

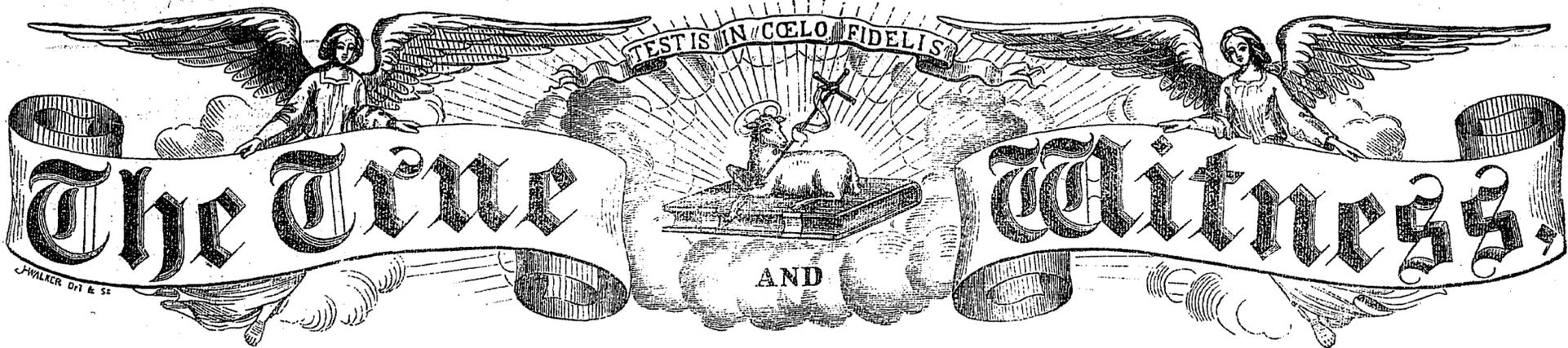
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 32.

AMERICAN CATHOLICS, AND CATHOLIC IRELAND.

(From the Metropolitan.)

A great deal has been said and written about the Irish in America, and the subject will perhaps continue to be discussed, as involving one of those elements in the population of the United States, which must necessarily have their influence upon the national character, and be felt in the determination of political measures and in the administration of the Church.

It is probable, that if the population of the United States were altogether free from the Irish element, and from all foreign composition whatever, the Catholic portion of the inhabitants would be still be viewed with the same fierce prejudices that now prevail so extensively among their fellow-citizens of other denominations. It is not opposition to foreigners as such, that has excited such a ferment in the public mind and given birth to a new political organization, the first systematic and powerful attempt to substitute a sectarian despotism for the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution; but it is the Catholicity of foreigners; it is the strength and development which the Catholic Church in this country has derived in a great measure from emigration; it is her steady progress under the favorable circumstances of our republican form of government, that have aroused the jealousy of her enemies, and rekindled the fires of religious bigotry and hatred.

If the foregoing observations are correct, it would seem that the efforts of Catholic writers might be very profitably directed to the elucidation of such topics, as would create a healthy and vigorous spirit in the Catholic body at large, in order to prepare it for those emergencies to which it is always liable in a country like this, where heresy and infidelity are predominant.

by removing prejudice to advance the interests of the true faith. But, whatever might be the advantages arising from such a policy, it cannot be denied that it is a point of infinitely greater importance to improve and elevate the condition of Catholics in general throughout the United States, whether Irish or American, English or German. In one case, it is drilling the whole army in the spiritual tactics which are the best guaranty of victory; while in the other, it is making but a brief truce with the enemy. Whether it be the lot of the Catholic Church in this country to continue the untrammelled action which she now exerts, or to be hampered by restrictive or persecuting laws, is a contingency which no human penetration can foresee.

The steady progress of Catholicity in the United States in point of numbers, has led to the impression that the members of the Church, as a body, are all that they should be in virtue of their profession, at all events are prepared for any emergency that may arise. It is supposed that their past success in building up churches, and establishing schools and other institutions, has removed the most formidable difficulties from their path. The triumphs already achieved are considered as the certain harbingers of more signal victories, and the future looms up before them glorious with every indication of prosperity and joy. We are far from being or wishing to appear alarmists; but we think that these sanguine views and expectations betray a very grave delusion. The real prosperity of the Church in any part of the world does not consist merely in large or increasing numbers, in the multiplication of churches and institutions, or in the grandeur and beauty which our growing resources may enable us to bestow upon them.

Without attending to these circumstances, we would be exposed to form a very erroneous judgment of the future that is in store for a Catholic nation or community; we might multiply the nation and not increase the joy.

casti gentem, et non magnificasti letitiam."—Isaiah ix., 3; for it is not the outward or material strength of a Catholic people that will support its dignity, its prosperity or its influence, but the inward life that animates it. What availed to England her noble cathedrals, those splendid achievements of art, with her numerous and wealthy clergy, and hosts of believers all united in the profession of the same faith, when the lust and avarice of a tyrant resolved to strike out the corner-stone of the religious structure? What has it profited the Catholic nations of South America to have studded one half of a continent with magnificent temples, to have possessed so many conventual and other institutions, and even to have shut out from their social system the organizations of sectarianism, when the light of faith, practically speaking, has well nigh become extinguished among them, and they themselves yielding to the corrupting influence of worldliness, have become as it were a bye-word to the nations, and a fatal stumbling-block to those who are not in the communion of the Church? The external glory of religion did not suffice to check the assaults of heresy and infidelity in one of these countries, nor to prevent in the other that torpor and degeneracy of faith which has given birth to the most crying scandals, and almost irremediable abuses. Have we not the same evils to fear for the United States? If the Church continue to enjoy her present freedom, is there not some reason to apprehend, lest, with the enlargement of her boundaries and the increase of her material resources, the piety and faith of her children may be seriously affected by the growing sensualism and corruption of the age? On the other hand, if she be destined to pass thro' the fiery ordeal of persecution, will her children prove firm and invincible in the hour of trial?—One of these battles they must inevitably sustain. In the event of a long continued peace in this country, the faith of Catholics, we mean their general adherence to that sound code of morals which is the only conservative element of social virtue, and can alone be effectual in improving our civilization, will meet with a formidable enemy in the increasing luxury and all devouring avarice of the times, while, if civil oppression be their lot, the sufferings and humiliations incident to such a condition, especially for those who once enjoyed all the privileges of freemen, will prove a dreadful temptation for many to renounce the Church, and to barter away their spiritual birthright for a mess of pottage. It is difficult to say which of these evils is the more to be dreaded. If the decline of faith, the "decaying of truth from among the children of men"—"Diminute sunt veritates a filiis hominum"—Ps. ii.—could produce the horrors of the French revolution, it may be considered a more fearful calamity for a nation than the violence of persecution; for, in the latter case, where a strong and practical attachment to the Catholic faith prevails among a people, nothing short of an exterminating policy can alter the state of things—this indeed may bring forth martyrs, while the decline of faith can only produce apostates. In the case of England, which lost her proud position among the Catholic nations of Europe at the time of the Reformation, it is not improbable that this disastrous revolution was occasioned more by the religious apathy of her population than by the tyranny and cruelty of the civil power. Certain it is, as history shows, that this was the principal cause that contributed at that period to the rapid diffusion of heresy over the continent.

Were there no particular grounds for apprehending the degeneracy of Catholic society in the United States, the general causes which have produced such a result in some other countries, would suffice to excite our just alarms. But, the growing materialism and luxury of the age and the peculiarity of our social system, furnish additional reasons for supposing our liability to the evil in question. It cannot be denied, that the American people are unequalled, save perhaps by the English nation, for love and pursuit of mammon, and this devotion to worldly interests must naturally, by force of habit, increase, take a stronger hold upon the popular mind, and produce a corresponding alienation of thought and affection from spiritual things. We have only to compare the people of our day with the past generation or that which preceded it, to be convinced that all classes of society have greater wants than were felt by their forefathers. This increasing ardor for material objects is encouraged in no small degree by the particular structure of American society; for De Tocqueville has well observed, that in countries where social distinctions are clearly and permanently marked, the aristocracy have no anxious aspiration after the comforts of life, because these comforts constitute as it were their very existence; while the lower classes, aware of their inability to attain rank, feel no incitement to the ardent pursuit of worldly enjoyment. But, in a country like ours it is vastly different. Here, every man is part of the sovereign people; here, the highest honors of the State are open to the ambition of all; here, the humblest individual in the community

may rise, by his successful industry, to the most brilliant circles of society. Hence, the enjoyments of life are for Americans a prospect always before them, an end which is always inciting their ambition, and we may imagine how powerfully the continual aspiration after this end must operate, flattering as it is to the pride, vanity and other passions of the human heart. With such difficulties to contend with, we may conceive that it is not impossible for American Catholics to degenerate, and to become, like their brethren in some other parts of the world, languid in faith and altogether unfit for the great battles which Catholicity has to fight in these modern times.—There are reflecting persons who fancy that they already perceive in the Catholic body symptoms of this spiritual decline. The increasing want of reverence for the ecclesiastical character and office in the higher classes; the neglect of parents to instil virtuous sentiments into their children from the earliest age, and later in life to restrain their worldly desires; the general disregard of parental authority, and almost universal want of knowledge in regard to the relations between authority and obedience; the constant thirst after pleasure as an end of life; the loathing of religious instruction; the habit of divorcing secular affairs from the spiritual, as if the former were altogether independent of the latter; the practice of confining religion to external duties, and overlooking its essential spirit—these with other indications which cannot be mentioned here, prognosticate no good and will never secure a Catholic people against the dangers which we have described.

Under these circumstances, what is to be done? The answer to this question may be promptly given in those words of the Psalmist, "beatus populus cuius Dominus Deus ejus"—"happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—Ps. ii.—The only means of insuring a bright and glorious future to the Church in the United States, is the elevation of the popular mind to the true standard of Catholic sentiment. The god mammon must be dethroned and the true God substituted in its place. The spiritual and divine element must become dominant in the heart of the people. They must be made to know and feel the superiority of heaven over earth, of eternal things over temporal, of God over the world. For this purpose it will be necessary to give religion a more ample part in the education of youth, to follow up the lessons of the catechism with a fuller and more intelligent exposition of the doctrines of faith, of the grounds on which they rest, and of the various obligations which they impose. Men must become deeply convinced, that the study and practice of religion belong not only to children, but to persons of every age and condition in life; that as the dignity and happiness of individuals in all stations and professions, and therefore the interests of social order, depend altogether upon the practical regard that is shown to her teachings, she is essentially the noblest, the worthiest, the most interesting and the most profitable object that can occupy their thoughts; that there are no circumstances in which it is lawful to be divorced from her authority—no business, no undertaking that must not be subjected to her guidance; that the Church as the depository and exponent of revealed truth, as the mother that brought us forth to a life of grace and will conduct us by her vigilant care and heavenly ministrations to a life of glory hereafter, should hold the highest place in our esteem and affection, and should receive from us every mark of obedience and respect. To produce this enlarged, active and lively conviction of divine truth, the pulpit, the school-room, the domestic fireside, must all concur, in their respective departments, with a zeal and fidelity commensurate with their grave obligations and worthy of so exalted an end.

It would be irrelevant to our purpose to enter more fully into the means of accomplishing so desirable a result; our object is chiefly to show, that however laudable may be the views and motives of those who aim at the reformation of a class in the community, there is a want amongst us, a necessity of far greater moment, touching as it does the very vitals of Catholic society and extending through the whole Catholic body, and that the enlightened activity of the press should combine with the varied appliances of religion to meet this emergency, both in its present and prospective relations. There are those who indulge the pleasing fancy, that the people of this country will in course of time be aggregated to "the one fold under one Shepherd." This is unquestionably a consummation most devoutly to be wished, and to be solicited by the most earnest prayers. The most laborious and the ablest Catholic writer in America, has more than once endeavored to represent it as an end to which we are specially called, and one deserving of our most active efforts. But, while he finds reason to hope for this glorious result, he is "saddened as well as gladdened" at the prospect before us, because it is not to be realized without "all the strength of Catholic faith, Catholic charity, and Catholic zeal."—Brownson's Review, Jan.

1857. Assuredly, if the Catholics of the United States be not fortified, by a better knowledge and more ardent love of religion, against the dangers that await them, far from becoming instrumental under God in the conversion of their fellow-men, they will not be able even to hold their own. We have no hesitation in asserting, that the Catholics of this country as a body are not half educated, considering the wants of their position and the great work that is before them, and that a much deeper attachment to their faith and more visible evidences of its heavenly power will be requisite, to gain the love of our proud and worldly-minded population.

But, is there a Catholic people on earth that may be proposed as a model to their American brethren? Is there any Catholic nation that exhibits and has always exhibited that fervor and constancy of Christian faith, which is the richest element of a true civilization and the best safeguard of national dignity and popular worth? We unhesitatingly answer, yea: the people of Ireland stand out pre-eminently great in those traits of character which claim the imitation of Catholics in this country and throughout the world. There is something in the history of that people which raises it to a much higher level, than that at which we are accustomed to survey and estimate the nations of the earth. How through the long lapse of centuries, amid cloud and sunshine, and especially amid the dark storm of persecution which for ages swept over the land, the Irish have clung to the faith of their fathers and become bound to it perhaps by still stronger ties, is a moral phenomenon well worthy the study of the Christian philosopher, and suggestive of the most significant and practical lessons for any Christian people. Were we to say, that the writer of these remarks is not of Irish birth nor even of Irish extraction for several generations back, and that he is far from thinking that the Irish people are destitute of faults, we would only assert what is necessary to forestall at least one objection from a rabid and inconsiderate criticism. Let it be admitted that the Irish have their faults; but let it be admitted also, that as a Christian nation they possess superior and enviable qualities—traits of excellence that cast all other Christian nations into the shade. The Irish have their imperfections as well as other people; but how do these defects dwindle into insignificance when we consider, that of all the Catholic countries upon the globe, Ireland is the only one whose people, as a body, are characterized by an unqualified submission to the voice of their pastors, by a profound veneration for the priestly character and office, and by a warm and thorough appreciation of sacred things, especially the sacraments of religion, the sources of spiritual life. We may smile perhaps at the simplicity of the man who, stricken down by disease despatches a messenger for the priest of God, and upon being told by him that he should send for a physician, replies: "Och! you are the best doctor;" but these words contain a mine of wisdom, and are more than sufficient to confute all the sophistry of infidels and worldlings. Let it be remembered that the Irish know, emphatically, how to esteem and requite the services of their clergy, and will never under any plea whatever turn away a priest from their door who appeals to them in the name of religion or humanity. Every thing that religion touches, is great and paramount in the estimate of an Irishman, and no human respect, no fear of the world will prevent him from showing this fond attachment which he cherishes for the blessing of the Church. It is this deep, sovereign and all-controlling love of their holy faith, that renders the Irish people great and admirable at home, and makes them, after emigrating to foreign climes, the founders of churches and other religious institutions, and the most zealous and generous co-operators in every effort of missionary enterprise. There is scarcely a corner of the inhabitable globe whither they have not penetrated, driven from their emerald isle by the ruthless hand of oppression; but, wherever they are found, there have they erected, for the refreshment of their own hearts, and for the consolation of all who are travelling the gloomy pilgrimage of life, the cross of Christ, the symbol of redemption, the pledge of immortal life. When we contemplate in the Irish nation that deep, warm, and abiding love of the Church and every thing appertaining to her faith and discipline, and reflect that these extraordinary impressions of divine truth remain in all their intensity and efficiency, after every machination of earth and hell combined has been exhausted in endeavoring to crush out Catholicity from the popular heart, we are led to think that Divine Providence has reserved for the Irish people some great and glorious mission; and, as in the times preceding the advent of the Saviour the family of Abraham were set apart, to perpetuate the original promise of a Redeemer, and to preserve amid the darkness of heathenism the knowledge and worship of the true God; so in modern ages, amid the desolating influence of infidelity which threatens in so many forms the purity and efficacy of Christian faith, the children of St. Patrick

have been elected, in the counsels of the Most High, to be as it were a beacon-light to the world; to exhibit continually before the nations the true spirit of Catholic faith, the invincible constancy which it begets in presence of mighty foes, the paramount importance which it attaches to sacred persons and things, and the profound reverence and humble docility which it inspires when God speaks by the mouth of his representatives. This fact, while it calls for the profound gratitude of the Irish people, imposes on them a grave responsibility, and should animate them to correspond faithfully to their high vocation. Especially when they emigrate to foreign lands should they remember the obligation incumbent on them, of guarding against vices which were before unknown to them, and striving rather to diffuse on every side the fervor of Catholic faith. To this Ireland is called, and it must be a subject of proud exultation for Catholics of every nation on earth, that the Church still produces and exhibits so brilliant and unparalleled an illustration of deep attachment to her cause as that exhibited by Ireland. She is, but a portion of the Church to which we belong, and therefore her glory is in some measure ours—the lustre of her high position is reflected in some degree upon us as members of the same spiritual communion: it only remains for us to appropriate it to our own hearts and firesides, by catching the sacred flame that warms her bosom and makes her invincible. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, OUR FAITH."—1 John v. 4.

\* Since writing the above, we have read with pleasure an abstract of a lecture recently delivered by the Rev. Dr. Maahan, in which he expresses similar views regarding Ireland.

REV. DR. CAHILL  
ON CONTINENTAL AFFAIRS.

The page of history is full of instances where the rise, progress, and pre-eminence of a nation, as well as its decline, fall, and overthrow, have resulted from an apparently trifling or accidental circumstance. An ambitious woman raised Nineveh to unrivalled power: a family quarrel built Carthage, the mistress of the seas: some few fishermen and mechanics gave to Greece the elements of her supreme military and naval control; and a young Corsican, on the eve of becoming a house-broker in Paris, overthrew the old French dynasty, remodelled the thrones of Europe, gave to a relative the crowns of Charlemagne and Capet, rendering young France by this last event the bulwark of civilization, the protector of religion, the advocate of national peace, and the arbiter of the political destinies of Europe. A jealous petty prince sold Ireland to an English adventurer: and an indiscreet English tax-gatherer made Washington a fiery patriot, changed America into an independent republic.

Numberless, indeed, are the instances both in reference to nations and individuals from which examples may be adduced and precedents put forward to prove that the most important consequences, both political, literary, scientific, and religious, have often arisen from premises apparently indifferent, contemptible, or fortuitous. Amongst the modern developments of this historical principle; the humiliation of England during the late Crimean war is, perhaps, the most striking illustration in our times. Ranged beside France on the same battlefield, she has certainly in comparison with her Gallican ally fallen from her former British prestige. Her captains were undisciplined, unskilled, stupid: her commissariat was confused, her points of defence neglected: her caution was untrained, her watch imperfect, her sentinels asleep. In the terrific conflicts with the wily enemy the British slain may place the spilling of their blood and their death more to the ignorance or the neglect of their commanders than to the success of the Russian spears: and many a gallant heart lies in a crimsoned foreign grave, and many a widow and orphan have to deplore the loss of a husband and father, more as the victims of English military blunder than as fallen-heroes beneath the triumphant steel of Russian superior skill. Here, indeed, the prestige of England has been lowered: how true the remark of a Polish General after the battle of Inkermann, in speaking of the British soldiers—"We have fought an army of heroes, commanded by a staff of asses."

To this humiliation of England, Catholic Europe in a great measure owes at this moment her universal national peace, and the growing security of her political institutions. France is now, beyond dispute, and in fact, the mistress of Europe: and England is, by the same fact, the fallen disturber and the fawning sycophant. Our Cabinet now lies on the breath of the Emperor: our dispatches are the duplicate of his commands: England is now a mere envoy of France at all the foreign courts. Laws, humanity, the Gospel: all rejoice, no doubt, in this happy consummation: and the death of Nero, or of Attila has not been heard with more heartfelt joy amongst all the virtuous of Catholic countries than the extinction through Europe of the cruel policy, and the persecuting bigotry of England. A glance at European diplomacy as communicated by foreign correspondence will satisfy the public mind that a new and happy order of things has already commenced on the Continent. Spain, being relieved from the domination of the English infidel party, has conducted her municipal elections in perfect, undivided support of the Cabinet and the throne; while the revolutionary Lib-rals are silenced in this universal, truly Spanish movement. Spain, unfettered by English perfidy and tyranny; can now be at liberty to establish her own form of Government, and to frame her laws in conformity with the genius of her race and with the feelings of her people. Again, having the approbation, and, if necessary, the material support of France, she will recover her natural energies, shake off the chains of internal discord, breathe fresh vigor into her prostrate commerce, give invincible courage to her brave armies; and by the union of all her Catholic subjects, stand side by side with her Imperial Neighbor, and add stability and permanence to her ancient Catholic throne.

Sardinia has at length discovered the perfidy of England, and has learned, too late, that dur-

ing the remainder of her national existence she will have to bear unaided the taunts of Austria, submit to the dictation of her powerful enemy, and stand within her own gates in trembling suspense, or in gasping fear of the hostile will of her Imperial Master.

Hungary, where England had dug a mine, and laid down a long train of explosive material, has returned with unfeigned pleasure to her former allegiance: Lombardy, too, has shaken off all connexion with Victor Emmanuel, the tool of England's revolutionary schemes; and the Emperor of Austria is at this moment one of the most popular and beloved monarchs in Europe. The English fleet which, some months ago, was to have anchored in the Bay of Naples! which was to have bombarded King Bomba, and compel him to lick the feet of the English faction!—this fleet has not yet got up its steam or spread its canvass! and the Neapolitan tools have discovered, too, as well as the cut-throats of Hungary, Sardinia, and Spain, that Great Britain has deceived them all: and has, after a flourish of trumpets, left them the victims of English deceit, exposed to the angry justice of their own outraged laws, and suffering merited punishment for their conspiracy, rebellion, and infidelity. The very beggars in the streets of Naples cry out in a loud voice, thanking God for the preservation of their King, and cursing the deceit, the malignity, and the bigotry of England. Austria, in consequence of the happy change in the allegiance of some of her subjects, has already decided to withdraw her troops from Bologna and Ancona; thereby announcing that the revolutionary spirit, so long cherished, fostered, promoted, and fed by the spies of England, has ceased.

The Pope will be next in order who will feel the happy state of things arising from England's humiliation: it is rumoured that the French troops will be soon relieved from the occupation of Rome: and thus the Papal States, Austria, Naples, the Italian Duchies, and Spain will be released from the impending dangers of cruel commotion, and rebellion, and massacre, which have, during the last twenty-five years, by the anti-Catholic stratagems of England, disturbed the peace retarded the commerce, and weakened the Christianity of these fine Catholic countries.

If England, seeing now at the end of forty years' revolution on the Continent of Europe, observing, at the end of upwards of three centuries of persecution in Ireland, that this policy is useless, unjust, cruel, and anti-Christian: and if taught by experience, improved by civilization, or moved by the cries of the suffering poor, the faithful Irish poor, she began to retrace her steps, ceased her sanguinary bigotry, what happiness would she not confer on her own subjects, what stability would she not add to her own throne. Austria has given pardon to her rebels: Spain has forgiven her Revolutionists: Naples has granted an amnesty to her very assassins: but England refuses even justice to her brave, and loyal, and faithful, and long suffering Irish people. She is at this moment the only persecutor of her people in Europe. The reclamation of our waste lands, a fair Tenant Right measure, a reasonable portion of the plundered revenues of the Established Church expended in giving education to the people, cherishing commerce, encouraging trade and establishing national manufactures, would be the beginning of a legislation, just before God, and meritorious before society. This policy of England would make her more powerful, more Christian: would unite her people of all creeds and classes: and, above all, it would extinguish a malignant social hatred and persecution, which arms the hand of the nightly assassin, ranges society in violent discord, peoples our poorhouses, our jails, our convict ships, our penal colonies with the victims of vice, public crimes, and irreligion, and (as must be admitted) sends more souls to despair, impotence, and perdition than all other causes of human misery in this country, taken in the aggregate.

Kilkenny, Feb. 19.

PROSELYTISM AT WORK IN IRELAND.

(From the Weekly Register.)

The custom of the "Mission Society" in sending Scripture Readers through the "holes and corners" of the city or town, or district which happens to be afflicted with an "agency office," is well calculated to produce all the results which the missionaries have cause to hope for. It is not possible to bring within reach of the vulgar dabbler in theology any portion of the educated classes; therefore, of necessity, they are driven to confine their attention to the "lower order." Even in this class their labors are restricted to the very rabble; since the "looser" members of the lower order are those who think it worth while having a "set-to" at controversy. The first consequence of the mission agents obtaining a little footing with this class of people leads to the after results which figure to such great advantage in the periodical Missionary Reports. I once accompanied two of these agents in "a round of visits," and after thus practically testing the operations as pertaining to this branch of the business, I felt persuaded that an immense deal of what even a Protestant would call positive moral mischief must follow the track of these men. The Reader in whose "beat" I ventured, was accounted the "best man" in the whole company of agents, and his colleague, for the week, in which my one day's experience was gathered, certainly was not the worst in the lot. This man (the superior agent) had originally been a Catholic, and before he had the office of Bible interpreter thrust upon him worked as a stonemason. He was a shrewd, crafty, vulgar, illiterate fellow. Until the "dawn of truth" had burst upon him he did not know how to write his name; but, once he had thrown away the mason's badge and accepted the pervert's crust, marvellous was the progress he made. I do not say this poor wretch was directly bribed to change his religion. They do nothing in so slowly a fashion as that in the administration of the mission funds. He was only "taken in hand," and as he showed an aptitude for such a life as might relieve him from the toils of a hard trade, he was encouraged to "read on;" and since he had already become a nominal Protestant, there could be no conceivable harm in tendering him a temporary support: for which, however, he was expected to work as an "on trial agent" learning his new trade. Whether he saw through this mockery, and understood it to be a pious way of deceiving people, I know not. But his efforts to do justice to the patronage bestowed on him were very successful, and in a remarkably short space of time he was able to read well and write tolerably. He never was able "to dust" his manners so as to remove any of the "mortar" in which they had been nursed. This man wormed his way into a

topmost place amongst the agents, and if low cunning, a certain amount of artful cant, and many other qualities peculiar to the "Paddy Doyle" class of Irishmen constituted fitness, the choice was admirable. I accompanied himself "and a new hand," not so very long ago, to a day's work. It began about eleven o'clock, and in a fashion which was characteristic and amusing. The fellow asked me to defend the doctrine of "Invocation of Saints" as we walked along the street. To humor him I entered upon the subject, and he "fackled me" in a warm, somewhat offensive manner. The absurdity of his general arguments could only be equalled by the laughable way in which he quoted and applied Scripture to maintain them. But seeing that I had no relish for his nonsense, and only ridiculed his attempts at logic, and knowing also, as he well did, the opinion I entertained of him and his arguments, I felt rather piqued and surprised that he should continue aloud such a conversation, and instead of hastening to his direct duty, walk on at a most moderate pace indulging in this useless controversy. When I was now and then provoked to say something not very agreeable, the fellow's companion plucked my coat, so that I began all the more to wonder as the man grew all the more vehement in his jog-trot declamation, and the less disposed to drop the subject or hasten on. I think I was about to cry, "have done," in no calm tones, when the companion, who had been constantly turning round, exclaimed, "he is gone." Who? thought I. A Priest, in fact, who had been for some time walking behind us within hearing distance, and for whom all this conversation was intended—not that I was expected to do him much good. But it is a part of the tactics that all Priests or known Catholics, who are met with here, to be preceded in such fashion, or dogged in another. This is meant to serve many purposes. The Priest cannot be "come at" directly, therefore he is "come at" in whatever way the agents can contrive. The Priest had, I think I since learned, just left a dying parishioner, and was in the act of returning home after administering the Holy Viaticum. He had been fortifying—they were bent on weakening! These fellows either knew when to expect his return, and carry out the scheme I was forced to bear a part in, or they threw themselves into the matter on the spur of the moment. Either supposition is likely; both causes find them equal to their part. "The Reader" thus got an opportunity of giving the Priest an impression that the "good work" was spreading—that even people walking in the streets made it their topic—that views the most anti-Catholic were loudly proclaimed and passively heard. Here again the Reader also got an opportunity of filling up an "interesting" sheet of his diary, in which the Priest is certain to make a cowardly appearance before the society. Having obtained this insight into one method of the day's duty. I was quite prepared for another version of it. Two old ladies happened to be walking before us, and as we closed upon them a new controversy was opened by the old Reader and the new. It grew "hot" as we passed the ladies, and continued full of gross abuse of Catholicity on the one side and vulgar defence on the other. This "method" was repeated varying according to circumstances, until the "Court" we intended to visit had been reached. It did not seem to be a matter for concern whether the persons thus passed in the streets were always likely to be Catholic or Protestant. If Catholic, they would conceive an idea of alarm, and go and speak about the formidable nature of the Mission work, since its effects were so marked and so general. If Protestant, the effect was still desirable; because they would go and applaud and support the Missions which showed such fruit, and both Catholic and Protestant would have to acknowledge that a great work was doing, since its tongue was so loud. I happen to know that it was thought most excellent conduct to use such means of causing that inference. Indeed, to my certain knowledge, some of the persons engaged in the Mission, or interested in it, were accustomed to adopt that plan themselves, and converse, controversially, in Railway carriages, where people could listen, or in walking along the street, so that the attention of a Priest or some supposed Catholic could be arrested and retained. They are also in the habit of thrusting controversial handbills into crevices and corners, or leaving them, as if by neglect, on shop counters or office desks, with the view that the next comer would take them up. But as the aim is declared good, the means pass as good. The practice which, however, the persons carry out in a quiet and inoffensive manner, their agents imitate in a noisy, clumsy, and insulting way.

On our entering the "Court" which the Reader had chosen for a visit, the children who had been making "dirty pies" near a dung heap set up a shriek at the "jumpers." Poor little dirty ragged things! that shout of derision was magnified tenfold in an account which passed through the Reader's imagination for his diary. We were soon lost from the children's view in a narrow off-lane, which was so filthy that we could not suppose a mortal had a habitation near it. Yet were there in it seven houses and each house having on an average four tenements. One of these, occupied by an old man, we entered. After the usual salutation, the chief Reader took out his Bible and read a chapter from Romans, upon which he made sundry most amusing comments. Then was begun a controversy of the silliest description between the old man and the Reader. As soon as they had given me an opportunity, I asked the man why he was in such a miserable place and evidently wretched condition. He shuffled in his reply, placing it all to "the providence of God." Upon asking him if he frequented the Sacraments of his Church, he carelessly replied that he did not and went on to say that for "months upon months he had not seen a Priest, for they would not do anything to help him since he did not go to his duty." In short, the wretch had abandoned religion while his health was good, and finding himself in weak health sought the aid of the Priest's pocket, not the solace of his ministrations. He was just then in a fit spirit to welcome the "Readers," and, after a few days' show of resistance, yield himself up to "conviction" and the soupers. The day I saw him had completed the triumph, and such employment as best suited his case was forthwith promised and provided. That was precisely what he needed; and since no great religious effort was demanded at his hands, Protestantism was just the thing. The Readers wasted nearly an hour with the wily old wretch, whose "soul they had that day rescued." Four weeks after that day I saw that same old fellow "yoked in" as a Reader on the establishment. His pay at his ordinary occupation was about five shillings a week, and for that he had to work late and early. As a Reader of the lowest grade, he received about twelve shillings a week, and had little or nothing to do. I do not mean to say that this is bribery; only that "is how the money goes," and that is how the mission works. Two other visits were made that evening in the neighborhood, but with very different results. Skill, the visits were made, and that justified an erroneous account for the Reader's journal, and ended a most flourishing day's work. I said, in the opening part of this paper, that the effect of this visiting was generally such as even a Protestant would deplore. The best evidence of that remark I found in the last hovel visited. A poor shoemaker was there toiling. He combated the "arguments" of the Reader in as good style as the Reader stated them, and showed no symptoms of giving up his side of the question. Nor did he. I asked him a question like that I put to the other man; to which he replied that he never, of late, attended any duty, and that in short since he came to know "these gent's" he "didn't care a hohnal for religion." Upon further inquiry it turned out that he tolerated their logic because his "boy" had been provided for by a parson, and his "girl" by a "good lady" who took a large interest in Missionary operations. That man died about twelve months ago, roaring for the Priest, and cursing Jumpers! Death stole upon him unawares, and he cursed himself out of life. This is not a solitary instance of what arises from the interference with ignorance, of such miser-

able fellows as fill the ranks of Scripture Readers. Where they find a poor man who is really religious, they are not contented, and they back away. Two such cases occurred the evening I speak of. But where they find the heart already cold in religion, they come in time to harden it to stone or tear it open, so that the fire of faith may not revive. I am perfectly persuaded that they never succeed in converting to Protestantism those to whom they carry their insulting teaching, and the hidden mess of potage. They do make hypocrites, and often succeed in making men die like fiends. They never touch the conscience to heal it, but to often burn it to the centre.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—Already seven Bishops have affiliated schools and colleges to the University, or announced their intention of so doing.—Three have already issued strong Pastorals in its favor: the Primate, Dr. Dixon, the Bishop of Waterford, Dr. O'Brien, and the Bishop of Ross, Dr. Keane. The last named Prelate says that he has been obliged to moderate the zeal of his Clergy and people in behalf of the Catholic University. On Sundays the University Church continues to be thronged by members of the higher classes; to whom the beauty of the decorations, the music, the dignity with which the Divine offices are celebrated, and especially the often admirable sermons, are a constant source of attraction. Hence many in the upper ranks of Catholics, hitherto lukewarm in the matter, evince a growing interest in behalf of the new institution.—Correspondent of Weekly Register.

The bulls for the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, as Bishop of Ferns, have been received from Rome.

The bulls for the consecration of the Very Rev. Dr. McEvilly, as Bishop of Galway, have been received and the day for that ceremony has been fixed—namely, the 22nd of March. It will take place in the Cathedral of St. Jarlath's, Tuam, and the Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, will preach the consecration sermon. A meeting of the inhabitants of Tuam and its vicinity was held on Sunday last in the Town-hall, for the purpose of making arrangements for presenting a suitable testimonial of their affectionate regard and admiration to the Right Rev. Dr. McEvilly on his elevation to the See of Galway.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.—The illustrious Jesuit, Father de Sine, who has passed a long life as a Missionary among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, North America, and with whose graphic letters every reader of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" is so familiar, is now on a visit to his venerable brethren in Ireland, and is at present staying at the convent of the Fathers in Upper Gardiner-street, in this city.

THE MAYNOOTH ENDOWMENT.—The parliamentary correspondent of the Cork Examiner writes—"I know that there is an anxiety fast growing amongst the more prudent of the haters of Maynooth, or Catholicity (for in this instance they mean exactly the same thing), to make a compromise of the matter by granting a lump sum, as a funded capital, the interest of which would realise an income in lieu of the present annual subsidy. I have heard different sums mentioned by different gentlemen, every one of whom is to be found voting, on almost every occasion, against the present grant. I have no hesitation in expressing my individual opinion, that if a sum amply sufficient to meet the requirements of the institution were offered, and offered not only without obligation and condition, but coupled with complete freedom from all state control for the future, I should prefer it to the existing state of things, which involves an annual outrage to the religious feelings of sensitive and high minded people."

This week has been commenced a momentous movement. A meeting has been held, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Dublin, for the foundation of a Catholic Reformatory for Ireland. To doubt the success of the movement would almost be a sin against faith and hope, as to stand aloof from it would certainly be a sin against charity. Always most desirable, such a work is at this moment absolutely necessary. The Reformatory system in actual operation in England could not but be introduced into Ireland. The only question is, whether the object of the new institutions should be to reform and train the juvenile Catholic offender, or to proselyte him—to send him out to the world a good Catholic, or a demoralised apostate. The proposed Irish Reformatory Act of last year, dropped in consequence of the attempt to turn it into an instrument of proselytism. It is essential that in any future discussion of the subject we should be able to point to a Catholic Reformatory already founded and waiting to receive our Catholic youths. A mixed system, even men of the world begin to see will not do here. The attempt to reform criminals brings us in contact with awful realities, and requires a real religion. Vague generalities, equally applicable to all systems, will not do here; for the object is not merely to preserve the externals of a decent respect for religion, while practically throwing it into the background, but to use its influences upon the hearts and lives of the inmates. The conditions indispensable to this result are, that the whole system should be pervaded and penetrated by religion; and that, moreover, by a religion which the inmates believe to be true—not by one which they disbelieve and abhor, but to which they submit for temporal and secular motives. The consequence is, that, as many a man, who thinks a general and indefinite religion enough for himself in times of health and prosperity, finds a definite and particular one, necessary in sickness and the approach of death, so there are those who like a mixed system of education for respectables, but a separate one for criminals. We heartily rejoice that no excuse will be afforded for the establishment of a mixed reformatory, by the want of one of which Catholic truth, as revealed by God and taught by His Church, is the foundation and life.—Weekly Register.

Philip Scott, Esq. of Queenstown, has on the recommendation of Lord Fermoy, Lieutenant of the County, been appointed a county magistrate. This is the first appointment that has been made on the recommendation of his lordship.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to appoint Denis McCardle, Esq. Woodview, Newmarket (nephew to the Liberator), to the commission of the peace for this county, on the recommendation of the Right Hon. Lord Fermoy.

The case of Beamish v. Beamish, before the Irish Court, which involves the question whether a Protestant clergyman can marry himself, was decided on Saturday. It will be remembered that the Queen's Bench unanimously decided in favor of the validity of the marriage. The appeal was made to the court of Error. On Friday, eight of the judges delivered their opinions—four against and four in favor of the validity. On Saturday, the remaining three judges followed, two being in favor of affirming the decision of the Queen's Bench, and one against it. As the majority of the judges were thus of opinion that the judgment of the court of Queen's Bench ought to be affirmed, the Lord Chief Justice made the order affirming it accordingly.

The news from the county Tipperary is of the most encouraging kind, and every hope seems to be warranted that that great county has made up its mind to a verdict on our political disputes, which will carry immense weight, and produce great results.—The County Club has pronounced in favor of the O'Donoghue; his canvass is most promising, and it seems not improbable that he will enjoy a walk over. The cause of independent opposition has encountered much discouragement; but the good news of the triumphant return of the O'Donoghue will waken a cheering echo in every Irish heart.—Tablet.

Exactly twelve months have elapsed between the supposed suicide of John Sadler on Hamstead Heath, and the explosion of his brother James from the House of Commons.

There are only four prisoners for trial at the city of Limerick assizes.

WANT OF TENANT RIGHT.—As a proof that Ireland can never be permanently prosperous or happy without some law to protect the tenant from the landlord, I will give one instance which came under my own cognizance. There is a large landed proprietor, whose estate lies in the county Cavan, and contains about six thousand acres, with a numerous tenantry. As the holdings are small, the occupiers became very much depressed during the years of the famine. The then agent, being a man of sound sense strongly recommended a valuation of the estate, to which the landlord acceded; and he alone selected the valuers, two very competent persons. When the valuation was completed, all seemed well reconciled; but some years after, when the landlord perceived some improvement in the tenant's condition, he ascribed it to the cheapness of the land; wherein the improvement was due to the blessings of Divine Providence, in giving a few productive crops, and to the advance in prices by the late war. He exchanged his agent, and effected a new valuation, which was really a mockery. He got a man from Dublin for a few weeks, who, with the bailiff, examined the rental, and looked at a few farms, and the results was, that the rents of some were nominally raised, whilst those of others were advanced twenty, and in some cases, twenty-five per cent. But what could be expected from a landlord who would not give a site on his property for a national school, or a half an acre of land on which to build a Catholic chapel? The tenants pay a shilling in the pound to the agent who receives their rents! What do you think of this system?—Dundalk Democrat.

THE IRISH VICEROYALTY.—The worshippers of an Irish Court were cast down last week into the very depths of despair by the prevalence of a rumour to the effect that the abolition of the Viceroyalty was likely ere long to form the subject of Cabinet contemplation. Happily for the alarmed, the occasion of the Lord Mayor's inaugural banquet furnished an opportunity of dispersing the cloud which lowered over the viceregal horizon, and Cork-hill and the Castle again look bright and cheerful. Lord Carlisle himself was the herald of the glad tidings that the reported dissolution of the Court was without any solid basis. Here are his *spissima verba*.—"There is (said his Excellency) one motive slightly more personal to myself which causes me eagerly to appreciate the kindness with which you have received me this evening, for I perceive that there are quarters from which I, in common, indeed, with all the future Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland, have been threatened with a deposition from my present viceregal seat. I certainly have received no official intimation on that subject. ("Hear, hear!" and cheers.) Our gracious Sovereign has not made me privy to any intention of depriving me of that delegated authority which I so unworthily wield in her name (cries of "No, no!"); and I cannot pretend to say that I have read my doom in the intonances or demeanour of the Irish people (loud cheers), or even in that of this brilliant assembly; and therefore we will only conclude that the question, in Parliamentary parlance, has been indefinitely adjourned." (Cheers and laughter.)

THE LANDLORD CHARGE AGAINST THE POOR.—The latest plot of the Irish landlords against the poor is not likely to find favor amongst the sensible part of the community in this part of the country. Dives must yield to Lazarus the crumbs necessary to support life a little longer. The rich glutton would, if he could, consign the mendicant to the dogs, and permit him the consolation of having his sores licked; but a crumb even from his table he would not give him, had he power to follow the bent of his mind. That, however, he cannot now accomplish, for humanity and justice cry out in tones which command attention, that landlordism must contribute to the support of the needy and the destitute, and that the victims it has immolated must receive a portion of the spoils which it wrests from an outraged and aggrieved community. A brief conversation on the subject at the meeting of the Dundalk Guardians on Thursday week, indicates the feelings entertained relative to this pet scheme in this union. Mr. M'Mahon only enunciated the views of nine-tenths of the people when he spoke of the difficulties in the way of consolidating this union with any adjoining one.—He was also perfectly right in his remarks on reducing the establishment charges. He feels, as others do, that the poor in the workhouses require attention, and that to cripple and curtail the machinery by which they are relieved, would be a gross injustice, while their numbers are as high as they now are.—The sapient Lord Clermont, of whose magnanimity, generosity, kindness, humanity, charity, forbearance, goodness, and benignity we hear so much from interested flatterers and sycophants, is not of this opinion. We totally differ from the 'generous' and 'charitable' lord. We say that the poor who have been driven into the workhouses by landlord rapacity, must be fed clothed, and attended to. Let economy be the order of the day; but let no one talk of closing up the workhouses; for we do not know how soon the landlords of Ireland may create another famine in the land, such as we have just emerged from, when hundreds of thousands were starved to death in the sight of plenty.—Dundalk Democrat.

THE BIBLE GRIVANCES OF THE PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.—The Protestant Associations of every shade, Evangelical, Missionary, and Biblical, are incessant in their efforts to discover grievances. Sir Culling Eardley, Lord Shaftesbury, and the rest of the worthies constituting the superlunary-sanctity School, explore distant lands in quest of their peculiar class of complaints. At one time we hear of their presence in Tuscany, Sardinia, or Prussia, then again they take us by surprise with a grievance they have been fortunate enough in discovering amongst the Israelites and Mussulmen of the East; but the most indefatigable in this species of exploration are our home Associations. Their perseverance is indeed marvellous, when the very scanty amount of success resulting from it is taken into consideration. The other day, however, the Dublin Protestant Association conceived it had stumbled upon a very nugget of a grievance, which was forthwith thrown into the shape of a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant. The substance of this monster wrong may be told in a few words. A charge of assault was preferred against a drayman in Kilkenny, by two worthies in the employment of the Society for Irish Church Missions.—There were five magistrates on the bench, four of whom decided on dismissing the case, the fifth did not reappear in his place, after having consulted with his colleagues. The memorial of the association prayed, that his Excellency would dismiss two of the four magistrates, and reverse the decision of the rest. His Excellency however, would do no such thing simply because, as he intimated through his Secretary, the whole affair had already been investigated at his request, and, no doubt, at the suggestion of some members of the association, and the fact being, as his Excellency's reply states, that no complaint had been preferred by the persons stated to have been assaulted, nor by those in whose employment they were. On the receipt of this viceregal one and all, most indignant, and the Rev. Benjamin H. Johnston, moved the following resolution:—

"Resolved.—That having received from his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant a reply to the memorial of the Dublin Protestant Association relative to the conduct of certain of the Kilkenny magistrates, and as that reply is by no means satisfactory, it is hereby an instruction to the committee to take such ulterior measures as may to them seem most advisable. The meeting after having thus expressed their displeasure at his Excellency's treatment of their last sad grievance, separated with antipathal hatred in their hearts, and the doxology on their evangelical lips.—Catholic Telegraph.

A FORTUNATE FISHERMAN.—We have much pleasure in stating, that Francis A. Blake, Esq., brother of our esteemed friend, the present Mayor of Waterford, has just arrived in London, from Sydney, the fortunate possessor of the largest gold nugget ever discovered. It weighs upwards of 4 cwt., and is valued at rough calculation, to be worth £20,000. But Dame Fortune seems to be particularly propitious to this family; for his eldest brother, Andrew, who left his native land only a few years back, to fight his way into life at the Antipodes, by the slow, but sure path of industry, is now one of the richest men in Australia, and commands a capital exceeding £50,000.—Wexford Independent.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.—On Wednesday night, 11th ult., one of the most venturesome and successful equestrian performances ever witnessed took place at the club-room, when a wager of 100 sovereigns was offered by Mr. John Courtney, of Ballyedmond, county Cork—a veteran sportsman, who has hunted over this county for the last forty years—that he would ride his grey hunter, then in stables, from the yard of the hotel, up the stairs, into the club-room, and jump a fire screen and two chairs within the latter. The bet was accepted by Messrs. Barnard and White, who were present. Mr. Courtney immediately, notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of his servant, who even wept in his dismay, proceeded to the yard, mounted, and rode up stairs. The beautiful training of the animal was the admiration of a large number of persons who witnessed the proceeding, as he ascended the two flights of stairs, without making a false step. Horse and rider then entered the club-room, in which a tolerably high fire-screen was placed upright between the backs of two chairs. The jump was to be taken across the breadth of the room, but it was accomplished in the most gallant style, notwithstanding the difficulty arising from the glare of the lamps, and the want of sufficient vantage room. Mr. Courtney then rode down the stairs in the same way—a feat even more perilous and difficult than the ascent, inasmuch as that the steps are sheathed with brass.—Kilkenny Journal.

BALLINASCLOH, FEB. 13.—Mr. George Harrison, of Dromalga Cottage, tenant to Colonel Maberly, was fired at last night, about half-past nine o'clock, at his own gate, adjoining Clonfad townland. He is not injured by the shot. He was returning from Dublin accompanied by his man, who went with a car to meet him. It is thought Mr. Harrison can identify the man who fired the shot. Mr. Harrison is an Englishman.

A poor Clonfad fisherman, named Belton, was drowned on last Saturday night, at the point where the wooden bridge is connected with the pier, extending between the river and the tidal basin, the unfortunate man having it is supposed missed his footing while stopping from the bridge to the pier, owing to the darkness of the night, and was drowned. His body was found yesterday at Renwill point.—Galway Vindicator.

THE ENGLISH LAW OF REMOVAL.—At the Cork Police Office on Wednesday week, John Driscoll, a boy about sixteen years of age was brought up by a constable, who stated that he had applied for relief. Driscoll, who spoke with a thorough English accent, stated that he had been born in England, where his mother was still living—his father having gone to America—and that he having got sick, was obliged to enter one of the workhouses in London, when he was taken and put on board a steamer against his will, though English born, and sent over here, merely because his father and mother were natives of Cork. The poor lad was unable to restrain his tears while telling his story, and wept bitterly when he had concluded. The Bench directed that he should be kept in bed for the night, with the view of having him sent back to London in the morning, he stating that he could easily get work if he went there.

SMOKING CONDUCT OF A LUNATIC.—ANDRATH CO. MEATH, FEB. 13.—A laboring man in this neighborhood, who has had occasional attacks of aberration of mind, was seized with a violent fit of madness a few days ago, when he furiously attacked two women, inflicting dangerous injuries on each. The first woman attacked he caught by the hair of the head between his teeth, and shook her in a savage manner, until a man ran to her assistance, and succeeded in beating the lunatic away with a stick.—The cessation of the cruelty was, however, only momentary, for he again got hold of the poor woman—this time he caught her by the wrist, in his mouth, and tore away a great portion of the flesh between that and her elbow. He next fled to another woman and having knocked her down caught her by a portion of the hip, in his teeth, and ripped the flesh down off her leg! By the efforts of the villagers he was put under subjection before he was able to pursue any further his horrible attacks. He was given up to the police, and Dr. F. Scofield Darbey, of Duleek Dispensary, was promptly in attendance on the unfortunate victims. The lunatic was committed to Trim Jail, by James Matthews, Esq., J.P., on the following day.

'DISTURBANCES IN LONGFORD.'—Disturbances in Longford! We place our alarming heading within inverted commas, simply because it is a quotation. A local Longford journalist, knowing anything of the present condition of his county, even in the most absolute death of news, and in his most imaginative mood, would not dare to write these words, 'Disturbances in Longford!' otherwise than as a quotation followed by one or more notes of admiration. Longford is not disturbed. Peaceful as Ireland generally is—even in Ireland, Longford, for peace and order, is now, and has been for years, a model county. The criminality of Longford for the last five years is innocence itself, when compared with the criminality of the least criminal English shire during the same period. The county of Longford is almost wholly free from crime. This is not mere assertion—it is mere assertion of a partisan journalist prepared to deny any and every statement made by his political opponents, false or true, whether made by the press or in parliament. Baron Pennefather will open the commission for Longford on Tuesday, the 24th inst. The venerable and illustrious judge will have little, indeed, to do in the crown court. There are but two crown cases. One—the case so much written about in the Tory papers, and so much spoken of elsewhere—of a tumultuous mob or gathering at Ballymahon (by-the-bye no Longford man is in custody or on bail for this alleged offence); the second, some unimportant matter, of which we have no certain knowledge. Two crown cases constitute the entire criminal business for Longford; for Longford, described as in a state of agrarian insurrection! Leitrim, too, is accused. In Leitrim, as elsewhere, there is much provocation to crime; yet, we are happy to say, that in that malignant county the criminal calendar will be extremely light. The assizes will commence on the 27th inst. There are seven cases for trial; of these, four are for larceny. The remaining three are not for agrarian crime. Yet in Leitrim, as in Longford, we are told the peaceful and well disposed of her Majesty's subjects have urgent need of protection for life!—Midland Counties Gazette.

In consequence of the accidental shooting of the young woman at Carrickahong, from a policeman's musket, on Monday, the 2nd inst., there has been a report sent against the party of revenue police to whom the mob belonged, who are charged with straggling along the road, and firing shots at random. Sergeant Dawson is suspended for allowing his men to fire along the road, and a sergeant of the Killoe party is sent to Fortanna to take charge until such time as the reports are proceeded on. Privates Brogan, Whelan, Ward, and Nolan are also suspended for loading their arms and firing. J. Brown, Esq., Sub-Inspector of Revenue Police, arrived on Monday, the 9th, to inquire into the case.—Banner of Ulster.

THE WEATHER AND AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.—We never recollect the commencement of such a mild and genial spring as the present, and advantage is very generally taken of the fineness of the weather by farmers to proceed with agricultural operations. Preparations are being actively made for sowing potatoes and ploughing for the reception of grain. The early-sown wheat looks remarkably well in some localities, and is braiding rapidly, and, on the whole, our agricultural prospects are very cheering.—Galway Vindicator.

A person named Boylan is in jail here under a charge of having killed his mother by cutting her throat. There is no doubt but that he is a person of disordered intellect.—Anglo Celt.

THE CASTLEBAR RACES.—General Humbert—a daring, dashing, forlorn-hope kind of soldier, who had received his military education under Hoche in the war of La Vendee, and who accompanied his master in the Bantry Bay expedition of 1796—a man excellently fitted to carry through a bold coup de main, though not gifted with the skill and science requisite for an extended and prolonged plan of operations—impatient of the interminable delays of his government and fired by the reports of the Irish refugees, determined to begin at once on his responsibility, leaving the Directory to second or desert him as they thought proper. Towards the middle of August, he called together some of the magistrates and merchants of Rochelle, forced them to advance him a small sum of money and other necessities, on military requisition, and with a thousand men (some accounts say eleven hundred), a thousand spare muskets, a few pieces of light artillery, and a few frigates and transports, hurried out to sea. He was accompanied by three Irishmen—Matthew Tone (a brother of Theobald Wolfe Tone), Bartholemew Teeling, and one Sullivan. On the 22nd of August, Humbert anchored in the Bay of Killala, on the northern coast of Connaught, and instantly landed a party of grenadiers with orders to storm the town. In two hours the French general was quietly established in head quarters at the Episcopal Palace. It was a bold enterprise, this, of conquering Ireland from the British crown with only a thousand men—bold to the verge of madness; yet its beginnings were wonderfully propitious, and afford matter for curious speculation. These thousand French soldiers, of the very best France had—intelligent, temperate patient of fatigue daringly brave, perfectly equipped, inured to the most exact and rigid discipline, half of them fresh from service with Napoleon and the army of Italy—if they could only have been got over these six weeks before, or if, when there, they had been efficiently supported by reinforcements from home, it seems not violently improbable that our History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798 might have a different ending. On the morning of the 23rd, Humbert marched with a party of his troops to Ballina, a small town a few miles southward. The garrison fled, after a feeble attempt at resistance. Humbert left a small party in possession of the place, and returned to Killala. These first successes told powerfully on the temper of the peasantry. They flocked in by hundreds to join the invaders and receive arms and uniforms; about a thousand were completely equipped and clothed. Thus reinforced, Humbert prepared to act on a larger scale. On the 26th, leaving two hundred men and some officers to defend Killala, he marched with the main body of his army (eight hundred Frenchmen, and above a thousand raw native recruits) to attack Castlebar, the county town; whose garrison, at all times considerable, was now augmented to a force of six thousand men well provided with artillery, under the command of General Lake. A fatiguing march of fifteen hours, through rough and difficult mountain passes, where their cannon (two light pieces) had to be dragged along by the hands of the peasantry, brought the invaders, early on the morning of the 27th, within view of the British troops, strongly posted between them and the town. In the engagement of the 27th of August, the army, 'formidable to every one but the enemy' fully justified its well-earned reputation. It was easy work whipping peasants and cutting down stragglers—but there was no standing the charge of those terrible grenadiers who had been at Lodi. In half an hour the whole of the British troops were routed. The retreat was conducted with more regard to self-preservation than to military discipline. It was 'like that of a mob,' says Barrington; heavy cavalry, light cavalry, infantry, and Jocelyn Fox-Hunters, all jumbled together. They fled—those who had horses to carry them—through thick and thin, and never halted till they reached the town of Tann, nearly forty English miles from the scene of action. They then ran on to Athlone, on the east of the Shannon, thirty miles further. This disgraceful business was called the 'Races of Castlebar.'—History of the Irish Rebellion by Philip Harwood.

AN ORANGE YEOMAN.—On the 13th of October, 1798 a court-martial, of which the Earl of Enniskillen was the president, sat on the trial of Hugh Wollaghan, a yeoman, charged with the most atrocious murder of Thomas Doherty, to which he was encouraged by Charles and James Fox, yeomen. The prisoner being duly arraigned, pleaded not guilty. It appeared in evidence from the testimony of Mary Doherty, of Delgany, in the county of Wicklow, that the prisoner came into her house at Delgany, and demanded if there were any bloody rebels there! that on deponent's answering there was not, only a sick boy, the prisoner Wollaghan asked the boy if he was Doherty's son; upon which the boy stood up and told him he was; Wollaghan then said, you dog, if you are, you are to die here; that the boy replied, I hope not; if you have anything against me, bring me to Mr. Latouche, and give me a fair trial, and if you get anything against me, give me the severity of the law; that Wollaghan replied, no dog, I don't care for Latouche, you are to die here; upon which deponent said to Wollaghan (he then having the gun cocked in his hand), for the love of God, spare my child's life and take mine; that Wollaghan replied, no, you bloody—; if I had your husband here, I would give him the same death. He then snapped the gun, but it did not go off; he snapped a second time, but it did not go off; upon which a man of the name of Charles Fox, but not either of the two prisoners at the bar, came in and said, damn your gun, there is no good in it; and that the said Fox said, at the same time, to Wollaghan, that the man (pointing to deponent's son) must be shot; that deponent then got hold of Wollaghan's gun, and endeavored to turn it from her son, upon which the gun went off, grazed her son's body, and shot him in the arm—the boy staggered, leaned on a form—turned up his eyes, and said, mother, pray for me! That on Wollaghan's firing the gun, he went out at the door, and in a short time returned in again, and said, is not the dog dead yet; that deponent replied, oh! yes, sir, he is dead enough! upon which Wollaghan replied (firing at him again), for fear he be not let him take this; deponent was at that instant holding up her son's head, when he fell, and died! No attempt was made to contradict any part of the evidence, but a justification of the horrid murder was set up, as having been committed under an order of the commanding officer; that if the yeomen should meet with any, whom they knew or suspected to be rebels, they need not be at the trouble of bringing them in, but were to shoot them on the spot; that it was almost the daily practice of the corps to go out upon scouring parties.—This defence was confirmed by one private, one sergeant, and two lieutenants of yeomanry. Captain Archer swore that he had always found Wollaghan a sober and diligent man; ready to obey his officers, and looked upon him as an acquisition to the corps. Captain Gore deposed in like manner, that it was the practice of the corps to scour the country with an officer, and verily believed the yeomen understood it was their duty to shoot any rebel they met with, or suspected to be such; and the deponent had heard that other corps had similar directions in other districts. Here the defence closed, and the court acquitted the prisoner.—Plowden's History of Ireland.

The Irish Spring Assizes have commenced. The calendars are light in most counties, and the general state of the country is quite satisfactory. The persons for trial are few, and their offences trivial, in districts once famed for their lawlessness.

GREAT BRITAIN.

We have great pleasure in stating, upon authority that the Rev. Jabez Watson, M.A. Cambridge, and late Curate of St. Veep, near Lostwithiel, Cornwall, has been received into the Church by the Very Rev. Father Coffin, at Glapham.—Weekly Register.

A correspondent of the Weekly Register writes as follows from Leith.—'Whilst Catholicity is steadily advancing in Scotland, our Presbyterian countrymen fail not to strain every nerve, and cease not to pour out their 'siller,' in order to hasten the downfall of the 'Man of Sin.' In vain do the Episcopalian and Presbyterian battalions unite together to crush that religion which has for ages withstood the 'Battle and the Breeze.' At present we have in Edinburgh and Leith innumerable placards and advertisements, informing the public that lectures on Anti-Christ are to be heard in abundance. To day, this minister of the 'Free Kirk' is to lecture on 'Transubstantiation' to-morrow a Rev. W. Robertson, of the Established Church, is to inform his hearers which are the true teachers, the Romish Priests or Protestant Ministers.' Here we find 'Priest McCorry's Lectures' are to be reviewed, now in the Kirkgate, Leith, and again in the Tolbooth Wynd, likewise in Leith. On the other hand, the Rev. Father McCorry, our invincible champion of Catholicity, bears the whole brunt of these attacks made on him by the bigoted children of John Knox, and (as a Protestant gentleman informed me a day or two ago) he seemed quite capable of meeting double their number. So numerous are the lectures on Popery discussed, that Father McCorry announced on Sunday last that in future he would be obliged to answer every Sunday evening two lectures instead of one. As sure as the Sunday evening comes round, one finds the beautiful church of St. Marie's, in Leith, which has sittings for 900 people, filled with an audience well nigh amounting to 2,000. Hundreds and hundreds are but too glad to get standing room, and the audience is composed in great part of Protestants.

A Parliamentary return shows the amount of money voted, in the last five years, for religious objects, in the British Islands. It is, for Protestant objects, £511,993 1s 9d; Catholic objects, £131,910. We believe there is no doubt that taking the whole United Kingdom together, the Catholics actually present at public worship on any Sunday very far exceed in number the members of any other religious body.—On week-days the proportion would be of course immensely greater. In justice, therefore, their share of the religious grant should have been the greatest, not the least, especially as the Protestants are now enjoying the whole of the endowments, made by our ancestors for Catholic worship, and as the Catholics are found almost exclusively among the poorer classes. The truth is, however, that the settlement of these questions depends, not on the just rights of the respective bodies, but on their power of enforcing them in Parliament, where the Church is weakest and bigotry strongest.—Weekly Register.

The Court Circular has a lengthy leading article in reply to the numerous attacks in various Orange and ultra Radical papers in reference to the alleged charge of meanness in domestic matters on the part of the Royal Family. It gives the following incident, connected with the household management and coeval with the Queen's accession, to illustrate Her Majesty's ideas of domestic economy, and explain the cause of these attacks. "It was," says the Court Circular, "the usage to appropriate among the domestics all the wine that was not used at the royal dinner table, no matter how much the supply exceeded the demand, and whether or not the bottles were uncorked. We need not say that, under such circumstances, there was no scarcity of the best wines on the seaboard and in the coolers, and that the wine merchant's bills were heavy. The Queen, even though then a girl in her teens, had, however, a due regard to propriety, and being resolved to keep the expenditure of the Court, within the assigned income, inquired into this matter, and took effectual means for putting a stop to the system of plunder. The remedy was as simple as it was judicious and efficacious. As the servants who used to appropriate the surplus wine to their own use, were already allowed an amply sufficient quantity of port and sherry, they were forbidden to touch in future any of the wine that was taken from the cellars for the use of the Sovereign and her guests, and any uncorked bottles were to be replaced, while the wines that were broached but not consumed were to be sent to the hospitals."

STATE OF PARTIES.—The Morning Herald states that it is receiving day by day letters from perplexed Conservatives in the provinces, begging to have some light thrown upon the present state of parties. The Herald, in reply, remarks that it is becoming tolerably clear that a party which will not boldly declare its principles, and those principles which stir the heart of the country, must remain out of office. An opposition, with a definite policy on the controversy between the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland, including Mayo and education, and the controversy in England on the Church rates question would command the respect of the country.

The meetings of the unemployed continue. On Shepherd's Bush-common, on Sunday afternoon, some 2,000 gathered to listen to speeches from a temporary platform surmounted by a banner, on which was inscribed 'West-end Branch of the National Association of the Unemployed.' We are requested to be peaceable." Resolutions were passed in favor of emigration at Government expense. The next day there was again a meeting in Smithfield; and on Tuesday Mr. Ernest Jones having called a meeting in Smithfield, the unemployed refused having anything to do with him, and posted handbills stating that their meeting would be held in Agar-town-fields. A large crowd, nevertheless, attended Mr. Jones. In his speech he deprecated emigration, unless they could each get a grant of land, "as Prince Albert's German cut throats had got at the Cape." He called on those who rejected the emigration scheme to hold up their hands; to which there was a tolerably unanimous reply. Then he said, "Let all who have no confidence in Parliament hold up their hands," and there was a similar response. At the other meeting in Agar-town-fields, the speakers deprecated any connection with "Mr. Ernest Jones and his crew." Shortly after two o'clock the men marched in order from the place of meeting, and took up their position in front of the Vestry hall. Their numbers as well as their demeanour had a very formidable and menacing appearance. A strong body of police were, however, in the vicinity. A letter was handed in from the committee, demanding relief for the men outside, and stating that the committee "desired to prevent a collision between the men and the authorities, if possible." Spokesmen were then admitted to the Board of Guardians, and their chief grievance appeared to be that skilled workmen were compelled to break stones.

A specimen of English Poor Law inhumanity, took place on Tuesday, A lady, who was passing the workhouse at Islington, observed a woman, accompanied by four young children, leaving the gate weeping bitterly. She stopped her and asked her the cause. The woman's tale of distress was this; her husband had been out of work the whole winter, and they were in great destitution; now there was plenty of work, but distress had de-throned reason, and the man was out of his mind. His insanity took a form which endangered the poor children, and she was anxious to get them into the workhouse, out of the way, while she sought an asylum for the father. But the authorities refused to receive the children unless she would enter the house also; that was her present distress.

The Record of last Monday informs its readers that the Convocation of York "was summarily garroted in a manner partaking in no small degree of the ludicrous." Most true; but it was left for our contemporary to exhibit a sympathetic Archbishop in the dubious characters of a released ticket-of-leave man and a licensed buffoon.—Union.

A base, diabolical attempt has been made to renege the Spurgeon tragedy in a Catholic place of worship. On Sunday evening last, at the Oratory of St. Phillip, at Brampton, London, 3000 people had assembled in the expectation of hearing Cardinal Wiseman preach. A few minutes after seven o'clock the service commenced with a hymn, and the conclusion of which the Cardinal ascended the pulpit and commenced the delivery of his sermon. All of a sudden, and before the Cardinal had proceeded very far, shrill cries of "Fire!" filling the minds of all with consternation. Women went into hysterics and screamed loudly, and children shrieked, and the whole portion of the congregation were crying, "What's the matter?" "Where is the fire?" "Order!" "Be seated," &c., &c. There came a rush towards the doors by those who were in the immediate vicinity whilst others at a greater distance from them jumped upon the benches and chairs, evidently prepared to make a push at the outlets at the first opportunity. All this must have lasted ten minutes, when one of the Rev. Fathers rose, and addressing the congregation, besought them to be reassured, for the alarm had no foundation whatever. People began to see this themselves soon, and gradually resumed their seats in quietness. The calmness and self-possession of the congregation was remarkable, once the shock of the first alarm had subsided and allowed them to recollect themselves.

The past two years have certainly been prolific of most serious and saddening mercantile crimes. Men of the highest standing, of seemingly stainless character, and in some cases of almost saintly reputation, have been found to have been for years in the practice of the most systematic and heartless fraud. We have had religious embezzlers, philanthropic con-men at forgery, felons of taste, education, and public spirit; but of one thing the country has reason to be satisfied—they have almost all received the due punishment of their deeds. Whatever may be the defects of our law, it has descended with terrible force on the heads of Strain and Paul, Davidson and Gordon, Robson, Redpath, and the rest. Judges and Juries have done their duty, and it has been shown that if in the present day the desire for wealth and enjoyment draws men into crime the community is still determined to allow no mistaken lenity to interfere with the just expression of its reprobation. But in one case it must be shown that the arm of justice has been powerless. The men whose evil doings came to light on the failure of the Royal British Bank enjoy comparative immunity, while their innocent dupes, the crowd of shareholders and poor thirty depositors, are alone punished. Yet what distinction can common sense and morality make between the cabal of which Mr. Cameron with his private book was the centre, and the brothers, one of whom died that fearful death on Hampstead-heath, while the other is a fugitive, and perhaps a beggar in some foreign land? The fraud, the hypocrisy, the mercenary disregard of the calamity they were bringing on hundreds were the same in both cases, but, unhappily, the law provides no penalty for such reckless dealing with other people's funds. The House of Commons, however, is allowed by law and custom to exercise an equitable jurisdiction in such cases. Conduct known to be dishonest, though not legally punishable, has been often taken cognizance of by the house when charged against a member. The expulsion of the chief delinquents at the period of the South Sea bubble is a well known instance. May not the house, therefore, allow itself to inquire into the allegations against Mr. John McGregor? He has been notoriously concerned in transactions which bear a close resemblance to the doings of John and James Sadler, and though he has not like them laid himself out to a criminal prosecution, yet there is sufficient reason to examine whether he be a fit person to sit in the legislature of the United Kingdom. We trust the session will not pass away without some notice being taken of the scandalous details relating to the management of the Royal British Bank.—Times.

ORANGEISM IN GLASGOW.—The dead wall of this city where the advertisements are wont to be posted, were this week placarded to summon a public meeting of the 'brothers' resident in Glasgow, on Wednesday evening. As many of our countrymen were attracted by the notification, we had the curiosity of going to see what kind of muster they would make. We must confess, when we saw the motley crew that were assembling, we could not trust ourselves in such questionable society. We looked in vain for a report of their proceedings in next day's papers. No respectable journal would condescend to notice them. They are merely a few misguided fellows, destitute of patriotism, and having neither social position nor influence in the city. Of course, they are natives of the north of Ireland. No respectable Scotchman would be seen in their company. The stump orators who would blather about their 'time honoured institution,' the pious, glorious, and immortal memory, &c. &c. They are regulated by every decent, sensible man in the United Kingdom. Their race is run. We remember in our boyish days, when the 12th of July was looked forward to with alarm in the north of Ireland. We are rejoiced to record that such is not the case at the present day. Those were the terrible times of Protestant ascendancy; but most of those who played at Orangeism in those days although they have not altogether divested themselves of their early prejudices, are beginning to see that their wisest course is to unite with their fellow-countrymen in an endeavor to obtain a social amelioration beneficial to all classes.

A question on which so many elections in England and Scotland are now made to depend must ere long be settled for public convenience, and when the time comes Mr. Spooner will find that he has slain a man to his own heart, and brought about changes of a nature infinitely disagreeable to himself. To use a cant Parliamentary phrase, the whole relations of the Church of Rome and its members with the State will some day be reconsidered. When that day arrives Catholics will gain far more than they can lose. To our mind it cannot come too soon. The consequences of the Emancipation Act have not yet had full play. The No-Popery insanity of 1851 increased our strength by committing our adversaries even more hopelessly than ever to an untenable position. The stream of common sense and intelligence is in our favor, and will, ere long, mount so high that even our own cowardice and imbecility will not prevent us from being floated onwards by it.—Tablet.

REDPATH'S FRAUDS ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.—We (Herald's Journal) understand that the frauds by Redpath and Co. on this company will turn out to be about £200,000. The directors are in a fix what course to take. They can do nothing without an application to Parliament, as the capital on the books, we hear, exceeds their Parliamentary powers to raise. One curious consequence of the frauds is that the two A and B halves of the dividend shares are rendered unequal. In other words, Redpath has actually made two and two more than four, or two halves more than a whole one.

The Record deprecates the fact that it has heard within a few weeks of "one clergyman fined for poaching, of another who makes a rollicking speech at a great fox hunting dinner, of half-a-dozen frequenting a ball room at Cambridge, and of twenty-four presbyters, who were present at a great ball of the Duke of Beaufort, exhibiting a singular and painful correspondence in number and title, but contrast of occupation, with the heavenly elders whom the Apostle saw in vision, casting down their crowns in devout adoration at the foot of the throne in heaven."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—"What a voluminous correspondence the great Duke must have had?" said a gentleman one morning, whilst speaking about the Duke of Wellington amongst a set of loungers congregated before the club rooms at Cheltenham. "And yet," observed a cavalry officer who had served under his grace in the Peninsula, "the Duke, I have heard, himself attends to the most trifling correspondence. For instance, a friend of mine, who was intimate with the Duke, told me the following story in exemplification of this. He was breakfasting one morning at Apsley House, and observed his Grace to smile whilst perusing one of his letters, and afterwards to set it apart. Some time afterwards he found on referring to that letter in conversation, that it had come from a lady totally unknown to the Duke, and who kept a boarding school at Kensington. This lady solicited a favor from his Grace, namely, that he would recommend to her some non-commissioned officer, whose character stood high in his esteem, for the purpose of teaching her young ladies how to walk. Strange as this application was, it very much tickled his Grace's fancy; and during his mornings ride he called at the Senior United Service Club, and desired one of the servants to send immediately for Sergeant Murphy, of the Grenadier Guards. Upon the sergeant's arrival, the Duke directed him to attend, in full uniform at—House Academy, on the following morning, and mention to Miss—That the Duke of Wellington, had sent him there to teach her young ladies to walk."

UNITED STATES.

Mr. Henry A. Farrell, who recently died in this city, has bequeathed all his real estate valued at about \$20,000, to the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, in this city, subject to the liquidation of certain debts.—Philadelphia Catholic Herald.

The Secretary of the Navy has ordered the United States steamer frigates Niagara and Mississippi now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, to be equipped for sea with despatch, as these vessels have been selected to assist in laying down the Atlantic Telegraph cable between Newfoundland and Ireland, in compliance with the act just passed by Congress.

WOT'S PAY.—In the State of Massachusetts I have seen great numbers, say as many as one third of the popular branch of the State Legislature, who were once Ministers of the Gospel, but who had given up the ministry for political life, while the Speaker of the House, himself, had once been a Minister of the Gospel. In every State in New England a similar condition of things exists, and in the House of Representatives at Washington I have seen several clergymen who have given up the ministry for politics, while they are also to be found in the Clerk's Offices in the different departments at Washington, writing for their daily bread. I know of lawyers now in Boston, and of lawyers now in different parts of the Great West, and of lawyers now in California, and of at least a lawyer now in Philadelphia, who once were Ministers of the Gospel. I know of dozens of doctors who were once Ministers of the Gospel, but who have left the Bible for the scalpel, and the pulpit for the Doctor's gig. I have met clergymen in the cars, as R. R. Conductors, who have told me that they gave up the ministry because they could not support their families by it: and I once read in the Cleveland Plaindealer, of eight persons within a few miles of that beautiful city, who had given up the ministry and become R. R. Conductors, or keepers of Ticket Offices. As to the Barkeepers, and the keepers of Livery Stables, who were once Ministers of the Gospel, I have heard of them so often from personal friends who have seen them in California, that I believe many such persons to be there, and I have heard in a manner equally direct and unquestionable, that there are other such cases in the States nearer home.—American Presbyterian.

THE CONDITION OF THE PRISON IN CALIFORNIA.—The California Democrat comments on the recent disclosures about the prison discipline in California, and says:—"We have, in our youth, read tales of dark barbarities in the Middle Ages, and of the brutal treatment of prisoners in Russia, but we never dreamed of such things in free America. Yet we must confess that our constitution has become a mockery, that certain strata of society are wholly destitute of any ideas of right, and that absolute barbarism is their nominal condition. Those without means amongst the criminals who have been condemned to prison are horsewhipped, and obliged to sleep on floors covered several inches deep with water. They have insufficient food, covering and raiment: the keepers hold them in prison at will long after the legal time of incarceration has expired, and practise upon them the obsolete system of torture. The doctor who visits them when sick has no sympathy for their sufferings; he does not inform the authorities of their condition, but divides with the keepers their gains, and thus the complaints of humanity are prevented. The same keepers, who so maltreat the poverty-stricken prisoner, who may be there for some slight misdemeanor, give to the hardened criminal of means the widest possible privileges. They open to him the doors of the prison at night, and thus a stream of criminals is poured into our city. Burglary, larceny and murder are the order of the day, and the prison is the refuge of crime. Who can prosecute the criminals in prison? What proof can be brought against people, of whom the keepers are ready to swear at any moment that they were safely kept under lock and key? When the crime has been successful, the spoils are brought to the prison, and the keepers receive their share. From the State Prison, also, the criminals come out during night in order to return at daybreak for a safe asylum. We complain of the increase of criminals, but we encourage them daily by our courts and our prison system."

THE INDIAN IN AMERICA.—The subjoined extract from a New Orleans letter, published in one of the Limerick papers, must be considered, if true, as a notice to quit for the timely information of all Celts who may be ambitious of the rights of citizenship under the shelter of the United States:—"I must say to you that for an Irishman this is no country any more.—Hostility to him and to his holy religion is now the order of the day with numbers of fanatical Americans. In a word, insolent hatred and deep prejudice have led some of them even to murder poor and unoffending men. It is not safe to go out of doors after dark; a perfect reign of terror has prevailed here during the last three months. Hitherto, to witness a riot was not thought of; but, God help us! every morning the news or the question is common—'Who was killed last night?' The most respectable of the Irish families here speak of emigrating to the Brazils or Buenos Ayres. One word more: this is no country for an Irishman any longer. I am sorry to acknowledge it."

WONDERFUL LONGEVITY.—A lady has lately died at Actopan at the wonderful age of one hundred and thirty-nine years! We may well say that the oldest inhabitant of Mexico is dead. One hundred and thirty-nine years! What a history is included in this time! and how trivial must have appeared to her the revolutions and strifes in her country. She had seen in her time twenty-eight changes in the delegates of Spanish power, and has, since the independence of her country, seen the fifty changes which have taken place in the administration of the government.—Altogether, Mexico has had over seventy changes in the chief magistrates of the country in this woman's life time.—Mexican paper.

ONE TOO MANY FOR THE WINDOW.—There is a good story told of a handsome Yankee pedlar, who made love to a young widow down in Pennsylvania. He accomplished his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. "Name them," said the widow. "The want of means to set up a retail store." They parted, and the widow sent the pedlar a check for ample means. When they met again, the pedlar had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. "I have got a wife."

REMITTANCES

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND & WALES.  
SIGHT DRAFTS from One Pound upwards, negotiable at any Town in the United Kingdom, are granted on The Union Bank of London, London.  
The Bank of Ireland, Dublin.  
The National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh.  
By HENRY CHAPMAN & Co.,  
St. Sacramento Street.  
Montreal, December 14, 1854.

The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1857.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From Europe we have nothing new to report. The chief topic of discourse, at the present moment, is the late fearful railroad massacre, of which full particulars will be found in another column. In the Legislative Assembly, the Ministerial proposition on the Seat of Government question was taken into consideration on Tuesday evening. Mr. Thibodeau, seconded by Mr. Seymour, moved in amendment "that the House resolve that it is inexpedient to consider the question of the Seat of Government during the present session, as that question was decided last session." This amendment was negatived, upon a division, by a majority of 68 to 44. Mr. Dorion then moved an amendment to the effect that the Seat of Government question being purely local, it was at variance with the principles of our responsible Government to submit it to the decision of the Imperial Government. An animated debate ensued, which had not concluded up to the time of going to press. Dr. Blanchet, one of the representatives for Quebec, has resigned his seat on account of ill health.

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

It is a traditional remark that the sun always shines out brightly on St. Patrick's Day; and this anniversary was no exception to the rule. The weather was remarkably fine; tho' the very strength of the sun made our streets all but impassible for pedestrians, turning the snow and ice into the dirtiest of mud. But no amount of personal inconvenience could damp the ardor of the sons of St. Patrick, or deter them from doing public honor to their illustrious patron on his annual festival. The St. Patrick's and the Temperance Societies formed, as usual, about eight o'clock, in front of the St. Patrick's Hall, and walked in procession to St. Patrick's church, their respective bands playing the national airs. The effect was highly imposing as the procession entered the church, and marching up the grand aisle, ranged their numerous banners around the walls of the Sanctuary. Next came in our two Irish Volunteer Companies, with the splendid band of the Montreal Rifles. The grand aisle was set apart for our gallant volunteers. Last of all arrived the long and venerable procession of the Clergy, closed by His Lordship the titular Bishop of Montreal, who gave his pastoral blessing as he passed to the kneeling multitude on either hand. The solemn swell of our magnificent organ filled the church with soft music as the venerable body advanced and took their places in the sanctuary. At that moment the vast edifice was crowded to excess with an earnest and attentive multitude of the spiritual children of St. Patrick. The decorations of the church were even unusually fine and tasteful, especially about the high altar, where stands the statue of our beloved Apostle, surrounded on this day by a forest of ever-greens and a countless number of lights, forming over the Saint's head the monogram of our dear Lady—the whole over-arched by a scroll bearing the well-known legend: "We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk among us." As the tapers were successively lit around and above the episcopal figure of the Apostle, it required no great stretch of imagination to identify them with the galaxy of saints who, ever since the days of Patrick, have made the Irish Church glorious before all Christendom. A solemn High Mass was celebrated with all the pomp of a great Catholic city, our venerated Prelate officiating at the altar. The music was very fine; the vocal part was executed by some 140 boys of Rev. Mr. Connolly's own training; ably seconded, however, by the teachings of the good Brothers of the Christian schools. The effect of such a chorus of youthful voices, well modulated, was both grand and pleasing; while the long swell of the magnificent organ filled the entire church, its tones now soft as those of a lute or mandolin—now full and deep as the roar of the ocean-wave.

After the first Gospel, the Rev. Mr. O'Brien ascended the pulpit, and delivered such a discourse as has never been exceeded, and rarely equalled in St. Patrick's church. The Reverend gentleman is justly considered one of our most powerful preachers; but on this occasion he even outdid himself. Warmed by the nature of his subject, his eloquence was, in certain passages, of the very highest and most fervent character. As a whole, the sermon was admirably suited to the present circumstances of our scattered people, and cannot fail to produce a most salutary effect. Mr. O'Brien took his text from the

136th Psalm—the exquisite lament of the captive Israelites when "by the rivers of Babylon they sat and wept" for the beloved land of their birth: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee: if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy." The Reverend gentleman commenced by a beautiful and touching eulogium on the love of country, implanted, he said, by heaven in the heart of man for the noblest and holiest purposes, as evinced by the words of his text put in the mouth of the captive Jews by the Royal Prophet of Israel. This love of country he proved to be still more noble where our father-land has been, and is the seat of an institution the most sacred and the most venerable, having a heavenly origin, and left for a time only on earth, then to return to its native heaven. This, he said, was peculiarly the case with Ireland, whose children had this additional and most powerful motive to bind their hearts to their native land. "And wo to those," said the eloquent preacher, "who would seek to tear from the Irish heart this well-grounded sympathy and earnest attachment to their father-land. By such an attempt they do but show how little they know or understand that people." He then went into a beautiful and masterly analysis of the spirit of nationality; commencing with the attachment of the child to the scenes of his infantile sports, gathering strength from the varied associations of advancing life, and matured by reading the history of his country, when the individual gradually comes to identify himself with her—participating in all her joys and in all her sorrows. Mr. O'Brien then went on to show that few nations had a more glorious past to look back upon than Catholic Ireland—whether as regards the countless multitude of her saints, or the matchless constancy wherewith her children have preserved the faith through a series of persecutions hardly ever equalled. Glancing briefly over the immediate effects of St. Patrick's mission, he showed how, as it were, spontaneously, the whole population of Ireland emerged from pagan darkness into the full light of Christianity—how the nobles of Ireland set apart large tracts of their fertile lands for the maintenance of the Church and the support of the poor—and how, for the next two or three centuries, Ireland sent out missionaries to every nation of Europe, then, for the most part, sunk in barbarism and idolatry. Passing over the following centuries, Mr. O'Brien then gave a graphic sketch of the oppressive rule of Protestant England and her ruthless persecution of the Irish Catholics. The horrors of the penal days, the glorious constancy of the nation to its ancestral faith, tried by every ordeal that hell-born malice could devise: new tortures, and death, the confiscation of the broad acres of her ancient nobility, the suppression and plunder of the churches and monasteries their piety had founded; and the pitiful attacks of proselytizers with a pitcher of soup in one hand, and King James's Bible in the other;—yet, through all, and surviving all, the faith of the people had continued the same. The light kindled by St. Patrick in the fifth century, had never since been extinguished; and many "a burning and a shining light" had since gone forth from that blazing pile to illuminate other and distant lands. Well then might the children of Ireland feel proud, under God, of their Christian ancestry; and he, for one, could not by any means understand how it was that a handful of American Catholics could call upon the Irish to give up their nationality, so closely, so inseparably interwoven with their religion. Was it that these people were jealous of the glorious memories which the children of Catholic Ireland love to cherish? It might be so; but, at all events, it was preposterous for them, a new nation in the Church, a people who have no calendar of national saints, no memories of sainted or martyred ancestors, to expect the children of St. Patrick, the sons of the Island of Saints, to give up their nationality at their bidding and become Yankeeified, and, perhaps, worse. Forbid it all the glorious memories of the past, all the bright hopes of the future. Let the Irish Catholics go where they may, all the world over, they are the strong, and resolute, and fervent supporters of the Church; they build up her temples with their hard earnings, and their strong arms are ever ready to defend her where it may be necessary. Let them alone, then, in their own way—force them not to forget their nationality, the glorious bonds which unite them to the dear old land where their robust and vigorous faith was cradled—let them remain Irish and they will be ready to coalesce with any other body of Catholics for the general good; but wo! again, to those who injudiciously and in ignorance seek to make them Canadians or Americans, or anything else but what they are. The reverend gentleman then concluded his admirable discourse, of which we have given but a very brief and imperfect outline, (merely from memory,) by an earnest admonition to those who would thus seek to destroy Irish nationality; calling upon the children of St. Patrick, at the same time, ever to cherish the memory of their own land, as did the captive Israelites in their distant land of exile; and to illustrate that holy faith which their fathers

received from Patrick by the practice of every Christian virtue.  
Mass was then resumed; and at its conclusion, the two societies, with all the male portion of the congregation, and our two Volunteer Companies, formed in procession, and marched through a great portion of the city, to visit St. Ann's Church, (another beautiful temple set apart for the use of the Irish,) where an arch was erected, over which were the words—"Welcome, Sons of Erin." Thence the procession returned by another route to St. Patrick's Hall, from the windows of which the people were addressed by Dr. Howard, and Marcus Doherty Esq., President and First Vice-President of the St. Patrick's Society.  
A magnificent *pain-beni* was presented for the occasion by Dr. Howard, who, according to custom, made an offering of it at the altar-rails.  
In the evening, Captain Devlin and Lieutenant Mullins gave an excellent dinner to the men of their Company at Irish's Hotel. There were several guests present; amongst whom we noticed Lieutenant-Colonel Wily, Colonel David, and Dr. Nelson, (Surgeon to the Cavalry.) We regret want of space prevents us from giving a full report of the happy and eloquent speeches delivered upon this interesting occasion. The Chair was filled by Captain Devlin; and although several toasts were proposed, the intoxicating beverage was—out of respect for the memory of Father Matthew—carefully excluded. The Company broke up at eleven o'clock, after spending an evening which, we are sure, they will not readily forget. The Montreal Rifle Band played during the entertainment, and were highly, and, we may add, deservedly complimented. Success to No. 4.  
A large body of our Irish citizens also celebrated the day by a banquet at Mr. O'Meara's; at which the Presidents of our numerous National Societies, and the representatives of the City Press, attended as guests—Mr. Doherty in the Chair. The banquet was most successful, and the party separated at a late hour, well pleased with their entertainment. The following were the regular toasts of the evening:—  
"The Day, and all who honor it;" "The Pope;" "The Queen;" "The Emperor of France;" "The President of the U. States;" "The Preacher of the Day;" "The Army and Navy, as composed of Saxon and Celt;" "Irishmen, at home and abroad;" "The Memory of Father Matthew;" "The Memory of O'Connell;" "The Mayor and Corporation;" "The National Societies;" "The Press;" and finally, "The Ladies."  
Betwixt the toasts of "The President of the United States," and that of "The Preacher of the Day," the health of the Governor-General was proposed, and was drunk by some of the party present.  
On the whole, we are inclined to think that the Irish of Montreal have, on this occasion, done their full share of the universal homage offered to the Apostle of Ireland, by his spiritual children, on the anniversary of his death.  
We have been requested to state that the eloquent discourse of the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, delivered on St. Patrick's Day, in the St. Patrick's Church of this city, is about to be published in pamphlet form, and will be ready for delivery in a few days.  
WHY CAN WE NOT OBTAIN JUSTICE?  
To strangers to our Canadian society, it must be a subject of wonderment how it comes to pass that, with our numerous Catholic population, and our consequent influence in the Legislature, we are unable to obtain a satisfactory settlement of a question so long agitated as has been the School Question; on which the Church has pronounced a decided opinion; and one in which the best interests of our children are so deeply involved.—From our repeated failures to obtain justice from a Legislature of which about one-half is returned by Catholic votes, it is argued, and with some show of reason, that the Catholic laity cannot, generally, hold the same opinions upon the subject of Education as do their Clergy and the Chief Pastors of their Church. For, it is truly said, were they in earnest in their demands, no Ministry could, with safety, refuse to grant them.  
We must look therefore within, and not without, for the causes of our want of success; and we will find them, not so much in the strength of our opponents, as in our own want of honesty and sincerity of purpose; in our venality and inconsistency, which justly expose us to the sneers of our enemies, and cool down the zeal of our former allies. To the former we have ceased to be formidable; whilst to the latter, the support of the Catholic vote generally, and the Irish Catholic vote in particular, is a matter of too much indifference to induce them, for its sake, to run the risk of offending the rabid Protestantism of Upper Canada. In fact that vote, or political influence, is looked upon as a cheap marketable commodity; always up for sale, and at a very low rate.  
This is a hard saying, but alas! a true one, as all who are conversant with the history of the School Question must admit. We have made fine promises, spoken many brave words, and given

many a lofty pledge; but, alas! have ever been equally ready, at the first sight of the glitter of Ministerial gold, to violate our promises, to eat our own brave words, and to break our most solemn pledges. Like the boy in the fable, we have cried "Wolf, Wolf," so long, and so often, that nobody believes us, or cares one straw for all our vociferations. "Bah!"—it is said—"these fellows have but set a price on themselves, and are thus clamorous, only to let the world know that they are up for sale, and in search of a purchaser." And so, one or two of the noisiest of them being bought up, and a few others silenced with the promise of a bone, or some broken victuals from the Ministerial table at a subsequent period, the agitation is hushed up—a few place-beggars are enriched—whilst the wrongs of the majority remain unredressed; and we become the scorn and laughing stock of both friends and foes. Let us cite an instance or two.  
It is now more than two years since the Catholic Institute of Toronto, with the Bishop of the Diocese at its head, pledged itself publicly to the policy indicated in the following "Resolution;" which was published in the *Toronto Mirror*; was approved of, *in those days*, by the *Catholic Citizen*; and was generally accepted by the other Catholic Institutes throughout 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."  
Now, neither at the Session next after the adoption of this solemn pledge by the Irish Catholics of Upper Canada, nor in any subsequent Session of the Provincial Parliament, has "full justice" been done us with regard to the free working of our separate schools. That this is so, is evident from the simple fact that, up to the close of last Session, the complaints of the Catholics of Upper Canada, both Clergy and laity, were as bitter as ever. Therefore do all the Irish Catholics of this country, who adopted the policy embodied in the above cited "Resolution" of the Catholic Institutes of Upper Canada, still stand "pledged to oppose by all constitutional means, the re-election of the present Ministry, and of any of their supporters."—How this pledge has been redeemed—how the bold promises therein made, have been fulfilled—the steady support still given by too many Catholics to the Ministry who have positively refused to do us justice is an admirable proof. Let us take another instance.  
About two years ago, the *Catholic Citizen*—then an independent Catholic paper, professing the same principles, and advocating the identical policy, that the *True Witness* has professed and advocated from the hour it was started up to the present moment—threatened M. Cauchon and his Ministerial colleagues with the great things that he, the *Citizen*, would do, if full justice were not at once accorded to the Catholics of Upper Canada. Compared with the general tone of its articles in 1856 and 1857, the following extract from the *Toronto Catholic Citizen* of 1855 does sound somewhat ludicrous:—  
"It is useless for Mr. Drummond, M. Cauchon, or Sir Allan McNab, or for Mr. McDonald of Kingston, or Cuyler of Toronto, to calculate on further Catholic support, if they neglect the present opportunity of deserving it. If those who have climbed into Parliament, and into political power by Catholic votes, imagine that Catholics can overlook what involves the future moral and physical interest of their children, they will have reckoned without their host."  
We warn the party in power, our friends would fain call them, that if they calculate on stultifying or stupefying, or erasing, the Irishman's love of justice, or keen perception of its violation, or if they hope he will forget or forgive it, they will to their cost, in the day of need, learn that if the Irishman will resent an injury to his dog, the ungrateful fencing candidate for political confidence, who would use the power so obtained in order to degrade his patron's child below the level of the brute, dare not hope for a renewal of the confidence so ungratefully betrayed." The italics are our own.  
Our cotemporary then concludes with a warning specially addressed to the "Lower Canada Representatives," with M. Cauchon at their head; insisting upon the importance of the "interests at stake" and the duty of Catholics to make those interests paramount to every other consideration.  
Brave words these no doubt—nonstrous brave words; and we fancy that we can see the menaced M. Cauchon chuckling in his sleeve as he read them to his laughing colleagues; menaced like himself with the terrible wrath of an Irish Catholic, if he and they neglected the then present opportunity to render a full measure of justice to the Catholics of Upper Canada. They were told that, if they did neglect that opportunity, it would be "useless for them to calculate on further Catholic support." M. Cauchon, however, and his Ministerial colleagues knew but too well the men with whom they had to deal; and that by a timely exhibition of Ministerial patronage—by means of a government situation for this man's next of kin, and a judicious distribution of Government "Crown Land Advertisements"—they could always mollify the fury of their denouncers; and convert the menacing opponent into a very docile and useful "government hack." And

thus it is, that, whilst our demands for justice have been treated with open contempt by M. Cauchon and his colleagues—and whilst the Chief Pastor of the Diocese of Toronto has been compelled in consequence to employ the severest spiritual censures of the Church against the dishonest Ministry—they have no more zealous supporter in the press, than the self same Catholic! journalist who, but a few months ago, warned them of the fearful fate that awaited them if they any longer neglected to do justice to the Catholics of Upper Canada. Is it then wonderful that our remonstrances are disregarded? that our cries for redress are treated with contempt, as the clamors of a pack of greedy curs who can always be silenced by throwing amongst them a plateful of scraps and broken victuals?—and that we ourselves meet with but scorn and derision, whenever we make an effort to force our claims upon the attention of the Legislature? Such treatment may not be pleasant; but by our conduct we have provoked it, and our best friends cannot deny that we have hitherto deserved it.  
The extracts given above, and which we likewise commend to the attention of the *Ottawa Tribune*, contain a full justification of the present policy of the *True Witness*; and consequently a complete condemnation of that advocated by the *Tribune*.  
The Catholic Institutes of Upper Canada, acting in concert with their Bishops, have called upon us, the "Catholics of Eastern Canada" for our sympathy and our assistance to aid them in opposing by all constitutional means the re-election of the present Ministry and of any of their supporters; because, at the last session of Parliament, "full justice was not done to the Catholics of Western Canada with regard to the free working of their Separate Schools." We have, in all sincerity of purpose, and to the best of our humble abilities, responded to that appeal; we have given our sympathy and assistance, such as they are, for the attainment of the object indicated; and we have faithfully followed the policy traced out in the above cited Resolution, passed by a Society presided over by His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto himself; and which "Resolution" therefore, until the contrary be shown, we have every reason to believe embodies the policy of His Lordship and his colleagues in the Episcopacy. Now having thus, and at their own urgent request, given our warmest sympathy, and our best, even if feeble assistance, to our Catholic brethren of the Upper Province to carry out the policy by them traced out, we have a right to expect that we shall receive—if not thanks and good offices from those to whose appeal we have responded—at all events common courtesy, and credit for our good intentions. If we have erred, it has been in over-estimating the political consistency and honesty of those whom we have endeavored to serve; and in believing that their "Resolution" of "opposition" to the Ministry was something more than a printed lie—a solemn mockery of God and man. The very head and front of our offending, hath this extent—no more; and even though we have erred, we cannot express contrition for it, nor can we even promise, that we will not repeat the offence.  
But we do not believe that we have erred; we do not believe that, in taking the Catholic Institutes of Upper Canada at their word—or that in relying upon their solemn pledge of "opposition by all constitutional means" to the Ministry and their supporters who have refused us a "full measure of justice"—we have been led astray. We believe, that in spite of a few noisy fellows in the pay of the Government, the policy of "opposition by all constitutional means" is still the policy of the sound portion of the Irish Catholics of Canada; as it is still that of the *True Witness*. It is the policy to which they have solemnly pledged themselves, and which they cannot for a moment abandon without dishonor. It is the policy for which the Catholics of Upper Canada have "invoked the sympathy and assistance of their fellow Catholics of Eastern Canada;" we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the *True Witness* will be condemned for its steady adherence to that policy, or for its prompt response to the appeal addressed to the Catholics of the eastern section of the Province by their brethren of Upper Canada.  
A few weeks ago a communication over the signature of *Observer* appeared in the *Montreal Witness*; in which, treating of the internal management of the Montreal General Hospital, the writer asserted that the visiting Catholic clergyman gave "general invitations to the patients in the several different wards to attend" the religious instructions given by him—the said Catholic priest—to the patients of his own persuasion. Such a statement, if uncontradicted, would have been looked upon as a proof that the said priest was in the habit of availing himself of his situation, for the purpose of proselytism.  
The Catholic clergyman alluded to therefore, wrote to the *Montreal Witness* giving an unqualified denial to the accusation of its correspondent *Observer*: asserting "distinctly and unequivocally, that he never gave a general invitation to all the inmates of the

General Hospital to assist at the instructions which he gave to the patients of his own persuasion; and that all his acts, while connected with the General Hospital, had been approved of by the authorities of that institution—who, we may add, are for the most part, if not all, professors of the Protestant Faith.

On the 18th inst., *Observer*—who carefully and not without good reason, conceals his name from the public—returns to the charge; and thus attempts to make good his former assertion, that the reverend gentlemen to whom he alluded was in the habit of giving "general invitations to the patients in the several different wards to attend his" religious instructions. Of course the reader will perceive that the *gravamen* of the charge depends entirely upon the truth or falsity of the expressions "general invitations;" for, for a Catholic priest to give "particular invitations" to patients of his own persuasion only—and the reverend gentleman maligned by *Observer* in his letter positively asserts that to these were his intentions restricted—should not be a matter either of surprise or offence to the most vigilant Protestant *Observer*.

As there may be a difference of opinion as to what constitutes a general invitation," says *Observer* in his second communication, "I will state what I have both seen and heard, and leave your readers to judge. I have both seen and heard him, (the visiting priest,) in No. 22 Ward, invite the patients to attend his lectures in tones sufficiently loud to be heard by every person in the ward, and I know that he does the same in other wards. This I should call a general invitation."

This, we think, will hardly be accepted by the majority even of Protestants as a good definition of the words "general invitation." If, for instance, Mr. Smith, being in a public room, were to invite Mr. Jones to dinner, and in "tones sufficiently loud to be heard by every one in the room," we hardly think that Mr. Tomkins would conceive the invitation to be "general;" or would look upon himself as therein included.—And yet because, in clear and distinct tones, so as perhaps to be heard by Protestant patients, the Catholic clergyman visiting the General Hospital, gave a particular invitation to his Catholic patients to attend his religious instructions—a Protestant *Observer* hesitates not to publish in the public journals that the said priest had given "general invitations" to the patients, to attend!

The best way however to settle the matter in dispute, is to refer it to the authorities of the General Hospital; to whom, as Protestants, a Protestant *Observer* can have no reasonable objections; and to whom also the Romish priest, attacked by *Observer*, is quite willing to refer all questions, as to whether he—the priest—ever gave a "general invitation" to the patients to attend his religious instructions; or has in any manner conducted himself so as to give offence to the Managers, or to infringe upon the regulations, of the General Hospital.

*Observer* also attacks another Catholic priest, "one of his predecessors;"—that is, a predecessor of the priest who at present visits the Hospital. This reverend gentleman, whom *Observer* does not, and dares not name, "so teased a Protestant whose mind was weakened by disease as to frighten him into the true church." The same reverend gentleman—name not given—is also accused of having spoken disrespectfully of the Protestant Bible, of having denied its inspiration, and its intelligibility; and in particular, of having called in question the authenticity of the Epistle of St. James—which by-the-by was, according to St. Luther, merely an "epistle of straw." To these grave charges against an unknown reverend gentleman, preferred by an unknown, anonymous, and therefore most likely a cowardly slanderer, it is needless to reply. We shall however be prepared to meet them, when properly substantiated with the author's signature; and when the name of the reverend gentleman therein alluded to is also made public.

The *American Celt* calls attention to the highly immoral and anti-Catholic tendencies of some of the extracts, given in a book lately published by M. Donahoe, of Boston, entitled, "The Speeches of the Celebrated Irish Orators."

The *American Celt* is right; and we regret that the *TRUE WITNESS* should have seemed even, to recommend a book containing such vile passages, to a Catholic public. The truth is, they had escaped our notice; our attention having been fully taken up with extracts from the speeches of Grattan and Curran—those truly glorious luminaries of the Irish Bar and Senate. We therefore take this opportunity of assuring the publishers of the work in question, that we entirely agree in the sentence of condemnation pronounced upon it by the *American Celt*; and that, until the offensive passages be expunged, we cannot recommend it to a Catholic public.

We have been requested to state that the Recording Secretary of St. Patrick's Society will attend at St. Patrick's Hall, on the evenings of Saturday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next—for the purpose of receiving dues, and giving receipts to such as may be in arrears. The Committee are requested to meet on Monday next, at 8 P.M.

DOCTOR RYERSON AND THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

TO THE CONDUCTORS OF THE PRESS IN CANADA.

A slight illness has prevented me from noticing sooner the last lucubrations of that erratic individual, called Chief Superintendent of Education in Upper Canada. I allude to his so-called replies to the noble letters addressed to me, in the columns of the *Leader* of the 26th ult. and 3rd inst., by the Right Rev. Dr. Pinsonneault, the distinguished Catholic Bishop of London, C.W., on the subject of the late controversy between Dr. Ryerson and myself.

From past experience, the public was prepared for any amount of tergiversation and misrepresentation on the part of this unscrupulous and unprincipled official. His last frantic diatribes, purporting to be replies to his Lordship's letters, but more appropriately styled—"vulgar lampoons on 1,500,000 of his fellow-citizens"—show evidently that, in addition to his former total absence of candor and honesty, he has in store an inexhaustible amount of scurrillity and malice. As to his scurrillities and gross abuse against every thing Catholic, especially his indecent personalities against a dignitary of the Church, I will not stop to gather them up or fling them back in the face of the contemptible reviler of Catholicity.

When a man can so far forget himself, as to apply such choice and polished expressions as, *ungentlemanly and silly effusions*, to the amiable Prelate who governs the Diocese of London, he may as well be passed by, in silent contempt. I will merely say, *en passant*, that, whilst we are willing to make great allowance for the disturbed and excited state of his mind, we have at least a right to expect that he will keep a civil tongue in his mouth when addressing those who pay him his wages; and refrain from using a language not to be tolerated in the fish market. Had Bishop Pinsonneault paid homage to the pedantic official who claims the privilege of insulting every thing Catholic, by upholding the godless school system of *foreign importation*; had he condescended to allow his sophistries, his fallacious expressions and malicious insinuations, to pass unrebuked; had he not stopped to lash the reviler of the Pontiffs of the Church, he might have been fortunate enough to be employed by the Methodist Minister. But because the learned Bishop of London has raised his voice in behalf of freedom of education; because he has nobly and eloquently declared the unanimous sympathy and approbation of the whole hierarchy in Canada, on the all important question of Christian education; because he came forward to proclaim that I was not the mere organ of an insignificant party, a *new infusion of a foreign element*—the Chief Superintendent of Education loses his temper; and forthwith gives His Lordship of London a lecture on the regard he owes to the dignity of his office.

Shall we who struck the Lion down, shall we pay the Wolf homage?

BYRON.

Passing over sundry intemperate and uncalculated for effect, which appear in the communications referred to, and which the public may easily trace to the late discomfiture and ignominious prostration of the Chief of Education, I beg leave to touch slightly upon some other misstatements and misrepresentations perpetrated by him, in his so-called answer to the Roman Catholic Bishop of London, in *The Leader* of the 26th ult. I allude to these fresh instances of tergiversation, because they concern me personally. Dr. Ryerson says that I charged him with "having excluded all Roman Catholic, civil and ecclesiastical histories from the catalogue of library books." Now I said no such thing. I did not so much as allude to his catalogue (with which he is making himself ridiculous) till he brought it in, in the course of the controversy, with a view to change the question at issue. I remonstrated against the objectionable character of his Protestant Libraries. I was met at once by the Doctor, who holding up his catalogue, pointed with his finger to some half a dozen of Catholic books therein inserted. My wily antagonist thus trusted that the substitution of *Catalogue for Libraries* would blindfold the reader. The pious fraud has rebounded upon its author with double power. Detection and shame have been the consequence. Now, to return to the question, I stated, and I repeat again, that the Public Libraries so earnestly recommended by the Chief of Education, to the patronage of the Municipalities, are altogether Protestant; made up of Protestant works, adapted to the taste of Protestants only, and consequently unfit for Catholics.

The fairness with which His Reverence boasts of having acted, by inserting the names of about a dozen of Catholic books in his catalogue containing upwards of 4,000 Protestant or infidel works such as Gibbon and Hume, is one of the most pitiful attempts at imposition that ever was perpetrated by that double dealing official, called Dr. Ryerson. What is to the public, or shadow of a few Catholic works figures in Dr. Ryerson's catalogue; whilst, as a general rule, not one of the above mentioned books can be found on the shelves of his Public Libraries? When you visit these wonders of the Chief of Education, his Public Libraries, you may gaze around till doomsday, and see none but Protestant histories, Protestant novels, Protestant notes of a traveller, Protestant essays, Protestant diaries—all works more or less offensive to a Catholic reader, all more or less replete with insulting misrepresentations of Catholic practices, Catholic doctrines and Catholic customs or usages. In perusing the catalogue containing the names of over four thousand works, you come across the names of about a dozen of Catholic books. Ask the superintendent of the library for one of these works, the title page of which is in the catalogue. It is not there. Ask for another; it is not to be found there. This I am able to assert on the authority of confidential friends who have tried the experiment. Now, let me ask it again of his Reverence, are such Libraries fit for a mixed community like ours? We are in some places, one-fourth, in other places, one-third of the population. Have we not a right to a proportionate share of works? In many of the Public Libraries, not a single Catholic work can be procured. Again, is this an illustration of the fair dealing with which Dr. Ryerson boasts of having acted in getting up these grand humbugs, styled by him, Public Libraries? If such be the case, then I say: God save us from this honest and fair-dealing official!

The Chief Superintendent of Education goes on saying "that I charged him with having originated legal restrictions by which neither school apparatus nor books could be procured for the Roman Catholic children of Toronto Schools." I am accused by the same Supreme Judge of the Education office, of having said that "Roman Catholic children in Separate Schools, were denied school maps and apparatus." I beg leave to say, *Salvo Reverentia*, a greater falsehood has not been uttered since the day of the fall of our first parents in the earthly paradise. In the whole of my correspondence with Dr. Ryerson, I made no such statement as the above. All I said, and I repeat it again for the third and fourth time, is that, should the suggestions of the Chief Superintendent of Education be complied with by the Municipalities, as directed by him in the famous circular, Catholics would be unfairly and unjustly dealt with; being compelled to purchase maps, charts, globes, etc., etc., with their own money, whilst there more fortunate Protestant neighbors would be able to provide themselves with the same, with the money accruing from the Clergy Reserve Funds. Now if the Separate Schools in Upper Canada have the same facilities for providing themselves with maps, charts, globes, etc., etc., as the Common Schools, they owe no thanks to the Chief Superintendent of Education. But this is not the question. The point at issue is

not whether they have now the same facilities as Protestants for the purchase of the said school apparatus; but whether they could have those facilities, were the funds, or any portion of the funds, accruing from the Clergy Reserve to be applied exclusively to Protestant Schools and Protestant Libraries. Should Dr. Ryerson's suggestions be complied with, the Common Protestant Schools and Protestant Libraries could alone participate in the advantages of such an appropriation. In his first communication to the public, our unscrupulous Chief Superintendent of Education thought to throw dust in the eyes of his readers by changing the question, and then charging me with having said what I did not say. His answer is but a paltry quibble, unworthy of an Official, but in perfect keeping with his characteristic tergiversation.

Before I dismiss Dr. Ryerson and his miserable quibbles, I may be permitted to say that no one is imposed upon by his ridiculous and bombastic professions of Loyalty which appeared in his so-called reply to the Bishop of London, of the 26th ult. "My Platform," shouts the Methodist Minister. "Is the hearts of Canadian people for Canada?" "Is the rights of Canadians without preference, to the protection and enjoyment of their own religious teaching. My poorie son of Wesley! say rather—My Platform is my bread and butter—My Platform is the money of the people, which I put in my pocket—My Platform is my place, my large government salary and all the pleasant perquisites of office. Behold my Platform!"

Were the Chief Superintendent of Education in earnest when he asserts, that his platform is the "rights of Canadians, without preference, to the protection and enjoyment of their own religious teaching," most cheerfully would we subscribe to it. These are the rights we claim, we ask no more. We ask them not alone for ourselves, but for all, for all denominations,—members of the Church of England, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Christians of every name and shade. The present Bill which guarantees to its Separate Schools, was a Denominational one in its original form, and so framed as to secure to all denominations the privilege of establishing Separate Schools if they choose to have them. At the instigation of Dr. Ryerson, its Denominational character was struck off, and confined to Catholics only, lest the Common School System should suffer from conflict with its rival sister, the Separate School System. Thus the Chief Superintendent of Education, at the last Session of Parliament in Quebec, deprived his fellow Christians of the Protestant persuasion, of the rights and privileges which it was the earnest desire of Catholics to extend to all, without prejudice or exclusion. The wily chief of Education was well aware that to grant the privilege to all denominations, of establishing schools to their own liking and predilection, would seal the fate of his darling system, but lately imported from Yankee land. He knew, moreover, that by confining it to Catholics only, it would render it unpopular. Such were the motives which actuated the great Patriot of the Education Office, when he suggested, through his friends, to restrict the law for Separate Schools to Catholics and colored people only.

I may, however, assure my friend at the head of the Educational Department, that all his pious frauds and interested suggestions will not serve him much longer. The days of the common School system are numbered. Its dissolution is only a question of time. In the divided state of Christianity in Canada we cannot have Common Schools, common libraries.—These institutions are not Canadian; they are not of Canadian growth. They are not adapted to Canadian tastes and wants. They are a *foreign element*, imported in our midst but a few years since, and forced upon our necks by an oppressive and tyrannical legislation, at the request of an unscrupulous politician. Public opinion has already solved the great difficulty, and cut the *uncut gordian*. The truly Christian and liberal author of the pamphlet styled—"Does the Common School system of the United States prevent crime?" exclaims: "Let every denomination organize its own schools, employ teachers of its own faith, and daily admit its own clergymen to superintend and assist in the religious part of the training." A denominational law, with the motto: "Protection to all—favor to none," authorizing all religious bodies recognized by the State, to establish and govern their own schools, without interference on the part of the dictator of the Education Office,—is the only possible solution to the great problem, which now perplexes our legislators and politicians,—and convulses our country with painful dissensions and discords. Such a measure will restore peace and harmony among the citizens of the same community, and give satisfaction to all those whose pecuniary interest is not connected with the great imposition of the Common School system. Then only shall we cease to quarrel about Common and Separate Schools. Then shall emulation be excited among the different denominations; then shall the daily attendance of pupils in schools be increased to ten times its present average. Then, in fine, shall we behold a promising youth, a moral generation. I am happy to see that the above views, already expressed by me in a former communication, meet the approbation of the Right Reverend Doctor Pinsonneault, Bishop of London. In a letter addressed to me through the columns of the *Leader*, His Lordship says: "Let the denominational system be introduced, without showing favor to any particular creed, but allowing all denominations to have their own schools, according to their respective views; Government grants being given in proportion to the relative number of children frequenting such schools." I will add, *en passant*, that Catholics will never submit to the Common School System. The members of the Church of England are heartily disgusted with it. A large proportion of the Church of Scotland and the most intelligent of all denominations protest loudly against it.

"My platform," says the pompous Chief of Education, "is the heart of Canadian people for Canada. The rights of Canadians without preference to the protection and enjoyment of their own religious teaching." Come forward great Canadian patriot, join with us in sustaining, instead of opposing our demands, and thwarting the natural enjoyment of our most sacred privileges. Come and assist us, and all who share our views, in obtaining what we ask, not for ourselves only but for all, viz: Denominational Schools, Free Schools without intolerable interference and odious restrictions. Then your bombastic profession of liberality will be a reality, instead of a sham imposition.

In conclusion, I beg to submit whether the time has not arrived for Dr. Ryerson to descend from a station for which he has proved himself utterly unfit. The Chief Superintendent of Education is a public official, a servant of the people, of Catholics as well as Protestants. From both he receives the wages, which makes him insolently insufferable. Forgetful of the dignity of his office and of his responsible duty, for many years, he has been incessant in his attacks against the Catholic hierarchy, the Catholic priesthood, the Catholic Church at large, Catholic nations, and every thing Catholic. The scurrillity of his abuse has grown more insufferable, in proportion as it has been permitted to go unrebuked. His insulting diatribes have been multiplied beyond the power of endurance. Are we, let me ask all sensible men, are we to be trampled upon without hope of redress, because we have been forbearing? I am sure that I express the sentiments of all Catholics and of all liberal men of every denomination, when I say that the time has come to petition the Government for the dismissal of this obnoxious Official. As an avowed enemy of Catholics and Catholicity he is evidently unfit to hold an office which requires the greatest impartiality and liberality. He has long since forfeited their confidence and sympathy. It is high time for the Chief of Education to retire once more to his former occupation, viz:—to preaching and "Camp Meetings."

Such is the earnest wish of all sensible men, and particularly of the subscriber,

J. M. BAYRZEE.

Toronto, March 9, 1857.

WHOLESALE RAILWAY MASSACRE.

From the *Toronto Colonist*, and other U. Canada journals we glean the following particulars of this appalling catastrophe:—

(From the *Toronto Colonist*, March 12th.)

A most disastrous and calamitous railroad accident occurred at the bridge across the Desjardins Canal, as the four o'clock train from Toronto was passing over it yesterday. From the best information, it would appear that one of the hinder wheels of the locomotive got off the track just as it was approaching the bridge across the canal, and that the concussion of the locomotive in passing over the bridge broke it down. The locomotive dragged the baggage and passenger cars with it, and the whole became one vast mass of ruin and destruction. The locomotive was completely disappeared in the water and mud of the Canal, and the debris of the cars, trunks, seats and remains of human beings strewed the ice and the banks in every direction. The screams and moans of the mangled and dying, mingled with the screams and cries of their relatives from Hamilton, for several Hamilton people were in the cars.—Hundreds rushed to the scene, and groped in the still more dark than those they first discovered; and the same wild scene of grief, consternation and despair still continues; for it is impossible to find or identify the bodies at night. So heart-rending a spectacle no hand can describe. It can but be imagined.

It is difficult to arrive at the number on the cars. It is stated that 30 are wounded or have escaped.—57 or 58 bodies have been recovered. There were probably 95 or 100 on board. So that some 8 or 9 must yet be under the ice. The current of the canal sets towards the Bay, so that probably those may not be found until the breaking up of the ice on the Bay.

WHO ESCAPED AND HOW.—Every person in the first passenger car, except Owen Doyle, James Barton, of Stratford, and two children between eight and nine years of age, perished. The escape of these seems perfectly miraculous. One of the children was thrown out of a window into the ice, he knows not how. The other was dragged out of a window, having been up to its neck in water for some fifteen minutes, in almost a senseless state. They were a little boy and a little girl, brother and sister. They can recollect nothing after the fearful crash, and being thrown upon their heads. Their mother, father and uncle perished, and Owen Doyle, who saved himself, is their uncle. He saved himself by forcing his way out of the window as the water was rushing in. He remembers swimming on to the ice; and then lost consciousness. James Barton cannot tell how he got out of the window. He recollects but a wild scream—being dashed against the ceiling of the car. Half senseless and half drowned, he made a last spring for a window. He was picked off a cake of ice a few minutes afterwards, senseless. The two children, marvellous to say, are but slightly injured; and Doyle and Barton are comparatively little hurt. Doyle had his brother, and sister-in-law, two cousins, and a cousin's wife, and two nieces, all killed or drowned. And what was his own injury, the fearful excitement of the scene he had passed through, and the loss of so many near and dear to him, the poor fellow wandered about almost bereft of his memory and his senses. Barton's father was also lost; they were sitting together when the car was turned upside down, and they were dashed against the top of it.

The escape of Richardson, Mr. Urquhart of the express, the mail conductor, and the baggage master, was equally marvellous. When the locomotive and tender went into the abyss literally, the baggage car swung round apparently as it was going over, and broke loose from the tender. The consequence was it struck on the ice to the left of where the locomotive disappeared and slid, so strong was the ice, a short distance. It never overturned; and its three inmates, though thrown among trunks and all sorts of things, strange and happy to say, escaped with but barely trifling bruises. The conductor hearing the smash of the bridge, and standing at the open door of the car, leaped out at the brink of the abyss. He escaped unhurt.

In the second car, the persons saved were the Conductor, Mr. Barrett, the Deputy Superintendent, Mr. Muir, and Mr. Jessop, an auditor. They were on the platform of the last car, and jumped off when they heard the concussion.

Got out of the Window.—Henry August, passenger from Toronto, escaped from the first car. The escape of this person was most wonderful. He is a German; and he and the last named passenger were sitting together on the rear seat of the first passenger car. The moment they heard the first concussion, they got up and rushed together to the door, the latter only reached the platform. He jumped off just three feet from the chasm. The other car rushed by him and was gone. He stood for a moment paralyzed. He then ran down the hill, and was the means of saving from drowning his companion who was not in time to reach the platform. He dragged him out of a window, and comparatively unhurt.

A Woman, who lives near the scene of the disaster, and who was the first to witness it, gives some interesting particulars about the two children—the Doyles—who so miraculously escaped. She rushed down the hill to the cars; indeed the poor woman literally rolled down, for it was so steep and slippery she could not keep her feet; and the first object that met her attention was the poor little girl, about eight years of age, on a cake of ice. "The little thing said, 'Oh, don't mind me, save my brother,' and the poor little fellow was at the moment with his chin barely above water, at the top of one of the windows, imploring some one to drag him out. The woman, though the ice was broken for some distance round the car managed to reach him; and after rescuing him, rushed up the hill with one child in her arms, and got a passenger, who was himself badly wounded, to carry the girl on his back. She put them to bed; and strange to say, they got up with scarcely a mark. Owen Doyle, the uncle of the little girl, saved her by clasping her to his breast when he felt the car overturning, and throwing her out of the window after the crash. The little boy felt some one take him in his arms and fall under him, but he knew not whom. It is difficult to conceive a more melancholy spectacle, than to see these two children looking on the mangled remains of their mother, father, and nearly all who were dear to them.

THE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT.—In the present stage of the proceedings before the Coroner's Jury, and in view of the deep responsibility that may be attached to the Railroad Company, we desire to speak with all proper reserve upon the cause of this unparalleled calamity. Still we feel called upon to state a few facts, which every one who has inspected the bridge must have observed; and which the people at large desire to understand. The first is, that the train never went off the track at all, because there are no marks of the wheels whatever, *outside* of the rails. The only marks there are, are a few, beginning about 40 or 50 feet from the bridge, on the track itself. These are as if a bolt, or something of the kind, had got loose and slipped down from the axle, and fore seams in the ties. At first they are very slight, amounting to mere scratches. As they near the bridge, they become deeper; and finally, before going on to the bridge, whatever it was that was broken or slipped down shaved off a piece of the solid stone, about an inch and a half deep. This obstruction—and it did not seem as if it was a broken axle, because it neither made the marks a broken axle would have made, nor were these in the place on the track a broken axle would have moved upon—seems to have come in contact with the cross timbers of the bridge, and literally cut them in two and swept them before it. These cross timbers were wholly unprotected by flooring; and it is obvious, if either a broken axle or any other obstruction came in contact with them, they must either give way, or throw the engine off the track. If the latter was the case, the bridge would of course be now standing, if even the

locomotive had been thrown over it. The bridge having given way, it seems to us the obstruction, whether a broken axle or not, broke it down. And this would seem the more probable, from the fact, that the locomotive literally cut its way through the bridge. That is, it broke no more of it than was actually necessary to let itself down. We do not wish to go further into the inefficiency of the bridge, or its imperious construction. The locomotive manifestly went on to the bridge on the track. That is obvious and indisputable. The bridge breaking down with it on it, whether an axle were broken or not, settles the matter of inadequate construction.

As to the train running on to the bridge too fast, it is, in our judgment, a fallacy; because, if the train was going at an unusual speed for the place, the people who jumped off, and were unhurt, could not have done so, or might have been killed if they did. And as to the obstruction, or broken axle or whatever else it may turn out, being felt for any distance before reaching the bridge, it seems impossible; as the engineer could have stopped the train, and clearly never would have allowed it to go on the bridge with such an obstruction, and that under his own locomotive. The obstruction, whatever it was, is the only thing that we can detect that tore down the bridge; for we are unwilling to conclude, after the trials it has had, that it gave way under the bare weight of the locomotive.

HOW THE ACCIDENT WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.—There is but one small house, belonging to the poor woman who behaved so nobly by the Doyle children near the fallen bridge; and she was looking out of the window as the train approached. She saw the catastrophe made little noise. The train seemed to sway to one side, and then all disappeared. It is probable the swaying was the first passenger car overturning.—She says she saw a man leap from the locomotive immediately before it disappeared. This was likely the engineer, as he was found with his neck broken on the ice. At the same time one of the workmen at the station house—it is about a mile distant from the broken bridge—who was watching the train coming in, saw the steam suddenly stop, and a sort of dust arise. In a second there was no train to be seen.—The alarm was at once given; and we believe that all persons connected with the railroad have exerted themselves most assiduously since, to render all the assistance they could. The crash was not heard at the depot.

THE REMAINS OF THE BRIDGE AND THE CARS.—The bridge has been allowed to remain precisely as it was broken; and will, we apprehend be allowed to continue so until after the inquest, and after thorough inspection by competent engineers. It was a matter of utter astonishment to every one, how any person could have escaped, after such a fearful fall. The walls on either side are of very solid masonry; the adjacent banks are perhaps a hundred feet higher than the railroad. The Suspension bridge is thrown over immediately on the right, and is still higher. Then, about sixty feet below the railroad, is a narrow deep channel, which looks like a sort of chasm between two high hills. Into this abyss was hurled the ill-fated train. It was just wide enough to let the cars down without touching anything to break their fall. They literally leaped sixty feet into ice and water, one passenger car following the locomotive and completely overturning, and becoming almost submerged; and the other lighting endways upon this. Great as has been the loss of life, considering the number of passengers; yet, looking at the place, it is absolutely wonderful how any one escaped.

RECOGNIZING THE DEAD.—Among the most harrowing scenes attending this fearful catastrophe, are the witnessing the unhappy relatives recognizing the mangled remains of husbands, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters. Yesterday morning the wife of Mr. Morley arrived from St. Catharines, to pick out of the many dead his body. The scene was heart-rending as she passed from one dead body to another, all marking death with greater horrors by being more or less mangled. At last one, even more distorted and mangled than the rest, was come to; and a wild scream but too well told her tale of woe. And in a large storehouse, strewed with dead bodies; and with others going the rounds to make similar heart-rending discoveries, was she left to kneel down and bewail her bereavement. Whilst on one side of the large building a row of bodies were placed, as yet unrecognised, and questions were asked of every new comer, if he or she knew anything of them, a sob or a moan would be heard in another part indicating that some one had come from a distance and found all her sad expectations realized. Nor was the circumstance less harrowing, of passing the stranger by, who, far from his home, and far from those who were dreaming of his return, there lay, a mangled, unrecognised, unwept victim of a railroad disaster. Here was evidently a poor Irish laborer; his pipe was still in his hand; and a smile played over his kindly countenance. One passed, yet another, and still another, and no one knew him. God only knew the grief that some would feel who did know him. Here again linger a larger group. They are looking at the figure of a woman, once beautiful, and though her hair lies tangled and wet, and her face is distorted from the effects of drowning, she still claims that idle crowd with a melancholy interest. She has a marriage ring on her finger. Two lockets are on her breast; and a brooch is suspended by a yellow ribbon round her neck. For whom did she wear them? Who were dear to her? To whom was she dear? No one knew her. God help her! she alone then required to be recognized by him! And so passed the scene.

Pending the verdict of the Coroner's Inquest now holding, it would of course be improper to impute blame to any party in particular. The *Toronto Colonist* of Monday gives however the following additional particulars, which have been elicited from the different witnesses:—

Judging from the evidence of several of the servants of the Great Western Railway Company, who were on the train when the accident occurred, there appears to be no ground for supposing that the engine ran off the track while on the bridge, or before entering it. The remains of the bridge itself bear witness that the hypothesis of its having been first injured by the wheels of the locomotive is unfounded, for none of the cross ties have been broken. It is stated in evidence that the engine driver whistled to put on the brakes just as the engine entered the bridge, but as the same witnesses state that the train was past the switch before the signal was given, it is easy to ascertain whether the engine was fairly on the bridge when the whistle was given by calculating the length of the train and comparing it with the distance from the switch to the bridge. We believe from this it will be found that the engine and tender must have both been on the bridge before it gave way.

"P. M." of Kingston is respectfully informed that the terms of subscription to the *TRUE WITNESS* are six months in advance.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We will never insert any anonymous communications.

Acknowledgments in our next.

Births.

In this city, on the 17th instant, Mrs. Kinneer, of a son.

At Rawdon, on the 1st inst., the wife of Mr. Thomas Price, of a son.

In this city, on the 14th instant, Mrs. James Nelson, of a son.

Died.

In this city, on the 17th inst., Mr. Theo. Brown, aged 34 years and 3 months.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

M. Thiers has positively declined to come forward as a candidate for any seat in the Imperial Legislature.

Almost all the London weekly newspapers were seized on Sunday, on account of their comments upon the Emperor's Speech.

THE SECRET TREATY.—The Constitutionnel of Saturday has a semi-official article denying the allegations made by Mr. Disraeli as to the "secret treaty" between France and Austria.

It is calculated that in Paris alone more than 300 telescopes are every night directed towards the firmament to discover the famous comet of Charles V.

THE POOR AT HOME AND ABROAD.—A correspondent of the Gazette de Bruxelles writes:—

"It is not without a little patriotic pride, that I compare the situation of the workmen of Paris with those of London. Despite the dearness of lodging, of food, and a certain slackness of trade and of business, not only are we without that lamentable suffering, and those sinister and even threatening processions, with which the journals of Great Britain are occupying us, though with attenuation, but the equilibrium of well-being is rising sensibly in the humble, laborious households.

"I do not say—would, alas! I could say it—that the working class of Paris is sheltered from every suffering and privation. It has cruel and permanent ills to suffer, which it supports with a resignation full of courage and nobleness. I only say that its situation relatively is satisfactory, and that it inspires the most assuring hope for the future.

"Nor do I pretend that the merit of this state of things is attributable solely to the actual power; however, we must clearly recognise that it has aided, that it aids each day, in multiplying labor for the poor, and in exciting by every means expenditure by the rich.

"An Alimentary Association was founded at the end of October, in the town of Vitry-le-François (Marne), with the concurrence of the Municipality and the Bureau of Beneficence. I have before me the account of its operations up to the 31st Jan. In this period of three months there have been distributed 148,053 rations to necessitous families. This cipher needs no comment.

"The institution of economical cooking is henceforth placed beyond contest. It is one of the most ingenious forms of charity. The working class, which is a very sagacious and even a sufficiently suspicious judge in regard to similar enterprises, shows towards this economical cookery a co-operation which insures its success and its propagation. Indeed, it is something for laborious households to escape, in the first place, the dearness of provisions, and in the second, to find itself freed from the cares—doubly onerous by the expense of both time and money—which it must give to the preparations of inferior food, inferior in all respects to that furnished by these economical establishments."

SPAIN.

Spain still continues her preparations for the expedition against Mexico. M. Sorella, the Spanish minister, "having exhausted all means of conciliation," has demanded his passports and left Mexico.

The Independance Belge states that the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Pidal, has addressed a circular to all the diplomatic representatives of Spain at foreign courts, setting forth the numerous offences which have been committed against Spain by the republic of Mexico, and directing them to inform the respective courts to which they are accredited that the Spanish charge d'affaires at Mexico has been instructed to demand a signal reparation and a pecuniary indemnity for the injuries and affronts which Spanish subjects have had to endure in Mexico.

SWITZERLAND.

—A correspondence from Berne, in the Presse, states that the ultra partisans of the Prussian dynasty in Neuchâtel had conducted themselves so outrageously that the perfect had been compelled to order some of them to be arrested. It adds that the examination of the prisoners, as far as it had gone, was of a nature to lead to the belief that some idea of a fresh insurrection was entertained by certain parties.

—Latest accounts from Switzerland represent the threatened Royalist movement in Neuchâtel as being more serious than was at first thought. Nearly 1,000 Royalists are said to have assembled on the French frontier, to join the exiles in a new attempt.

Public functionaries and civil employes have just been prohibited in Electoral Hesse by the authorities from wearing their beards and moustaches, but "they may retain whiskers of a reasonable size."

ITALY.

NAPLES.—The Times and Post, this week and last, in their character of Government spies, publish circumstantial and horrific statements, by their "own correspondents," of cruelties said to be exercised at Naples, by express desire of the king, on political prisoners there. (We quote a specimen in another column.) Tortures are described which, if true, are equalled only by those inflicted on Catholics under Elizabeth and James, or by American Protestants on their negro slaves. The state of the country is also represented as most melancholy—all business paralysed; every thing stagnant; shops and public offices closed; terror and vague apprehension pervading all minds; the only movements those of the *sbirri* hourly

seizing fresh victims; the only sounds the groans of the tortured victims—audible (if we may believe the Post) even to the public outside! But it is right to add that a very high degree of discredit rests on all these narratives. They are obviously manufactured for Palmerstonian purposes. The useless and aimless cruelty, the idiotic ferocity attributed to Ferdinand II., are obviously incredible. They are totally incompatible with all we know of the brave and amiable character of the monarch; and what is still more to the purpose, these statements are regularly, and with as much circumstantiality as they are made, contradicted by the *Univers* and other French papers of various shades of opinion, whose averments are at least entitled to as much credit as the organs of the British Government. Thus we had on Wednesday an announcement in *Le Pays*, one of the most respectable of the Paris papers, to the effect that the commander of a French corvette, just returned from Naples, had reported officially that Naples was tranquil, and that the statements as to the great agitation there were unfounded. Naples has baffled and snubbed England; England wants Sicily and the sulphur mines; and Naples will never be forgiven!—*Northern Times*.

On Sunday 19th ult., the new Bishop of Clifton, the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Clifford, was consecrated by the Holy Father in the Sistine Chapel, the assistant Bishops being Mgr. Errington, Archbishop of Trebizond, and Mgr. Bailles, Bishop of Lucon. Mgr. Clifford was attended by the Rev. T. A. Drinkwater, and the Rev. Edmund Knight, of the Collegio Pio. A deputation of the English Catholics in Rome, composed of Mgr. Errington, Mgr. Clifford, Mgr. Talbot, Drs. Whitty, Cornthwaite, and English, Lord Clifford, Sir James Fitzgerald, Messrs. Plowdon, Waterton, and Clavering, had an audience of the Holy Father to thank him for the favor shown to England by his having in person consecrated one of its Hierarchy. In reply to Mgr. Errington's address, His Holiness spoke about England with touching kindness. He said that the many prayers which had been offered for England had been heard, as was proved by the numerous conversions which had occurred; that he had never ceased to remember England and her colonies in his prayers and at Mass; and that he received this expression of gratitude from the English Catholics in Rome with true pleasure.—After receiving the Blessing of the Holy Father, the members of the deputation waited upon Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary of State, by whom they were received with his wonted courtesy.

Mgr. Clifford will ordain the Rev. T. Drinkwater, Priest, and the Rev. F. Kirk, Subdeacon, both of the Collegio Pio, on the first Sunday of Lent; and immediately afterwards the Bishop will proceed to his Diocese.

RUSSIA.

Accounts from St. Petersburg, up to 7th ult., give a very melancholy picture of the continued general distress and want, bordering upon positive famine, existing throughout the Grand Duchy of Finland.

The last advices from St. Petersburg mention that it will be the commencement of April before the Emperor Alexander sets out on his journey to Nice, and either on his way thither or on his return thence the Emperor will pay a visit to the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

A report from the Russian Minister of War declares that the truce concluded with Schamyl during the Eastern war expired in the month of May, 1856, and that operations against that leader have been begun along the whole line of the Caucasus.

CHINA.

Telegraphic despatches, anticipatory of the overland Mail, have been received. The dates from Hong Kong are to the 15th January.

No change had taken place in the position of affairs in China. The Chinese had made an unsuccessful attempt to retake Tea Totum Fort.

The Europeans on board the steamer *Thistle*, in all eleven persons, had been treacherously murdered by bravos in disguise among the native passengers. The steamer was carried off, and abandoned after being dismantled.

The Government of Hong Kong had increased the police force, and were taking precautionary measures against incendiarism.

The *Morning Post* says that a numerous Chinese fleet had attacked the English squadron, and subsequently retired in good order under the forts of Canton. Admiral Seymour had disembarked troops and burnt the greater part of the suburbs of Canton. The fleet belonging to the Chinese rebels had formed a junction with that of the imperialists at Whampoa.

The *Straits Times* states that it was believed that the British *Orcha Alma* had been taken by the Chinese, and the foreign portion of her crew murdered.

PERSIA.

The *Times* correspondent does not look upon the Persian difficulty as settled:—"Those who declared in positive terms a few days ago the definitive settlement of the Persian question were exceedingly premature. The Russian organ, the *Nord*, of Brussels, whose habit of sweeping assertion has acquired for it a certain notoriety not tending to increase its credit, announced the same fact as undoubted, and, as is also its wont, greatly modified its assertion subsequently. Even now, whatever the patient perseverance with which the negotiations are followed up, or however promising the prospects, it would be unsafe to affirm that the question is finally settled. Under all the circumstances of the case, no one would be justified in saying so until the signatures of the British Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Persian Envoy are affixed to the Peace Treaty, and even then we have no certainty that the affair is concluded. Our Government may accept and sign the Treaty, but it must be remembered that it has to be ratified at Teheran; and this ratification depends on whether Russian influence is, or is not, all-powerful at the Court of the Shah.—If Russia can dictate, and if the Persian Government submit to her dictation at the moment the news of our Treaty is received there, or if she be more powerful than France, the chances against the ratification are increased; and it

would be exposed to the risk of being rejected altogether. When gentlemen exhibit impatience in Parliament about the progress of these negotiations, it would be well to bear in mind the endless delays and numerous difficulties which are almost invariably encountered in negotiations with Orientals. Such people can hardly ever be brought to a point. They are fluent, mellifluous, and complimentary in speech; talk much, are plentiful in sounding phrases, and are abundant of promise; but when you fancy the moment is come for business, and that every difficulty, every misunderstanding has disappeared, you are mortified to find that you are as far off as ever from the conclusion. The hopes based on the promise of one day are scattered on the next, and you have to begin the weary work again. Then the repugnance these people have to put down anything on paper. None seem more impressed with the maxim *verba volant, scripta manent*, and they prefer words, which are but wind, to the black characters which stare them in the face, and which cannot be denied or explained away. If the negotiator were any one else but a Persian it is probable that not one, but half a dozen, peace treaties might have been negotiated, signed, and ratified since the first interview with Lord Stratford.

If Feruk Khan, dilatory, procrastinating, and acute as he may be, had only to do with the English Ambassador, the chances of an arrangement would have been much greater. I should not be surprised if the good resolutions of one day were weakened the next, and that even here Russia uses her influence to undo what may be done. The counsels that come from St. Petersburg are not to our advantage, and perhaps Feruk Khan has occasionally listened to them with too much attention. The summary of the conferences with the English Ambassador has, I doubt not, been regularly despatched to London, and the last, which was more conclusive—if the term "conclusive" can be safely applied to it—promises, as I have said, very favorably. The draft may have by this met with the approval of our Government, and, for aught I know, the treaty may be signed in Downing street; but the important point is the ratification at Teheran—and of this no man can be certain.

It is but an act of justice to state that throughout the whole of this affair the Emperor Napoleon has acted in a straightforward, disinterested, and honourable manner, and so far as can be judged by his words and acts, his earnest desire has been to remove every obstacle, and to facilitate a satisfactory solution of the question.

I learn that the Russian Ambassador in Paris, as well as the Persian Envoy, deny the existence of the treaty between Russia and Persia, said to have been ratified at Teheran on the 18th of January; and the *Nord* gives a similar contradiction. I need hardly say that the non-existence of that treaty requires some authority less interested in keeping it secret than either of the parties just mentioned. The existence of the treaty is nevertheless affirmed in other quarters, and it is even whispered that for the cession of the portion of territory in question, including Mount Ararat, by which Russia would command the pass of Bayazid, and which had been long coveted by Russia, the latter has engaged to give Persia the assistance of a *corps d'armee* and a permanent garrison of 5,000 men at Herat, in case the war with England continued."

THE FATAL CRINOLINE.

A SAD TALE OF WOMAN'S WRONGS.

In the Rue St. Martin le Grand, there lived lately the happiest married couple in all Paris—M. Valdemont, a chemist, and his blooming and beautiful wife Jeannette. Madame Jeannette adored her husband, who was, in truth, a very intelligent and kind-hearted man, and of some eminence in his profession; and he in return worshipped his "heart's delight," as he called his wife, with a fervor which scarce permitted him to think of aught else but her comfort and pleasure. The felicity of this youthful pair was the talk of all the street, and Valdemont was the envy of all his bachelor friends.

Madame Valdemont had but one failing.—She eagerly studied the fashions; and having once seen in the shop-windows, or on the street, a new cut of dress, a smaller and more modish bonnet than she then possessed, had no peace of mind till her graceful form or queenly head was decked in the new style.—Valdemont was too indulgent and wise a husband to interfere with these his wife's petty weaknesses, and generally gladly procured for her all that she asked.

Coming into his dinner one day, he noticed upon the countenance of his Jeannette that expression of faint, melancholic longing which the indulgent husband will readily recognise as the unfulfilling tell-tale of some new born desire.

"What is it, Heart's delight?" asked he, as dinner finished, they sat over their coffee.

"Nothing, dearest Charles," was the answer, in that peculiar tone of voice which assures the listening husband that "nothing" means "every thing."

"You seem feverish, dearest," suggested Valdemont. "Permit me to send for the doctor."

"No, no, pray do not," begged Madame.—"Indeed I feel quite well; but—" and she hesitated.

"Well—but what, Heart's delight?" asked the husband. "If you have a wish unfulfilled, pray tell me it. You know if it is in my power you shall have all your heart desires."

There was yet a little pretty hesitation on Madame Jeannette's part, but after sundry encouraging requests from her husband, she at length spoke out. "It is a wish which I know you will declare absurd; but I will tell it since you ask me to. You have long ridiculed the new fashion by which the dresses of the ladies are so beautifully distended. I was at first of your mind and thought the hoops unbearable. But alas! I see plainly that unless one follows this fashion, she will become the laughing-stock of her lady friends. And walking out this morning, I saw in the Boulevard de la Madeleine, the most beautiful crinolines! Dear Charles, I feel that the happiness of my life depends on a purchase at the *magnasin*.—I shall not dare to go out upon the Boulevard again without having previously my dress arranged in the new style."

This said, Madame Valdemont reclined upon the ottoman, overcome by her feelings, and casting locks of agonizing entreaty at her lord, who was, meantime, with saddened expression carefully examining the flowers upon the wall paper of the room.

"Dearest Jeannette," he said at last, "you know how gladly I have fulfilled your slightest wish. But this time, darling I must remonstrate. I have an unconquerable dislike to crinolines."

"But I shall become sick with disappointment, I am sure," urged Madame.

"I trust your common sense, and your love for your husband, will prevent such a calamity, my dear," answered Valdemont; "for I must assure you that this one of your wishes must be disappointed. Crinolines you cannot have."

At these cruel words Jeannette, weeping with disappointment, withdrew to her bedroom and locked the door on her hard-hearted spouse threatening never to emerge from this apartment till her wish was granted; and preferring death by starvation to life without crinolines.

What was Valdemont to do? Sorrow-stricken at this sudden interruption to his cherished bliss, but experiencing an exceedingly strong aversion to the article which was the unfortunate cause of the disagreement, he retired to his laboratory to muse upon the course of his affairs. Here musing, he finally came upon a solution of the difficulty. For are not all things possible to genius?

It was already night then he knocked at the door of his wife's self-constituted prison.

"Pray open. It is I, Jeannette."

"Without the crinoline there is no entrance here," resounded from the chamber, in a firm yet agitated voice.

"Your wishes shall be fulfilled," was the answer; and in the same moment the door was opened, and Jeannette took in one arm her husband and in the other hand the longed-for garment.

What a shameful deceit! There was no crinoline, but a simple skirt, colorless and formless. Jeannette would have fainted, but Valdemont begged her to restrain the impulse and attend upon his motion; whereupon he drew out a small elastic pipe and through it blew with might and main into the shapeless garment, which shortly developed itself into the noblest and most colossal proportions. It was of Indian-rubber cloth, and the fruit of Valdemont's genius and domestic trouble.

Jeannette, as may be supposed, was almost beside herself for joy at this discovery, the size and grace of which far surpassed the most famous crinoline. She hugged her husband to her heart, and thereafter each day walked out upon the Boulevards, the envy of all the ladies, who beheld in the circumference of her dress their most cherished hopes excelled.

But, though the happiness of his wife was now complete, there were some disagreeable circumstances attendant upon this new peace. He found himself cruelly separated from his wife by this unrelaxing invention. When arrayed in her new garment no one could approach within less than four feet of her person. To kiss her was evidently impracticable to the affectionate husband. To walk out as of yore, arm in arm, was also in the catalogue of impossibilities. He could not even reach her extended hand, and was obliged to devise a small tray fastened to a stick, by means of which he reached to her such smaller articles as she needed.

But more fatal than all this to his happiness and even to his health; was the diurnal necessity for filling with air the fatal garment. The exertion was too great for him, and shortly his lungs became seriously affected.—But here his chemical knowledge came again to his aid. He constructed vessels in which he was enabled to compress, by mechanical processes, such quantities of air as sufficed to extend to its greatest latitude his wife's skirt. The aperture in this needed only to be securely fastened to an opening in the air-vessel and a spigot turned, when in a few moments the compressed air rushed into and extended the loved garment.

One evening Valdemont had gone out on business. His wife, who desired to attend a party, stood ready dressed upon the floor, anxiously waiting for his return—for she lacked yet one thing of completeness—she was not inflated. The minutes flew by, the time drew near for her departure, yet no Valdemont appeared. Despairing of his return, Madame at last sent her *femme de chambre* into the laboratory for the air vessel, with the determination themselves to make the application. The girl returns quickly with the receiver, fastens the vent securely to the short connecting-pipe, and withdraws the stopper. The inflation proceeds with marvellous celerity, and in a moment Madame, to her extreme delight, had attained a greater breadth than ever before. But alas! suddenly the poor woman feels herself drawn upwards from her feet by some mysterious power. Shrieking vainly for help, she is wafted out of the open door into the garden, and then the frantic servant sees her ascend with terrific rapidity into mid-air, disappearing finally in the clouds.

Just then Valdemont returns to his home. He hears the screams of the servant-girl, and hastens to inquire the cause. She points to the suppositious air receiver, yet lying upon the floor. In one moment the dreadful truth flashes across his mind. The receiver used contained not air but hydrogen gas, very highly compressed, intended for the inflation of a monster balloon. His Jeannette, by his own criminal carelessness, had misapprehended the dangerous gas, and was now, alas! floating away, at random, through space.

Walk along the Paris Boulevards of late, you may see a forlorn-looking man, staring with vacant, soulless eyes towards the heavens as though hoping to descry some extraordinary thing in the clouds. It is the unfortunate Valdemont, who, bereft at one blow of his senses, and of the wife of his bosom, now vainly gazes after the loved one lost.

It is known that there are certain laws which govern comets and other slightly luminous bodies moving in eccentric orbits. These laws of motion being applied by a distinguished French astronomer to the case of Madame Valdemont, he has determined that she will be again visible to the unassisted eye of observers in 2 years, 2 months, 12 days. It is hoped that on the occurrence of that event, measures may be taken to secure the unfortunate lady, and prevent her further rambling through space. But it is feared ere that time arrives crinolines will be out of fashion, and she will on beholding the comely shapes of the fashionably ladies of that sensible day, die of mortification at the recollection of her former inflated folly.

CASUALTIES IN THE CRIMEAN ARMY.—A Parliamentary return gives some interesting particulars of the casualties in the army of the East, distinguishing each regiment, brigade, and division. The total strength of regiments which originally formed the expeditionary force was 55,530 men, and the regimental drafts arriving up to the 9th September, 1855, numbered 27,371 bayonets. The casualties up to the fall of Sebastopol were as follows:—Men killed or died, 18,927; men invalided or becoming non-effective from other causes, 11,374; strength of the army in the Crimea on 9th of September, 1855, 50,370; number of officers killed, 157; wounded, 515; number of non-commissioned officers and men killed, 2598; wounded, 11,361—making the total amount of casualties in action 14,631. A glance at the column of total casualties by death in action or wounds enables us to see the regiments which bore the brunt of the struggle. We should say that the infantry regiments, which were all through the war, each went out with a strength of something over 900 men. Among the regiments suffering most in action, those of the light division head the list. The 77th had 697 killed or wounded; the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, 679; the 35rd Fusiliers, 639; the 19th, 596; the 88th, 535; and the 7th Fusiliers, 532. In the second division, the 41st, with 555 casualties, and the 55th, with 523, maintain an honorable pre-eminence with their comrades of the light division; as also do the Grenadier Guards in the first division, who numbered 538 killed and wounded. In the third division, the 18th Regiment, though not out in time for the great battles fought in 1854, lost the list with 317 casualties, the next being the 38th, with 230. In the fourth division, the 57th, who arrived after the Alma, show 311 casualties. In the first division the Fusilier Guards lost 446 killed and wounded, and Coldstreams 293. The regiments who suffered least of those out the whole time were those constituting the Highland Brigade—two in the third division, and two of the fourth. Their casualties were respectively as follow:—79th Highlanders, 64; 93rd Highlanders, 106; the 42nd, 143; the 60th, 108; the 20th, 134; the 21st, 144, and the 28th, 122.

The casualties in the original Highland Brigade altogether were:—killed—officers, 2; men, 32; wounded—officers, 6; men, 269. Of those regiments out only during a portion of the war, the 34th had the largest loss—469 in action; the 82nd and 92nd were not actually engaged, and show no casualties; the 71st Highlanders has 1; the 13th, 11; the 56th, 19; the 39th 51; the 14th, 55; and the 72nd Highlanders, 54. The total casualties in the Artillery were 794, and in the Sappers and Miners 140. The cavalry had altogether 386 killed and wounded, of which the 17th Lancers contributed 73, the Greys, 63; the 11th Hussars, 57, the 13th Light Dragoons, 48, and the 4th Light Dragoons, and 8th Hussars, 43 each; the 4th Dragoon Guards had but 5 casualties, and the 1st Dragoon Guards, Carabineers, and 17th Lancers, who arrived in the Crimea towards the end of the siege, none.

The primal delusion of the great men who dabble in education is the notion that instruction can be colorless. They object to a religious education because people differ upon religion; they object again to an irreligious one, because without religion there can be no security for life and property, two things of inestimable value in the eyes of all men who have no clear notion of the world to come. They want to repress crime, and to abolish drunkenness, and they think that education will do it on the whole, though the experience of mankind by no means tends to show that a learned man is necessarily a very virtuous and sober citizen. Crime is on the increase, life and property are daily becoming more insecure, and for this disorder they have invented a new sacrament, education without religion, but based upon it. It is as if a mason were to build a new house upon a good foundation of concrete, and omit the mortar which is to cement the bricks of the stories aboveground. Nobody would furnish such a house with a view to live in it, and yet the building has a good foundation.—*Tablet*.

A MURRAIN APPROACHING.—Mr. Samuel Caswell, of Limerick, sounds a note of alarm about a murrain which he thinks is approaching. A most fatal epidemic, he says, has been for some time past ravaging the herds of central Europe, and has now reached Königsberg, where one proprietor is said to have lost 300 head in a night. The time of its arrival in Hamburg, whence cattle are weekly imported to the English markets, must have now, in all human probability, be but a question of days. Mr. Caswell draws a very alarming picture of the ravages of the scourge, and suggests the necessity of laying an embargo on live cattle and raw hides, the produce of countries where the disease has already appeared.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING AFTER ALL.—Having an abiding faith in the axiom that nothing was created in vain, we have long sought for some apology for the existence of those wretched little creatures known as poodle dogs, and at last we have found out their use. A lady who kept one of the curly abominations recently lost her pet, and called upon the policeman to find it. The next day the officer came with the dog, which was very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked forty silly questions, among others, "Where did you find the dear baby?" "Why marm," replied the officer, "a big nigger up in Sullivan street had him tied to a pole and was washing the windows with him!"

WAYS AND MEANS.—The question which, just at present, chiefly occupies attention, is how to provide for the abolition of the income tax by just as well as necessary taxation. To this end we have received various suggestions.

A young lady proposes the imposition of an additional tax upon cigars; on all dogs except King Charles's spaniels, Skye terriers, and Italian greyhounds; on guns, on yachts, on wagerboats, on canes and walking sticks.

Several young gentlemen recommend a tax on crinolines; on bandoline; on eau de Cologne, patchouli, and all other perfumes; on buns; on ices; on bouquets, pianos, and white satin shoes.

Various individuals connected with Exeter Hall urge the enactment of a tax upon theatrical performances; all concerts of a secular nature; casinos; masquerades, whether public or private; races; dog fights; and evening parties.

By sundry adherents of the Band of Hope, an increase in the taxation of malt and hops, and all fermented or spirituous liquors, is advocated. Divers publicans, on the other hand, desire an augmentation of the duty on tea and coffee, and the addition of a Government per centage on the water rate.

The Vegetarians generally contend for a tax on butchers' meat; the Homoeopaths for an increase of duty on all articles of the *Materia Medica*, and a special tax on allopathic prescriptions.

"Paterfamilias" is in favor of a tax upon lodging-houses.

An old bachelor wishes for a tax upon the following articles:—Haril-bake, lollipops, toffee, toys, rusks, top-and-bottoms; wet-nurses; cats; perambulators; violet-powder; and babies.

M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE,

FLEMING BROS. SOLE PROPRIETORS.

No remedy ever invented has been so successful as the great worm medicine of Dr. M'Lane, prepared by Fleming Bros. of Pittsburgh. All who have used it have been equally astonished and delighted at its wonderful energy and efficacy. To publish all the testimonials in its favor would fill volumes; we must therefore content ourselves with a brief abstract of a few of them.

Japhet C. Allen, of Amboy, gave a dose to a child 6 years old, and it brought away 83 worms. He soon after gave another dose to the same child, which brought away 50 more, making 133 worms in about 12 hours.

Andrew Downing, of Cranbury township, Venango county, gave his child one tea-spoonful, and she passed 177 worms. Next morning, on repetition of the dose, she passed 113 more.

Jonathan Houghman, of West Union, Park county, Ia., writes that he is unable to supply the demand, as the people in his neighborhood say, after a trial of the others, that none is equal to Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge.

Messrs. D. & J. W. Colton, of Winchester, Ind., happened last spring to get some of this Vermifuge. After selling a few bottles, the demand became so great that their stock was soon exhausted. They state that it has produced the best effect wherever used, and is very popular among the people.

Purchasers will be careful to ask for DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured by FLEMING BROS. OF PITTSBURGH, PA. All other Vermifuges in comparison are worthless. Dr. M'Lane's genuine Vermifuge, also his celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable drug stores. None genuine without the signature of FLEMING BROS.

LYMANS, SAVAGE & Co., St. Paul Street, Wholesale Agents for Montreal.

WANTED,

A SITUATION as CLERK, or BOOK-KEEPER, by single or double entry, French or English, by a YOUNG MAN of some experience. References given if required. Address Joseph Le Duke, Mount St. Hilaire, March 18, 1857.

VALUABLE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers for SALE a few VALUABLE BUILDING LOTS upon Wellington Street, West of the Bridge, adjoining the Property of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and in the vicinity of its Terminus and Works (on the Montreal side of the Track). The location is pleasant and healthy, and most, from its admirable situation for BUSINESS purposes, such as

GROCERY AND PROVISION STORES,

—ALSO—

RESPECTABLE BOARDING HOUSES,

soon become an important part of the City. The Tail-Race of the New Water Works is expected to pass close by these Lots, affording great facilities for a thorough system of Drainage. Excellent Spring Water is obtainable from Wells at a small depth. Land has been reserved in the immediate neighborhood for a Public Market.

The PROPERTY is COMMUTED, and an unexceptionable Title will be given.

Terms of Payment will be easy.

Purchasers of Lots, will be required to Build a Dwelling House or Store upon them within one year from date of purchase.

PLANS of the LOTS may be seen by application to the Proprietor, at his Residence, Wellington Street, West, adjoining the Property.

FRANCOIS NULLINS.

Montreal, March 12, 1857.

FOR SALE,

PARK LOT No. 2, adjoining the flourishing TOWN of PERTH, the Capital of the County of Lanark, Upper Canada.

This Property, the residence of Anthony Leslie, Esquire, consists of TWENTY-FIVE ACRES of rich LAND, in the highest state of cultivation, well fenced, and planted with Ornamental Trees. The COTTAGE and OUT-BUILDINGS are in good order, and it is in every respect such a situation as would please a gentleman in want of a genteel and handsome property.

The owner has spared no expense, during the last twenty-six years, to bring it to its present high state of comfort and beauty, and will be ready to treat with persons in want of such a place, on the most liberal terms. For further particulars enquire by letter, post paid, of the proprietor at Perth.

The above mentioned property is bounded on the East by the continuation of Wilson Street, the principal entrance to the Town; on the South by Leslie Street; on the West by the River Tay, (a very handsome piece of water); and on the North by the property of the Hon. R. Ingham.

The Buildings and Fences cost £1,000. There are above 5,000 Trees, and of these 150 are great beauties, and may be well rated at Ten Dollars each. It has taken twenty-six years' care to bring them to their present perfection—many of them no person with the smallest taste would remove if offered Sixty Dollars each. Great pains have been taken in laying out the grounds.

Had I complied, as frequently urged, to dispose of Building Lots, I might have sold them at the rate of £300 per acre.

Judge Malloch, on the opposite side of the Street, has sold five Building Lots, one-fifth of an acre each, at £100 the Lot.

What I expect to obtain for the Property is at the rate of £100 per Acre. I invite persons disposed to purchase to make their offers.

ANTHONY LESLIE.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF JOHN and MICHAEL HOGAN, from the Co. Tipperary, Ireland, who emigrated to this country in 1847. John is now about 40 years of age, and Michael 24. When last heard of, they were residing in the United States. Any information of them will be gratefully received by their Sister, Ellen, at the Convent of the Holy Cross, Varennes, Co. of Vercheres, C.E.

Other papers will confer a kindness by copying the above notice.

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.

TEACHERS WANTED.

WANTED, THREE TEACHERS immediately, for the PARISH of ST. BRIGIDE, in the COUNTY of IBERVILLE, duly qualified to TEACH the FRENCH and ENGLISH LANGUAGES, for Elementary Schools.

For Salary, address to the undersigned, W. PEARSON, President. St. Brigide, C.E., August 29, 1856.

FALL 1856.

MORISON, CAMERON & EMPY

RECEIVE

NEW GOODS

EVERY CANADIAN STEAMER; ALSO, FEB MAIL STEAMERS, VIA BOSTON.

OUR ASSORTMENT IS AT ALL TIMES

COMPLETE,

OUR GOODS ENTIRELY

NEW,

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REASONABLE.

BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE

One Price System.

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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 CASES 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,

283 Notre Dame Street.

Montreal, September 26, 1856.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, FOR THE ACADEMY in the MUNICIPALITY of St. COLUMBA of SILLERY, a competent ENGLISH TEACHER.

Application, if by letter, post-paid, to be made to the undersigned, JOS. CANTILLON, Secretary Treasurer. Quebec, Sillery, Feb. 19th, 1857.

TEACHER WANTED,

For the school at Caughnawaga, a Catholic teacher with good testimonials, is required. The salary offered is £50 per annum, with house, garden and perhaps some other little advantages.

Address to the Rev. P. ANTOINE, Missionary, Caughnawaga.

Jan. 22nd, 1857

CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED.

THE Trustees of the Catholic Separate School of Prescott, being about to open their School on the First of January, are desirous to engage the services of a First Class, male Teacher, to whom a Salary of One Hundred Pounds per annum will be given. Apply either personally, or by letter—post paid—to Philip Gallagher, Esq., Secretary to the Board of Trustees for the Roman Catholic Separate School, Prescott.

GROCERIES, &c., &c.

SUGARS, Teas, Coffee, Raisins, Currants, Spices, Candied Lemon, Orange and Citron Peel, Bottled Brandy and Wines, Lemon Syrup, Ginger do, Raspberry Vinegar, and all other articles of the Best Quality, and at the Lowest Prices.

JOHN PHELAN,

Dalhousie Square.

Montreal, January 21, 1857.

MONTREAL HOSPITAL,

FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR,

CONDUCTED BY

DR. HOWARD,

OCULIST AND AURIST

TO ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL, AND TO THE MONTREAL EYE AND EAR INSTITUTION.

THIS HOSPITAL is now open 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.

Careful and experienced 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.

The Hospital being situated in the same building with Dr. Howard's Office, and the Montreal Eye and Ear Institution, secures the 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,

No 68, St. Francois Xavier Street.

Montreal, April 1, 1856.

PATTON & BROTHER,

NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL.

Every description of Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel constantly on hand, or made to order on the shortest notice at reasonable rates.

Montreal, March 6, 1856.

NEW CATHOLIC BOOKS,

JUST RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,

Cornelius n'Lapide's Commentary on the Sacred Scriptures (in Latin) 4to, 20 vols., half bound in Morocco, ..... \$15

The Catholic Church in the United States. s. d. By Henry De Courcy. Translated by John G. Shea, ..... 7 6

Ailey Moore. By Father Baptist (London ed.) 3 9

The Beleaguered Hearth. A Novel, " " 6 3

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