rest night or day; it must kill you.'

'No it will not,' said Nicolo, firmly. 'You must not think so. I shall not die! I cannot die until I have grown up to be a great man, great man, Giannetta. I am not weak; look here.'

He rose. His form seemed to grow, his eyes flashed, and a strange smile illuminated his countenance. He put forth his arm, and grasping Giannetta firmly, raised her from the ground and held her out over the waves that were dashing round his feet. She did not tremble, but a low, soft sigh escaped her lips when he again put her to the ground. She kept her eyes fixed on him, without uttering a word. Soon, however, her tongue was again at work. She talked of all her little plans, her birds, her flowers, and when Nicolo, instead of attending, again allowed his thoughts to stray, a kiss, a tap of the tiny hand of the beautiful little creature, immediately roused him.

Thus they sat, Nicolo's stern old young face a sad contrast to the happy, blooming countenance beside him, till the rays of the setting sun, which were shedding their golden light around them, had fled, and night came on. Then they walked, clasping each other's hands, through the streets of the town. In one of them stood, opposite to each other, and overran with vines, two houses. One of them was Giannetta's home, the other Nicolo's. A fond 'good night,' and the children parted. They went in; the boy to meet the reproaches of his stern parent; Giannetta to be welcomed by a kiss and a tender embrace from her mother, who had long anxiously been expecting the return of her wild darling.

On entering his lonely room, Nicolo heaved a deep sigh, then quickly threw up the window to let in the cool evening air. He took from its case an old violin, and pressing it passionately to his heart, commenced to play. The clear, peculiarly affecting tones soon filled the little cell with a flood of harmony; till it seemed as though the walls must burst. With the first sound that issued from the instrument, a very large spider, beautifully marked, emerged from the fine leaves clustering round the window.

'Welcome, my Silvercross,' whispered Nicolo, and stretching out his hand, put the spider on the neck of the instrument. It clung tightly to the strings, and without again moving listened to the sounds Nicolo was calling forth. He played till his arm grew lame, till his eyelids began to droop, and the first beams of the rising sun were stealing into his little room. He laid aside his violin and carried the spider to the window. It soon disappeared among the leaves. And now a feeling of desolation and intense longing crept over Nicolo, as was always the case when this peculiar little friend had left him. He dearly loved the little creature, who at the first sound of the violin came forth from its hiding-place, to which it did not return till the last sound died away. At times, when Nicolo, lost in a deep reverie, dreaming of the fulfilment of his fondest hopes, his most ambitious desires, unwittingly drew his hand across the strings of his violin, Silvercross would glide in quickly, softly, and touch his hand. Even this mark of affection from a spider touched his heart; he would close his eyes, and for a moment try to forget that he had no one to love him. His father, at the same time his teacher, was a stern, cold-hearted man. Nicolo could but fear, not love him. His kind, gentle mother had long been dead. Boys of his own age seemed to stand in awe of him. Giannetta was his only companion, and Nicolo's heart was divided equally between her and Silvercross, the spider; the latter, however, was no favorite of Giannetta's.

'Spiders are vicious,' she often said. 'I cannot bear them.'

And the spider seemed to feel that it was not wanted, and never left its hiding-place when Giannetta was with Nicolo. At such times the little girl would creep into a corner and listen to the music with breathless attention; and she was never satisfied to have him cease playing. And when his arm grew too tired, she would beg for a story. To have him relate some wild ghost story, or bloody legend, or to have him talk of his own wild dreams, of his ambitious plans for the future, seemed perfect happiness to the little girl. She never grew weary of listening, never interrupted him, and answered only with her large melting eyes, and by pressing his hot, feverish hand between her own.

One day his father had been cruelly tormenting him for many hours; by making him play the most monotonous exercises; he was tired almost to death, scarcely able to move his arm or hands; his head burning, and his eyes glowing with an unnatural brightness. He suddenly heard some one call to him repeatedly. 'It was Giannetta's mother. Giannetta had been taken ill with a fever.'

He went to her immediately. She cast upon him one long, tender glance, without uttering a word; but Nicolo understood her immediately, and hurried back to his violin. His heart beat wildly.

"Gianetta," he cried, "yes, I will play for you; my violin shall sing you to sleep."

A sweet, sad smile was her only answer. He played slowly, softly, sweetly, the tones issued from the violin, and when he had done, Gianetta raised herself in bed, and in a low whisper pronounced his name. Nicolo rushed into her outstretched arms.

"Thank you, my love," continued the dying girl. "Yes, I must rest sweetly. But you must not rest; you must rest till you rise like a bright and brilliant star. You must go far away from here—far away; but you must always think of me, and remember my dying words."

She bowed her head and died.

Flam-ning Nicolo did not leave the chamber of death, and most of the following he ran thro' the streets of the city like one bereft of senses. Late at night he returned to his lonely room. From his window he could plainly see Gianetta laid out for the grave. Tapers were burning around the bier on which she lay, covered with flowers. Beside the coffin knelt the monk in prayer.

"Farewell, sweet love," said Nicolo, sorrowfully, while scalding tears coursed down his cheeks. "Farewell; yes, I am going, as you bid me, far away. There is nothing to keep me now: who should care to love a poor, desolate boy?"

He fell upon his knees, sobbing hysterically. At the same moment he felt his hand touched softly. It was Silvercross.

"Oh, is it thou, poor dumb creature, now, indeed, my only comfort?" His face was lit up by a momentary gleam of joy. "Now my last farewell to Gianetta, and then away, far away, I care not whither, with thee, thou mighty, only stay of my soul."

He pressed his violin passionately to his heart, and commenced playing. The sweet, doleful sounds were wafted by the evening breeze into Gianetta's room. She was slumbering so sweetly, and seemed to smile upon him. The flowers with which they had decked her seemed to tremble, the light of the tapers flickered to and fro, the monk's folded hands dropped listlessly at his side, and a dream seemed to come over him.

The rays of the morning sun, on making their way through the thick foliage of the vine, found Nicolo stretched, apparently lifeless on the floor. He had fainted away, still tightly grasping his violin, and tightly clinging to the strings of the instrument was Silvercross; but the spider was dead.

And Gianetta's prophecy—was it fulfilled?—The boy's name was Nicolo Paganini. Have you ever heard of him?—Catholic Herald.

The case of Hardy v. Sullivan, which occupied the Court of Queen's Bench, in Dublin, during Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, ended by the jury finding a verdict for the plaintiff of £50 damages and 6d costs.

The history of the case, which has attracted so much notice, may be told in few words. In July last, a letter was published in the Morning News beginning with "Juggling the Jury Panel," saying that officials in Ireland seem to take pleasure in outraging every principle of justice, and that the Sub-Sheriff of Armagh, Mr. Hardy, "had summoned but fifteen Catholics out of a panel of about 200, although the Census shows Catholics to number the half of the population in the county."

For this imputation Mr. Hardy brought his action of libel, and Mr. Sullivan in his defence pleaded a justification, and undertook to prove that from 1853 to 1861, during Mr. Hardy's Sub-Sheriffship, each of the panels summoned to serve on juries for civil and criminal trials at the assizes contained a disproportionately small number of Roman Catholics in relation to the number of Roman Catholics duly qualified as jurors; and that Roman Catholics were, during the said years, virtually excluded from the jury box at the assizes, and that such exclusion was due to the misconduct, unfairness, and dereliction of duty of the Sub-Sheriff; and that the Sub-Sheriff summoned a very small, and unfair, and undue proportion of Roman Catholics to serve as jurors at the summer assizes of July, 1861; and that the act in summoning so small a number was a juggling of the jury panel, and an outrage upon justice.

It is a remarkable feature of this trial that though many witnesses were examined, and though a great deal of evidence was minutely gone into respecting the composition of the jurors' books, and the jury panels in the County of Armagh from 1856 to 1861 inclusively, the result was that both the plaintiff and the defendant agreed in their story.

They accepted one another's facts, and the only dispute was as to the inference to be drawn from facts proved and admitted.

To understand the case it is necessary to premise that by an Act of Parliament, the 3 & 4 Will. IV., (Ireland) which fixes and defines the qualifications necessary to enable a man to serve on juries, the first step towards forming a jury is taken by the Clerk of the Peace for each county, who, at every midsummer assizes, issues his precept to the High Constable and Collector of County Cess in every barony requiring them to return lists to him of all persons legally qualified to serve on juries. These lists being made and given to the Clerk of the Peace, he lays them before a Special Sessions of the magistrates held for the purpose every October. The magistrates examine the lists, publicly hearing everybody who chooses either to demand the addition, or to require the omission of any name; after which, the magistrates make a general list in alphabetical order of all persons found to be competent, and return it to the Clerk of the Peace, who makes it into "the jurors' book," and which he hands to the Sheriff.

With the composition of "the jurors' book" therefore, the Sheriff has nothing whatever to do. His duty begins after it has been made up

and delivered to him; and the law requires him, after he has received the jurors' book, to select from it the persons who are actually to be summoned to serve on juries, i.e., the Jury Panel. In this situation he is required to act on his best belief as to the fitness to serve on juries, of the persons whom he summons to try the civil and criminal cases which may be brought before them.

In the County of Armagh the population is nearly equally divided between Catholics and Protestants, there being about 95,000 of each denomination. But on the Armagh "jurors' book" for 1861, or list of persons legally qualified to serve on juries, which is prepared by the High Constables and County Cess Collectors of each Barony, revised by the magistrates, and handed by the Clerk of the Peace to the Sheriff, the proportion of Catholics to Protestants is small. The total number on the jurors' book is 1,404. Of these there are 200 Catholics and 1,204 Protestants, so that the Catholics are one-seventh of the jurors, and there is only one Catholic to every six Protestants. This is agreed to by both sides, and it is also agreed that for years back there has been no substantial difference either as to the numbers or as to the proportion. The two sides are also agreed upon the following further facts—viz., that the proportion of Catholics to Protestants on the jurors' book, in framing which Mr. Hardy had no share, being one to six, the proportion of Catholics to Protestants on the jury panels, which were summoned by Mr. Hardy out of the jurors' book, has been smaller than one to six at eleven out of the twelve assizes held from 1856 to 1861 inclusively; or, to use Mr. O'Hagan's words,—"the jury panels for the last six years, from 1856 to 1861 inclusively, have shown one uniform feature, that the Roman Catholics are placed upon the panels in a proportion far smaller than their proportion on the jury books."

The members actually summoned on the jury panels for the last six years, distinguishing Catholics from Protestants, are given in the following table, both sides agreeing to the correctness of the figures:—

Table with 3 columns: Year, Catholic Jurors, Protestant Jurors. Rows include 1861 Summer (189, 170), 1861 Spring (314, 271), 1860 Summer (194, 177), 1860 Spring (152, 139), 1859 Summer (177, 156), 1859 Spring (201, 182), 1858 Summer (177, 157), 1858 Spring (193, 174), 1857 Summer (161, 147), 1857 Spring (187, 174), 1856 Summer (200, 184), 1856 Spring (175, 164).

Now, it appears from this list that, as a matter of fact, the proportion of Protestants to Catholics on the jury panels of Armagh, has been not six Protestants to one Catholic as on the jurors' books, but as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Year, Ratio. Rows include 1861 all but 9 to 1, 1861 more than 6 to 1, 1860 more than 10 to 1, 1860 more than 8 to 1, 1859 more than 7 to 1, 1859 more than 9 to 1, 1858 more than 7 to 1, 1858 more than 9 to 1, 1857 more than 9 to 1, 1857 more than 13 to 1, 1856 more than 11 to 1, 1856 more than 11 to 1.

People are so unaccustomed to estimate correctly the meaning of figures, that we have taken the pains to make out the actual differences between the numbers of Catholic who were summoned and the number who would have been summoned had the proportion of six Protestants to one Catholic been preserved. And it appears that in the summer of 1861 there would have been summoned 27 Catholic instead of 19.

Table with 2 columns: Year, Ratio. Rows include 1861 45 instead of 43, 1860 26 instead of 17, 1860 16 instead of 16, 1859 25 instead of 21, 1859 21 instead of 19, 1858 23 instead of 15, 1857 28 instead of 13, 1856 28 instead of 16, 1856 25 instead of 14.

Any one who likes may test the accuracy of these figures, by taking the number of jurors summoned on each panel, and after dividing it by 14, multiplying the quotient by two for the number of Catholics, and by 12 for the number of Protestants. The result is as follows:—

Table with 3 columns: Year, Catholics summoned, Protestants summoned. Rows include 1861 Summer (189, 162), 1861 Spring (314, 269), 1860 Summer (194, 168), 1860 Spring (152, 131), 1859 Summer (177, 152), 1859 Spring (201, 173), 1858 Summer (177, 152), 1858 Spring (193, 166), 1857 Summer (161, 133), 1857 Spring (187, 161), 1856 Summer (200, 172), 1856 Spring (175, 153).

These then being the admitted facts of the case, the whole dispute, as we said, concerns the inference to be drawn from them.

Mr. Hardy swears that he has never made religion an element in the constitution of the jury panel, and has always endeavored to put proper and correct persons on the panel for both the Crown and Record Courts, the one panel being framed for both; that he has always summoned Roman Catholic gentlemen fairly, irrespectively of their religion, and never analysed the jurors' book with reference to religion until after the publication of the libel. He swears that if a man serves as a jurymen at the Sessions he endeavours to exempt him at the Assizes; and that for the sessions in 1861 he summoned 990 Protestants, i.e., 250 to each sessions, and 203 Roman Catholics, i.e., 50 to each sessions; and that he never rejected any competent or qualified jurymen on religious grounds.

The Deputy Clerk of the Peace, Mr. John McKinstrey, swears that he thinks the Sheriff exercised a most careful discretion in framing the jury panels, both for the Sessions and Assizes, and in answer to the following question from

Serjeant Sullivan:—"Suppose that on the jurors list the proportion was two to thirteen all through the lists, and supposing the Sheriff's panel gave but one Roman Catholic to ten Protestants, is it your opinion that is a due proportion?" Mr. McKinstrey gave the following answer, which we take to be the substance of the defence set up for Mr. Hardy:—

"It would be a due proportion. I am exceedingly well informed of the persons and positions of the jurors on the jurors' book for the County of Armagh. There are about 200 Roman Catholics. Of these a large number come from the mountain districts, and are illiterate persons. I should say on any jury panel by any Sheriff exercising any discretion. And I should say that the Protestant jurors being of a better class are better qualified to discharge the duties of jurors; and wishing to get proper jurors, that I should say [viz. 1 to 10] is a fair proportion. I may add that there are fifty magistrates in the County of Armagh, of whom only three are Catholics, and that there is not a single Roman Catholic on the Grand Jury. I should say that the number of Catholics on the jury panel to which you referred is beyond proportion."

It is clear that if Mr. McKinstrey's opinion be adopted, that two-thirds of the Catholics whose property qualifies them to be on the jurors' book are disqualified for being summoned to serve on juries, by reason of their being illiterate persons, the case against Mr. Hardy would fail; for, having only 66 Catholics on the jurors' book, whom he could reasonably summon on the jury panel, the proportion of Catholics to Protestants would be one to eighteen, instead of one to six; and unless two-thirds of the Protestants on the jury books were also illiterate persons not fitted to serve on juries, the proportion of Catholics summoned to serve on juries could not be kept up to six to one without specially singling out Catholics as jurors and summoning them more frequently than their Protestant neighbors.

On the other hand, the very pith and marrow of the case of those who are dissatisfied with the jury panels for Armagh is contained in the answer of the witness, Mr. McCourt:—

The barony constable lists may give a proportion of 64 Protestants to 1 Catholic, but I think the Sheriff ought, nevertheless, to have summoned such a proportion of Catholics to the Assizes as would give grounds for the Catholics to have confidence that justice would be administered at the trial.

The answer is, of course, outside of the issue submitted to the jury on the conduct of Mr. Hardy. Mr. Hardy has cleared himself on oath, and the jury have believed his denial of the charges made against him, of misconduct, unfairness, or dereliction of duty by "juggling the jury panel."

We regret that any imputations should have been cast upon him; but there remains still the point which is quite independent, both of the libel, and of the trial, and of the verdict. It is for the public good that the Catholics of Armagh should have confidence that justice will be administered to them, and therefore we shall not say that the Sub-Sheriff exercises his discretion either well or wisely, unless he summons such a portion of Catholics to the Assizes as will inspire the Catholics of the county with that confidence.

LIBERAL SYMPATHY.

At the beginning of the American civil war, it might have been expected that the sympathy of European Liberals and rebels would have been given to the Southern States, and to the new President of the new Confederation. The Northern States were in appearance the tyrants and oppressors of the Southern, they were also, as it seemed, the constituted authorities, and in possession of the seat of Government. The President chosen by universal suffrage took up his abode at Washington, and the Southern States, beaten in the election, revenged themselves by an act which had all the characteristics of rebellion, and should for that reason have been loudly applauded by every Liberal throughout the world. The Northern States call the people of the South by the name of rebels, refuse them so far as they can the rights of a belligerent, and attempt to treat them as felons guilty of rebellion. Here then is an unmistakable title to the sympathy of Liberals, the Southern States have risen against the tyranny of the Northern, and are fighting, as Lord Russell admits, for freedom.

Nevertheless, the sympathy of the Liberal party is with the Northern States—with the President Abraham Lincoln. Some distinguished Irish rebels—we give them the designation of which they are proud—the German liberals who quitted their country because they had made it an uncomfortable place to reside in, are in America fighting on the Northern side, against the rebels of the South. In America they are for a strong Government, for constituted authorities, and against new forms of Government, and the new President of the rebel South. Garibaldi, the freebooter, has been considered as the friend of the Northern States, the Consuls of Abraham Lincoln have corresponded with him, and find in him a congenial and sympathising soul. He is on the side of the North, against the South, for constituted authorities against rebels; the Revolutionists in Europe will have no revolution in America.

Mr. Bright also, whose energies are directed at home to the pulling down of the aristocracy, which he considers to be growing fat on the taxes of the people, and which he finds of no use in a State modelled after the idea which he has conceived, weeps piteous tears over the downfall of the great republic. He is for Abraham Lincoln, and will not hear of the "sacred rights of insurrection" where a Democracy is in power. The constituted authorities are in his eyes inviolate, and he cannot comprehend why States should rebel, because they have been beaten in a general election, Mr. Bright the Liberal, is with the Northern States, and deprecates separation. The South has no right, the North has done no wrong, and the seceding States have none of his sympathy. The more experienced Liberals have been wisely silent in this matter, because their sympathies and their interests are divided. They know that the difficulties of this country grow with the strength and lawlessness of America, and they are, therefore, not sorry that trouble has overtaken their enemy; but they have no affection for the South, because it shows no Liberal tendencies, and expresses, without much circumspection, its profound contempt for the men and institutions of the more Liberal North.

In France, also, the chief leader of the extreme Liberal party, the man of Secret Societies, Prince Napoleon, is supposed to sympathise with the Northern States. Wherever we turn, we find, among the Liberals of Europe, the same affectionate leanings towards Abraham Lincoln and his cause, and the same aversion from that of the South. Though the Southern States be in rebellion upon Northern principles they receive no encouragement from the men who stir up rebellion everywhere, and who have dethroned the Italian Dukes, expelled the King of the Two Sicilies from his territories, and are prepared to commit sacrilege by a further robbery, of which the Sovereign Pontiff is to be the innocent victim.

The Liberals may seem to be inconsistent with themselves, and inconsequent to their principles, but they are not so; and we must do them the justice to admit that they understand their principles thoroughly, and that they have not departed from

them even by a hair's breadth. Those Liberals only who are in power, and who see the interests of their country because they have them in their keeping, expressing desire for the success of the North; and people who remember what Earl Russell said and did some thirty years ago, are not sorry that he is at this moment shut out from the exercise of his revolutionary habits, and that he is compelled to put away sympathies in the presence of dangers.

The European Liberals regard the American Republic as the model of what they wish for at home; but that it would answer their purpose altogether, but because it does so to some extent. Mr. Bright regrets the Union, because it promised to embrace the whole American Continent, out of which European influences would be excluded, and where the pure and simple Democracy would be the cruel and relentless tyrant. The American Republic was fast degenerating into a lawless community, where the wish, or rather the caprice, of the multitude, directed by adroit leaders, could overwhelm the law, and paralyse the ministers of established justice. The Liberal party, tends inevitably towards a reckless tyranny, first in the hands of the mob, and finally in the hands of one more unscrupulous and more cruel. The American Union was governed by the wish of the populace, and that populace was but a tool in the hands of designing men who had obtained possession of the secret by which mobs are managed. We know how the European Liberals manipulate elections, and there is no reason for supposing that the practice was different on the other side of the Atlantic. America grown strong, according to the visions of Mr. Bright, would be a Power amenable to no law of nations ever heard of, it would be an irresistible Power, able to enforce its will by sea and land. What happened on board the Trent Mail packet would be then lawful, and no nation would dare to complain. This is Mr. Bright's hope, and because he does not now think that America can be one again, he laments over the loss of a colossal Power, Liberal and Democratic, which would own no law except what itself accepted, and which would defy the world outside. How long such a State might hold together Mr. Bright does not tell us, and now it is not necessary, but no man who has not forgotten the elements of the Christian law can rejoice in the prospect of unlimited power by a Democracy reigning by its own will. Liberalism may be sorry, and it has good reason to be so, for the American revolution, because Liberalism is the process by which despotism is generated, and tyranny established upon the ruin of all right.—London Tablet.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE GODLESS COLLEGES.—A kind friend at Limerick has an exact copy of answer returned by the Mayor and magistrates of Limerick to the letter of Sir Robert Peel in favor of his "Godless Colleges" scheme. Our correspondent very justly adds:—"It was a most unfair service for the Chief Secretary to put upon magistrates, and unprecedented in official service. It has, however, been a failure."

"Limerick, Dec. 11, 1862. Sir.—We have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of 29th ult., requesting our countenance and assistance towards the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. In reply, we beg respectfully to decline complying with your request, entertaining as we do, conscientious objections to the system of education adopted in those colleges. We deem this to be a fitting occasion to bring under your consideration the claims of the Catholic University, and we request you to suggest to Her Majesty's Government the justice of granting a charter to this national university, and thereby giving to the Catholics who desire that their sons should be religiously educated, the same intellectual advantages that are enjoyed by the rest of their fellow countrymen.—We have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servants, John T. MacSweeney, J.P. John McDonnell, J.P. Mayor of Limerick. J. O'Shaughnessy, J.P. Thos. Kane, A.B. & J.P. Eugene O'Callaghan, J.P. John Thos. Devitt, J.P. Michael Quinn, J.P. Rister-at-law & J.P. Robert MacMahon, J.P. Stephen Roche, J.P. Thomas Byrne, J.P. William Hartigan, J.P. William O'Hara, J.P. M. R. Ryan, J.P. John R. Tinsley, J.P. Niel MacDonald, J.P. To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., Chief Secretary."

St. Mela's, Longford.—The great campanile in progress of erection to this cathedral has already reached to considerably over 100 feet above the surface of the ground. The massive stone columns which surround the bell chamber are nearly half completed, and the structure already gives promise of the striking and imposing effect it will have when crowned by its graceful dome and decorated cross 166 feet over the entrance steps. The works have been suspended until the return of favourable weather, when it is expected another season will complete this, the most striking feature of the greatest of our modern cathedrals in Ireland. After its completion the great portico will still remain to be erected, but judging from what has already been achieved by the Rev. Bishop of the Diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Killduff there is little reason to doubt that at no very distant time his great cathedral will possess all the adjuncts requisite to render it complete in all its parts. The new diocesan seminary, it is expected, will be commenced early in spring on a site adjoining the Cathedral. The unprecedented liberality of the Clergy of the diocese of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, headed by their good Bishop, when they subscribed the extraordinary sum of 2,500l. towards this project, has already been recorded. The laity of the diocese have also in great part responded to the appeal of the Bishop for the same laudible purpose, and there is every reason to hope that before many months pass away the diocese of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise will possess a diocesan college, complete in all its accessories, and second only to the great Seminary of Holycross, Clonliffe.—Freeman's Journal.

THE FUEL FAMINE.—The suffering from scarcity of fuel amongst the poor inhabitants of Mullingar and its vicinity has attained a degree of intensity never before exceeded, and which at this moment not to be had under three or four times its ordinary value, and even at this exorbitant price, is almost unfit for use. The townspeople, who are above this state of suffering, have very generously come to the rescue, and a fund of £100 has been cheerfully subscribed, for the supplying of the destitute poor with coals, which are sold to each person at the very low price of 6d. per cwt.; and to such as cannot command that small sum, as many cannot, two stones are issued for 13d. This is worthy of imitation.

THE POOR.—The effects of the active benevolence displayed in this town and Carrick-on-Shannon will enable the poor to enjoy this holy season. The subscriptions to the fuel fund have reached to nearly £100. We are glad in directing attention to the bright example set by Mrs. Maguire (of the Glebe), who, before any public efforts had been made, had, through personal exertions, collected subscriptions, and distributed them in the manner already announced.—Roscommon Gazette.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Sunday the 8th inst. two brothers named William and Bryan Lavelle, residing in the Island of Innisboffin, went out on a rough sea in a curragh (canoe), to seek timber that might be drifted on the waves of the Atlantic towards the shore of that distant island. Their light frail skiff rode for a time on the swelling surges, but at length a large wave rolled against it, and immediately after another of less volume upset the canoe, and melancholy to relate the two brothers—fine young men—met a watery grave. One of them was a boatwright and shortly after having served his apprenticeship. They are greatly regretted by the inhabitants of the island. Correspondent of the Galway Vindicator.

DUBLIN, Monday.—Nothing like the manifestation of grief and sympathy which were everywhere visible in this city and the suburbs yesterday has been known in Ireland during the memory of the present generation. Not only the Cathedral, the Castle Chapel, and the College Chapel, but the parochial and district churches and all the disignating places of worship were dark and dismal-looking with the symbols of mourning. In some instances the organs and galleries, as well as the pulpits, and reading-desks, were hung with black cloth. Such was the solemnity of feeling, the tone of the services, and the whole aspect of the congregations that each of them seemed like an assembly of mourners at the funeral of some dear friend and public benefactor. It was nearly the same in the streets. Scarcely a respectable person could be seen who was not dressed in mourning. In the Protestant churches of all denominations every sermon was a funeral sermon, and cordial tributes to the memory of the late Prince Consort were mingled with fervent prayers for Her Majesty and the rest of the Royal Family. Dr. Stewart had written for the occasion new funeral responses, which were chanted in the College Chapel, Christ's Church, and St. Patrick's. They were solemn and affecting in the highest degree. No one who had noticed the state of the city during the week need be surprised at the intensity and universality of the public lamentation. Instead of the brilliant displays usual at Christmas-time, nearly all our emporiums of fashion in the leading streets exhibited the sombre hues of mourning, while some had one or more of their shutters up. Busy as the two days before Christmas usually are, most of the principal shops will be closed this day during the hours occupied by the funeral ceremonies. All this is spontaneous, and it shows in a very impressive manner how devotedly attached the people of Dublin are to the Queen. No doubt we shall have similar accounts from the provincial cities.

THE APPRENTICE BOYS AND PRINCE ALBERT.—In one respect it would be a pity to enforce the Party Emblems Act in Derry. If the "local celebrations" were put down as they ought to be by the law which forbids them, people might fall into the mistake of thinking that the bulk of the Apprentice Boys had some regard for good taste or common decency. Their proceedings of Wednesday last, even by their best friends, to have been simply disgraceful. Prince Albert, the husband of the Sovereign to whom they profess such ardent loyalty, lay dead and unburied in Windsor Castle. The time was a time of mourning, and many fancied that the Apprentice Boys, supposing they cared nothing for the law, would exhibit some respect for the decencies of life, and abstain from the firing of cannon and the burning of effigies on Wednesday last. Those who thought so did not know their men. They were quite mistaken in supposing that, even if her Majesty were herself dead, these worthless would forego the enjoyment of insulting their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. Many of their friends, we believe, and these their most influential friends, urged upon the Apprentice Boys the absolute necessity of conforming to the rules of social propriety by abandoning the firing, but all to no purpose. They persisted in discharging cannon, in burning Lundy, and in having a public jollification at night. Of course, this conduct disgusted every man of proper feeling connected with them. Mr. Murray, J.P., who was advertised to preside at the soiree, kept himself aloof. Sir Robert Bateson, who was next thought of as chairman, happened to be "indisposed"; but we are glad to learn that he was able to be in Derry next morning. Mr. James W. Gregg, for many years a leader among them, expressed his opinion of their conduct in exceedingly plain terms. As to the Rev. Mr. Craig's opinion on those matters, we refer to another column. But those who absented themselves from the evening party were not the only persons that were thoroughly ashamed of the display. Even the individuals who took part in it made the most ludicrous efforts to palliate the disrespect offered to the Queen. Hence the indignant hypocrisy of some local cotemporaries, who specially congratulate the Apprentice Boys on having duly honored the memory of his Royal Highness. Hence the speech-making appeals not to look upon the Apprentice Boys as having acted improperly, but to remember that, although they cannonaded as it was a field day, they had shown their respect for Prince Albert by firing only on one side of the Wall—to recollect that although they had a bonfire of Lundy, they did not ring the jobbells—sad, above all, to bear in mind that, although they made a glorious and uproarious night of it, with Orange toasts and party tunes, they were all jolly good fellows, and very sorrowful, because they had actually worn crapes over their badges on going to church.—Derry Journal.

THE FLOODING OF TRALEE.—A Government Engineer has paid Tralee a visit by orders from the Executive. He arrived on Monday and was engaged until Wednesday examining the country about the town. His object was to devise some plan by which the floods which have devastated Tralee for years could be prevented. After examining the locality he has given it as his opinion that the future flooding of Tralee can be effectually prevented. His report is looked for with a great deal of interest.—Tralee Correspondent.

To the Editor of the Weekly Register.

Sir,—Englishmen set more store by deeds than words, and to test men's sympathy and esteem for institutions by their amount of their subscriptions towards them.

I have just seen a copy of Sir Robert Peel's circular, which declares that "The Queen's Colleges have won their way into popular esteem with the Irish people," and the list of subscriptions he has obtained to prove the value this people sets on them. The total is exactly £1,969 from the whole people of Ireland. But let us look a little closer into the details: the people of Ireland consist of Catholics and Protestants, and one would wish to know which it is that most sympathise with these institutions: my imperfect means of information enable me to say that of the whole £1,969, £1,700 has been subscribed by Protestants, £24 by persons whom I know to be Catholics, and the religion of the subscribers of £227, I do not know.

At most then £250 represent the solid sympathy of the Irish Catholics for the Queen's Colleges.

Some years ago, those same Irish Catholics, believing that their Protestant brethren were amply provided for in Trinity College, determined, by the direction of the Holy Father, to found a university for themselves. For this purpose they subscribed £40,000, besides the thousands of pounds they have given every year since, but of which I have not here a return.

As £40,000 is to £250, so is their esteem and sympathy for the Catholic University to that which they feel for the Queen's University.

"A Roman Catholic Layman," who has preserved his incognito to the public, if not to Sir Robert Peel, has subscribed £10 a year to the Queen's University. A Catholic layman, who to this hour has preserved his incognito to all but God, subscribed £5,000 to the Catholic University.

Facts prove which institution has the confidence of the Catholic people of Ireland.

We will gladly accept Sir Robert Peel's doctrine that we should "limit as much as possible the weight of Government influence in the administration of educational establishments, by restricting their burden upon the public purse."

Let bygones be bygones: let the Queen's Colleges have the advantage of all the expenditure hitherto devoted to them; and let each institution now give up State assistance, and trust to the sympathy and esteem of the Irish people. Each will obtain support, and I doubt not, proportioned to its merits.

All we ask for is freedom of education, a fair field, and no favor.

I am, your obedient servant, MILES W. O'REILLY.

The ceremony of the reception of a member of the Tranquil Convent, Upper Rathmines, took place in the handsome convent chapel on the 10th ult. — The young lady who on this occasion withdrew from the world, to devote her life, as a religious, to the constant service of God in daily works of piety and charity, was Miss Bridget Thomson, second eldest daughter of Doctor O'Dwyer, of Camden street, Dublin.

The "Low Orangemen" of the North of Ireland have issued their annual manifesto, wherewith they boast of their "Slowness" to take offence. Hereupon the Cork Examiner comments as follows:—

"Fancy the slowness to take offence of the gentlemen who wreck Catholic Chapels, stone women and children, and shoot down defenceless men, merely as an ordinary spree upon a festive occasion. From their own assertion that they are not apt to take offence, we may presume that all these homicides and outrages are mere manifestations of Orange jollity. The ordinary flags and signals are too dull a pastime for their jaded appetites, and a murder, or a house burning gives them a pleasant stimulus. At least such is the only rational interpretation of their actions, if we are compelled to believe, as they urge themselves, that they are not in the least degree irascible. As to their anxiety to avoid giving offence, that is most satisfactorily attested by the fact that they cling to a number of superannuated customs, which have lost all possible significance, save in so far as they annoy the Catholic population amongst whom they are paraded."

JOHN PACKING. — This power has prevailed all over Ulster, and has been freely used. But see its terrible enormity. A Catholic is killed in a party conflict. His murderers are known and are placed in the dock for trial. The jury panel is so arranged that sympathisers, or at least Protestants, and Protestants alone, are placed on the jury to try them, and in hundreds of instances it has been found that such juries acquitted such prisoners, although their guilt was clearly proven; and some judges were forced to exclaim, on hearing the result, "Thank God, gentlemen that is your verdict, and not mine." A Catholic is then put on his trial, and the jury-packing system gives him no chance. In vain he looks around for justice. The panel is so made up that all his challenges are exhausted before a Catholic is called, and he guesses the verdict that will be returned against him, because he sees that his jury has been packed, not to try but to convict him! And, with very few exceptions, they have convicted Catholics, often innocent, and acquitted Protestants who were proved guilty before the entire court. We ask what must have been the feelings of the relatives of these foully convicted Catholics as they heard the verdict pronounced, and listened to the sentence of the judge? Could anything more galling lacerate the heart? They have heard of trial by jury, and noted that it was called the bulwark of British liberty — that it was one of the great blessings under which Englishmen lived. — But they have found it a grievance — a tyranny, and an agent of wrong and injustice! We ask is not this the truth? Do we not give a fair picture of what Catholics have suffered in Ulster for many years? We do not allude to any particular county, we charge no particular man — not even Mr. Hardy — with jury-packing or panel-judging. — But the voice of history and the tongues of living men proclaim that trial by jury in nearly every county in Ulster has been, at party trials, a delusion, a mockery, and a snare, so far as Catholics have been concerned. — Dundalk Democrat.

The well-known Baron de Camille, L. C. O. de la Ld. H., whatever that may mean, delivered one of his accustomed discourses against "Popery," in Belfast, on Tuesday evening. Very few respectable persons attended, and none of the ministers of religion who were invited. Parts of the lecture, according to the Northern Whig, were delivered in a most indecous manner. The same "noblemen" was to have delivered a "brotherly oration on Auricular Confession on Wednesday night, the announcement of which was significantly prefaced by the declaration that no ladies could be admitted.

NOBLE GENEROSITY. — We have heard that Viscount Castlereagh has given another instance of princely generosity which should not be allowed to remain in the secrecy with which his lordship would envelop it. The noble Viscount has, through his benevolent agent, given directions to a Dublin house to supply one hundred tons of seed potatoes to the tenantry upon his estates. Besides this generosity, we believe the humble poor will have abundant reason to acknowledge, with thanks, the charitable influence of Viscount Castlereagh. — Clonmel Chronicle.

SMALL POX. — We understand that the spread of small pox throughout some rural districts in this county is assuming a serious character, which is attributable, we learn, to the inoculation of children by a number of wretched quacks who have been exercising their calling to a fearful extent; so much so, that although several deaths have resulted from the introduction of this virulent disease, no proper steps have been taken to bring the offenders to deserved punishment. — Mayo Constitution.

It is in contemplation to run a line of omnibuses between Kingstown and Dalkey.

It is intended to rebuild Carlisle Bridge, Dublin, which is now found to be inconvenient, at an expense of £50,000. This sum is not to be levied off the citizens in the shape of taxation, but is to be proposed to be raised by the restoration of £15,000 a-year to the Corporation, which was originally paid to that body as carriage rents, fines, and licences, but which is now wrongfully paid to the Commissioners of Police.

On the 16th ult., a highly respectable and influential meeting for the relief of the poor was held in the boardroom of the Town Commissioners, Athlone. W. Potts, Esq., J.P., presided, and such was the zeal and unanimity that prevailed all classes without religious distinction, that £130 was collected on the spot. It was resolved that 100 tons of coal should be obtained forthwith for distribution among the poor during the inclement and very trying season; and the government have been requested to resume the works in the batteries, commenced in 1851, but now suspended, in order to give employment to the able-bodied whose families are now in utter destitution.

Mr. Foley has just completed the model for a bronze statue of Goldsmith, to be placed in front of Trinity College, in company with a statue of Burke.

The Bank of Ireland has declared a dividend of 4 1/2 per cent. free of income tax, and added a small sum to the rest fund. The directors of the Provincial Bank of Ireland have given notice of a dividend for the current half year of four per cent, together with a bonus of 20s. per share.

That part of the lands of Kilmalnam, called Quarryfield, situate near Richmond Barrack, on the high road leading from Dublin to Naas, which yields a net annual income of £122 5. 3d., was sold lately by auction for £1,760.

Sir Croker Barrington, son of the late Crown Solicitor for Munster, Sir Matthew Barrington, Bart., has been appointed, it is stated, to the office of Crown Solicitor for Limerick, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Fleetwood.

The Wexford Independent, of the 14th ult., says:—"Since Wednesday evening the heavy fall of rain has been almost continuous, the wind during that night being very high, with frequent and furious gusts, of short duration, accompanied by large hail, and the effects are marked by a shipwreck at Ballymadder and considerable damages to houses in town and country. Thursday was wet and blustery all through, and Friday improved but little, excepting that the wind moderated and veered into the N.N.W. All field operations are impracticable, and consequently our grain markets are well attended, and prices have a little receded."

PROSECUTION FOR THE MURDER OF MARY JOYCE. — A motion for libel just concluded in Dublin brings under a strong light what no fair-minded man can look upon as anything else than a fundamental rottenness in the administration of justice in Ireland. We have before adverted to this case. A Dublin newspaper, the Morning News, a journal which enjoys the confidence, and, undoubtedly, represents the feelings and opinions of the Catholic population of Ireland, is cast in damages for having libelled the Sheriff of Armagh, and so perverting the administration of justice. We do not feel called upon to say that the verdict in this case was wrong, or that, upon the evidence before them, the jury who tried the action could have come to any other conclusion. Nevertheless, we are quite certain that the editor of the Morning News was morally justified in his denunciation of the Irish jury system, and moreover we deem it altogether indispensible that the practice, and as it seems the law of jury selection in Ireland; as exhibited in the evidence, are such as to lay more than abundant grounds for that dissatisfaction and distrust with which Catholics regard the administration of the law. We are now going to repeat the legal blunder of Mr. Sullivan, by which he brought himself within the toils of the law of libel; we are not going to charge Mr. Hardy, the sheriff, with deliberate and knowing abuse of his official authority in the matter; but we do say without any hesitation, that, so far appears, that functionary may have so abused his powers, and that there is the strongest moral ground for believing that the Catholics of Armagh have suffered under the serious injustice of being improperly excluded from the jury panels, and so the administration of the law has been vitiated. Without going into particulars, it will be sufficient to say what the purport of the evidence is. It appears, then, that on the full lists of all persons qualified by law to serve as jurors, made out by the barony constables — officers analogous to our overseers — there is a larger proportion of Protestants than of Catholics. Of course religion is no qualification, and if these primary lists be honestly made out, which is doubtful, the conclusion must be that in Armagh county there are fewer qualified Catholics than Protestants. From these lists it is the sheriff's duty to summon as many as is necessary to constitute a panel. Now the fact is, that at the assizes, at which recent important trials on indictments for murders arising out of Orange excesses have taken place, no Catholics at all were summoned, and of course the juries which tried these alleged Orange murderers of Catholic victims were exclusively Protestant. In such cases, verdicts of "not guilty" being returned, the whole proceeding would be properly regarded by the Catholics of Ireland as a mockery of justice, and a deep wrong as well as an insult to them. There were Catholics on the primary lists, although not in equal numbers, but no Catholics were summoned. What was the inference? That they were purposely excluded, of course. Mr. Hardy, however, has sworn that in making out his panels he did not at all make religion a principle of discrimination; but that he conscientiously selected those whom he considered the persons most qualified. We are bound to accept that averment; although it must detract somewhat from its weight to find Mr. Hardy's able counsel — he whom some of the Tory party have been contemplating to exalt to their leadership vice Disraeli cashiered, the stenorian and contortionist orator of the House of Commons, Mr. Whitehouse — explaining the omission of some Catholics from the assize panels, by showing that they had been summoned to the sessions, and that the sheriff wished to act tenderly toward them. Still Mr. Hardy may have acted uprightly in his selections, although the Catholics may be well excused for believing otherwise. It is just possible that in following a principle of selection, quite apart from religious profession, he may have arrived at the exclusion of any Catholic from the panel; but this will not much mend the matter, for the Catholics of Armagh will scarcely be content to be told that Mr. Hardy does not consider them, by position or intelligence, qualified to act on juries at assizes, although they may be permitted to try some trifling cases at sessions. And this brings us to the real root of the evil. Why should the sheriff be invested with the power of deciding who is and who is not qualified to serve, out of a list which exists in virtue of the qualification of each name on it, as prescribed by Act of Parliament? We, in our innocent admiration of trial by jury, had always understood that its essence was impartiality, and that to secure that prime requisite the sheriff was bound to summon his panels "indifferently." — But the law, as laid down by the Irish Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, not only empowers but imposes a selection. If so, we can only say that the sooner it is altered the better. If the sheriff has a choice, let him be ever so honest a man, his prejudices may unconsciously mislead him. This power of selection is, in truth, a cover, more or less impenetrable, for perverting the course of justice. The perversion can be seen only in its effects, and in these it is in Ireland obvious enough. The sheriff may always aver, as in this case, that he acted to the best of his judgment, and he cannot be directly confuted. The law does not prescribe any proportion with respect to the religion of the jurors who are to be placed upon the panel, and very properly so; but then the sheriff may leave out all the Catholics, and, in the words of the Chief Justice Lefroy, no inference could be drawn therefrom that he acted illegally. The aged judge, who, although a fierce Orange partisan in his early public life, holds the balance of justice with perfect evenness on the bench, seems to consider this a perfect state of things. The Catholics of Ireland, however, are not to be considered unreasonable beings, if they show themselves implacably discontented and wroth with it. They know too well what this power of selecting juries in the hands of the sheriffs has done to bend the administration of criminal justice to the purposes of whatever government or faction in power may choose to avail itself of it; they know that somehow or other it has excluded them from sharing in this great right of citizenship — the only real guarantee of pure justice. Those trials in Armagh are but the latest instance: and until the sheriffs be deprived of that power of selection, the Irish Catholics will always regard the administration of justice with suspicion. It is not sufficient even that justice is well administered. It is necessary that the people have confidence that it is so, and this can never be the case where the opportunity for an unfair selection of jurors exists. — London Morning Star (Protestant).

A letter from Thomastown, dated Dec. 18, says:—"At the instance of the clergy of the town, Catholic and Protestant, a meeting was held in the Court House, on yesterday, for the purpose of raising a fund to alleviate the distress, which, I am sorry to say, prevails to an usual extent in the town and neighborhood, owing to the want of employment. On the motion of H. Innes, Esq., the chair was taken by the Rev. N. Kealy, P. P., and a subscription list was then opened, when a sum of fifty-two pounds was raised. A committee was appointed to wait on such of the householders as had not attended the meeting, when a further sum of eighteen pounds was realised, making in all about seventy pounds as the result of the first day's labour. It is expected that nearly £100 will be raised for the very laudable purpose in question."

St. Patrick's Bridge, Cork, was opened, with due pomp and circumstance, by a civic procession, on the 12th ult. In the evening the bridge was splendidly illuminated.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Thos. Harman Pope, Esq., of Skerries House, Athy, to the commission of the peace for the county of Kildare.

The Empress Eugenie has purchased a mantle made of Irish frieze, from a piece sent to Paris by Mr. W. Gordon, of Mullingar.

On Tuesday, the 20th ult., Sister Mary Joseph Joyce, made her solemn profession in the Chapel of the Convent of Mercy, Wexford, the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong officiating.

At the last meeting of the Dublin Marine Board, Mr. John Hilliard, a native of Athlone, passed for master in foreign-going ships.

The City of Dublin Artillery have received orders for embodiment. It is probable other Irish artillery militia corps have received a similar order.

Mr. John Flynn, of the Newfield Irish Factory, has taken Six-mile Bridge Paper Mill, and converted it into a first-class factory for Irish tweeds, blankets, flannels, etc.

The Belfast News-Letter says of the Dublin and Antrim Junction Railway:—"We understand that, with a view to an early commencement of the works in the construction of this important railway, the line has been lockpitted by their engineers, Mr. Bower, C. E., and it is expected that the company will soon be in a position to negotiate with contractor. At a meeting of the Board of Directors, on Wednesday last, they appointed as secretary, &c., Mr. Wm. Mackay, of the Dungannon and other lines of railway."

On the 10th ult., a young man named John Carroll, in Pallaskenny, was engaged in quarrying stones for a building which he was about erecting, when he was killed by the explosion of a blast, too near to which he incautiously approached.

On the 14th ult., a respectable man, named Clifford, a carpenter by trade, whilst passing along Patrick street, Limerick, ruptured a blood vessel in his lungs, and died in a few minutes.

An extraordinary scene took place on the 12th ult., at the triennial visitation of the Queen's College, at Belfast, the visitors being the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Leinster, Dr. Corrigan, &c. A mob of students took possession of the Examination Hall, and opened the proceedings with imitations of cat-crowning, cock-crowning, &c., which were followed by the "Kentish fire," and other party demonstrations. During the entire proceedings of the visitation, the conduct of the students is represented to have been most disorderly and scandalous. — The Lord Chancellor several times threatened to clear the Hall, but neither his influence nor that of the College authorities appeared to have the least weight with the students, who kept up their discordant proceedings to the end.

Mr. Jeremiah Hatch, son of John Hatch, Esq., Seven Churches, having passed the competitive examination, has been appointed assistant surgeon in the Royal Navy.

On the night of the 14th ult., a young man named Jeremiah Black, aged 20 years, a sailor on board the Louisa, of Arklow, of which place he was a native, was drowned by falling from the vessel, which was anchored out in the river at Wexford.

We understand that John R. Corballis, Esq., Q. C., has resigned the Chairmanship of Quarter Sessions for the county of Kilkenny.

Active steps are being taken to forward the much needed and important work of the West Cork Railway, which promises to be one of the best paying railways in Ireland. A deputation of directors consisting of three gentlemen, accompanied by Mr. McCarthy Downing, recently went to Dublin, in order to have an interview with Sir Robert Peel, to urge upon him the necessity for the government making an advance to enable the line to be constructed. Sir Richard Griffith, Commissioner of Valuation, was present. The influence of the latter gentleman appeared to the deputation to be adverse to their object, while they felt, on the other hand, that Sir Robert Peel was favorably disposed towards them. The deputation, however, were quite prepared to meet the objections stated. Both officials remarked strongly upon the fact that the proprietors along the contemplated line had not taken a reasonable number of shares. To this the reply was, that while it was not convenient for these gentlemen to furnish ready money, they were ready to guarantee with their lands the repayment of the advance. Sir Robert Peel asked why they did not in some way show that they felt it would be a benefit to the lands through which the line would pass. To this the deputation replied that the proprietors were ready to accept shares in lieu of the price of the land taken. Both Sir Robert Peel and Sir Richard Griffith admitted that they should consider that a proof of interest in the undertaking. The proposition of the directors is to receive the best attention of the government. — Cork Examiner.

The ship H. T. Venard, lying at Kingstown, from New York, when off the Tuskar, on the evening of the 13th ult., was struck by lightning, which burst, causing a report on the main hatchway. Some of the men were prostrated for a short time by the shock.

GREAT BRITAIN. THE ROMAN CATHOLICS. — Sorrow for the death of the Prince Consort and sympathy with the Queen are as deep and fervent among the Roman Catholics of the metropolis as they are among all the other denominations of religionists. While the illness of His Royal Highness had not yet terminated fatally, a special prayer for his restoration to health was prepared by Cardinal Wiseman, and read in all the chapels, and the day after the death of the Prince the event was commented upon in suitable and feeling terms by nearly the whole of the officiating priests. Yesterday, however, the sermons preached in the principal chapels were, as usual devoted to reflections and exhortations suggested by the approaching Christmas season as one peculiarly adapted for self-examination and reconciliation to God, and in only a few of them was even a passing allusion made to the loss which the Royal family and the nation have sustained. But the sense which the entire Roman Catholic body, clergy as well as laity, entertain of that loss is, we believe, accurately expressed by Cardinal Wiseman in a pastoral address which he has just issued. — London Times.

THE GREAT EASTERN. — It is stated that the government wish to engage the Great Eastern as a transport, and that the repairs are being proceeded with as rapidly as possible.

THOOPS FOR CANADA. — On Saturday morning 17 officers and 303 men belonging to the Military Train arrived in Liverpool from Aldershot, having travelled by the London and North-Western Railway. — They were under the command of Major M'Court. At the same time nine officers and 127 men of the 10th Brigade of Royal Artillery arrived, under the command of Colonel Dunlop, from Woolwich. They immediately proceeded to the Great Landing-stage, and at seven o'clock in the morning they embarked on board the Royal Mail steamship Asia, which sailed at noon for New York, but which was ordered to diverge to Halifax from her direct route for the purpose of landing the troops and stores. Besides the officers referred to the Asia took out Lieutenant-Colonel Wetherall and Lieutenant-Colonel Shadwell, late Quartermaster-General, and also Secretary to the International Exhibition. There were also 14 Staff officers, and Captain Orr, late Captain Instructor of Royal Laboratories, who, it is understood, will instruct the men in laboratory operations, such as the preparation of the new Armstrong shells and the construction of cartridges. — The Asia also took out about 200 tons of camp equipment, warm military clothing, and other requisites for the troops. The Canada (Royal Mail steamer), which is to sail from Liverpool on Saturday next, for Halifax, will take out No. 7 Battery of Artillery, consisting of five officers and 120 men. The embarkation of the troops and stores on board the Asia, was most satisfactory, and got over with great regularity under the immediate superintendence of Colonel Greethead, Quartermaster-General

of the district, and Commander, Leicester, R.N., Admiralty agent for Liverpool. — Liverpool Advertiser.

SUBSTITUTES FOR COTTON. — One of the effects of the sudden stoppage of the cotton supply on the breaking out of the war in America has been to call public attention to the substitutes which might be found for that precious substance. The question is an old one. In the beginning of this century, the Emperor Napoleon I. decreed a reward of one million of francs for the discovery of a method by which flax might be spun as fine as cotton, and Philippe de Girard (of Valenciennes) solved the problem, and would have received the promised reward but for the sudden fall of the Imperial Government. The Restoration offered Girard the pitiful sum of 8,000 francs by way of a loan on his invention, but he preferred leaving France, carrying his invention with him to Austria, whence he proceeded to Poland, and there established a spinning-mill, around which a small village soon sprung up, now called Girardow. A few years ago the present Emperor granted the family of Girard an indemnity of 200,000 francs by way of reparation. Meanwhile other inventors had come forward, Tissot and Moutagne, in 1819; Laforest, in 1827; Totte, in 1829; and M. Edmond Bertin, in the present year. The method of the latter does away with the steeping of flax, and this, as well as all other fibrous plants, may be stripped by his machine in a superior way, by which the length of the fibre is preserved, and an extraordinary degree of smoothness and suppleness is insured. Another invention of the same kind has sprung up in America, and the inventor, Chevalier Claussen, has imported it into France. He strips the fibrous plants by a chemical process and repeated macerations, by which he rids the fibre of the gluten and other adhesive substances it contains. The produce of these operations he calls "fibrille," and it is described to be a substance closely resembling cotton as can well be imagined. Spun with wool it produces stuffs of a very superior quality; and alone, it appears to be stronger than cotton. Whether this substance, which in fact is nothing more than the fibre reduced to its simplest expression, will acquire a permanent position in the market, time alone can show. — Times.

Some curious facts have recently oozed out respecting Protestant Dissent in poor populous districts. For instance, the chapel in Union-street, Whitechapel, whose pulpit was occupied by Whitefield, with accommodation for 3,000, and with schools, is now for sale; one in which Wesley preached at Rochdale is now a low theatre. In the eight registration districts of the metropolis, containing altogether a population of nearly a million, there were in 1851 only 173 preaching stations, and in 1856 they had only 45 chapels, sixteen of which were devoted to the propagation of the absurd and impure doctrines of Mormonism. — Dublin Telegraph.

A CASE OF MODERN PERSECUTION. — Among the most illustrious professors of the university stands the name of Professor Jowett. This gentleman holds a Greek professorship, which until his own entrance upon it was a sinecure, but the duties implied by which he is discharged with an energy and success that have, it is not too much to say, brought new fame to the institution. Professor Jowett receives as remuneration for his labors the enormous sum of £40 per annum. Until recent years, the other professorships were similarly endowed. The policy which has been in vogue in the university lately has been to convert the professorships into really useful offices; and, as a natural consequence, the salaries have been sensate and correspondingly increased. It is worthy of note that this course has been pursued without hostility on personal grounds in every case but one. The exception is, it is possible to distinguish one instance from another, precisely that in which the claim was the strongest and the professional merit most indisputable. Last week a proposition was made in the Hebdomadal Council to raise the stipend of Professor Jowett to something above a ridiculously inadequate figure. Objections were raised. On what grounds do you suppose? — Not on the ground that Professor Jowett was unfit for the post; for it is universally admitted that he is one of the most appropriately placed men in the university, and that there is hardly a man in Europe who could so well occupy the chair on which he has conferred legitimate and singular renown. Not on the ground that the honors of the office constitute a sufficient compensation for its toils; for, as I have said, the University has adopted the principle of paying for the labors by which its reputation as a grand national school-house is sustained. The only reason for keeping Professor Jowett down at the salary of a footman was, that he was the author of one of the Essays and Reviews which made such an unnecessary and unworthy noise in the world a few months since! Be it understood that in this place I pronounce no opinion whatsoever upon the theology alleged to be ventilated in that volume. I am willing, in the interest of my argument, to allow that Professor Jowett put into his article views and statements which are not only heretical but, what is sometimes and often a very different matter, absolutely and essentially false. This, however, has nothing to do with the question at issue. If Professor Jowett's theological teachings are to be brought into any estimate of his claims to the Greek chair, let him by all means be bravely and constitutionally dealt with in relation to them. If he is unfit for his post in the estimation of his constituents, let him be legally condemned and honorably dismissed. If such men as Dr. Pusey and Dr. Hawkins mean to assert that a man who wrote in the volume referred to is thereby disqualified to hold a professorship in the Oxford University, I shall respect their protest, and know exactly with what weapon to fight them. But they do not go this length. The constitution of the University does not permit them to go this length. They are obviously actuated, therefore, by a petty personal vindictiveness, and not by a high sense of moral responsibility or by a determination to exercise faithfully any judicial authority they may possess. There is in their action scope only for one aim; that aim is to make Professor Jowett suffer for the opinion he entertains. The absurdity of this proceeding is only equalled by its infamous meanness. Your tailor is an Unitarian, therefore you will rob him of the profit of his trade. Your hairdresser goes to the Methodist chapel; therefore you will pay him a penny for dressing your wig, the proper charge for the operation being a shilling. Your butler has a notion that two and two make five; he has propounded his theory to the cook and parlour-maid; being a good butler, he cannot turn him away, but being a heretic, you will pay him at the rate of 30s per annum! What has Professor Jowett's view of supernaturalism to do with his efficiency and his claims as a teacher of the Greek language? The official relationship in which he stands to the University is one thing; his private opinions are another; and if you, on account of his opinions refuse to remunerate him for his official labors, the refusal is, before heaven and earth, an injustice, a robbery, and a fraud. In such a case as this bigotry makes a sacrifice of every godly pretence and becomes a paltry spite. It cannot fulfil its impulse by oppression; and so it turns cheat. It is not permitted to give a straight blow on its own account; so it knows its object, and takes his purse out of his pocket. It may not burn its victim at the stake, so it intercepts his income. It virtually says, "I cannot knock you down, but I can embezzle your salary." Of course this miserable and disgusting swindle is perpetrated ostensibly in the interest of truth; but the trick is not less expedient than dastardly. By the merciful ordination of heaven, the youthful heart is strong in the instincts of chivalry; and whenever a man is treated unjustly, he acquires by virtue of his misfortune, a hold on the affections and sympathies of the rising generation. I venture unhesitatingly to assert that Professor Jowett is dearer to the hearts of all the students of all the colleges of Oxford than ever he was; and that his essay will be turned with a zeal of curiosity and a bias of enthusiasm which it never would be by its own

merits have inspired. This Hebdomadal Board has done a foolish as well as a wicked thing. The £40 a year to which a laborious and illustrious Professor is condemned will be a radiant commentary on all his writings, and a standing advertisement of those very errors on the alleged existence of which the sentence has been based. — Wrexler; in the Sunday Times.

THE COST OF A DIVORCE. — Some people think that a divorce is obtained cheaply now a days, and that £50 or £60 will serve for that purpose, whereas the fact is that £200 — viz., £100 for the wife's costs [the husband having in all cases to pay the wife's costs], and £100 for the husband's, is the smallest sum that can be calculated on. The following is a recent specimen of what the costs are:— In the suit of Hepworth v. Hepworth, now pending, the wife having petitioned for a divorce against the husband, the respondent, the husband, was ordered to pay into court a sum of £400, to meet the wife's costs of the hearing. This he failed to do, being, as he alleged, unable, by reason of poverty, to raise that sum of money. On the 28th of November, Dr. Wamby, on behalf of the wife, moved for an attachment against the husband for disobeying the orders, whereupon Sir C. Creswell ordered the attachment to issue, under which, of course, if the husband do not find the money, he will be imprisoned until he do find it. So that in this case, apparently simple enough, the wife's costs of the hearing being calculated at £400, the husband's may be reasonably put down at a like sum, which, with other extraordinary expenses, will bring the amount for a divorce to somewhat about £1,000, the old costs for a divorce by Act of Parliament. The costs were certainly not so heavy at the commencement of the new law of divorce; but the fact is, that the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes of Court has so many aspirants to its favor, that like a successful shop-keeper, sure of a market for his ware — it puts on an extra piece, and surrounds the purchaser of its luxuriant articles with all imaginable difficulties. The law of divorce is thus once more the law of the rich; and the objects of the framers of it, and the objects of the legislature in its enactment, are by this means in a great measure defeated. — Court Journal.

We may think what we may of the chances of the North, of the discipline of their armies, and of the efficiency of their fleet; but there can be only one opinion as to the financial system upon which the Federal Government is now setting out. A hundred millions a year are not to be obtained easily, even by a country with unbounded resources and unstrained credit. We shall probably soon have an opportunity of judging by experience how long an expenditure to that amount can be sustained by a country whose resources are not yet developed, and whose national credit has not yet been favourably tested. The natural course of financial sequences must bring this civil war to an end; but we cannot believe that even the very prospect of a foreign war being superadded to the other difficulties must produce an immediate collapse, and the peace which ensues upon utter exhaustion. — Times.

GOOD AND BAD READING.

What more refreshing or recreating to the mind of man than good reading? It is an inexhaustible fount, where he may as often as it please him ally his burning thirst and cool his feverish brain; it gives him food for thought, makes him conversant with the mind as well as the opinions of other men; he is never as a lone in company for a subject or topic which he may introduce. He who reads is acquainted with the knowledge of the past as with the present; and we would impress it on all, that, after one's own business, there is scarcely any science more useful to the possessor than the history of his own as well as other countries.

We might say of reading what Pope Adrian VI. when a student at college, said of learning in general, "that to those possessing a taste for it, it is a burning thirst which, if not allayed, would scorch them up." It is quite evident that they who know how to read must and will read something; it remains then for all to be careful in their choice of books. — We concur with the author of the wise saying: "Books, like friends, must be few and well chosen." It is a maxim we ought constantly to have before us, for as the evil effects of bad companions are only discovered when too late, so it is in like manner with evil reading. You receive the poison imperceptibly, fancying it is only a little amusing, a little light, and so encourage yourself to the use of it, until very often it is too late to check it; for such reading will unfailingly fill the mind with evil thoughts, that serve only to gratify the passions, and arouse them to their morbid habits — thus to a great degree lowering man in the social scale.

As it is necessary for us to be careful in the choice of food for the animal man, we should be no less scrupulous as regards food for the intellectual man; for as tainted victuals serve to materially injure, if not entirely destroy the health of the body, so in like manner does tainted literature serve to embitter and poison the mind, and dry up the springs of true affection — love of God and our neighbor. There is scarcely a more incentive agent either to the practice of vice or virtue than reading; for let a child get a bad book into his hands once, you will find it difficult to get him to read a good one after — and as sure as a youth contracts a habit of reading irregular or immoral works, it will inevitably be the cause of his ruin. For as noisome reading tends to make us true Christians, good sons and brothers, and honorable members of society, so truly do vicious ones tend to the opposite effect. It is quite obvious that at no other time of the world's existence has literature been so promulgated, or has the press sent forth such a host of cheap books, a great number of them having a mission to perform — each infusing its sectarian principles unperceived at the moment, but still the no less dangerously to the reader. We would say to all, then, be careful in your choice of books; they may be few, but they must be good.

A good one is a true friend; you may seek his counsel, or his refreshing advice, as often as you please, and such deserves a careful perusal. We should read not alone for the sake of amusement, but for the nobler object of gaining a store of knowledge; and if we want to become master of any subject, we must set our minds entirely on it, read it over carefully, and give it good sound consideration afterwards. Otherwise we cannot gain a real proficiency in it. As there is such a facility for gaining knowledge at the present day, we would say to all, be learned — be learned; for it is learning that refines, that elevates — in a word, that makes the man. — There is no excuse now even for the poorest; we can procure useful books for a deal less than we expend in idle luxuries, learning alone being the true luxury; but there is a limit to all things, and to reading among the rest. We would not, therefore, advise a man to read at unseasonable hours, either to the injury of his health or business, for it is a great mistake, in young people especially, studying too hard and reading immoderately; such a course is scarcely advantageous to the mind, for it has not the power of digesting quantities, and is very detrimental to health.

We would now repeat our advice to all — be careful in the choice of your books; they may be few, but they must be good. — Catholic Herald.

The everlasting hills will crumble to dust, but the influence of a good act will never die. The earth will grow old and perish, but virtue in the heart will ever be green, and flourish through eternity. The moon and stars will grow dim, and the sun fade from the heavens, but true religion and undefiled will grow brighter and brighter, and not cease to exist while God Himself shall live. — which will be forever and ever! Who would hesitate, then, to do a good act?

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1862

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

There is little of interest to report. In the U. States, a simultaneous advance of the Northern army is announced as to take place in the course of a few days. Since our last no great change has taken place in the relative position of the hostile armies.

European news are dull. We see it reported that General Borge is yet alive, and that the circumstantial reports of his death are a tissue of Piedmontese forgeries. This is possible, and is, we hope, true. If Borge be still alive, the Piedmontese have all their work before them.

We copy from the Montreal Witness of the 8th inst. —

THE "TRUE WITNESS" ON ITALY.

It would be a long and wearisome affair to follow the organs of Lower Canadian Romanism through all the crooked ways it takes in order to hide the fact that a great movement toward civil and religious liberty is going forward in Italy. But there are one or two things so palpably inconsistent, and so decisively evincing the true spirit and influence of the Papacy, that we cannot pass them by.

For example, what are we to think of a journal which felicitates itself and its readers on their rights and privileges as subjects of Great Britain, and yet seeks to consign the Italians to the political institutions of Bomba and Pio Nono? Will our contemporary argue that the people of Italy are unfit for a larger measure of that freedom of which he is so enamored and proud in Canada? How can this ground be taken, in the face of his own admission that the Italians are a "logical and keen-witted people?" Surely such a people are entitled to a better treatment than has been meted out to them by the rulers from whom they wish to escape.

Then we find the True Witness laboring hard to show that the Italians are drifting into downright infidelity,—that the watchword of those who would liberate their country is that of Voltaire, "Ecrasiez l'infame!" and that the present movement in Italy is but the counterpart of the French Revolution of 1789. If these were facts, they would be immensely damaging to Romanism; they would only add to the overwhelming evidence already in existence, that Popery drives logical and "keen-witted" people into scepticism, and that taking away the rock of human belief and substituting the shifting sand in its place, it has brought about the overthrow of many a noble intellectual edifice. But the warm welcome given to the Bible where priestly power can no longer prevent its introduction, is one of many proofs of the incorrectness of these representations.

Romanism is not the synonyme of Christianity, as the True Witness wishes to make out; nor can anything be more unfair than the position it takes in deliberately using such language as "Protestantism, or in other words, denudism." Little as the advocates of the Papacy may like to admit the fact, there is to all discerning minds, a vast difference between "an infallible Church" or "an infallible Pope," and "an infallible Book."

Many in Italy, are, we believe, coming to perceive this difference; and though, no doubt, many, disgusted with the doings of the Romish infallibles, are cutting themselves loose from all religious ties, there is enough to show that Christians have much cause to be thankful and hopeful, in view of the events now transpiring in Italy.

A startling sentence in the article, whose general tone has suggested these observations, shows very forcibly the contempt for the Word of God, which comes of removing its crown of supremacy, that it may share the throne with tradition and Pontifical infallibility. That sentence is as follows:—

"There is no better historical testimony for the miracles recorded in the general biographies of the person called Christ—the Incarnation, to-wit,—than can be adduced for many a Romish miracle!"

No wonder such teaching should in many a sad instance, lead "logical, keen-witted people" in scepticism! How far from it can a writer be, who speaks thus lightly of the Scriptures, and thus flippantly of the Lord Jesus!

The gist of this long tirade is—that the TRUE WITNESS denounces the invasion, and attempted conquest of the Kingdom of Naples, by the King of Sardinia and his foreign mercenaries, as an outrage upon all recognised international law, and upon all political morality; that we condemn revolution and disloyalty in Italy, as well as in Canada and in the British Islands; that we assert the right of Pius IX. to the allegiance of his temporal subjects, as we assert the right of Queen Victoria to the allegiance of her subjects; and that, in controversy with Protestants, we show how protesting principles, if carried out logically and consistently, lead inevitably to blank infidelity. We contend that the only inconsistency in all this that we can detect is, the inconsistency of our critic, and the incompatibility of his pretensions to be the champion of civil and religious liberty, with his advocacy of the usurpations of Victor Emmanuel; and of the efforts of the latter to establish in the Italian Peninsula, a centralised despotism, and to make himself supreme master over the Church and her Pastors.

It is as the friends of civil liberty, that we protest against the invasion of the Kingdom of Naples, and the atrocities of the Piedmontese committed on a brave, loyal, and high-spirited people, whose only offence is that they will not

submit to a detested alien rule. It is as the friends of "religious liberty," which consists essentially in the emancipation of the Church, or spiritual order, from all secular control—that we protest against the sacrileges, and the despotism of Victor Emmanuel; who has plundered the Church of her property, who has exiled and incarcerated her Pastors, because they refused to pray to God at his bidding, and to offer up thanks in the way of his appointment.

That "Popery drives logical and keen-witted people into scepticism," is true, in so far only, as it accustoms its votaries to look upon the want of logical coherence in any system, as an infallible proof of falsehood; and therefore leaves to them no alternative betwixt Popery, which is logically coherent throughout, and blank infidelity. Protestantism, as a religious system, is a bundle of inconsistencies; and in all its aspects, except that of ultra-Protestantism, or infidelity, presents to the mind trained to Popish habits of thought self-evident proofs of a non-divine origin. In this sense, but in this sense only, as teaching its votaries to exact perfect logical coherence as the test, sine qua non, of truth, it makes it impossible for them ever to become members of any of the sects into which the professedly Christian portion of Protestantism is divided.

There is a "vast difference," says the Witness, "betwixt 'an infallible Church' or 'an infallible Pope,' and 'an infallible Book.'"—Granted—though the one does not require a greater exercise of Divine Power than does the other, and both are equally possible to Omnipotence. But the question is, which of these means—that of "an infallible Church," or body of oral teachers, or that of "an infallible Book"—did Christ Himself appoint as the means for perpetuating and promulgating the knowledge of divine things by Him revealed to man? This is a simple historical question; and if the Witness asserts "an infallible Book," as the means by which Christ Himself appointed for preserving and promulgating the Christian religion, we call upon our contemporary to give the historical proof of his assertion.

The Witness is startled because we contend that there is no better historical testimony for the fact of the Incarnation of Christ in the womb of the B. Virgin, than there is for many of what are called "Romish miracles." But would it not be better, and more to the point, for our startled contemporary to adduce his historical evidence of the miracle alluded to, and to carefully scrutinize that evidence, than to shriek out infidel, and to insinuate scepticism against the TRUE WITNESS. We, as Catholics, firmly believe in the doctrine of the Incarnation—not because we have any historical evidence worthy of the name; but solely because the Catholic Church believes and teaches that doctrine; and because we believe that Church to be "infallible," because appointed by Christ Himself as the ground and pillar of the faith, and as the means or medium by which the truths of His religion were to be preserved and handed down. But for our implicit faith in the infallibility of that Church, we should have no better reason for believing in the miraculous, and supernatural narrative of the circumstances connected with the birth of Christ, than we have for believing in the descent from Mars, of Romulus and Remus, or that the latter were suckled by a she-wolf—stories which all boys get by rote in their youth, but which the ruthless criticisms of a Niebuhr teach them to despise as they grow in years and experience.—The Witness will therefore see exactly "how far we are from scepticism." We are far from it, the entire distance, but no more, that we are from Protestantism, or rejection of the infallible authority of the Catholic Church, as the living teacher of all divine truth.

Be not shocked or startled good Witness at what we say—but examine rather, coolly, critically and dispassionately the grounds for your belief in the doctrine of the Incarnation, so as to be able to give every man a "reason" for the faith that is in you. Remember, that if you reject the authority of the Church, that doctrine to be believed, must be supported by historical testimony; and that the rules for the acceptance or rejection of the historical evidence of the truth of miracles, or the supernatural, are laid down for you by Paley. An inspired witness, or witness in the supernatural order, is not required to prove the truth of a miracle; but it is requisite, that his testimony be the testimony of one who has had personal cognisance of the fact to which he deposes; of one who from his opportunities of observing, cannot have been deceived, and who at the same time cannot be suspected of intention to deceive. This is the test to which the Protestant Paley subjects the historical evidence in favor of the Resurrection; can any historical evidence in support of the facts asserted of the miraculous birth of Christ, which you can bring forward, bear the application of a similar test? If it cannot, then as historical evidence it is worthless.

You cannot cite as witnesses, either St. Luke or the author of the biographical treatise vulgarly called the "Gospel according to St. Matthew" for neither of these had, or could have had, any personal knowledge of the facts by

them related; and neither the one nor the other cites any authority for his assertions, or puts forward any pretensions, even, of having been inspired, or miraculously made acquainted therewith. Indeed St. Luke not only makes no pretension to inspiration, but he warns his readers in the preface to his work, that he proposes merely to set forth in order a declaration of those things which were already most surely believed amongst the early Christians; thus showing that their belief was not based upon Scriptures of any kind; and that therefore the Bible was not, and cannot be, the source of Christian knowledge or the rule of faith. If, however, the Witness argues that the statements of St. Luke, and of the author of the Gospel called "according to St. Matthew" were miraculously revealed to the writers, and must therefore be accepted as true, he imposes upon himself the burden of proving another miracle—i.e. the inspiration of the writers whom he adduces as his witnesses.

If the editor of the Witness is in possession of any better historical evidence for the truth of the doctrine of Incarnation, than that which we can adduce from Protestant writers for the truth of "Romish miracles," we respectfully call upon him to produce it in Court. In clarity he is bound to do so; for why should he keep to himself that which would be so profitable, if only made public. Hitherto, we confess it, we have never met amongst Protestants with the shadow even of historical evidence—properly so-called—for believing in the miraculous events recorded concerning the birth of Christ, by the first and third of the evangelists—though we have carefully consulted the writings of many Protestant divines upon the subject; and the perusal of Neander's Life of Christ, written expressly in refutation of Strauss, left us under the impression that evangelical Protestant Apologists were more dangerous enemies to Christianity, than ultra and avowed infidels.

STATISTICAL FACTS FOR THE "ECHO."

The Echo is the title of a weekly journal, lately transferred from Toronto to Montreal, and published in the interests of that portion of the Anglican sect known as the "Low Churchmen."—Its tone therefore is not much, if at all, superior to that of the Montreal Witness, which is a fellow-worker with the Echo in (not the Lord's vineyard); and its mission is chiefly to re-echo the calumnies of Exeter Hall against the Church, and the morality of Catholic countries.

For this purpose, in its first Montreal issue—that of Friday last—it publishes under the heading of "CRIME IN EUROPE," a series of figures "furnished by the Lord's Day Celebration Society, at its recent Anniversary Meeting," with the object of showing the prevalence "of sin and crime in countries where Sabbath desecration is prevalent." These figures are very terrible no doubt; and but that they lack one thing—authenticity—they would establish the fact sought to be impressed upon the minds of the intelligent and discriminating readers of the Echo—to-wit—that chastity, sobriety, and respect for life and property are most conspicuous amongst those communities which are most notorious for their pharisaical observance of the Lord's Day.

The lack of authenticity is however a serious drawback; and though it is, no doubt, mighty convenient for Evangelical Societies to eschew the vulgar precept avert observing the truth, and to assume the liberty of making their own statistics, and of drawing upon the fertile imaginations of their members, for their facts and figures—the absence of references to authorities by which the accuracy of the latter might, if impugned, be satisfactorily established, cannot but strike every unprejudiced person as a very serious deficiency.

In offering therefore to the attentive consideration of the Echo a highly suggestive statistical phenomenon, which strongly militates against his theory of the superior moral excellence of rigid "Sabbatarian" communities, we would endeavor to avoid the error of which we complain on the part of our contemporary; and we premise our reproduction of our statistics, by the remark that we are indebted for them to the Official Report of the Registrar-General for Scotland, for the Summer Quarter of 1861, and that we copy them from the columns of the London Times. The important fact, as illustrative of the morality of the most rigidly Sabbatarian, and the most intensely Protestant community in Europe, is stated in the following terms:—

"Illegitimate births continue in Scotland, and some of the local registrars write as if in despair; one says:—

"If we are to have births at all here, illegitimate ones must form about half the number." This rather shakes our confidence in the Echo's theory that a puritanical, or Judaical observance of Sunday is conducive to chastity, and morality; and whilst the testimony of the Registrar-General for Scotland proves, incontestably, that illegitimacy is increasing in that country so rapidly, so steadily, and, apparently so incurably as to strike Government officials with despair, and to wring from them the shameful

avowal that "if we are to have births at all, illegitimate ones must form about half the number"—it is evident that the prohibition of all innocent and healthy amusements on the only day of the week upon which the great mass of the people can amuse themselves at all, must naturally force them to seek their gratifications in those vicious and sensual indulgences, whose results are before us in the startling fact that one half of the births in Scotland are "illegitimate."

It is not with any design of saying offensive things that we may make these remarks; but as a fair and honest reply to the false and insulting insinuations of our evangelical contemporaries.—God forbid that any Catholic should gloat over, or take delight in the immorality of any nominally Christian people; but when a Protestant appeals to anonymous, unofficial statistics to establish the immorality of Papists, we contend that the latter have the perfect right to appeal to the Official and authenticated Statistics of the Empire, to show that the greatest amount of vice and impurity is there prevalent where Protestantism is most triumphant, and where Sabbatarianism rules with undisputed sway.

Nor is the immorality of puritanical and Sabbatarian Scotland an isolated instance of the connexion betwixt vice and Protestantism.—Another such instance we have constantly before our eyes in this country, wherein Protestantism and Catholicity co-exist under precisely the same political, social, and material conditions; so that if any great and constant moral difference betwixt their respective professors be discernible, it must, according to all laws of logic, be attributed to the difference of their respective religious conditions. Now the Official Statistics of the Province show a great and constant difference betwixt the criminality of Upper and Lower Canada—of the Protestant and Catholic sections of the community respectively—and always to the moral disadvantage of Upper Canada, and of the Protestant section of the Canadian population. Of this the following extracts from the Annual Report of the Board of Inspectors for Asylums, Prisons, &c., in Canada, afford incontestable proof.

According to this Report there were on the 21st of December, 1861, inmates of the Kingston Penitentiary:—

Table with 2 columns: Protestants, Catholics. Row 1: 529, 254. Row 2: Or in other words the Protestant criminals were to the Catholic as more than Two to One; though the Protestant and Catholic populations are, by the last census, very nearly equal.—

Of 784 convicts in the Penitentiary Upper, or Protestant, Canada furnishes... 586 Lower or Papist Canada... 198 In other words the criminality of Upper Canada is to that of Lower Canada, very nearly as Three to One.

And if we extend our investigations over a series of years, we find that from 1856 to 1861, the average criminality of the two sections of the Province, respectively, have been as under:—

Table with 2 columns: Upper Canada, Lower Canada. Row 1: 1,004, 289. Row 2: In other words, with a population little, if at all, exceeding that of Catholic Lower Canada, Protestant Upper Canada furnished on the average nearly four times as many criminals.—

And yet the Echo would no doubt tell us that Sabbath desecration is more prevalent in Romish Lower Canada with its 58 convicts per annum, than in Protestant Upper Canada which returns as its representatives to the Provincial Penitentiary, more than two hundred convicts per annum.

We respectfully invite the Echo to consider these statistics. He cannot impugn their authenticity, for they are derived from Official and Protestant sources; he may however deduce from them a very important and valuable lesson.

His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, upon the receipt of the news of the death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, addressed the following letter of condolence to His Excellency the Governor-General:—

"Montreal, December 31st, 1861. My Lord—it is the duty of all Her Majesty's subjects to show whenever the occasion presents itself, their sentiments of respect and loyalty towards their august Sovereign and her worthy representative.

The circumstance of the commencement of a New Year affords me such a precious occasion; and I take advantage of it, to lay at the feet of Your Excellency, my respectful homage, and that of the Chapter of your Cathedral, the Religious Communities, and all the Clergy of the Diocese of Montreal Day by day, we offer to God our humble supplications, that He will be pleased to shed upon our gracious Queen the abundance of His grace, comforting her in the reasonable grief which the unexpected loss of her worthy and well beloved husband has caused her, and giving His powerful aid to all who assist her in the Government of her vast empire, and particularly in the administration of the affairs of this Province. Above all, we pray, in these troublous times, for the preservation of peace, and public tranquillity, in this country and elsewhere, so that under the wise administration of Your Excellency, this Province may repose in peace, and may enjoy that true happiness which the people may expect from the observance of the divine and human laws, and from obedience to their Government. I have the honor to be, My Lord, with profound respect, Your Lordship's most humble and obedient servant. J. A. Bishop of Montreal. The Right Hon. C. S. Vicomte Monck, &c.

To this letter His Excellency was pleased to reply in the following terms:—

Quebec, 3rd January, 1862. Monseigneur—I thank you for the letter which you have written to me, and for the sentiments of respect and loyalty which you therein express towards Her Majesty, and towards myself, her representative in Canada.

I beg of you also to convey my thanks to the Chapter of your Cathedral, to the Communities, and the Clergy of your Diocese.

It is most gratifying to me to learn the sympathy which they feel for our beloved Sovereign, now so deeply afflicted, and to hear of the prayers which they address to God for her consolation. That your prayers may be answered, is the ardent desire of all her people.

I take advantage of this occasion, Monseigneur, to assure you of the satisfaction which I have experienced in witnessing the attachment towards the Government, displayed by the Catholic Clergy of Canada at this exciting epoch, and the regard for the public weal with which they have shown themselves to be animated.

I thank them personally, for their patriotism, and I will not fail to make Her Majesty's Government acquainted with it.

Accept, Monseigneur, the assurance of my high consideration. MONTREAL. Monseigneur the Bishop of Montreal.

CIRCULAR TO THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF SANDWICH.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—His Excellency the Governor General, having made an appeal to the loyalty and patriotism of the people, with a view to place Canada in a posture of defence, I have deemed it proper to remind the faithful of their duty in the present emergency, as Catholics and citizens. Not that I entertain the slightest doubt of the loyalty of the Catholics of this Diocese, but because the circumstances are such that I think we cannot give too much publicity to the sincerity and earnestness of our sentiments as loyal subjects of the British Crown. Apart of all other considerations of an inferior order—and they are numerous—we are and must be loyal and devoted subjects, simply because disloyalty is absolutely repugnant to our Holy Faith. The Catholic Hierarchy, in every part of the world, under any form of government, in all circumstances, even during the most unjust and cruel persecutions, has always taught the moral obligation for all citizens of being faithful and obedient to all lawful authority.

The Catholic press of Canada has recently treated this important subject, and deserves our warmest commendation for its comprehensive and powerful advocacy of this Catholic principle.—The following quotation is so much to the point, that I cannot refrain from inserting it in this Circular:—

The Bishop of Galway, the Right Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, says:—

"We will yield to no other portion of our fellow-subjects in sentiments of undivided allegiance to the gracious Sovereign of these realms. From the dictates of duty we never fail to proclaim, with the Apostle, that obedience—voluntary, interior, hearty obedience was to be rendered to all persons who were placed in high authority over them, and this not only to those who wielded the supreme, but also the subordinate occupiers of authority, governors, and magistrates, so long as they inculcated nothing evil, and outstepped not the limits of their authority. For not only is the temporal power from God, but the different gradations, and species, and distribution of governing authority are also arranged by Him, and exist by His sanction and ordinance."—True Witness, Dec. 27.

I am confident, Rev. Sir, that you will have no difficulty to impress on your Parishioners their duties as Catholics and citizens; and in persuading them to give every assistance to all lawful authority in the efforts now being made, or to be made hereafter, towards raising the military forces necessary for all contingencies.

Hoping that the fearful scourge of war may eventually be averted from our peaceful and prosperous country, and wishing you and your Parishioners a "happy new year," and every blessing,

I remain, Rev. and Dear Sir, Most affectionately yours in Christ, ADOLPHE,

Bishop of Sandwich. Sandwich, January 6th, 1862. (Festival of the Epiphany.)

This Circular shall be read in all churches of the Diocese, and each priest will recite at Mass the collect pro pace, after the collect pro Papa, both collects being de mandato until new order.

By command of His Lordship, JOS. BAYARD, Secretary.

The Directors of the City District Savings Bank have distributed \$2,550 among the following charitable institutions of the city:—

Table with 2 columns: Institution Name, Amount. Row 1: St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum... \$400. Row 2: Ladies Benevolent Association... 400. Row 3: Providence Asylum—for old women, deaf and dumb girls and infant school... 350. Row 4: Protestant Orphan Asylum... 300. Row 5: Montreal General Hospital... 200. Row 6: Catholic Lying-in-Hospital... 200. Row 7: Catholic Magdalen Asylum... 200. Row 8: Infant Schools... 150. Row 9: Montreal Lying-in-Hospital... 100. Row 10: St. Joseph's Asylum—for orphan girls... 100. Row 11: Catholic Orphan Asylum—for boys... 100. Total: \$2,550.

The ladies of the Catholic Church in Cornwall have held a Bazaar at the Court House there for three days—which has been attended by the citizens generally. The fine variety of articles they offered to please the fancy and tempt the taste, accompanied by their own bewitching smiles and irrepressible efforts as saleswomen, resulted in obtaining about \$800, as the proceeds of their enterprise; which amount is to be appropriated towards the building of a new church edifice. Not the least of the benefits of this and similar enterprises, art the good will and kind feelings, thereby diffused through the community.—City paper.

Parliament is prorogued pro forma until the 19th of February, not then to meet for the despatch of business.

A MILITARY TELEGRAPH.—The St. John, N. B., Colonial Empire is informed that the military authorities have determined to establish forthwith a line of telegraph communications between Halifax and Quebec, because the lines in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are in the hands of an American company at fixed rentals, an arrangement which is open to very grave objections.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION. We have much pleasure in publishing the subjoined from B. Devlin, Esq., to his fellow-countrymen, and in heartily commending to the favorable notice of our readers, the important suggestion therein contained. So well and forcibly is the case stated by the writer, that it is unnecessary for us to say a word thereupon; and Irishmen, of all men, need no stimulus when patriotism and Christian charity urge them to exert themselves in behalf of their famishing fellow-countrymen, and the suffering members upon earth of their blessed Redeemer. We feel confident therefore that Mr. Devlin's suggestion will be promptly acted upon; and that his simple but eminently practical scheme for carrying aid to the hunger-stricken people of the West of Ireland, will be effectually carried out by his compatriots.

And not by them only, for the cause which he advocates is one which must commend itself to every Christian heart. Men of all origins, and of various religious denominations will be proud to co-operate in the proposed good work, and to contribute, according to their means, towards the relief of their suffering fellow-creatures, and fellow-subjects. We anticipate therefore a most signal success to the patriotic and charitable movement so opportunely, and so wisely inaugurated by our influential, and—whenever the honor and interests of his Irish brethren are concerned—by our ever active fellow-citizen, Bernard Devlin, Esq. We shall all be proud and happy to co-operate with him; and we trust that thus acting in concert, our labors may be abundantly blessed by Him Whose eye is ever on the poor and needy, and Whose ear is ever open to hearken to their cry.

The following is the letter by us alluded to, and which has already appeared in all our City contemporaries:—

TO THE IRISHMEN OF MONTREAL.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.—The reports, unhappily but too well authenticated, which have reached us mail after mail, during the last three months, from Ireland have brought to our doors the sad intelligence that the Western part of our unhappy country is again afflicted with that most terrible of all scourges, a famine; one so terrible, too, that notwithstanding the untiring efforts of Protestants and Catholics to save the people from its fatal consequences, they have been forced to admit that the means at their disposal are utterly insufficient to shield the objects of their tender solicitude from a horrible death, which they have solemnly declared must terminate their sufferings, if they are much longer left to depend upon their own, all but exhausted, resources.

And acting under the pressure of this stern necessity, we find these good Samaritans appealing to the justice and humanity of the Government to save by prompt assistance, the lives of the hundreds who must otherwise inevitably sink into their graves, the victims of neglect and starvation.

But this appeal, it would seem, has so far met with no success; for the most recent accounts bring no tidings of any step taken, or of any move made, by the British Government to interpose between its suffering subjects and the cruel death, which can only be averted by immediate relief.

Under these circumstances, fellow-countrymen, the question which is the object of my address is this: shall we, with the full knowledge that famine is desolating a portion of our native land, remain idle spectators of its fearful ravages? Shall it be said that we, too, are blind to her sufferings and deaf to her cries? That a sea voyage has drowned the memories of the past, and left Ireland no room to hope from us for the future? Shall it be said that the warning voice of Archbishop McHale, whose letter appeared in the last number of the True Witness, and to which I refer you for particulars, is unheard, or, if heard, unheeded, and unanswered upon this side of the Atlantic?

If you read this letter, you will find it to contain these words: "It will be a crime, and a frightful crime if our people are suffered to perish by another famine; and living under a government whose benevolence and solicitude for human happiness are, we are continually told, only bounded by the limits of the civilized world." "All I have to say," continues this faithful and ever watchful shepherd of the Irish fold, "is, that if doomed to starve, they shall not starve in utter silence."

And with these words, which are at once the guide and justification of this address, I again ask:—Shall we do nothing more than look on in apathetic silence at the dreadful struggle between death and starvation? In fine, if we are not a set of arrant braggarts—if our ardent professions of undying attachment to the Emerald Isle; to the home of our fathers ever had any significance, let us now, in God's name and in the interest of humanity, attest by our acts the sincerity of the faith within us, and forthwith hasten to fulfill the duties of fraternal love and national affection.

And as the simplest and most effectual way of accomplishing this object, which must be the wish of every one amongst us, is to hold a public meeting, I now suggest that one be immediately called for this purpose; and that we, one and all, go there prepared each to give, be it ever so little, a share of the means with which God has blessed us in this free and happy country.

Yes, fellow-countrymen—let us open our common fund in which the rich and the poor amongst us may, according to their means, deposit a tribute of their affection. And, having done this, we will then select as the Treasurer of this proof of our inextinguishable love of Old Ireland, him who has been so aptly styled the "Lion of the Fold of Judah," the Most Reverend Archbishop McHale.

Through him, we will present the offering of our heartfelt sympathy for the sufferings of our countrymen; and accompanied as this will be with a fervent prayer that God may save our brothers from death by famine, it will, I am sure, be gratefully received at home, while, perhaps, here the example may serve to rouse our countrymen in other parts of Canada to go and do likewise. For, after all, it only requires on the part of Irishmen in America, a strong pull, a long pull, and a prompt pull together, to bid famine disappear from Ireland, and to save her and us the degrading spectacle of seeing her knocking at a stranger's door for that assistance which we are, without doubt, well able, and in this instance, I am quite confident, willing to give ourselves.

Your faithful friend and fellow-countryman, B. DEVLIN.

Particulars will, however, be given in the city papers of Thursday morning. We expect also to find shortly that Mr. Devlin's scheme has been taken up by his fellow-countrymen throughout the Province, and that from every part of Canada contributions to the "Irish Famine Fund" will flow in copious streams.

To the Editor of the Montreal Transcript. Sir,—As one of those who hail with the greatest satisfaction the meeting which is to be held on behalf of our starving countrymen in Ireland, I beg to propose that accommodation be provided at this meeting for the Irishwomen of Montreal. They are just as anxious to be there as the men, and I hope, therefore, that their valuable presence will not be overlooked. Please God we will all go there. AN IRISHMAN. Montreal, Jan. 15th, 1862.

FAMINE MEETING IN IRELAND.

As a proof of the severity of the distress which prevails in Ireland, we extract the following paragraph from the speech of one of the speakers at a meeting held at Castletown, so late as the 28th of the last month:—

"A resolution," said the speaker, "based on the failure of the potato crop has been given me to propose. The Chairman has told you that that valuable crop is gone; and he is right. The people of the country are now without food, and without money. I lately visited a number of houses, and found them without an ounce of food and without a sod of turf—numbers are famishing from cold and hunger—starvation is written on their faces—the few potatoes they had were not fit for pigs; and if something is not done at once there is an awful crisis before us."

At the same meeting a resolution was passed, affirming that unless aid was obtained from Government, the people must certainly die of starvation.

It has always been to us a subject of wonder and bewilderment, that men, endowed with a certain degree of learning and refinement, and enjoying the ordinary faculty of logic, should be able to remain satisfied outside the pale of the Catholic Church, and to accept as genuine the spurious teachings of Protestantism. That Eastern ignorance and barbarism should be ready to throw itself beneath the wheel of Juggernaut, we can readily understand. For of what will not ignorance and barbarism be guilty? But that the English mind, usually so shrewd and calculating on other matters, and which prides itself upon its ability under ordinary circumstances "to discern a hawk from a handsaw," should be content to be crushed beneath the ponderous wheels of the Protestant Juggernaut, is certainly a matter of no small wonder and amazement. And yet the student of the wanderings of the human intellect, if he fail to explain, is yet bound to acknowledge the fact, huge and ponderous as it is.—"Three hundred and thirty-three religions (as Bell acknowledges) in an island of England's area; is certainly a huge and ponderous car of Juggernautism, beneath which to crush a nation's intellect; three hundred and thirty-three dialects would be a wonderful jargon for that little isle; and yet if we judge of this religious aberration by non-religious parallels, our wonder will be somewhat allayed and tempered. One would think that a nation, loving liberty so dearly and so justly proud of her constitutional institutions as England, and so shrewd and discerning withal, could not be brought to countenance and approve, much less to aid and assist, so grave a tyranny as that of Piedmont over Southern, or even Northern Italy. If she could discern therein a shadow, be it ever so faint of her own beloved constitutional liberties either *in esse*, or *in posse*, we could explain, though we could never approve of England's sympathy for the Italian cut-throats. It is true that these Italian patriots (defend us from such patriotism) do ape the English model; but then it is in so high-life-below-stairs a fashion, and their apery is so miserable a failure, that the wonder is, that English common sense could be fooled so cruelly, and taken in by so miserable an imitation. We have an Italian Parliament after the English model, but such an imitation!—Kean's noble representation of the immortal Shakspeare's Richard the Third, and the ranting, roaring Jack-pudding of an English Fair, are not more dissimilar. The French imitation at Compeigne of an English hunt, is not a more miserable farce. Whether it be in the mode of representation, or in the representatives themselves, there could not be a greater dissimilarity. We remember, in our younger days, hearing a philologist essay to derive the word "cucumber" from Jeremiah King. Jeremiah King—Jeremyking—Jerkin—"cucumber"! were the sapient stages of his derivation; nor were they more remote or absurd than that of the Italian, from the English, Parliament. We have heard the Freemasons claim descent from Tubel Cain, and only laughed at the absurdity; but pity and contempt must be the feelings of any sensible man towards one absurd enough to claim a party of origin for the English and Italian Parliaments.

SACERDOS. (To be Continued.) Remittances shall appear in our next. The Government House at Toronto was destroyed by fire on Saturday night. It was occupied as quarters by the Officers of the 30th Regiment. The north wing only is left standing. The building was chiefly of wood, roughcast and old. It had been occupied as an official residence by nearly all the Governors of Ontario, West and United Canada, for the last 30 years, and by the Prince of Wales during his visit to Toronto. It was fully insured. The origin of the fire is unknown.

"METHODIST MINISTERS."—These must be a queer set, if the descriptions given of them, by their zealous admirers, and in eulogistic obituary notices, may be relied upon. We find for instance in the Toronto Christian Guardian of the 25th ult.—(the Methodist organ)—a biographical notice of a certain Methodist preacher, named Warren, from which we make some extracts for the delectation of our readers. The biographer thus writes concerning this bright and shining light of the Methodist tabernacle:—

"He was a man of all religion and study, a ranting shouting Methodist; and yet one of the greatest men I ever knew to picture out people's characters. He scarcely ever preached a sermon in which he would picture one or more of his hearers' characters to the life."—Christian Guardian.

Another peculiarity of this "great man's" preaching is thus described, which must have been as amusing as his personalities:—

"He preached a first rate sermon, and when he was done, he sang a Scotch jig, or an Irish hornpipe, I could not tell which."—*ib.*

This mode of winding up a religious discourse seems to have occasionally produced startling effects upon the worshippers; for of the latter we read that,—

"Many, very many were so overpowered with the Spirit of God, they fell like dead men and women, and had to be carried away from the altar of communion, thus being baptised anew for the Kingdom."—*ib.*

Some additional peculiarities of the reverend and—may we add—comic (?) preacher are also dwelt upon. As how he used to get up early, and undressed; without the ordinary bifurcated garment in which all civilised men are accustomed to encase themselves, without even the ephod or "white choker" in which elect vessels and evangelical ministers delight; how in this primitive costume he used to run about the fields before day-light; and we are moreover made acquainted with the interesting circumstance, that, on one such occasion this man of God,—

"forgot a clothes-line that was stretched across between two apple trees; being dark, he made a bound from the house, and the first thing he knew, he had caught his throat on the rope, and then away he went sliding on the grass, which that morn'g was covered with a white frost like snow, that put a stop to his running for a while."—*ib.*

He was moreover much given to "roaring and shouting;" so that to a small and quiet family he must often have proved a very unwelcome guest:—

"He would often get to shouting after all the rest had gone to bed; he would go out doors into the yard and shout."—*ib.*

And as a specimen of how he would break out without the least provocation, and under the most unpleasant circumstances, into a fit of "roaring" or "shouting," his biographer relates the following deeply interesting and exciting anecdote:—

"One day as he was going off to his appointments, one of the neighbors was going with a sleigh fifteen miles in the same direction, and it was very cold. The preacher was on horse back and had fifty miles to ride that day; he got into the sleigh and hitched his horse behind, being more comfortable in the sleigh than on the saddle. They had gone some seven or eight miles on their way in the midst of a thickly settled French neighborhood; Warren got in one of his shouting moods, and commenced to shout, "Glory to God in the highest." The man with the sleigh hung down his head, ashamed to be seen in such company, for they all knew him, and he expected they would all laugh at him."

The contributor to the Christian Guardian, to whose pen the world is indebted for the above very valuable information, promises that the subject shall be "continued," and we trust that he will prove as good as his word. We want to know more about these Methodist Ministers; their gifts, and peculiarities, their ranting, and their shoutings, their pious exhortations, and their Irish hornpipes. Wherefore should such things be hid? and wherefore have such gifts a curtain before them? Is this a world to hide virtues in? By all means let us have the sequel of the Methodist hagiography, the *acta sanctorum* of the tabernacle.

The London Times publishes over the signature of "D. C. L.," the particulars of a precedent in the Slidell and Mason case; which establish the fact, that in insisting upon the release of the gentlemen captured by the American naval officer, the British authorities were not insisting upon the application of a principle in maritime law, which they have always applied to themselves. The following is the communication alluded to, which sets the question of "contraband" at rest for ever, in so far as passengers on board of neutral ships, sailing from one neutral port, to another neutral port, are concerned:—

On August 7, 1777, the Dutch brig Hendrick and Alida was captured on the high seas by His Britannic Majesty's ship Ardent, under the command of Lord Mulgrave, and was shortly afterwards brought into Portsmouth for adjudication as prize of war. The brig was bound, according to her ship's papers, from a port of Holland to the Dutch settlement of St. Eustatium, one of the Leeward Islands. She was laden with a cargo of arms and ammunition, and she had on board as passengers five military officers, with their servants. These officers were furnished with commissions in the rebel army, granted by Benjamin Franklin, who was at that time actively engaged as one of the Commissioners of the rebel provinces at Paris, in endeavouring to procure from M. de Vergennes the recognition of the independence of the United States.

The case of the ship and cargo came on for adjudication in the Prize Court on the 23rd of November, 1777. The King's Advocate (Sir James Marriott), who was counsel for the captors, contended that the brig was not really bound to St. Eustatium, but had a hostile destination to some port of New England; that she was armed with guns, and had on board not only gunpowder, arms, and naval stores, but five military officers going avowedly to serve in the provincial army. He therefore urged upon the Court with great vehemence that it was its duty to condemn the vessel on the grounds of false papers, and to decree the cargo to be sold as contraband of war.

The Judge of the Admiralty Court, Sir George Hay, who at that time presided in the Court of Prize, after hearing arguments of counsel at great length, adjudged the ship and cargo to be Dutch property, and directed them to be restored to the claimants, on the ground that "the Dutch had a right to carry in their own ships, to their own colonies or settlements, everything they pleased, whether arms or ammunition, or any other species of merchandise, provided they did it with the permission of their own laws, and if they act contrary to them," he added, "I am no judge of the laws of Holland." He further went on to say that the armed state of his ship and the character of the passengers, coupled with the declaration of a former master and part-owner, who was on board, as to an illicit destination of the ship, were concurring circumstances sufficient to justify the seizure and the bringing in of the vessel for adjudication as to her true destination.

It results from this case that neither the cargo, which was undoubtedly of a military nature, nor the passengers, whose character as military officers going to the provincial army was fully recognized by the Court, were, under the circumstances of the vessel having a neutral destination, regarded by the Court as contraband of war. On the other hand, the passengers were not treated as prisoners of war by the British Government, as it appears from other sources that they were set at liberty not long after the vessel was brought into Portsmouth, and some time before the case of the ship and her cargo was heard and decided in the Prize Court. The arguments of counsel and the judgment of Sir George Hay in the above case will be found in a collection of decisions of the High Court of Admiralty during the time of Sir George Hay and Sir James Marriott, published in London in 1801, and republished at Boston in the United States in 1833. Doctors' Commons, Dec. 24 D. C. L.

SECRET TREASONABLE SOCIETIES—A WORD OF WARNING. (To the Editor of the Montreal Herald.) Sir,—As I am informed that emissaries from certain treasonable secret societies on the other side of the line, are now or lately were, in Montreal, endeavoring to entrap dupes into those societies, it may be well to lay before such as may be so tempted, the substance of the law of Canada in that behalf:—

By our law, like that of all other countries, treason is a capital felony, punishable with death—(4 and 5 Vic. cap. 27 sec. 43) For administering "unlawful oaths," in Lower Canada, the person administering the oath is, by the statute, (2 Vic cap. 8, sec. 1) guilty of a felony punishable by 21 years imprisonment in the Penitentiary, and the person taking the oath, is also guilty of a felony punishable by 7 years imprisonment in the Penitentiary. By section 5 of the same statute, "any engagement or obligation in the nature of an oath shall be deemed an oath, within the meaning of the act," and punished accordingly. The substance of this statute may be seen by those interested at page 48 of the Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada, under the title "Seditious and Unlawful Associations."

If there be still in the city any of the emissaries above referred to, I would strongly advise those to whom they make overtures to hand them over at once to the custody of the Police, and thus protect some unwary youths from falling victims to these incendiaries.

CIVIS CANADIENSIS.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 13. THE IRISH BRIGADE.—It is announced in the official Gazette of Saturday last that Councilor Macready has succeeded in obtaining the consent of the Commander-in-Chief to form a battalion of Volunteer Cavalry, and that he himself is gazetted as Captain—Mr. F. B. MacNamee as Lieutenant, and Mr. John Macready as Cornet. The necessary number of volunteers have long since joined, and the saddles, bridles, and other requisite accoutrements are now on their way from Halifax for the use of the battalion. Each man provides his own horse. We wish the troop success, and have no doubt they will give a good account of themselves when they meet Yankee doom face to face.—Montreal Pilot.

CHASSEURS CANADIENS.—Mr. Coursol in tendering his services to the Executive for the purpose of raising a regiment of French Canadian riflemen, offered to make it out thousand strong. He has nobly redeemed his promise. At a parade of his men held in the Rascoe building last night, 10 companies, averaging 100 each, fell in for drill under their respective captains, and so crowded the room that it was utterly impossible to move, much less drill. Some steps were therefore taken towards the further organization of the corps. Mr. Coursol addressed the men, briefly explaining the provisions of the Militia Act, and calling upon them to pay attention to their future drill and instructions; then as it was impossible to do anything in the way of drill—seeing that the room was so small and crowded, the regiment adjourned to the street and marched through some of the principal streets of the city with a brass band at their head. We noticed the Hon. Louis Renaud in the ranks, in the position of private, and many other French Canadian gentlemen of high standing in the community.—Montreal Gazette, of 10th inst.

We believe it is the intention of the Government to introduce a bill to amend the Militia Act, during the coming Session of Parliament. Some amendment is very much required. In the meantime however, would it not be well to issue a general order declaring that no person should hereafter receive promotion in militia rank without proving his competency to perform the duties he undertakes to perform. Many officers are taking great pains to perfect themselves in drill; but some entirely neglect it. If Her Majesty's commission is not worth that trouble it is not worth holding at all, and should be resigned. We trust that the officers commanding battalions will report those who work and those who do not. It is high time that our Militia organization ceased to be a mere farce. It should at least be effectively officered.—Montreal Gazette.

LIBERALITY OF HABITANS.—The Quebec Mercury states that over a thousand of the habitans assembled at Bic on the arrival of the *Persia*, and tendered the gratuitous use of their sleighs to the military for the conveyance of the troops through the district where they reside, as far as Riviere du Loup, distant fifty miles. The country people made a perfect carnival of the occasion of the arrival of the troops, and threw open all their houses freely for the reception of the men. His Excellency the Governor General has made special mention of the circumstance in his despatches sent to the Imperial Government on Saturday.

We have much pleasure in stating, that the youthful converts have been transferred from Isle-aux-Noix to St. Vincent de Paul without accident. The Wardens informed them that they would not be molested, and that they were to receive their share of honor that his confidence would not be undeserved; and showed them at the same time, that any unruly conduct would at once be punished in a summary and effectual manner. Every necessary precaution was taken and these unfortunate youths were safely lodged in the new Reformatory at noon on Friday; the good kind girls having, to the gratification of all, most unexpectedly prepared a good warm dinner for them, for which the boys were most grateful. Many of these poor lads had been visited by the Lady Priores, while in Jail in Montreal; and an occasional visit from these ladies will have a most beneficial influence, morally and religiously. We understand that the old Presbytery has been obtained for the convent, as being better adapted for the reception of a certain number of orphans and infirm persons, than the former building, and infinitely less expensive. We cannot but congratulate the people of that section for having such useful and excellent institutions in their midst, where the wayward and vicious are reformed, and where the destitute and infirm are most humanely cared for.—Cor. of Montreal Pilot.

THE MURDER OF J. S. HOGAN, M.P.P.—Jas. Brown the person who was found guilty at the Assizes in Toronto last Fall, and sentenced to be hung on the 4th December last, but who had a new trial granted him was tried in Toronto on Friday last, and again found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on the 10th of March next.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

There is scarcely any business doing. Flour—Pollards, \$2 to \$2.50; Middlings, \$2.75 to \$3.00; Fine, \$4 to \$4.10; Superfine, No. 2, \$4.50 to \$4.60; Superfine, \$4.75 to \$4.85; Fancy, \$5.30 to \$5.40; Extra, \$5.50 to \$5.60; Double Extra, \$6 to \$6.20. Bags, \$2.50 to \$2.70 per 112 lbs.

Flour has further declined: a sale of a round lot of No. 1, inspected, in shipping order and delivered into buyer's store, has been made at \$4.75. Wheat is in fair demand at \$1 for good samples of Upper Canada Spring, at which sales have been made. No transactions in Winter Wheat. Oatmeal per bbl of 200 lbs—\$4.20 to \$4.25. Dull. Oats are bought from habitans at 1s 7d to 1s 8d per minot.

Barley is bought in the same way at 2s 6d to 3s per minot, according to weight. Peas are bought at 3s to 3s 4d per minot. We hear of no wholesale transactions in the above course grains. Ashes.—Pots are still declining, the price to-day being \$6.00 to \$6.65; Inferiors, 5c. more; Pearls, \$6.10.

Butter is quite dull for all qualities. Farmers are bringing supplies freely, which are sold at 7d to 8d on the market; so that there is no demand for consumption, and we hear of no purchasers for shipment. The inferior grades are quite unsaleable, and for fair to choice Butter, we cannot quote more than 11 to 13 cents, although these quotations are almost nominal. Pork Prime \$9 to \$10; Prime Mess, \$12; Mess, \$12.50 to \$13.

Dressed Hogs.—Point St. Charles is crowded with Dressed Hogs, and buyers are holding off. There are, therefore, no transactions of any consequence, and quotations are purely nominal. Several buyers announce their readiness to purchase freely at \$4; but they find no sellers yet under \$4.25 to \$4.50. Lard 7c to 8c. Tallow 9c to 9 1/2c. Seeds—Timothy Seed, per bushel of 45 lbs., \$1.50 to \$1.75; Flax Seed, per bushel of 66 lbs., \$1.30; Red Clover, per lb., 8c to 9c.

Birth. In this city, on the 11th inst., Mrs. John Shannon of a son.

Married. On the 14th inst., at the residence of the Rev. J. R. Meade, brother of the bride, by the Rev. J. S. O'Connor, P. P., of Cornwall, Mr. John Barry, of Farranpoint, to Miss Bridget Meade, of Morrisburg.

Died. In Montreal, at her son's residence, No. 4 Tyrone-nell Place, on the 13th inst., Sarah McBearty, wife of the late John Ward, of Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland.

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT,

TO MRS. LAURA HONEY STEVENSON, Under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal.

A GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT, As above, will be given at the CITY CONCERT HALL,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, 29th JAN.

Programme in a future advertisement. TICKETS OF ADMISSION—25 CENTS.

To be had at the usual places, from Members of the Committee, and at the door on the evening of the Entertainment. Jan. 16.

NOTICE.

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

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR.

160 DOZEN LUBIN'S PERFUMERY, JUST RECEIVED; Winter Blossom, Jockey Club, Millefleur, Kiss-me-Quick, &c., &c.—2s 6d per Bottle.

A large and choice assortment of Silver-capped and other Fancy Smelling Bottles, Vianettes, &c.; Hair, Tooth, and Nail Brushes; Combs, &c., of every description and price; Fancy Soaps, in boxes, for presents.

SYRUPS.

Ginger, Lemon, Pineapple, Orange, Sarsaparilla, &c., in Bottles, 1s 3d; Quart Bottles, 1s 6d; equal, if not superior to any in the city.

R. J. DEVINS, CHEMIST, Next the Court-House, Montreal.

DR. FABER'S NEW WORK, ENTITLED, BETHLEHEM, Has just been received by D. & J. SADLER & CO. Dec. 19, 1861.

TO TEACHERS.

A MALE and FEMALE TEACHER, holding Second Class Certificates, are Wanted in the Roman Catholic Separate School, Peterboro, to whom a competent Salary will be given. THOMAS LEONARD, JAMES B. DUNN, Trustees. Peterboro Dec. 17, 1861.

WANTED.

BY the Trustees of the Catholic Separate School of TRENTON, a competent TEACHER, to whom a liberal Salary will be given. Apply by letter, post-paid, to the Rev. H. BRITTON, Sec.-Treas. Jan. 8, 1862.

LOTTERY! LOTTERY! LOTTERY!

THE LOTTERY in favor of the ASYLUM of St. VINCENT OF PAUL will take place on TUESDAY, the 14th inst., in the HALL of the Asylum, VISITATION STREET. Bring your Tickets

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

The Journal de Bruxelles states that on Friday the 9th of January, the President-General of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, together with the Vicar-General M. Orléans, Vice-President of the General Council, had an audience of M. de Persigny, the Minister of the Interior, to request of him that the General Council, as it existed before his circular, might be reorganized. The Minister replied merely that he would take the Emperor's orders. It is said that M. de Persigny, who, though the Society of St. Vincent de Paul might not interfere in politics, it had at least this duty, that it formed a sort of Catholic army, which at any moment, in case of a serious difficulty with the Holy See, might embarrass the Government. It is said that the General Council have addressed to the Emperor the request referred to by the Minister. Should they fail, they intend to publish a declaration of the true state of the Society, their reasons for no longer existing, and the correspondence between M. de Persigny and M. Baudouin since October 15th.

is now so insidiously outraged. Yesterday the Ami de la Religion was the organ of Mgr. Dupanloup, to-day it is that of Mgr. Roussier. This incident confirms me still more in what I insist of, namely, the approaching evacuation of Rome, and democratic elections. The only arms left us are prayer and the certainty that the Emperor will appear in success against the Church, and the Church will be the victor. Paris Cor. of the 17th of January. Any solution of the Italian question, and change whatever, would surely be acceptable to the wretched people, who see the Parliament of Turin powerless to extricate them from the abyss into which the revolution has plunged them. But apparently unable to do more than wrangle and make helpless guesses at the wishes and intentions of the Emperor of the French. A certain amount of liveliness was imparted to one of their sittings last week, by the attempt of a British female to express her sentiments to the assembled deputies, and all interjections were suspended for a short time, to enable the contending parties to unite and eject the strong-minded intruder. She was a person named White, who did the State some service last year, with other kindred female spirits (the "She Admirals" of Dumas, among others) as assistants and commanders of the filibusters in their Sicilian expedition. The poor creature naturally thought she had a right to address a meeting, in which so many of her old friends and fellow-laborers were sitting; but she was premature; the revolution wants another start, and it must get on a few degrees farther, before the republican female can be offered to vituperate in the parliament house. Things in Paris were almost in a hopeless state when Demoulois de Thorouge and the other "unfortunate females" of the city began to occupy themselves with public affairs. Our countryman has no reason, however, to give up in despair all hope of signaling herself. If the signs of the times are worth anything, there will be work for her and her companions before long, and she may yet "expedite" her sentiments to the Deputies at Turin, if she be not too impatient, and will only wait a little while. The Piedmontese Minister of Finance, Count Bastogi, has made his Financial Statement in the Parliament of Turin, by which it appears that the ordinary revenue of the State for 1861 was £18,200,000 (eighteen million two hundred and sixty thousand pounds) and the ordinary expenses £24,518,000 (twenty-four million five hundred and eighteen thousand pounds). The deficit in the ordinary revenue was, therefore, £6,318,000 (six million three hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds). Moreover, the extraordinary revenue for 1861 was £1,372,000 (one million three hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds) and the extraordinary expenses £7,687,000. The deficit on the extraordinary revenue was, therefore, £6,315,000. But the Minister had to explain that these deficits were further increased by expenses in public works, in Sicily, and the War and Marine Departments; so that the Budget of 1861 in its ordinary department showed a deficit of £6,436,000, and in the extraordinary department of £9,579,000, or altogether £16,015,000. For 1862 he intends to raise a revenue of £20,840,000, and he says the expenditure will be £23,600,000. The deficit for 1862 will therefore be £12,760,000, and the deficit for the years 1861 and 1862, taken together, will be £28,910,000. This deficit will be partly filled up, he says, by the loan of £20,000,000 for 1861, and by other contrivances which will reduce it to £8,910,000. It would be an intolerable task to have to keep a record of the splits, feuds, jealousies, and intrigues of the Italian revolutionists. It is a thing, of course, that they all envy, hate, and despise one another. Just at present they are in most distracted confusion. Parliamentarians at Turin are brawling and intriguing, and Ricasoli has been applying in vain to a dozen men to join his Ministry. Some time ago it was announced that General Furr's mission to Garibaldi had produced a reconciliation between the pirate and the Robber King. The consequence was a split in the Comitato di Provedimento, as the Revolutionary Committee is called, and Crispi and Mordini forsook Garibaldi for Mazzini. Now we are told that Mordini had an interview with Garibaldi on the 4th, and that Garibaldi and Mazzini are reconciled. Garibaldi has assured him that, in the month of April the war with Austria will begin, and the Roman and Venetian questions will be solved. Victor Emmanuel is said to have given Garibaldi his word of honor to make war on Austria in April, and Garibaldi told Mordini that if the King did not keep his word, he, Garibaldi, would begin the war himself. On this reconciliation between the miscreants came to pass. WORKING CLASS DISCONTENT IN ITALY.—There is great restlessness among the working classes in Genoa. The shoemakers had struck three days ago. Now the hermetici, or macaroni manufacturers, are striking for an increase of wages and diminution of work. Two or three bloody fights with knives, with several dead and wounded, occurred in the same city between sailors belonging to United States' ships (Northern division). It is matter of general complaint that the police are slack and negligent there, as everywhere else in Italy. Times Correspondent. Mazzini is under a sentence of death, pronounced by default, in consequence of a foolish riot at Genoa, in which a luckless sergeant was assassinated in the most cowardly manner in one of the forts of that city. By reason of that sentence no amnesty can be extended to him, according to the laws of the country, until he delivers himself up and the sentence is, upon a fair trial, confirmed or cancelled. This is the only reason which prevents the King and Government openly and formally allowing Mazzini's return to Italy, but they have winked in a hundred instances, and would in a hundred more wink at his presence at Genoa or Naples, or wherever else he might choose to bask in the rays of the Italian sun, so long as he showed a proper respect for the law of the country. When he was at Naples, under the protection of the pro-dictatorship of Pallavicini Trivulzio, his cordial friend, the latter, who could at any time have laid hand upon him, did not attempt to drive, but simply adjured him to take himself out of the kingdom, as his "presence," he said, "whether it was from any fault of his or not, wrought mischief to the country." The main cause of disension between the Garibaldi and the Mazzinian party at Genoa, to which I alluded in a previous letter, arose from a contemplated expedition to Rome, for which the so-called "Comitato di Provedimento" pressed into service the residue of the Garibaldi fund for the million of muskets. Macehi, Sirtori, Bizio, and the other true friends of Garibaldi, disapproved the wild scheme. Savi, Campanella, and other Mazzinians pure sang, parted from the former, and joined into a new "unitarian association." Both parties have sent their envoys to Caprea, with a hope of winning Garibaldi over to their views. Garibaldi's own inclinations can hardly be at variance with those of his best officers; he is, however, easily influenced by all who accost him, and his determination is looked forward to with some uneasiness. Times Cor. PAPAL STATES.—A letter from Bologna, dated on the 3rd instant, and addressed to the Osservatore Romano, says:—"The St. Peter's Pence has now assumed fresh vigour amongst us. In every locality persons are found desirous to give money for Pius IX. During the last week there have been exhibited in various places inscriptions of 'Viva Pio IX,' and wherever they are effaced, they are found again on the following day more visible and marked than ever. The number of portraits of the Holy Father recently sold is incredible. The office of 'Catholic Short-Readings' alone has sold 20,000 of them without reckoning those sent for from France. It is on account of the pro-Papal spirit, of which these are the signs, that the Piedmontese officials here feel by

to admit these complications a financial crisis prevailed in the government of Kiev. Several manufacturers had closed their works. The engagements of the troops which have already stopped payment amount to nearly a million pounds sterling. The engagements of the banker who failed at Bardschew are estimated at two million roubles. The Paris papers publish a telegram from Breslau dated 19th inst., which states that since the arrest of the Administrator of the diocese of Warsaw, the authorities have made the clergy and the superiors of the convents responsible for the churches remaining closed. The keeper of the Bernardin Church had been imprisoned for refusing to open it. The Basilian Church, belonging to the United Greeks, had been opened by force. The wax tapers were lighted by the soldiers who compelled the priests to officiate. The offices of the Bank of Warsaw and the Finance Commission had been searched, and two of the clerks arrested. Two others managed to escape. 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And who are the men that dare to talk to the Irish people of 'throwing off' and setting at defiance the influence of the clergy? Little have they profited by the experience of the past, and grievously do they pervert the teachings of Ireland's history who venture in this age of the world, to stir up a national feeling in that country without the co-operation of the clergy. What can we think of the wisdom of those who would save the old ship that has had the cross for well nigh fifteen centuries by throwing the ministers of Christ overboard? Ireland reject clerical influence! Ireland gain her long lost independence by closing her ears to the successors of her martyred priests and bishops! Ireland walk hand with her republicans and anarchists, and raise the bloody banner of modern infidelity on the ruins of her ancient faith and piety! Why the world would cry shame on her she did—the very enemies of religion would point the finger of scorn at her, if she—the Island of Saints—the missionary of the world—the nursery of the faith—the martyr-nation—if she should catch the unholy spirit of the age, and suffer the emissaries of evil to sow her consecrated soil with the baneful seeds of irreligion and infidelity. The 'Irish clergy' whose influence is so lightly spoken of by our pseudo-Irish Nationalists, are not confined to Ireland. There is scarcely a country in the wide extent of Christendom that has not some Irish priests to minister at its altars and edify the faithful by their pure and fervent faith—the Catholics of the New World are, to a vast extent, under the influence of these same 'Irish priests'—they have the confidence and the warm affection of those millions of trans-Atlantic Irish on whose assistance our home-patriots (the anti-clerical spouters included) depend so much; let them bear these facts in mind, and think twice before they talk or write again of 'setting the clergy at defiance,' and 'scorning priestly influence.' We know it is silly trawdle, all that, but it might become dangerous. Even fools can work mischief." The disregard by the Federal Government of America of the principles that through recent centuries have mitigated the worst barbarities of war, has led those who are interested in private commerce, and pecuniary affairs with that country to entertain some feeling of solicitude as to whether, in the event of hostilities with England, similar indifference would not be manifested to the example set by European nations in dealing with such cases. THE SOUTHERN STATES.—Mr. Maury, who is so well known to all navigators and to all scientific men, has addressed a long letter to Admiral Fitz Roy, containing an apology for the step he has taken of resigning his post at the Washington Observatory, and devoting himself to the cause of his compatriots of the South. Mr. Maury's history of the grievances of the Southern States is much too elaborate for our columns but the following extracts contain nearly all that relates to the present state of the conflict:—"President Lincoln has, by his own mere dictum, and that of his lieutenants, suspended the writ of habeas corpus. He has muzzled the press and abridged the freedom of speech. He has, without authority of law, and against the Constitution, which he is sworn to defend and support, plunged the country into war, murdered our citizens, burnt our houses, and is wasting their substance. He has, without warrant, seized unoffending citizens, and without acquitting them with the nature of their offence, has imprisoned them in loathsome dungeons. He has set aside the civil authorities and declared martial law to rule in their stead, and under the tyrant's plea, he is proceeding to do a great many acts and things—things which would more become the savage and the brute. He has sent against us an army, and provided them with manacles to bind us in his prisons. His Zouaves who fell at Manassas were equipped with halters already adjusted for our necks and the lamp-post; and first having treated medicines, drugs, and surgical instruments as contraband of war, he leaves after defeat in battle his wounded to be cared for by us whom he had sought to deprive of remedies. After his defeat at the battle of Bull's Run, he sent neither flag to bury his dead nor physicians to treat his wounded. In short, Lincoln and his myrmidons are preparing to enact upon us the scenes of La Vendee in the French Revolution. "Though not so mighty in numbers nor so rich in war-like supplies as the enemy, we are 8,000,000 of people thrice armed, in that our quarrel is just.—Fighting for our homes, we are mighty in battle.—In mere lust the enemy is fighting for power and conquest; we, for ourselves, the graves of our fathers dead life, and all that is precious to the heart and to civilisation. Our cause is holy; theirs hellish. We cannot, we will not, be subjugated. "The contrast is frequently drawn by our old men between the conduct of the English in the war of 1812 and the conduct of the hordes of Lincoln now. The English invaded us, but respected the property, and regarded the rights of unarmed citizens. The same counties have been invaded by Lincoln. He

has devastated and laid them waste, and for what? Why, simply to compel us to submit to his governance. Suppose he should succeed, would not success overturn the whole fabric of the Constitution? That Republic was founded on the consent of the governed. Failing in this, it is no longer either a Republic or any other form of government that has at its foundation the will of the people of this country. We want nothing of the North. We choose not to submit to Northern domination; we are fighting simply to be left alone, and to be permitted to govern ourselves in our own way. "The South presents the remarkable spectacle of an army having its ranks the first men and best talents of the country. To subdue or conquer such an army is simply an impossibility, for its soldiers are fighting for what makes the dear to them: a fight with a price upon their heads, and a halter around their neck. Nor I alone, but every man of mark or substance among us, Lincoln's men are not made of such stuff; for they are for the most part mere hirelings, and their armies in battle are strengthened by such hopes and moved by no such fears as those which inspire us. They talk of reconstruction of the Government and a reunion of the people. Simply, and in a few words, reannexation to the British Crown is more possible. "I very much desire that the friends of free government in Europe should be correctly informed as to the true state of things with us; for your information being chiefly derived through our enemies, it is of course biased, generally, also, it is not only erroneous, but wilfully mendacious. The papers at the North that lead our cause, or dare tell the truth about this war, are suppressed by Lincoln's mere sic jubeo. A large majority of us, they would have you believe, are opposed to secession and this war. Saving some of the Western counties of this State, and a few in East Tennessee, I have never known the people so united upon any subject. The women, if possible, are more enthusiastic than the men; they are of one mind, and the clergy are as earnest as the women. In the week, the clergy are of their own free will, drilling and being drilled to arms; their churches are given up to the women, who, with needles and sewing machines, congregate there to make clothing for the soldiers. On Sundays, from the pulpit, the holiness of the war and the righteousness of our cause are preached to the people. In battles, you find clergymen among the foremost of the fight. We have on our side a bishop for a general, holy divines for colonels, majors, captains, and soldiers in the ranks. Never was a people more united and in earnest than the people of the Confederate States are at this moment. "Yes, you have heard something too of our starving—of our inability to produce breadstuffs and provisions enough for our own use; &c. To make you believe that would be requiring you to renounce your belief in physical geography, for that shows that within the Confederate States we have the finest of climates; our lands are unsurpassed in fertility; we are a grazing, and a farming, and a planting people. Educated in the South, I never saw a beggar until I entered the navy and went to New York. Such is the habitual abundance that the very few poor who are found among us are provided for without calling on the people for poor-rates. Our Southern laws recognise no such tax.—The staples of Georgia are cotton and rice, yet the census shows that according to population Georgia furnishes as much wheat as New York, and New York is one of the wheat-growing States of the North.—Never have the grain crops of the South been more abundant than they now are. The blockade of our ports, admitting it to be effectual, would not interfere with us as to any of the necessities of life. It may cut off our supplies of tea and coffee, and the various articles of merchandise that we have been accustomed to receive from abroad; but this does not amount even to a privation, for we submit to these wants as a self-denial and a discipline that is all for our good. "I see no end to this wicked and savage war as long as the arch spirits which surround Lincoln remain in power. Before and after every battle we hold out the olive branch, demanding simply, 'Let us go.' We do not desire to subjugate or invade his people. We are simply trying to cut loose from them, and to have nothing to do with them or their institutions one way or the other. As a proof which we wished to give them and the world of our forbearance and sincerity, behold the movements of the enemy since the battle of Manassas. We have not been disposed to follow up that single victory by a single act of invasion. Rely upon it, the old Union is irretrievably gone and secession is rapidly gaining ground. The thinking men in several of the free States are daily beginning to cast about for fresh compacts, for new political and social combinations; and among the new developments which the morrow may bring forth be not surprised to find Pennsylvania and, perhaps, New Jersey, seeking admission into our new Republic, as one of the States of the Confederacy." ARCHBISHOP KENRICK'S THEOLOGY. Complete in 5 vols. 8vo. Reduced in Price from \$16 to \$10. Now Ready in 2 Vols. 8vo. Roan, \$4; Half Calf, \$1 THEOLOGY MORALIS. quam continavit Franciscus Patricius Kenrick, Archiepiscopus Baltimorensis, Secundus, Curis Auctoris. We are happy in being able to announce, that we are now ready to furnish the complete body of MORAL THEOLOGY, prepared by our Most Rev. Archbishop. The second edition from the press of Mr. H. Dessain, Malines, is comprised in two volumes. It contains the matter of the former edition, which was in three volumes, and is considerably improved and enlarged. Constant reference is made to the laws and usages of our country, which must necessarily direct and modify the application of moral principles laid down by European divines. The relations of master and servant, which are scarcely touched on in foreign treatise, are here developed and defined. The various contracts in use among us are explained, and the respective obligations of the parties are discussed. In many other matters of practice, direction is afforded to the Missionary and Confessor, which is particularly adapted to local circumstances, inasmuch as the general discipline of the Church is mitigated by special concessions, or prevailing custom. Recently published, Uniform with the above, 3 Vols. 8vo. Roan, \$6; Half Calf, \$9. 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This edition, though much enlarged, is reduced to \$6 instead of \$10—a little more than half the price of the former edition, so as to place it within the reach of Theological Seminaries, Students, &c.; to whom a liberal discount will be made when purchased in quantities. Early orders respectfully solicited. MURPHY & CO., Publishers, Baltimore.

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