

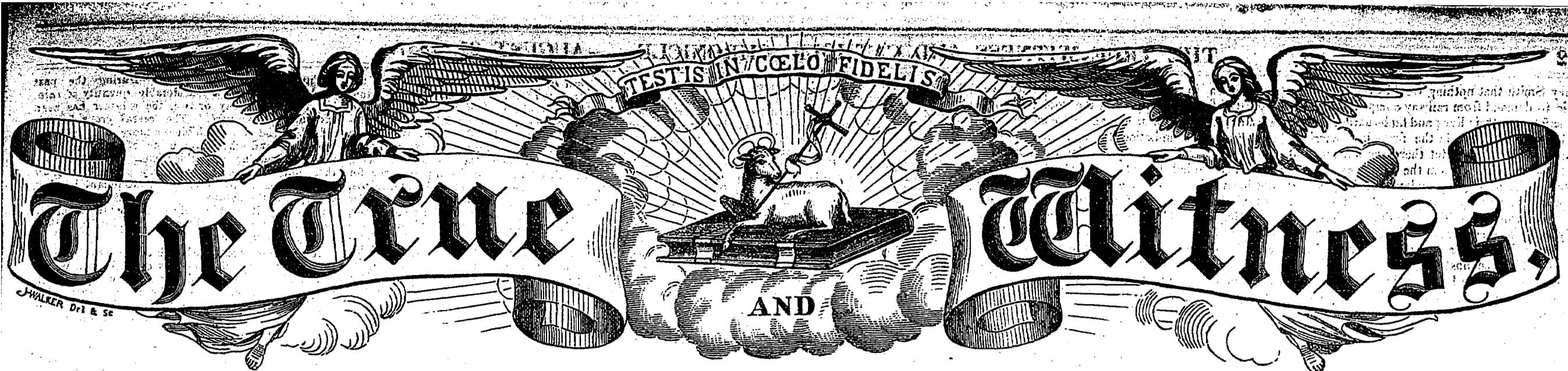
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VII.

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No. 2.

## THE KNIGHT OF THE SHEEP.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER II.

On the following morning, in the presence of his household, Mr. Taafe made a present to his two eldest sons of one hundred pounds each, and was induced to bestow the same sum on Garret, although he by no means thought he deserved it after disgracing him as he had done before his guests. He signified to the young men at the same time, that he gave them the money as a free gift, to lay out in any way they pleased, and that he never should ask them to repay it.

After breakfast, the old knight, as usual, went to take a few turns in the garden.

"Well, Jerry," said he, when the steward had joined him according to his orders; "well, Jerry, Garret is no genius."

A groan from Jerry seemed to announce his acquiescence in this decision. He did not, however, resign all hope.

"With submission to your honor," said he, "I wouldn't call that a fair trial of a man's parts. A man mightn't be able to answer a little *cran* o' that kind, an' to have more sense for all than those that would. Wait a while until you'll see what use he'll make o' the hundred pounds, an' that'll show his sense better than all the riddles in Europe."

Mr. Taafe acknowledged that Jerry's proposition was but reasonable; and, accordingly, at the end of a twelvemonth, he called his three sons before him, and examined them one after another.

"Well, Shamus," said he, "what did you do with your hundred pounds?"

"I bought stock with it, father."

"Very good. And you, Guillaum?"

"I laid it out, father, in the interest of a little farm westwards."

"Very well managed again. Well, Garret, let us hear what you did with the hundred pounds."

"I spent it, father," said Garret.

"Spent it! Is it the whole hundred pounds?"

"Sure, I thought you told us we might lay it out as we liked, sir?"

"Is that the reason you should be such a prodigal as to waste the whole of it in a year?—Well, hear to me, now, the three o' ye, and listen to the reason why I put ye to these trials. I'm an old man, my children; my hair is white on my head, an' it's time for me to think of turning the few days that are left me to the best account. I wish to separate myself from the world before the world separates itself from me. For this cause I had resolved, these six months back, to give up all my property to ye three that are young an' hearty, an' to keep nothing for myself but a bed under my old roof, an' a sate at the table an' by the fire-place, an' so to end my old days in peace an' quiet. To you, Shamus, I meant to give the dairy-farm up in the mountains; the Corcasses and all the meadowing to you, Guillaum; and for you, Garret, I had the best of the whole—that is, the house we're living in, and the farm belonging to it. But for what would I give it to you, after what you just told me? Is it to make ducks and drakes of it, as you did o' the hundred pounds? Here, Garret," said he, going to a corner of the room and bringing out a small bag and a long hazel stick; "here's the legacy I have to leave you—that, an' the king's high road, an' my liberty to go wherever it best pleases you. Hard enough I earned that hundred pounds that you spent so easily. And as for the farm I meant to give you, I give it to these two boys, an' my blessing along with it, since 'tis they that know how to take of it."

At this speech the two elder sons cast themselves at their father's feet with tears of gratitude.

"Yes," said he, "my dear boys, I'm rewarded for the pains I ever took with ye, to make ye industrious, and thrifty, and everything that way. I'm satisfied, under Heaven, that all will go right with ye; but as for this boy, I have nothing to say to him. Better for me I never saw his face."

Poor Garret turned aside his head, but he made no attempt to excuse himself, nor to obtain any favor from his rigid father. After wishing them all a timid farewell, which was but slightly returned, he took the bag and staff, and went about his business.

His departure seemed to give little pain to his relatives. They lived merrily and prosperously, and even the old knight himself showed no anxiety to know what had become of Garret.

In the meantime, the two elder sons got married; and Mr. Taafe, in the course of a few years, had the satisfaction to see his grandchildren seated on his knee.

We are often widely mistaken in our estimate of generosity. It may appear a very noble thing to bestow largely; but, before we give it the praise of generosity, we must be sure that the motive is as good as the deed. Mr. Taafe be-

gan, in the course of time, to show that his views in bestowing his property on his two sons were not wholly free from selfishness. They found it harder to please him now that they were masters of all, than when they were wholly dependent on his will. His jealousies and murmurs were interminable. There was no providing against them beforehand, nor any allaying them when they did arise. The consequence was, the young men, who never really felt anything like the gratitude they had professed, began to consider the task of pleasing him altogether burdensome. In this feeling they were encouraged by their wives, who never ceased murmuring at the cost and trouble of entertaining him.

Accordingly, one night while the aged knight was murmuring at some inattention which was shown him at table, Shamus and Guillaum Taafe walked into the room, determined to put an end for ever to his complaints.

"I'd like to know what would please you!" exclaimed Shamus. "I suppose you won't stop until you'll take house and all from us, an' turn us out, as you did Garret, to beg from doore to doore?"

"If I did itself, Shamus," said the knight, looking at him for some moments with surprise, "I'd get no more than I gave."

"What good was your giving it," cried Guillaum, "when you won't let us enjoy it with a moment's comfort?"

"Do you talk that way to me, too, Guillaum? If it was poor Garret I had, he wouldn't use me so."

"Great thanks he got from you for any good that was in him," cried one of the women.

"Let him take his stick and pack out to look for Garret," said the second woman, "since he is so fond of him."

The old knight turned and looked at the women.

"I don't wonder," said he, "at anything I'd hear ye say. You never yet heard of anything great or good, or for the public advantage, that a woman would have a hand in—only mischief always. If you ask who made such a road, or who built such a bridge, or wrote such a great history, or did any other good action o' the kind, I'll engage 'tis seldom you'll hear that it is a woman done it; but if you ask who is that set such and such a pair fightin', or who is that caused such a *jewel*, or who is that let out such a secret, or ran down such a man's character, or occasioned such a war, or brought such a man to the gallows, or caused diversion in such a family, or anything o' that kind, then, I'll engage, you'll hear that a woman had some call to it. We needn't have recourse to history to know ye'r doins. 'Tis under our eyes. 'Twas the likes o' ye two that burned Throy, an' made the King o' Leinster rebel again' Brian Boru."

At this the two women pulled the caps off their heads, and set up such a screaming and shrieking as might be heard from thence to Cork.

"Oh, murder! murder!" says one of them, "was it for this I married you, to be compared to people o' that kind?"

"What reason has he to me," cried the other, "that he'd compare me to them that would rebel again' Brian Boru? Would I rebel again' Brian, Shamus, a' ragal?"

"Don't heed him, a-vourneen, he's an old man."

"Oh, vo! vo! if ever I thought the likes o' that would be said o' me, that I'd rebel again' Brian Boru!"

"There's no use in talking, Guillaum," cried the second, who probably took the allusion to the fate of Troy as a slight on her own personal attractions; "there's no use in talkin, but I never'll stay a day under your roof with anybody that would say I'd burn Throy. Does he forget that ever he had a mother himself? Ah, 'tis a bad apple, that's what it is, that despises the three it sprung from."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, now," said the eldest son, "since 'tis come to that with you, that you won't let the women alone, I won't put up with any more from you. I believe, if I didn't show you the outside o' the doore, you'd show it to me before long. There, now, the world is free to you to look out for people that'll please you better, since you say we can't do it."

"A, Shamus, agra," said the old knight, looking at his son with astonishment; "is that my thanks after all?"

"Your thanks for what?" cried Guillaum; "is it for plasin' your own fancy? or for makin' our lives miserable ever since, an' to give crossness to the women?"

"Let him go look for Garret, now," cried one of the women, "an' see whether they'll agree better than they did before."

"Ah—Shamus—Guillaum—a chree," said the poor old man, trembling with terror at sight of the open door, "let ye have it as ye will; I am sorry for what I said, a'ra gal! Don't turn me out on the high road in my old days! I'll engage, I never'll open my mouth again' one o' ye again the longest day I live. A, Shamus, a-ric,

it isn't long I have to stay wid ye. Your own hair will be as white as mine yet, please God, an' 'twouldn't be wishin' to you then for a dale that you showed any disrespect to mine."

His entreaties, however, were all to no purpose. They turned him out, and made fast the door behind him.

Imagine an old man of sixty and upwards turned out on the high road on a cold and rainy night, the north wind beating on his feeble breast, and without the prospect of relief before him.—For a time he could not believe that the occurrence was real; and it was only when he felt the rain already penetrating through his thin dress that he became convinced it was but too true.

"Well," said the old man, lifting up his hands as he crept out on the high road, "is this what all the teaching come to! Is this the cleverness an' the learning? Well, if it was to do again! No matter. They say there's two bad pays in the world—the man that pays beforehand, an' the man that doesn't pay at all. In like manner, there's two kinds of people that wrong their lawful heirs—those that give them their inheritance before death, and those that will it away from them after. What'll I do now at all? or where'll I turn to? a poor old man o' my kind that isn't able to do a stroke o' work if I was ever so faint! An' the night gettin' worse an' worse?—Easy!—Isn't that a light I see westwards? There's no one, surely, except an unnatural son or daughter that would refuse to give an old man shelter on such a night as this. I'll see if all men's hearts are as hard as my two sons'."

He went to the house, which was situated at the distance of a quarter of a mile from that which he so lately looked on as his own. As he tottered along the dark and miry *boheen* which led to the cottage door, the barking of a dog inside aroused the attention of the inmates. Being already in bed, however, before he had arrived there, none of them were very willing to give admission to a stranger.

"Who's there?" cried the man of the house, as the old knight knocked timidly at the door.

"Do you think we have nothing else to do at this time o' night but to be gettin' up an' openin' the doore to every stroller that goes the road?"

"Ah! if you knew who it was you had there," said the knight, "you wouldn't be so slow of openin' the doore."

"Who is it I have there, then?"

"The Knight of the Sheep."

"The Knight of the Sheep! Oh, you born villian! 'Twas your son Shamus that cheated me out o' thirty good pounds by a horse he sold me at the fair o' Killeedy—an animal that wasn't worth five! Go along this minute with you; or if you make me get up, 'tis to give you something that you wouldn't bargain for."

The poor man hurried away from the door, fearing that the farmer would be but too ready to put his threat into execution. The night was growing worse and worse. He knocked at another door; but the proprietor of this in like manner had suffered to the extreme cleverness of Guillaum Taafe, and refused to give him shelter. The whole night was spent in going from door to door, and finding in every place where he applied that the great ability of his two sons had been beforehand with him in getting a bad name for the whole family. At last, as the morning began to dawn, he found himself unable to proceed further, and was obliged to lie down in a little paddock close to a very handsome farm-house. Here the coldness of the morning air and the keenness of his grief at the recollection of his children's ingratitude had such an effect upon him that he swooned away, and lay for a long time insensible upon the grass. In this condition he was found by the people of the house, who soon after came out to look after the bounds and do their usual farming work. They had the humanity to take him into the house, and to put him into a warm bed, where they used all proper means for his recovery.

When he had come to himself, they asked him who he was, and how he had fallen into so unhappy a condition. For a time the old knight was afraid to answer, lest these charitable people, like so many others, might have been at one time sufferers to the rogery of his two eldest sons, and thus be tempted to repent of their kindness the instant they had heard on whom it had been bestowed. However, fearing lest they should accuse him of duplicity in case they might afterwards learn the truth, he at length confessed his name.

"Knight of the Sheep!" exclaimed the woman of the house, with a look of the utmost surprise and joy.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she continued, calling out to her husband, who was in another room. "A, come here, ashore, until you see Mistor Taafe, the father o' young Masther Garret, the darlin' that saved us all from ruin."

The man of the house came in as fast as he could run.

"Are you Garret Taafe's father?" said he, looking surprised at the old knight.

"I had a son of that name," said Mr. Taafe, "though all I know of him now is, that I used him worse than I would if it was to happen again."

"Well, then," said the farmer, "my blessing on that day that ever you set foot within these doores. The rose in May was never half so welcome, an' I'm better pleased than I'll tell you, that I have you under my roof."

"I'm obliged to you," said the knight, "but what's the reason o' that?"

"Your son Garret," replied the man, "of a day when every whole ha'p'orth we had in the world was going to be canted for the rent, put a hand in his pocket an' lent us thirty pounds till we'd be able to pay him again, an' we not knowin' who in the world he was, nor he us, I'm sure. It was only a long time after that we found it out by others in various parts that he had served in like manner, and they told us who he was.—We never seen him since; but I'm sure it would be the joyful day to us that we'd see him coming back to get his thirty pounds."

When the old knight heard this, he felt as a somebody was running him through with a sword.

"And this," said he, "was the way poor Garret spent the hundred pounds! Oh, murder! murder! my poor boy, what had I to do at all, to go turn you adrift as I done, for no reason! I took the wrong for the right, an' the right for the wrong! No matter! That's the way the whole world is blinded. That's the way death will show us the differ of many a thing. O murder! Garret! Garret! What'll I do at all with the thoughts of it! An' them two villians that I gave it all to, an' that turned me out after in my old days, as I done by you! No matter."

He turned into the wall for fear the people would hear him groaning; but the remorse, added to all his other sufferings, had almost killed him.

In a little time the old knight began to recover something of his former strength under the care of his new acquaintances, who continued to show him the most devoted attention. One morning the farmer came into his room with a large purse full of gold in his hand, and said:

"I told you, sir, I owed your son thirty pounds; an' since he's not comin' to ax for it, you're heartily welcome to the use of it until he does, an' I'm sure he wouldn't wish to see it better employed."

"No, no," replied Mr. Taafe, "I'll not take the money from you; but I'll borrow the whole purse for a week, an' at the end o' that time I'll return it safe to you."

The farmer lent him the purse, and the knight waited for a fine day, when he set off again in the morning, and took the road leading to the dwelling from which he had been expelled. It was noon, and the sun was shining bright when he arrived upon the little lawn before the door.—Sitting down in the sunshine by the kitchen-garden wall, he began counting the gold, and arranging it in a number of little heaps, so that it had a most imposing effect. While he was thus occupied, one of his young daughters-in-law—the same whose beauty had drawn upon her the unhappy allusion to the mischief-making spouse of Menelaus—happened to make her appearance at the front door, and looking around, saw the old knight in the act of counting his gold in the sunshine. Overwhelmed with astonishment, she ran to her husband, and told him what she had seen.

"Nonsense, woman!" said Shamus; "you don't mean to persuade me to a thing o' that kind."

"Very well," replied the woman, "I'm sure, if you don't believe me, 'tis asy for ye all to go an' see ye'r selves."

So they all went, and peeping through the little window one after another, were dazzled by the sight of so much gold.

"You done very wrong, Shamus," said Guillaum, "ever to turn out the old father as you done. See, now, what we all lost by it. That's a part o' the money he laid by from year to year, an' we never'll see a penny o' it."

At this they all felt the greatest remorse for the manner in which they had acted to the old man. However, they were not so much discouraged but that some of them ventured to approach and salute him. On seeing them draw nigh, he hastily concealed the gold and returned their greeting with an appearance of displeasure. It was by much persuasion, and after many assurances of their regret for what had passed, that he consented once more to come and take up his abode beneath their roof, desiring at the same time that an ass and cart might be sent to the farmer's for a strong box which he had left there.

At the mention of a *strong box*, it may easily be imagined what were the sensations of his hearers. The ass and cart were procured without delay, and, before evening, those grateful children had the satisfaction to behold a heavy box, of very promising dimensions, deposited in a corner of the small chamber which was to be reserved for the future use of their aged parent.

In the meanwhile, nothing could exceed the

attention which he now received from the young people. They seemed only unhappy when not occupied in contributing in some way to his comfort, and perceiving his remorse for the manner in which Garret had been treated, used all the means in their power to discover whether he had gone. But it is not always in this life that one false step can be retraced. The old knight was not destined to see his son again, and his grief at this disappointment had no slight effect in aggravating the infirmities of his old age.

At length, perceiving that he was near his end, he called his sons and daughters to his bedside, and addressed them in the following words:—

"Whatever cause I had once to complain of ye, Shamus and Guillaum, that's all past and gone now, and it is right that I should leave you some little remembrance for all the trouble I gave you since my comin' home. Do you see that chest there?"

"Ah, father! what chest?" cried the sons.—

"Don't be talkin' of it for a chest."

"Well, my good boys," said the knight, "my will is in that chest, so I need tell ye no more."

"Don't speak of it," said Shamus, "for, as the Latin says:—

*Non possidentem multa Recte beatum.*

Only as you're talkin' of it at all for a chest, where's the key, father?"

"Ah, Shamus!" said the knight, "you were always great at the Latin. The key is in my waistcoat pocket."

Soon after he expired. The two sons, impatient to inspect their treasure, could hardly wait until the old man ceased to breathe. While Shamus unlocked the box, Guillaum remained to keep the door fast.

"Well, Shamus," said his brother, "what do you find there?"

"A parcel of stones, Guillaum!"

"Nonsense, man! try what's under 'em."

Shamus complied, and found at the bottom of the box a rope with a running noose at the end, and a scroll of paper, from which Shamus read the following sentence aloud, for the information of his brother:—

*The last Will and Testament of Bryan Taafe, commonly called The Knight of the Sheep.*

*Inprimis.* To my two sons, Shamus and Guillaum, I bequeath the whole of the limestones contained in this box, in return for their disinterested love and care of me ever since the day when they saw me counting the gold near the kitchen-garden.

*Item.* I bequeath the rope herein contained for any father to hang himself, who is so foolish as to give away his property to his heirs before his death."

"Well, Shamus," said Guillaum, "the poor father laid out a dale on our education, but I declare all the tainin' he ever gave us was nothing to that."

## PERSECUTION OF PRIESTS.

(From the Tablet.)

The House of Commons has resolved that the issue of the writs for Galway and for Mayo shall be suspended, and that the Attorney-General of Ireland shall be instructed to prosecute criminally the Rev. Peter Conway and the Rev. Luke Ryan for the newly-created offence of exercising undue influence by spiritual intimidation.

As the House decided on the prosecution by majorities of 124 and 133, we may assume that they were little influenced by the warnings of Mr. Bowyer that "by proceeding on this doubtful evidence, on these doubtful facts, and still more doubtful law, they would excite the just indignation of the people of Ireland." Perhaps, if the Whigs, indeed, were out of office, such a thing would be certain to raise a perfect storm of the most generous indignation. But the Whigs are in office, and, of late days, there have been so many things calculated to excite the just indignation of the people of Ireland, which have been borne with remarkable serenity, that our notions of what would excite the indignation of the people of Ireland have become rather vague. There was a time when we should have expected that the insult to Catholics contained in the Oath's Bill would have caused indignation, and that the conduct of twenty-five Catholic members who abstained from voting against it would have made that indignation show itself. There was a time when we think the men of Limerick would have expressed some surprise if their member voted for such a Bill as Mr. Vere voted for, and when a "Voice from Ennis" would have called its member to account for voting for a Divorce Bill, even as Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald just has done. The petition of Mr. George Gore Ousely Higgins, a slanderous libel on the Bishops and Priests of the Irish people, would, we think, have been noticed differently once upon a time, and the contumelious treatment of the demands of the Irish tenant would in other days, we think, have been met in a very different manner. It was once said by

Sidney Smith that nothing would ever rouse the public to demand from railway companies reasonable safety for their lives and limbs until a Bishop had been burned alive in the first-class carriage of an express train. But there are not many of our Prelates against whom the Whigs can be suspected of harboring any malevolent designs, and the proof which they have just had of the power of the Archbishop of Tuam to defend himself is likely to make them contented for the present with less redoubtable antagonists. The forbearance of which the most ingenuous of brutes is sometimes capable has been illustrated, by the saying, "You have kicked my shins, have punched my head, have pulled my nose: beware! a little more will rouse the British Lion." It certainly would seem as if the Irish Lion wanted "a little more," and, if so, he is not likely to go long without it. The plot which was laid long ago against the Irish people and against their clergy is now ripe, and the time is favorable. There is no object nearer to the heart of every enemy of the Catholic Church and of the Irish race than the destruction of the influence of the Irish Priest over the minds of the Irish people. So long as that continues, the tyranny of the landlord, the proselytism of the Souper, the trade of the corruptionist are insecure. Pestilence and famine may hurry millions to the grave—emigration may annually withdraw from the country its bravest spirits and its strongest arms—Whiggery and corruption may gaudy the hearts of those from whom aid should be expected—hope long deferred and trust repeatedly betrayed may breed dejection and despair—we may even see the day when cowardly submission is preferred to manly remonstrance—when injustice and contempt seem smaller evils than exertion and independence; but so long as there is one throb in an Irish heart which beats quicker at the bidding of an Irish Priest, so long there is not only hope, but the certainty of the ultimate revival of courage and of honesty, of religious zeal, and the love of country.

At present, however, it is against this influence of the Priesthood over the minds of the people that the strenuous, the most cunning, and the most inveterate of wars is waged. To effect this great result there is a grand combination of the strangest and most incongruous elements. It is not by the unassisted bigotry or prejudice of Protestants or Englishmen that the enterprise is conducted. It is not only seconded and supported, but it is directed and carried on by Irishmen and Catholics. Not those only contribute who see their way to the result, and either ardently desire it, or are indifferent to it, but those (and would they were the least dangerous!) whose real aims, whose chief duty, and whose highest interest would make them deplore such an end as one of the greatest of misfortunes.

The issue is in the hands of a higher power, and we have neither fears nor misgivings. Meanwhile, and for the present, it is clear that our enemies are strong and numerous; that they are skillfully led, and powerfully supported; that their faces are flushed with hope, and their hearts big with malicious joy. Our friends are dispirited and dumb, timid in counsel and weak in act; and if they are still confident in the merits of their cause, they are, at least, doubtful of themselves and distrustful of one another. But whether we have already seen the worst, or are destined to witness exhibitions yet more disastrous and disgraceful than those of which, during late years, there have been so many, the end will be the same. The Catholic people of Ireland have not endured so much oppression, have not withstood so much temptation, have not survived so many dangers, all for nothing. Their history has been too providential to allow a doubt that it will form a striking chapter in that great book of world history, in which the rise, progress, and fall of empires all have but one meaning—the manifestation of eternal justice even in the temporal order.

In this great drama, whatever part be played by each, it still helps on the action to the catastrophe. It is the end which gives its meaning to all that went before, and in this faith every one who makes sure that his own part is on the right side can afford to watch patiently the vicissitudes of the plot, firmly assured that the result will be "to vindicate the ways of God to man," and to secure a lasting triumph to "The cause of Truth and Justice."

REV. DR. CAHILL

TREATMENT OF CATHOLICS IN INDIA BY THE LOCAL ENGLISH OFFICIALS.

In every department of English rule, Civil and Ecclesiastical, from the Prime Minister down to the village bailiff, from the Archbishop to the parish grave-digger, a political and religious persecution, in some shape or other, is spread like a network over the entire Empire of England. It is felt through all the relations of life, pervades all classes of the community; and while its root begins in the Senate house, its multiplied ramifications may be observed in full malignant vigor in the pantry and the scullery. The present generation, burn with indignation when on the one hand, they read in the Statute Book of England laws which promise liberty equal, toleration universal; while on the other they see in the daily practical occurrences of society the same hostile official confederacy, the same malevolent partialities of Government, as if these liberal enactments were a mere sham to delude the Catholic mind and to stifle the public indignation. But the old Irish historian knows too well that although the Imperial Legislature may frame liberal laws, the Imperial Administration can render them a dead letter; and he also perfectly comprehends that if even all the Senators, Lord and Commons, were serious and united in issuing these enactments of political justice and Christian liberty of conscience, the nation, or rather the thousands of officials outside the Parliament, can defeat their practical application. Hundreds of even just men within the Legislature are no match for millions of bigots outside; and hence in every part of England's boundless domain the observer can read the singular inconsistency of Liberal laws and palpable tyranny; toleration on parchment, but

persecution in fact; charity and equality promulgated from the pulpit and the woolstack, while a slanderous sectarianism and a social injustice spread a smothered infliction through almost every grade of Catholic society. The last half century, even aided by the Liberal statesmen, has not been able to remove entirely the old penal anti-Catholic statutes of England; and it is certain, that unless England receive some unforeseen check in her dominant career, her universal official Administration will cling for centuries to come to the cruel bigotry which, as their natural ailment, imbibed in their infancy, and which they professed as an essential political creed in their maturer years.

These remarks are of late become the stereotyped commentary on the general administration of law in Ireland, and in all the subjugated dependencies of Great Britain; and if any additional evidence were required to sustain the position here laid down it will be found in the extracts of a pamphlet on the Catholic affairs of India, written by the Right Rev. Doctor Anastatius Hartman, Administrator Apostolic of the Northern Vicariate of Bombay. This pamphlet has been published in the present year, 1857, by Burns & Lambert, Portman-square, London. The extracts referred to shall be taken, firstly, from the minutes and rules of the Honorable Court of Directors of the East India Company; and secondly, from the statements of the Bishop, where he proves that these rules and laws are a mere sham to delude the public, while a practical injustice and an incredible intolerance are relentlessly practised on all Catholics—Bishops, priests, soldiers, and civilians. It would be most desirable if the Reverend Mr. Virtue, a Catholic Chaplain at Aldershot Camp, could find time to read the pamphlet of Dr. Hartman: as I feel assured that in such an event he would hesitate before he would gratuitously undertake the defence of English garrison toleration, make statements offensive to Catholic character, and on a subject too with which, except so far as his personal observation goes, he is decidedly unacquainted.

I commence my subject by stating that (page 3) there are generally between sixteen and twenty thousand Catholic soldiers in India; and the number of Catholics in all India number about eight hundred thousand, while the Protestants are about one to a hundred.

Archbishop Carew and Bishop Hartman in the year 1853 forwarded memorials to the Governor General of India, demanding justice and toleration on several matters connected with the Catholic affairs of this large population of British India. The British possessions in India (page 9) are situate in sixteen Vicariates or Bishoprics, all independent of each other and subordinate directly to the See of Rome. The two Bishops just referred to had most important concerns to manage in this their official memorial to the Indian Government.

Firstly, then, the sixteen Bishops, in order not to be harassed by local officials, begged permission to communicate directly (page 8) with the seat of government in the Presidencies. This request was formally refused, and only four Bishops out of sixteen were permitted to have this reasonable and commonly just privilege? And this privilege was only granted on the condition that these four Bishops should furnish statistical returns of Catholic affairs in the sixteen Vicariates!

Secondly, the four Bishops petitioned for a suitable salary, in order to discharge this duty in their ecclesiastical character. This pension (quod Bishops) the Government peremptorily refused; but allowed the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds a year to each of these poor Prelates, as Clerks of the Honorable East India Company! Dr. Auliffe, Bishop of Calcutta, (page 25) has refused this clerkship. This degradation and insult of the Bishops will be best understood when it is stated (page 28) that the salaries of the Protestant clergy range between £600 and £700 a year each; and the garrison chaplain and the senior chaplain each, respectively, £1,200 and £1,400 a year.

Thirdly, they petitioned that as the salary of a Priest in a hot climate being only £120 a year, he might be allowed gratuitous medical attendance, travelling charges from one military station to another (sometimes a distance of five hundred or six hundred miles,) and a free passage to Europe in case of a broken constitution? (page 28 29); but all these requests, so freely granted to the Protestant clergy who were well and have little duty, were sternly denied to the Catholic Priest!

Fourthly, the Bishops begged that an assistant Priest would be paid in the event of the ordinary Chaplain being overworked by two much duty. This point they refused unless he had to attend two whole regiments; and hence, although he might have the duty of ten broken regiments, numbering in the aggregate much more than two whole regiments, this request is shamefully refused!

Fifthly, as it is so unbecoming to any Mass in barracks rooms, the Bishops begged that "the Company" would erect suitable chapels where Catholic worship might be solemnly celebrated; they humbly asked a sufficient sum to build these chapels as the native Catholic converts were so poor and the pay of the soldiers so scanty. The Company refused to give in any case more than £200, and this sum (page 31) solely on the condition of the chapel becoming Government property! This hardship has the effect of having no chapels in the different stations, while the Protestant churches (page 31) (without congregations, are erected at the general cost of from two thousand to three thousand pounds each!

Sixthly, in the case just quoted we have a flagrant instance of the difference between registered laws and their practical application. Lord Dalhousie (page 33) vouches for the following effect:

"The proper provision of places of worship for the servants and soldiers of the Government has been established on a liberal footing. In every case where a Protestant place of worship is required, the Government undertakes to provide one properly adapted for the purpose. And for the servants of the Government belonging to the Roman Catholic Church most liberal provision has been likewise made. The Government has already recognised their claims to obtain fitting places of worship on the same terms as their Protestant brethren." How far this law or minute of the Central Government has been shamefully violated by the local authority at every station any one can see on reading the foregoing statements of Dr. Hartman.

Seventhly, minute 44, of the Central Government (page 36) "asserts that Government orphanages are open to Catholic children;" but Dr. Hartman publishes that the local working system is an Protestant that no Catholic child can in conscience be placed there.

Eighthly, the Central Government allows five shillings a month to each child of the Catholic soldier till it arrives at the age of nine years; but the local Colonel in the late cases of the Irish Fusiliers, withdrew this allowance unless on condition of sending the children to a Protestant school. The Bishop continues (page 38)—How Catholics are dealt with, I may mention one case—"A Monsieur la Martine,

who was a French Catholic, founded a school with an annual income of about ten thousand pounds sterling a year. In his will he used the word "Christian" instead of Roman Catholic; and the Government have so interpreted this will, which was intended exclusively for Catholics, that no Catholic can send his child there." Hence a grant which is sufficient to educate and clothe all the poor children of the Bengal Presidency, is alienated from its application, and converted into a scheme of infamous proselytism. The Bishop again adds—"The Laurence Asylum in the North-West Provinces, the new asylum at the Neilgarry hills were likewise perverted to an exclusively Protestant footing, so that no benefit can be derived from these large sums (page 38) except by submitting to a Protestant education."

Any one who wishes to be thoroughly informed of the treatment which Catholics receive from the Indian Government, with the sanction of the British laws, can read Dr. Hartman's pamphlet and be convinced that neither the Mahomedans or the Hindoos are subject to greater degradation than the unprotected Irish Catholics. In fact the Government, in reference to Catholics, furnishes but one page of ludicrous sham, palpable tyranny, and grinding intolerance.—This is the conduct which has driven the country into revolution and the native army into mutiny. And now when their relentless persecution has awakened a resolute indignation, has ended in the murder of several Europeans, this government calls on England for millions of money to repress the rebellion caused by their own bigotry, and they call on Ireland to send out the few remaining victims (which cruel landlordism and bad laws have not had time to banish or kill,) to accept the Indian bounty and proceed to the East to bear the insult of the Fusiliers, and to be robbed of their pay by an atrocious Proselytism.

The disastrous bigotry of England at the present moment can be told in a few words. She has not one friend in Catholic Europe; she is now not the independent ally, but the crawling slave and sycophant of France: her army at home this moment are unable, if the case required it, to defend her own shores: her treasures and blood will be spilled in China and India to patch up the blunders and the intolerance of her officials: if Canada choose to rebel the next week, she could not send one regiment to protect the colony; and on all hands she presents at this moment the incongruous picture of a stranded Leviathan—namely, immeasurable strength and total helplessness. Let the friends of our throne say what they will, it will yet be found that Palmerston has brought this country to the very brink of ruin; that his insatiable bigotry has made England a bye-word of scorn all over the world, while his vanity and his Captain Rockism has involved the nation in boundless agitation and almost in irretrievable ruin. A politician without any fixed principle, a statesman without a sincere profession, a minister without an attached cabinet, he has been playing tricks during the last ten years, on which posterity will, perhaps, pronounce the verdict—namely, that it is hard to say whether the Harlequin who tricked, or the Sovereign who encouraged, or the nation which sanctioned his extravagancies, have taken the most ridiculous and disastrous part.

July 28, 1857.

D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of the Very Rev. Laurence Renehan, D.D., President of the Royal College of Maynooth, which took place on Monday last. The Very Rev. Gentleman was born in 1797, and ordained Priest in 1825. No dignitary of the Church probably possessed the esteem of all parties to a greater extent than Dr. Renehan. His government of Maynooth was characterised by great judgment. As an adept in sacred literature and ancient classic lore, Dr. Renehan had few or no superiors; but he was equally accomplished in the lighter branches of modern literature. He was remarkable for rich information in ecclesiastical history especially as relates to Ireland. He was passionately and patriotically devoted to the preservation of the ecclesiastical and literary antiquities of this country. He was the President and warm supporter of the Celtic Society, and has left behind him a large and valuable amount of MSS. on these subjects. Dr. Renehan was not less conversant with polite literature. There are few subjects within the range of modern acquirement with which he has not more or less familiar. He spoke the modern continental languages with ease and fluency.—The Freeman's Journal concludes an elaborate memoir of the deceased President with the following observations:—"For the last twelve years that Dr. Renehan has been President of Maynooth College his character and services are too well known to require special notice on this occasion. He has left a great reputation for learning, piety and practical wisdom, and his death at this moment is regarded by every Prelate and Priest in Ireland, and by every member of the collegiate body, who loved him as a father, as a national loss which it will be difficult to repair. His literary labours are less generally known, because he never gave his name to the public.—For the students' use he compiled—1st, a Requiem office book, with a careful synopsis of decrees; 2nd, a choir manual of sacred music; 3rd, a history of music (in the press); a copy of which is to be presented according to his dying request to each student of the college as a last token of his love; 4th, he edited also Irish Prayer Books and Catechisms. The great design to which all his thoughts were directed was the ecclesiastical history of Ireland; and the most enduring memorial of his fame is the collection of records for this purpose, entitled the O'Renehan MSS., comprising nearly 100 volumes, folio and 4to. Among these will be found interesting private letters; biographical notices of distinguished Irishmen, lay and Clerical; decrees of provincial and diocesan synods; official communications with the Holy See, many of them discovered in foreign libraries and religious houses which the lamented author visited, and for which it would be vain to seek elsewhere; in short, ample and valuable materials for illustrating Irish Church history, particularly since the Reformation, where most needed.—Other precious documents are now deposited in their proper place in the public library of Maynooth College. Up to the end of January, 1856, Dr. Renehan enjoyed uninterrupted good health, without being ever troubled by any of those infirmities to which close students are liable. About that time he was suddenly struck with paralysis, which presented no very serious symptoms up to last spring, when a second attack of the same disease left no remedy or hope.—Since then, fully conscious of approaching death, he desired to receive the Holy Sacraments as often as possible, and devoted himself to continual prayer and meditations. For the last few weeks no one spoke to him, at his own request, but his spiritual director and the medical and other attendants who watched by his death bed. May his soul now enjoy in the near presence of God that happiness which he sought in life with blessed singleness of purpose, and hoped for confidently in the midst of the agonies of death."

The Wexford People gives some particulars of the Rev. T. Doyle, late of Gussane, and Mr. Johnson formerly of the People, both of whom left Ireland about a year ago to enter the novitiate of the Redemptorists in Holland. The Rev. Mr. Doyle on the previous Sunday made his religious profession, and is now a Redemptorist Father, the rule not requiring for Priests the full term of Noviceship required for others. He is in possession of good health and spirits, and is at present stationed in the House of the Order at Clapham in the neighborhood of London. Mr. Johnson's term of probation is not yet expired; he expects, however, to make his vows on the 15th October, and he earnestly requests the prayers of his friends through the Diocese until then. He is quite well, and expects to proceed after the taking of the vows, to Witten, the house of Studies of the Order for the North of Europe, where he will probably remain a year.

On the 23rd ult., His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant visited St. Audoen's National Schools, Dublin, and expressed his great gratification at the talent displayed by the pupils. His Excellency greatly admired the style of architecture of the Catholic Church which he also visited.

The Earl of Dunraven is to preside at the inauguration of the O'Connell monument in Limerick, on the 16th August. His lordship is at present at Dunraven Castle in Glamorganshire. The trades of Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Gloumel, Ennis, Tipperary, &c., are invited to take part in the proceedings.

The nullity of Lord John's penal law was never more clearly shown than in the debate on the Mayo Election Report. It will be remembered that His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam distinctly and emphatically declared on his oath before the Committee, "I believe and am certain that I am Archbishop of Tuam." Yet the Attorney General, on being pressed by Mr. Bentinck, was of opinion that the Archbishop had not been guilty of any infraction of the statute. The truth is, that all sensible people are of one mind as to the Act being thoroughly contemptible, and no Government dare put it in force.—Weekly Register.

PRINCE NAPOLEON IN CORK.—After the placing of the Sebastopol trophies in Cork on Monday the Mayor of Cork invited the distinguished personages who were present at the ceremony to a *dejeuner* at the City of Cork Club. Amongst the guests was his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, whose health was drunk in the warmest and most cordial manner. The Prince, who spoke in very good English, replied as follows:—"Gentlemen, I am very sorry that I could not explain better in English, but perhaps I know enough to communicate to you my sympathy for your country. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) I had the honor to see the glorious soldier upon the fields in the Crimea; I knew that a great many Irishmen were there, and I will drink the health of Ireland, and the city of Cork in particular." (Loud and enthusiastic cheers.)

A surveying party are now located at Valentia, in a hired vessel, making preliminary surveys of the Forerock and taking the circumjacent soundings, preparatory to the erection of a light-house on it, under the Corporation for improving the Port of Dublin. The want of a light on this rock has been often reported by homeward bound vessels, as the latitude of the Skellings is the track of vessels crossing the Atlantic, and in nine cases out of ten the Blaskets or Skellings is the first land they make. We hope that the work will, with all possible expedition, be proceeded with.—Notion.

A general meeting of the Council of the League was held on Tuesday, being the first general meeting since last April. The attendance was far from numerous or influential, and included only one M.P. (Mr. M'Evoy). The Freeman observes:—

"The tenant cause is the cause of right and truth, and it is deeply to be deplored that those who had the management of such a cause should have brought it to the condition exhibited at this meeting. The report presented says, that the meeting was convened by a resolution passed nearly three weeks ago, and that a special notice had been served on all members of Parliament who are of the League Council." Nevertheless, but one solitary member attended. It may be said by those who read the list of attendants that, compared with the attendance of other classes, the Parliamentary men were as fully represented at the meeting as the tenant farmer or any other class; but if the representatives were not paltering with the people and merely using tenant-right as a cry for their own purposes, and had, by their attendance and labor during the past two years, demonstrated their sincerity in the cause they profess to advocate, but do nothing to advance, the meeting would have been convened to congratulate the country on success, and not to deplore the absence of all vitality. The only remarkable occurrence connected with the meeting was the reading of a letter from Mr. Moore, late member for Mayo (who, when he was a member, took the lead in protesting against the attendance of members at the council, stating that, did he not know "that at the present period an effective mustering of Members of Parliament could not be expected in Dublin," he would attend the meeting; but that as "without that no practical conclusion could be arrived at," he thought it useless to be present. In point of fact, there was but one Irish member present, and like all the meetings held since it became the fixed policy of the present manipulators of the tenant cause that the attendance of members of Parliament ought to be discontinued, nothing was done. We ask the country to compare the present position of the tenant cause with the position it occupied any time during the past five years, and say has it advanced or retrograded under the present directory. The bill—a mild and moderate bill—a bill hardly in advance of the bill approved of by the select committee of the House—has been withdrawn because of some unsatisfactory interview with Lord Palmerston! Will any man venture to say that if the Irish members had been in earnest in the cause—had periodically attended the meetings of the League—had sustained the hopes of the country and excited the fears of their enemies—had agreed upon a bill to be promoted, and shown a determination to carry it—that this modified bill would have been withdrawn, without even a debate, after the old League bill had received a second reading three or four successive times. But though the cause has been mismanaged, the people must not despair. Their cause is the cause of truth, and it must eventually triumph, but in order to secure that triumph the proper means of success must be resorted to.

GALWAY ELECTION.—Mr. Moore has published the following address:—

TO THE INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE TOWN OF GALWAY.

Fellow-Countrymen.—Since I had the honor of addressing you I have been informed that many of the supporters of Colonel French are unwilling that any other candidate should be substituted in the place of one to whom they are attached, and who so well deserves that regard and confidence.

"This feeling appears to me so honorable both to them and to him, that I cannot allow myself to stand in the way of its expression. His superior claim to the representation of Galway I never doubted, nor should I ever have allowed myself to stand in his place had I not thought that there was a principle to be asserted by my return at the present moment more important to the cause of Irish independence than the personal merits of any candidate; next to the solution of that question, however, is the independence and honesty of your own town, and a man more fit to represent that cause than Colonel French in his chivalrous independence, political purity, and personal honor does not exist. I hope you will show yourselves as worthy of him in your support as in your selection.—I have the honor to be, fellow-countrymen, your most obedient servant, G. H. Moore."

THE WEATHER.—THE CROPS.—During the past week we have had a considerable quantity of rain, but for the last day or two, the weather has been exceedingly beautiful. The cereal crops in this neighborhood never exhibited a more promising appearance, and there are fields of wheat in this vicinity assuming the golden hue. Should the weather continue fine, there is every prospect that we will be blessed with an early and abundant harvest. As regards the potato crop, if the disease exists in our locality, it must be only partial; as those coming to market are perfectly sound, and of excellent quality.—Derry Journal.

A gentleman connected with this journal, who has travelled through the counties of Kilkenny, Waterford, and Tipperary within the past few days, reports most favorably of the condition of the crops. The hay has been all well saved. The wheat is fast acquiring the golden hue of maturity; oats look promising, and in all directions the potato crops appear sound and healthy.—Tipperary Free Press.

The crops are ripening rapidly, and although in some places the heavy crops of oats and barley were beaten down by the rain, they have recovered themselves. The potato blight does not seem to have increased within the week. This crop is looking rather better than it was a week since. Turnips, mangold wurzel, and carrots have been greatly benefited by the rain, and the aftergrass on meadows is coming up very luxuriantly; everything promises an early and abundant harvest, and, except the potato, the crops are excellent.—Waterford Mail.

The reports of the crops from every quarter are most cheering. The wheat and oat crops promise an abundant yield, and are fast ripening for the sickle. The produce will be far over an average return. There are rumors relative to the early potato plantings being slightly affected with the blight; but we believe that no injury of any moment has yet taken place. The tubers have not at all been affected, although the stalks are blackened in enclosed and sheltered localities.—Mayo Constitution.

The Dublin Evening Post and the Cork Constitution show that there is much exaggeration in the accounts regarding the potato blight in the south of Ireland. There is some blight, but not to an extent to cause alarm, and the potato crop generally looks as healthy as it has done for several years past.

A Dublin police-constable named Butler, while on duty at the Rathmines-road a short time ago, found a portfolio containing £1,252. He at once gave information of the circumstance at the detective office, and on the gentleman who lost the sum coming to report his loss he was agreeably surprised to hear that his money was safe. The gentleman gave the constable £5, and the commissioners promoted him on the spot to the rank of acting-sergeant.

SPIRITS (IRELAND).—Last year duty was paid for home consumption on 6,781,008 gallons of proof spirits in Ireland, against 6,228,856 gallons in 1855, and 8,440,734 gallons in 1854. The number of detections of offences against the law for the suppression of illicit distillation in 1856 was 2,349, 412 persons having been prosecuted, 310 convicted, and 159 punished by incarceration.

THE ORANGE ANNIVERSARY.—What is that crowd of maidens and youths, dressed in holiday costume, their countenances perfectly beaming with pleasure and satisfaction? Whether are they trooping so merrily, laden with ginger-bread, yellowman, and (only this must not be mentioned) just a wee drop of the creature, in bottles which Handy Andy declared to be "bottomless"? Why, they are going to the sham-fight, to be sure, where a loyal Orangeman, for the good of his country, has consented to do violence to his private feelings, and appear as that frightful character, King James, and after fighting as valiantly as he may with a rusty sword, furnished up for the occasion with bath brick, will eventually be put to death in the presence, and to the infinite delight, of the maidens and youths aforesaid. All this classical entertainment was duly gone through; and we are informed that King James, being resuscitated, got jolly, in his own proper character of a good Orangeman, and vice-president of the dinner party, raised by subscription, and to which none but those who had the happiness of being brothers were admitted. Well, in the course of the evening, he was called upon to make a speech; but being rather incapacitated for doing so, he volunteered to sing the company a song. This offer being received with rapturous applause, His Majesty hiccuped out something about how "The cannons they did na-ah-ah," and with a benignant smile on his amiable countenance, gradually receded from public view to take a quiet nap under the mahogany. Far otherwise did it happen, however, to the lubricated shoemaker, who, to his glory be it spoken, personated his defunct Majesty, King William III., of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory." We happened to see this high-minded monarch brought to the office in the custody of the police, shorn of all his glory, and in a highly dilapidated condition. He was charged by these officious police with being drunk upon duty, and using disrespectful language when speaking of the Pope. He was very savage about it, and threatened to hang the said police, or turn them off, or degrade them, or something of that sort, when he takes the field with a stronger army this time next year. But we expect his ardour will be considerably cooled before that time, and perhaps he may not be at all anxious to resume his kingly office, for "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." We cannot conclude this veritable history without noticing, *en passant*, a slightly elevated gentleman who was holding forth to a crowd of admiring juveniles. When we came up, he was denouncing the entire Romish hierarchy, and he wound up his *spiritual* address by declaring his intention of proceeding forthwith to "home," and challenging his Holiness to single combat, "for," said he, "I'm the boy could do it, and that's the real old cheese, and no mistake." This praiseworthy intention, however, being rather sneered at by his audience, he suddenly charged upon them, and in his onslaught, overturned two small boys, made a general sententiarium, and was about performing more heroic deeds, when he was quietly arrested by a rather strong-looking female, who informed him that she had been looking for him, and ordered him "to come off home till his bed," to which ignominious retreat he was led in triumph by his victorious spouse, while a strong-minded female friend said to us that he ought to be ashamed of himself!—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*—Banner of Ulster.

A Belfast Catholic writes as follows to the Dublin Evening Post on the subject of the late riots in Belfast:—

"Every man in Belfast is aware that if the Rev. Dr. Drew had thought proper to keep the Sandy row Orangemen quiet, he could have done so with the greatest ease. They are also aware that the Orange party are invariably the aggressors, and that the Catholic party were doing neither more nor less than defending their lives and properties from the cowardly attacks of a party who never yet had the malignity to face their opponents unless they have the advantage ground. The Orange party have every confidence in local authorities. You can judge how far they are right in that opinion from the fact that ten or twelve of the Catholic party were placed in the dock at the assizes, against whom there was not the slightest evidence, and not a single man of the Orange party—the originators of all the riots—put on trial! It is a well-known fact that, for a whole week, the Catholics in the neighborhood of Sandy-row were not to go to their beds for five minutes, but while the military were under arms, the Orange party got a chance, however, at last, and they shot two poor little fellows who were actually playing in a field. They were determined to show their pluck in some shape, and the next specimen we have of their bravery was their shooting a young girl in the eye. If the Government have any wish to put an end to such work, they should set about it in earnest."

and send a resident magistrate here, who would do his duty without fear, favour, or affection. The Catholic party have no confidence in the present state of affairs. If it were considered desirable to have a shooting match in Belfast every 12th July, they now stand. We had a fine sample of justice on Friday last. Mr. John Daly was put on his trial for the murder of a girl at Portlengone; his house was attacked by an Orange mob, and some persons fired upon them; when the poor girl lost her life. The Crown objected to every Catholic that answered; four or five were put off the jury, and a most respectable man—Mr. Kirk, a Presbyterian—was also ordered to stand aside; but after all those proceedings, the prisoner had an honest judge and an honest jury to try his case. After his acquittal, Judge Moore addressed him in the handsomest manner I ever heard a judge address a prisoner.

The Dublin Evening Post remarks upon this letter: "It is impossible to deny that the Orange processions on the 12th July had led to the outrages, continued, day and night, for nearly a fortnight—that innocent people were shot to death during those riots—that the police did not check the riots, and that the military were prevented from doing so—that not a single person belonging to the Orange mob was even arrested—that the only persons arrested were Catholics, whose innocence was so clearly established at the trial that they were acquitted by a mixed jury. Most truly has the Northern Whig remarked that 'the real rioting in that town has done a good deal to reverse the British opinion in relation to 'law and order' of the South and North of Ireland.' One word more. We would earnestly impress upon the Government the necessity of at once attending to the very reasonable and excellent suggestion of our Correspondent, that a Resident Magistrate—a man of experience and tried impartiality—should be appointed in Belfast."

Lord Dungannon, the Grand Master of the Orangemen, brought before the House of Lords on Thursday 30th ult., a complaint against the constabulary of Dublin, for not protecting the street preachers who infest that city, and render themselves odious by their illiberal and uncharitable denunciations of the Catholic religion. The grounds of his complaint were clearly shown to be erroneous, and Lord Granville very truly "denied that the Government had at all favoured the Roman Catholics." The noble Earl might have added that the Catholics do not want favours. All they ask for is, fair play. Attention was drawn to the language used by the Protestant Association, as by no means calculated to promote charity; and an instance was cited from their last public document, in which they with great modesty compared themselves to the Apostle Paul, and the Catholics to heathens worshipping an Unknown God. Such are the men who stir up hatred and ill-will, and who have occasioned the serious riots in Belfast, and who now bring forward unfounded charges against their fellow-subjects.—Weekly Register.

Pass Him Rouds.—The London correspondent of the Glasgow Free Press writes last week a communication as follows:—"I am sorry that I cannot conclude without a brief reference to a personal topic. Catholic circles here have been much distressed to find that a gentleman of talent and respectability, who lately possessed the confidence and respect of almost every one, appears to have committed the offence of which those will be guilty who avail themselves of the provisions of the new Divorce Bill, and I feel compelled to allude to the subject as I have hitherto seemed to identify myself with him in my notices of his publications." We see no necessity for publishing offences which are likely to escape legal investigation, and should not have referred to this. But such a notice in a Catholic paper, will bring unjust discredit and scandal upon the Catholic Church. There are, no doubt, too many immoral Catholics, but the person in question is not one of them. He is only one proof more (if any additional proof was wanted by any man who knows the real working of Irish pecuniary proselytism) of the effect of that wicked system, in debauching the whole mind and delving the moral sense. A Catholic by birth and education, he became for several years the notorious paid agent of the Irish Sappers, edited their newspaper organ, the Dublin Warder, and published several foul and blasphemous attacks upon the Church and its sacred doctrines. In England he has no doubt represented himself to Catholics as a Catholic, but he has all along edited an anti-Catholic country newspaper, and within the last few weeks has solicited employment upon one of the most violent and abusive of the London daily anti-Catholic papers, representing himself as "a staunch and out-and-out Protestant, and a determined opponent of Cardinal Wiseman." However lamentable, it is no wise wonderful that a man who for money professed to be a member of two hostile Churches, should represent himself as the husband of two wives. It is impossible to tell whether in the United States he may profess himself a Catholic or Protestant, or, as is more probable, one to some persons and the other to others; but it may be useful for Catholics to know that he sailed for New York in the Harvest Queen on Wednesday, July 22, under the assumed name of Charles Edward Stuart. We have no means of knowing his real name. In London he passed under the name of "Bruce," at other times under that of "Sir Oscar O'Connell," and more generally under that of J. G. MacWalter, which he also bore at Dublin. Among many other false representations, he stated himself to hold a commission in the Anglo-Italian Legion. The reproach must fall not upon the Catholic Church, but upon those who originally bribed him to play the hypocrite. In the case of man and woman alike the seducer is responsible not only for his victim's first fall from virtue, but for all the crimes to which it leads. This unhappy man would in all probability have been no worse than his neighbors, if he had not been seduced by the profligate use of the money collected from well-meaning deluded Protestants in England, for converting the Irish Catholics. He knew what was in man, who denounced a vow upon those who "go round about sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, make him the child of hell twofold more than themselves."—Weekly Register.

IRELAND AND HER PROTESTANT PERSECUTIONS.—The connection of Ireland with this country is either a subjugation or a union. It cannot be both. Ostensibly it is a union, and Ireland, England, and Scotland are called "the United Kingdom." In right and law then Catholic Ireland stands on an equal footing with her Protestant sister kingdoms. A conquered country can never be deprived of the right of vindicating its violated liberty whenever an opportunity presents itself. The laws neither of God nor man compel either individuals or states to submit to bondage longer than they can help. A union, on the other hand, is absolutely voluntary; and either of the contracting parties is at full liberty to forsake it whenever it should be found prejudicial to its happiness or its interests. Nor is it possible for any union of countries to be of mutual benefit, where either attempts to usurp the smallest ascendancy over the other. These observations we hold to be incontrovertible and self-evident. Now, we ask any reasonable being to tell us whether there can be the remotest chance of possibility of—we will not say mutual charity and good-will, but peace, and consequently happiness and prosperity, being preserved in a union of kingdoms where the religion of the great bulk of the population of one of them occupies the position of a scarcely tolerated sect; and the religion, or no-religion, or superstition, or congregations of religions, or whatever it may be called (for what can that be called which is a mere protest against a particular faith?) possesses an overwhelming legal ascendancy—is in fact established as the religion of the country by law? What peace, what prosperity, what of aught that constitutes the well-being of a nation can be expected where the religion of the

country is compelled to witness the constant spectacle of that protest against itself, which it regards as a noxious infidelity, going through certain forms of worship once in every seven days, in gorgeous edifices erected by and belonging to itself, and of which it has been forcibly despoiled? Does any man possessing the least claim to statesmanship believe Ireland to be so perplexing and enigmatical a difficulty, whilst such an anomalous, such an odious state of things is suffered to exist? Every one knows that the Romans, from motives of policy, were accustomed scrupulously to respect, and even to adopt into the religion of the State, the religions of the several nations they overran and subdued. The clumsiest politicians have recognised the impossibility of preserving the amity of a people and of pouring continually upon their religion at the same time. But to suppose that there can be any union between three kingdoms, in any acceptance of the term, except that of the most remorseless subjugation, the most iron tyranny, where a foreign sect is established over the religion of the country, is a folly so supreme as to be accounted for only by that in factuated blindness of creedless bigotry which seems to make all men fools. Could not the veriest infant in statecraft predict the heart-burnings, the really lacerated feelings, the pain, the disgust of an entire population, arising day by day upon the injury and wrong done to that religion on which they hang all their hopes and happiness here and hereafter. We do not say that it is so with Protestants, because not having a faith, it is impossible they should be actuated by anything loftier than the bigotry of contradiction and the perverse recklessness of hatred; but to Catholics—to those who have clearly a defined faith, how deep, how tender, how intense are those feelings with which that faith is associated and bound up! No familiarity of experience will ever reconcile them to the systematic laceration of those feelings. They must first be torn from their bosoms with their lives. Any sciolist of a politician could anticipate them. He could predict the constant irritation and insults, and assertions of the superiority of the sect whose want of numbers was more than compensated by an overwhelming legal preference. He could easily foresee that the smothered embers of sectarian animosity would be ever at a white heat beneath the dark oppressions of physical force, ready to burst forth into a furious conflagration at the first vent.—Long ago would this have happened in Ireland but for that holy charity which is the key-stone virtue, so to speak, of the Catholic faith, which inspires the priest to exert forbearance, and aids the people to obey the priest. We must say that the ceaseless insults and provocations of the dominant sect, ever and above that standing one of its being established by law, in that too patient country, seem at times to touch the limit of human forbearance.—What monstrous spectacle is that which Ulster has just afforded in a so-called civilised age—in a civilised, if Protestantism were not there, country? We tell the Irish people that they are not called upon to submit to the chance of this constant repetition of those scenes of hideous riot, bloodshed, and deliberate murder. For the sake of peace, for the safety of themselves and their families, for the sake of religion, virtue, morality, everything which can make life tolerable, they share the great political duty of removing that sect from its ascendancy, which is at the root of all the disasters, troubles, misfortunes, and misery of Ireland. We assert most positively that Ireland never will nor can cease to be a political difficulty so long as the union of the two countries and the Established sect exist together.—Weekly Register.

A BRAND SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING.—PATER COURT, LIMERICK.—Constable Nash introduced to the justices at their morning sitting a young girl of something over sixteen years of age, dressed in a figured muslin robe, an unbleached linen petticoat, and wearing a straw bonnet of the present curtailed dimensions—in personal appearance she seems to be possessing—of good figure, and apparently of an active mind, as well as of very active habits. The constable said that having received information that a young girl had victimised some respectable persons in the city, and was victimising more in its suburbs and vicinity, by pretending at one time to be related to respectable families, and at another time to be a convert from Romanism! and to be suffering martyrdom for her Christian heroism, in taking a jump from what she was pleased to call in a conversation with one of her victims, "the darkness of error into the light of truth"—then to be engaged in the work of charity by collecting money in aid of the funds of the Orphan Society, and finally to relieve the sick and bury the dead: and thus, working out her salvation and the cause together, she was going on pretty well until the constable who is continually prying after matters which a certain class of people think he ought to let alone, arrested her on Sunday last as she was leaving St. John's Protestant Church, where she had been to prayers. The constable said that he received but a very imperfect description of the "young lady," and had great difficulty in tracing her through all her devious ways—one time he was sure of her under the style and name of Miss Mary Dixon—another time by that of Miss Mary Fitzgerald—then again by the appellation of Jones—then under that of Miss Mary Mortimer: but finally he found her, notwithstanding her *incognito*, bearing the respectable cognomen of Elmes, and he now introduced her to the justices as his ward, *pro tem*, and as Miss Mary Elmes. He also handed a letter, of which the following is a copy, and which was read in open court by Mr. Beauchamp, the Clerk of the Sessions: Clonlara, July 22nd, 1857.

My Dear Elmes.—A young girl about 16 years old, dressed with a bonnet and an unbleached linen jacket, has been victimising some of the people here, representing herself as *Mary Elmes*, from Glanmire, and a niece of yours, and delivering messages as if from me, stating that she came out here to see a poor woman who was matron to some orphans and had come to Clonlara for her health, but died last Sunday.—She was collecting for a coffin, &c., and got 5s from Mrs. Hayes O'Grady, besides refreshments of biscuits, wine, and water, &c. She was in a great hurry back as there was to be a large party and *beautiful singing* that evening (Monday) at her Uncle John's, and Mr. Allen was to be there. There was also to be a great party same evening at Mr. Hennessy's, but of course Mr. Allen could not go there, being pre-engaged.—She had called on Mr. B. Vincent, whom she described as a gentleman with a *great deal of hair on his face*, and said he gave her bread and butter, and Mrs. V. gave her ninepence. In short, she seems an accomplished young lady, and spoke of coming out to church on Sunday to Clonlara with Mrs. Keenan, who is her godmother. Now, as she evidently knew something of you and your brothers, and of the Orphan Society, &c., it may be you know something of her, and could trace her out if it would not be a pity to nip so promising a bud.

Ever sincerely yours,  
James Hastings Allen.  
The Mayor asked the youthful *incognito*, who held down her head, and was breaking her sides with suppressed laughter, where she came from? when she said that she was from Glanmire road, in the city of Cork.  
The Mayor then wished to know if there was any one to prosecute her?  
The Constable replied in the negative, but added that he was almost sure there would, when her numerous victims heard that she was in custody.  
She was then remanded, and tripped off the t-buckle, with the agility and lightness of a tight-rope dancer.—Limerick Reporter.

We copy from a contemporary a brief abstract of the statistics of crime in Ireland, as furnished in the report just published by the Inspector-General of Prisons. Seven years ago the prisoners in gaols amounted to 11,000. At present there is only 3,400, being a decrease of nearly 8,000 within that period. Whilst the British Legislature is trying in vain to

devise a means of diminishing the ever-increasing number of her criminals, and seeking for a place to which they may be sent for penal servitude, the prisons in Ireland are gradually losing two-thirds of their former occupants. In every village and hamlet throughout Ireland a new chapel or convent is springing up as if by magic. Religious houses, with their well-filled schools, may be seen in every direction; and there is throughout Ireland a general progression to virtue. Judges of assize instead of solemn charges to juries on the crime of criminals whose misdeeds they were to decide, congratulate the same juries on the almost total disappearance of crime. The following is the abstract of the Inspector's report:—"The decrease in crime was so great in 1855, that we scarcely expected to be able to report a continuance of such progressive improvement in 1856, especially since the embodiment of the militia was believed to have largely contributed to thin the gaol, and consequently its disbandment was naturally considered likely to produce a contrary effect. It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we are again enabled to report that the reduction in crime steadily progresses, and that, on the whole, the criminal statistics for the past year may be taken as indicating great moral improvement. An examination of the subjoined tables will show that felony and vagrancy, the result of pauperism, have wonderfully declined. Numbers of prisoners in Gaols.—On the 1st of January, 1850, 10,967; ditto ditto, 1851, 10,044; ditto ditto, 1852, 8,803; ditto ditto, 1853, 7,604; ditto ditto, 1854, 5,755; ditto ditto, 1855, 5,080; ditto ditto, 1856, 3,561; ditto ditto, 1857, 3,419."

The Cork Examiner calls attention to the mode of constituting juries in Ireland. On the city jury at Cork it appears, there are but 23 Catholics as compared with 108 Protestants. Our contemporary remarks:—"Some unauthorised agency has certainly found means to tamper with the impartial administration of the law. In such a city as Cork, containing so large a Catholic population, such a disposition should never be the result of accident. We think, therefore, a most stringent scrutiny ought to be made into the matter. We cannot, of course, impute to the High Sheriff or Under Sheriff any cognizance of such a proceeding, but some one's hand has been in the business, and no pains ought to be spared to find out whose. We cannot conceive any possible explanation of the fact, except that of tampering with the jury list, in order to prevent the administration of justice. Our High Sheriff, upon whom, as we have said, no imputation can rest personally, ought to audit himself of all responsibility by instituting the strictest investigation into the affair. A thing of this kind is too flagrant an insult to a Catholic community to be allowed to pass without the closest inquiry. For if the jury panel can be composed in this way with impunity, no Catholic can be safe in his liberty or rights."

THE SADDLER SWINDLES.—A TYPICAL PAPER SAYS:—"There is no doubt of the adverse operation of the judgment of the House of Lords in the case of O'Flaherty v. McDowell, upon the interests of the creditors of the Tipperary Bank, since now their only means of recovering their debts from the properties of the shareholders are either by entering judgments against individual shareholders, and registering those as mortgages upon the properties (a law peculiar to Ireland), or by awaiting the proceeds of calls of the official manager after his enforcing them. From the latter the creditors entertain little expectation. The Winding-up Act was put into operation at the instance of the Saddleis, and the official manager's services have as yet effected little for the creditors beyond dividing the assets of the bank found in its coffers when it stopped."

Among the properties offered for sale in the Insolvency Court in the month of next November is the fee simple estate, situate in the barony of Billa and Olla West, belonging to J. W. Bumester, J. F. Law, J. Sadler, and C. Sadler, and comprising an area of 4,124.1w. 20r., assessed rent £2,518 15s. 7d. The estate was formerly held by the Earl of Glengall, and is not liable to any quit or crown rents.

The Depot at Charlemont Fort has been broken up, and all the stores, arms, ammunition, &c., &c., have been deposited in the Baniskillen stores.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A stately church was solemnly dedicated at Leeds on Wednesday. The proceedings were dignified by the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster one foreign and two English Prelates, besides a concourse of distinguished persons, lay and clerical. Those who assisted at the opening of another church in London about this time two years, will not need to be reminded that this is not the first of our noblest Catholic temples that we owe to the charity and the Religion of Catholic France.—Weekly Register.

Baron Rothschild was re-elected for the City of London on Tuesday 28th ult., without opposition. The official notification of his return appeared in the Gazette of the same day, and in the evening he was present in the house, but did not offer to be sworn. From some remarks which fell from Lord John Russell, who postponed the second reading of his Oaths Bill to Monday next, it seems that after all some steps will be taken to enable the Baron to take his seat without the necessity of proceeding with the Bill, and thus avoid any further collision with the House of Peers. It is said that some Act of Parliament, previously overlooked by all parties, has now been discovered, and that it will enable Baron Rothschild to take his seat after being sworn in the manner most binding on his own conscience. But if no such opportunity is afforded, it would certainly be the wisest course, before the session is much further advanced, to seat the Baron by a resolution of the House, and as originally proposed by Mr. Dillwyn.—Weekly Register.

The authorities at the Horse Guards intend raising immediately twelve second battalions, for the purpose of taking the place of the corps now at home who are ordered to embark for India.

Seven hundred men belonging to the cavalry and infantry regiments serving in India have arrived at Chatham within the past month, the whole of whom have applied for their free discharge according to the regulations of the service. Owing, however, to the aspect of affairs in India, the authorities at the War Office are anxious to retain the troops in the service, and with this view the Deputy-Adjutant-General on Saturday assembled the men claiming their discharge, informing them that the government was desirous of retaining them, and that each non-commissioned officer and private who would withdraw his application to be discharged could remain in the service, and would be allowed three months' furlough before he would be required for duty. It is expected that a very few of the men will recall their applications for discharge. Among those claiming to be discharged are some of the finest troops lately in the Indian army.

CAMBRIDGE DEGREE CONFERRED ON A JEW.—The Clerical Journal announces that the late commencement witnessed the first admission of a Jew to a degree in the University of Cambridge in the person of Mr. Arthur Cohen, nephew of Mr. Baron Rothschild.

PROTESTANT vs. PROTESTANT.—Another phase of modern society has been witnessed at Birmingham. Some Mormons or Latter-day Saints, as they call themselves, have been in the habit of meeting in their chapel in Birmingham, to worship after their own manner. Another Protestant Dissenting preacher has been lately preaching a "crossed," as the Birmingham Journalist says, against these "saints," and his hearers have tumultuously invaded the Mormon chapel, and violently interrupted the service, mobbing the congregation, and wrecking the building.

The Divorce Bill came on again in the Commons on Thursday, 30th ult. The debate was remarkable for the absence of argument in support of this ill-judged measure. The Attorney General, in moving the second reading, evidently felt the difficulty of his task, and seemed afraid of the influential opposition which he had to encounter. Fearing too much importance might be attached to the Declaration of a large body of the Protestant Clergy against the bill, Sir B. Bethell undertook to lecture the ministers of the State religion for expressing their conscientious opinions, and frankly told them humbly to submit to the Parliamentary decision upon this question. He could not conceive anything more dangerous, or anything that would be fraught with more unhappiness to the clergy and to the church than for the House to listen to those statements, which were called conscientious scruples and difficulties, about the obligation of the clergy to obey the law of the land. Let them discuss the law if they would; but when they had arrived at the conclusion that it ought to be the law of the land, let them require, without any hesitation on the part of the clergy, obedience to that law. (Hear.) That was the true notion of the supremacy of the Crown. This is strongly confirmatory of the opinion of the Guardian that the clergy of the Establishment are rapidly losing their influence. 7,000 of the Protestant clergy have protested against the Bill. "Were the declarants seven thousand country attorneys (says our contemporary) there would be an end of the Bill. But the clergy of the Establishment cannot pretend such influence." Truly their "occupation" may be said to be nearly "gone." It is worthy of note that every speaker in succession to the Attorney General spoke more or less strongly against the measure. Mr. Bowyer's arguments were comprehensive and striking. Mr. Hatchell proudly referred to Ireland "Where the greater portion of the people were Roman Catholics and the celebration of marriage was considered as a Sacrament. They never heard of any outcry in Ireland against the indissolubility of marriage. They never heard of internal quarrels in families, of their suffering under a worse than Egyptian bondage, of cases in police offices of wives and husbands quarrelling. The people were convinced that, once married it was utterly impossible they could ever be divorced and to that cause was attributable the happiness of Irish homes (hear, hear.) When the Irish peasant girl came to the altar to pledge her troth to her husband she dismissed from her mind the reflection of the possibility of their ever being divorced, the same as when a novice, exchanging the white for the black veil, completely put aside all thoughts of returning to the busy and pleasure-loving world." Altogether the debate was most instructive to Protestants.—Among Catholics it need not be repeated, there is no doubt as to the indissolubility of marriage. On the resumption of the adjourned debate, Mr. Gladstone's speech will be anxiously looked for.—Weekly Register.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—It is not yet decided in what mode the submarine cable shall be laid. It is now proposed to commence paying out at once from the coast of Ireland, and when one vessel has uncoiled its share of the cable, to join the end to that on board the other vessel, which will then proceed to pay out the remaining half of the cable. All the gins have been taken out of the Agamemnon with the exception of two small signal gins on the upper deck, and up to sunset on Friday, 1,000 miles of the rope had been stowed away. Those immense coils of tarred rope rising up below the surface of the water to the under side of the deck of the ship, is a curious sight. You stand or walk over 1,000 tons of this rope, for its weight is about one ton to the mile. There are more than two hundred flukes or layers of the coil, one above the other, the huge coil following the form of an oval or circle, as the shape of the ship's hold requires, and varying in its diameter from forty-four to fifty feet, is already about eleven feet thick, and at every foot is a second pendulum an electric spark is flashed through every inch of that solid, compact mass. The huge thing lives, and every throeb of its electric pulse is marked by the deflection of a tiny delicate needle on a dial-plate. From the immense batteries of Mr. Whitehouse, the electrician of the company, an amount of electric fluid is every moment sent on its circling mission of 1,200 miles, which, if discharged at once, would under certain electric conditions of the atmosphere, and below a thunder cloud, form a lightning flash of the most terrific power. But trained by man, this concentrated essence of the thunderstorm passes instantaneously on its unceasing path, does the bidding of its taskmaster in deflecting the small needle which keeps watch for its arrival, and completing its mysterious circuit, returns obediently to the cell whence it first issued forth. Some time since it was thought that the fluid would be so much retarded in its way through great lengths of wire, that it would be impracticable to apply electricity to the communication between England and America. This was a point most material to be decided, and a number of experiments were most carefully made to ascertain the speed of the electric current. Professor Wheatstone found that it travelled 238,000 miles in a second, or more than ten times the length of a girdle round the earth.—Other experiments fixed its speed at 12,851 miles per second. In the currents of electricity sent through the 1200 miles of rope now on board the Agamemnon, and partly on shore, Mr. Whitehouse has not been able to mark any appreciable speed of this mysterious agent. It might be thought that the electric messenger, having to run its round through the myriads of circling and concentrated coils of rope, might not be able to travel so quickly as along a straight road. But gradients and curves are unknown to this bright Ariel, who asks only the one favor, that he should be kept from coming in contact with the base earth while employed in the service of the Prospero who direct his actions. All doubts with respect to the retardation of the electric current are set at rest, and an extensive series of experiments have shown that ten words may be whispered under the Atlantic, from Ireland, to Newfoundland, every minute, or 14,000 words per day.—The cable will be delivered in the first instance out of the hold of the ship through a trumpet mouth tube, elevated about thirty feet above the top of the cone around which the rope is coiled. It will then pass over and under a series of "sheaves" or grooved wheels, where the amount of adhesion or friction of the rope will be regulated so as to counterbalance the weight of the cable in suspension in the water, and will thus afford perfect control over its delivery. As in some parts the depths at which the rope is to be laid will be rather more than two miles and a half, there would be in the process of paying out probably twice that extent of cable held in suspension, and as this weight in water is 14 cwt. to the mile, the necessity of adopting due precaution against the cable running away too quickly will be evident, and the machinery for providing against this contingency is of the most powerful description. Arrangements are also made in the event of any accident, for cutting away the cable and securing one end of it to large buoys fitted with mirrors, and provided with several miles of ordinary rope, and an auxiliary steam engine is fitted up on board, to be employed in hauling in the buoy ropes when it is desired to take possession of the line again. The batteries to be taken on board for signaling through the cable while in progress of being submerged, are of most extraordinary power. The zinc plates employed weigh three tons, and with the boxes and the acid together, it is upwards of five tons. That a battery of very considerable power will be required for the purpose of signaling is clear from the nature of the duties required to be performed by the electric current. Starting from the deck of the Agamemnon, it would rush through the whole of the rope remaining uncoiled in that ship's hold, and then leaping overboard, it would dive down to the lowest depths of the Atlantic, skip along the mountains in the valleys of old ocean's bed, mount to the surface,

board the Niagara, dash through the uncoiled rope on-board that ship, and flinging the signal bell, tell that throughout its whole distance of two thousand five hundred miles, it has met with no flaw and no obstruction. When the little bell on board gives forth an accustomed sound, the engines of the steamship will be reversed; the cable hauled in and examined until the damaged part through which the electric messenger has escaped shall be discovered. When once laid in its ocean bed, there will be no disturbing current to endanger its safety, and the nature of the plateau on which it will be deposited leads to the opinion that in a very short time the soft sand of the ocean bed will form a perfect covering of the cable.—London Observer.

It will not be forgotten in London that some months ago an Italian vagabond, named Foschini, quarrelled in a coffee house, near the Haymarket with some of his fellow-countrymen, and stabbed three of the latter with a stiletto. Two of the three died, I believe, from the effects of their wounds. All the endeavors of the police to track the murderer failed, but a body taken from the Thames was recognised by some persons as being that of Foschini. This fact was subsequently called into doubt, and it was ascertained after a time that the murderer not only had not committed suicide, but had succeeded in escaping from England. Accounts from Naples now announce that Foschini is in the hands of the Neapolitan police, having been captured in the late insurrectionary attempt at Sapri, where he received a wound. It is to be presumed that the Neapolitan authorities will deliver up the assassin to the fate which awaits him at Newgate. It is rather singular that his presence in Genoa, previous to the revolutionary expedition, should not have been communicated to the English police, as the name of the criminal, and the nature of his misdeeds, must have been familiar to the authorities of that or any other town in Italy where he may have resided.

A BLACK CALENDAR OF CRIME.—The calendar of prisoners for trial at the Liverpool assizes, as made up to the 26th instant, is one of the blackest catalogues of crime that has been issued for some time. There are nineteen cases of murder in it (to which will have to be added another from Manchester, in which three prisoners are for trial), fourteen of stabbing, wounding, &c., one of shooting, one of attempting to blow up a house, five of rape, five of perjury, besides a long list of burglaries and other offences.

A correspondent of the Union (Anglican) writes as follows:—"St. Augustin says 'Divortium a diabolus fit.' In the new office, therefore, to be composed for the marriage of adulterers, we shall have 'Who giveth this woman to this man? Aus.—The Devil!'"

UNITED STATES.

The New York Freeman's Journal of last Saturday contains a letter from Archbishop Hughes in answer to the denunciations lately published against him in the New-York Times. We need not say that the Archbishop completely demolishes his adversary. Such dastardly attacks upon a prelate, venerable both on account of his official character and personal qualities, can injure only their authors. The Archbishop's reputation is too well established, and his services in the cause of religion have rendered his name too dear to every Catholic heart, for such calumnies to have any success. Those only with whom the wish is father to the thought will give them credence.—Pittsburg Catholic.

Mrs. CUSNINGHAM.—This bad woman, who, with her red or imputed crimes, has filled, since last January, far too much of public attention in connection with the murdered profligate Harvey Burdell, has again served as carrion for the birds of the unclean newspaper press. In the investigations that had taken place she had presented probable evidence of the fact of her marriage with Burdell. She has damaged her case by the attempt to present a supposititious heir, born last week, as her own child. By this act she has revived the worst suspicions in many minds, as to her complicity with the murder. We habitually, and on principle, avoid giving the details of criminal trials. It is a pernicious habit to read them—except for those whose duty may lie in that direction. But there is something that interests public morals beyond the crimes of this abandoned woman. It is that a physician in "regular standing," Dr. Uhl, and a legal practitioner in "regular standing," District Attorney Hall, have been playing stool-pigeons in this case. Dr. Uhl was applied to by Mrs. Cunningham to assist her in finding a child that might be passed off by her as her own. He communicated with District Attorney Hall, and together they helped her to execute the attempt at fraud, for the purpose of entrapping her. It remains for the faculty of medicine to say whether such are the purposes for which men enter a profession that once was, and ever should be, one of the most honorable and most honored. If Dr. Uhl is not forthwith expelled for his odious and degrading conduct, we hope never again to hear the faculty talking of any kind of conduct as unprofessional. It remains also to see whether enough of self-respect is left in any of our courts of law to exclude from their, or its, bar, District Attorney Hall. A lawyer, in theory, is a master, a minister and a champion of law—not a drummer for criminal cases, or a procurer of infamous acts. But the last few months have afforded exhibitions of the legal profession in this city that make us have no desire to see the bar purged of the contempt in which the public are coming justly to hold it. It has always had its unworthy members, its pettifoggers. But it put the stamp on its own brow in this city some half dozen years ago, at the dinner of "the bar" to Kossuth, where they bised the venerable and white-headed Judge Duer for remonstrating against the most miserable insults to our country, its great men, and its usages—and where the so-called "lawyers" sat and listened to the music answering the toast of "the bar" by the rogues' march.—N. Y. Freeman.

KNOW-NOTHINGS AND ORANGEMEN.—These men of blood are the same that they ever were—the same as their allies in Louisville and Cincinnati. When the Society was originated, resolutions were passed in all its lodges to exterminate the Catholics, and to "wade knee deep in Popish blood" (Video Report No 16, in House of Lords, 1793). The system is admitted to be founded on the 62th Psalm, of which the 24th verse runs as follows: "That thy feet may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies; that the tongue of thy dogs may be red with the same." In Armagh they have, actually given the dogs the blood of the men they murdered. Their massacres are part of the melancholy history of the country. They wrecked and slaughtered with impunity, for they had the magistrates all on their side. The illustrious Grattan, himself a Protestant, described their deeds in his day as those of "ferocious barbarity." He called them a "banditti, who being of the religion of the State, had committed the most horrid murders, and had proceeded from robbery and massacre to extermination." "They call themselves Protestants," he continues, "that is a banditti of murderers committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of liberty." The "Dolly's Brae" massacre, a few years ago, is in the recollection of most of our readers, aided and abetted as it was by a magistrate of the county of Down. And now, in 1857, Belfast is made the theatre of riots, which, commencing, as usual, on the 12th of July, continued for nine days, and in which the blood-thirsty Orange ruffians acted the most diabolical parts, shooting down on one occasion, with deliberate aim, two little boys who were playing marbles. The Catholics, of course, were compelled to defend themselves; and they did it most effectually. The result was, that the whole available military force was called out to suppress civil war raging over a populous city. The Orangemen were buffeted and arrested by the police, and ridden down by the troops.—New York Citizen.

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The True Witness. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUG. 21, 1857.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Arabia arrived at New York on Wednesday. It would seem as if the people of Great Britain were awakening to a sense of the mighty interests now at stake in the East; for a petition, emphatically calling upon Government to increase its forces in India, was receiving numerous signatures throughout the Kingdom. In the mean time, active steps are being taken to organize the Militia, in order to fill up the gap occasioned by the withdrawal of almost every available soldier for foreign service. The Bill for effecting this has been read a second time in the Lords; and the Duke of Cambridge stated that efforts would be made to encourage enlistment from the Militia to the regular army. A petition from the Queen and Princess of Oude expressing their loyalty to British rule, and their regret at the revolt, was presented in the House of Lords on the 6th instant. Owing to some technical informalities, the petition was withdrawn. From India, there is nothing new; only it is certain that the revolt is not suppressed, and that the insurgents still continue their atrocities against their former masters.

The cable of the Atlantic Telegraph was safely got on shore at Valencia Bay on the 5th instant; after which the expedition put to sea immediately. The weather had been stormy, but had become more settled at the date the Arabia sailed. True Bills have been found against Spollen the alleged murderer of Mr. Little in Dublin.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon, and Empress, accompanied by a small suite, arrived at Osborne on a strictly private visit to the Queen on the 6th inst. It was not expected that the Royal guests would extend their tour beyond the Isle of Wight, and perhaps the Naval Arsenal at Portsmouth.

The trial of the Italians, accused of the attempt to assassinate the Emperor, has terminated in a verdict of Guilty, with extenuating circumstances in favor of Bartollette and Grotte, who have been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. The others have been condemned to transportation for life. Paris was quiet, and the trials had excited but little interest.

We are again involved in an official controversy, of the "Circumlocution" species, with the Neapolitan Government; owing to the latter having caused to be searched a British steamer on board of which it was suspected that Mazzini, or some other of the Italian cut-throats, was secreted. The Spanish Government is still making preparations for war with Mexico, and is greatly increasing the numerical force of its army. Fresh troubles seem to be in store for the Ottoman Empire; and at the latest dates, the Ministers of France, Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia had ceased to entertain diplomatic relations with the Porte, in consequence of the latter having refused to rescind the late election in Moldavia.

On this Continent, we have nothing new to report. The "Wise Men" of the American Association are still sitting assiduously in Montreal; but have not as yet set the St. Lawrence on fire, or otherwise hatched anything worthy of a lengthened notice. The members read, or listen to the reading of, scientific papers; after which they seem to be much easier in their minds.

REPORT OF COMMISSIONERS OF INQUIRY INTO THE CORRIGAN MURDER. July 1857.

The Commissioners appointed to investigate into, and report upon—1.—The circumstances out of which the death of the late Robert Corrigan arose—2.—The proceedings against the persons accused of the murder, the manner in which the trial was conducted, and the causes of the failure of justice thereat, if failure there was—and, generally, into the social condition of the district wherein the affray occurred—have at length published their "Report;" a careful perusal of which should suffice to satisfy any impartial mind of the falsehood of the charges brought by the Protestant press against Judge Duval, of partiality, and of misdirection to the Jury which acquitted the prisoners accused of the murder of Corrigan. We will endeavor to give our readers an analysis of this important document; and first, as to the circumstances which preceded the fatal riot at St. Sylvester cattle show.

Corrigan, the deceased, a powerful fighting man, and it would seem, somewhat of a braggart and bully, was—says the Report—"reputed to be the most successful combatant in his neigh-

borhood." It appears also from the Report, that the deceased "had boasted in a public house in presence of a number of people, that he was not afraid of, and could beat any man between two given points"—thus in fact, challenging, or defying, the whole community "between the two given points," to a personal encounter. This challenge was accepted by a man named O'Neill; who "as well as many others"—says the Report—"took offence at this boast or challenge of Corrigan"—and in consequence a fight took place, in which O'Neill it is said was worsted; owing—according to O'Neill's account—to the "use of a sling-shot in the combat," by Corrigan the victor. It would also seem that Corrigan was in the habit of speaking of the Catholic priest at St. Sylvester in terms "calculated to wound and irritate the religious feelings" of the Catholics of the district. And to these circumstances combined, must be attributed the rancor displayed towards the deceased in the fight at the cattle-show, wherein Corrigan lost his life.

It would also seem that a very bad state of feeling had for some time existed betwixt the Irish Catholics and Irish Protestants in St. Sylvester; though with the French Canadian population a good understanding was maintained by both. "Orange Societies"—which of course have provoked the formation of a "Ribbon Association"—are asserted by the Report to be in existence—"which is to be lamented, because of their being calculated to increase this unfortunate feeling; but they"—the Commissioners—"trust that the good sense of the leading men of both parties will show them that the existence of such societies is dangerous to the peace of the neighborhood, and should be discouraged."—p. 3.—All good citizens of all denominations will, upon this point, agree with the Commissioners. It is however hardly to be expected that "Secret Societies," which have been publicly encouraged by the Governor-General, and in which, to the disgrace of Upper Canada be it said, magistrates and other public functionaries, openly take part, can be "discouraged" by the action of private individuals. When our rulers shall strictly and invariably enforce the salutary rule, acted upon at home, and, in theory, recognised as sound and just in Canada, that any "public" functionary taking any part whatsoever in any "party" demonstration, shall be immediately dismissed the public service, and incapacitated for readmission thereunto—then, but not before, may we expect that "Orange Societies"—"Ribbon Associations"—and all such social pests, shall be "discouraged" by the community. This good work must however originate with the Government itself. As it is, the chief agents in encouraging "Secret Societies," and in keeping alive party "feuds and prejudices" in Canada, are the Governor-General, his Ministerial advisers, and the Protestant Magistracy of Upper Canada.

The recommendation of the Commissioners that "Secret Societies," whether Ribbon or Orange, be "discouraged," is one, however, that we fear will not be acted upon in St. Sylvester, where unfortunately the Protestant minister—a person of the name of King, who, we think, belongs to the Anglican sect—is the leading Orangeman. Of this reverend firebrand, and his constant efforts to promote strife, we find the following account given, under oath, by Ralph B. Johnson, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate of St. Sylvester. After stating that the Orange Lodge was "introduced into the parish" by "the instrumentality of the Rev. Wm. King, the Protestant minister of St. Sylvester," this witness continues:—

"Of this Lodge the Rev. Mr. King is himself the master, and its meetings have been held in the Protestant parsonage house. Without meaning to speak disrespectfully of Orangemen as a body, yet I cannot help knowing positively that the meeting of such a Lodge within the limits of their parish has given great offence to its inhabitants, and tends to keep in activity feelings which are dangerous to the public peace, and which, but for the unhappy zeal of the Rev. Mr. King, would long since have been subsided. Being upon my oath to speak generally on all the points which the Commissioners have called on me to reply to, I deliberately state my opinion, that nothing would so immediately and so effectually restore tranquillity as the removal (if such a thing be possible) of the Rev. Mr. King from the parish where he has not at all times spoken too discreetly even from the pulpit."—pp. 49, 50. The Italics are our own.

When "Ministers of the Gospel of Peace" encourage "Secret Societies," we fear that their hearers will not "discourage" them. We shall however wait to see what action the ecclesiastical superiors of Mr. King take in the premises; and, in the meantime, return to our "Report."

Having shown the state of feeling prevalent at St. Sylvester about the time of the cattle show, the Commissioners pass on to "the second head of inquiry—namely, into the manner in which the trial of Richard Kelly, and others, was conducted, and the causes, if any, of failure of justice thereat." Upon these points they report as under:—

"That the prosecution was conducted with all the care and zeal that the importance of the case demanded, and the defence... does not appear to have trespassed beyond the limits usually permitted in criminal cases."—pp. 3, 4.

"That the Commissioners have not discovered any occurrence or circumstance which could lead them to the conclusion that in the conduct of the case by

the Judge, he was influenced by any improper bias or leaning in favor of the accused"—p. 4.

That "the Commissioners are of opinion that the charge of the Judge, as respects the position of law assumed by him in the charge, has not been correctly reported by the press"—(the mendacity of the Protestant press is indeed notorious)—"and that from this cause considerable misapprehension has arisen as to the reason for the acquittal of Kelly and his fellow prisoners. The law, as respects *participes criminis*, and the equality in guilt of all assisting in the commission of a felony, was, in the opinion of the Commissioners, accurately stated by the Judge, in the language and from the text of the acknowledged law authorities."—p. 5.

That "the Commissioners can come to no other conclusion than that, with the Jury, the question of identity and the doubt of the Jury on the subject was the ostensible reason for the verdict" of acquittal; that, "from a careful perusal of the evidence as contained in the Judge's notes, the Commissioners have come to the conclusion that there was a failure of justice, that some of the accused were sufficiently identified;" but that "the causes of this failure have not been traced to any corrupt practice."—p. 5.

And finally, they thus sum up the results of their investigation into the causes of that failure:—

"The Commissioners can only attribute the failure of justice in this case to the views taken by the Jury as to the identity of the accused, attaching no weight to the dying declaration of Corrigan, and it is impossible to say that they were improperly influenced by anything that transpired in Court, where, however, the Commissioners feel constrained to state, a certain levity was at times indulged in, calculated to detract from the solemnity of the occasion and to impair the respect due to a Court of Justice."—p. 5.

That there has been a "failure of justice" in the Corrigan case we think no one will deny; that a man has been killed with circumstances of much brutality, and that hitherto no one has been punished for the offence, are facts which cannot be controverted, and which all must lament. But that the Protestant press generally, has, with its usual disregard of truth, availed itself of these circumstances to cast unwarrantable aspersions upon the character of an honorable Magistrate, and to distort the facts of the case, so as to make it appear that the death of Corrigan was premeditated, and the result of religious animosity, is now evident to any one who will have the patience to wade through about 117 pages of a "Parliamentary Report." The following from the charge of Judge Duval—whose conduct has been approved of by the Commissioners as free from any taint of "an improper bias or leaning in favor of the accused"—is conclusive as to the groundlessness of the theory which attributes Corrigan's death to religious animosity; or indeed to anything but its true cause—a low blackguard row growing out of a dispute at a cattle show, but aggravated by the previous unpopularity of the deceased as a notorious bully and fighting man. Judge Duval, after a careful review of the circumstances of the case, thus delivered himself:—

"This unfortunate row did not originate in religious feeling or in national antipathy. You have seen the cause of it. McGaffray had two sheep at the agricultural show, and Durkin told McGaffray that they were only entitled to a second prize. McGaffray took offence and spoke to Corrigan, who referred him to Durkin. It was then McGaffray said 'I'm d—d if I'll have such judging.' All know how a fight is got up in a crowd, and the victim of this fight was Corrigan."

This we have no doubt was the true cause of the fight; and though it by no means justifies the brutality with which Corrigan was treated by his assailants, or diminishes our regret at the "failure of justice" in the case, it is at all events one consolation that it was not in the sacred name of religion, or under the pretence of patriotism, that a brutal and cowardly crime was perpetrated. That Corrigan was a braggart and a bully, that, trusting in his personal strength he was in the habit of challenging his neighbors, and of outraging the religious feeling of all those whom he thought that he could so treat with impunity, is quite evident from the official "Report" now published by order of the Legislative Assembly. But it is equally certain that, whatever his faults, and whatever the provocation he may have given as a judge at the agricultural exhibition, his assailants who beat him, kicked him, and trampled upon him when upon the ground, were a cowardly pack of ruffians, whose escape from the hands of Justice, all good Catholics, in common with Protestants, must heartily regret.

THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CHRISTIAN UNION—AUGUST 1857.—Regarded as a light and amusing work of fiction, much credit is due to the compilers of this evangelical miscellany; and we must confess ourselves their debtors to the value of a hearty laugh at the many absurdities which they have contrived to compress within the compass of about thirty pages octavo. What, for instance, can be more amusing in its way than the following criticism upon the "Romish" Church in the United States:—

"The Romish Church, at the period of the American revolution, was but small (having but about forty priests in the United States in 1790) and should have separated itself from its mother church, as did the other religious denominations—Episcopal, Reformed Dutch, Methodist, &c. Owing to the political separation which then took place, these bodies were then constrained, in order to conform to the new political institutions to which the Revolution gave rise, to separate entirely from the parent churches of England, Holland, and other European countries. Why did not the Church of Rome follow their example?..... We ask a reply from Irish Americans, and American Celts."

The first little Popish boy whom he meets with in the streets, will be able to give the writer the reply asked for. The Episcopalian, Dutch Reformed, Methodist churches—as they are called—&c., are things of mere human origin, and

are therefore liable to change; but the "Romish," or Catholic Church being of Christ Himself, is not, and cannot be, controlled or affected by any political accident. She, like her divine Author, is still the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever; and the independence of the "Romish" Church of all civil Government, of all political revolutions, or changes in human affairs, is, to the philosophical observer, one of the strongest proofs of her divine origin; whereas the conduct of the Protestant sects, who to meet the altered political circumstances of the U. States, consented, after the Revolution, to change and modify their ecclesiastical organisation, is a conclusive proof that they are not of God, but of man.

Passing from the Irish, to French Canadian, Romanists, we find some very amusing details of the evangelical labors of a Rev. J. L'Hereux, a converted Papist, who breaks the bread of life to French Canadian settlers in Vermont. Some extracts from this "chosen vessel's" diary will be read with interest by the friends of Canada.—The Rev. M. J. L'Hereux writes:—

"I am very glad that I have had again the privilege to labor another year in the great and noble vineyard of God; but when I look over the past year, I am very sorry to see that I have done so little."

This good man then sums up the fruits of his labors, which may be thus stated:—

- 1. He has distributed 224 pages of tracts where he thinks they will do good.
2. He has visited upwards of 225 Romish families.
3. He has conversed with more than 1,300 persons on the subject of personal religion.
4. He has preached 290 times.
5. He has held 180 meetings for prayer, at each of which there were from 30 to 50 persons.
6. He has a regular Sabbath school, and "importunity" (sic) to preach the Gospel to them every time when he goes there.
7. He has extended his missionary journeys very far—been nearly eighty miles from Brandon—visited several towns—had many public meetings—and suffered from cold, fatigue, and hunger, which "is nothing if he could bring more souls to Christ." As it is, the poor man complains:—

"Last year when I sent you my statistical report, I thought that if God will prolong my life until another year, I should have many cases of conversion to report; but now my soul is very much afflicted to see so many sinners who refuse to come to Jesus.—Month after month I am always surprised to see so many Romanists who remain under the influence of the Romish Church. It is wonderful to me indeed, after so much prayer has been offered for them to the throne of grace, from so many missionaries and faithful ministers."

From which it would appear that the prayers of the "missionaries and faithful ministers" alluded to, never reach the "throne of grace;" they are detained probably at "the other place," where, like unpaid letters in the Post Office, they will be allowed to remain till called for. The Reverend gentleman, who thinks he knows, seeing he was brought up under the rules of the (Romish) church, and "spent twenty-nine years of his life under the Romish religion," thus accounts for the hardness of heart over which he mourns so bitterly:—

"When I think of all the privileges we had when we belonged to the Church of Rome, I am persuaded why it is that the Romanists love so much their own religion: it is because we could live in all our bad habits, and for a few shillings the priests are always ready to forgive all our sins."

Another reason, more probable than this, we would find in the notorious immorality, profligacy and mendacity of the pretended converts from Romanism; who, under the name of missionaries, go from house to house, endeavoring to make their hearers tenfold more the children of the devil than they are themselves. That this is one great cause of the Rev. M. J. L'Hereux's failure amongst his countrymen, we have no doubt, and for this reason—that he is a notorious, and in the above passage stands a self-recorded, liar.

He tells us—and cites the "twenty-nine years of his life," spent under the "Romish religion," in support of his statement—that that religion does not exact from its professors as the essential indispensable condition of absolution, the total abandonment of all their bad habits; and that, "for a few shillings the priests are always ready to forgive all their sins." Now, not only is there no Romanist, but there is not a single moderately well informed Protestant, who does not know this charge against the "Romish Church" and her "priests" to be a wilful and groundless lie—as is indeed admitted in all Protestant controversial works of the present day with any pretensions to research, or acquaintance with "Romish" practices. Even "Seymour's Conversations with Romanists," does not pretend that, in the "Romish" Church, absolution from the priest can be obtained for money, or upon any other conditions than those of a sincere repentance, and a total abandonment of "all our bad habits."

When therefore we meet with a *so-called* convert from Popery, who tells us after "twenty-nine years" experience of that system, that the Romish priests absolve for money, or that the people are taught, or are such fools as to believe, that, under any circumstances, their sins can be forgiven without, on their part, a sincere and hearty detestation of all sin, because offensive to God—a firm resolution, with God's help,

to renounce immediately, and for ever, all sin, and every occasion of sin—and the intention to make, by every means in their power, a full satisfaction to all whom, by their dishonesty, slanders, or other crimes, they may have wronged in body, in property, or in reputation—we, as Catholics, acquainted with the teachings of the Church, embodied in all the decrees of her Councils—daily taught in all her pulpits—and in all her catechisms enforced in the strongest and clearest language upon all her children—well know that we have met with a wilful and deliberate liar; with one, who if ever in communion with the Church, has been expelled therefrom for his crimes, for his drunkenness, impurity, or invincible dishonesty; and from such a one we therefore naturally shrink with feelings of loathing and contempt. Yes; humanly speaking, the cause of the now universally admitted failure of Protestant missions to "Romanists" is to be looked for in the infamous characters of the agents whom these missions employ. An Achilli holds out in vain his little tracts headed, "Come to Jesus," when he or she to whom he offers them is aware of the missionary's antecedents, and the causes that led to his secession from the Church. Now, with all his faults, Achilli, it must be confessed, is a very favorable moral specimen of the "converted Romanist."

That we have truly stated the doctrine of the Catholic, or "Romish," Church upon the indispensable necessity of a thorough change of heart on the part of the sinner seeking absolution from the priest, must, to any one who takes the trouble to reflect for one moment, be evident from this—That, did the priests teach their penitents a contrary doctrine, did they encourage, or passively tolerate, the belief that the payment of money could, under any circumstances, procure a remission of sin, without contrition on the part of the sinner; or that an entire repentance, and consequent complete change of life, could, under any circumstances, be dispensed with—they would not be such fools, or so blind to their own interests, as to tolerate the circulation amongst their dupes, of a paper which, like the TRUE WITNESS, proclaims their duplicity. But if the TRUE WITNESS faithfully represents the doctrines of the "Romish" Church upon this point, then must the man who, after "twenty-nine years" experience, pretends that in that Church the people are taught to believe that their sins can be pardoned upon the payment of a sum of money, without a sincere and complete repentance, and a consequent total abandonment of "all their bad habits"—as does the Rev. M. J. L'Hereux—be a wilful and deliberate liar. In other words, either the "Romish" priests in Canada are the most stupid of fools in allowing the circulation of journals which expose and denounce their impostures; or the Rev. M. J. L'Hereux, and his brethren of the French Canadian Missionary Society, are the grossest and most reckless liars on the face of the earth.

It is indeed humiliating to have to notice such absurd, such monstrous charges as those which are invariably urged against the Catholic Church by all apostate priests, and "converts from Romanism;" yet painful and humiliating as is the task, to it sometimes the Catholic journalist must condescend. This however would we remark—That, were the "Romish" Church the indulgent mother that her enemies represent her to be—could she be induced to wink at the frailties of her children, or to modify her doctrines so as to accommodate herself to their passions—were she a little less exacting and inexorable in insisting upon a thorough repentance and amendment of life as the indispensable condition of absolution—or could she be persuaded to encourage her children in the notion that heaven can be won on easier terms than those of a pure and holy life—she would in all human probability still number an Achilli and a L'Hereux amongst the most faithful and attached of her sons; just as some three hundred years ago, if she could have been induced to tolerate amongst her formularies, and to propound as truth, the disgusting Antinomianism of Luther, Calvin, and the fathers of modern Protestantism, the great apostasy of the XVI. century would not have occurred. But it is just because she can do none of these things—because she teaches that, without repentance, without a lively hatred of all sin, and a total abandonment of "all bad habits"—no exterior acts, no payments of money, no amount of self-inflicted austerities, can avail for the remission of sins—that the confirmed drunkard, the inveterate thief, the irreclaimable libertine, and all who find these conditions too hard, turn against her; and that, instead of being still a bright and shining light of the Romish Church, the Rev. M. L'Hereux is now breaking the bread of life to the French Canadian Papists in Vermont, varying that interesting occupation with the manufacture of evangelical falsehoods for the delectation of the readers of the "American and Foreign Christian Union."

"THOSE CONVERSIONS."—Poor old Granny of the Christian Guardian of Toronto has been wickedly and cruelly "imposed upon," as Mrs. Gamp would say. The account given in her columns some four weeks ago, of the "conversion of two Romanists at the Mono Camp Meeting"—and of how they narrated the Lord's marvellous dealings with them—and how He had opened their eyes—and how He had translated them from darkness into light—and how upon reading the Bible they had become suddenly convinced of the errors of Popery—and how they were most anxious to make their poor erring Romish brethren sharers in their blessed privileges—and how cock-sure they were of their own salvation, and of the damnation of all Papists, and how happy they both felt in consequence—and all the rest of the blasphemous rignarole in use upon these occasions—turns out now to be a "fabrication"—a naughty hoax played off upon that poor dear old Mrs. Harris who does the pious dodge for the Christian Guardian. 'Tis really too bad to play such heartless tricks upon such a poor imbecile creature.

THE REVOLT IN INDIA

Of the small esteem in which prophets—especially if they prophecy unpleasant things—are held in their own country, we have a notable instance in the case of the late Sir Charles Napier; whose reiterated warnings, and predictions as to the inevitable results of the "system" in India, and of the imminent danger of a revolt amongst the native races, were treated with indifference, and but ill-disguised contempt by the officials of the "Circumlocution Office" to whom they were addressed. Recent events, however, having given to these prophecies a melancholy notoriety, the Times produces them, when it is too late, and seems inclined to do justice to the great man who uttered them.

For it is now evident that Sir Charles Napier clearly foresaw, years ago, the dangers to which British authority in India was exposed; and pointed out, at the same time, the line of policy to be followed in order to avoid the impending calamity. For this he was sneered at in his day as a hot-headed, impetuous old fool; treated coldly by the authorities, and given to understand that his advice was not needed. Now, however—his predictions justified by the event—he is quoted with respect, and his last words are listened to, as those of a man who, if living, might still preserve to Great Britain her Indian Empire: "and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

"For years," says the Times "it has been known that Sir Charles Napier felt the most grievous dissatisfaction with the state of things in India; and that he had incurred the wrath of his rulers by the freedom of his tongue. But what did this matter? His authority was as dust in the scale compared with the vast reality of an empire which had survived so many hostile predictions, and which it was often said required rather a certain assimilation to the Oriental character, than so striking a contrast as the energetic Englishman is apt to become. Hence it is that even the British public, ever alive as it is to all misgovernment at home, and quick to hear complaints, was not roused by the known indignation and misgivings of Sir Charles Napier. In fact, what could we do? We have only just renewed and largely modified the Charter, with hopes of improvement. As for the Army, that we could not reach. These standing armies do indeed stand. The highest military reason is that a thing is so. Why, for example, did we make Delhi a strong fortress, surround it with new bastions, excavate a deep ditch out of the granite rock, leave within it a hundred thousand muskets, two parks of the heaviest artillery in India, and powder enough to blaze away at any enemy for a year, and then place the whole in the sole charge of three native regiments? Why did we not see the absurdity of this course? The answer is, that it always was so in Indian memory. It has been so the whole of this century, and no harm has come of it.

What is described in these passages from the Life of Sir Charles Napier is the gradual extinction of the British element in the native Indian Army, and the simultaneous elevation of the Hindoo. Had there been a compact by virtue of which we were gradually to surrender our dominion, to relinquish step by step the ground won for us by a succession of conquerors above our own standard, to let the Hindoo acquire the strength, the rank, the self-confidence, the absolute independence, and the contempt of ourselves necessary to qualify him for doing without us, we could not have done otherwise than we have. Here we see the picture of an immense army, of the finest men the country could produce; full of caste and prejudice; well paid; with wives, children, and camp followers; completely officered by their own race; these officers men of years, experience, and dignified character; and everything, in a word, that could make a good native army. We see a long indulgence of native pride and scruples to an extent unknown in our own army at home. On the other hand, we see the British officers of these noble regiments generally reduced to a few youths, learning their profession from the very men they are sent to command and oversee; spending their time in amusements, or, worse, in idleness; or, if they do learn and practise their profession, forthwith transferred to some civil employment. The collection of the revenue, which is said to have drained the Judicial Department of its best heads, robbed the Army also of its ablest hands. Thus in many regiments England has become only a name, as much a name as the puppet we left on the throne of the Mogul and his feudatories. What remained intact, what improved, and grew stronger day by day was the native organization. There were, indeed, pageants of Mahomedan Royalty, and there were also other men in buckram that stood for the British conqueror. History recorded itself in a few foreign uniforms and idle ceremonies. There was nothing real but the native, and that reality was witnessed with respectful alarm by such men as Sir Charles Napier, with blind indifference by such men as Sir William Gomm, and, we must add with pain, Lord Dalhousie. So Sir Charles protested and prophesied. He knew the breath would be hardly out of his body before the whole rotten fabric would crumble to pieces, but he would not be the Cassandra of India, the laughing-stock of Directors and Departments. He would, indeed, have protested in vain. He did protest in vain. His own life and character were a continental protest against the indolence and luxury of the Englishman who plays the soldier to the increasing contempt of the Hindoo. Sir Charles was laughed at, snubbed, caricatured, and finally beaten from the field, warning his friends to the last of the impending catastrophe."

Of the probable result of this Indian revolt, and of its effects upon the future destinies of the British Empire both in the East and in the West, it would be in vain to speculate at the present moment; for we are still but imperfectly acquainted with its origin, and are altogether ignorant of its extent, and of its object. Whilst, according to some, it is confined to Bengal, and a mere military outbreak, others pretend to read therein the signs of a deep seated and universal hatred of British rule, amongst the native races. To conquer these races by force of arms, now that we have given them our tactics, weapons, and discipline, would seem almost impossible to the gigantic power of Great Britain; to win back their affections by adopting a new mode of action towards them is incompatible with British traditions, and British practice; and if neither by force, nor blandishments, can the hostility of the natives be subdued, the chances of long retaining hold of India by the aid of a European army would seem to be but small.

We subjoin some extracts from the "Life of Sir Charles Napier" by his brother Sir Wil-

liam, which will throw some light both on the origin of the late mutiny, and the causes of its rapid spread, and almost universal success:—

INDIAN POLITICAL SYSTEM.—"The Indian system seems to be the crushing of the native plebeian and supporting the aristocrat: who reason and facts tell us is our deadly enemy. He must always be, for we step into his place; he descends in the scale of society and we stand on his head. The riot is ruined by us, though willing to be our friend. Yet he is the man to whom we trust for keeping India, and the only one who can take it from us if we ill-use him, for he then joins his hated natural chief. The final result of our Indian conquests no man can predict; but if we take the people by the hand we may count on ruling India for ages. Justice, rigid justice, even severe justice, will work miracles—it has its basis in the desire of man for protection against cruelty, and cannot be shaken. India is safe if so ruled. But such deeds are done as make me wonder that we hold it a year."

INDIAN STYLE OF BUSINESS.—"The whole style of the civil and military correspondence in India is bad and vulgar, and not business-like. Instead of pith, half a sheet is filled with titles and references and dates, where a Horse Guards' letter would at once touch the subject; and when you wade through this stuff you come to nothing comprehensible at last, and you have then to refer to other letters for explanation of the one in your hand."

SOURCES OF ALL THE EVIL.—"The greatest evil is the army doing the civil work, while an immense civil army does nothing but plunder the land; it ruins the regular army, and so places everything in danger; our army is deteriorating while the natives are improving! A few years ago there was not a firearm in India that had not a matchlock; the other day in the Kohat defile we did not take one! All were flintlocks, and the native princes now shoot with detonators. These are seemingly small matters, but signs of the times."

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.—"One of the great evils in India, as far as I can perceive, is that every head of an office fancies himself a gentleman, who is to amuse himself and sign papers presented by his clerks; and they, gradually getting better coats on, vote themselves gentlemen too. Of course more clerks are required, and large establishments are formed without reason. When Pombal seized the Government of Lisbon he found 22,000 clerks; he cut the thousands down to 200. This has always appeared to me a lesson well suited to India, where young gentlemen of the civil service have a servant to wash every distinct toe."

ARMY REFORM.—"I have not in 20 months done what could be done if I remained; but having no real power I could only give a vigorous tone to the army, which it had in a great degree lost. Next to tone I ought to have drawn the cords of discipline and drill tight, but could not without time and camps of instruction, neither of which could I obtain. But before I could improve discipline the troops must have been freed from the oppressive civil duties imposed on them. Until this is done no good can be done; until a police is formed no good can be done; the troops all go to the devil on those duties."

THE GREAT MILITARY EVIL.—"The great military evil of India which strikes me is this. All the old officers get snug places, and regiments are left to boys. The 8th Native Infantry were on parade for inspection last week 800 strong, and there were only three officers, of whom two had not been dismissed drill! This will not do; the men look to the native officer; and he, teaching the Sahab, naturally looks upon him as his pupil not his master. Some day evil will arise from all this. If I had a voice I would insist upon field officers being with their regiments and not holding civil situations, at least not more than one field officer and one captain being away on civil employments. That officers do civil duties far better than civil servants I have not the slightest doubt, but then there ought to be more officers. Sir Thomas Munro, I hear, said he thought three officers were sufficient for regiments. This is high authority, yet I confess to thinking him wrong; or else, which is very possible, the state of the army and style of officer have changed—not altogether better nor altogether worse, but become different."

SKETCH OF INDIAN ARMY.—"The general framework of this army is bad. The officers appear better staff officers than ours, but as regimental officers worse. There is nothing I can remedy as a major-general; plenty that should be quickly arranged were I Commander-in-Chief. People here are full of the superiority of Europeans, which as regards the soldiers is perhaps true. I have not seen the others fight. But the mistake is this. The former European officer was the enterprising, hard-headed, daring fellow who taught and formed the Sepoy—the Clives, Laurences, Bussys, &c. The present European is a youngster who makes curry, drinks champagne, and avoids the sun; in 10 or 12 years, if he has brains and health, he acquires some knowledge and is put on the staff; thus the regiments are constantly commanded by lieutenants. At this moment a troop of horse artillery here is commanded by a cadet of 15, who came out with me, and whom I puzzled by asking him what the dispar of a gun was!"

While this deterioration of the European goes on the native officer seems to acquire a higher grade in general estimation, because from want of European officers the young and ignorant command nominally, while the natives, ever at their posts, are the real officers and very good ones too! There is a great cry for more regimental officers, because the few there are have more work than they like; but no one seems to foresee that your young inexperienced wild cadet will some day find the Indian army taken out of his hands by the Soubadars, who are men of high caste and very daring. Many have got orders of merit for noble actions. The Soubadars are steady, respectful, thoughtful, stern-looking men, very zealous and very military, the sole instructors of all our soldiers."

PREDICTION OF MUTINY IN THE INDIAN ARMY.—"Old Indians say, 'There is no respect for you in India without magnificence and show.' A greater fallacy does not exist. Trumpery and humping are our enemies in India, as they were and are the enemies of the barbaric Princes. Such folly ruined them and will ruin us, for if we continue to imitate the Eastern style our officers will deteriorate, and the native officers will take the empire from us. A radical reform of the Indian army and an increase of European officers is absolutely necessary. Some years hence, for they will not increase the officers, my words will prove prophetic. The Sepoy now has no European officers to look to—no captain I mean; he is devoted to us as yet, but we take no pains to preserve his attachment. It is no concern of mine, I shall be dead before what I foresee will take place, but it will take place. I would give this opinion in writing if it would do the Company any good; but it will not, for everything I say or do is looked upon as war against them, and I will not play Cassandra for the directors to jeer and laugh."

EUROPEAN OFFICERS AND SEPOYS.—"Experience tells us that young men naturally are glad to avoid the details of a company which they do not understand and see shifted about from one to another. The native officer is ready to take those details in his hands, and this recent desertion is a decided result, the like of which will on a larger scale again happen. The European officer is loved by the Sepoy, for he is honorable and just generally; he is the man to lead him in battle, and therefore the man to keep him in discipline—he is capable of making the Indian army march to Moscow, but he must have fair play. Courage, zeal, ability, and a white face he has; but he must also have experience, which can only be given by keeping him with his regiment, not by giving charge of two companies to an ensign who was the month before in vulgar fractions at Addiscombe. That youth may lead them in a storm, but

he cannot command them in a battle; much less in a gay cantonment with women, balls, and races; saying nothing of beer, which I dare not now speak of. I have in some remarks on military law, and their new article of war sent to me for my opinion, told them all this. I said, give 10 captains, if not five, but call them grand division captains and let them have the divisions, that the Sepoy may have a captain to look up to, and be protected by a man who has taught him to be a soldier—not by a boy whom he has taught. My opinion will be disregarded and I will give no more, but the present system will have a bad result some fine day as sure as God made Moses; and the Court of Directors will sell the grandest empire the world ever saw."

Well may the Times ask:— "How is it that warnings so long neglected, and that Napier, irascible and unconciliating though he was, came to be treated as a meddling old fool? If, as we believe, Sir Charles did not go the right way to work, still the facts were patent, and, in spite of Sir William Gomm's assertion that when he surrendered his command he left the Bengal army in a "perfectly healthy state of discipline" we are compelled to the conclusion that the troops were fast ripening to revolt.

ORDINATIONS.—There were ordained on Sunday last in the Bishop's chapel, by His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, the following gentlemen:—Sub-Deacons—MM. T. Prevost and P. Rondeault. Deacon—M. T. Thibaudau.—Priests—MM. F. Perreault and J. Lonergan.

MILITARY PIC-NIC.—The annual pic-nic of Volunteer Rifle Companies No. 4 and 5, came off at Guilbault's gardens on Monday last with great eclat. The forenoon had unfortunately been cloudy, with some heavy showers; but the weather clearing up about noon, the grounds were speedily filled with a large and most respectable body of our fellow-citizens; amongst whom we distinguished Colonels Ermatinger and David, as also Capt. Evans, Stevenson, and other officers of our civic Military Companies. The arrangements were admirable; several bands of music were in attendance; and betwixt the intervals of the jigs and reels which followed in quick succession, the company were amused with the games, and races of a number of Indians, who had been especially invited to the festival. The best of order and harmony prevailed throughout, till the decline of day warned the assembled revelers that it was time to bid farewell to the spot where they had spent so many happy hours, but where it is to be hoped that they will again have the pleasure of meeting in similar circumstances, and under the auspices of the gallant officers of Captains Devlin's and Bartley's splendid Rifle Companies.

The malicious paragraph that appeared in the Montreal Witness of Wednesday last, reflecting on the behaviour of the said "Companies," and upon the management of M. Guilbault's Gardens, is scarce worthy of notice. To Colonels Ermatinger and David, who were upon the ground, we would refer our cotemporary, for information as to the conduct of Companies No. 4 and 5; which are indeed composed of Irish Catholics—just as many other "Companies" of our Civic force are composed exclusively of Protestants—but whose men and officers are, in every respect, at least the equals of those of any "Volunteer Company" in Canada.

Of M. Guilbault's excellently managed pleasure grounds, we need say nothing; for they are too well known in Montreal to be injured by the fanciful ravings of a foul mouthed liar and hypocrite—whose religion consists in slandering his neighbors, and all who will not conform to his anile superstitions about Sabbath observances. This however we may say, that M. Guilbault is a public benefactor in that he keeps his gardens open on the Sunday; as he thereby keeps hundreds from the grog-shop and other places of debauch. We trust therefore that he may long be spared to us; and that a discriminating public will testify their sense of the efforts he is incessantly making for their accommodation, by giving him their warm and steady encouragement.

THE "BOSTON PILOT" OFF THE TRACK.—We find in our Boston cotemporary the following item, which will be news indeed to our friends in Montreal:— "The disturbances at Montreal on the 13th ult., grew out of an outrage committed upon a priest on the 12th by an engine company."

For the last year or two, indeed ever since Canada was mentioned as a good place for emigrants to settle in, the Boston Pilot has had, in almost every issue, some choice tit-bit of calumny regarding this Province. Ever on the watch, as it would seem, to pick up anything that might tend to blacken Canada, or to lessen its attractions to the undecided emigrant looking round for a place of settlement, it, as occasion may suit, trumps up, or fabricates, some "cock and a bull" story or another to effect its purpose. Of this kind is the above; which, if not a pure fiction, is at least so grossly exaggerated and distorted, as to be almost, if not quite, as good. The fact is, that there was no priest in Montreal, insulted by an "engine company" either on the 12th or any subsequent day. Will the Boston Pilot make a note of this?

That a priest was insulted, menaced, and grossly abused by an individual Orangeman on the afternoon of the 12th ult., is perfectly true; as it is also, that to the indignation excited amongst our Catholic population by this assault upon an amiable and inoffensive gentleman, and one whose garb alone should have sufficed to protect him from violence, must, in a great measure, be at-

tributed the row that took place on the following day. But, there is a wide distinction to be made betwixt the act of an individual, and that of one of our organized civic bodies. The first might occur any where, without attracting much notice; the other, if not repudiated by the civic authorities, would indicate a very low state of public morals, and a gross neglect of duty upon the part of the paid guardians of the public peace. We have our faults in Canada; we have Orange and other ruffians, it is true; just as there are plenty of "Plug-Uglies," "Know-Nothings," and kindred blackguards in the United States; but, thank God, at our worst, we are better off in this respect than are our neighbors at their best. Has the Boston Pilot, for instance, no recollection of a Catholic priest having been seized by a Protestant mob, ridden upon a rail, and otherwise maltreated—not a hundred years ago, not a thousand miles from Boston—and without, as yet, any punishment having been inflicted upon the perpetrators? And hereupon we would remind our cotemporary of the proverb:— "Ejice primum trabem de oculo tuo, et tunc videbis ejicere festucam de oculo fratris tui."

SUNDAY SPORTS.—We clip the following from our London exchanges, as a pleasing sign of an improved state of public opinion upon the Sunday Question. Men, it seems, are beginning to entertain serious doubts whether the most acceptable homage that the powerful and wealthy can offer to a God of infinite Charity, is to deprive His creatures, and their poorer brethren, of all innocent recreations on the only day when, to the working classes—that is, to the great majority of the human race—recreation is possible. "Music for the Million"—is, we hope, about to supersede in a great measure the attractions of the Gin Palace and grog-shop:— On Sunday last the "People's Band" again performed in Regent's Park, in the presence of about 10,000 persons; and at Victoria Park there were upwards of 15,000 present. The proceedings were carried out with decorum, and the utmost order prevailed during the performances, which were chiefly sacred music."

RATHER MYSTERIOUS.—A correspondent of the Merrickville Chronicle asks "what has become of the proceeds of an Orange Soiree held in March 1856," and with the "ostensible purpose of creating the nucleus of a fund to build an Orange Hall." The writer insinuates that the "nest-egg" has been lost, and the Brethren most egregiously sold.

AN ELECTIONEERING "DODGE."—We read in the Toronto Colonist that Mr. Cayley, by way of making a little political capital "has just made a present of a ten dollar Bible to each Orange Lodge in the County." This is certainly a novel, and somewhat startling use of the "Word of God;" and the Colonist remarks thereupon—"We have truth prostituted, and violated at elections already, without bringing the Bible into the contests."

An attempt was made to blow up the nearly completed "House of Providence" at Toronto on the night of the 11th inst. The Mayor has promptly offered a reward of £100 for the discovery of the criminals, though hitherto no steps have been taken to arrest and bring to punishment the ruffians who attacked the Cathedral during the Orange riots of last month. A discharged soldier of the name of Lawlor—a converted Romanist? of the Presbyterian sect, according to a correspondent of the New Era—has been arrested on suspicion of having been engaged in the attempt on the "House of Providence" excited thereunto by feelings of hostility against one of the sub-contractors on the building, who owed him money.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Packenham, J. Mantil, 6s 3d; St. Vincent, J. F. La Roche, 12s 6d; Rev. Mr. Lavoie, 10s; Brighton, Mass. U.S. P. Moley, 10s; Prescott, W. McGannon, 12s 6d; Picton, E. W. Gray, 12s 6d; R. Cain, 7s 6d; Alexandria, K. McDonald, £1; St. Catherine's, Rev. W. Dunne, £1 5s; Millbrook, P. Maguire, 10s; St. John's, C. E. F. Marchand, 12s 6d; St. Hermas, 10s; L. Turcott, £2 2s 6d; Thero Rivers, P. Scannell, 10s; Dalhousie Mills, J. O'Kavanagh, 6s; Vroomant, J. McCann, £1; Manara, E. Lennox, 15s; St. Athanas, D. Tasse, 12s 6d; Prince Edward Island, J. Kilbride, 12s 6d; Pointe Claire, W. Rowan, 3s; Antigonish, N.S., D. Grant, 17s 6d; Drummondville, Miss Fryer, 3s; Richmond, P. Flynn, 10s; Prescott, T. Carberry, 18s 6d; Carleton Place, G. W. P. Galvin, 12s 6d; St. Scholastique, J. Murphy, 15s; Finch, T. Kennedy, 12s 6d; North Gower, J. McSweeney, 5s; Hawkesbury, J. Cashion, 6s 3d; Babyville, M. Ryan, 12s 6d; St. Hyacinthe, E. Flynn, 10s; Prescott, M. Tracy, £1; Trenton, E. P. Ford, 10s; Lacolle, W. M. Hart, 5s; Vankleeckhill, M. McDonell, 10s; St. Martine, Rev. Mr. Blythe, £1; Muskinnonge, Rev. L. E. Bois, £1 5s.

Per G. A. Hay, Cornwall—Self, 12s 6d; A. Grant, 12s 6d; A. McIntosh, 12s 6d; F. McRae, 7s 6d; A. Clishold, 6s 3d. Per J. Roberts, Amherstburg, P. Madden, 6s 3d. Per Rev. J. Dollard, Kingston—Self, 12s 6d; T. Keenan, 10s; Wolfe Island, J. Hawkins, 6s 3d; Rev. J. Foley, 15s 9d. Per J. Blonfield, Egansville—Rev. J. A. Straine, £1 5s; J. McKiernan, £1 5s; J. Perrigo, £1 5s; P. Piercy, £2 11s; T. O'Gorman, £2 10s; F. Gallaher, £1 5s; G. Lappoluir, 12s 6d; M. J. Hickey, £2 10s; T. McMahon, 12s 6d; W. Toole, £1 17s 6d; T. O'Shaughnessy, Jr., £2 10s; Timothy O'Gorman, 12s 6d; J. Rice, £1 17s 6d; D. Nolan, £1 5s. Per Rev. J. B. Proulx, Oshawa—Self, 10s; D. Leonard, 10s; P. Wall, 10s; D. Dalloa, 10s; E. Dunn, 10s; J. McMahon, 10s; Mitchell, J. Prendible, 10s. Per Rev. J. S. O'Connor, Cornwall—Self, 17s 6d; M. Murray, 12s 6d; J. R. McDonald, 5s. Per D. McDonald, Alexandria—Self 5s; A. Williams, 6s 3d; Capt. A. B. Macdonell, 12 6d. Per J. Heenan, Thorold—P. McKaigue, 12s 6d. Per Rev. J. Rossiter, Stoneyton—J. Kennedy, 12s 6d; Gananogue, E. Johnston, 2s 6d. Per J. Hagan, Gatinoue Point—T. H. Finn, 15s. Per J. Furlong, Wellington—Self, 5s; J. H. Kavanagh, 5s. Per Rev. C. Wardy, Niagara—E. McCahy, 12s 6d; Corporal Maguire, 12s 6d. Per A. McDonell, Morrisburgh—Self, £1 5s; T. Dardis, 12s 6d; M. Donegan, 12s 6d. Per Rev. J. Farrelly, Lindsay—G. Kempf, £1 5s; North Eildon, P. Mooney, 10s. Per E. McArde, St. Catherine's—H. McSloy, 12s. Per J. Knowlson, Oshawa—Self, 6s 3d; H. McLaughlin, 6s 3d; R. Smith, 7s 6d. Per A. McPhail, Morrisburgh—G. W. Buckley, 6s 3d. Per Rev. Mr. Lalor, Picton—J. Lalor, 10s.

ROBBER.—We regret to learn that some of the light fingered gentry were at work last evening at the Conversations given by the Natural History Society, in the City Concert Hall. Professor Silliman was relieved of about one hundred dollars well promendaged the hall. Strangers, when in crowded places, would do well to be on the look out for such characters.—Pilot 14th inst.

On Monday afternoon Mr. H. Fisher, Agent for a lumbering establishment on the Ottawa, drew \$2000 from the Bank of Montreal, in one and two dollar bills, with the exception of \$60 in silver. Having placed the money in a small valise, he went into Dolly's to get some refreshment, giving it in charge to a nephew with him who placed it by his side.—When about to leave, the valise was missed. It was discovered yesterday morning in a market cart at the St. Ann's Market cut open, and all the money gone, with the exception of ten dollars in silver. No clue to the perpetrator has yet been discovered.—Advertiser.

A MOST DIABOLICAL MURDER.—We learn from the Ottawa Citizen of Saturday that Mr. Alexander Simpson, a farmer, aged 43, residing in the Township of Greentown, County of Renfrew, on the line of the Ontario road, 18 miles from Renfrew, was murdered in his own house on the 10th instant, by two ruffians, who also killed Mrs. Noble, her two daughters, and a young man named Bossie, who was attracted to the house by their cries. An inquest was held upon the body of Simpson, but without discovering any evidence as to the identity of the murderers.

ONE OF GEORGE BROWN'S BOYS.—The Kitchen Keeper or Bursar of the Penitentiary at Kingston, one of the model officers introduced by Mr. George Brown, has been dismissed for peculation. He is accused of having an interest in contracts for supplies, and of exaggerating the amount and quality of the articles consumed, dividing the profit on these nefarious transactions with the contractors. Since December last, he returned the amount of firewood received as 600 cords, but a check having been kept of it by a person set to watch him, it turned out to be 393½. The same system appears to have obtained with all the supplies of the institution. Mostyn is said to have made several thousands of pounds in this manner since his appointment.—Commercial Advertiser.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—The Complete Toilette for 25 and 50 cents. No more hair oils, plomades and powders, or soaps. The "Persian Balm" does away with them all—it is a splendid article.

BIRTHS. In this city, on the 17th instant, the wife of C. J. Coursol, Esq., of a son.

MARRIED. At the Parish Church, in this city, on the 17th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Connolly, Mr. Thomas McKenna, to Miss Bridget O'Neill.

DIED. On the 17th instant, Mary, daughter of Mr. P. Ronayne, of this city, aged 8 years, 1 month, and 21 days.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES. August 18, 1857. Table listing prices for various commodities like Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, etc.

BOARDING SCHOOL AT LONGUEUIL.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES OF JESUS AND MARY, at Longueuil, will RE-OPEN on the FIRST of SEPTEMBER. Longueuil, 14th August, 1857.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, WESTCHESTER Co., NEW YORK.

STUDIES will be RESUMED in this Institution on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2d. R. I. TELLIER, S. J., Pres.

WANTED, IN School District No 3, in the Parish of St. Alphonse, County of Joliette, a FEMALE TEACHER (having a Diploma) competent to teach French and English. Applications addressed to the undersigned, will be punctually attended to. LUKE CORCORAN, Sec. Tre. of School Commissioners. St. Alphonse, 15th August, 1857.

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

P. J. FOGARTY, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, 21 St. Sacramento, and 28 St. Nicholas Streets.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF LIQUORS and GENERAL GROCERIES just received in Store, and will be disposed of on most REASONABLE TERMS, wholesale only.

A LUXURY FOR "HOME." IF our readers would have a positive Luxury for the Toilet, purchase a Bottle of the "Persian Balm" for Cleansing the Teeth, Shaving, Champeeing, Bathing; Removing Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Sun-marks, and all disagreeable appearances of the skin. It is unequalled. No Traveller should be without this beautiful preparation; as it soothes the Burning sensation of the Skin while Travelling, and renders it soft. No person can have Sore or Chapped Hands, or Face, and use the "Persian Balm" at their Toilet. Try this great "Home Luxury." S. S. BLODGETT & Co., Proprietors, Ogdensburg, N. Y. LAMPLUGH & CAMPBELL, (Wholesale Agents), Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.—We learn that His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, who has received from the Holy See a special mission in favor of the work of the Propagation of the Faith, will visit Amiens during the pastoral retreat, and will, by permission of the Ordinary, preach to the assembled Clergy on the subject of this admirable work. It is known that the Missionary Bishop will not permit any collection to be made. It is much to be regretted that this zealous Prelate will not be able to exercise his Apostolic labors but in those dioceses which the railways will enable him to visit, owing to the short time His Lordship will be able to stay among us.

The Paris correspondent of the Weekly Register writes:—"Good-bye for Paris," said a young friend of mine, on leaving his native French town to visit an uncle residing in the metropolis; "and before I have quitted the station five minutes, everything will be known about me in our great city;—who I am, whence I came, why I came, where I go to, with a thousand details about me which I have never thought to ask about myself." Is such a system of espionage kept up there? I naturally inquired; and the reply put me in possession of the information, now becoming generally known, that the secret police of Paris is a formidable thing, and as necessary as formidable in the present transition state of France. From the depths of the most horrid revolution ever known, to the free exercise of the grand and noble feeling so inherent in the bosom of the good of that great nation. This same secret police has been the means of detecting a conspiracy hatched in the dark recesses of London, and which a fortnight ago I only dared hint at; but you will find the hint I gave as to the "illustrious victims" it was to have included, was fearfully true. I dared not say more in that letter, lest I should cast a shade on the brightly truthful pages of your paper, for which it is renewed, for these fearful things were then only beginning to be whispered, and might have been exaggerated. This very serious affair will be investigated next week, and will be one of the first after the opening of the session on the 3rd August. M. Zangiacomi will preside. The seat of the public minister will be occupied by M. Barbier. Many witnesses will be called, and the publicity given to the evidence will bring much important information to light; for several of these witnesses are persons having a certain political notoriety, and they will be called on to explain why their countenance was expected to be given to the frustrated schemes of revolution. The Emperor and Empress will embark at Havre on the 4th or 5th, for the Isle of Wight, strictly incognito. The harvest is going on most satisfactorily. The grapes in the environs of Paris are unusually precious. The differences between Mgr. De Dreux-Breze, Bishop of Moulins, and the two members of his clergy, are being happily arranged.

ITALY.

A letter from Leghorn of the 21st ult. informs us that 20 of the individuals arrested for the affair of the 30th of June had been set at liberty, but fresh arrests were being made every day. The greatest vigilance was exercised at the port. On the 21st the police surrounded an English steampacket on its entrance into the harbor, and searched it strictly, but without finding anything. The English Consul was present at the search. It is said that the Tuscan Government expects a certain person to arrive there whom it is anxious to arrest.

Rome.—Hereafter many characteristic anecdotes of the Papal journey will, no doubt, become public. We have already received some on the good authority of one who was in attendance on the Holy Father. Let me be allowed to furnish one of them to your world-pervading print. His Holiness was in Rimini, was moving through the fluctuating throng of gazers, when a woman, screaming vehemently, "Santo Padre, Santo Padre," tried to force her way through the Guardia Nobile, holding a petition up on high. The guards thrust her back. She shrieked all the more dismally. Pope Pius IX. heard the cry of distress, and, turning round, ordered the poor creature to be suffered to advance.—She flings herself at his feet, and hands him her petition. His Holiness assures the woman that he will read it as soon as may be, and if possible grant it. With these gracious words the Pope hands the paper to one of the Cameriere. But the woman stays his arm and pressingly entreats that the Holy Father will read her petition on the instant. The matter will brook no delay.—Thereupon the Pope read the petition on the spot, and so loud that the poor woman could hear every word and know that no line was missed. It was a petition of her husband for pardon, and for leave to return from banishment. "What was your husband banished for?" The woman, somewhat confused, replied—"He was so unfortunate as to be involved in the late political disturbances." Then the Pope, fixing her with those clear and speaking eyes, said with emphasis, "Did your husband write this petition himself?" The woman shrunk and stammered, "No—we wrote it—he—only—signed it." The Holy Father glanced at the signature, and says—"He hasn't signed it either. That is not true; if he wants pardon he must give some sign of a change of mind. At least he must himself petition, then I will see what can be done. But merely out of regard to others, to let the disturbers of the peace return to make new troubles, I cannot and I will not do it." With such patience, presence of mind, and caution did the Ruler and Pastor despatch the importunate petition before all the people, and in the middle of his suite. The poor woman drew back abashed, yet not disconsolate. Let me tell an incident of one of Gregory XVI's journeys:—On the road to Loretto Pope Gregory visited a prison in which many political offenders were confined. They had contrived at the entrance to hang out a large paper with the inscription, "Et in terra pax hominibus." Add, *bonae voluntatis* to complete the sentence, said at once the Pope, and their laconic petition was returned to the prisoners with

the laconic addition, Gregory XVI. was not easily persuaded to grant amnesties. He was a keen-eyed reader of men's hearts. He knew that political passions are very seldom assuaged by magnanimity and kindness. Pius IX. once came himself, when he was Archbishop of Spoleto, at the head of a deputation to the throne of Gregory to pray for pardon for political prisoners. The amiable Archbishop pleaded with such warmth, and address that the strict Pontiff was affected and granted pardon. The event increased the popularity of the gentle Mastai Ferretti in an extraordinary degree, and innumerable hopes were built on him. These hopes, founded on his kindness, were not disappointed. Pius IX. poured forth pardons in abundance. But very few of those who received it kept their promises. It is certain that Pius IX. even now longs to grant an amnesty quite as earnestly as others to receive it. But to dangerous and unconditional amnesties Pius IX. for all the goodness of his heart, is not to be misled. The anecdote of Rimini may serve to prove both the inclination and the resolution of the Holy Father. Let those who want the Pope's pardon make it possible for the Pope to grant it to them.—*Cor. of the Tablet.*

AUSTRIA.

The great Continental Powers, and particularly Austria, regard Piedmont in the words of the Austrian official journal, as "the forge in which are fabricated the arms—moral and material—by which attempts are made to revolutionize the neighboring states." The *Austrian Gazette* has declared the willingness of the English Government to adopt suppressive measures towards the foreign conspirators in London; but it is more than probable that Lord Palmerston will content himself by expressing his regret, and endeavoring to cajole the other Powers, rather than consent to the extradition of the refugees.—*Weekly Register.*

The Austrian police have now, it is said, ascertained beyond a doubt that Mazzini spent some days in Milan not a month ago. He subsequently passed through Como into Switzerland, disguised as a miller and diving an ass.

PRUSSIA.

The following despatch from Berlin, dated July 21st, is published by the *Morning Post*:—"The governments who are parties to the Zollverein collectively claim for England, through the medium of Prussia, an indemnity from the losses sustained by their subjects at Canton—the bombardment having taken place without previous intimation to their consuls."

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.—The *Times*' correspondent has the following remarks upon the reception of the Russian Emperor by the Protestant population of Berlin:—"The only feature of the reception at the railway station not provided for in the programme was the presence there of some hundreds of Berliners, who had come out for the day by a cheap excursion train, for it seems a leading doctrine of popular religion here in the summer that Sunday is a day to be devoted to the *ad fresco* worship of the sun.—*Cor. of Times.*

SWITZERLAND.

The National Council in Switzerland has voted 50,000 francs for the erection of a Catholic church in Berne. This is a noteworthy historical event. Since the Reformation Catholics, if not wholly banished from Berne, were only tolerated there. By this resolution they receive a public recognition as a religious body, with the same rights as Protestants. Truly, the struggle was severe, and the most diverging reasons were offered to prevent the resolution being adopted, at least to the whole extent of the committee's proposal. In some of the voters Materialism in its grossest form displayed itself, and the most radical of Radicals, Councillor Augustine Keller, of Aarau, declared that the debate would make no good impression on the population. General Dufour spoke with earnestness and dignity for the subvention. "If the boasted ideas of confederated brotherly love and toleration were seriously meant, let them be ratified to-day. The eyes of the whole Catholic world were on the present conduct of the government." So spoke the austere Genevese Calvinist. Yet, after all, the grant is only based upon the circumstance that Berne, as the residence of the government of the Federation and of the diplomatic corps, ought to possess a Catholic church, and that it behooved the Confederation to provide for a long-felt want. The grant of 50,000 francs was carried by 61 votes to 28.—*Allg. Zeit.*

RUSSIA.

A letter from St. Petersburg of the 18th ult. states that the standing army of Russia is to be reduced, and that the Prussian system of a landwehr, or militia, is to be adopted.

THE EMPERORS OF RUSSIA AND OF THE FRENCH.—The Emperor of Russia, who arrived on the 25th at Berlin, will leave directly for St. Petersburg, by way of Stettin. He will return in the month of September, when it is supposed that the meeting between him and the Emperor of the French, now negotiating, is to take place.

INDIA.

The mutiny had continued to spread among the troops of the Bengal army. The ex-King of Oude has been arrested, and with his minister, has been imprisoned in Fort William. The Government has obtained proof of his complicity in the conspiracy. Up to the 17th of June General Barnard had repulsed several sorties from Delhi with heavy loss to the insurgents. He was waiting for reinforcements. From Madras it is positively stated that Delhi has been captured, but the intelligence is not confirmed from Bombay, and seems premature. An Act has been passed by the Legislature placing the Indian press under a license system. The native troops at Calcutta and the Brigades at Barrackpore have been quietly disbanded. An uneasy feeling prevails at Madras, but the army of the Presidency and of Bombay are both without the slightest sign of disaffection. At Calcutta business both in exports and imports is almost at a standstill. The money-market is rather tighter. Government securities have declined.

The *Morning Chronicle* contained the following additional despatch:—"Delhi is still in the hands of the insurgents. There are no means of transport for the troops. A great battle has been fought, and the Europeans have been beaten." [Under this paragraph is written the word "doubtful."]

The Government despatch, made public on Thursday, does not vary considerably from that published in the *Times* on the previous day. It was forwarded by the British Vice-Consul at Trieste, and is as follows:—"ALEXANDRIA, July 22.—The Indian mail brings no authentic accounts of the capture of Delhi. It was not taken on the 10th ult., when General Barnard, having repulsed two sorties, was waiting for reinforcements, which must have since joined. A letter from Binny & Co., dated Madras, the 27th of June, states positively that official intelligence had reached Madras the previous day of the fall of Delhi; but this is not confirmed from Bombay on July 1st. The mutiny had spread considerably in the Bengal army, though it is not even now so general as might have been expected. At Benares, in attempting to disarm the 37th Native Infantry, the greater part of the Sikhs and the 13th Irregular Cavalry joined the mutineers. On June 14, the ex-King of Oude, implicated in the conspiracy by intercepted papers, was lodged in Fort William, and his followers disarmed. On the same day the native troops at Barrackpore and Calcutta were quickly (and quietly) disarmed. English troops are arriving fast. An Act has been passed by the Legislative Council for placing the Indian press under license, to be withdrawn at pleasure. In the Madras and Bombay Presidencies all remains quiet; the only disturbances being a mutiny of the 1st Nizamia (qy. Nizam's) Cavalry at Turungabad (qy. Furunhabad), promptly put down by a Bombay column."

The *Post* of Friday contains the following additional particulars, dated Marseilles:—"The Indian papers are full of details of the rebellion, which was universal in Bengal. The 70th (?) Corps has been disbanded. The 70th Native Infantry were thanked by the Governor for their loyalty. The 6th Native Infantry, at Allahabad, rivalled them in expressions of attachment, but rose upon their officers and foully murdered them. There are not the slightest symptoms of disaffection in Madras or Bombay. The Bengal army has ceased to exist. The stations where women and children have fallen victims to the barbarity of the mutineers, and where dreadful cruelties have been endured, are Meerut, Delhi, Nusseerabad, Hansi, Hissar, Jhansi, Bareilly, and Saghenwoor. On the 16th of June another sortie from Delhi was repulsed with great loss. On the 16th all was quiet. Three thousand rebels were encamped outside the Ajmere gate. From Mirzapore the accounts up to the 20th of June are satisfactory. Amongst the refugees from Repewa are Doctor and Mrs. Parker, Rev.—Rutherford and wife; from Benyon Sulhi, Wordsworth, Howard, Calles, Blandford, and Philpot. At Ferrozpore, on the 13th, military executions had taken place. At Jhansi ladies and children took refuge in the fort, which was soon overpowered—all sacrificed by these villains. Delhi is not likely to fall till more troops arrive. It is defended by 30,000 mutineers. Part of the plot had been to take Calcutta on the 23rd of May. It was most complete in its arrangements.—When discovered, the troops bound for China were sent for as fast as they could arrive at Calcutta. Sir Patrick Grant had come to Calcutta from Madras, and acted as Commander-in-Chief, but Sir Henry Somerset, in Bombay, holds the supreme command."

The *Morning Chronicle* mentions, on the authority of a gentleman who touched at Ceylon on his way from Australia, that that island had been almost denuded of white troops, and that an unpleasant feeling of danger and disaffection pervaded every class of white society. In fact, as was emphatically said, "the gangrene of the Indian Rebellion had spread to Ceylon."

CHINA.

Important news has come to hand from China.—The Government despatch says:—"Our naval forces in China on the 8th of June took a fort and destroyed about 127 junks, mounting 900 guns. Three officers and eight men were killed, and three officers and fifty-three men wounded on our side. The capture of thirteen junks, on the 27th of May, and twenty-seven junks on the 28th of May, are also mentioned. The dates are from Calcutta, June 21; Madras, June 28; Ceylon, July 1; Hong Kong, June 10; and Bombay, July 1."

Another account says:—"The Chinese fleet has been destroyed in two severe engagements. The Chinese fought their guns with unexampled constancy. We have 83 men killed and wounded.—Major Kearney was killed in the last engagement.—Commodore Keppel and the Master of the Raleigh have been tried for the loss of that vessel and acquitted. All is quiet in the North."

AUSTRALIA.

We recently mentioned the downfall of the O'Shanassy and Duffy Cabinet. Mr. Hafnes has again been called to power. The adverse vote of the Legislative Assembly, which led to the resignation of Mr. O'Shanassy, appears to the *Nation* to have been "One of those concerted manoeuvres, based upon personal interests, which could only be possible in a chamber so small, and which, contrary as it appears to have been to the public opinion of the colony, and indecent in its precipitancy, must recoil fatally on its promoters."

The same journal is quite sanguine of the speedy recall to power of Mr. O'Shanassy and Mr. Duffy, and of Mr. Haines the *Nation* says:—"We believe he will fall deplorably; and that his failure will make the O'Shanassy Ministry ten times as strong when it regains office, as it could be otherwise."

The following capital quiz is from a late number of the *Melbourne Punch*:—"In case of a motion affecting the fate of a Ministry, the Speaker shall 'toss up a penny, and, while the said penny is still in the air, the Hon. the Chief Secretary for the time being shall sing out, 'Heads' or 'Tails,' or some word synonymous with one or other of those two words; and if the said penny shall fall upon the floor of the house with the side designated as aforesaid by the Hon. the Chief Secretary upwards, then the Hon. the Chief Secretary and his colleagues shall remain in office; but if the side so designated as aforesaid shall be the under one, then the said Hon. Chief Secretary and his said colleagues shall at once forthwith well and truly resign: Provided always, that at any time prior to the fall of the said penny upon the floor, the said Hon. Chief Secretary, or the mover or seconder of such motion as may be before the house affecting the stability of the Ministry, or the mover or seconder of any amendment so affecting the same, shall be privileged and entitled to sing out the words 'Best two out of three,' or words to that effect. And in that case, and not otherwise, the Speaker shall repeat the process of tossing the said penny three times, according to the manner and with the full intent and meaning of the like practice as understood and acted upon out of doors: Provided, nevertheless, that if, before the Speaker has begun to toss, the Hon. the Chief Secretary, or any mover or seconder of any resolution or amendment as aforesaid, shall sing out, 'Sudden death,' or equivalent words, generally understood, then, and not otherwise, the said Hon. Chief Secretary, or mover or seconder as aforesaid, shall be barred from demanding 'Best two out of three,' and the result of the first toss shall be final."

The *London Times* favors its readers with the following humbly upon Continental demagoguism:—"We, the Britons, 'divided from the whole world,' have very little knowledge of the soul of a Revolutionist. The foreign Democrats who live among us are not of us. They may have escaped from Spain, or Manilla, or the dungeons of Naples, or the dungeons of Spain, their adventures may be had on the bookstalls for 1s., and their photographs may be exhibited on panels as specimens of art, but neither their achievements, nor their hairbreadth escapes, nor the romantic countenances engage much of the attention of our busy people. They have their party, but no public. There are Englishmen and English women who believe in refugees, who not only extend to them the help due to the unfortunate but the con-

science, which ought to be earned only by high achievements, or proved worth, or at least ordinary success. In spite of failures more or less shameful, in spite of massacres, proscriptions, executions, in filly, deportations, and the like, a few hot-headed enthusiasts still follow the lead of the notorious Democrats of Europe, or rather obey their commands; for these master minds of Revolution are too often more prone to place others in the post of danger than to occupy it themselves. But to the great mass of our people refuge thought and speech have been apt to think that the Democratic leaders throughout Europe must by this time have learnt wisdom. Putting aside past failures, the events of the last 10 years would seem enough to teach them of diffidence in themselves and in the speedy triumph of their cause. At the beginning of this period Louis Philippe was on the throne of France, supported by Chambers where at least there was free speech and free voting; Austria still preserved something of the paternal system which had tempered so many years of despotism; Italy was beginning to move, and amid bickerings and discontent was advancing in the path of material progress. What was the state of things within 18 months of the time that the Revolution 'made the tour of Europe?' Simply, that triumphant military force had made the same tour; that in every capital where a mob had ruled a garrison was installed, and the tribune was everywhere displaced by the bureau. The general feeling in this country is, that the revolutionary leaders must see the vanity of their hopes and the iniquity of the means they employ; that common sense must teach them that the present is not the time, nor the continental countries of Europe the field for waging their warfare against actual society.

ANGELICAN DEPARTMENTS.—Protestants after all, do not appear to be perfectly satisfied with Protestantism, and the "Reformation" stands in need of being reformed. This is seen in the efforts of one legislator to improve the Protestant Bible, while another (Lord Grosvenor) would fain reform that "ill-said Mass," the liturgy of the Anglican Establishment.—Like Paganism in St. Augustine's day, Protestantism in our day is tormented with a general uneasiness and dissatisfaction with itself, discernible in clumsy efforts to patch and tinker a system hastening to destruction. One of the many evils which Protestants are beginning to see is touched on by Lord Grosvenor's motion, which he has just abandoned for the present, for a commission to modify the "liturgy in its arrangements and services."

Every one knows that the British Parliament takes measures, not only to produce a revenue, but to save souls, and arrange, together with the customs and excise, the prayers and faith of the British Protestants. It legislates for two islands and both worlds. It is not simply a legislative senate, but an ecclesiastical council. Until the reign of Queen Anne there was a division of labour; the Ecclesiastical legislation was performed by an Ecclesiastical assembly termed a Convocation. But the functions of the Church Convocation have been absorbed into the lay Parliament, which now mostly legislates at once for time and eternity. Between both the liturgy appears to have been patched and tinkered into a strange variety of piebald forms. Both assemblies appear to be, or have been, perplexed, bewildered, and puzzled how to praise God. They were not used to it. From the very beginning of the difficulty was to convert the Catholic Mass into a Protestant service. This difficulty has never been got over, and never will. In vain have they shortened one part and lengthened another—shifted "the Commandments" into the morning prayers, or huddled them all into one heterogeneous heap, under the name of Midday Service. They can never be satisfied. What is termed "the Common Service" is the Mass of the Protestant heresy. But, as it was perfectly absurd to have a "Communion Service" at which nobody communicated, they found it necessary, after countless choppings and changings, to take the Morning Service and splice it to the "Communion Service." This was certainly a change, but it was not an improvement. From the dreary length of tedious repetition, when the two were clumsily welded into one, rendered the worn-out Minister hoarse, spiritless, and jaded as he mechanically drudges through the heavy and heartless monotony of devotion. While, as to the congregation, no trace of religious feeling is manifested in the public prayers. Some sit and sleep, others lean across the pews and coquet, and not a few beguile the time by conversation ill concealed.

Lord Grosvenor's object is to take this long service to pieces, and diminish the nausea by subdividing the medicine. Formerly there were three services—a morning, evening, and midday service—and Lord Grosvenor would once more establish three services, and administer heresy in infinitesimal doses. The liturgy of the English Church has been fashioned to the varying hour, somewhat like the doctrines which it embodies. When the Catholic element was powerful, the Communion Service was prominent. This service then dragged its tediousness through a long hour. But when the Puritan element over-spread the land, the Communion Service dwindled. It was now shortened to please the Presbyterian, as it had been previously lengthened to propitiate Catholic feeling. The Presbyterians, who celebrate Communion themselves twice a year, had no patience with a Church which would fain celebrate communion every day. And thus the Communion Service, which had been always growing in the time of Laud, was always lessening in the time of Charles II. To make Protestant worship like the Catholic Mass was at one time the darling object of the liturgical-mongers, while to assimilate to the Presbyterian service was at another time the favourite purpose of the same artificers. It was with this object that they abolished the noonday Communion Service, and a form of worship was fabricated—the shreds and patches of other services—from which the Communion was left out.

In the days of Elizabeth the Communion Service, celebrated at midday, was a clumsy imitation of the Catholic Mass, for at that time the English people had a hankering after Catholic piety. In subsequent times the Communion was reduced to an afternoon service, and only celebrated once a month. The object of Lord Grosvenor in the enterprise which he has just postponed is, to go back to ancient forms once more. The influence of Tractarianism may be detected in this notion of the anti-Tractarian noblemen.

The Protean nature of Protestantism betrays itself, in this variety of form which its harlequin liturgy assumes. Like Paganism in the days of St. Augustine, Protestantism seeks to improve its character by changing its dress. But in this it never succeeds.

External vicissitudes betray internal revolution. There are fashions in English theology, as there are fashions in the wearing apparel of England. When the "Eucharistic Service" was paramount in the liturgy, the Eucharistic doctrine was popular in the Church. When the Clergy neglected this service, we may take it for granted that they discountenanced the doctrine. The time-serving changes of Protestantism are an open avowal of error. If they were right in the time of Elizabeth, they must be wrong in the time of Anne. But, on the contrary, if they were right in the time of Anne, they must be wrong in that of Elizabeth.—*Tablet.*

ONE END OF THE RAILROAD IN.—An Alahouian a few days since went out to see the depot of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Near the depot were several Irish draymen. Thinking to quiz them, he stunted to one:—"Has the railroad got in?" "One ind has, Sir," was the prompt response.

THE LIVELY WEST.—There were arrested in Chicago, during the past two and a half months, two thousand four hundred and eighty persons.

WHO MARRY IN AMERICA?—More than four-sevenths of the marriages in Massachusetts, are among the foreign born. "Why is it?" For the most simple of reasons—the foreign born can afford to get married, and the native born cannot; and this must be so as long as our extravagant modes of life continue. In social life, there never was a people tending to deeper and more destructive social corruption—and that is most evident from the records of all the courts, and the columns of all the newspapers—than Americans. Our fathers used to tell of the prodigality of Patia; their children tell of the mysteries of New York—a city not far behind any in Europe. And making proper allowances for size, how far is New York ahead of other cities and towns? Once there was a time when a wife was a "helpmeet"—now in a thousand cases, you can change the "meet" to "eat," and make it read more truthfully.

We boast of our system of education; we have female high schools, female colleges, female medical schools, and female heavens. Our girls are refined, learned, wise; they can sing, dance, play piano, paint, talk French and Italian, and all soft language write poetry, and love like Venuses. They are ready to be courted at ten years of age, and can be taken from school and married at fifteen, and "divorced" at twenty. They make splendid shows on bridal tours, and coquette and flirt at the watering places, and shine like angels at winter parties. But heaven be kind to the poor wretch that marries in the fashionable circles. What are they at washing floors? Oh, we forgot, nobody has bare floors now; how vulgar that would be! What are they at making bread and boiling beef? Why, how thoughtless we are; to be sure they will board, or have servants. What are they at mending old clothes? But there we are again; the fashions change so often that nobody has old clothes but the ragmen and the paper makers now. What are they at washing babies' faces and pinning up their trousers? And here is our intolerable stupidity once more: having children is left to the Irish! What lady thinks of having nasty children now? Or if she is so unfortunate, don't she put them to wet nurses to begin with, and boarding schools afterwards? We repeat—we have come to a point where young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide whether they can marry, and afterwards keep clear of bankruptcy and crime?—*New-York Herald.*

WHY HE DIDN'T PLAY.—"No I can't play on any instrument," said our friend Tom Pringle, in answer to our question. "To tell the truth, I became discouraged by a slight misconception, when I was a young man, I wasn't appreciated, you know and all that sort of thing."

"Well you see," said he, in reply to another question. "It is about twenty years ago, when I was studying the law, and my brother was a medical student, that we both fancied we had a wonderful talent for music. So John bought a flute, and I a fiddle, and turning out of the attic into a study, we practised there half the night through. We didn't want any one to know it, especially our father, who had very strict notions as to the value of time; and to make him think us usefully employed, I had quantities of law books heaped up, and John had a skull and all sorts of bones scattered about. We knew that in our 'study,' no one could hear us but Betsy, the housekeeper, and she was our old nurse we felt sure that she would keep our secret. One morning, after we had been whiling the long night hours away with music, to our own natural delight, we came down late to breakfast, looking, I suppose, somewhat unrefreshed."

"You mustn't study too hard, boys," said our father considerably. "Yes sir," I said gravely. "Just then Betsy appeared at the door and looked mysteriously at my mother."

"Yes, what is it?" said mother, surprised at Betsy's excited manner. "What is it, Betsy?"

"Well, ma'am, I wish to say ma'am," Betsy always spoke in that short snipping way, when she was what she called 'worked up,'—I must leave you, ma'am."

"Leave me! why?" asked mother. "Yes ma'am, its twenty-five years that I've been with you ma'am—and its the boys at last ma'am. I can't stand it, and I ain't going to. It's not Christian-like, ma'am."

"What have the boys been doing?" asked mother. "It's Mr. John, ma'am, and sometimes I think Mr. Tom helps him. He's got some poor creetur up stairs, ma'am, and he torments him awful. He screams and groans all the night through. It is worse than the heathen. I've stood it for more than a week. I didn't get a wink of sleep last night, and what that poor creetur went through was dreadful. I know they say such things must be done by doctors, but I ain't going to stay where it is, and I never thought John was the one to do it."

"And Betsy gave my brother a look of withering condemnation. "Mother was acute enough to see that something unusual was going on in our study, and telling Betsy she would inquire into it, she dismissed her for the present."

"That was the end of our musical practice, though not the end of the story, for our father took care we should not forget it. It was a long time before we heard the last about that poor creetur up stairs."—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

A student of one of our State Colleges, had a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary to orders. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said:—"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, sir, what explanation can you give me?" "Why, sir, my physician advised me to try a little once a day, as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed, and have you derived any benefit from the use of it?" "Yes, sir, when the barrel was first taken to my room, two days ago, I could scarcely lift it. Now, I can carry it with the greatest ease."

The witty student was discharged without special reprimand.—*American Paper.*

WHEN IS A MAN INTOXICATED?—We have no practical experience to guide us to a correct conclusion on this point. We have heard it said that a man may be presumed to be at least tipsy when he holds fast to the ground to keep from falling upward. This may be true; but still the indication is not sufficient; in us much as all tipsy or even all drunken men, don't do so. We think a friend of ours showed some symptoms yesterday morning of having been drunk last night. Pulling at the bell-rope at a very early hour, and soon having Bridget at the door he took position behind it, and asked imperatively, "Where are my clothes?" "Yer close," said Bridget, with a peculiar emphasis and prolongation of the latter word. "My clothes," repeated the gentleman. In the kitchen? replied Bridget. "In the kitchen! My clothes in the kitchen!" Indeed, they are, sir? "Do you tell me that my clothes are in the kitchen?" "I do that sumo sir." "Who took them there?" "I'm thinking ye left them there yerself, sir." "Then I must have been drunk." "It sames so, sir." "What?" "I think ye were drunk, sir." "You do?" "I do, sir, an' be dname sign, yer honora' boat was on de mantle piece and yer eye-glass in the crams jug." Our friend ordered a negus and a raw egg, and returned to bed; and we on learning the import of the colloquy, looked into Webster's Dictionary, and found that to be drunk is to be intoxicated which must have been our friend's condition.

Next Week.—When quite a youth I spent two years in making up my mind that I would commence the study of the French language next week. My fate had placed me as junior clerk in the counting-house of a London merchant who had extensive dealings with Parisian houses. Here, by my industry and application, (for do not let any one suppose by the confession I am about to make that I lack either of those qualities.) I had become a great favourite with my employer. There seemed every certainty of my ultimate promotion to a much better position in the office. One thing alone stood in my way; it was my ignorance of French, and consequent inability to manage the continental correspondence. No sooner did this fact dawn upon me than, with the promptness of determination upon which I pride myself, I firmly resolved to commence taking lessons in French. I would begin next week. There was no hurry, to be sure, for there was no immediate prospect of a change, and I, of course, could not expect advancement till a vacancy arose. Still, it was only prudent to be prepared for anything that might occur. So I would not delay. I would begin next week. Never was I more serious in making a resolution—not even now about my five-act comedy—than I was then, and yet the next week, and the next, and many next weeks passed, and I had not begun my French. It was not that I had forgotten my determination. By no means. But something or other always happened—nothing of consequence, it is true, mere trifles generally— which called for my attention. Well, it was so great a matter after all. What could a few days signify? I would get these matters off my mind first and then I would begin in earnest. And so a month or two slipped by, and all at once it struck me that I was no nearer beginning than I was when I first made my resolution. Should I commence that moment? No, no! I laughed at my own suggestion of such precipitate haste. Had I not strength of mind enough to trust to my determination? Besides the prospect of a vacancy was as remote as ever.—I would though, positively and without fail, begin next week. It was nearly two years after this that the long-looked-for vacancy did actually occur;—and what made the matter more provoking was the fact that I really did and do still believe that the following week I absolutely should have set to work preparing myself for it.—Dickens' Household Words.

THE LAST RESORT.—Father, (expostulating to his son,) "James, I am grieved beyond expression to see the cruel way in which you have been going on lately. I have tried you at everything, and you have failed in everything; I put you in a merchant's office and you were ignominiously sent about your business; I bought you a commission in the army, and you were very quickly recommended to sell out; in despair I started you a coal and wine merchant and general commission agent, but you did not clear enough to pay for your boots and shoes. At last I got you a lucrative post in a Mutual Philanthropic Loan Office, but even they wouldn't have anything to do with you. It's painfully clear, to my mind, James, that you are not fit for anything. Under these circumstances there is but one thing left now—I must now get you a situation under Government!"

The most remarkable case on record (says the Boston Journal) is that of the Yankee soap man, who, in a violent storm at sea, saved himself from death by taking a cake of his own soap and washing himself ashore.

The papers are bragging of an invention by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the human hide, however, tanned in five. Some schoolmasters can do it in less than two.

DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE. ALWAYS RESORTED TO WHEN EVERY OTHER REMEDY FAILS.

New York, September 15, 1852. This is to certify that my child, three years old was troubled with worms some six months. I had tried several kinds of medicine, but none of them done any good; and it was not until I tried Dr. McLane's celebrated Vermifuge, prepared by Fleming Bros., that she found any relief. I gave her the contents of one bottle, which brought from her a very large quantity of worms, but they were so completely cut to pieces it was impossible to count them. My daughter is now doing well; indeed, she is completely restored to health. I therefore take pleasure in recommending it to parents. I would say, by all means keep a supply of this valuable medicine constantly in your houses. I have known many children to die suddenly from the effects of worms. It also not unfrequently happens that children are treated for croup when the choking and coughing is caused altogether by the irritation of worms. Therefore, I say again, keep it always in the house; it costs but little, and may be the means of saving life; and at any rate it will save physicians' bills.

MRS. LANE, No. 333 Eighth Street. Purchasers will be careful to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS manufactured by FLEMING BROS. of PITTSBURGH, PA. There are other Pills purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. McLane's genuine Liver Pills, also his celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable drug stores. None genuine without the signature of FLEMING BROS. LYMAN, SAVAGE & Co., St. Paul Street, Wholesale Agents for Montreal.

MONTREAL CATHOLIC MODEL SCHOOL, 19 and 21 Cote Street.

THE DUTIES of the above establishment will be RESUMED on THURSDAY, 13th instant, at nine o'clock, a.m. A thorough course of instruction is imparted in this institution in English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education, on very Moderate Terms. Persons wishing to see the Principal are requested to call between 4 and 5 o'clock, p. m. W. DORAN, Principal. August 13.

A NEW AND ELEGANT PRAYER-BOOK. "ST. JOHN'S MANUAL," A GUIDE TO THE PUBLIC WORSHIP AND SERVICES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, AND A COLLECTION OF PRAYERS FOR THE PRIVATE USE OF THE FAITHFUL.

Illustrated with Fifteen Fine Steel-Engravings. BY MULLER OF DUSSELDORF. A new Catholic Prayer-Book, got up expressly for the wants of the present time, and adapted to the use of the Faithful in this country. The Office-Books and Rituals Authorized for use in the United States being strictly followed. It has been Carefully Examined by a Competent Theologian, and is Specially Approved by THE MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK; THE RIGHT REV. JOHN LOUGHLIN, D.D., BISHOP OF BROOKLYN. For Sale in all varieties of Binding, and at all Prices, from \$1.25 to \$10, by EDWARD DUNGAN & BROTHER, (JAMES B. KIRKER,) 161 Fulton Street, New York.

EDUCATION. MR. ANDERSON begs to inform the citizens of Montreal, that his AFTERNOON CLASSES are now open for the reception of Medical, Law, and Commercial Students. A special hour is set apart for the instruction of young gentlemen desirous of entering the Army. In testimony of his zeal and abilities as a Classical, Commercial, and Mathematical Teacher, Mr. A. is permitted to refer to Rev. Canon Leach, McGill College; Rev. Mr. Rogers, Chaplain to the Forces; Col. Pritchard; Captain Galway; the Rev. the Clergy, St. Patrick's Church; the Hon. John Molson; Dr. Hingston, and Rector Howe, High School. Hours of attendance, &c., made known at the Class room, No. 50, St. Charles Barromme Street. N. B.—Mr. A.'s NIGHT SCHOOL will be re-opened First Week in September next. August 13.

TO TEACHERS. WANTED—By the Catholic School Trustees of the Town of Perth—A FEMALE TEACHER, well qualified to give instruction in English and Arithmetic. She will also be required to give instruction on, and play the Organ. Salary £50 per annum. Apply to JAMES STANLEY, Secretary. Perth, C. W., 6th August, 1857.



THE CHARITABLE RELIEF COMMITTEE of the St. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will meet every THURSDAY from 7 to 9 o'clock in the St. PATRICK'S HALL, Place D'Armes, for the purpose of affording relief to all worthy applicants for the same. August 6.

WANTED, IN School District No. 3, in the Parish of St. Patrick, Sherrington, a MALE TEACHER, competent to Teach French and English. A liberal Salary will be given. Apply to Mr. MICHAEL FLEMING, School Commissioner, District No. 3, St. Patrick, Sherrington, Co. of Napierville, C.E. St. Patrick, Sherrington, August 3, 1857.

TEACHER WANTED, FOR the ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, in District No. 4 of the Municipality of Lacorne, County of Terrebonne. Applications—addressed to the School Commissioners of Lacorne, New Glasgow; or to the undersigned—will be punctually attended to. WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Sec. Treasurer. New Glasgow, 27th July, 1857.

TO LET, A FARM of 130 ACRES, in superficies, adjoining the Village of YARENNES. Apply to the undersigned on the premises. JOSEPH ST. GEORGE, Yarennés, July 29th, 1857.

MRS. D. M'ENTYRE, No. 44, McGill Street, (OPPOSITE SAINT ANN'S MARKET) MONTREAL.

BEGS most respectfully to inform the Ladies of Montreal and vicinity, that she has just received a large assortment of FASHIONABLE MILLINERY, FROM PARIS, LONDON, AND NEW YORK; which she is prepared to Sell on the most reasonable terms.

She would also intimate that she keeps constantly employed experienced and fashionable Milliners and Dress Makers; and is better prepared than heretofore, having enlarged her work room, to execute all orders, at the shortest possible notice. Mrs. M'E. is also prepared to CLEAN AND TURN, To the latest Style, Straw, Tuscan, Leghorn, and Fancy Bonnets and Hats.

Mrs. M'E. has also received a splendid assortment of SPRING and SUMMER SHAWLS, SILK CAPS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, and PINAFORES of every style and price. Mrs. M'el. would beg of Ladies to give her a call before purchasing elsewhere, confident that she can give a better article at a lower price than any other establishment in the City, as all her business is managed with the greatest economy. Mrs. M'Entyre would take this opportunity to return her best thanks to her numerous Friends and Patrons, for the very liberal patronage she has received for the last three years. June 13, 1856.

CHURCH ARTICLES. SACRED VASES, CHALICES, VESTMENTS. MONTREAL No. 78, NOTRE DAME STREET, (BRANCH DEPOT FROM NEW YORK.)

THE Subscriber begs leave to offer his respectful thanks to the Rev. Clergy of the United States and Canada for the liberal patronage extended to his Establishment of New York and Montreal. Having two assortments to offer to his Patrons, the Subscriber can, at any time, supply their orders either from Montreal, or from New York, at the most reduced prices. THE ASSORTMENT AT MONTREAL is composed of many splendid articles not to be found in any other Establishment—viz.: VERY HIGH ALTAR CANDLESTICKS, (ALL GILT!) OF VARIOUS PATTERNS.) Splendid Parochial "Chapelles" in Morocco boxes containing each a Chalice, a Set of Cruets, and a Ciborium, all five-gilt, with lock and key. THE USUAL ASSORTMENT of Holy Water Vases, Sanctuary Lamps, Chalices, Ciborium, &c., &c. READY-MADE VESTMENTS, of various colors, always on hand. MATERIALS FOR VESTMENTS, Crosses, Gold Cloth, Damasks, Laces, Fringes, &c. MASS WINES; WAX CANDLES, PATENT SPERM CANDLES, &c., &c. J. C. ROBILLARD, Montreal: No. 78, Notre Dame Street; New York: No. 79, Fulton Street.

DONNELLY & CO., GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE, Wholesale and Retail, No. 50 M'GILL STREET. DONNELLY & CO., BEG leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have Removed to No. 50 McGill Street, near St. Ann's Market, where they have on hand a large and well assorted Stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING for the SPRING and SUMMER TRADE, consisting of—CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, TWEEDS, FANCY TROWSERINGS, and VESTINGS, of English, French, and German Manufacture; all of which they will dispose of at the lowest rates for CASH. All Orders from the Country punctually attended to. As their Stock is all new, and having been got up under first class Cutters, and in the best style, they would respectfully invite the public generally, and Country Merchants in particular, to give them a call before purchasing elsewhere. May 4, 1857.

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.

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 PHILAN, Dalhousie Square. Montreal, January 21, 1857.

FOR SALE, FRENCH AND LATIN BOOKS. J. B. ROLLAND. KEEPS constantly on hand the largest and best selected Assortment of FRENCH and LATIN BOOKS in the City, at very moderate prices. No 8, St. Vincent Street, Montreal.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS Received by the Subscribers. Gerald Griffin's Works. Vols. 1, 2, 3 and 4 s. d. now ready, 5s vol. The Life of Christ; or, Jesus Revealed to Youth. Translated from the French of Abbe La Grange, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. 12mo. cloth, 2 6 The Creator and the Creature; or, The Wonders of Divine Love. By F. W. Faber. 3 9 A Life of the Rt. Rev. Edward Maginn, Co-Adjutor Bishop of Derry; with Selections from his Correspondence. By T. D. McGee. 3 9 Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. By Donald McLeod. The Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. By the Count de Montalembert. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadlier. New and Revised Edition. 5 0 The Prophecies of St. Columbkille, Bearcan, Malachy, Alton, &c., &c.; with Literal Translations and Notes. By Nicholas O'Keary. 1 10 The Life of Thomas Moore; with selections from his Poetry, &c. By Jas. Burke, A.B. D. & J. SADLIER, Cor. Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets. Montreal, July 2.

NEW CATHOLIC BOOKS, JUST RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS. Cornelius a'Lapide's Commentary on the Sacred Scriptures (in Latin) 4to, 20 vols., half bound in Morocco, £15 The Catholic Church in the United States. By Henry De Courcy. Translated by John G. Shea. 7 6 Ailey Monte. By Father Baptist (London ed.) 3 9 The Beleaguered Hearth. A Novel, " 6 3 Hughes and Breckenridge's Oral Discussion, Life of Father Ephraim and His Sister Mother Mary, of the Order of La Trappe, 3 9 Edna and Marguerite. Translated from the French of Madame Woellie, Author of the Orphan of Moscow, 2 vols., 3 9

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS. Madden's Life of Robert Emmet, with notes. 5 0 Napier's History of the Peninsular War; 5 vols., with maps and plates, 35 0 Do do do do 1 vol. 12 6 Laa Cases' Life of Napoleon; 4 vols., 20 0 Buffon's Natural History; with 150 plates, 12 6 Adventures of Don Quixote, with 1000 plates, 12 6 Nicholson's Builder and Workman's New Director, with 150 copper plates, and numerous diagrams; 4to, 50 0 Nicholson's Operative Mechanic and Machinist's Guide; 150 engravings, 25 0 Froissart's Chronicles of the Middle Ages; 115 plates, 12 6 Encyclopaedia of the United States; 5 vols. 18 9 Collo's large Dictionary—in French and English and English and French; 8vo, of 1324 pages; price only 15 0 Spier and Surenne's French and English Dictionary, 15 0 Webster's Dictionary; 8vo (containing all the words in the quarto); price only 17 6 Adler's German and English Dictionary; 8vo, 25 0 Waverley Novels; by Sir Walter Scott; 12 vols 65 0 Lippencott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World; 2200 pages, 30 0 Wilson's Tales of the Borders; 4 vols; 8vo, 50 0 Brown's History of the Highland Clans; 4 vols 35 0 Chamber's Information for the People; 2 vols 21 3 Do Cyclopaedia of English Literature; 2 vols 21 3 Do Miscellany; 10 vols; muslin, 30 0 Do Papers for the People; 6 vols; muslin, 25 0 Do Pocket Miscellany; 12 vols; musn 25 0 Scotland Illustrated in a series of 80 views, 25 0 Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of Scotland, (English edition) illustrated; 5 vols, 60 0 American Edit. of same, without plates, 5 vols. 25 0 Mr. and Mrs. Ball's Ireland, illustrated with several hundred plates, 3 vols., extra Mor., £5 0 0 Albums at from 5s. to 25s., according to size and binding. We keep constantly on hand the largest stock of miscellaneous books to be found in Canada—comprising Works of Fiction, Poetry, History, Biography, Travels, &c., &c. Also, a very large selection of MEDICAL WORKS. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Corner Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets. Montreal, Oct. 2, 1856.

FALL 1856. MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY RECEIVE NEW GOODS BY EVERY CANADIAN STEAMER; ALSO, PER MAIL STEAMERS, VIA BOSTON.

OUR ASSORTMENT IS AT ALL TIMES COMPLETE, OUR GOODS ENTIRELY NEW, AND OUR PRICES REASONABLE. BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE One Price System. Goods Marked in Plain Figures. SALES MADE FOR READY-MONEY ONLY. As we open no Accounts, we can afford to Sell at a SMALL ADVANCE ON COST.

UPWARDS OF 150 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 & EMPEY, 288 Notre Dame Street. Montreal, September 25, 1856.

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

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

Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS. Two of the best Preparations of the Age.

They are not recommended as Universal Cure-alls, but simply for what their name purports.

The Vermifuge, for expelling Worms from the human system, has also been administered with the most satisfactory results to various animals subject to Worms.

The LIVER PILLS, for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINT, all BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS, SICK HEADACHE, &c. Purchasers will please be particular to ask for Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated VERMIFUGE and LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros.

SOLE PROPRIETORS, Pittsburgh, Pa., and take no other, as there are various other preparations now before the public, purporting to be Vermifuge and Liver Pills. All others, in comparison with Dr. McLane's, are worthless.

The GENUINE McLane's Vermifuge and Liver Pills can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores. FLEMING BROS., 60 Wood St., PITTSBURGH, PA. Sole Proprietors.

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 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 MULLINS. Montreal, March 12, 1857.

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

BOSTON, MASS., 29th Dec., 1855. DR. J. C. AYER: I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza, and the concomitant symptoms of a Cold, is your CHERRY PECTORAL. Its constant use in my practice, and my own experience for the last ten years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these complaints. JOHN KNIGHT, M. D. A. B. MOULTON, Esq., of Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used your PECTORAL myself and in my family ever since you invented it, and believe it the best remedy for its purpose ever put out. With a bad cold I should sooner pay twenty dollars for a bottle than do without it, or take any other remedy."

Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza. BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 1, 1856. BROOKS AYER: I will cheerfully certify your PECTORAL is the best remedy we possess for the cure of Whooping Cough, Croup, and the chest diseases of children. It is constant use in my practice, and I commend your medicine to our people. WILLIAM CONKLIN, M. D. AMOS LEE, Esq., MONTREAL, Pa., writes, 3d Jan., 1856: "I had a tedious Influenza, which confined me in doors six weeks; took many medicines without relief; finally tried your PECTORAL by the advice of our clergyman. The first dose relieved the soreness in my throat and lungs; the second the chest; the third the medicine completely well. Your medicines are the cheapest as well as the best we can buy, and we esteem you, Doctor, and your remedies, as the poor man's friend."

Asthma or Phthisis, and Bronchitis. WEST MANCHESTER, Pa., Feb. 4, 1856. DR. J. C. AYER: Your CHERRY PECTORAL is performing marvellous cures in this section. It has relieved several of our most afflicted cases of consumption, and is now curing a man who has labored under an affection of the lungs for the last forty years. HENRY L. PARKS, Merchant.

A. A. RAMSEY, M. D., ALBANY, MONROE CO., IOWA, writes, Sept. 4, 1855: "During my practice of many years I have found nothing equal to your CHERRY PECTORAL for giving ease and relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable."

We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convincing proof of the virtue of this remedy is found in its effects upon trial. Consumption, do not despair till you have tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is made by one of the best medical chemists in the world, and its cures all round to bespeak the high merits of its virtues.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills. THE sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been taxed to their utmost to produce this best, most perfect purgative which is known to man. Innumerable proofs are shown that these Pills have virtues which surpass in excellence the ordinary medicines, and that they are unobscuredly the best of all men. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their purgative properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and cure disease. They are pleasant to take, and breed and grow dissembler, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every day complaints of every body, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take, and being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of vaunt. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have testified their faith in the efficacy of these pills, and sent their names to certify to the public the reliability of my remedies, while others have sent me the assurance of their conviction that my Preparations contribute immediately to the relief of my afflicted, suffering fellow-men.

Do not put off by unprincipled dealers with some other pill they make more profit on. Ask for AYER'S PILLS, and take nothing else. No other can give you compares with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best and there is for them, and they should have it. Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass. Price, 25 Cts. PER BOX. FIVE BOXES FOR \$1. SOLD BY All the Druggists in Montreal and everywhere.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE. THE DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL, under the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, is now removed from Coteau St. Louis to Chambly, where it is now open in the Chambly College, for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. The Public in general, as well as the Parents and Guardians of those unfortunate Children, will be happy to learn that this Establishment is under the direction of distinguished and qualified Professors. The Price for Board, with Instructions, will be from Seven Dollars, and upwards, per month, payable in advance, by two instalments. Should Parents or Guardians prefer it, they can board their children outside of the Institution. Editors of French and English papers are requested to insert this advertisement for one month, with editorial notice, in behalf of the unfortunate Deaf and Dumb. F. A. JACQUES DU HAUT, Pfr., Director.



P. J. FOGARTY, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, 31 St. Sacrament, and 28 St. Nicholas Streets, MONTREAL.

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.

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READY-MADE CLOTHING OF EVERY SIZE AND DESCRIPTION, Made Up in the Latest and Most Approved Styles,

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, CONSISTING OF BLACK, BLUE, AND BROWN BROAD CLOTHS, DRESSINGS, GASSINERS, WEST OF ENGLAND, SCOTCH, AND YORKSHIRE TWEEDS, BEAVER & PILOT OVER COATINGS, & FANCY VESTINGS,

QUALITY OF MATERIAL, CHEAPNESS AND WORKMANSHIP. He has also made such arrangements, that Garments of all descriptions can be MADE TO MEASURE ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE;

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS JOHN M'CLOSKEY, Silk and Woollen Dyers, and Scourers, (FROM BELFAST,)

To Intending Purchasers of Indian Lands. PLANS of the above LANDS on a large Scale, showing the Lots, Concessions, Roads, Creeks, Swamps, &c., have been published by the undersigned,

DENNIS & BOULTON, Surveyors & Agents. Toronto, August 6, 1856.

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

SADLER & CO'S LATE PUBLICATIONS. BALMES' GREAT WORKS. Fundamental Philosophy. By Rev. J. Balme.

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