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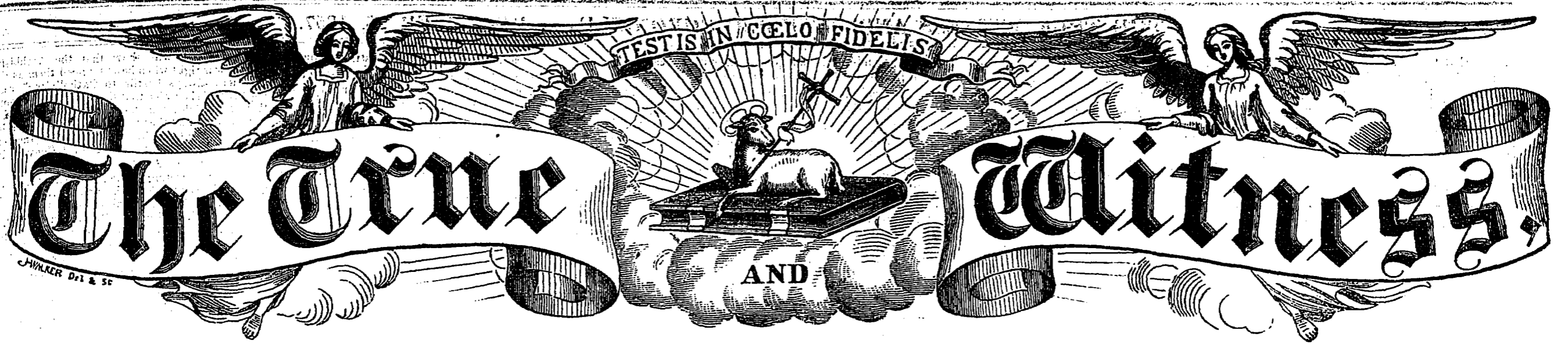
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1857.

No. 20.

ELLEN DUNCAN.

(From the Dublin Penny Journal.)

There are some griefs so deep and overwhelming, that even the best exertions of friendship and sympathy are unequal to the task of soothing or dispelling them. Such was the grief of Ellen Duncan, who was silently weeping in her lone cottage on the borders of Clare—a county at that time in a frightful state of anarchy and confusion. Owen Duncan, her husband, at the period about which our tale commences, resided in the cabin where he was born and reared, and to which, as well as a few acres of land adjoining, he had succeeded on the death of his father. They had not been long married, and never were husband and wife more attached. About this time outrages began to be perpetrated; and soon increased fearfully in number. Still Owen and Ellen lived happily, and without fear, as they were too poor for the marauders to dream of getting much booty by robbing; and their religion being known to be “the old religion of all or all,” in a warfare that was exclusively one of party, they were more protected than otherwise. Owen never was particularly thrifty; and as his means were small, was generally embarrassed, or rather somewhat pinched in circumstances. Notwithstanding this, however, he was as happy as a king; and according to his unlettered neighbors’ artless praise, “there wasn’t a readier hand, nor an opener heart in the wide world—that’s iv he had it—bud he hadn’t, an’ more was the pity.” His entire possessions consisted of the ground we have mentioned, most part of which was so rocky as to be entirely useless—a cow, a couple of pigs, and “the ould cabin,” which consisted of four mud walls, covered with thatch, in which was an opening, “to let in the day-light, an’ to let out the smoke.” In the interior there was no division, or separate apartment, as the one room contained their cooking materials, and all other necessities, beside their bed, which was placed close to the fire, and, of course, nearly under the opening in the roof. If any one spoke to Owen about the chances of rain coming down to where they slept, his universal answer was, “Shure we’re neither shugar nor salt, any how; an’ a dhrop or rain, or a thrifle ov wind, was niver known to do any body harm—barrin’ it brought the typhus; bud God’s good, an’ orders all for the best.” Owen had been brought up in this way, and so as he could live by his labor, he never thought of needless luxuries; and Ellen, seeing him contented, was so herself.

For some months previous to the time of which we write, Owen’s affairs had been gradually getting worse and worse; and it was with no pleasing anticipations that he looked forward to his approaching rent day. His uneasiness he studiously kept a secret from his wife, and worked away seemingly with as much cheerfulness as ever, hoping for better days, and trusting in Providence! However, when within a week of the time that he expected a call from the agent, he found that with all his industry he had been only able to muster five and twenty shillings, and his rent was above five pounds. So, after a good deal of painful deliberation, he thought of selling his single cow, thinking that by redoubled exertion he might after a while be enabled to repurchase her; forgetting, that before the cow was sold was really the time to make the exertion.—A circumstance that greatly damped his ardor in this design was the idea of his wife’s not acquiescing in it; and one evening, as they sat together by the light of the wood and turf fire, he thus opened his mind—

“Ellen, ashore, it’s myself that’s sorry I haven’t a fine large cabin, an’ a power o’ money, to make you happier an’ comfortabler than you are.”

“Owen,” she interrupted, “don’t you know I’m very happy? an’ didn’t I often tell you, that it was the will of Providence that we shud be poor? So it’s sinful to be wishin’ for riches.”

“Bud, Ellen, a cushla, it’s growin’ worse wid us every day; an’ I’m afraid the trouble is goin’ to come on us. You know how hard the master’s new agent is—how he sould Paddy Murphy’s cow, an’ turned him out, because he couldn’t pay his rent; an’ I’m afraid I’ll have to sell ‘Black Bess,’ to prevent his doin’ the same wid us.”

“Well, Owen agra, we mustn’t murmur for our distresses; so do whatever you think right—times won’t be always as they are now.”

“Bud, Ellen,” said he, “you’re forgettin’ how you’ll miss the dhrop ov milk, an’ the bit of fresh butter, fur whin we part wid the poor baste, you won’t have even them to comfort you.”

“Indeed, an’ iv I do miss them, Owen,” she answered, “shure it’s no matter, considerin’ the bein’ turned out ov one’s home into the world. Remember the ould sayin’ ov, ‘out ov two evils always chuse the laste?’ an’ so, darlint, jist do whatever you think is fur the best.”

After this conversation, it was agreed on by both that Owen should set out the next day by one for the town, to try and dispose of the “cow,

the crathur;” and although poverty had begun to grind them a little, still they had enough to eat, and slept tranquilly. However, it so happened, that the very morning on which he had appointed to set out, “Black Bess” was seized for a long arrears of a tax that had not been either asked or paid there for some time, and driven off, with many others belonging to his neighbours, to be sold. Now you must know, good reader, that there is a feeling interwoven, as it were, in the Irish nature, that will doggedly resist any thing that it conceives in the slightest or most remote degree oppressive or unjust; and that feeling then completely usurped all others in Owen’s mind. He went amongst his friends, and they consoled with one another about their grievances; there was many a promise exchanged, that they would stand by each other in their future resistance to what they considered an unlawful impost. When the rent-day came, by disposing of his two pigs, and by borrowing a little, he was enabled to pay the full amount, and thus protract for some time the fear “ov bein’ turned out on the world.”

Some days after, the whole country was in a tumult—Daly, “the proctor,” was found murdered in the centre of the high road; and there was no clue perceptible, by which the perpetrators of the crime could be discovered. The very day before, Owen had borrowed the gamekeeper’s gun, to go, as he said, to a wild, mountainous part of the country to shoot hares; and from this circumstance, and his not having returned the day after, a strong feeling of suspicion against him was in the minds of most. In fact, on the very evening that we have represented Ellen sitting in tears, the police had come to the cabin in search of him; and their report to the magistrate was, that he had absconded. His wife was in a miserable state of mind, and her whole soul was tortured with conflicting emotions. Owen’s long absence, as well as his borrowing the gun, seemed to bespeak his guilt; and yet, when she recollected the gentleness of his manner, and his hitherto blameless life, she could not deem him so, no matter how circumstances seemed against him. But then, the harrowing idea that it might be, came in to blast these newly formed hopes, and her state of suspense was one of deep and acute misery.

She was sitting, as we have said, alone; the fire, that had consisted of two or three sods of turf heaped upon the floor, had almost entirely gone out; the stools and benches were tossed negligently here and there; and the appearance of the entire apartment was quite different from its usual neat and tidy trim. Her head was bent a little, and her hands were clasped tightly round her knees, while her body was swaying to and fro, as if the agitation of her mind would not allow of its repose. Her eyes were dry, but red from former weeping; and she was occasionally muttering, “No, he can’t be guilty!”—“Owen commit a murder!—It must be an untruth!”—and such like expressions. Gradually, as she thus thought aloud, her motions became more rapid, and her cheeks were no longer dry, while the light that entered through the open door becoming suddenly shaded, she turned round, and raised her fearful eyes to question the intruder. She sprang eagerly forward, and hung on his neck, (for it was Owen himself), while she joyfully exclaimed—

“Oh, heaven be praised, yer come back at last, to give the lie to all their reports, an’ to prove yer innocence.”

“Ellen, my darlint,” he answered, “I knew you’d be glad to get me back,” and he kissed again and again her burning lips; “but what do you mane, a cushla?—What reports do you spake ov, an’ ov what am I accused?”

“Oh, thin, Owen, I’m glad you didn’t even hear ov id; an’ the polis here sarchin’ the house to make you pres’ner. Shure, avick, Bill Daly, the proctor, that sazed poor Black Bess, was murdered the very mornin’ you went to shoot the hares; an’ on account ov yer borrowin’ the gun, an’ threatenin’ him the day ov the sale, they said it was you that done id; bud I gev thim all the lie, fur I knew you wor innocent. Now, Owen, a hagar, you look tired, sit down, an’ I’ll get you somethin’ to ate. Och, bud I’m glad that yer returned safe!”

The overjoyed wife soon heaped fresh turf on the fire, and partly blowing, partly fanning it into a flame, hung a large iron pot over it, from a hook firmly fixed in the wall. While these preparations were going forward, Owen laid aside his rough outside coat, and going to the door, looked out, as if in irresolution.

“Ellen,” at length said he, turning suddenly round, “I’m thinkin’ that I’d better go to the polis barrack an’ surrinder—or rather, see what they have to say agin me; as I’m an innocent man, I’ve no dhread; an’ if I wait till they come an’ take me, it’ll look as iv I was afraid.”

“Thue fur you, agra,” she answered; “but it’s time enough yit a bit—no one knows ov yer bein’ here. You look slaved, an’ had better rest yerself, an’ ate a pratee or two. I have no

milk ov my own to offer you now, but I’ll go an’ thry an’ get a dhrop from a neighbor.”

When Ellen returned with a little wooden noggin full, her husband was sitting warming his hands over the fire; and it was then she recollected that he had not brought back the gun with him; besides, when she cast a glance at his clothes, they were soiled with mud and clay, and torn in many places. But these circumstances did not for a moment operate in her mind against him, for she knew from the very manner of his first question, and the innocence of his exclamation, that the accusations and suspicions were all false. Even though he had not attempted to explain the cause of his protracted absence, she felt conscious that it was not guilt, and forbore to ask any questions about it. It was he first opened the subject, as they sat together over their frugal meal.

“Ellen,” said he, “sence I saw you last, I wint through a dale ov hardship; an’ I little thought, on my return, that I’d be accused ov so black a crime.”

“Och, shure enough, Owen darlint; but I hope it’ll be all fur the best. I little thought I’d see the day that you’d be suspected ov murder.”

“Well, Ellen aroon, all’s in it, it can’t be helped. Bud as I was sayin’—whin I left this, I cut across by Shemus Doyle’s, an’ so up into the mountain, where I knew the hares were coorsin’ about in plenty. I shot two or three ov thim; an’ as night began to fall, I was thinkin’ ov comin’ home, whin I heard the barkin’ ov a dog a little farther up, in the wild part, where I niver venthured afore. I dunna what prompted me to folly id; bud, any how, I did, an’ wint on farther an’ farther. Well, Ellen agra, I at last come to a deep valley, full up a most ov furze an’ brambles, an’ I seen a black thing runnin’ down the edge ov id. It was so far off, I thought it was a hare, an’ so I lets fly, an’ it rowled over an’ over. Whin I dhrew near, what was it bud a purty black spaniel; an’ you may be shure I was sorry fur shootin’ it, an’ makin’ such a mistake. I lays down the gun, an’ takes id in my arms, an’ the poor crathur licked the hand that shot it. Thin suddenly there comes up three strange min, an’ sazin’ me as if I wor a child, they carried me down wid them, cursin’ an’ abusin’ me all the way. As they made me take a solemn oath not to reveale what I saw there, I can’t tell you any more; but they thrated me badly, an’ it was only yestherday I escaped.”

“Well, Owen, a hagar, we ought to be thankful that you’re back here safe; but do you think the magistrate will be satisfied with this story—they are always anxious to do justice, but they must be satisfied.”

“In throth, they are, machree; but shure I’ll sware to id; an’ besides, you know, the real murderer may be discovered—for God never lets it, or all other crimes, go about unpunished.—An’ now I’ll jist go to the barracks at onst, an’ be outov suspin’.”

Ere Duncan had concluded this sentence, the tramp of feet was heard outside, and in a few seconds the cabin was full of armed men, who came to take him prisoner. He had been seen entering his cabin; and they immediately, i.e., as soon as they could muster a party, set out to make him captive. As he was known to most of them, and did not make the slightest attempt at resistance, they treated him gently, but bound his hands firmly behind his back, and took every necessary precaution. Though Ellen, while it seemed at a distance, had conversed calmly about his surrender, she was violently agitated at the appearance of the armed force. She clung to her husband’s knees, and refused to part from him, wildly exclaiming, “He’s innocent! My husband’s innocent!” and when all was prepared, she walked by his side to the magistrate’s house, (a distance of three miles) her choking sobs and burning tears attesting the violence of her uncontrolled feelings. A short examination was gone through there; and the circumstantial evidence that was adduced made the case look very serious. One man positively swore, that he had seen Duncan pass by in the morning, in the direction where the body was found, and that he was armed with a gun. Another, that in about an hour afterwards he had heard a shot, but supposed it was some person cursing, and that the report was just where the body was found, and where Owen had been seen proceeding to. His only cov having been seized by Daly, a threat that he was heard uttering, and his absence from home, was duly commented on; and finally, he was committed to prison to abide his trial at the Ennis Assizes. While all this was going forward, Ellen’s emotions were most agonizing. She stared wildly at the magistrate and the two witnesses; and as the evidence was proceeded with, she sometimes hastily put back her hair, as if she thought she were under the influence of a dream. But when his final committal was made out, and her mind glanced rapidly at the concurrent testimony, and the danger of Owen, she rushed forward, and flinging her arms round him, wildly exclaimed—

“They sha’n’t part us—they sha’n’t tear us asunder! No, no, Owen, I will go wid you to prison! Oh, is id come to this wid us?—You to be dirragged from home, accused ov murder—and I—I—Father of mercies, keep me in my sinses—I’m goin’ mad—wild, wild mad!”

“Ellen!” said Owen, gently unwinding her arms, and kissing her forehead, while a scalding tear fell from his eye on her cheek—“Ellen, ashore machree! don’t be overcome. There’s a good girl, dhry yer eyes. That God that knows I’m guiltless, I’ll bring me safe through all. May His blessin’ be on you, my poor colleen, till me meet agin! You know you can come an’ see me. Heaven purtect you, Ellen, a lanna!—Heaven purtect you!”

When he was finally removed, she seemed to lose all power, and but for the arm of a bystander would have fallen to the ground. It was not without assistance that she was at length enabled to reach her cabin.

It was strange how man’s feelings and powers are swayed by outward circumstances, and how his pride and strength may be entirely overcome by disheartening appearances! So it was with Owen; although constantly visited in prison by his faithful wife—although conscious of his own innocence—and although daily receiving assurances of hope from a numerous circle of friends—yet still his spirit drooped; the gloom of imprisonment, the idea of danger, the ignominy of public execution, and all the horrors of innocent conviction, gradually wore away his mental strength; and when the assize time approached, he was but a thin shadow of the former bluff, healthy Owen Duncan. In so short a time as this, can care and harrowing thought exhibit its influence on the human frame!

Never was there a finer or more heavenly morning than that which ushered in the day of trial. The court-house was crowded to suffocation, the mob outside fearfully numerous, and never before, perhaps, was Ennis in such a state of feverish excitement. Daly’s murder was sought in the minds of all, in comparison with Duncan’s accusation. Alas! the former was an occurrence of too frequent repetition, to be very much thought of; but the latter—namely, Owen’s being suspected—was a subject of the extremest wonder. His former high character—his sobriety—his quietness, and his being a native of the town, in some measure accounted for this latter feeling; and there was an inward conviction in most men’s minds, that he was guiltless of the crime for which he was accused. Although the court-house was crowded, yet when the prisoner was called to the bar, a pin could be heard to drop in any part of the place. There was a single female figure leaning on the arm of an aged and silver-haired, though hale and healthy countryman, within a few feet of the dock; and as the prisoner advanced, and laying his hand on the iron railing, confronted the judges and the court, she slowly raised the hood of the cloak, in which she was completely muffled, and gazed long and earnestly on his face. There was in that wistful look, a fear—a hope—an undying tenderness; and when his eye met hers, there was a proud, yet soft and warm expression in its glance, that re-assured her sinking heart. As she looked round on the court, and the many strange faces, and all the striking paraphernalia of justice, a slight shudder crept silently over her face, and she clung closer to her companion, as if to ask for all the protection he could afford. It was Ellen and her father, who came, the former summoned as a witness, and the latter to accompany and support the daughter of his aged heart.

Duncan was arraigned; and on being asked the usual question of “guilty, or not guilty?” he answered in a clear, calm voice, “Not guilty, my Lord!” and the trial proceeded. The same evidence that was given at the magistrate’s house was a second time repeated; and, evidently, its train of circumstances made a deep impression on the court. While the first part of the examination was going forward, Ellen remained as motionless as a statue, scarcely daring to move or breathe; but when the depositions went more and more against Owen, her respirations became quick, short, and gaspish; and when the crier desired her to get up on the table, it was with difficulty that she obeyed him. When seated, she gazed timidly round on the crowd of counsellors and the judges, as though to bespeak their sympathy; but then, not meeting a single glance from which to glean even the shadow of hope, she covered her face with her hands. A moment or two elapsed, and she grew more assured, and the counsel for the Crown proceeded with the examination.

“Ellen Duncan, is not that your name?” was the first question.

“It is, Sir,” she shrillingly answered, without raising her eyes.

“Do you know the prisoner at the bar?”

“Do I know the pres’ner at the bar?” she reiterated; “do I know Owen Duncan? Shure, isn’t he my own husband?”

“Do you recollect the night of the twenty-first of September?”

“I do, Sir.”

“Can you swear to whether your husband was at home on that night or not?”

Her voice faltered a little as she answered in the negative; and on the presiding judge repeating the question, with the addition of, “Did he return at all next day?” it seemed as if she first thought that her answers might criminate him still farther, and clasping her hands convulsively together, and raising her face to the bench, while the scalding tears chased each other down her sunken cheek, she passionately exclaimed—

“Oh, for the love of heaven, don’t ask me any thing that’ll be worse for him! Don’t, counsellor, jewel, don’t!—don’t ask me to sware any thing that’ll do him harm; for I can’t know what I’m sayin’ now, as the heart within me is growin’ wake.”

After a few cheering expressions from the bench, who evidently were much moved by her simply energetic language and action, she was asked whether she could tell the Court where her husband spent that and the following nights; and with all the eagerness that an instantaneously formed idea of serving him could give, she answered—

“Oh, yis! yis! my Lord, I can. He was in the mountains shootin’ wid Phil Doran’s gun, an’ he was sazed by some men, that made him stop wid thim, an’ take an oath not to reveale who they wor, an’ they thrated him badly; so after three days he made his escape, an’ come home to the cabin, whin he was taken by the polis.”

“One word more, and you may go down—What was done with that gun?”

The judge’s hard and unmoved tone of voice seemed to bring insupporting to her mind, and she trembled from head to foot as she falteringly answered—

“The wild boys in the mountain kep’ it, my Lord, an’ so he couldn’t bring id home wid him. But indeed, my Lord, indeed he’s innocent—I’ll swear he never done id! Fur, oh! iv you knew the tinderness ov his heart—he that niver hurt a fly! Don’t be hard on him, for the love ov mercy, an’ I’ll pray for you night an’ day.”

This was the last question she was asked; and having left the table, and regained her former position by her father’s side, she listened with motionless intensity to the judge’s “charge.” He recapitulated the evidence—dwelt on the strong circumstances that seemed to bespeak his guilt—spoke of the mournful increase of crime—of laws, and life, and property being at stake—and finally closed his address with a sentence expressive of the extreme improbability of the prisoner’s defence; for he, on being asked if he had any thing further to say, replied in the negative, only asserting, in the most solemn manner, his innocence of the charge.

The jury retired, and Ellen’s hard, short breathings, alone told that she existed. Her head was thrown back, her lips apart, and slightly quivering, and her eyes fixedly gazing on the empty box, with an anxious and wild stare of hope and suspense. Owen’s face was very pale, and his lips livid—there was the slightest perceptible emotion about the muscles of his mouth, but his eye quailed not, and his broad brow had the impress of an unquenched spirit as firmly fixed as ever on its marble front. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and still the same agonising suspense—another, and the jury returned not—five minutes, and they re-entered. Ellen’s heart beat as if it would burst her bosom; and Owen’s pale cheek became a little more flushed, and his eye full of anxiety. The foreman in a measured, feelingless tone pronounced the word “Guilty!” and a thrill of horror passed through the entire court, while that sickness which agonises the very depths of the soul convulsed Owen’s face with a momentary spasm, and he faltered, “God’s will be done.” The judge slowly drew on the black cap, and still Ellen moved not—it seemed as if her very blood within her veins was frozen, and that her life’s pulses no more could execute their functions! No man, however brave or hardened, can view the near approach of certain death, and be unmoved; and as that old man, in tremulous tones, uttered the dread fiat of his fate, Owen’s eyes seemed actually to sink within his head—the veins of his brow swelled and grew black, and his hands grasped the iron rail that surrounded the dock, as though he would force his fingers through it. When all was over, and the fearful cap drawn off, Ellen seemed only then to awake to consciousness. Her eyes slowly opened to their fullest extent—their expression of despair was absolutely frightful—a low, gurgling, half-choking sob forced itself from between her lips, and ere a hand could be outstretched to save her, she fell, as if quickly dashed to the ground by no mortal power—her piercing shriek of agony ringing through the court-house, with a fearful, prolonged cadence.

Evening approached, and the busy crowd of idlers had passed away, some to brood over what they had seen, and others to forget, in the bustle

of life, that there were woes and miseries in the hearts of their fellow-beings. Owen was remanded to prison, as his execution was not to take place till the commission was over, thus giving him more than a week to prepare for that final doom. The light that struggled through the bars of his cell rested fully on the stooping figure of his wife, as she bent over the rude bed on which he lay; and her hot tears fell fast down her cheeks, as she thought how soon they were doomed to part for ever. Hope was not, however, entirely dead within her, for the jury had strongly recommended him to mercy; and ignorant as she was of forms and ceremonies—helpless as lone woman in misfortune always is—she had determined on going to Dublin, to kneel at the feet of the Lord Lieutenant—then the proud and whimsical Duke of —, and there to solicit his pardon. Having hesitated for some time as to the manner in which she should break it to him, and ask his advice, she thus began—

“Owen, dear Owen! do you know what I’ve been thinkin’ ov, an’ where I’ve been thinkin’ ov goin’?”

There was no answer returned for some time, and on looking at him more earnestly, she was astonished to find that he had sunk into a profound slumber. “Guilt,” thought she, “is not there!” and her resolution was taken instantly—she would not wake him—she would not let him know her purpose—and if she succeeded, her eyes flashed through her tears at the anticipation of his rapturous surprise. Stooping lower, she gently pressed her lips to his; and kneeling beside his bed, poured forth a short but fervent prayer to Him in whom alone we can put our trust—“In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind!”—

“Who preserveth not the life of the wicked, but giveth right to the poor.” There was something exceedingly and touchingly beautiful in the attitude of that young wife—her hands clasped, her lips moving with her prayer, like rose-leaves with the evening breeze, and her upturned face, with its holy and deep religious expression. Having concluded her fervent petition, she noiselessly arose, and giving her sleeping husband one long and lingering look of affection, that death could not estrange, she silently glided from the cell.

On the third night from the events which we have narrated, a poor woman was observed wending her toilsome way through the streets of the metropolis. Her appearance bespoke fatigue and long travel; and as she neared the Upper Castle-gate, she had to lean against the railing for support. The lamps were lighted, carriages rolling to and fro, and all the buzz of life was ringing in her ears; but oh! from the expression of pain and suffering in her face, and the shrinking with which she surveyed the sentinels pacing up and down, it was evident that her mind but little accorded with the scenes by which she was surrounded. She slowly and fearfully entered the wide court-yard—a flood of light was streaming from the windows of the vice-regal dwelling, and a crowd of idlers stood round about, viewing the entrance of the visitors, for it appeared as if there were a revel of some kind going on. Ellen’s heart sank within her, as she heard the carriages rolling and dashing across the pavement, for she felt that amid the bustle of company and splendor her poor appeal must be entirely unnoticed. As she waited, she saw several of the persons assembled thrust rudely back by the soldiers that were on guard, and when she advanced a step or two for the purpose of entering, a brute in human shape pushed her with a blow of the end of his musket back against the pillar. He was about to repeat his violence, when the poor creature fell on her knees before him, and screamed—

“Sojer darlin’, don’t step me! I’m only goin’, in to play for my husband’s life, an’ shure you wont prevint me? I’ve travell’d many a wairy mile to get here in time; an’ oh! fur marcy’s sake let me pass.”

At this moment the carriage of the eccentric and beautiful Lady —, one of the wildest, strangest, and best hearted females of the Irish Court, set down its lovely burden. She had seen the whole transaction of the sentinel, and heard Ellen’s pathetic appeal, and her heart was instantly moved in her favor, for the example of fashion had not yet frozen up its finer feelings. Partly through the workings of a softened heart, and partly to make what was then all the rage, a scene or sensation, she resolved instantly to get her admitted to the presence of the Duke—nay, to present her herself. She was well known to be a favorite, and whatever whim of hers took place, no matter how extravagant, was sure to meet his hearty concurrence. She desired Ellen to rise and follow her; and the poor creature’s eyes streamed with tears as she invoked a fervent blessing on the head of her lovely protectress. While passing up the grand staircase, amid the wondering gaze and suppressed titter of many a pampered mien, she instructed her how to proceed; and having received a hasty account of all, and desired her not to be faint-hearted, she turned to the simpering master of the ceremonies to tell him of her “dear delightful freak?” there was a glad smile on her lip, and a glowing crimson on her cheek, but still there was a glistening moisture in her fine eyes, that told of soft and womanish feelings.

The Duke was sitting on a chair of crimson velvet; a cushion of the same costly material supported his feet; and he was looking with an appearance of apathy and *ennui* on the splendid group around him. The glitter of the lights, the lustre of the jewels, and the graceful waving of the many-colored plumes, gave every thing a courtly, sumptuous appearance, and the air was heavy with odors, the fragrant offering of many a costly exotic. Suddenly every eye was turned on the door with wonder and astonishment, and every voice was hushed as Lady — entered, her cheeks blushing from excitement, and her eye bright with anticipated triumph. She led the poor and humbly clad Ellen by the hand who dared not look up, but with her gaze riveted on the splendid carpet, was brought like an automaton to the feet of the Duke, where she mechanically knelt down.

“Will yer Excellency be plazed,” began Lady —, playfully mimicking the brogue, “to hear this poor creatur’s complaint. Her husband has

been condemned to die for a murder he didn’t commit by no manner of means, as the sayin’ is; an’ as there was a strong recommendation to marcy, if you’ll grant him a reprieve, you’ll have all our prayers, and (in an under tone) your Excellency knows you want them?”

The Duke seemed a little bewildered, as if he could not make out what it meant, and the glittering crowd now all surrounded the group; when Ellen, who had ventured to look timidly up, conceiving that the Duke hesitated about the pardon (poor creature! she little knew that he had not even heard of Owen’s trial) eagerly grasped the drapery of his chair, and while the big tears rolled from beneath her eyelids, exclaimed—

“Oh! may the great and just Providence, that sees the workin’ ov all our hearts, pour a blessin’ on yer Lordship’s head—may His holy grace be wid you for iver an’ iver, an’ do listen to my prayers! My husband is innocent—an’ oh! as you hope for marcy at the last day, be merciful now to him.”

“Lady —,” said the Duke, “what is the meaning of all this—will you explain?”

“Your Excellency,” answered she, in the natural sweet pathos of her tones, “it is a poor man who has been condemned to die on circumstantial evidence. He has been strongly recommended to marcy, and this weeping female is his wife. I found her outside praying for admission, and have brought her hither. She has travelled mostly on foot upwards of ninety miles to ask a pardon; and I trust you will not refuse a reprieve, till your Grace has time to inquire into the circumstance.” This is the head and front of my offending.”

“May heaven bless yer Ladyship,” burst from the depths of Ellen’s grateful heart, “fur befrindin’ thim that had no support but his gracious marcy.”

Lady —’s suit was eagerly seconded by many a fair creature, who thronged around; and the Duke smiled, as he answered.

“Well, well! one could not refuse so many fair beseechers, so we will order him to be reprieved. And there now, let the poor woman be removed.”

Ellen’s heart was light, and her eye was glad, and her very inmost soul was thankful to the Omnipotent, as she that night rested for a few hours, ere she set out on her return; and Lady —, as she pressed her costly pillow, felt a fuller sense of happiness in being useful to her fellow-creature than ever she experienced before. Oh! that all the wealthy and in power were incited by similar feelings.

The remainder of our simple tale is soon told. The reprieve arrived—the sentence was changed to banishment—and the very day appointed for Owen’s death was that of his wife’s successful return. One week previous to the embarkation of those sentenced to transportation, a man was to be executed for sheep-stealing. On the drop he confessed his guilt, and that he, and not Duncan, was the murderer of Daly. Owen was immediately released, and a subscription raised for him, with which, as well as with a weighty purse presented to Ellen by Lady —, he took a comfortable farm, and rebought “Black Bess.”

DENIS O’DONOHO.

REV. DR. CAHILL

THE IRISH EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA RETURNING TO IRELAND.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

Alas! where can the poor persecuted Irish find a resting place from their sorrows: or is there an abyss below an abyss in their national sufferings? The newspaper, within the last month, state the melancholy facts that ships crowded with hundreds of the Irish were about to sail from New York; thus preferring the poverty of their native land, the Irish Poorhouse, and the Irish grave, to the misery felt at this moment in the States of America. This is a sad picture, and makes the case of Ireland, in reference to these homeless creatures a deplorable instance of mislegislation in some quarter or other. In no part of the entire globe can a similar tale be told—namely, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of its inhabitants first flying from home in terror of extermination; and then flying from larger horrors in a foreign land, where a money crisis and a consequent stagnation of trade and of employment make their condition a case of unavoidable famine or helpless mendicancy. Ireland pities these her poor children, but she cannot, alas! remedy their endless misfortunes: the cure of these and similar scenes of distress lies in acts of imperial and local legislation, at present placed beyond the most sanguine exertions of Ireland’s best friends. The unhappy fate of the Irish, referred to, has been graphically depicted by one whose sympathy and truth the Irish poor may rely on with implicit confidence: and whoever will take on himself the duty of reading the statement made in this case by the celebrated Thomas Francis Meagher will learn, beyond all dispute, that this is not the season for emigration to America; and that every new draft of adventurers from Ireland, will share the fate of their unhappy countrymen there—namely, when their little means are exhausted, and their hopes blasted, they must return on the same voyage of grief to the former scenes of their national despair.

It is a strange fact to see thousands of the subjects of England seeking a home in America and elsewhere, while the English Empire holds untenanted kingdoms sufficient to feed and support ten times, aye twenty times, her own population. It is almost an incredible assertion to write, that she will hire some thousands of Germans and French to fill her national services, while the bravest of her own subjects are standing at the gates of Washington, seeking employment, or begging bread for themselves and for their children in the alms-houses of Bunker’s Hill. All other European nations maintain their people in labor and in abundance, although far below England in national wealth; while England, with boundless territory, with an unrivalled commercial power, with an unfathomable amount of monetary resources, looks on in apathy while her people are driven from home as houseless

wanderers, and perish in painful destitution on the foreign shores of the neighbouring States. Spain has planted Spanish colonists in Andalusia and the West Indies; and she has expended on this system of home colonization sums which should otherwise be spent in hospitals, asylums, and poorhouses. Napoleon has also, from his own private purse, planned the formation of model farms in Algeria; and he has laid the foundation of making this province a French colony, in place of an African population: and he will reap the benefit of this benevolent scheme in the loyalty and the devotion of the children of France in Africa, England, with larger possessions, with an idle, a starving, an evicted population, and with more abundant money, will not follow this brilliant example: and thus end the wanderings, gratify the hopes, put a stop to the persecutions, and dry the tears of the faithful Irish people.

It is not intended in these remarks, that every man must be supported who wants bread; and that labor must be procured for every man who is idle, without reference to the former habits of extravagance, or the imprudence of the parties referred to. No, these observations of mine go only so far as to prove that the veriest stranger of Germany or Holland is encouraged, favored, treated with confidence, while the Irish, under similar circumstances, are neglected, despised, and looked on as aliens or enemies. Every page of our social history proves this singular incongruity; and while several amiable men in high station attempt to contradict these censures on the partialities of England against Catholic Ireland, my statement, and my accurate facts, can be read, not in Indian ink and paper, but in the official, practical exclusion, in the concerted social inferiority which are inflicted on us throughout the varied departments of the private and public service of the Empire. Fine words, generous sentiments, and liberal laws will dazzle foreign nations, and may for a season deceive even the Irish themselves; but a glance at the Army and Navy, a view at all the Public Offices, the discouragement of Irish manufacture and trade at home, will demonstrate to the most sceptical on this point that a system of fair promises but foul performance runs through the whole machinery of British legislation towards Ireland, which has eventuated in the melancholy results that form a part of the subject of my letter on this day. The common taunt, which every Irishman hears at every turn in London, is that “the Irish are always complaining;” and the next observation which is sure to follow this insult is, that we never do anything for ourselves, and are never satisfied with the favors we receive. This English gibe has been often replied to by the well-known saying of the drummer in Cromwell’s army, while in the act of flogging a poor Irishman. The poor victim writhing in agony, implored the drummer to strike him higher on the back, and then begged him to strike lower down, and then again higher up. The drummer replied—“It is the d— to please you; you are not satisfied wherever I strike you.” In fact our Irish complaints are sometimes laughed at, and the assertions of our grievances, and our petition, our earnest petition, for a change or cessation of our inflictions, are heard with apathy, and answered with disdain. Even the man who takes up the case of the Irish poor, and exposes the injustice of Irish grievances, is considered an unhappy, discontented disturber, and is often branded as a revolutionist, or a disloyal subject.

I am quite aware that many a man can grumble at the present order of things, while he never proposes the arrangement he would substitute for the laws to which he objects. I do not belong to this class. Nor do I hope that all Irish grievances can be removed in a year. The disorders of a nation must be cured by a slow process; and the minds of men cannot take up a new class of ideas except precisely as they learned their lessons at school, namely, by a slow advance every day. Change of old prejudices is a work far more difficult than the most abstruse problem in conic sections: and perhaps the point which is most unattainable in society is to surrender long-exercised power, or to receive on terms of political equality those who for centuries have been marked as inferiors. I am following the old prudent maxim of the illustrious O’Connell: I would only struggle for a reasonable instalment of justice at a time: and without alluding to several matters of great importance, I would confine the mind and the exertions of the Irish people at the present crisis to an organized plan of seeking the fulfilment of the old promised law of Tenant Right. The question has numerous advocates amongst the landed proprietors of Ireland and England: any color of a Cabinet which may be formed will not be hostile to a reasonable bill on the subject: and I firmly believe that it only requires the temperate, united force of the Irish tenantry to secure its speedy attainment. The granting this question to Ireland is a case of vital importance even to the English Government.

Within the last month have been made in the Incumbered Estates Court sales of land which have come up to the enormous price of forty-two years’ purchase: and in one instance, I believe, amounted to fifty-six years’ purchase. This fact, amongst many others, proves that land in Ireland is sold at this moment at a price which, under ordinary circumstances, must be ruinous in the end to the purchaser. Although the cases referred to are, of course, exceptions in point of high price, yet the rage for land in every rank of tenancy is so engrossing and the prices for every description of cattle and of agricultural produce are so unusually high, that we may fairly anticipate now the same reckless bidding for land which occurred during the wars of Napoleon. Without arguing in this place that the same fatal causes in this period of Ireland’s history will eventuate in the same fatal results of the last ten years, it is a clear case, that the unnatural price of land at one time must, when the natural scale returns, produce a proportional depression in payments: and that like the moon’s phases, Ireland will again pass through the same social darkness which has hung over her during the late famine and heartless expulsion of her people. Although Tenant Right will not produce all these

happy results which its enthusiastic advocates seem to expect, yet it will originate a system of confidence which will inspire the tenantry with new hopes, turn their minds to rely on their own exertions, and give to agriculture an encouragement which is the basis of national wealth, and indeed of national peace. Of late an apathy like the coldness of death seems to have seized on the advocates of the measure; and while some of the leaders of the bill are censured and others applauded, the people, in whose hands the success of the case rests, content themselves with the abuse or the praise of their neighbors without moving one step themselves towards this attainment. A powerful party from Ireland in the House of Commons might heretofore, under given circumstances, force the measure; but the day for such successful triumph has passed; and it would be far better, and wiser at present, to make friends than opponents in Parliament. To gain the ear of the House, to win their advocacy is a thing more attainable in these modern days than to challenge their strength and almost defy their hostility.

The voice of the whole people put forth under the skillful management of even one influential member from Ireland, would go far under these circumstances to secure success. I do not, indeed, hope just at this time to see Ireland united on this or any other national question. Our divisions, the bickerings of the best men, have of late irritated the temper of the nation, and Ireland has not recovered as yet from this unfortunate mental attitude. But the topic must not be dropped, the people must be kept in mind of their time, position, and interests: and at a more favorable turn of the public opinion we may hope to see tenant right renewed with more than usual earnestness. In order to approach this favorable moment with advantage, public meetings ought to be planned, leaders invited, the press engaged, the people constitutionally excited; and if all these desirable preliminaries were successfully arranged and skilfully carried out, I feel certain that the cabinet could be easily influenced at the very next session to meet the public request, expressed by the universal Catholic people, joined by our Protestant friends, and conveyed in temperate, respectful, and earnest language.

Nov. 26. D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH VICEROYALTY.—It is stated with seeming confidence in the *Evening Mail* that a Bill is in preparation—if not actually prepared—for the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. The proposal will, of course, be encountered with the usual hostility by the people of Dublin, who are alone the parties interested in this continuous struggle to place this country on a level with Scotland as an integral portion of the Queen’s dominions. As upon former occasions, the motion for the extinction of the Irish Court may be again defeated, but everyone knows and feels that delay will be the only end achieved by the supporters of viceroyalty. The office is doomed, and no amount of local displeasure will save it from the fate that sooner or later awaits it.

PRIEST PROSECUTIONS.—As you will see by the law reports, the application for a prolongation of time to plead made on behalf of Father Conway was acceded to by the crown on Saturday evening, so the Reverend gentleman’s counsel will have sufficient opportunity of maturing the course resolved on for his defence. I met Father Conway last evening, and I can only say that a more genuine specimen of a real Irish Priest I have seldom conversed with. He is in person a frank, handsome fellow, and in manner mild and gentlemanly, with, however, a large infusion of Celtic enthusiasm, and a profound veneration for George Henry Moore. He is in the best spirits, and looks confidently to defeating the prosecution of the Attorney-General. It is not yet certain whether the trial will take place here or in Mayo, and although it has been stated that the venue is laid in that county, I can say that the locality has not yet been decided upon. It is a curious circumstance that towards the close of the last century an *ex-officio* information was filed by the crown against a gentleman of position in the county of Mayo for murder. In “Ireland sixty years ago” life was held cheap enough, and as in this instance the victim was a poor man, and his assailant a rich one, there was almost a certainty that the squire of Mayo would not find bills against the accused. He was accordingly brought to trial in Dublin; seventy-two jurors from Mayo were summoned; from that number, after challenges by his attorney, a jury was empanelled, and he was tried, convicted, and executed for the crime of which he was charged. If the government decide upon trying Father Conway here, it must be by Mayo jurors, and even on the indictment it would be a matter of difficulty to find a verdict if the defence which he has prepared will not render it altogether a matter of impossibility. I regret to say that the Rev. Mr. Ryan, the other Mayo traverser, is in so delicate a state of health as to cause uneasiness to his many friends. It has been proposed that a fund for the defence of Father Conway will forthwith be organized, and I hear it rumored that his Clerical brethren feel warmly interested in the result of the extraordinary and ill-judged prosecution that has been undertaken against him.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

PROSECUTION OF FATHER CONWAY.—Thank Heaven, we never trusted the Whigs, and never shall. In every Catholic country of Europe they have been sedulously sowing the seeds of dissension and infidelity, while some mistaken Catholics in this country looked upon them as the very pink of perfection. But the Irish heart is still sound, and the waves of corruption which threatened to overwhelm it are receding one by one, till, ere long, Irish opinion shall be more evident than there are no more dangerous enemies to the faith of Ireland than the Whigs. Dr. Cullen’s letter to Lord St. Leonards will show that we were right in denouncing them as the enemies of Ireland and the Irish faith, and we hope it will show also the mistakes which some well-intentioned men amongst us have made in favoring their corrupting policy in this country. The Priest-hunting which is now being inaugurated by this “base, bloody, and brutal party” will also serve to dispel the mists of Whiggery which have too long darkened our eyes, and hung like a pall over the heart of Ireland. The prosecution of Father Conway is a blow aimed at the political influence of the Irish Priesthood. This is the sole object of the prosecution. But it will only foil the effect which it is intended to produce. Instead of crushing the influence of the Priesthood it will make it still more potent, by investing it with the character of political martyrdom; it will show that, in proportion as the enemies of our country strive to destroy that influence, so is it valuable to the cause of Ireland. For our own part, we can hardly regret this prosecution, for the benefits that will result from it will more than counterbalance the persecution and annoyance it entails, and we have no doubt that Father Conway himself takes the same view of the subject. There is no other minister in the British empire that would attempt such a prosecution but Lord Palmerston or other government but the Whigs. It is well. It will show that O’Connell was right when he called them “base, bloody,

and brutal.” It will show that the Archbishop of Dublin was right when he denounced them as “a go-hope it will show also that those who have denounced were wrong; and that those who have favored them trusted by the Catholics of Ireland. But the country must not forget to sustain Father Conway in the struggle.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

A General meeting of the Irish Tenant League was held on Tuesday. The chair was taken by Mr. M. Evoy, M.P. The principal speeches were delivered by Mr. G. H. Moore and Mr. Maguire, M.P. Mr. Moore, after having taken a somewhat desponding view of the position of the party, said:—“Happily, I think, recent events and recent discussions have tended towards such a union as I think it is impossible but that the eyes of every honest man must now be opened, and that we must all see that, in the present state of affairs, differences amongst ourselves are not only unproductive, but suicidal. Whenever union takes place—and time will be required to organize it—I doubt not that it will find a Parliamentary party ready to its hand—I doubt not that the Irish people and the Irish Church will survive Lord Palmerston.” (Applause.) Some differences of opinion appeared to exist between Mr. Moore and Mr. Maguire as to the policy which should be adopted in Parliament in reference to the Tenant Right question, but ultimately the following resolution was passed:—

Resolved—That Mr. Maguire, M.P., be requested to introduce next session the amended League Bill, as adopted by the Tenant League last April, and then entrusted to the care of Mr. Moore. That Mr. MacMahon and The O’Donoghue be requested to allow their names to be placed on the back of the Bill with Mr. Maguire. A resolution complimentary to Mr. Moore, and another expressing warm sympathy towards the Rev. Messrs. Conway and Ryan, were also adopted.

The collection for the “Indian Fund” has been most suitably received in several parts of Ireland during the past week, that is to say it was not received at all, having been very properly—rejected. While the just and moderate demand of the Archbishop of Dublin has not only not been acceded to, but calumnious abuse heaped upon his head, these people had the effrontery to present themselves before the people and open the performance of their farce. In Drogheda, where the intelligent artisans of the town are at this moment suffering the severest privations, they attempted to raise money more wanted in the humble homes of its lanes and villages; but thanks to the spirit of Mr. Lynch—who deserves the gratitude of his townsmen—and the natural indignation of the people, the audacious proceeding was summarily ended. Could anything be more shameful than that in a town where privation and suffering have for weeks been ravaging unchecked and noticed by the moneybags who were so ready to raise funds for less deserving objects five thousand miles away, these men should venture to actually invite the starving weavers to come and listen to orations which were to accompany the chink of the sovereigns! All honor to the gentleman who stood up to lead the right of charity to begin at home. In Kilmaree another triumph was achieved, which has been fully described by a correspondent in another page. It is clear that no funds are to be had from the people on the Roughly save what the agent may extort from the Lansdowne serfs. Persecution has, ere now, united the Catholics of Ireland, hierarchy and clergy, pastors and people; at the token of assault upon the faith, which is all of their ancient possessions they have preserved through centuries of bloody struggle, apathy has ere now started into energy, and division and feud into union and friendship. If the bigots of England, presuming upon either apathy or division, thought to strike down an Irish priest, and over his prostrate body raise a yell of fanatical exultation, they may find their mistake. It did not need the resuscitation of obsolete severities to arouse the Catholics of Ireland to the fact that Father Conway was sought to be hunted down by those whose ferocious abuse of the highest dignity of the church in Ireland has aroused, one and all, to the duty of common defence against a foe so unscrupulous and implacable. With unfeigned pleasure we note the fact that around the assailed priest have rallied, from every rank of the church, members of that sacred order, which they know right well it is the design to outrage in his person. Amongst the various clergymen and dignitaries of the church who have been foremost to assure Father Conway of their sympathy and support, we note with much pleasure Monsignore Yore; there is something particularly hopeful in seeing the old veteran who in many a hand a fight never flinched, nor faltered taking his stand by the side of the young soldier in the same good cause.—*Notices.*

We, of course, stand before the world charged with complicity in the acts which have brought on the revolt in India and for its accompanying circumstances, how shall we justify ourselves to mankind? How shall the teachers of the Irish soldier—his religious guides—answer, if they permit, with such an indignant protest as their position entitles them to utter, the work of proselytism to go on, and the souls for whom Christ died to be sacrificed by governmental agencies. We will not presume to speak for them, it is enough if we are able to vindicate ourselves. We have seen strange sights in our time. We have seen our peasantry fly from the soil on which their industry was not protected, we have heard of their tolls on a strange continent, and of the privations they suffered—the greatest being those connected with religion—but we have learned sadder tidings still, the daughters of the land consigned to the hold of the emigrant ship, where they lost all that made life desirable! Were not these things enough to fire the blood in the veins of the dullest, and to stir the heart of the most mercenary? Was it necessary to add to the hideous picture, the spectacle of our countrymen shedding their blood to maintain the English standard, and dying often without spiritual succour, while their little children were handed over to schools in which their fathers’ faith was derided? And yet we have looked calmly on, or at least taken no effective means to redress such monstrous evils. Shall we go on in this course—forget self-respect, abuse ourselves in the eyes of posterity, and incur the anger of Heaven—or shall Ireland, thoroughly roused to the necessities of the case, insist through her men of intelligence, worth and position that this state of things must come to an end?—*Wexford People.*

THE TIPPERARY BANK.—An important case—Mr. Dowell v. Doyle—which was argued during the present term, was fixed for judgment yesterday in the Court of Common Pleas. The decision of the Court being adverse to the plaintiff the creditors of the bank will be losers to the extent of several thousands of pounds. The facts are thus briefly recapitulated by the Lord Chief Justice:—“The question raised was a most important one; the Court had, however, been enabled to arrive at a unanimous decision upon it. The case came before them upon a demurrer taken by the plaintiff to one of the defences filed by the defendant, and the facts relied on were shortly these:—It appeared that the plaintiff in the suit was Mr. George M’Dowall, the official manager of the Tipperary Joint-Stock Bank, and defendant was a poor farmer in the county of Tipperary named Doyle; and the former had brought his action against the latter to recover the sum of £8, the amount of a promissory note which was overdue, and by which the defendant promised to pay Mr. James Sadler the amount when due. The defence filed was to the effect that the promissory note in question was never endorsed, and that it was made payable to Mr. James Sadler or order, and did not show that Mr. Sadler held any official situation in connexion with the Tipperary Bank, and that therefore the plaintiff, as official manager, was not entitled to sue upon foot of it. To this defence Mr. M’Dowall filed a demurrer, and raised an important question as to whether

the defendant, by his note made payable to Mr. Sadler, was not liable in an action at his suit, as Mr. Sadler was the manager of the bank when the note was passed. It was argued, that when a contract was made with an agent for a principal, the principal might intervene and maintain an action for his own benefit, but no case was cited to show that in a negotiable instrument, payable to 'A. B. or order,' that anybody but 'A. B.' could maintain an action. The opinion of the Court was that the right to sue was only vested in the party to whom the note was payable, and that, consequently, the official manager could not maintain his action. Such being the opinion of the Court, the order would be to overrule the demurrer, with costs.

On Saturday last a small but thrifty farmer named Patrick Ball was returning to his residence, near Fethard, he was robbed of fifty-five sovereigns, which he had drawn of one of the banks in Clonmel the day previous, being alarmed by the panic which seemed for the while to revolutionise the commercial world. For many years misfortune had trodden hard on Paddy's heels, scattering his hard earned guineas as fast as he could hoard them together. His first savings, £40, he entrusted about ten years ago to a shopkeeper in Fethard, who in a short time after levanted to America with the deposit, leaving Paddy to bemoan the loss of his entire wealth. Instead of allowing this circumstance to operate on him depressingly, he set to work with greater energy, and good fortune for the time seemed to favor his efforts. He determined not again to trust a 'friend,' but sought within the precincts of the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank a place of greater safety for his savings, which had now reached the sum of £200. Poor mistake Paddy! came to Clonmel, and in an unlucky hour entrusted it to the safe keeping of John Sadler and Co, and was to yield that it would in that bank increase from year to year by the addition of weekly interest. The smash of the 'gigantic swindle' well nigh upset Paddy's brain, who took to heart most keenly the loss of his £200. Time, however, softened down the affliction, and the poor fellow again 'put his shoulder to the wheel.' Fortune again smiled, and having amassed about forty pounds he once more visited one of our branch banks at Clonmel, and obtained the manager's receipt in return for his money. But the plaguey panic destroyed his peace of mind, and induced Paddy—who before had been the victim of too much confidence—to 'draw his little balance.' With considerable self-composure and self-satisfaction he returned home, when the third misfortune overtook him. Overjoyed, no doubt, at having the golden prize safe in his possession, on the way, unfortunately, took a drop too much, a most unusual thing with him, who was proverbial for saving habits and the closest economy and sobriety, when some one managed to extract the gold out of his pocket as he wended his way home, leaving him for a third time bereft of his dearly prized store, to begin the world anew; for, no doubt he will make another trial, and once more venture to gather a little together.—Clonmel Chronicle.

ALARMING STATE OF THE COUNTY DONEGAL.—We regret to learn from a most authentic source, that the condition of the unfortunate tenantry in the distant portions of the county Donegal—over the mountains—is every day becoming more desperate. Indeed if some prompt measures be not taken to remedy the existing evils under which they are laboring, we shudder to think what may be the consequences before the close of the winter.—Londonderry Journal.

STATE OF TIPPERARY, NORTH RIDING.—A correspondent of the Tipperary Free Press writes as follows:—"There is no likelihood of any clue being discovered of the murderer of Mr. Ellis, though several parties have been arrested on suspicion, and are in prison. A good deal of alarm is felt at the call made by the magistrates at their late meeting at Nenagh to have 244 extra men of the police force draughted into the North Riding, which circumstance would entail an additional taxation of 3d in the pound. At Loughmore, the parish in which Mr. Ellis's murder occurred, an extra force of 20 of the constabulary has been located, and Government has confined the expense of such force to some two or three townlands in the neighborhood, which are already saddled with taxation to the amount of 1s 6d in the pound for the present three months, being 6s in the pound for the year."

NOPTING OUT.—The deportation of paupers from England and Scotland to Belfast still continues, and the probability is, the number of destitute creatures who are thus transmitted here will be considerably on the increase this winter. It appears that during the last six or seven weeks, commencing with the 1st of October, and ending the 19th inst., between two and three hundred people received temporary relief from the hands of Captain McBride. If these people had not been aided in their distressed circumstances, it is difficult to say how many of them would have remained a burden on the Belfast Union; but it is exceedingly likely that many of them would even now be in our workhouse, as the poor law requires that immediate relief shall be administered in all cases of destitution. Of the cases relieved by Capt. McBride we shall particularise a few, as the facts regarding them are worthy of notice. One man was sent here by the parochial authorities of Manchester, after having lived in Manchester for a period of twenty-five years. He was sent back to Liverpool. Fourteen of the poor people, though belonging to Dublin, were landed at Belfast, and here abandoned without a farthing to support them. Captain McBride forwarded them to Dublin. In one day ten destitute creatures arrived from Glasgow, having been deported from Edinburgh, and four out of the number were sent back to Glasgow. Of the four there was one man who had lived 33 years in Scotland; and the three others were women, and had lived 24, 26, and 14 years respectively in that country. A great many of the cases were those of persons who had no means to leave Belfast, and had they not been transmitted to their native places, they must either have been sent to the workhouse, or allowed to travel about as mendicants through the town or country. If in the town they would have been arrested for begging, and sent to jail for a week or a month, as the case might be, so that whether they had gone to the workhouse or the jail it signifies little as the public would have to support them, and their removal, therefore, is a gain to Belfast. There were two other cases of a different kind—one was that of a woman and two children, who had been a burden on the Belfast Union for the last ten months. The woman was a native of Manchester, and she would still be in our workhouse had not Captain McBride sent her and her children to Liverpool to proceed to the place of her nativity. The other was a similar case—that of a girl, but Dublin was her native place. She also had been in Belfast Workhouse for ten months. These are facts which the public have an interest in knowing. On the 25th ultimo a poor girl, a lunatic, was landed on our quay, helpless and penniless. She was originally from Maghera, in the county Derry. Captain McBride provided her with food, and forwarded her to her native place. The great grievance in regard to those deported paupers is, that no matter what part of Ireland is the native place of the individuals, the English and Scotch authorities ship them all to Belfast, where, as we already stated, they would probably remain if they were not forwarded to the places of their birth. We mention one case in point. On the 19th inst. a woman named Elizabeth Ward, with her two children, was sent here by the parochial authorities of Paisley. She belongs to Strabane, in the county of Tyrone, and she should have been sent to Derry, which is only twelve miles from Strabane, but instead of doing so, she is landed in Belfast without food or money. Captain McBride had her and her children conveyed to the workhouse, where they are at present, but this evening they will be removed, and transmitted to Derry. Such are the cases of distress and destitution that daily present themselves to our notice on the quays of Belfast.—Belfast Mercury.

THE RECENT PANIC.—The panic which had spread more or less over Ulster, has completely subsided.—The run on the banks has ceased—the farmers who had withdrawn their deposits have for the most part lodged them again, and in those places where the notes were received with a grudge, they are now freely taken: (At one of the large fairs this week, in the county of Meath, the notes on the Belfast banks were not only freely taken, but were preferred to those of the Bank of Ireland.)—Banner of Ulster.

THE LURGAN RIOTS.—On Saturday a meeting of the inhabitants of Lurgan was held in the Court-house of that town, the Seneschal, John Hancock, Esq., J. P., presiding, when a resolution expressing sympathy with Mr. Malcolm "on account of the outrageous assault made by the mob on his factory and dwelling-house" was adopted. A subscription of £200, for the purpose of bringing the offenders to justice, was opened, and, during the course of the day, upwards of £200, were subscribed. On Saturday the five men at present in custody, on a charge of having taken part in the riotous proceedings of Friday week, were brought up before Messrs. John Hancock, Miller, R. M., and John Greer. The proceedings were strictly private, and the prisoners were remanded to Fermagh Gaol. The lad Brown, who had his lower jaw shot off during the attack on Mr. Malcolm's dwelling-house, is still alive, but in a most precarious state.

THE ORANGEMEN.—The Orangemen are about to "remonstrate" with Lord Palmerston against the resolution announced in the letter of the Irish Lord Chancellor. This remonstrance, however, is not to be effected in the true Orange fashion, and we perceive the rank and file of the Orangemen have little faith in the method about to be employed. If they were allowed to come before his lordship's house with fifes and a big drum, a supply of paving stones and several well-loaded muskets—if they were allowed to batter his lordship's hall door, riddle his windows and take a few shots at himself and his wife, why they would hope to make some impression and get him to listen to reason. There is another plan. If they could get his lordship to have a boozo for one night with them in the rooms of the Grand Orange Lodge they might be able to bring him round, coming on morning. But merely to sign a document, and to "respectfully call attention," and to "protest," and to "request"—really the thing is unworthy the genius of Orangemen. Nothing can come of it. It is a mockery, a delusion and a snare.—Nation.

THE PREMIER AND THE IRISH ORANGEMEN.—On Monday week, just a fortnight ago, the magistrates of Fermagh, at the bidding of Lord Erne, assembled in full divan, for the purpose of protesting against the test proposed by Chancellor Brady to be taken in future by candidates for seats on the magisterial bench. The meeting was strictly private, and the public were informed that the result of their deliberations would not be allowed to meet the public eye until the answer of Lord Palmerston should be received by the remonstrants. This day the papers publish the resolution adopted by the magistrates, together with the expected reply thereto, the latter being perhaps even more curt than could be expected under all the circumstances. Here are the documents:—

"At a meeting of the magistrates, held at Enniskillen on Monday, November 16.—

"Proposed by the Earl of Belmore, and seconded by Mr. E. Archdall,—

"That the following resolution be adopted by this meeting:—

"We, the undersigned magistrates of the county Fermagh, having considered the recent letter of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, addressed to the Lieutenant of the county Down, respecting certain pledges to be required from future applicants for the commission of the peace, believe it to be our bounden duty to remonstrate against the course therein announced to be adopted as an uncalculated interference with that liberty of conscience and freedom of opinion which constitute one of the chief bulwarks of the British constitution; and we desire respectfully to record our opinion that the letter of the Lord Chancellor was unnecessary, and calculated to create a feeling of distrust in the existing magistracy, by implying an unmerited doubt of their impartiality in the discharge of their duty; and thus shaking the confidence of the people in their unbiased administration of justice.

"We therefore ask that the exaction of those pledges shall not be persevered in by the advisers of the Crown.

"ERNE, Lieutenant of the County Fermagh."

"Downing-street, Nov. 21.

"My Lord.—I am desired by Lord Palmerston to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst, and of the memorial which accompanied it.

"I remain, my Lord your Lordship's obedient servant.

"G. G. BARRINGTON."

"The Earl of Erne, &

CAPLE-STREET POLICE-OFFICE.—THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.—Mr. J. S. Matthews appeared on Friday, the 20th before Mr. O'Donnell, the presiding magistrate, in order to renew his application for a summons to be issued against the Rev. J. Maturin, incumbent of Grangeorgan parish, for not having used in his church, on the 5th of November last, the service appointed in the Book of Common Prayer to be read on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot.

Mr. Matthews said that he appeared by the direction of the Court of Queen's Bench to make an affidavit preparatory to obtaining a summons against the Rev. Mr. Maturin for having neglected to carry out the provisions of the act 17 and 18 Charles II, which required that the service appointed to be read on the 5th of November, by the act of James I, should be used by all the ministers of the Established Church on that day, and made the omission of it a statutory offence, to be tried by any magistrate. For such offence a certain penalty was provided.—Mr. Matthews said that he wished to assure Mr. O'Donnell that in coming before him a second time to ask for a summons he was not actuated by any desire to give him annoyance, but solely by a sense of what it was his duty under the circumstances to do. He considered that clergymen of the Established Church were bound to perform to the letter the duties of their office, as laid down in the Book of Common Prayer. Mr. Matthews said that what he wished in the case was, that the law should be stated by the magistrate before Mr. Maturin. He wished, too, that the clergymen belonging to the Puseyite section of the Established Church should be compelled, under pain of penalty, to perform the duties which they had undertaken. It had become of late the practice of some gentlemen to omit the service appointed to be read on the 5th of November, the propriety of which it was not their business to question. Mr. O'Donnell thought that it would be much better that such cases should be decided by the Archbishop of Dublin, who was invested with authority to compel the clergymen of his diocese to observe the laws of the church. To bring such a case before him seemed to him to be a most anomalous proceeding. However, all he had to do was to administer the law. Mr. Matthews then handed in his affidavit, which was read, and the application for a summons was then granted.

The following curious clause occurred in a lease of land in the county Cork, of the date 1713, and on a renewal lately the landlord insisted on its retention:—"That the said A B (the tenant) shall and will, from time to time hereafter, find and maintain an able man, of the Protestant religion, with a good and sufficient horse, and all necessary accoutrements of sword, carbine, or fuscé, and pistols, befitting a dragoon, to attend on his said landlord on all musters and meetings of the militia, for the service of her Majesty, her heirs and successors, in the defence of this kingdom against all other pretenders to the same, or once in a year, if desired by his said landlord."

THE LATE TEA FRAUDS.—The Belfast Mercury of yesterday contains the subjoined statement:—"Mr. Andrew Harbison, who it will be recollected, was accused, along with Mr. Henley, of aiding and assisting John James Moore in his frauds upon the Customs, was yesterday liberated from custody in the County of Antrim prison, to which he was committed, in default of bail, after the investigation in the Town-hall on the 14th of October last. Bail was tendered at the time and received for Henley, who was arrested on the same charge; but Harbison has remained in custody, not being able to find bail, for nearly six weeks. The trial, which engrosses a vast amount of interest, will take place at the March Assizes. In the meantime, the Customs authorities have demanded the payment of duty from several persons in the town who bought teas from Moore before there was any suspicion of his foul dealing. The goods and chattels of John James Moore are to be sold under a writ of *venditione exponas* by the sheriff on Thursday next, and among the articles to be disposed of are the writing-desk and the masonic apron of the clever delinquent."

GREAT BRITAIN.

ARCHDEACON DENISON'S CASE.—The case of the Venerable Archdeacon Denison, which has been now for some years before the public, will be revived in the course of a day or two before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. It will come on in its next stage in the form of an appeal by the Rev. Joseph Ditcher (the promoter of the suit against the Archdeacon) against the decision of Sir John Dodson, the Dean of the Court of Arches. It will be remembered that the case was, in the first instance, referred to a commission; that afterwards it was heard before the Archbishop of Canterbury at a court specially held at Bath (the bishop of the diocese not being competent to hear it, in consequence of being the patron of the livings held by the Archdeacon); and that at length, after being debated in various forms, it found its way into the Court of Arches, where Sir John Dodson disposed of it on an entirely technical point—namely, that the suit was not commenced within two years after the commission of the alleged offence (that of preaching unsound doctrine in Wells Cathedral), according to the provisions of the Church Discipline Act, under which the proceedings were taken. Sir John Dodson held that the issuing of the commission was no part of the proceedings within the meaning of the Act; that, putting aside the commission, more than two years elapsed between the commission of the alleged offence and the proceedings taken before the Archbishop, and that therefore everything that had been done was null and void. Against this decision Mr. Ditcher now appeals. If the Judicial Committee decide that Sir John Dodson's views are correct there will be an end of the case, which will fall to pieces on a technical point of law; but if it be decided, on the other hand, that the proceedings were commenced within the prescribed time (the commission being part of them) the sentence of deprivation of his preferments pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury upon the Archdeacon will stand. This decision will in that case be appealed against on its merits by Archdeacon Denison, and some months more will probably elapse before the intricate question is finally settled.

The Bristol Times says:—"Archdeacon Denison preached at Wells Cathedral on Sunday from 'Neither be partakers of other men's sins.' The object of his discourse was directed against the Divorce Bill; a copy of the Act he had placed beside his sermon, quoting the different clauses from time to time. He concluded by solemnly declaring that he would not be governed by the Act."

PROTESTANT STATE CHURCHISM.—The monthly record of church-rate intelligence in the November Liberator contains some curious items. At Winterbourne, near Bristol, it tells us that the churchwardens, in anticipation of the speedy abolition of church-rates, proposed and carried a rate of 4d. instead of 2d. as usual, to meet three years' expenses! At Great Marlow, the churchwardens, commenced their attempt to get a rate by making the ill-omened mistake of convening the meeting for the 31st of September. A poll was demanded on no less than 100 items in the accounts, so that at last the chairman stoutly refused to grant a poll upon anything! At Sudbury, everything went by the rule of countries; where some of those who opposed and supported a rate declared that their convictions were the other way. The Rev. Mr. Molyneux, though declaring himself opposed to church-rates, and animadverted on the interferences of Dissenters with the offices of the Church, and threatened to close the building! The minister's warden, against his own declared conviction, proposed the rate, fearing the church would fall. The churchwardens, in fulfilment of a pledge that there should be no rate during the year, seconded an amendment that the roof should be examined, and if requisite a voluntary subscription raised.—At Lower Slaughter, Gloucestershire, twelve cheeses have been carried off by the Church. At the sale, as soon as enough had been paid to meet the amount, it was urged that the sale should be stopped; but the policeman said that his instructions were to sell the whole, though he afterwards became uneasy about it, and wished the remainder to be taken back, as though it had not been seized. The cheeses were sold below the market value.—At Guildford, a Jewish auctioneer was called in to sell the goods of a Quaker, for defraying the expenses of a Christian place of worship.

ENGLISH BIGOTRY.—A scandalous and beastly riot took place last week at Lewes, East Grinstead, on the occasion of the burial of one of those good women belonging to the Protestant Church, who strive to imitate to some extent the useful and pious life of our religious. The deceased was a member of an Order of Mercy who have established themselves at East Grinstead. In the discharge of charitable duties; she took fever, of which she died. On her death-bed, she expressed a wish to be buried in her own family vault, and directed that her funeral should be conducted according to the rules of her order. In these there was nothing remarkable, but no sooner did the attending sisters and the clergyman of the institution make their appearance in the graveyard than they were assailed by an immense mob—they were hooted, jostled, the sisters were knocked down, and they had to fly for their lives, pursued by a pack of howling ruffians. The clergyman made his way to an inn, which was soon besieged by the rabble and the windows broken in. Such is religious toleration in England! So great is the horror entertained by an English mob for chaste and pious women.—Nation.

The congregations of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, says the Weekly Dispatch, "have always presumed to be critical. They know all about everything quite as well as the 'minister.' One good pastor was objected to because he carried his umbrella over his shoulder magisterially, in place of meekly under his arm; another, because he didn't shut his eyes when he prayed; and another, because his wife was seen, as she tied on his Sunday cravat, to make him pay toll by a kiss. But the Free Kirk Presbytery of Dunkeld have actually libelled, that is indicted before the Church Courts, one of their brethren for that, after praying with a sick woman, he talked with man present about the siege of Sebastopol! Doesn't that 'beat Banagher?'"

A collier in the region of Dalmeingham, determining one day this week not any longer humbugged by the banks, withdrew his small hoard of savings in gold to the extent of two sovereigns, which, for greater security, he immediately swallowed! The scene where this extraordinary feat was performed was one of the numerous public-houses in the vicinity of the bank institutions at all times so proverbial for dissolving the precious metals, and thirst.—Ayrshire Express.

M. Soyer writes to us to say:—"After visiting the Great Eastern, a few days ago, I made a calculation that in one funnel I could dine one hundred persons; therefore in the five funnels five hundred guests; also one thousand in the paddles (or models of the same), making a total of fifteen hundred persons, who could dine at this novel and monster banquet, which might, with the consent of the directors, take place on the deck a short period after the launch, to carry out which I should be most happy to devote my services gratuitously for the furtherance of such a scheme, the proceeds to be applied to some naval institution."

The Yorkshire Gazette gives particulars showing the wide extension of the potato disease; also that a similar epidemic has attacked apples and turnips.

We learn from a paragraph in the Manchester Guardian that a belief in witchcraft is general amongst the lower classes in Stockport. One man imagines himself to be bewitched by his mother, and fancies that the bottle might be the spell by which he was bound, and that he would be released by its discovery. On being asked how he knew that he was bewitched, he replied that his mother had told him so, and he constantly felt in a state of nervous prostration and depression of spirits, together with a sensation of falling respiration and approaching death. He had, however, consulted a fortune-teller and obtained from her a charm, whereby he could at any time break the spell. On being pressed as to the nature of the charm, and questioned why he had not adopted it, he stated he had commenced with it, but had not persevered, and hence its failure. It was as follows:—He must stand over the fire, sprinkling salt upon it, and say, 'Salt, salt, I put thee into the fire. May the person who bewitched me neither eat, drink, nor sleep until this spell is broken.' This must be done nine mornings in succession, and be repeated three times on each occasion." Several other instances are given.

EXAMINATION OF AN ENGLISH BANKRUPT.—An insolvent debtor being questioned by the court, the following dialogue ensued:—

Commissioner.—What are American curiosities? Insolvent.—Wooden nutmegs, and such things (laughter.)

Commissioner.—Did you sell them for real specie? Insolvent.—We did. (Continued laughter.)

Commissioner.—And did you persuade the Yankees to buy them? Insolvent.—They did not know the difference. We sold them in the cities of the west, Indianapolis, and other places. Other sold wooden hams, but we did not.

Probably this respectable merchant deceived himself in the supposition that Yankees actually took the wooden nutmegs for real ones. Of course, they were far too 'cute to make any such mistake. They affected to receive them as genuine of that politeness which is characteristic of American gentlemen. Mr. Woolf Levy, in the simplicity of his nature, could not conceive them capable of such dissimulation; but doubtless the fact was that the Yankees knew very well what sort of nutmegs they were buying, and bought them to sell again.—Punch.

(From the Times.)

Never was there a contest in which the victors owed so little to what is called "luck" as that which seems now to be drawing to a close in India. Everywhere the governing race was surprised, outwitted, and reduced to the most terrible straits. Everywhere fortune seemed to go against them,—the fortune of position, of opportunity, and of season. The largest cities, in which were concentrated the strongest forces of Sepoys, fell into the hands of the enemy; Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, and Cawnpore seemed irretrievably lost. The time was one when the British force in India was unprecedentedly small, since within a few years kingdom after kingdom had been annexed without any corresponding increase of European troops.—Then the mutiny broke out in the early summer, when the natives of a temperate climate are least able to bear exertion, and a long march or a hard day's fighting may be expected to lay up nearly every man in hospital. Our countrymen seem, in fact, to have been placed by fortune under every possible disadvantage, and to have plucked safety and victory out of danger only by the exercise of the highest faculties necessary to war. Perhaps the most surprising fact connected with this great history is that success has been won without the slightest aid from home. When Delhi was stormed, and the Residency at Lucknow relieved, more than 40,000 men were tossing on the ocean, but not one had reached the scene of war. In every kind of steam or sailing vessel which could be adapted to the conveyance of troops, the forces of England had been shipped off batch by batch during three long months, but even the swiftest sailer had hardly arrived in the Hooghly before the fate of the war had been decided. Now, though we have in this case happily fallen on our feet, and though the British name will even receive a higher lustre from the scantiness of the numbers who have won the battle, yet it is not unimportant to point out the fault that has been committed in sending reinforcements by such slow and antiquated machines as the ordinary class of sailing ships.

By the last mail we have intelligence that a number of vessels containing about 5,000 men had arrived at various ports of our Indian possessions up to the 22nd of October. It is to the difference in the length of these passages that we would call attention. It may, however, be remarked that all the sailing vessels have made passages far more tedious than the average, and that winds and waves seem also to have been in a conspiracy with our enemies. We even hear of calms on the Line lasting for nearly four weeks. There had arrived, however, at Calcutta when the mail left the steamships Thebes, Golden Fleece, and Caledonian. The Thebes sailed July 31, the Golden Fleece August 8, the Caledonian July 26. Thus all these steamers had accomplished the voyage under three months, and the Golden Fleece, one of the largest and finest vessels afloat, had arrived in about two months and a half. The mail steamer passed the ships Arcté and Buccaphalus, the former of which left England as early as the 18th of June, while the other sailed on the 1st of July. Thus the Golden Fleece, which sailed more than seven weeks after the Arcté, arrived at Calcutta before her, beating the Buccaphalus also by more than five weeks.—Now, the event has been fortunate, but if it had been otherwise what would the world have thought of an arrangement which produced so intolerable a delay? Seven weeks! What might not have been done in that time? The mines under Lucknow might have been finished, and Havelock might have come too late for the rescue; and the Punjab or the Bombay Presidency might have broken into revolt through a belief that the English succors that were so long talked about had no existence. In fact, the whole fortune of the war, and perhaps the destiny of India, might have been changed by the neglect to use the most familiar application of science at the critical hour. At Madras were the Cathage and United Kingdom steamers, the former of which left England on the 1st of August, and the latter on the 4th of the same month. At the latest dates only one sailing vessel had reached Madras. At Galle there had arrived on the 23d of October the steamship Australian, which left England on the 15th of August, and had therefore made the passage in 69 days; on the 25th the Candia arrived in 71 days, while only two or three sailing vessels from among those earliest despatched had made their appearance. On the whole, it may be said that the average difference between the passages of the sailing vessels and the steamers will probably be found considerably to exceed a month. Of course, in this estimate we do not include large clippers like the Lightning and the James Baines, which were taken up at a later period but only the ordinary sailing craft in which the troops were despatched during June and the early part of July.

Now, there can be no doubt that the whole of the troops might have been sent in steamers without any

sacrifice to the country. The great impulse which the building of screw steamers had received would have enabled the Government at any time to command the services of a dozen or more first-class vessels. The owners are always willing to lend if the Government will hire. Nor can we believe that the additional expense ought to weigh for a moment in the choice. In fact, it is doubtful if steam transport is not in reality cheaper than by the ordinary sailing vessels. The passage is shorter, and the ship may be returned to its owners within a less time. The loss of the soldier's services by a long voyage must also be taken into account, and the chance of sickness induced by protracted confinement on board.—Viewed even as a matter of money, we may say that the prompt arrival of troops is necessarily the first consideration. But here the emergency was most pressing, and yet in defiance of remonstrance troops were sent in ships which have lost seven weeks on the voyage.

If we are rightly informed, the Queen's Government has not been primarily to blame in this affair. The East India Directors have been the partisans of that method of marine locomotion which best accords with their antique traditions. In fact, the first batch of troops was sent out upon the requisition of the Company, the Government being only concerned so far that it furnished the men. A certain number of troops were made over to the Company, which transported them in its own manner. It was only when the danger became extreme that the Directors were prevailed upon to take up the best vessels and to send out the men with the utmost despatch. Of course, the reasoning of the Directors and their partisans has been that India belongs to the Company, and that all which the Government should do is to supply at a fair remuneration men to defend it. But the country can no longer submit to such fictions.—The double Government, which is the type of obstruction and circumlocution, has had its day; and must now give way to something better suited to the present time and to actual wants. We are happy to say that as soon as Parliament meets for the despatch of general business the total abolition of the Company's Government will be proposed by Ministers.—India will be brought immediately under the control of the Crown and Parliament, with such a machinery of administration as shall be thought conducive to its welfare. The greatest dependency of the empire will receive the benefits of direct Parliamentary supervision and direct Ministerial responsibility. Under such a system we cannot doubt that the nation which has conquered and reconquered India will soon urge it onward with new force in the path of improvement.

UNITED STATES.

A NEW SECRET POLITICAL PARTY IN BOSTON.—A new secret political party was organized in Boston last July, we are informed, and now has some two thousand members enrolled in its Councils. They are called 'Heart-in-Hand-Clubs,' and have branches in nearly every Ward in the city. To enter the door of the "Heart-in-Hand-Club," the member gives three raps; the wicket is then opened, and the outer guard says: "Who goes there?" then the password is given, "Tis well!" with a number of the ticket which the member has in his possession, to be handed to the inner guard, and announced aloud in the hall. On entering, he salutes the chief presiding officer in the chair, with his right hand near the hearth, and takes his seat. The Heart-in-Hand-Clubs have no initiation fees, and voluntary contribution is taken up weekly, to pay expenses of the hall, &c. New members can be admitted by a two-thirds vote of the club, after being proposed by three of the members in good standing, and placed on records for one week. "Our name is our motto" is their rallying cry.—Boston Herald.

THE MORMON TROUBLES.—The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce takes the following view of the Mormon difficulty:—"The prospect of a bitter and internecine war against the people of one of our own Territories, is by no means agreeable. It is remarkable how readily our people seem to accept the issue which Brigham Young, acting under some gross delusion, has been supposed to have made for his people. Judging from the tone of the press, I would suppose that the public mind is really made up to the point of exterminating the Mormons—men, women and children. The army sent to Utah, as posse comitatus, will, no doubt, partake in a larger degree than the public here, of enmity to the Mormons. They will attribute their own hardships, incident to a march in a late season, to the Mormons, and hold them responsible for it.—The Mormons are bad enough, and a brutal soldiery is not much better. The plains will tell to future generations a wonderful story. But, in the eagerness, everywhere manifested, to punish the Mormons, even to extermination, may be seen the germs of that feeling which will one day bring upon the country the calamities and cruelties of civil war. It would be an easy matter, at any time, to array one part of the country against the other. There is a growing feeling of this sort, and the slaughter of the Mormons, and a few military exploits in Kansas, will accustom the country to such scenes. Brigham Young ought to be taken and tried for treason. But he will probably escape, and his deluded followers be visited with undue and merciless severity. We have been assured, from the best sources, that nearly half of the Mormons—all of the American portion of them—would be ready to rid themselves of Brigham Young's tyranny as soon as they could be assured of protection from the United States. Great caution and moderation ought therefore to be exercised by the federal officers who are sent to Utah. Their mission, it is true, was at first peaceable, as the President in his message, and the Secretary of War in his report, show. But there is great danger that a revengeful feeling, such as is common in the community at home, will possess also the civil and military authorities of the United States in their course of conduct in Utah.

A BANKER COWHIDEN BY A LADY.—A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Janesville, Wisconsin, tells of a cowhiding affair at that place, the victim being a banker named John P. Hoyt, and his assailant a milliner named Chirinda A. Andrews. The lady met Hoyt in the street and laid the lash over his shoulders—striking 'from the shoulder' every time. A large crowd was collected and Hoyt finally escaped. A warrant was procured from the Police Court and the lady brought before that tribunal, to answer to a charge of assault and battery. The dispenser of law in that court fined her \$50 and costs, which sum was promptly paid by the citizens. The cause of the difficulty was alleged sharp practice with a mortgage, and bad faith on the part of Hoyt.

A man named James Hagan, employed at the gas works in Baltimore, while passing through the gateway of that place, on the night of Saturday week, was shot in the back by a gang of fellows who demanded his money. The noise, however, brought assistance, and the fellows fled, Hagan was dangerously wounded.

The Rochester Democrat says the quantity of butter in the hands of farmers is believed to be larger now than at any previous time for many years. The best roll is freely offered at sixteen cents, and firkin and country store lots are difficult to sell at 14 cents.

The Spirit of '63 is evidently growing in our large cities of looking to government for bread in hunger or for employment in idleness, seems to bode the decay of the republican sentiment among our people.—That spirit has been fostered by the State school system, but has not as yet been heartily adopted. In a true republic the people take care of themselves, and ask nothing but justice from the law, and the moment government becomes the father of the people, republicanism is effete.—American Paper.

THE TRUE WITNESS

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

TERMS:
Town Subscribers.....\$3 per annum.
Country do.....2 1/2
Payable Half-Yearly in Advance.
Single Copies, 3d.

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 25, 1857.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC VOTERS' GUIDE.
RESOLUTIONS OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

Passed Unanimously, November 22nd, 1857.
Resolved,—That all secret political societies are dangerous to the state and the well-being of society; and the Montreal St. Patrick's Society, as lovers of civil and religious liberty, enter their protest against and express their abhorrence of, all such secret political societies, no matter what name they may assume.

Resolved,—That as the spread of Orangism in Canada is a fact boasted of publicly by its members, we feel it our bounden duty to make use of all the constitutional means in our power to protect ourselves against its baneful influence. Therefore, we pledge ourselves collectively and individually to withhold our support from any government that will countenance said society; and moreover, at the hustings not to give a vote to any man that will not pledge himself to the same course.

Resolved,—That this Society considers the state of the Catholic minority in Upper Canada to be a most unjust one with regard to state schoolism, and that we refuse our support to any government or to any individual at the hustings that will not procure or pledge themselves to grant the same privileges to the Catholic minority in Upper Canada that are possessed by the Protestant minority in Lower Canada.

Resolved,—That we will use all the constitutional means in our power to induce every lover of civil and religious liberty throughout Canada to unite with us in carrying out the objects of the foregoing resolutions for that purpose a sub-committee of five be now appointed to take the necessary steps to accomplish this end, and report progress at the next regular meeting, and the committee be recommended to put themselves in correspondence with the editors of all such papers as are in a position to give them the necessary assistance and advice.

Resolved,—That at the next regular meeting the Society shall appoint a committee of five, with a chairman, that shall be called the Standing Sub-Committee of the St. Patrick's Society, and shall be a Standing Committee for the remainder of the year the duty of which Committee shall be to act in relation to the proceedings of this meeting.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTES OF UPPER CANADA.

Resolved,—That the Catholic Institute of Toronto PLEDGES ITSELF TO OPPOSE, BY ALL CONSTITUTIONAL MEANS, THE RE-ELECTION OF THE PRESENT MINISTRY, AND OF ANY OF THEIR SUPPORTERS, IF, at the next session of the Provincial Parliament, full justice is not done to the Catholics of Western Canada with regard to the free working of their separate schools; and that this Institute invokes the sympathy and assistance of their fellow-Catholics in Eastern Canada to promote their object.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

An extraordinary session of the Imperial Parliament was opened on Thursday, the 3rd inst., by the following speech from the Throne:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,
Circumstances have recently arisen, connected with the commercial interests of the country, which have induced me to call Parliament together before the usual time.

"The failure of certain Joint-Stock Banks, and some mercantile firms, produced such an extent of distrust as led me to authorise my Ministers to recommend to the Directors of the Bank of England the adoption of a course of proceeding which appeared necessary for allaying the prevalent alarm. As that course has involved a departure from the existing law, a bill for indemnifying those who advised and those who adopted it will be submitted for your consideration.

"I have observed, with great regret, that the disturbed state of commercial transactions in general has occasioned a diminution of employment in the manufacturing districts, which I fear cannot fail to be attended with much local distress. I trust, however, that this evil may not be of long duration; and the abundant harvest with which it has graciously pleased Divine Providence to bless this land, will, I hope, in some degree mitigate the sufferings which this state of things must unavoidably produce.

"While I deeply deplore the severe suffering to which many of my subjects in India have been exposed, and while I grieve for the extensive bereavements and sorrow which it has caused, I have derived the greatest satisfaction from the distinguished successes which have attended the heroic exertions of the comparatively small forces which have been opposed to greatly superior numbers, without the aid of the powerful reinforcements despatched from this country to their assistance. The arrival of those reinforcements will, I trust, speedily complete the suppression of this widely-spread revolt.

"The gallantry of the troops employed against the mutineers; their courage in action, their endurance under privation, fatigue, and the effects of climate; the high spirit and self-devotion of the officers; the ability, skill, and persevering energy of the commanders, have excited my warmest admiration; and I have observed with equal gratification that many civilians placed in extreme difficulty and danger have displayed the highest qualities, including, in some instances, those that would do honour to veteran soldiers.

"It is satisfactory to know that the general mass of the people of India have taken no part in the rebellion, while the most considerable of the native Princes have acted in the most friendly manner, and have rendered important services.

"I have given directions that papers relating to these matters shall be laid before you.
"The affairs of my East Indian dominions will require your serious consideration, and I recommend them to your earnest attention.

"The nations of Europe are in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace, which nothing seems likely to disturb.

"The stipulations of the Treaty which I concluded with the Shah of Persia have been faithfully carried into execution; and the Persian forces have evacuated the territory of Herat.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,
I have given directions that the Estimates for the next year shall be prepared for the purpose of being laid before you. They will be framed with a careful regard to the exigencies of the public service.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,
Your attention will be called to the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament, with a view to consider what amendments may be safely and beneficially made therein.

"Measures will be submitted for your consideration for simplifying and amending the laws relating to real property, and also for consolidating and amending several important branches of the criminal law.
"I confidently commit to your wisdom the great interests of my empire; and I fervently pray that the blessing of Almighty God may attend your counsels, and may guide your deliberations to those ends which are dearest to my heart—the happiness and prosperity of my loyal and faithful people."

From India we have accounts satisfactory upon the whole, but it does not appear that the defenders of Lucknow can as yet be considered out of danger. Doubts were entertained as to the sufficiency of their supply of provisions; and though the force under General Outram, consisting of about 2,300 men, is strong enough to set at defiance the hordes of mutineers by whom it is still harassed, it is to be feared that if it cannot obtain provisions, it will be obliged to fight its way to Cawnpore. The total number of slain and wounded during the siege of Delhi is now published, and is stated at 4,000 men and 220 officers. The original force consisted only of about 3,000 men and 160 officers. Gen. Wilson has been compelled by ill health to resign his command. The news from the Continent of Europe is devoid of interest. The favorable result of the late parliamentary elections in Piedmont is fully confirmed; and, even from Protestant accounts, it appears certain that the number of Catholic members returned is at least double that of those who sat in the late parliament. This happy reaction against Liberalism and democratic despotism is attributed, and is no doubt in a great measure owing, to the exertions and salutary influence of the Catholic clergy.

Our Canadian elections still form the all-engrossing topic of the day. In several other places besides Montreal has the Orange Ministry met with a serious discomfiture. Mr. Cayley has—it is rumored—been defeated at Huron. Mr. Spence, another enemy of "Freedom of Education," has been rejected by the electors of North Wentworth; and though unfortunately M. Cartier, the patron of Orangism, and the supporter of Mr. Drummond's anti-Catholic Incorporation's Bill, has managed to secure a seat for Vercheres, we are well consoled by the reflection that he was indignantly rejected by the honest Irish Catholics of Montreal; who are too proud of their Church, too attached to their religion, to submit to the degradation of being represented—or rather misrepresented—by the mercenary gang of jobbers and corruptionists that impudently arrogate to themselves the title of "friends of order" and supporters of "good principles." If anything could make a Catholic gentleman and man of honor, ashamed of his faith, or cause him to blush for his Church, it would be to think that the stability of that faith, and the interests of that Church, were in any way, however remotely, connected, with the maintenance in office of a set of men who, as politicians, have during a long course of years shewn themselves to be utterly destitute of all honor and all principle; and, who have done more towards preparing the way for the overthrow of all our social and religious institutions in the Lower Province, than have the most violent amongst our avowed enemies.

Yes, a gentleman might well be ashamed to avow himself a member of a church, which acknowledged such men as Cartier, Drummond, or any of the venal tribe who voted against Mr. Felton's amendment, as her champions. Thank God however, the Catholic Church needs no such helpers, no such defenders. Her help is in the name of the Lord; and not on the mercenary votes of servile politicians, and needy "place-beggars," but upon the goodness of her cause, and the promises of the Most High, does she rely for support against the malice of her adversaries. This is our answer to *La Patrie* which in its issue of the 24th inst, holds up M. Cartier as a "defender of our Catholic institutions." God defend us say we from all such defenders!

THE CITY ELECTION.—The polling commenced on Monday morning, and was kept up with spirit until 5 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. Great anxiety as to the result was manifested; and though until the actual state of the poll be officially declared, which will not be before Monday next, it is impossible to give the exact numbers, the fact is undoubted that a great, if not a complete, victory over the Orange Ministry has been obtained, and that the members for Montreal are DORION, M'GEE and ROSE.

Though the excitement was great, and the election keenly contested, we are happy to have it in our power to state, that with a few trifling exceptions, everything passed off quietly; and in a manner which reflects great credit upon those charged with the maintenance of the public peace. Towards the close, there were at one or two points, occasional efforts to obtain possession of the polls, and, in consequence, a few blows were exchanged amongst the adherents of the rival candidates; but upon the whole we fully agree with the *Montreal Herald*, that the citizens of

Montreal have good right to congratulate themselves "at the generally peaceful and orderly manner in which this great electoral contest has been decided."

The result of the election having been made known from the windows of the Committee room of the Independent candidates, loud shouts proclaimed the satisfaction of the dense crowd which for upwards of an hour had been anxiously awaiting the report. Mr. McGee was accompanied home by a large body of his fellow-citizens; who, after three hearty cheers for the Independent members, quietly dispersed, and in a few minutes all was tranquil in our streets.

Thus have the Irish Catholics of Montreal proved to the world that they are not the docile ministerial hacks which their enemies delighted to represent them. In vain were ministerial threats held out that, if the Irish voted against the Ministerial candidates, the paltry annual grant, which in common with Protestant charitable institutions, the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum of this city receives from Government, should be withdrawn—in vain were all the blandishments of Government hirelings—in vain the indignant remonstrances of "Jack-in-Office," to whom the defection of the Irish Catholic vote seemed to indicate the speedy approach of that great and terrible day of doom of which the prophets spake. Faithfully did the Irish Catholic voters of Montreal do their duty, and honorably have they redeemed the pledges given in their name by the Catholic Institutes of Upper Canada. Would the Catholic electors throughout Canada but follow their example, the "School Question" would be speedily settled, and hereafter, no Ministry, no party, would dare to insult them, or refuse to listen to their demands for justice. We have the power in our hands to enforce compliance with all our requests; and if those requests have been hitherto treated with contempt; it is solely because we have not the courage and honesty to make a right use of the power which the constitution under which we live, places in our hands.

And now one word to the successful candidates whom by our votes we have raised to the honorably conspicuous, but highly responsible position of representatives of the chief city in British North America. "Gentlemen"—would we say to them—"we have trusted you, and in proof of our confidence, have elevated you to your present enviable position. Our main object in selecting you as our representatives is this—that you exert yourselves strenuously and unceasingly to procure justice for our brethren in Upper Canada; that from your seats in Parliament you insist, in season and out of season—no matter what the consequences to any Ministry or to any party—that the same measure of justice which in this section of the Province has been cheerfully and ungrudgingly dealt out to the Protestant minority, be in like manner accorded to the Catholic minority of the Upper Province. Do this—and heart and soul we will support you. Fail in this, falter for one moment in your allegiance to the great and holy cause which we have chosen you to advocate, and you will find us as prompt to pull you down, as we have been to raise you up. Remember—that your every word, your every action, your every vote upon matters connected with the 'School Question,' and the general interests of the Church, will be closely watched, keenly scrutinised, and impartially weighed; that as we have been ready to place a generous reliance in your promises, so will we be rigid, and inexorable in exacting their fulfillment, even to the uttermost farthing; that no excuses will be accepted, and no pardon or indulgence extended, for the slightest deviation from the paths of rectitude; and that it depends entirely upon your conduct in Parliament whether we shall be your warmest friends, or your bitterest and irreconcilable foes."

The above sentences comprise the entire policy of the TRUE WITNESS—that policy of "Independent Opposition," which from the first day of its existence, it has advocated, and which it will advocate to the last. We repeat them now, not because we have the slightest reason to doubt the good faith, and honorable intentions of our "Independent" representatives; not because we think that they require to be reminded of their duty—but in justice to ourselves; and to those principles which we have always avowed. With us men are nothing. Personally, the candidates at an election are to us no more than X, Y, or Z; more algebraic signs, important only in so far as they are the exponents, or representatives, of principles. To the latter we must remain ever constant; the former we are prepared to exchange at a moment's notice for any other letters of the alphabet which shall more fully and faithfully express our meaning; or more effectually aid us in solving those politico-religious problems in which all Catholics are interested, and with which alone the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS deems it his province to interfere.

The *Vindicator* of Quebec assures the Protestant press of that city, that—"On the questions of Separate Schools and Secret Societies, the Irish Catholics of this city are, to a man, with Mr. McGee as to principle, although they

may differ with him as to the policy of the moment."

This is, to a certain extent, satisfactory, but upon the whole, it is not very clear or explicit.—With the principle advocated by the Irish Catholics of Montreal, the Irish Catholics of Quebec agree, to a man, but differ only as to the "policy of the moment." What does the *Vindicator* mean by the "policy of the moment?" and if to that policy he objects, what other line of policy, as likely to lead to the attainment of the common object which Quebecers and Montrealers have in view, does he propose to substitute in lieu thereof? This we have surely the right to ask; for though we lay no claims to infallibility, the presumption at least is in favor of the line of policy, that we in Montreal have adopted; until such time at all events as its opponents shall have indicated one better fitted, or more likely, to bring about the speedy triumph of our common principles. If, we say, the *Vindicator* approves of our object, but objects only to our *modus operandi*, he is bound to show that that object can be obtained more surely, and more speedily, by some other mode than that which we have adopted. When his proposition to that effect shall be before us, we will give it our serious and most respectful consideration.

In the mean time, we still hold to the opinion which for years we have expressed in the TRUE WITNESS—that the only effectual means for Catholics to employ, to obtain justice from any political party, is that of bold, independent and uncompromising opposition to every party that, being in office, refuses to us our demands. We hold to this opinion, because, in the first place, it—"Independent Opposition"—is the policy adopted, with the approbation of their natural leaders, by the Catholic party in Ireland; in the second place, because no other policy, with the slightest prospect of success, has as yet been brought forward; and lastly, because it is the policy expressly indicated by their Lordships the Bishops of Upper Canada, and the Catholic Institutes of that section of the Province.

This last consideration has, we must confess, great weight with us, and is one to which no Catholic can refuse to attach much importance.—The line of policy which at the present general election, we in Montreal have adopted as "the policy of the moment," is clearly indicated in those "Resolutions" which, since the commencement of the present electoral contest, we have published, as the "Irish Catholic Voter's Guide;" in order that, if the latter fails in his duty, and proves recreant to his sacred "PLEDGES," the words of those "Resolutions" so solemnly adopted, may rise up in judgment against him, and condemn him.

"WE PLEDGE OURSELVES TO OPPOSE, BY ALL CONSTITUTIONAL MEANS"—says that document, entered into with the knowledge and full consent of the Bishop of Toronto—"THE RE-ELECTION OF THE PRESENT MINISTRY AND OF ANY OF THEIR SUPPORTERS"—(mark well these words)—"IF AT THE NEXT SESSION OF THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT, FULL JUSTICE IS NOT DONE TO THE CATHOLICS OF WESTERN CANADA, WITH REGARD TO THE FREE WORKING OF THEIR SEPARATE SCHOOLS."

We pause here to remark that the "session" alluded to has come and gone; that not the slightest instalment even, of that full measure of justice which is contended for, has been granted; and that, on the contrary, the present Ministry, and their supporters, have positively refused, when asked to do so, to make the slightest alteration in the iniquitous school system of Upper Canada, or to assimilate the condition of the Catholic minority in that section of the Province, to the condition of the Protestant minority in Lower Canada. Therefore, if there be meaning in words, are the Catholics of Upper Canada—all at least who directly or indirectly, openly or tacitly, assented to the "Resolutions" of the Catholic Institutes—bound—if they would not expose themselves to the scorn of the community, as "PLEDGE BREAKERS," as the deliberate violators of the most solemn engagements, and as men utterly destitute of all honorable feeling—to oppose at the present election, by all constitutional means, the re-election of the present Ministry, and of any of their supporters?

This is the "policy of the moment" of the Irish Catholics of Montreal; and, good or bad, not we, but the Catholic Institutes of Upper Canada, which first propounded it, and invoked our aid to carry it out, are responsible for the consequences.

For, having traced out the line of policy which the Catholics of Upper Canada PLEDGED themselves to adopt, the "Resolutions" of the Catholic Institutes go on to invoke:—

"THE SYMPATHY AND ASSISTANCE OF THEIR FELLOW-CATHOLICS IN EASTERN CANADA TO PROMOTE THEIR OBJECT."

Therefore, if we, who in Lower Canada enjoy to their fullest extent the blessings of religious freedom and religious equality, are not so entirely occupied with ourselves as to be utterly indifferent to the wrongs of our fellow-countrymen and co-religionists in Upper Canada—if we would not wish to proclaim ourselves to the world as thoroughly selfish, and destitute of all sympathy for our oppressed brethren in the faith—are we bound to adopt, and by every consti-

titutional means in our power, to enforce, the policy of uncompromising opposition to the "re-election of the present Ministry, or any of their supporters?"

For this our "policy of the moment," not we, but the Catholic Institutes of Upper Canada are responsible. We have merely responded to their appeal for our "aid and sympathy," and have granted freely, what they have earnestly invoked. If we have erred, it is in supposing that the Catholics of Upper Canada meant what they said; in taking their "Resolutions" as serious; in not treating their "PLEDGES" as mere rigmarole, and empty fustian; and in looking upon the Catholic Institutes of Canada as the faithful exponents of the wishes of honest men. This is an error, if error it be, into which we shall not be likely to fall a second time.

But we may plead, not only the action and exhortations of the Catholic Institutes of Upper Canada in justification of the "policy of the moment" which the Irish Catholics of Montreal have adopted, but the words of Mgr. Charbonnell, the zealous and truly noble Bishop of Toronto. The above cited "Resolutions" were adopted and published with his full knowledge, and approbation; the policy therein laid down, and which we in Montreal have, as faithful Catholics, done our best to carry out, be on more than one occasion openly and publicly proclaimed as his own; and as one which he trusted the Catholics of Canada would every where adopt, and steadfastly pursue. And when applied to by letter, His Lordship hesitated not one moment to express his opinion before the world, that even a "Brown-Dorion Administration" would be less injurious to religion than "the present one." We will cite His Lordship's words, written in reply to the following question put to him by Mr. J. O'Farrell:—

"Would you prefer"—asks Mr. O'Farrell, in a letter dated June 20th, 1856—"would you prefer a Brown-Dorion Administration to the present one?"

His Lordship replied under date of the same day:—

"I do prefer a sincere Protestant to a bad Catholic, and hope that the good sense of the country will always get rid of any Administration injurious to her constitution, her honor, peace and prosperity."

To another question propounded by Mr. O'Farrell to His Lordship in the following words:—

"Would you, had you a seat in the Legislature have voted for Mr. Felton's amendment, with the absolute certainty before you of seeing the present Administration replaced by one based on the avowed principles of Mr. George Brown?"

The Bishop at once replied:—
"Had I a seat in the Legislature, regardless of any human considerations, I would never commit a positive injustice for fear of any consequences, and would never vote against my conscience for party, office, or re-election sake; again, no evil should be done that good may come from it."

† A. CHARBONNELL, Bishop of Toronto.

Here then we have again "the policy of the moment" of the Irish Catholics of Montreal clearly traced out. Fearless of "consequences," and regardless of "party, or office," we have opposed the men who, for the sake of retaining office, and their dirty salaries, deliberately and against their conscience, voted down the equitable proposition of Mr. Felton to place the Catholic minority of Upper Canada on the same footing, as respected their schools, as the Protestant minority of the Lower Province; and who in consequence were proceeded against by the severest spiritual censures of the Church—censures which have not, that we know of, been raised, but which certainly render him who is subject to them altogether unworthy of the political support of any sincere Catholic. To criticise therefore, or express disapprobation of "the policy of the moment" of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, is in fact to criticise and condemn the conduct of the Bishop of Toronto, and of the Catholic Institutes of Upper Canada. We have merely done what they themselves pointed out to us as our proper line of conduct, and earnestly implored us to follow. Our fault—if fault we have been guilty of—consists solely in this; that we have been too honest, and too faithful. Too honest as citizens to support a corrupt Ministry; too faithful as children of the Church, to set at naught the injunctions of our spiritual Mother, speaking by the mouth of the Bishop of Toronto.

As to the charge of forming an unnatural alliance, that is easily disposed of. The Irish Catholics of Montreal have formed no alliance which binds them to support any man, or any party, further than he, or it, shows himself, or itself, worthy of their support. We are prepared at a moment's notice to turn upon, and strike down without mercy, those whom to day we have raised up—if to-morrow they prove false to us, or if they do not exert themselves actively and incessantly to promote the objects for which alone we supported them. Our policy—and we trust that it may be more than the "policy of a moment"—is unrelenting opposition to every Ministry, to every party, that withholds from us our rights. We know no ties of party or office; we care not for men, but principles; and regardless of men, scorning all party ties, and turning a deaf ear to the doleful remonstrances of "Jack-in-Office," we are prepared to throw overboard to-morrow, the men with whom we are embarked to day, upon the very first symptoms of hostility

to the interests of Catholicity, or to the great cause of "Freedom of Education."

But—and we put it to the Vindicator in all charity—if it be to him so strange a sight to see Irish Catholics giving their political support to a gentleman like M. Dorion, what thinks he of the still more monstrous alliance of M. M. Cartier and Alley, with George Brown upon the Upper Canada School Question? If our Quebec contemporary will but turn to the "Division List" of the 12th June, 1856, he will see that, upon a question of vital interest to Catholics, his Ministerial friends voted with the Clear Grits, and against the well known desires of the Catholic Bishops of Upper Canada. He will find for instance, the names of Alley, G. Brown and Cartier, in foul alliance; but that of M. Dorion, as voting for the bare act of justice proposed by Mr. Felton, for which he received the public thanks of the Bishops of Toronto and Hamilton. It is vain therefore for the Vindicator to twit us with inconsistency. The real allies of the "Clear Grits," the real enemies of Catholicity, and the withholders of their rights from the Catholics of Upper Canada, are—unless the Division List before our eyes be false—Alley, Cartier, O'Farrell, J. A. Macdonald, and the other Ministerialists and "government hacks," who, to save their dirty salaries, and to secure to themselves a longer tenure of office, hesitated not to vote against their conscience, their Church, and their God.—And, strange to say, it is for renegades, sordid hirelings, such as these, that the Vindicator today challenges the votes and confidence of a Catholic laity; whilst it well knows that, by their Upper Canada colleagues, the Lower Canadian portion of the Ministry are solemnly pledged, not to make any alterations in the Upper Canada School Laws—not to yield one inch to the demands of our Bishops, Clergy and laity—and not to give the slightest instalment of justice even, to our oppressed and insulted brethren in the Upper Province. But to conclude:—

The perpetuation of the monstrous evils of the present school system of Upper Canada will be the work of those unworthy Catholics who, at the present election, shall have given their votes "to the Ministry, or any of their supporters," for all are pledged not to alter that system in a sense favorable to Catholics. What that system is, which Cartier, Alley, and the Ministerialists, are bound to support, and what its effects upon the moral and religious condition of Upper Canada, the Bishops of Toronto and Hamilton themselves tell us, in a letter of thanks which they publicly addressed to those members of Parliament, who, with M. Dorion, voted in favor of Mr. Felton's motion, and against the unholy alliance of Alley, G. Brown, and Cartier. In that letter we read:—

"The last amendments of the Incorporations Bill—moreover an Anti-Christian law authorising divorce—could not be so unjust, so injurious to religious liberty, so mischievous to individuals, families, and society, as is the present condition of the R. Catholics of Upper Canada with regard to the education of their children.

He who approves of, and wishes to perpetuate an unjust school system, injurious to religious liberty, and socially mischievous as regards the condition of the Catholics of Upper Canada, will of course vote for the Ministers and their supporters. They who, like the Irish Catholics of Montreal, desire to see that system amended, and prefer the interests of their Church to those of their backs and bellies, will "oppose by every constitutional means in their power, the reelection of the present Ministry, and of any of their supporters."

The New Era publishes, over the signature of Veritas, the subjoined communication from its Quebec correspondent. We agree with the editor of the New Era in the opinion that the "whole Quebec affair"—that of Mr. Alley's renounced alliance with the Orangemen—"ought to be thoroughly sifted:" in order that, if Mr. Alley be—as we hope he is—innocent of the infamous conduct attributed to him by Veritas, justice may be done him in the face of day; and that, if he be guilty, he may be held up to the scorn and execration of every Catholic throughout the Province. Remembering however, that every man is entitled to be considered innocent, until he has been found guilty, we shall wait until such time as the statement of Veritas has been fully confirmed by Mr. Alley's silence, before we give credit to the accusation that that gentleman has pledged himself to support the interests of the most rancorous enemies of his religion, and to maintain a system of school legislation which reason and religion alike condemn. No! until Mr. Alley's silence, or failure to deny the dishonouring charges brought against him by Veritas, shall have established his guilt, we will not believe that he—professing himself a member of the Catholic Church—has pledged himself to the sworn enemies of that Church "to discountenance and vote against any proposition to assimilate the School Laws of Upper and Lower Canada." We await anxiously Mr. Alley's rejoinder to this infamous imputation against his character, both as a gentleman and

as a Catholic; and shall of course, when it appears give it an insertion in our columns. The following is the letter from Veritas to the editor of the New Era:—

MR. ALLEY'S ALLIANCE WITH THE ORANGEMEN OF QUEBEC—ADMISSION OF BROTHER LINDSAY AND BROTHER SMEATON.

To the Editor of the New Era.

QUEBEC, Dec. 17, 1857.

DEAR SIR,—Politicians here are all on the qui vive. I have not time at present to describe to you the position of parties; I shall, however, try to do so in my next. By-the-by, I see that you are awfully wrong with Mr. Alley and the St. Patrick's Institute of Quebec. Of the former, I shall say no more than that he has made a very unworthy alliance with the Orangemen here. This body had a meeting on last Saturday evening, at which it was proposed, that they should pledge themselves to support Mr. Alley on two conditions:—First—That, should Mr. McGee introduce a Bill to re-enact the Party Processions Act, Mr. Alley should not only promise to vote against it, but that he should also use his influence to procure its defeat. Secondly—That Mr. Alley should discountenance and vote against any proposition to assimilate the School Law of Upper to that of Lower Canada. Mr. Alley accepted and pledged himself to the above conditions; in proof of which, I shall merely observe that, at a meeting of Mr. Alley's friends which took place yesterday evening, and which was called by manuscript circulars, Br. Lindsay, one of the greatest Orangemen (not one of the greatest ruffians) of Quebec, and Br. Smeaton, another of the pious confraternities, were present. They have entered warmly into the contest in his favor.

[This whole Quebec affair ought to be thoroughly sifted. If we are wrong we are ready to be corrected by honest men speaking rationally; but we shall not be silenced by broad assertions without proof.—Ed. New Era.

The Minerve wishes to know if it is honest on our part to reproduce Mr. J. A. Macdonald's "humbugging" speech at Kingston on the "Seat of Government Question"—seeing that the said Mr. Macdonald denies having made use of the language imputed to him by the Globe. We reply that we consider that it is quite honest on our part; because, however much Mr. J. A. Macdonald may desire to retract or swallow his words, in spite of his assertions to the contrary, the fact is proved—as will be seen by the following from the reporter of the Montreal Herald—that he did make use of the very words as reported by the Globe. Unsupported by any other evidence, we should attach little value to the statements of the last named journal, which in so far as veracity is concerned, does not enjoy a high reputation; but the facts related by the Globe are corroborated by the independent testimony of James Shannon, Esq., reporter for the Montreal journal, and are therefore worthy of credit. There can, in fact, be no doubt that Mr. Macdonald did make use of the language imputed to him; and that his reputation of it is not worth a straw. The following is the evidence given by the reporter for the Herald:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTREAL HERALD. Sir,—I have this day observed a paragraph in the Gazette stating that a telegraphic despatch had been received from the Hon. John A. Macdonald, denying the accuracy of the Globe's report of Macdonald's speech at the hustings on nomination day. As I was specially retained for the sole purpose of reporting the proceedings on that day, and having no interest in the candidates, not being a voter, and but a short time a resident here, I have to advise that in every particular the words you have copied in your paper of the 16th inst., are strictly correct, and heard by many others as well as myself. I may add that my occupation for many years past in Europe, and lately in this city, has been reporting for the public press.—I am, dear sir, your very obedient,

THE REPORTER. Kingston, Dec. 19.

MINISTERIAL INTENTIONS.—The Hon. Mr. Spence, Post Master General, in his speech to the electors of North Westworth, remarked that—"with regard to the Separate School question, he would preserve that system intact." No alterations in it would he tolerate, no amendments of a nature to place the Catholic minority of the Upper Province, on a footing of equality with the Protestant minority of Lower Canada, would he countenance. The present system was in his opinion most admirable; because the law as it stands at present, gives to Catholics the right to establish their own schools, in theory, but denies it to them in practice. Thus the Hon. Postmaster General boasted, that—so effectual was the present law to prevent the multiplication of Catholic Separate Schools—"there was not one in the whole of this country;" and he accounted for this fact by reminding his hearers that "whereas the other schools cost only about four pence in the pound, separate schools cost their supporters about four shillings in the pound." Therefore our moderate Ministry are determined to resist every attempt to disturb so equitable an arrangement.

COUNTY OF CHATEAUGUAY.—We understand from a reliable source that John McGill, Esq., J.P., of McGill's Corners, is coming out for this county, with every prospect of success. Owing to his long residence in the county, and his impartiality as magistrate to all classes, and his filling several offices of trust, &c., such as Councillor for the old County of Beauharnais for several years, and being chosen as Grand Juror for the County at different times, he has a claim on the constituency of the County that many do not possess.—Communicated.

"QUARANTE HEURES."—This truly Catholic devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament will commence on Thursday next, the 31st inst., at the St. Patrick's Hospital, where the B. Sacrament will be exposed to the adoration of the faithful.

ORANGEMISM.—We copy the following from the Barrie Advance, a Protestant paper. It places in a very strong light the objects, and characters of Cartier's and Alley's new allies, the Orangemen of Upper Canada:—

ORANGEMISM!

REPREHENSIBLE.—An inflammatory placard, taken from the stable door of Mr. Wm. Daly, of Vespra, has been handed to us with the view of exposing an attempt lately made to prevent Catholic settlers coming into that neighborhood. The style and tone of the placard is a disgrace to the writer, and more especially so for having dared to assume the sanction of the Orange body, whose principles and Order the writer has violated. It appears that on different occasions houses and property have been set fire to and destroyed for the purpose above stated; and on a late occasion a new premises had been burnt up whilst the owner was absent fetching his family home. It is painful to have to expose such conduct in any neighborhood—it betrays a lamentable want of moral principles, and will ultimately fall upon the heads of those who practice it. We are sure, however, that no combination exists—that the respectable Protestants in the neighborhood protest against the outrage as much as do their Catholic neighbors—but that it is confined to one or two families at least. Let such beware of their danger—the law is a hard master when called upon to enforce obedience to the common laws of order and justice.

Whilst upon this subject we may as well lay before our readers the following extract from the Catholic Citizen, being the conclusion of a sermon by the Rev. H. B. to his parishioners, reported in the columns of our Upper Canada contemporary:—

"And there is another subject on which I consider it my duty before God to speak to you this day.—You are aware of the preternatural exertions the Orangemen of Canada are making against your holy religion. You know that in order to instil their vindictive feelings as early as possible into the growing generation, they are admitting to the dark orgies of their Lodge meetings, youths hardly yet come to the use of reason, that thereby they may grow up staunch and firm Orangemen—that is rabid and foaming assailants of the Catholic Church.—You know also that men high in office are members of that accursed society. What then are you as Catholics going to do to-day? You know that the aids and abettors of the enemies of your religion are the enemies of God. Are you going then to support them? Now that you are called upon to exercise your elective franchise, are you going to give such men as this your support? Are you going to help to multiply the number and increase the power of the enemies of God? Answer me: with my hand upon God's holy altar, with my hand upon the sacred sacrificial stone upon which the Lord of Mercy will descend this day, I ask is one single Catholic amongst you going to do this? Are you going to aid and strengthen the enemies of God? If you are, I warn you to begone in time from before God's altar—if you are, I warn you not to come again into the sacred presence of your Redeemer to mock and insult him, when he comes from heaven as a propitiatory victim for your salvation. God is not to be mocked. And is it not to mock Him?—is it not more than mockery, for you to come to praise and adore Him here, and then to go and sell Him to His enemies? Did Judas worse than this? And would you emulate the example of the traitor Apostle? Oh, no, my brethren, I feel that your love for your crucified Saviour is too strong with you, for you to deliver Him over thus into the hands of His bitterest enemies. Stand then together, firmly united, and determined to give to Caesar the things that are Caesar's but to God the things that are God's." "H. B."

* The Leader of our present Ministry, for instance.—Ed. T. W.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION AND THE "MONTREAL WITNESS."—Alluding to H. Melville, Esq., whose lecture before the Mercantile Library Association furnished a rich intellectual treat to all who had the pleasure of listening to him, our evangelical Witness moralises in the following strain:—

"We may say it was an insult to a Christian audience to invite to lecture before it, a man who has libelled Christian Missionaries, and shown himself to be an enemy to Christian Missions. A society which aims to meet the wants of an intelligent people, ought to know something of the lecturers it invites, and be careful not to ask a man whose antecedents and whose teachings must make him far from acceptable to a Christian audience. The loose ideas of religion held by the denomination which is so largely represented in the present course of lectures before the Mercantile Library Association, and which ideas some of the lecturers cannot keep to themselves, make their lectures undesirable, not to say dangerous to young men."

The meaning of the above tirade against the Mercantile Library Association, its lecturers generally, and Mr. Herman Melville in particular, is this—that the lecture by the latter gentleman upon "Sight Seeing in Rome," was not at all the kind of thing that, from its title, it was anticipated that it would be. The Saints naturally expected to be regaled in the usual "No-Popery" style; they looked forward to a few choice anecdotes illustrative of the "Corruptions of Romanism," in the very centre of the power of the "Beast," and the stronghold of the "Man Of Sin;" whilst the "Elders," and chosen damsels of the conventicle, rushed to listen to a lecture upon "Sight Seeing At Rome," in the hopes that it would be well sprinkled with choice evangelical anecdotes about "Monks" and "Nuns," "Monkeries" and "Nunneries," and gloomy cellars full of unbaptized children's bones.

Alas for the Saints, Elders, and fair Susannahs of our Zion! for in Mr. Melville's lecture there were none of these things. The man spoke like a scholar and a gentleman; nor from first to last did he utter a word at which the most fastidious could take offence. With a keen sense of the beautiful, and a scholar's appreciation of the artistic triumphs of the mighty ones of old, he can evidently have no sympathy with the Mawworms, no tenderness for cant. How then could his lecture be otherwise than offensive to the editor of the Montreal Witness?

Besides, Mr. Melville had previously been guilty of the unpardonable offence of showing up in their true colors, the Methodist missions to the Islands of the Pacific; and of telling the world

a few unpleasant facts, which the Saints would of course have desired to keep buried in oblivion. Not that a single word of Mr. Melville has as yet ever been refuted. On the contrary, every one of his statements has been fully corroborated by the confessions of modern travellers of all denominations—as for instances by the Rev. Mr. Cheever, whose statistics upon the Sandwich Islands establish the facts, that in the "Ocean Word of the Pacific," Syphilis and Protestantism, Evangelicalism and Impurity, Prostitution and Methodist Missionaries, have committed more fearful ravages amongst a once healthy, and comparatively speaking, an innocent population, than any which we find recorded in ancient or modern history, as following in the wake of war or pestilence. This is Mr. Herman Melville's great sin. This the very head and front of his offending, and the exciting cause of the Witness' impertinent insinuations against an accomplished gentleman like Mr. Melville, and a valuable literary institution, such as is the Mercantile Library Association of Montreal.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.—If, as the Montreal Witness contends, it be unjust, and "baneful" to "tax Catholics for the support of their church," is it just and wholesome to tax Catholics for the support of a church which is not their church?—as is the case in free, enlightened and Protestant Great Britain? If it be baneful to tax Catholics in Lower Canada for the support of a Catholic church, can it be otherwise than baneful to tax the Catholics of Upper Canada for the support of Non-Catholic schools?

THE COLONIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY ALMANACK AND USEFUL INFORMATION FOR 1858.—We have to thank Mr. Dickson for this very elegant, as well as useful, little pocket companion. In addition to the statistical and other information heretofore given in it, the present volume contains a beautiful little map of both hemispheres.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Trenton, Dec. 15, 1857.

DEAR SIR.—At a meeting of the Irish Catholics of this mission, held in the Catholic church on the evening of Sunday the 29th ult., a Society was formed, called the "Trenton St. Patrick's Society." The following are names of the Officers for the present year:—

P. G. Fergus, M.D., President. James Devlin, Vice Do. John Stewart, Treasurer. F. J. McGuire, Cor. Secretary. James Casey, Rec. Do.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT: Hugh O'Rourke, Joseph Dolin, Patrick Monaghan, Patrick O'Flynn, Jas. McCormick, Daniel M'Elheran, and John Rathford. One of the articles comprised in the Constitution of this Society is such that, at any election when our creed or country is concerned, the minority must sink in the majority, and all vote as one man; otherwise he is expelled. This Society entirely concurs with the recent movement made by the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal; and would be very happy to receive instructions at any time from your more experienced, and most energetic Committee.

Hoping you will give this insertion in your influential and truly Catholic journal, I remain, yours, &c., F. J. MAQUIB, Cor. Secretary.

CORPORATION LOOK OUT.—Last week, as the Rev. J. S. Sykes was walking along Bleury street, he stumbled over some part of the sidewalk and fell, striking his forehead, near the temple, against a projecting spike nail in the rotten plank. On recovering from the stunning effects of the fall, he found his face covered with blood. We are happy to state that the Rev. gentleman is now considerably recovered from what had nearly been a severe if not a fatal accident.—Pilot.

QUEBEC, DEC. 21.—There were about three thousand persons present at the nomination to-day. The Ministerial candidates, Alley, Simard and Dubord were well received. The Opposition candidates, Plamondon and Evanturel, attempted to speak, but were received with disapprobation. Huot was absent. Jamieson, Independent was nominated, but not allowed to speak; and he retired in time to avoid rough treatment. Show of hands in favor of the Ministerial candidates. The Polling will take place on the 28th and 29th. Some trifling disturbances took place, but the meeting was dispersed quietly.—Montreal Herald.

Government has offered a reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of the murderer of John Whently, who was murdered in the neighborhood of Drummondville, C. W., on the evening of the 1st inst. The coroner's inquest on the body returned a verdict of wilful murder against David McClenon, who is now a fugitive from justice, and believed to be in the United States of America.—Transcript.

MELANCHOLY DEATH OF DR. LAYCOCK.—A sad accident occurred near Woodstock, on the night of Friday last, by which Dr. Laycock, of that place lost his life. The Doctor had been attending a patient at Pelncotown, a village ten miles from Woodstock, and when returning after dark, was thrown from his carriage about half a mile from that place, as appeared by a parcel found in the road, which indicated the spot where his buffalo-coat caught in the fore-spring of the buggy; and the unfortunate gentleman was dragged by the runaway horse to the gate at the closing of the Great Western Railway, a distance of nearly five miles. Here the horse finding his further progress impeded by the gate, which was closed, turned round without upsetting the buggy, and was found at daylight on Saturday in the road opposite Jewes' Tavern, about a mile on the way back to Princeton. Dr. Laycock was a brother of the present proprietor of the Woodstock Gazette, and son of the late Mr. Laycock, a well-known and influential supporter of Mr. Hincks, in the County of Oxford.—The Doctor was a talented gentleman, and had obtained a high reputation as a medical practitioner in that vicinity. He has also been a frequent and favorable contributor to the Provincial Press. He was greatly respected; and his funeral on Saturday last was attended by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends.—Toronto Colonist.

The London Free Press, of Saturday last, says:—A suicide under the most distressing circumstances, occurred at this city, yesterday, by a young lady named McFarlane, resident with her friends here. Nothing wrong was suspected till the unhappy young lady was missing. Search was instituted, and a note being found on her dressing-room table was opened, and found to contain the dreadful intelligence that she had resolved to destroy herself, adding a small bequest to a relative. The agonised friends then went about in all directions, and at length the remains of the unhappy young lady were found in the river. She was of course quite dead. An inquest was held, and a verdict of "temporary insanity" returned.

JACK, THE GIANT KILLER, has long been the wonder of children, but the modern giant, Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer, is always victorious over his great antagonist, pain, in what form soever he may present himself.

Birth. At Point Claire, on 17th inst., Mrs. John Shannon, of a son.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES. Dec. 22, 1857. Table listing prices for various commodities like Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, etc.

P. K. There is no medicine, at the present day I value so high as Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer. I have used it in my family for years; in every instance it has proved a sovereign remedy, I tested its qualities to-day, on a severe burn, and found it all that could be desired.

A. D. MILNE, Editor of Messenger. Portuguese Colony, July 1st, 1857.

Messrs. Perry Davis & Son:—Gentlemen—Allow me, as an eye witness of the great good which your excellent medicine, the PAIN KILLER, has done amongst the exiles of Madeira, to state for the good of others, that it is now, and has been for five years, the great family medicine. We have found it excellent in fever and ague, in coughs, colds, dyspepsia, chronic and inflammatory rheumatism, croup, worms, piles, nervous headache, gravel, &c. &c. The introduction of the Pain Killer has been a great blessing to the whole Colony.

MANUEL J. GONSALVES, Minister of the Gospel, and one of the Madecians. Sold by all medicine dealers. Lyman, Savage & Co., and Carter, Kerry & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.

If you are sick, the probability is that the root of your sufferings is in the stomach. From a weak stomach proceed dyspepsia, languor, oppression in the diaphragm, jaundice, headache, nausea, bodily weakness, dimness of sight, heartburn, costiveness, dysentery, and a legion of other tormenting diseases. Indigestion produces thin blood, and therefore destroys the strength and vigor of the system. To restore the tone of the stomach, and enable it to throw off and dismiss forever all these tormenting and dangerous complaints, nothing is necessary but a persevering use of Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. There is no mistake, no failure in their sanative effects. For sale by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canada, West India, and South America, at 75 c. per bottle. For sale by all the druggists in Montreal.

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

S. S. BLODGETT & Co., Proprietors, Ogdensburg, N. Y. LAMPLAGH & CAMPBELL, (Wholesale Agents), Montreal.

GRAND SOIREE!



THE GRAND ANNUAL SOIREE OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE CITY CONCERT HALL, ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, 13th JAN. NEXT. FULL PARTICULARS IN OUR NEXT.

IF MR. THOMAS DUGGAN, of Mapletown; near St. Thomas, in the London district, Canada West, will put himself in communication with this office, he will hear of something to his advantage. Upper Canada papers are respectfully requested to copy. Montreal, Dec. 10, 1857.

FOUND, in Notre Dame Street, Montreal, in September last, a PORTFOLIO, containing some MONEY. Apply at this Office.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

The Courrier du Bas Rhin of Strasburg asserts positively, in spite of the repeated contradictions which have been given, that the English Government has resolved to raise a foreign legion for the East Indies. It even adds that one of the principal recruiting offices is to be established at Strasburg on the 1st of December, under the orders of Colonel Hudson, assisted by Major Cafe, Captain Wilkinson, (paymaster), Captain Herring (deputy-paymaster), and Captain Wendt, who is to have the charge of the clothing department. Two of the officers, Major Cafe and Captain Wilkinson, are, says the Courrier, known in Strasburg, from having been there for some time when the Anglo-Swiss Legion was raised. How far the Courrier du Bas Rhin is correct I am unware, but it is certain that applications on the part of Frenchmen to enlist for service in India have been made at Marseilles, and, within the last few days, in Paris. A gentleman from the former city mentions that he has personally known of several applicants there, and that some of them went by mistake to one of the foreign consuls' offices instead of the English. Whether it be a delusion or not on the part of these persons, it is certain that they have presented themselves at the houses of British subjects, asking information as to where they could enlist.—Times Correspondent.

THE "CORPS LEGISLATIF."—The Times, speaking of this Assembly, says:—"The Legislative Body goes to its mechanical and routine duties with no more notice than if it were one of our parish vestries. The Deputies are eminently commonplace. They are respectable fathers of families, given much to talking "Bourse" as they sit together, each with his scrap of red ribbon at his buttonhole. But they are not a distinguished body. There may be remarkable men among them, but they have not been remarked. The old race of politicians have decided on "abstention;" the tribune no longer resounds with the eloquence of Louis Philippe's time; opposition, and even criticism, is dead; the Republicans only mutter below their breath, and so the Session of the Legislative Corps passes away placidly year after year.—Times.

Dr. G. Scrive, head surgeon of the expeditionary forces of France during the war with Russia, has just published a statistical report on the subject of the wounded whom the French military surgeons had to deal with during the expedition, that is to say, from the landing at Gallipoli down to the evacuation of the Crimea. Altogether, 43,044 French soldiers were wounded including those who were immediately killed or died afterwards in the trenches. The storming of the green Mamelon, of the white batteries, of the Malakoff (twice), of the Little Redan, and of the Central Bastion, added 16,664 more. Finally, the three battles of the Alma, Inkerman, and Traktur furnished 2,240 cases. From this it appears that battles in the open field are far less dangerous to life and limb than siege operations, and storming of works in particular.

A correspondent of the Record complains of Protestantism on the Continent, and says it is no wonder that French Catholics confound the profession of Protestantism with a negation of all religion. At Avignon there is a Protestant congregation chiefly female, and the writer the other day went to hear the preacher. "He took for his text Luke xii. 48, 'For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.' Having enunciated this short sentence in the French version, he shut the Bible, and with an air which seemed to intimate that he had no further need of its aid, he turned round and put it behind him with some emphasis. He then addressed himself to his discourse, which related entirely to the responsibility of man, a responsibility depending on his conscience in proportion to its enlightenment. We had a great deal about man's free will—about his responsibility to himself, to his family, and especially responsibility to public opinion. But through the whole of his dull platitudes on these topics there was not one word of the Gospel—not a word about man's ruin or Christ's redemption. To say that it was Pelagian would be to do it too much honor. It was such a sermon as a Pagan might easily have improved upon, and one which a disciple of Plato might have deemed tame and inefficient. In the whole course of the sermon the name of Christ was not introduced, nor was there an allusion to the Gospel, unless it were with reference to the superior light now enjoyed—a light which increased our responsibility. In fact, had a poor Romanist entered the chapel, doubting his own teachers, and anxious to find the way of peace, he must have gone away in hopeless darkness. In truth, such a religion as that taught by the Protestant preacher at Avignon was worse than many forms of Popery. Amidst all the errors of Popery, Christ might be found."

GERMANY.

THE EXPLOSION AT MAYENCE.—A letter from Mayence, dated the 18th of November says:—"The telegraph will, doubtless, have informed you of the catastrophe which this day has befallen this city. I live in the Gau street, in a solidly built mansion. I was writing in my room, when I felt a terrible shock, accompanied by a terrific noise; at the same time all the windows were smashed to atoms, the doors were thrown off their hinges, and my books and papers scattered about the room; bricks fell out of the walls. A dense smoke and dust poured in through the windows, and prevented me seeing what had taken place. When it cleared off I saw the roof of St. Stephen's Church riddled like a sieve; most of the houses were in the same condition. All the inmates of my house rushed into my room in a state of alarm. Most of them were hurt and bleeding; I only then perceived that I had been hurt in the hand and was bleeding. We soon heard that the powder magazine had exploded. I went to the door and found that the other side of the street was in ruins; the street was filled with groans and lamentations. The military were taking away the dead on stretchers. The gaspings having been damaged the whole city was soon in darkness. At the Carmelite Church a wall from seven to eight feet in thickness was rent asunder. Some heavy guns were thrown into the air like sticks. Some of the Federal troops were exercising at the time; two Austrians and nine Prussians were killed on the spot; 95 Austrians and 34 Prussians were wounded; 18 dead bodies of civilians have been taken from the ruins, and 300 are dangerously wounded. The mili-

INDIA

ary authorities have taken every measure to afford relief to the sufferers. The Emperor of Austria has been graciously pleased to appoint a distinguished Irishman, Colonel the Chevalier Daniel O'Connell O'Connor, Military Commandant of the City of Mantua, the strongest fortress in the Austrian dominions. The Chevalier is the nephew of O'Connell, and brother of the Rev. Charles James O'Connor. A Catholic Priest, M. Verigmann, in the Duchy of Nassau, has just been condemned to three months' imprisonment for speaking against Luther, in his sermon in the Catholic Church, on Whit-Monday. There are three Courts, one above another; and this sentence has been brought before them all by appeal, and confirmed by each in succession. The accusation was, that in preaching on the note of sanctity belonging to the Catholic Church he had pointed out the double perjury of Luther as a married Priest and Monk. It is to be observed that there is no prohibition in the Duchy of controversial sermons, Protestant preachers being allowed to make the most odious attacks upon things and persons the most sacred to Catholics—the Holy Father, Our Blessed Lady, &c. What has happened, however, is less wonderful when we find that, although the Catholics of Nassau count 200,000, against 226,000 of all Protestant sects, there is no Catholic member in either of the two lower Courts, and only one out of several in the Supreme Court of Appeal. We are well accustomed to see the working of a state of things like this in England and Ireland.

ITALY.

After all the abuse lavished by the English press on the King of Naples, it would seem as if, after all, political offenders were as well treated in Naples, as in Great Britain. The following is from the "Own Correspondent" of the Times:—

NAPLES, Nov. 21.—Since I last wrote an important step has been taken regarding the English engineers in imprisonment at Salerno. The Rev. Giles Pugh, the Chaplain of the British Legation in Naples, after repeated efforts, has at length obtained permission to visit them, and on Wednesday last he went down to Salerno for that purpose. With that strict impartiality and respect for truth which have always guided, and always will guide me, I give you the following details of the visit, and I believe that they will be found to be correct. On Mr. Pugh's first application it was urged that it was opposed to the law for any person to be admitted to see a prisoner in the actual state of the proceedings, but it was finally admitted that the case of a clergyman wishing to visit him might be exceptional, and, on an application being made to His Majesty, an immediate order was sent for Mr. Pugh to have free access to our countrymen at any time. Accordingly, last Wednesday he went down to Salerno to visit them, and was not only freely admitted, but had the opportunity of unreserved conversation in English with them. As neither the day nor the hour of the intended visit had been mentioned, the fair inferences is that no preparations had been made for the visit. The men were comfortably lodged in a room in the head Custode's house; together with them was the Captain of the Gagliari, and each had his separate bed. They appeared to be in good health, and in their linen and the arrangements of the room—every attention to cleanliness seemed to have been paid so far as was compatible with their position. As Mr. Pugh's visit was strictly ministerial, I have reason to believe that he felt a delicacy in urging many questions which any one differently situated might have done, but, in the course of conversation, the engineers assured him that they had been generally well treated (and one of them added he had met with much kindness) and had plenty of what was needed, as the Genoa Steamboat Administration sent them money through the Procurator-General. Mr. Pugh has permission to go, and at any time he wishes, to the prison, and to supply our countrymen with such religious books as they may be desirous of reading.

CORSICAN FEUDS.—The following curious anecdote of the Corsican Vendetta is related by the Paris correspondent of an English paper:—"I have, from an eye and ear witness, a curious instance of Corsican manners, apropos to M. Abbateucci's death. With one of his countrymen, M. Casa Bianca, he was at deadly feud. For upwards of two centuries, it has been said in Corsica, that every ditch in the low woodland is full of bones of the Abbateucci, slaughtered by the Casa Biancas; and that every well hidden body of Casa Biancas murdered by the Abbateucci clan. And so the feud has gone on, and no civilisation of our 19th century could bring those two heads of the two families to endure each other. The other evening, M. Casa Bianca was seated at a whist table to the right hand of an acquaintance of mine who was playing against him. A new comer announced the official news of Abbateucci's demise. 'Is he dead?' asked M. Casa Bianca earnestly—'you are certain he is dead?' and, on confirmation of the news, he rose, laid down his cards, and said with great fervor and solemnity—'E finis la vendetta' (the vengeance is ended)."

INDIA.

The Calcutta and Bombay Mails confirm the news previously published on the authority of the telegrams. The dates are October 22 and November 3. The relief of Lucknow cannot yet be said to have been completely effected. General Havelock, it is true, forced his way in and saved the garrison from destruction; but he has not yet been able to remove the non-combatants, nor the treasure, stated to amount to 26 lakhs. He has not been able to keep up regular communications with that part of the force which is stationed outside of the city at Allumbagh, about three miles from his own position. We believe it is not doubtful that Mann Singh, instead of joining General Havelock's forces, has acted against them, and that he, and not Nana Sahib, was the person reported to have been wounded. Though his detection may have been inconvenient at the moment, it may ultimately be compensated by the confiscation of his estates, which, we have been informed, are very extensive at Shahjunge, about 14 miles from Fyzabad. A report was alluded to by a Cawnpore correspondent that General Outram and his party had been cut off on their return from Lucknow; we believe we can state that it was but a rumour. Up to the latest date General Outram, with General Havelock's force, was at the capital of Oude, and, from the information supplied by Government, we gather that our troops are making good progress in capturing the city.

It shows that there is little foundation for the numerous unfavourable rumours which have been current in Calcutta during the last few days, owing to the absence of published news from the English force. Outram holds the Residency with 1,500 men, and is knocking away the numerous buildings which hem in and command the Residency. Those afforded excellent shelter to the mutineers during the siege of the former garrison. They are being cleared away sufficiently to give the garrison sufficient open space about them.

The Allumbagh is about two or three miles from the Residency, and is held by 1,000 men with the sick and wounded of Havelock's force. The position is good. The approaches are commanded by heavy guns, and there is a clear space of 500 yards all round beyond the boundary of the place. The occupants, therefore, are in a state to give a warm reception to any enemy who may venture to attack them. No fears need be entertained for them. A convoy of provisions, guarded by 250 men, went over to Allumbagh from Cawnpore, and returned to Cawnpore, after delivering their provisions, together with all their baggage animals, unharmed and uninjured. This shows that the enemy is not in any strength between Cawnpore and Lucknow. General Havelock could easily force his way from the Residency, but that he does not wish to expose the women and children to the danger arising from opposition on his way. We consider this news very cheering and satisfactory, and as a force of 1,000 men was to leave Cawnpore for Lucknow on the 16th, we

hope that before long the two places will be in communication. The Nana is said to be again at Benarsh, and an expedition against him is talked of by the Cawnpore garrison.

Though the recapture of the two important places Delhi and Lucknow may be considered to have broken the insurrection to pieces, a great deal yet remains to be done. All Oude, full of fighting men, will have to be reconquered; and it will take along time to put down all resistance in the Upper Provinces, and to re-establish order and regular government. Since the storming of Delhi was announced, a part of another regiment, the 32nd Bengal Native Infantry, hitherto quiet, have mutinied, and have murdered two or three of their officers, proving, at all events, that the spirit of revolt has not abated, though whether a few more or less join in it is now of no importance. We also hear that disturbances have taken place on the Coromandel coast, and troops are said to have been ordered to land there, but we have not yet received any particulars.

Large reinforcements are now continually arriving; and it is expected that the Commander-in-Chief will soon be able to take the field at the head of such a British army as never yet assembled on the plains of Bengal.

LATEST FROM DELHI.—PALACE, DELHI, Oct. 15.—I wrote to you from Meerut on the 28th ult., enclosing a list of casualties and giving a few small scraps of information—perhaps a little more may not prove altogether unimportant.

The ex-King, who is living in a small house within the Palace walls, is to be brought to trial in a few days for aiding and abetting the mutineers. Living with him is his favourite wife, Zeenut Mahal, and her son Jumna Bukht, a lad of about 17 or 18 years old. Two of the King's sons, the Princes Mirza Buktawur Shah and Mirza Mendhoor, were tried last week for aiding and abetting the mutineers. One of them was appointed colonel of the 11th Native Infantry, and the other of the 74th; they were tried by a military commission of five officers, with Brigadier-General Chamberlain as President. Evidence was produced before the Court, principally documentary, consisting of reports, returns, &c., bearing the prisoners' seals, showing that they exercised command of their regiments and acted. In their defence they pleaded total ignorance of the intention of the Sepoys to mutiny, and said that when the Meerut mutineers first reached Delhi on the 11th of May they (the Princes) thought it was a Russian invading army! They were then summoned to an audience by the King, and a few days after were appointed colonels of regiments at the request of the Sepoys themselves.

The Court, however, found the prisoners guilty, and sentenced them to death; and, accordingly, yesterday they were shot by a party of the 60th Rifles. Detachments of Rifles, Artillery, Sappers, and Goorkhas were present, and a great number of spectators. The bodies were cast into the Jumna River.

The city continues empty of all its former inhabitants, though many are attempting to negotiate with the prize agents for the ransom of their houses and property. It is supposed a large amount of prize money will be collected. Nothing as yet is known as to whether this place is to be retained as a garrison or not. The country is about settling down and the people becoming wonderfully civil. A force is out, under Brigadier Showers, punishing rebels and bringing them to a sense of their duty and allegiance. I mentioned in my last that two Engineer officers were to receive the "Victoria Cross." I regret to say Lieutenant Salkeld has died of his wounds; the other Lieutenant Home, was unfortunately killed by an explosion when destroying a fort near Bolundshuhur.—They are deeply lamented. At Meerut all is quiet.—Here the sick and wounded are improving, as the cold weather is setting in.—Times Cor.

CATHOLIC SOLDIERS IN INDIA.—The condition of the Catholic soldiers in India at present is very anomalous indeed. The Protestant Establishment stands to them in the same relation as the Establishment does to the people of Ireland. A Chaplain of the Establishment at a European military station draws not less than 500 rupees per mensem. If the regiment is an Irish one, as is generally the case four-fifths of it are Catholics; two-thirds of the remaining one-fifth are Presbyterians, who minister to each other, and therefore require no ordained minister. So here we have a gentleman drawing 500 rupees a month ostensibly for the service he must render to the soldiers, having for his congregation only a handful of men! let us turn to the Catholic side of the picture. The four-fifths of the regiment have no Priest or minister provided by the Government to attend to their spiritual wants. The Bishop of the Diocese, on a station being occupied by a sufficient number of soldiers to render the service of a stationary Chaplain necessary, must send them a Chaplain, in many instances, at his own expense; and then, as in the Barrackpore, case, he has to pay for the decent maintenance of the Chaplain. It is therefore very sad that it would have been worth the while of some Catholic member of Parliament to have elicited from the Government a reply to the following interrogatories:—"Whether any Catholic Chaplains had been appointed for the Catholic portion of the force going out to India?" "If not, what are the instructions to the Indian Government in regard to this important subject?" We do not suppose that any Irish Catholic can ignore the fact that the Indian Government does not expend a single rupee on this head. It is to the Bishops they must look for Chaplains to the Army. When the Catholic Bishops of India memorialised the Court of Directors, praying that for each Catholic Military Chaplain who came out the Government might allow a certain sum of money on account of his passage, the request was deemed inadmissible! So that the Catholics of France are actually called upon to bear the expense of the spiritual provision which the Vicars Apostolic of India are compelled by a sense of duty to make for the Irish Catholic soldiers! This reckless policy is neither honourable to the Government, nor just to the poor soldiers who fight and bleed for their country and their Sovereign.

CHINA.

THE MARTYRDOM OF A CATHOLIC BISHOP BY THE CHINESE.—We mentioned some short time since that the Admiral in command of the French Squadron in China had, at the request of the Spanish Consul at Macao, sent a steamer to the coast of Tonquin to save, if possible, the life of the Spanish Bishop, Mgr. Diaz, who had been thrown into prison by the Chinese at Touranne, and treated with the greatest cruelty. A letter just received from Hong Kong gives the following details of his death:—"The execution of the Bishop took place at Ram-Ting on the 20th July. His head was cut off by the public executioner, and all the ground was immediately dug up, lest the Christians might collect some drops of the blood as relics. The mandarins afterwards carried the body through the streets of the place with a procession of troops and elephants, after which it was wrapped up in mats, and thrown into the river with a rope attached to it, and fastened to a boat. The boat was then rowed down the stream towards the sea by a number of men, who were compelled to sit with their faces towards the bow, and threatened with death if they turned round. Thus, when the body was cut adrift, they could not say where the act had taken place, the idea being that the Christians might make an attempt to recover it, and might apply for information to some of the men on board the boat.

The news from Cochin China is quite as deplorable as that from Tonquin. It appears that the persecutions had re-commenced, and in the first days of September five Christian villages had been destroyed in the south of the Empire.

(From the Times.)

The operations which followed the capture of Delhi are described in full by our correspondents and by the Indian press. It will be remembered that the mutineers who evacuated the city on the 19th of September marched some of them eastwards towards Bareilly, but the greater part to the south-

ward, in the direction of Muttra and Agra. Two days after the final occupation of Delhi Colonel Greathed went in pursuit with 1,800 infantry and 500 cavalry, with 20 guns. He seems first to have moved on Anpohshuhur, and halted on the third day at Secunderabad, which had been quitted by the fugitives, and where were found, it is said, articles of European use, and particularly ladies' clothes—a sign that some atrocity had been perpetrated on the spot. "As a punishment Secunderabad was at once burnt to the ground. On the 27th Colonel Greathed came up with the enemy at Bolundshuhur, about 15 miles further on. The Delhi people had been joined by a set of the Jhansi mutineers, had taken up a strong position, and determined to make a stand.—However, our artillery drove them from their works, and the cavalry finished their discomfiture. The loss of the enemy does not seem to have been large, since they sought safety in a speedy flight; but 7 guns, 25 boxes of powder, together with other ammunition, were taken. This affair does not seem to have been merely a combat with the rear-guard of a retreating enemy, but a real pitched battle fought against the whole force which the mutineers could oppose to us. Two days after the column came upon the fort of Malaghur, abandoned by the enemy. It was blown up. The affair is remarkable only inasmuch as it cost the life of Lieutenant Home, of the Engineers, the gallant officer who was employed with Lieutenant Salkeld in blowing open the Cashmere-gate of Delhi. On the 5th the column reached Allyghur, which it captured, cutting to pieces the defenders; skirmishing parties then swept the country, destroying the marauders of the Gwalior Contingent wherever they were to be found.

Now, however, it was necessary to prepare for another foe. Delhi had been taken, its defenders scattered, the country cleared for fifty miles, and it seemed likely that soon there would not be a rebel between the Jumna and the Ganges. But the Rajpootana and Malwa people were strong in the south.—The Indore mutineers had marched northward until they had reached Dholpore, and from that point communication with the Delhi and Oude rebels was not difficult. It will be remembered that two mails since Agra was said to be threatened. The fear was inspired by this strong levy at Dholpore, and the event showed that it was well founded. However, the attack resulted in one of the most brilliant victories gained by the British arms throughout the war. On the 6th of October Colonel Greathed seized Akbarabad, and the next day reached Hatras, half way between Allyghur and Agra. The enemy had retreated in a somewhat disorderly manner, and now entirely disappeared. The column entered Agra on the 14th, and were right glad of a little rest in the cantonments. But they did not know that four days before the rebel force in the south had broken up from Dholpore and was in march on the place. Our men were scarcely encamped when they were attacked by some 5,000 of the enemy. Some fanatics rushed in and murdered an officer, and one of our guns was actually taken before the men had recovered from their surprise. We need not describe the battle, which is narrated elsewhere. The Sikhs fought with their usual spirit; the 9th Lancers charged in their shirt sleeves. The enemy were driven back, routed, and pursued for miles. They lost 500 men, all their guns, baggage, and ammunition, and only escaped by getting across the river Khara on their road back to Dholpore. We now come to the close of Colonel Greathed's known movements. Having dispersed the Delhi fugitives, driven back with slaughter the Indore invaders, and saved Agra, he turned his attention to the relief of Lucknow. On the 19th he had marched 22 miles in a north-easterly direction to Mynpore. After this we have no certain information of his movements, but it was expected that by the end of the month he might be in a position to render Sir Henry Havelock some assistance. No words of ours are necessary to insure due honor being paid to the officer who has accomplished this extraordinary march. Through a country swarming with enemies the little column of Colonel Greathed has penetrated, marching almost incessantly for 16 days, fighting two battles—not to speak of smaller actions—and destroying several thousands of the enemy. Such achievements speak for themselves.

We must now turn to Lucknow. The position of the British commander is singular. Between the 20th and 25th of September General Havelock had marched from Cawnpore to Lucknow with a force numbering less than 2,800 men. The fighting during the march was not considerable, considering the number of the enemy and the weakness of our force. The mutineers, however, had thrown up works at a place called Allumbagh, three miles short of Lucknow. These were mounted with 50 guns, and were taken after a stubborn resistance by General Havelock. Finding the place of sufficient strength, the General left a party of the 64th in it, with the sick and wounded, and himself pushed on to Lucknow. A plain, traversed by a broad canal, separates Lucknow from Allumbagh, and as Havelock crossed the bridge over the canal it was broken down behind him by the enemy, who hung upon his rear. Then followed the attack on Lucknow, which was partially taken with a loss on our side of about 600 killed and wounded. The Residency was relieved, and General Havelock established himself there. Then follows the strange part of the story. The rebels have placed themselves on the plain between the main body of English and the party of the 64th which holds Allumbagh. The whole extent of country between Cawnpore and Allumbagh is clear, and a quantity of provisions, conveyed by only 250 men, has got in with perfect safety; but to Lucknow itself it was impossible to penetrate. The Commander must therefore maintain himself as best he can until Colonel Greathed makes his appearance, or sufficient reinforcements are sent up from Calcutta to enable him to act on the offensive.

Delhi and Lucknow have been the two centres of the revolt, but henceforth it is with the latter that we shall be almost exclusively concerned. India in general is returning to a state of tranquillity. True, the central regions, where the English residents are quite unprotected, may furnish some new horrors, like that we publish to-day of the slaughter of Captain Burton, the political agent at Kotah, and his two sons. But we trust we are nearly at the end of these trials. It is even said that our countrymen at Saugor are safe. So we may, without too great confidence, consider that this vast insurrection which a few months since threatened to wrap all India in its folds is now confined to a little space in the Northwest country. Towards Delhi there is probably not a single band of mutineers west of the Ganges. In the opposite direction the country below Cawnpore is free from disturbance, and small bodies of men are sent with perfect safety to that city, lately the scene of so terrible a calamity, but now the basis of our operations against the mutineer army. Oude and part of Rohilcond are the districts held by the enemy; they are, in fact, hostile countries, and the war must be carried on in them as if we had never set foot there before. There must no doubt be much hard marching, if not hard fighting. The population is computed to be the thickest in India, numbering more than 300 to the square mile, a density unknown even in England. The Sepoys, too, are at home here, Oude having been our chief recruiting ground. We may expect, therefore, that if the rebels will fight anywhere it will be in the region towards which they are now flocking. But that they may fight is exactly what we ought to desire. Better far that they should be cut down in battle than that they should disperse themselves over the country to murder and rob. We may reckon now that we have the whole brood in the toils. That the peasantry have no sympathy with them is pretty clear, and there is reason to believe that whenever they are struck with fear, disband and retreat to their own homes, the country people will be glad, for a reward, to bring them in to the authorities. The day of retribution for all the unprovoked atrocities will then have dawned.

HALF-AND-HALF.—We learn from the Times the very important fact, that half of the fighting army of Great Britain is composed of Irish Catholics. Owing to this it was brought out in a very curious way, Dr. O'Connell and others had been demanding fair play for the Irish Catholic soldiers, and advanced, as an argument to support their claim, that those Irish composed one-half of the army. I am, however, more than a little amused, and I am sure, that those Irish were only one to twenty, every such one Irishman to one-nineteen English or Scotch. But there was a satire and a threat in the appeal, too; for it seemed to say: "As we are one-half, we are strong enough to demand justice; and you had better give it to us." For, be it noted, Catholic soldiers are not getting justice in the British army. In life they are often denied the ministry of their Priests by that Government for which they shed their blood; and, after death, the minions of that Government try to pervert their orphans to a sect which they, when living, abhorred and detested. We saw a sample of the former part of the truth the other day, when the poor Catholic Bishop of Hyderabad had to pay out of his own pocket for the support of a Catholic Chaplain to Catholic soldiers going to fight the Indians: the East India Company, in its brutal indifference, having refused to pay for a Priest to give the last consolations to the poor men whom, in defence of its infamous rule, it was sending to inevitable death. We have proof of the second part in the attempts made by the administrators of British charity to corrupt from the Catholic faith the orphans of Catholic soldiers slain in the service of England. Absurdly enough it is argued that, as the Irish Catholic soldiery are one-half of the army, they should be freed from this persecution—as if, whether one-half or one-fiftieth, they were not equally entitled to fair treatment. And the Times takes up the line of argument, coolly and calmly, as if it were most just and legitimate, and undertakes to prove that the Irish soldiery—the men who saved Inkerman and nobly died in the Redan—are not entitled to be treated friendly because they are not entitled to be the army; a species of argument which, however starting to us, seems to have been long in favour with English officials in India. The Times proves in this way (according to his own calculation) that the Catholic Irish are not half of the whole army of Britain: he shows that there are, at least, ten thousand "Household Guards"—troops which are never sent out to fight, and which, in fact, are as ornamental as the "beef-eaters" in the Tower, who are English Protestants; and he gives statistics of the non-fighting, but purely ornamental sections of the army, showing that they are neither Irish nor Catholic. The windup of this extraordinary writer's argument is, that the Catholic Irish are one-half only of the fighting army—the army which signalled itself at the Crimea—the army on which England now depends for the reconquest of India. Well, we are aware that the Irish do not form any part of the ornamental force; fighting, not ornament, is the vocation of the noble and gallant race. We know that English prejudice (and long may it continue) prevents Irish recruits from getting into the household troops or Life Guards. It was only when the latter were almost annihilated by cholera, and the fatigue which was too much for their fat bodies, at the Crimea, that the English Government offered leave to our noble police force to enlist. The Irish Constabulary manfully rejected the insolent offer. They were foolish enough, however, to fight for England if—like the Scotch Guards and English—they were formed into a battalion of Irish Guards. But they were refused—offensively refused—the statesmen of England, the sovereign of England, could not tolerate the notion of an "Irish Brigade," and thus they lost the service of several thousands of the finest body of men in the world. But, though the Irish are not ornamental, they are terribly effective. They are not tolerated in the picturesque Guards; but they fight the battles and win them too—for insolent, ungrateful Englishmen—miserable fools that they are. We have from the Times the confession, that at least half the fighting army of England is composed of Irish Catholics.—From the Ulsterman.

POSSIBLE DEPARTURE OF THE MORMONS FROM THE UNITED STATES TERRITORY.

THE SWORD (says the N.Y. Herald) has never yet convinced a man that his religion was false; and we very much doubt if it will ever convince the Mormon that it is wrong for him to surround himself with a dozen wives, or that Brigham Young is not a true Prophet. We are inclined to believe that a good strong corps of persons would do more to suppress Mormonism than half a dozen regiments of United States troops; and we would recommend, now that Kansas has stopped bleeding, that Mr. Kailoch, and the other three thousand New England persons—their occupations being gone—be organized into regiments, and sent to Utah, in order to teach the Mormons the errors of their ways. Should the church militant fail, we can then use the strong arm of the government. We may not however, have to fight the Mormons, after all; for already indications are abroad that the Saints are on the eve of another begin. Orders have been issued to the faithful in England and Wales prohibiting emigration to the United States, as the Almighty has pointed out another place for them to go to. All their missionary establishments in the United States have been broken up, all their settlements on this side of the mountains and in California have been abandoned, and from every point of the compass the Lord's anointed are hurrying to place themselves beneath the banner of his Prophet amidst the valleys of the mountains. All these signs indicate, in our opinion, as we have just stated, that the Mormons are about to take another flight. Having defied the authorities of the United States, Brigham is too keen an observer not to see the consequences. He is well aware that he must stand and fight it out or run the country. He is also well aware that he cannot contend with the United States government with any hope of success, for when Captain Van Vleet, as he states in his report, told Brigham and his friends that if they opposed the United States troops this fall, the government would send next year a force which would overcome all opposition, their answer was:—"We are aware that such will be the case, but when those troops arrive they will find Utah a desert—every house will be burned to the ground, every tree cut down, and every field laid waste. We have three years' provisions on hand, which we will 'cache,' and then take to the mountains, and bid defiance to all the powers of the government." That Brigham will carry out his threat of making a Moscow of Utah is quite possible, but that he will shut himself up in the mountain canons with even three years supply of provisions, and our troops occupying all the arable land, so that he must starve when his provisions are consumed, we do not believe. A man might very well take care of himself in the mountains; but if he had thirty wives and some thirty or forty small children to look after and provide for, as has the virtuous Heber C. Kimball, the undertaking would be much more difficult. We are therefore of the opinion that the Mormons intend to favor some other country with their presence, where they will not be annoyed with the stars and stripes—and there is no country more inviting or more convenient than Sonora. The Mormons have been quietly but steadily pushing their settlements towards Mexico, and they already extend four hundred miles to the south of Salt Lake City—more than half way to the Mexican frontier—and should they decide upon moving in that direction they can be beyond our boundary before we reach them, as the country to the south of Salt Lake City can be traversed at all seasons of the year. We trust the Saints will decide upon such a move, and thereby relieve us of the disagreeable duty of exterminating them. In Sonora they would have the opportunity to develop the beauties of their religion, and if it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction—as we all believe it does—it will crum-

to pieces and disappear, and will be numbered with the numerous false religions that have sprung up and had their day, and are now only known in history.

The Olive Branch says:—The meanest man in the world!—Who is he? Why, the man who after enjoying the privilege, with his wife and children, of reading a newspaper every week for months and years, and obtaining therefrom instruction and amusement, leaves town, for no one knows where—without settling for his paper, and compelling the postmaster to order it to be stopped. We have felt bad on knowing that just such a miserable creature as this has been in the weekly receipt of our paper? We hope for decency's sake, that there is not another such worthless personage on our list,—if there is, we may give his name and residence a gratuitous insertion in our columns. Members of the editorial fraternity, do you know of a meaner man than one who acts thus? In our opinion:

"If you should take a fine tooth comb, And rake down all creation, You couldn't find a meaner man In this here mighty nation."

SMART AND LAZY.—A wag was one day speaking of two of his acquaintances who had gone out West, where the new comers were usually attacked the first season with the ague, and said he:

"Neither of those two men will be affected by it." "Why not?" inquired a bystander, "Because," was the reply, "one of them is too lazy to shake, and the other won't shake unless he gets pay for it."

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CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS, PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILADELPHIA, PA., WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

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INFORMATION WANTED

OF STEPHEN FERGUSON, a native of Ireland, some time in Canada, when heard from last spring he was employed at Chateaux Canal, near Ottawa City. Any communication as to his whereabouts, addressed to his brother, PATRICK FERGUSON, care of Mr. ROWLEY, Corner of Anne and Wellington Streets, Montreal, C.E., will be thankfully received.

INFORMATION WANTED

OF PATRICK, THOMAS, and MARGARET KINNAN, formerly of the Parish of Killdisey, County Clare, Ireland; but now supposed to be residing in New York. Any communication respecting them, addressed to their sister, MARY KINNAN, care of the True Witness Office, Montreal, C. E., will be thankfully received.

M. MORLEY, St. Mary Street, Quebec Suburbs, (SIGN OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE),

RETURNS his sincere thanks to the Public for the support which he has received for the last twenty-three years; and as he intends to RETIRE from business, he begs to inform them that he is SELLING OFF his large and well assorted STOCK OF DRY GOODS, without Reserve, at Cost price for CASH. Montreal, Nov. 5, 1857.

WANTED,

IN School District No 3, in the Parish of St. Alphonse, County of Joliette, a FEMALE TEACHER (having a Diploma) competent to teach French and English.

Applications addressed to the undersigned, will be punctually attended to. LUKE CORCORAN, Sec. Tre. of School Commissioners. St. Alphonse, 15th August, 1857.

M. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

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The Map has been got up in two parts, and in the best style of Lithography, containing three Townships in each, and will be sold at the low price of Five Shillings each Sheet, or Ten Shillings the complete Map. Application by Mail, Post-paid, stating the number of copies required, and enclosing the necessary amount, will be promptly answered by remitting the Plans. Address, DENNIS & BOULTON, Surveyors & Agents. Toronto, August 6, 1856.

PATRICK DOYLE, AGENT FOR "BROWNSON'S REVIEW," AND "THE METROPOLITAN," TORONTO.

WILL furnish Subscribers with those two valuable Periodicals for \$5 per Annum, if paid in advance. P. D. is also Agent for the TRUE WITNESS. Toronto, March 26, 1854.

FLYNN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, REGISTRY OFFICE, AND FEMALE SERVANTS' HOME, No. 40 Alexander Street, NEAR ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

J. FLYNN has the pleasure to inform his old Subscribers and the Public, that he has RE-OPENED his CIRCULATING LIBRARY, in which will be found a choice collection from the best authors of Works on History, Voyages, and Travels, Religion, Biographical Notices, Tales and Novels, to which he will be constantly adding new works (particularly Gerald Griffin's), for which he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. June 25.

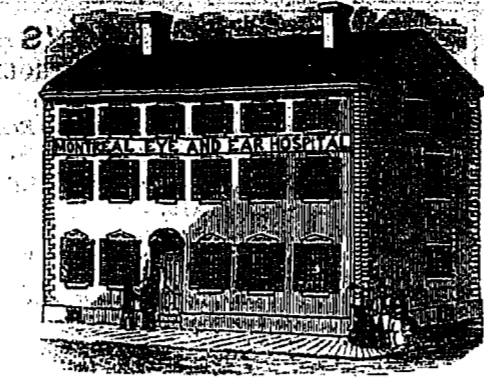
INFORMATION WANTED

OF JULIA ANNE WHITE, a native of Ireland, who lately resided with the Rev. Mr. Brethour, a Protestant clergyman in Godmanchester, and suddenly disappeared about the middle of last July, and has not since been heard of. Her children are anxious to find out her place of residence, if she be still in the land of the living, and should this advertisement meet her eye, she is earnestly requested to communicate with them.

All Christian persons, having the management of public journals, are respectfully requested to copy this notice, as an act of charity. September 22nd, 1857.

OF DENIS LENIHAN, who is said to be residing in Upper Canada. He is a native of the Parish of Tulla, county Clare, Ireland. Any tidings respecting him, directed to the office of this paper, will be gratefully received by his nephew, JAMES LENIHAN.

W. F. SMYTH, ADVOCATE, Office, 24 St. Vincent Street, Montreal.



MONTEREAL EYE AND EAR HOSPITAL, CONDUCTED BY DR. HOWARD, AND TO THE MONTREAL EYE AND EAR INSTITUTION.

THIS fine Hospital is for the reception of DR. HOWARD'S PRIVATE PATIENTS, and no expense has been spared to make it in every way suited to accommodate them.

A careful and experienced Matron, Nurses and Servants have been engaged; new and appropriate Furniture and Hospital Comforts have been procured; and all the modern improvements requisite for a sanitary establishment have been introduced. HOT and COLD BATHS, &c., &c.

The Hospital being situated in the same building with DR. HOWARD'S Office and the Montreal Eye and Ear Institution, secures to Patients the advantages of a constant supervision, whilst they enjoy, at the same time, the comforts of a private residence; an arrangement which can only be effected in a Private Hospital.

For Terms, apply to DR. HOWARD, At the Hospital in Juror Street, between Bleury and George Streets. Montreal, Oct. 13, 1857.

FALL 1856. MORISON, CAMERON & EMPY RECEIVE

NEW GOODS

BY EVERY CANADIAN STEAMER; ALSO, PER MAIL STEAMERS, VIA BOSTON.

OUR ASSORTMENT IS AT ALL TIMES

COMPLETE,

OUR GOODS ENTIRELY

NEW,

AND OUR PRICES

REASONABLE.

BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE

One Price System.

Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

SALES MADE FOR READY-MONEY ONLY.

As we open no accounts, we can afford to Sell at a

SMALL ADVANCE ON COST.

UPWARDS OF 150,000 DRESSES NEW FALL GOODS

Just Marked Off,

EMBRACING ALL THE NEWEST STYLES OF

DRESSES, SHAWLS, CLOAKS,

AND EVERY VARIETY OF

NEW FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

FROM THE MARKETS OF

BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND GERMANY;

an inspection of which is respectfully solicited by our

numerous Customers.

MORISON, CAMERON & EMPY,

288 Notre Dame Street. Montreal, September 26, 1856.

Will be ready on the 20th of March,

(NEW AND REVISED EDITION)

THE LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY,

by the Count de Montalembert. The Life, translated by Mary Hackett, and the Introduction, by Mrs. Sadlier. 12 mo., of 427 pages, with a fine steel engraving. Cloth, 5s; cloth gilt, 7s 6d.

The first edition of Three Thousand having all been sold, and there being many calls for the work, we have put to press a New Edition. The translation has been read over with the French copy and carefully corrected.

Of the merits of the work, we can safely say, that no biography ever issued from the American Press equals it—it is as interesting as a romance.

The Press have been unanimous in praise of the first edition. We give extracts from a few of them: "The book is one of the most interesting, instructive, and edifying that have been produced in our times, and every Catholic will read it with devout thankfulness to the Almighty God, that he has been pleased to raise up, in this faithless age, a layman who can write so edifying a work. It is marked by rare learning, fine artistic skill, and correct taste; and breathes the firmest faith and the most tender piety. His work is as refreshing as springs of water in a sandy desert. Let every one who can read purchase and read this beautiful Life of one of the most lovely and most favored Saints that have ever been vouchsafed to hallow our earthly pilgrimage."

—Brownson's Review.

"The whole introduction shows the hand of a master, and it loses nothing in Mrs. Sadlier's racy and elegant English. It enhances the merit of the work, which, in the Dublin edition, was published without this essential preface. Of the Life itself, we cannot speak too highly. The exquisite character of 'the dear St. Elizabeth,' (as the good Germans have at all times styled her), is brought out with a clearness, a tenderness, and a vigor, which bring tears from the heart. We do not think there is any book of the kind in English, at all to be compared to this 'Life of Saint Elizabeth.'"—American Cell.

"We might say much in praise of the narrative and Life of St. Elizabeth, attending which, from the beginning to the end, is a charm which cannot fail to attract and secure the attention of the reader; did not the well known abilities of this distinguished author render it unnecessary. We cheerfully recommend the work to our readers."—Pittsburg Catholic.

"This magnificent work of the great French Tribune of true liberty, has at last been translated into English. The name of its Author is a sufficient guarantee for the value of the work. Montalembert is one of the lights of the age—a man who combines rare power of intellect, with unwavering devotion to the cause of liberty and the Church. Let every one who desires to study the spirit of the Middle Ages, read this book."—Catholic Telegraph.

D. & J. SADIÉRIER & CO., Cor. Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Sts.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

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

From the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humors). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.

One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst canker in the mouth and stomach.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.

One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.

Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.

One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.

Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.

Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one tablespoonful per day. Children over eight years, dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.

For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.

For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.

For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort, that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.

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

For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.

This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box.

Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury, MASS.

For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.

Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the results of the TRUE WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1856.

Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children of that class or neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.

ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORB, Superior of St. Vincent's Asylum.

EDUCATION.

MR. ANDERSON begs to inform the citizens of Montreal, that his AFTERNOON CLASSES are now open for the reception of MEDICAL, LAW, and Commercial Students. A special hour is set apart for the instruction of young gentlemen desirous of entering the Army.

In testimony of his zeal and abilities as a Classical, Commercial, and Mathematical Teacher, Mr. A. is permitted to refer to Rev. Canon Leach, McGill College; Rev. Mr. Rogers, Chaplain to the Forces; Col. Pritchard; Captain Galway; the Rev. the Clergy, St. Patrick's Church; the Hon. John Moison; Dr. Hingston, and Rector Howe, High School. Hours of attendance, &c., made known at the Class room, No. 95, St. Lawrence Street.

N.B.—Mr. A.'s NIGHT SCHOOL will be re-opened First Week in September next.

August 13.

DR. YOUNG, SURGEON DENTIST,

WOULD respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Montreal, that he has OPENED an Office over the METROPOLITAN SALOON, 158 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Teeth in Whole Sets or partial ones, or single teeth of every variety of color, properly manufactured to order.

Every style of DENTISTRY performed at the shortest notice, in an approved and scientific manner, even to the Plugging, Setting, and Extracting of Teeth without pain, and performs Dental Operations on the lowest possible terms.

Setting Teeth from 7s 6d to 15s; Plugging do. from 2s 6d to 7s 6d; Extracting do. 1s 3d. Montreal, May 28, 1857.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith, and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the north-western suburbs of this city, so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position, it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best Professors are engaged, and the Students are at all hours under their care, as well during hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August and ends on the last Thursday of June.

TERMS: The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150

For Students not learning Greek or Latin, Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra. 15

French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20

Music, per annum, 40

Use of Piano, per annum, 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

R. W. P. REILLY, President.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Colds, Coughs, and Hoarseness.

BIRMINGHAM, Mass., 20th Dec. 1857. DR. J. C. AYER: I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and the concomitant symptoms of a Cold, is your CHERRY PECTORAL.

Its constant use in my practice and my family for the last ten years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these complaints. BREN KNOX, M.D.

A. B. MORTLEY, Esq. of Uxma, N. Y., writes: "I have used your PECTORAL myself and in my family, and you invented it, and believe it the best medicine for its purpose ever put out. With a bad cold I should sooner pay twenty-five dollars for a bottle than do without it, or take any other remedy."

Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza. BIRMINGHAM, Mass., Feb. 7, 1856.

BROTHER AYER: I will cheerfully certify your PECTORAL is the best remedy we possess for the cure of Whooping Cough, Croup, and the chest diseases of children. We of your family in the South appreciate your skill, and commend your medicine to our people. HIRAM CONKLIN, M.D.

AMOS LEE, Esq. MONTREAL, L. L., writes, 3d Jan., 1856: "I have used your Cherry Pectoral, which I bought in your store; took many medicines without relief, until I tried your PECTORAL, by the advice of our clergyman. The first dose relieved the soreness in my throat and lungs; less than one half the bottle made me completely well. Your medicine is the cheapest as well as the best we can buy, and we get you, Doctor, and your remedies, as the poor man's friend."

Asthma or Phthisis, and Bronchitis. West Manchester, Pa., Feb. 4, 1856.

Sir: Your CHERRY PECTORAL is performing marvellous cures in this section. It has relieved several from alarming symptoms of consumption, and is now curing a man who has labored under an affection of the lungs for the last forty years. HENRY L. PARKS, Merchant.

A. A. RAMSEY, M. D., ALBION, MONROE CO., IOWA, writes, Sept. 6, 1855: "During my practice of many years I have found nothing equal to your CHERRY PECTORAL for giving ease and relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable."

We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convincing proof of the virtues of this remedy is found in its effects upon

Consumption. Probably no one remedy has ever been known which cured so many and such dangerous cases as this. Some no human aid can reach; but even to these the CHERRY PECTORAL affords relief and comfort.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, NEW YORK CITY, March 5, 1856.

DR. J. C. AYER: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for my wife. She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of Consumption, from which no aid we could procure gave her much relief. She was steadily failing, until Dr. Strong, of this city, where we have resided, recommended a trial of your medicine. We blessed his kindness, and so do your wife, for she has recovered from that day. She is not yet so strong as she used to be, but is free from her cough, and calls herself well. Yours, with grateful remembrance, OLANDBO HIBBLEY, of BIRMINGHAM.

Consumption, do not despair! You will have tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is made by one of the best medical writers in the world, and its cures all round us bespeak the high merits of its virtues. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

THE sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been for their utmost to produce this best, most perfect, and which is known to man. Innumerable proofs are shown that these Pills have virtues which surpass in excellence the ordinary medicines, and that they will unexpectantly upon the system of all men. They are safe and pleasant to take, and their cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, and the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and being purely vegetable, they are free from any risk of habit. Cures have been made which surpass belief were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of fraud. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of my remedies, while others have sent up the assurance of their conviction that my Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of my afflicted, suffering fellow-men.

The Agent hereby named is pleased to furnish my American Almanac, containing directions for their use, and certificates of their cures of the following complaints:—

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a full Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Pleas and Falta de Nervos, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Cutaneous Diseases which require an evacuant Medicine, Scrofula or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unscrupulous dealers with some other pill they make more profit on. Ask for AYER'S PILLS, and take nothing else. No other they can give you compares with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best and there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER. Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass. PRICE, 25 CTS. PER BOX. FIVE BOXES FOR \$1.

SOLELY IN

All the Druggists in Montreal and everywhere.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

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