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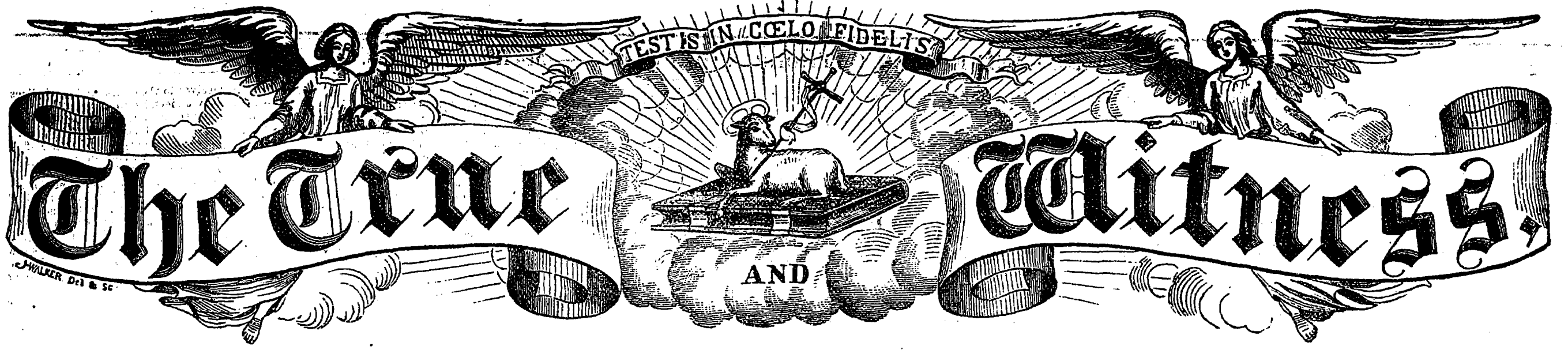
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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No. 33.

THE MURDERED PEDLER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

"It grieves me," said an eminent poet once to me, "it grieves and humbles me to reflect how much our moral nature is in the power of circumstances. Our best faculties would remain unknown even to ourselves did not the influences of external excitement call them forth like animalculæ, which lie torpid till awakened into life by the transient sunbeam."

This is generally true. How many walk through the beaten paths of every-day life, who, but for the novelist's page, would never weep or wonder; and who would know nothing of the passions but as they are represented in some tragedy or stage piece? not that they are incapable of high resolve and energy; but because the finer qualities have never been called forth by imperious circumstances; for while the wheels of existence roll smoothly along, the soul will continue to slumber in her vehicle like a lazy traveller. But for the French revolution, how many hundreds—*thousands*—whose courage, fortitude and devotedness, have sanctified their names, would have frittered away a frivolous, useless, or vicious life in the salons of Paris! We have heard of death in its most revolting forms braved by delicate females who would have screamed at the sight of the most insignificant reptile or insect; and men cheerfully toiling at mechanic trades for bread, who had lounged away the best years of their lives at the toilets of their mistresses. We know not of what we are capable till the trial comes;—till it comes, perhaps, in a form which makes the strong man quail, and turns the gentler woman into a heroine.

The power of outward circumstances suddenly to awaken dormant faculties—the extraordinary influence which the mere instinct of self-preservation can exert over the mind, and the triumph of *mind* thus excited over physical weakness, were never more truly exemplified than in the story of "The Murdered Pedler."

The real circumstances of this singular case, differing essentially from the garbled and incorrect account which appeared in the newspapers some years ago, came to my knowledge in the following simple manner. My cousin George C., an Irish barrister of some standing, lately succeeded to his family estates by the death of a near relative; and no sooner did he find himself in possession of independence than, abjuring the bar, where, after twenty years of hard struggling he was just beginning to make a figure, he set off on a tour through Italy and Greece, to forget the wrangling of courts, the contumely of attorneys, and the impatience of clients. He left in my hands a mass of papers, to burn or not, as I might feel inclined; and truly the contents of his desk were no bad illustration of the character and pursuits of its owner. Here I found abstracts of cases, and on their backs copies of verses, sketches of scenery, and numerous caricatures of judges, jurymen, witnesses, and his brethren of the bar—a bundle of old briefs, and the beginnings of two tragedies; with a long list of Lord N.'s best jokes, to serve his purposes as occasion might best offer. Among these heterogeneous and confused articles were a number of scraps carefully pinned together, containing notes on a certain trial, the first in which he had been retained as counsel for the crown. The intense interest with which I perused these documents, suggested the plan of throwing the whole into a connected form, and here it is for the reader's benefit.

In a little village to the south of Clonmel lived a poor peasant named Michael, or as it was there pronounced, Mickle Reilly. He was a laborer, renting a cabin and a plot of potatoe ground; and, on the strength of these possessions, a robust frame which feared no fatigue, and a sanguine mind which dreaded no reverse, Reilly paid his addresses to Kathleen Bray, a young girl of his own parish, and they were married. Reilly was able, skillful, and industrious; Kathleen was the best spinner in the country, and had constant sale for her work at Clonmel; they wanted nothing; and for the first year, as Kathleen said, "There wasn't upon the blessed earth two happier souls than themselves, for Mickle was the best boy in the world, and hadn't a fault to speak of—barring he took a drop now and then; and why wouldn't he?" But as it happened, poor Reilly's love of "the drop" was the beginning of all her misfortunes. In an evil hour he went to the fair of Clonmel to sell a dozen hanks of yarn of his wife's spinning, and a fat pig, the produce of which was to pay half a year's rent, and add to their little comforts.—Here he met with a jovial companion, who took him into a booth and treated him to sundry potations of whiskey, and while in his company his pocket was picked of the money he had just received, and something more; in short, of all he possessed in the world. At that luckless moment, while maddened by his loss and heated with liquor, he fell into the company of a recruiting sergeant. The many-colored and gayly

fluttering cockade in the soldier's cap shone like a rainbow of hope and promise before the drunken eyes of Mickle Reilly, and ere morning he was enlisted into a regiment under order for embarkation, and instantly sent off to Cork.

Distracted by the ruin he had brought upon himself, and his wife, (whom he loved a thousand times better than himself) poor Reilly sent a friend to inform Kathleen of his mischance, and to assure her that on a certain day, in a week from that time, a letter would await her at the Clonmel post-office; the same friend was commissioned to deliver her his silver watch, and a guinea out of his bounty money. Poor Kathleen turned from the gold with horror, as the price of her husband's blood, and vowed that nothing on earth should induce her to touch it. She was not a good calculator of time and distance, and was therefore rather surprised that so long a time must elapse before his letter arrived. On the appointed day she was too impatient to wait the arrival of the carrier, but set off to Clonmel herself, a distance of ten miles; there, at the post-office, she duly found the promised letter; but it was not till she had it in her possession that she remembered that she could not read; she had therefore to hasten back to consult her friend Nancy, the schoolmaster's daughter, and the best scholar in the village. Reilly's letter, on being deciphered with some difficulty even by the learned Nancy, was found to contain much of sorrow, much of repentance, and yet more of affection; he assured her that he was far better off than he had expected or deserved; that the embarkation of the regiment to which he belonged was delayed for three weeks, and entreated her, if she could forgive him, to follow him to Cork without delay, that they might "part in love and kindness, and come what might, he would demane himself like a man, and die easy," which he assured her he could not do without embracing her once more.

Kathleen listened to her husband's letter with clasped hands and drawn breath, but quiet in her nature, she gave no other signs of emotion than a few large tears which trickled slowly down her cheeks. "And will I see him again?" she exclaimed; "poor fellow! poor fellow! I knew the heart of him was sore for me! and who knows, Nancy dear, but they'll let me go out with him to the foreign parts? Oh! sure they wouldn't be so hard hearted as to part man and wife that way!"

After a hurried consultation with her neighbors, who sympathized with her as only the poor sympathize with the poor, a letter was indited by Nancy and sent by the carrier that night, to inform her husband that she purposed setting off for Cork the next blessed morning, being Tuesday, and as the distance was about forty-eight English miles, she reckoned on reaching that city by Wednesday afternoon; for as she had walked to Clonmel and back (about twenty miles) that same day, without feeling fatigued at all, "to signify," Kathleen thought there would be no doubt that she could walk to Cork in less than two days. In this sanguine calculation she was, however, overruled by her more experienced neighbors, and by their advice appointed Thursday as the day on which her husband was to expect her, "God willing."

Kathleen spent the rest of the day in making preparations for her journey; she set her cabin in order, and made a small bundle of a few articles of clothing belonging to herself and her husband. The watch and the guinea she wrapped up together, and crammed into the toe of an old shoe, which she deposited in the said bundle, and the next morning, at "sparrow chirp," she arose, locked her cabin door, carefully hid the key in the thatch, and with a light, expecting heart, she commenced her long journey.

It is worthy of remark, that this poor woman, who was called upon to play the heroine in such a strange tragedy, and under such appalling circumstances, had nothing heroic in her exterior: nothing that in the slightest degree indicated strength of nerve or superiority of intellect.—Kathleen was twenty-three years of age, of a low stature, and in her form rather delicate than robust; she was of ordinary appearance; her eyes were mild and dove-like, and her whole countenance, though not absolutely deficient in intelligence, was more particularly expressive of simplicity, good temper, and kindness of heart.

It was summer, about the end of June: the days were long, the weather fine, and some gentle showers rendered travelling easy and pleasant. Kathleen walked on stoutly towards Cork, and by the evening she had accomplished, with occasional pauses of rest, nearly twenty-one miles.—She lodged at a little inn by the road side, and the following day set forward again, but soon felt stiff with the travel of two previous days: the sun became hotter, the ways dustier; and she could not with all her endeavors get farther than Rathcormack, eighteen miles from Cork. The next day, unfortunately for poor Kathleen, proved hotter and more fatiguing than the preceding one. The cross road lay over a wild

country, consisting of low bogs and bare hills.—About noon she turned aside to a rivulet bordered by a few trees, and sitting down in the shade, she bathed her swollen feet in the stream; then, overcome by heat, weakness, and excessive weariness, she put her little bundle under her head for a pillow, and sank into a deep sleep.

On waking she perceived with dismay that the sun was declining; and on looking about her fears were increased by the discovery that her bundle was gone. Her first thought was that the good people (*i. e.*, the fairies) had been there and stolen it away; but on examining farther she plainly perceived large foot prints in the soft bank, and was convinced it was the work of no unearthly marauder. Bitterly reproaching herself for her carelessness, she again set forward; and still hoping to reach Cork that night, she toiled on and on with increasing difficulty and distress, till, as the evening closed, her spirits failed, she became faint, foot-sore and hungry, not having tasted anything since the morning but a cold potatoe and a draught of buttermilk. She then looked round her in hopes of discovering some habitation, but there was none in sight except a lofty castle on a distant hill, which, raising its proud turrets from amidst the plantations which surrounded it, glimmered faintly through the gathering gloom, and held out no temptation for the poor wanderer to turn in there and rest. In her despair she sat down on a bank by the road side, and wept as she thought of her husband.

Several horsemen rose by, and one carriage and four attended by servants, who took no farther notice of her than by a passing look; while they went on their way like the priest and the Levite in the parable. Poor Kathleen dropped her head despairingly on her bosom. A faintness and torpor seemed to be stealing like a dark cloud over her senses, when the fast approaching sound of footsteps roused her attention, and turning, she saw at her side a man whose figure, too singular to be easily forgotten, she recognised immediately: it was Halloran, the Pedlar.

Halloran had been known for thirty years past in all the towns and villages between Waterford and Kerry. He was very old, he himself did not know his own age; he only remembered that he was a "tall slip of a boy" when he was one of the — regiment of foot, and fought in America in 1778. His dress was strange, it consisted of a woollen cap, beneath which strayed a few white hairs, and this was surmounted by an old military cocked hat, adorned with a few fragments of tarnished gold lace; a frieze great coat with the sleeves dangling behind, was fastened at his throat, and served to protect his box of wares which was slung at his back; and he always carried a thick oak stick, or *kippeen*, in his hand. There was nothing of the infirmity of age in his appearance: his cheek, though wrinkled and weather-beaten, was still ruddy; his step still firm, his eyes still bright; his jovial disposition made him a welcome guest in every cottage, and his jokes, though not equal to Mr Lord Norbury's, were repeated and applauded through the whole country. Halloran was returning from the fair of Kilkenny, where apparently his commercial speculations had been attended with success, as his pack was considerably diminished in size. Though he did not appear to recollect Kathleen, he addressed her in Irish, and asked her what she did there? She related in a few words her miserable situation.

"In troth, then, my heart is sorry for ye, poor woman," he replied, compassionately; "and what will ye do?"

"An' what *can* I do?" replied Kathleen, disconsolately; "and how will I ever find the ford and get across to Cork, when I don't know where I am this blessed moment?"

"Musha, then, it's little ye'll get there this night," said the pedlar, shaking his head.

"Then I'll lie down here and die," said Kathleen, bursting into fresh tears.

"Die! ye wouldn't!" he exclaimed, approaching nearer; "is it to me, Peter Halloran, ye spake that word; and am I the man that would leave a faymale at this dark hour by the wayside, let alone one that has the face of a friend, tho' I cannot remember me of your name either, for the soul of me. But what matter for that?"

"Sure, I'm Katty Reilly, of Castle Conn."

"Katty Reilly, sure enough! and so no more talk of dying! cheer up, and see, a mile farther on, isn't there Biddy Hogan's? Was, I mane, if the house and all isn't gone; and it's there we'll get a bite and a sup, and a bed, too, please God. So lean upon my arm, marourveen, it's strong enough yet."

"So saying, the old man, with an air of gallantry, half rustic, half military, assisted her in rising; and supporting her on one arm, with the other he flourished his kippeen over her head, and they trudged on together, he singing Cruiskeenlawn at the top of his voice, "just," as he said, "to put the heart into her."

After about half an hour's walking, they came to two crossways, diverging from the high road:

down one of these the pedler turned, and in a few minutes they came in sight of a lonely house, situated at a little distance from the wayside.—Above the door was a long stick projecting from the wall, at the end of which dangled a truss of straw, signifying that within there was entertainment (good or bad) for man and beast. By this time it was nearly dark, and the pedler going up to the door, lifted the latch, expecting it to yield to his hand; but it was fastened within: he then knocked and called, but there was no answer.—The building, which was many times larger than an ordinary cabin, had once been a manufactory, and afterward a farmhouse. One end of it was deserted, and nearly in ruins; the other end bore signs of having been at least recently inhabited. But such a dull hollow echo rung through the edifice at every knock, that it seemed the whole place was deserted.

Kathleen began to be alarmed, and crossed herself, ejaculating, "O God preserve us!"—But the pedler, who appeared well acquainted with the premises, led her round to the back part of the house, where there was some ruined out-buildings, and another low entrance. Here, raising his stout stick, he let fall such a heavy thump on the door that it cracked again; and a shrill voice from the other side demanded who was there? After a satisfactory answer, the door was slowly and cautiously opened, and the figure of a wrinkled, half-famished, and half-naked beldam appeared, shading a rush candle with one hand. Halloran, who was of a fiery and hasty temper, began angrily:—"Why, in the name of the great devil himself, didn't you open to us?" But he stopped suddenly, as if struck with surprise at the miserable object before him.

"Is it Biddy Hogan herself, I see?" he exclaimed, snatching the candle from her hand, and throwing the light full on her face. A moment's scrutiny seemed enough, and too much; for, giving it back hastily, he supported Kathleen into the kitchen, the old woman leading the way, and placed her on an old settle, the first seat which presented itself. When she was sufficiently recovered to look about her, Kathleen could not help feeling some alarm at finding herself in so gloomy and dreary a place. It had once been a large kitchen or hall: at one end was an ample chimney, such as are yet to be seen in some old country houses. The rafters were black with smoke or rottenness; the walls had been wainscoted with oak, but the greatest part had been torn down for firing. A table with three legs, a large stool, a bench in the chimney propped up with turf sods, and the seat Kathleen occupied, formed the only furniture. Everything spoke utter misery, filth, and famine—the very "abomination of desolation."

"And what have ye in the house, Biddy, honey?" was the pedler's first question, as the old woman set down the light. "Little enough, I'm thinking."

"Little! It's nothing, then—no, not so much as a midge would eat here I in the house this blessed night, and nobody to send down to Ballygowna."

"No need of that, as our good luck would have it," said Halloran, and pulling a wallet from under his loose coat, he drew from it a bone of cold meat, a piece of bacon, a lump of bread, and some cold potatoes. The old woman, roused by the sight of so much good cheer, began to blow up the drying embers on the hearth; put down among them the few potatoes to warm, and busied herself in making some little preparations to entertain her guests. Meantime the old pedler, casting from time to time an anxious glance towards Kathleen, and now and then an encouraging word, sat down on the low stool, resting his arms on his knees.

"Times are sadly changed with ye, Biddy Hogan," said he at length, after a long silence.

"Troth, ye may say so," she replied, with a sort of groan. "Bitter bad luck have we had in this world, any how."

"And where's the man of the house? And where's the lad, Barney?"

"Where are they, is it? Where should they be? May be come down to Ahnamoe."

"But what's gone to Barney? The boy was a stout workman, and a good son, though a devil-may-care fellow, too. I remember teaching him the soldiers exercise with this very blessed stick now in my hand; and by the same token, him doubling his fist at me when he wasn't bigger than the turf-kish yonder; ay, and as long as Barney Hogan could turn a sod of turf on my lord's land, I thought his father and mother would never have wanted the bit and sup while the life was in him."

At the mention of her son, the old woman looked up a moment, but immediately hung her head again.

"Barney doesn't work for my lord now," said she.

"And what for, then?"

The old woman seemed reluctant to answer—she hesitated.

"Ye didn't hear, then, how he got into trouble

with my lord; and how—myself doesn't know the rights of it—but Barney had always a bit of wild blood about him; and since that day he's taken to bad ways, and the old man's ruled by him quite entirely and the one is glum and fierce like, and t'other's bothered: and, oh! bitter's the time I have 'twixt 'em both!"

While the old woman was uttering these broken complaints, she placed the eatables of the table; and Kathleen, who was yet more faint from hunger than subdued by fatigue, was first helped by the good-natured pedlar to the best of what was there: but, just as she was about to taste the food set before her, she chanced to see the eyes of the old woman fixed upon the morsel in her hand with such an envious and famished look, that from a sudden impulse of benevolent feeling, she instantly held it out to her. The woman started, drew back her extended hand, and gazed at her wildly.

"What is it then ails ye?" said Kathleen, looking at her with wonder; then to herself, "hunger's turned the wits of her, poor soul." "Take it—take it, mother," added she aloud "eat, good mother; sure there's plenty for us all, and to spare," and she pressed it upon her with all the kindness of her nature. The old woman eagerly seized it.

"God reward ye," said she, grasping Kathleen's hand convulsively, and retiring to a corner, she devoured the food with almost wolfish voracity.

While they were eating, the two Hogaes, father and son, came in. They had been setting snares for rabbits and game on the neighboring hills; and evidently were both startled and displeased to find the house occupied; which, since Barney Hogan's disgrace with "my lord," had been entirely shunned by the people round about. The old man gave the pedlar a sulky welcome. The son, with a muttered curse, went and took his seat in the chimney, where, turning his back, he set himself to chop a billet of wood. The father was a lean, stooping figure, "bony, and gaunt and grim;" he was either deaf, or affected deafness. The son was a short, brawny, thick-set man, with features not naturally ugly, but rendered worse than ugly by an expression of lurking ferocity disgustingly blended with a sort of stupid drunken leer, the effect of habitual intoxication.

Halloran stared at them awhile with visible astonishment and indignation, but pity and sorrow for a change so lamentable smothered the old man's wrath; and as the eatables were by this time demolished, he took from a side pocket a tin flask of whisky, calling to the old woman to boil some water "screeching hot," that he might make what he termed "a jug of stiff punch—stiff enough to make a cat spake." He offered to share it with his hosts, who did not decline drinking; and the noggin went round to all but Kathleen, who, feverish with travelling, and, besides, disliking spirits, would not taste it. The old pedlar, reconciled to his old acquaintances by this show of good fellowship, began to grow merry under the influence of his whisky-punch: he boasted of his late success in trade, showed with exultation his almost empty pack, and taking out the only two handkerchiefs left in it, threw one to Kathleen, and the other to the old woman of the house: then slapping his pocket, in which a quantity of loose money was heard to jingle, he swore he would treat Kathleen to a good breakfast next morning; and he threw a shilling on the table, desiring that the old woman would provide "strabour for a dozen," and have it ready by the first light."

Kathleen listened to this rhodomontade in some alarm; she fancied she detected certain suspicious glances between the father and son, and began to feel an indescribable dread of her company. She arose from the table, urging the pedlar good-humoredly to retire to rest, as they intended to be up and away so early next morning: then concealing her apprehensions under an affectation of extreme fatigue and drowsiness, she desired to be shown where she was to sleep.—The old woman, lighted a lantern, and led the way up some broken steps into a sort of loft, where she showed her two beds, with an old curtain, reaching half-way across the room, between them,—an arrangement quite common among the poorer classes in Ireland, and which will possibly be objected to by a less virtuous people,—one of which she intimated was for the pedlar, and the other for herself. Wishing her "a sweet sleep and sound, and lucky dreams," the old woman put the lantern on the floor, for there was neither chair nor table, and left her guest to repose.

Kathleen said her prayers, only partly undressed herself, and lifting up the wornout coverlet, lay down upon the bed. In a quarter of an hour afterward the pedlar staggered into the room, and as he passed the foot of her bed, bid God bless her, in a low voice. He then threw himself down on his bed, and in a few minutes, as she judged by his hard and equal breathing, the old man was in a deep sleep.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REV. DR. CAHILL THE PRINCIPAL SOUPER OF KILKENNY TRIED FOR PERJURY.

One of the most singular facts associated with the history of what is called the Reformation, is that its preachers and official agents have ever employed for its propagation means more opprobrious, and indeed more iniquitous, than would be adopted in the most degraded scheme of political deceit or mercantile swindle.

Without going back on the crimsoned page of Irish history, to learn if this picture has been the true original of the Reformation: without referring to the plunder, the confiscation, the banishment, the torture, the gibbet, the exclusion, with which this system (in the name of God), has been formerly enforced, let us confine our inquiry within the last few years in Ireland, and ask what are the qualities by which modern Souperism has sought to advance the Lutheran Gospel amongst the people.

In every town in Ireland where their Agents were employed, these wretched men were known as the irreclaimable outcasts of Catholic society: the scum of the purlieus of vice: the abandoned (in some cases) of the noted haunts of London; Birmingham, and Dublin infamy.

I shall now introduce to the reader the trial of a Souper-Catholic called Cashen, before the Mayor of Kilkenny. Capt. Rogers, the recruiting officer of a large military district, is the prosecutor. Capt. Rogers is a rigid, conscientious Protestant; and without wishing to flatter him, public consent assigns to him the highest character for transparent integrity and spotless honor amongst the fastidious even in military criticism.

Kilkenny to the Protestant Bishop, Dr. O'Brien, praying for the removal of the Souper mission from Kilkenny.

I shall also, in this article, present to the reader the name of Captain Helsham, of Kilkenny, in a letter which will appear accompanying this communication. It will be remembered that Capt. Helsham is also a Protestant: that he was the person whose name headed the memorial to Dr. O'Brien; and that it was he who wrote the memorial letter to the Bishop on that occasion.

CASHEN THE SOUPER.

Magistrates present—The Mayor, D. Cullen and T. Hunt, Esqs. and Colonel Jones.

Captain Rogers v. Cashen. Clerk—Bring forward Cashen. Cashen—Let him out of the dock, and bring him on the table, till we shall have a full view of him (laughter).

Cashen was accordingly brought out of his den, and ordered to stand on the witness table; and he certainly was one of the most repulsive specimens of humanity it was ever our lot to witness—a fit disciple of Souperism, and a living illustration of the "mission."

Captain Rogers—Come up, Cashen, I want to show the Bench that you are blind. This (addressing the Bench) is a gross case of fraud—of obtaining money under false pretences, perpetrated by the prisoner now before you. On the 3rd of February he offered himself for enlistment in this city, when he was rejected for blindness of one eye.

Capt. Rogers said—Well, Cashen, what can you see? Cashen (gruffly)—Nothing. Capt. Rogers—Turn your eye to the Mayor and me, we are the two largest men in the court, and tell me if you can see us.

Cashen—I can't. Capt. Rogers—Your Worship, he has admitted the blindness.

The Mayor—Was he blind at the time he was trying to convert us all?

Mr. Quin (sollicitor)—Oh, as for that, Cashen would give you Scripture for it (great laughter). Cashen (To Mr. Quin)—Let you hold your tongue—you have nothing at all to do with it.

Mr. Quin—Oh, Cashen, you villain, I knew this would be the end of you (great laughter).

Capt. Rogers—Your Worship, his enlistment in Templemore, I can also prove. Here is Mr. Mason's (the magistrate's) signature which I can swear to; and though the prisoner having made a false statement on oath, may be tried after perjury, at present I seek only his conviction under the provisions of the Mutiny Act, as a rogue and a vagabond, the penalty of which is three months imprisonment; and we shall see if a lesson of that sort will not make a convert of him (laughter).

Cashen—I did not know I was taking a false oath—I thought it was all about loyalty, and sure, Sir, I'm a loyal subject (great laughter).

Capt. Rogers—Your Worship, I need not tell you that one of the questions which he answered on oath is—Have you ever enlisted before, and have you ever been rejected? to which he has replied, and I have proof of it in this document (producing the certificate of his enlistment at Templemore, signed by Mr. Mason)—No; although he had been rejected only a few days previously in this city (sensation).

The Mayor—Prisoner, were you asked these questions before the magistrate? Cashen—Yes, Sir.

Capt. Rogers—I'll make a convert of you before I'm done with you (laughter). The Mayor—He can be prosecuted for perjury. Cashen—I was going to my mother.

Mr. Quin—Oh, Cashen, the only place you'll ever go to is Gallows-green (laughter).

The Mayor—The prisoner is sentenced to three months imprisonment, with hard labour; after which I shall communicate with the law officers of the Crown, in order to have him prosecuted for perjury.

Mr. Quin—Ah, Cashen, there's your Scripture and soup for you—that will be the end of more of you (laughter).

them from France, Italy, Ireland, and other Catholic countries. There are several excellent schools for females conducted by religious ladies, and several convents of Nuns; there are also schools for boys managed by Christian Brothers, and some Catholic colleges destined to prepare Levites for the service of the altar; probably the Catholic inhabitants of the country exceed a million in number.

CAPTAIN HELSHAM'S LETTER.

TO THE PROTESTANTS OF KILKENNY WHO SIGNED THE MEMORIAL TO THE BISHOP OF OSBURY AND FERNS. Gentlemen and Fellow Protestants,—Had we presented our Memorial to the Bishop of our Diocese without maturely weighing its purport—had we found our opinion on the spot of the day—had we not delayed the public expression of our dissent (unsupported by facts), against the manner of propagandism pursued by the Irish Church Mission Society, we might be charged with too hasty conclusions and by confounding hypothesis with facts lay ourselves open to censure and rebuke.

The columns of the Kilkenny Journal of Saturday last, recording the judgment of our Chief Magistrate against the "convert" Cashen, late member of the Missionary Society, fully corroborates how carefully the Protestants watched the progress of this mission. How deeply we felt the unjustifiable insults hurled by such miscreants at the Roman Catholic religion; disgraceful to Christianity, and debasing and degrading to the Protestant and his creed.

The Roman Catholic may well feel proud of his mild and unostentatious propagandism, while we Protestants blush at the scenes of levity and ribaldry enacted daily in the lanes and outlets of our city, by the quondam associates of the converted convict.

It is to be wondered at then that our churches are so thinly attended, that so many of our Protestant fellow-citizens have deserted their places of worship and adopted another creed more in accordance with their feelings and opinions of the sanctity and respect for the use of the Gospel?

Both Protestant and Roman Catholic honor and respect those ordained clergymen who think it no disgrace to visit in their lowly cabins the poor and the afflicted—to read to them—to comfort them, and to instruct them—doing themselves the work of their Great Master, treading in His footsteps, and not banding over holy mission to the unordained street rangers of the Missionary Society.

Let bigots ponder well and consider how much further they may proceed. Mischief grave and deep has been done already. Mild argument and wholesome example may remove prejudice, and ultimately induce conviction, where premeditated insult rouses every evil passion in our natures, and clouds our reason with the dark curtains of bigotry.—Trusting to your kind indulgence, I remain, gentlemen, yours in very great truth. GEORGE P. HELSHAM, LL.D., February 22, 1858.

Shame on Dr. O'Brien to have lent himself to a system which has been sustained by wretches such as Cashen: well will it be for his lordship to take a lesson from this failure of Souperism in Kilkenny, and to commence a new career of charity and Christian dignity towards his Catholic fellow-citizens. It is a pity that Dr. O'Brien has been seduced into this unholy alliance with the ferocious bigots of Exeter Hall: he deserves to hold a higher position than Lead Souper of Ireland. Dr. O'Brien is, without doubt, a man of profound learning, of extended literary attainments: and all admit that if he could unlearn what may be called in him an unnatural bigotry, he is otherwise universally acknowledged to be what in ordinary phrase is called "a fine and elegant fellow."

The exposure of this nefarious Souperism in every part of the country will be attended with the most beneficial results, in the restoration of good-will, and in the social confidence between the rich and the poor. Of course, no person competent to judge had ever entertained the idea that this infamous mission could have inflicted any injury on the Catholic Church of Ireland: no, one thousand times no. When we defied the axe of Elizabeth, the ripping knives of Wentworth, the roasting spits of Cromwell, and the perfidy of William, we surely can take no alarm from the Cashens of Ireland. No, no; what we dread, and what we do still fear, is the persecution of the poor; the threat to deprive them of employment; to unhouse them; to exterminate them; to banish them; to kill them, in order to force them into Souperism. These are the cause of our fears; but when the vile system is uprooted, its emissaries expelled, its patrons exposed its funds withdrawn, and the entire scheme abandoned, there is then no longer a pretext for torturing the poor; and national peace and confidence will be restored.

Feb. 25, 1858. D. W. C.

PASTORAL OF HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. DR. CULLEN, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

We take the following extracts from the Pastoral of the Archbishop of Dublin which was read at the conventual and parochial mass in each chapel of the archdiocese on Sunday, 23d February:—

After deploring the heathenism and degradation in which a great part of the population of India is sunk, and alluding to the glorious efforts of Catholic missionaries in all parts of the world, the Pastoral says:—

We cannot, dearly beloved, be indifferent to the condition of our brethren in India, who during the past months have had to undergo the severest trials and sufferings. One of the venerable Bishops of that country, the Vicar-Apostolic of Agra, Dr. Ignatius Persico, in a letter lately addressed to us, describes the afflicted and desolate state to which the revolutionary movements of the Mahometan and Hindoo population of Bengal have reduced his flock.

In this general catastrophe, all that our brethren in the faith had done for the last century to build up the house of God had been brought to nought. By great exertions and great sacrifices several convents had been established in the Vicariate of Agra, in order to afford a good education to the children of that district, and to present to the Pagan population the edifying spectacle and the virtues of a religious life. Many French and Irish ladies, filled with a true spirit of charity and Christian courage, leaving their friends and their homes and everything that is dear in this life, had engaged in the arduous mission, and consecrated themselves to the meritorious task of promoting, in a Pagan country, the arts of civilized life and the blessings of Catholicity. All the convents have been destroyed, but providentially their religious inmates have been saved, and those pious ladies, though exposed to great sufferings and privations, are still pursuing their career of usefulness in the midst of the din of arms and unceasing destruction. The various schools and colleges erected by the zeal of our missionaries have shared the same fate as the convents, and several Catholic Churches, one of which, erected by a converted Princess, Begum Sombre, was of great magnificence, have been completely destroyed. Some natives have suffered death for their attachment to the Catholic Church, confirming, like the martyrs of old, the truth of their faith by the effusion of their blood. Several European Mission Priests, one of whom studied in the College of All Hollows in this city, have been cruelly massacred.

There are at present about twenty Catholic Bishops or Vicars-Apostolic in various parts of India, and about eight hundred Missionary Priests, many of

them from France, Italy, Ireland, and other Catholic countries. There are several excellent schools for females conducted by religious ladies, and several convents of Nuns; there are also schools for boys managed by Christian Brothers, and some Catholic colleges destined to prepare Levites for the service of the altar; probably the Catholic inhabitants of the country exceed a million in number. It is to be observed that everything that has been done in British India to promote our Holy Religion is the work of charity; no Catholic schools or colleges, no episcopal sees have been endowed by the ruling powers; and if some few Clergymen are paid by the State for services rendered to the military, their salaries are miserably small, especially when compared with those of the Protestant Chaplains. Thus in the "Sixth Parliamentary Report on Indian Territories," page 218, we find that at Fort St. George, at Madras, the Protestant and Presbyterian ministers receive three thousand six hundred and eighty rupees per month as Chaplains to the army, whilst only one hundred and fifty rupees are granted to the Catholic Clergy for discharging duties more onerous, and for attending probably one half, or at least one-third of the troops at that station. The entire amount granted to the Protestant Church exceeds £113,000 per annum, but the paltry sum granted by the East India Company to Catholic Chaplains scarcely amounts to £8,500, and whilst Protestant churches and chapels are built and repaired by the State, no provision whatever is made for erecting or repairing Catholic places of worship, though, as we have said, the Catholics exceed a million, and the Protestants are only a mere fraction of the population. This partial way of acting is, indeed, a grievance, but what renders it still worse is, that every obstacle has been thrown in the way of Catholicity; and as it were to prevent its growth, the Hindoo and Mahometan have been regularly preferred to the Catholic where patronage was to be exercised.

Under such circumstances, if Catholicity has grown, its progress cannot be explained by human favor or the protection of the hand of man; but it must be attributed to the benediction and graces of heaven, and to the efficacy of the Divine commission to teach all nations, which was given to the Church. But it is not to be omitted that praiseworthy efforts have been made by men not belonging to the true Church to preach the doctrines of the Gospel in India, and to teach Pagan and idolatrous nations the knowledge of God. Several missionary societies, not only of England but of other countries, have engaged in this work, and have carried it on for more than a century and a-half. In a temporal point of view, nothing was wanting to secure their success. Abundantly provided with money, they were able to promise great pecuniary advantages to converts, and to afford a good and gratuitous education to their children. According to the Sixth Parliamentary Report on India, p. 92, the Church Missionary Society alone expended £45,000 per annum. We learn from the same source that the following societies were engaged in the same work; namely, the American Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the American Board of Commissioners, the Baptist Missionary Society, the Free Church of Scotland, the Basle Missionary Society, the American Presbyterian Mission, the General-Baptists' Mission, the American Baptists' Mission; but we are not informed what their expenditures amounted to. Undoubtedly they were well supplied with money as well as with Bibles and religious tracts of every description, and what was of more importance for them, they enjoyed the full protection of all the civil and military authorities of the State, who, being Protestants themselves, were ready to give every encouragement to the spread of their religious opinions.

The Pastoral then quotes largely from 'McFurlan's History of British India,' from parliamentary papers and other sources in support of these remarks, and says:—

Should we not expect that, under such favorable circumstances, Protestantism would have cast its roots deeply into the earth, and spread its branches widely over the land? But what do we find in reality? Have millions of Pagans and Mahometans been converted by the bishops and missionaries who enjoyed the favour of the ruling powers? Have the schools and orphanages been fertile in producing new generations of Protestants? No; notwithstanding all the advantages to which we have alluded, Protestant preaching has completely failed, and it has in India, as well as elsewhere, displayed the greatest sterility.

Evidence is then quoted from parliamentary sources to show that the system of mixed education adopted in the government colleges in India, makes not Christians, but infidels of the pupils. The Pastoral then shows that Protestant missionaries cannot possibly succeed in their endeavors to convert pagan nations for these reasons:—

1st—The Christian religion professing to teach mortification, self-denial, and penance, and being most hostile to the corrupt tendencies of fallen nature, it is clear that those who undertake to preach it to the heathen, must resemble the apostles of the Redeemer, and with them be able to say, 'Behold we have left all things and followed thee.' 'Be ye imitators of us, as we are of Jesus Christ.' 'No man,' says St. Paul (11. Tim. ii. 4), 'being a soldier to God, entangleth himself with worldly business.' Protestant missionaries are burdened with the cares of this world, and occupied with the duty of providing for their support and future prospects of their wives and children, they are far from devoting themselves exclusively to the cause of Christ, or giving an example of that self-denial and voluntary poverty which enabled the apostles to say that they were dead to the world, and had no thought but that of gaining souls to God.

2ndly—Those who undertake to preach the Gospel must be sent by legitimate authority in order to secure success. 'How can they preach,' says St. Paul, (Rom. x. 15) 'unless they be sent?' This mission was given to the apostles by our divine Redeemer, when he said, 'All power has been given to Me in heaven and on earth; going, therefore, teach ye all nations; and it was evidently to be perpetual in their successors, for He added, 'Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.'—Matt. xxviii. But it was through St. Peter that the ordinary power of sending preachers of the Gospel was to be exercised in after ages. If a Catholic be interrogated as to his right to preach the Gospel, he has only to point to his connection with the Holy See, and to trace back his mission through the successors of St. Peter to Christ Himself.

But it is not so with the agents of Protestantism. If one of them be asked who he is, or by whom he has been sent, with what authority he is invested, he must admit that his commission is derived from some Bible society, or some self-constituted association for promoting Christian knowledge, or from some Baptist or Anabaptist meeting, or some Methodist conventicle, or from some benevolent or enthusiastic, or perhaps fanatical layman, or at most from some Protestant ecclesiastical dignitary, who, although sending our missionaries, confesses that he has no jurisdiction outside his own district, and who in reality has no authority except what he derives from the state of which his church is the creature and the slave.

3rdly—As there is but one God, one faith, one baptism, so also the teaching of the truth must be marked by unity. Contradictory doctrines cannot be all from the Author of truth; new fangled and transitory doctrines, which vary every hour, cannot be from God; for the heavens and earth will pass away, but one iota of His doctrine will not pass away.

The Pastoral thus treats of the extraordinary doctrine with regard to marriage lately put forward by Dr. Colenso and Archbishop Whately:— 'Besides the inconsistencies and contradictions of Protestant preachers of the Gospel in regard to their own teaching, we observe them in readiness to ac-

commodate themselves to the errors and prejudices of those whom they undertake to instruct. In the economy adopted by some Protestant missionaries in regard to polygamy, we find an illustration of this lax manner of proceeding. It appears that the Kathris and other natives of Africa, living in pagan ignorance, have adopted the custom, like the Mahometans, of keeping several wives; at the same time, the Protestant missionaries themselves, if they required those natives to 'restrict' themselves to one wife, when about to be received into the Christian church, their conversion would be rendered very difficult. How was this difficulty to be removed? We know how Catholic missionaries met it. They proclaimed to the heathens that if they wished to save their souls, they should observe the law of Christ; and as it was contrary to that law to have more wives than one, they required of them to conform their lives to its enactments, it mattered not how great the sacrifice which they might be obliged to make. In the words of the Gospel, they said,—'If thy hand or thy foot scandalize thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee.'—Matt. xviii. 18—that is, if anything that appears most useful or dear to thee be the occasion of sin, or prevent thee from embracing the Gospel, remove it without hesitation—for it is better for thee to go into life maimed or lame, than, having two hands or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire.—It is better for thee to restrain the desires of thy heart, and adhere to the strict rule of Christ, than for having gratified thy passions in this life, to be cast into eternal torments, where the world dieth not, and the fire is not extinguished. Such was the teaching of the Blessed John de Britto, of the Society of Jesus, in Madure and other parts of India. Having converted a nobleman of distinction, he compelled him to act upon the teaching of the Gospel, by dismissing all his wives but one, and rather than allow a practice contrary to the universal discipline of the Christian Church to be introduced, he exposed himself to suffer a most cruel martyrdom. In the year 1693 the hands and feet of this holy man were cruelly cut off, and after undergoing many tortments, he was beheaded, because he insisted that the converted nobleman could have only one wife, and firmly adhered to the teaching of Jesus Christ upon the important subject.

But how far different is the mode of acting adopted by the Protestant missionary! Not inclined to expose himself to persecution for justice sake, and afraid to ask sacrifice from his neophytes, he has permitted them to remain after baptism in the degraded and anti-Christian state of polygamy. Such has been the practice attributed to Dr. Colenso, a Protestant Bishop of the Anglican persuasion, engaged in preaching the Gospel in Southern Africa. And oh! tell it not in Gath, that practice has been sanctioned by the authority of the Protestant dignitary who fills the See of Dublin, and enjoys its revenues. In letters lately published, that dignitary not only permits a convert from paganism to keep as many wives as he had before his conversion, but declares that it would be immoral to prevent him from keeping them. What a pity that this convenient doctrine is not preached to the Mahometans and the Mormons! It would soften down the prejudice very much, and some Christian church might present the edifying spectacle of an oriental sultan or a latter day saint renouncing the errors of his sect, professing Christianity, and receiving for himself and the fifty inmates of his seraglio the permission of a Protestant Archbishop to persevere in their former pagan practice of polygamy.

Martin Luther, the Father of the Reformation, laid down that in some cases a man might have two wives; the learned Melancthon sanctioned the same doctrine; another great light of the Reformation, Henry VIII., illustrated this doctrine in his mode of living; but we believe that the toleration of polygamy was never carried to such an extent in Christian times as it has been in our days and by the highest Protestant authority in our city. If, as all Christians teach, it is necessary for the welfare of families and society in general, that the marriage contract should be looked on as the most holy and inviolable, may we not fear the approach of great evils, when divorce is solemnly sanctioned by law, though Christ has said, what God hath put together let no man separate, and polygamy is declared to be lawful among persons calling themselves Christians? But these strange phenomena are only a new illustration of the unsettled and ever varying character of Protestantism.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Dublin Freeman announces:—"The Prelates of the ecclesiastical province of Ulster met at the residence of the Primate, the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, in Drogheda, on the 23rd inst. The following prelates were in attendance:—His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon presiding; the Bishop of Kilmore, Dr. Browne the Bishop of Meath, Dr. Cantwell; the Bishop of Down and Connor, Dr. Donavin; the Bishop of Clogher, Dr. McNally; the Conductor-Bishop of Derry, Dr. Kelly; the Conductor-Bishop of Drogheda, Dr. Leahy; the Bishop of Aradagh, Dr. Kilduff; and the Conductor-Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. McGettigan. The meeting having been private, a full statement of the proceedings is not likely to come before the public. We have reason, however, to believe that his Lordship's attention was largely occupied with the consideration of the position of Catholics in the military and naval services, and that efficient steps will be taken to remedy the evils under which they now suffer from the deficient arrangements for providing religious instruction for them. We have reason also to know that similar provincial assemblies will be held in the other ecclesiastical provinces, and that these questions, together with the question involved in the present arrangement for religious teachings under the poor law system, will be carefully considered and proper remedies provided." We receive this announcement with unusual satisfaction, as a sign that the Irish Church will quit in using its great influence to prevent the enlistment of Catholics in any branch of the service, naval or military, until the present iniquitous system shall have been effectually remedied by which the practical result of enlistment is, that the recruit gives up not his liberty merely, and his life, but his own, and still more certainly, his children's souls. All our endeavors to procure justice in this matter, have hitherto been met by special pleading and pettifoggery; by professions of perfect fairness, accompanied by the practices of the most extreme unfairness and injustice. The simple fact is, that the Government, and still more the military officers, and most emphatically those of the East Indian Service, desire to unite the effectual reality of proselytising with the idle profession of religious equality. They do not desire the real remedy of the grievance, but only a specious profession of it. In one way only can we make them sincerely desirous of a thorough change, and that is by making them feel that it is a matter of necessity to themselves; that the British army and navy cannot get on at all without Catholic soldiers and sailors, and that Catholics will no longer enter either service unless their religion is put upon terms of perfect equality with that of their Protestant comrades. The power of effecting this great and happy change rests at this moment with the Prelates and Clergy of Ireland, and with those alone. We rejoice to believe that they have resolved to effect it. The necessity must be painful to them as loyal subjects. But their apology to their Queen, to their country, and to posterity, is plain. A Christian, in whatever degree of life, owes a duty to his country; but he has another duty which stands even before that—the duty of a Christian towards his God.—Weekly Register.

Mr. White, organ-builder, is at present erecting the grand new organ in the parish chapel of Finis. Its cost, when erected, will be £200. A very handsome gothic gallery has been made, according to Mr. McCarthy's design at a cost of £230. One half of the entire sum has been collected.—Clare Freeman.

We extract from the Dublin Pastoral of His Lordship the Bishop of Meath, the following denunciation of Ribbonism, and "secret societies" generally.—

Our spirited fellow-countryman, Mr. J. Donegan, the eminent jeweller, of Dame-st., Dublin, has presented the Rev. Mr. Conway with a gold watch, chain and seals, of his own manufacture, valued at forty-five guineas, in commemoration of his triumph over the government prosecutors.

The Bishop and the Scripture Reader.—We (Dublin Telegraph) crave the reader's attention to a letter in another column signed W. S. Caldwell, and addressed to the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, the Protestant Bishop of Ossory and Ferns.

The following is an extract from the letter alluded to by the Dublin Telegraph. It will be seen from the testimony of a Swadlow, how admirably adapted the "Scripture Readers" are to "pound the Word of God":—

W. S. CALDWELL (Formerly Visiting Agent under the Society for I. C. Miss. at New Ross.)

The following Scotch and English regiments have also got orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark.—The Highland Borderers to the Pirous and Athens; Stirlingshire, to Malta; Leicestershire, to Halifax; 1st Staffordshire, to Gibraltar; East Kent Regiment, to Cape of Good Hope—to relieve regiments going to India, and being withdrawn from the colonies.—Freeman Cor.

Mr. JOHN REYNOLDS.—In the course of a trial lately before one of our law courts, the following piece of interesting information was elicited from Mr. Patrick Reynolds, son of Mr. John Reynolds, the would-be representative of the city of Dublin, or of any other place or thing whatever that would enable him to take a seat in the House of Commons, and so keep the business of the "general office" in a flourishing condition.

Mr. Patrick Reynolds was produced, and deposed in contradiction to the plaintiff, that he had engaged him to act for his father in relation to the petition at his office in Fleet-street.

It was no laughing matter to poor P. We warrant he will be kept at a distance from the "general office for some time to come.—Nation.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Dr. Waring, the Catholic Bishop of Northampton, has resigned his see, and intends spending the remainder of his days in a monastery.

Mr. Deazy has given notice of the following motion in the House of Commons.—"Roman Catholic Soldiers.—To call the attention of the house to the expediency and justice of making more adequate provision for the spiritual wants of Her Majesty's Roman Catholic Soldiers, and for the education of their children in Regimental and Government Schools and Orphanages in the United Kingdom and in India, without danger to their religious tenets.—(After Easter.

CATHOLIC RECRUITS.—It is said that Government is beginning to feel the effects of its illiberal and short-sighted policy towards Catholic soldiers. No fewer than 80,000 recruits are said to be required, and they are not forthcoming.

OUR CATHOLIC ARMY IN INDIA.—Every letter from India speaks of the continued injustice of the Government towards the Catholic religion. The question is not whether an Apostolic Missionary will be content with one-fifth of that given to the Protestant Chaplain. No doubt he may.

THE LEVIATHAN.—It is a long time since the public have heard anything of their old friend the Leviathan, which lately occupied so large a share of their attention, and the bulletins about which chronicled almost hourly how many or how few inches she had progressed towards her final destination—the water.

LECTURES ON INDIA.—Mr. Burke (Editor of the Lamp) has lately been delivering lectures on India, in connection with Catholic Societies at St. Helen's, Lancashire, and at Bolton, Blackburn, and Wigan, in the same county; and we observe with pleasure that on each occasion the reverend chairman and the audience expressed their cordial approbation of the lectures.

having our missionaries protected, would depart; for there never was any race so determined against Christianity as the Mohammedan race, and it was consequently very rarely that a convert was made from Mohammedanism. The grand problem was therefore to try and strike upon the novelty of governing India upon a completely Christian spirit.

TRIAL OF ALDERMAN MONK FOR THE WILL FORGERY AT PRESTON.—At the Lancaster Assizes, which was opened on Thursday evening, Thomas Monk was tried before Baron Martin for forgery. The case has been before the public, and the main facts will be remembered.

THE LEVIATHAN.—It is a long time since the public have heard anything of their old friend the Leviathan, which lately occupied so large a share of their attention, and the bulletins about which chronicled almost hourly how many or how few inches she had progressed towards her final destination—the water.

By this arrangement of course every part will progress simultaneously, and each be effected at the lowest cost and in the best style. No less than 10 anchors are now required to hold the monster vessel at her present moorings—five at the stem and five at the stern, and each with lengths of cable attached varying from 40 to 160 fathoms.

Notwithstanding the well-merited castigation which Mr. Spurgeon has received in these as well as other columns, he has become such an object of importance, that his acquaintance is anxiously sought for by the most illustrious luminaries of the hour.

A STRANGE CASE.—The Manchester Examiner says:—"The other evening an apprehension was made in the chief town in a neighbouring county, on a charge which, when it is judicially investigated, promises to be one of the most singular among the Scottish cases celebrated.

EVENING OF FORTUNE TELLING.—A man named John Hodgson was charged at the Halifax police-court on Tuesday with having unlawfully pretended to use subtle craft,—to wit, palmistry,—to deceive and impose on certain of Her Majesty's subjects.

with hieroglyphics. The Bench committed the prisoner to the House of Correction for three months, with hard labour, and expressed their regret that the law did not allow them to award a severer punishment.—London Times.

UNITED STATES.

AMERICAN ROMANISM.—The population of our country, says the "Religious Herald" (Baptist) of March 4th 1858, is but four times as great as it was fifty years ago; but Roman Catholic laymen are twenty-five, and Roman Catholic Priests twenty-seven times as numerous.

Divorce.—There is no subject more worthy the attention of the legislators of the present day, than that of divorce. The facilities afforded, by the laws of the country, to married persons of dissolving the marriage tie upon the most frivolous pretext has well nigh divested it of its sacredness and importance, and the result is that young people enter that sacred state with the same indifference as they would enter a ball room or theatre from which they may retire when it suits their convenience for places offering greater inducements.

PHRASES AND AN UGLY QUARREL.—Some unscrupulous Trustees, at the head of a little faction of infidel schuarrburts, or forty-eighters, as they are significantly called in their own tongue, have been attempting of late to create a "revolution" in St. Peter's (German) Church, Rochester.

The Philadelphia Ledger (Protestant) has the following remarks upon a new dodge of the Protestant Sunday Schools in the United States:—

"SYSTEMATIC DISSENTION.—The community have been entertained, for months past, with a movement professedly of a religious character, known as 'systematic dissention.' At a meeting on Thursday night, the plan was developed, and it appears to be an effort to get children to bring to the society the money they may receive as presents, or as rewards, or what they may earn by 'extraordinary industry or overwork,' which money is to be devoted to foreign and home missions, and a great many other things besides.

THE TRUE WITNESS

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The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1858.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Legislative Council has adjourned to the 8th, and the Legislative Assembly to the 7th of next month. The last hours of the session were marked by nothing worthy of much notice. The frauds and violence at some of our Lower Canadian elections gave rise to some animated discussions; and the returning officers, and poll clerks of several places in the county of Lotbiniere, have been ordered to attend the Bar of the House. Mr. J. S. Macdonald has given warning that he intends voting against every measure introduced by the Ministry. On the 19th, Mr. McGee brought under the notice of the House the violence to which he, a member of the Legislature, had been exposed whilst attending to his legislative duties. "Dear Brother" Macdonald, whose Orange brethren were the guilty parties in this business, promised—good man that he is—to call the attention of the conservators of the peace to the subject.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN TORONTO

At an early hour of the morning of the 17th inst., the Irish of Toronto were all stirring, preparing for the celebration of Ireland's National Festival. About 10 a.m. the procession was formed, and proceeded in an imposing, but most quiet and orderly manner towards St. Michael's Cathedral for the purpose of honoring "The Day" by the worship of Almighty God; little deeming that an act so inoffensive, not to say laudable, would provoke the rage of their fellow-citizens, and lead to the shedding of innocent blood, and other acts of barbarous outrage.

The first attack was made on the Procession near the corner of Queen and Yonge streets; but on this occasion it would appear that the Orangemen met with a repulse. Again they returned to the charge in King Street, near the Cathedral, and a "serious fight," says the Toronto Colonist, "took place" in the course of which Michael Sheedy, a quiet, inoffensive man, who was bearing one of the banners, was stabbed in the stomach with a dagger, from the effects of which he died in great suffering on Friday morning, in the General Hospital of that city. The body of the murdered man was followed to the grave on Sunday by about 6,000 persons. Satisfied apparently with their valorous exploits on the 17th, Attorney-General Macdonald's "Dear Brothers" allowed the remains of the victim of their brutality to be carried to the grave without molestation.

Emboldened by their attack on the Procession, and relying on doubt upon their numerous friends in Court, and the encouragement offered to them by the Governor-General, and the first law officers of the Crown, the Toronto Orangemen determined to signalise themselves by some other gallant feat of arms; and for this purpose planned, and carried into execution a nocturnal attack upon the National Hotel, in which a large body of Irishmen had met together in the evening to commemorate their country's National Festival. "Here" says a Protestant journal, the Toronto Leader—"the utmost harmony prevailed up to about eleven o'clock." The usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given, and speeches delivered; a friendly deputation, bearing a daisy, had just been received from the Irish Protestant Society who were dining in a neighboring hotel, when—(we quote from the Leader):—

"Without any previous warning, the cracking of windows, breaking in the lower part of the house was heard, and the dining room was immediately filled by fleeing and terrified men, women, and children. The windows of the dining room were next smashed in by bricks and large stones, and the company obliged to fly for their lives to the stairs and lobbies. The scene at this moment beggars description; the windows smashing, the mob without, yelling like blood thirsty fiends—(these fiends, be it remembered, are they to whom M. Turcoote is quite willing to extend the right hand of fellowship)—and inside the wild rage of the men, and the terrors of the youngsters and the weaker sex. Every moment waters grew worse within and without. The house was searched for arms to make a stand against the mob outside, and soon a dozen of shots were fired on both sides—which seemed however only to enflame the passions of both parties higher. We will not attempt to go any further in the description. On the one side were the loyal Catholic Irish, who had just drunk with enthusiastic cheers the health of Her Majesty and her family, and on the other were a body of equally loyal Protestants, but whose minds were poisoned, seeking to assail their fellow-citizens even to murder."

Rather a strange circumstance no doubt, seeing that according to the Montreal Witness, Protestant training is a guarantee against the crimes of murder and assassination. But let us be just to our Protestant fellow-citizens; for thank God, all Protestants are not Orangemen; and we know that many, very many of them as loudly and heartily condemn the savage fury of the Orangemen of Toronto, as do Catholics themselves. Indeed many Protestant gentlemen rushed boldly forward to rescue their Catholic fellow-citizens from the fury of the Orange canaille; and it was by their active exertions as much as by the interference of the police, that

the riot was suppressed, and a general slaughter of the guests of the National Hotel prevented.

It seems also that the Orange rabble, foiled of their prey at the National Hotel, but like the tiger that has once tasted blood, still clamorous for more—rushed to Sword's Hotel, where D. McGee Esq., was in the habit of lodging, and there with loud cries demanded that Mr. McGee should be delivered up to them. In the meantime that gentleman, who was driving down to the House of Assembly, was pursued by another body of Orange ruffians, who pelted him with stones, and would no doubt have murdered him could they have succeeded in laying hands upon him.

Comment upon the above disgraceful facts is almost unnecessary; only this would we remark—that we are now reaping the fruits of our own apathy, and miserable servility to "Jack-in-Office." Had we, some two years ago, when Orangeism first commenced to raise its hideous head in our midst—had we then firmly and constitutionally resisted the first aggressions of the monster—had we done our duty towards ourselves, by bringing the unstatesmanlike and ungentlemanly conduct of Sir Edmund Head under the notice of the Imperial authorities—had we then boldly and legally protested against any official encouragement to secret politico-religious societies—we should not now have to weep over the murdered body of poor Michael Sheedy, or to blush for the violence offered to our representative, and the insult therein implied to the citizens of Montreal. We have earned, and to a certain extent, merited, the reputation of being a tame "dough-faced" set, who for a "considération" and a little "government pap" judiciously applied, will put up with any amount of kicking and cuffing; and we have only to pursue for another year or two the same timid mercenary policy that has of late been in vogue amongst us, when, not only in Toronto, but in Montreal, and the other cities of Lower Canada, our national and religious processions will be hunted off the streets by armed Orangemen; and the same indignities that were heaped upon the Irish Catholic Clergy and laity of Toronto on St. Patrick's Day '55, will be offered to our Lower Canadian priests and Religious generally. It is indeed time for us to ponder seriously what attitude it behoves us as Catholics, and as British subjects, to adopt towards the foe that menaces both our religious and our civil liberties.

And we should remember that this foe is petted, fostered and encouraged by those who, if they had either the wisdom of statesmen, or the proper feelings of gentlemen, would make it their first duty to discountenance all secret politico-religious associations; particularly those societies whose past, deeply stained with blood, gives assurance of a bloody future. Instead of this, our Governor-General, and his Ministerial advisers—yes, the first legal functionaries in the Province—are actively engaged in promoting the very nuisance which it is their duty to abate. It is all very well for the Leader and the Ministerial press to declaim against George Brown, and his "No-Popery" cry, as the inciting causes of the late Orange riots at Toronto. But George Brown is not the chief culprit; we must look beyond and above the member for Toronto for the real criminals; and we find them in the Council Chamber, and in the Vice-Regal Chair. Yes—we say it unhesitatingly—upon the head of the Attorney-General—upon the head of the Governor-General—upon the head of every man who, being in office, directly or indirectly countenances Orangeism—be the blood of the murdered Sheedy—and the blood of the other victims of Orange brutality.

It is worthy too of notice that, whilst the bloody scenes above enumerated were being enacted in the streets of Toronto, a Bill for incorporating the chief actors therein was being introduced into the House of Assembly. Irishmen—we ask—Catholics, will you allow such a Bill to pass? Will you become parties to your own ruin and degradation?

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT KINGSTON.

(From a Kingston Correspondent)

The day was fine, and by about half-past nine o'clock the Procession of the Sons of St. Patrick commenced forming in front of the City Hall. Major O'Reilly's splendid Company of Volunteer Rifles formed the Guard of Honor, marching at the head of the Procession. Then came the pupils of the Christian Brother's schools, the Wolfe Island St. Patrick's Society, and the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston, accompanied by the Band of the St. Patrick's Society, by the Portsmouth Band and Mr. Frazer's City Band. Messrs. Roland Kain, Hilliard, Dawson, Byrnes and Halligan as Marshals, maintained the most perfect order in the Procession as it proceeded to St. Mary's Cathedral, where High Mass was sung by the Rev. Mr. Byrnes, and a most eloquent and appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Dollard.

After Mass the Procession numbering some 5000 persons, again marshalled in order, and proceeded through the principal streets of the City, to the City Hall, where they were addressed in an eloquent speech by D. Macarow, Esq., the deservedly respected President of the St. Patrick's Society, who was loudly cheered by the dense crowd which composed his audience. T. O'Reilly, Esq., was then lustily called for; and was received with enthusiastic cheers. Much sensation was caused by his allusions to his approaching departure from Kingston, and it was evident that the Irishmen of our city were most unwilling to lose so distinguished a member of their body. Mr. O'Reilly having retired amidst loud and long continued cheering, a very pleasing address was delivered by young Master Ryan of the Christian Brother's School—a lad of about 16 years of age—who was warmly greeted upon his appearance on the platform. This young gentleman in the most chaste and elegant language returned thanks, in the name of himself and comrades, to the St. Patrick's Society, from which they had imbibed their first lessons in patriotism—lessons which they would never forget, and which when arrived to years of manhood they would endeavour to reduce to practise. After a few words from Messrs Kain and Kilduff,

the assembly then broke up; mutually satisfied with one another, and the Day's enjoyments. The annual festival of the Society has been postponed until after Easter.

I should have noticed that a collection amounting to the sum of \$340 was taken up in the Cathedral during High Mass. A fact like this speaks volumes as to the liberality of our Irish Catholics of Kingston, who are always foremost in every good and charitable undertaking.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT OTTAWA.

"This is my own my native land."—Sir Walter Scott.

The anniversary of the patron Saint of Ireland was celebrated in this City with that enthusiasm which the fair daughters and intrepid sons of the Emerald Isle can feel. As intimated in our last issue the procession formed at half-past nine o'clock, A. M., at St. Patrick's Hall; and preceded by boys with wands, followed by the several banners of the Irish Societies, proceeded to the Cathedral, where an eloquent sermon was preached by our zealous Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Molloy. After Divine service the procession reformed and marched back in the above order, headed by the splendid Canadian Brass Band, where it dispersed, each to his home. We observed during the day not a single instance of intoxication,—order and harmony were the motto. At night the societies assembled at St. Patrick's Hall to talk over happy reminiscences of the "dear old land," the remembrance of which brings sorrow, tempered by the soothing hand of time, to many a heart.

Eloquent orations were delivered to the crowded audience by the Rev. Messrs. Trudeau, Dawson, Molloy and by Messrs. Ed. Smith and W. H. Reynolds.

We congratulate our countrymen on the manner in which they celebrated this joyous festival, and we hope to have the good luck of being present on many such occasions.—Ottawa Citizen.

We regret that owing to the non-reception, up to the time of going to press, of any communications from our Quebec correspondents, we are unable to give an account of the proceedings in the ancient capital of Canada on St. Patrick's Day. We know only that the Irish of that city celebrated the Festival in a becoming manner and that everything passed off tranquilly, and with the utmost harmony, and in a manner highly creditable to themselves as Catholics and as Irishmen. High Mass was sung at St. Patrick's by His Lordship the Bishop Elect of Kingston.

On St. Patrick's Day in this city, Captain Bartley, Lieutenant Cavanagh, and Ensign Donnelly entertained their Company (No. 5) at a dinner given at the Armoury. The utmost hilarity and harmony prevailed, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were drunk with enthusiasm.

Our Perth correspondent's interesting communication was only received as we were going to press. We have therefore been compelled to postpone its appearance until next week.

St. Patrick's Day in New York passed off well. There was a procession—10,000 Irishmen marched.

REVIVALS, AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

Amongst the many strange phenomena which excite the attention of the scientific world, there are perhaps none more worthy of a careful study than those which periodically manifest themselves amongst the Protestant population of the United States; and occasionally amongst Protestants in other countries. These phenomena seem to be amenable to no laws that have yet been discovered. They as readily manifest themselves in summer as in winter; the inhabitants of crowded cities, and the dwellers in the rural districts are alike their subjects; whilst so varied are they in their features, that hitherto they have set all attempts at classification at defiance.

That they are in all, or even in the majority of instances, simulated, that they are produced or withheld at the pleasure of their subjects, we do not believe; that a "Revival," or "Protracted Meeting" encourages a vast amount of hypocrisy is no doubt true; but there is more in them than can be accounted for on the hypothesis of hypocrisy.

To attribute the strange phenomena, the howling and jumping, the "Jerks" of the Methodists, and the violent animal excitement, which characterise a "Revival" to the influences of the Holy Spirit of God, is impossible; for we know that He is not a God of confusion, but of order; and that it is not in the contortions of the Sibly, or the frantic utterances of the Bacchanal, that His Holy Spirit manifests itself. Must we then conclude that, as these phenomena are certainly not of God, they must be of the devil?

We hope not; we hope that it is not necessary to have recourse to the extreme hypothesis of supernatural diabolical interference to account for the well attested phenomena which are at this moment attracting general attention not only in the United States, but in Canada. We would not be understood as altogether denying the Satanic origin of some of these phenomena; many of them indeed—especially that strange religious exercise known amongst the Methodists as the "Jerks"—are strongly suggestive of demoniacal possession; but we still think that, as the attention of men of science is directed towards them, they in a majority of instances will be reduced to something like order, and compelled to take their place in the ranks of those other phenomena to which a purely natural origin can be assigned. Some perhaps will in time be shown to proceed

from a disordered state of the bowels and liver, and a morbid condition of the digestive organs generally; whilst a still greater number will be classed amongst those "nervous" affections, to which we assign a natural and physiological origin, although it is impossible for us to enumerate every link of the subtle chain wherewith body and mind are mysteriously held together.—That the one reacts on the other we know, though of the *modus operandi* we are, and ever must be, ignorant; and we see therefore no good reasons for rejecting the theory of the purely natural and physiological origin of many of the characteristic phenomena of the Protestant "Revival" or "Camp Meeting."

The "Getting Happy," the "Losing One's Strength," the "Jumping," the "Roaring in Prayer," and other concomitants of what Professors call a "Pentecostal season," may, we have no doubt, be satisfactorily accounted for upon this "natural" hypothesis. Tight lacing, causing a predisposition to dyspepsia, and the *ennui* under which so many of them who have no domestic duties to engross their attention, labor, and which necessarily engenders a morbid hankering after excitement amongst the female patients,—indigestion, the result of tobacco chewing, bolting their victuals unchewed, and over application to business, amongst the males—are, we have no doubt, amongst the principal causes which in a season of great commercial depression, when economy is the order of the household, and business is slack, drive both men and women to seek excitement in the "prayer meeting," and render them so peculiarly liable to hysterical and other nervous affections. The bowels, we believe, are primarily in fault in the great majority of instances; in others, love of notoriety, and a desire to obtain a reputation for sanctity at an easy rate, and without the painful process of abandoning vicious habits, offer a still more simple explanation of the strange scenes now being enacted in the United States; whilst perhaps a supernatural and diabolical origin must be assigned to the remainder. We thus obtain three Heads under which all the phenomena of the "Revival" may be classed—the "Physiological," the "Hypocritical," and the "Diabolical."

Those of the first class belong to the domain of therapeutics; those of the second claim the attention of the policeman: whilst those of the third class only fall, properly speaking, within the province of the theologian, and exorcist. In the latter class we should certainly include the "Jerks," which make their appearance chiefly amongst the Methodists; though the members of other sects are liable to be attacked. Of this affliction, a correspondent of the Illinois Baptist gives the following account:—

"It made its appearance in a protracted meeting among the Methodists at Indian Grove. The minister who conducted the meetings moved them from Indian Grove to Avoca, and brought with them five or six of the jerkers, and thus the contagion commenced in the latter place. Our informant was present at several of their meetings in Avoca, and describes the scene as very exciting. From fifty to a hundred were jerking at the same time. Their hands, shoulders, feet, and heads would be violently thrown into the most grotesque and apparently painful shapes. The women's bonnets would fly off, their hair become dishevelled, and in some instances snap like a whip. In some instances it attacked unbelievers in it, and unconverted men who tried to resist it by folding their arms and wrapping them tightly around their bodies; but, in spite of themselves, their shoulders, first one and then the other, would be jerked back, till they lost all control of themselves."

Under which "Head" we should class the following, we are almost at a loss to say. It is copied from the N. Y. Tribune, and is an account of the conversion of a notorious bully and fighting man of New York, known as Orville, or Awful Gardner. The informant in this case is a Mr. Halsted, who seems to have acted the part of spiritual midwife on the occasion, and to have presided over the throes of the new birth of this "babe of grace." The particulars as to the very muscular manner in which the pugilist engaged in prayer, are given with much unction:

SHOWING HOW AWFUL GARDNER "GOT RELIGION." "A Christian who had been laboring with him, said: 'Now, Mr. Gardner, don't you feel as if you ought to change your course of life?' Said he: 'I do.' Then he asked, 'why don't you do so?' 'Well,' said Gardner, 'I can't begin now.' 'Why not now?' 'I have some matters in New York to settle up first.' 'Ah,' said the gentleman, 'you had better settle with your Maker first.' 'Well,' said Gardner, 'I am going to the city to-morrow morning, and when I return I will seek salvation.' Well, in the morning, he had his carpet bag ready to start; but, said he, 'I guess I will wait until to-morrow morning,' and so he kept on putting it off until to-morrow for a week. The spirit of God had kept him there. On Friday night he went to the meeting, and while he was there the minister laid to him, 'Hain't you better make up your mind to come forward and seek salvation?' 'Well,' said he, 'if I felt like that man I would—referring to a man who showed his desire to be saved, but was not yet converted.' 'Ah,' said brother Gilbert, 'your case is more critical than his.' 'Do you think so?' said he. 'Yes, you know your duty and will not do it.' Gardner went home that night. 'I don't like the remark the minister made,' said he, 'and I won't stay if he thinks I'm in that condition.' His wife said he didn't sleep that night. He twisted and rolled about as if in great distress. He again put off going to the city. He said to another friend, 'I am not satisfied with the life I have had. I am going, by the grace of God to change my course; I am going to try and be a different man.' On Wednesday he came forward and knelt down, but he didn't get converted then. He didn't get converted the next day, and in the meantime the members had begun to frown at the sinful man who had known him, and they came and filled the gallery, saying, 'Let's see what's going on.' But he didn't flinch. He knelt at the altar, but again he was not converted. He said to the minister, 'What does this mean?' 'Ah,' said the minister, 'God means to give you such a struggle that you will never forget it. He means to use you as a means of converting others.' On

Monday afternoon they got him in a private house. He prayed so, that nearly all about the place came around the house. 'What is that?' said they. 'It's Gardner praying for mercy.' That was good, was it not? (Cries of 'Amen!') I hope God will make some here pray. On Monday night he went again to the altar. On Tuesday he said, 'I have got to go to White Plains,' and a friend said, 'I will go with you,' and he put up his horse and they left together. They talked on without knowing where they were going until he halted the horse upon one side of the road, and shouted 'hallelujah!'

The pulling up of his horse, and singing out "hallelujah," marked the first stage in the process of poor Awful's conversion. But his trials were not over; for our informant tells us that just as he had sung out as above, and was beginning to get happy:—

"All at once the devil came to him, and said—'what are you doing? praising God? a man so wicked as you have been; you have made a mistake.'"

But though at first Gardner thought the devil was right, he was not to be daunted; a plucky fellow and used to a fair stand up fight, he would not give in. The conclusion of this most interesting case is given by the same authority as follows:—

"Gardner said 'he thought he had made a mistake,' but he came to the church, and while kneeling, the clouds began to dispel, and a bright light surrounded him; soon he took his handkerchief and covered his eyes. Said the minister, 'What are you doing, Gardner?' 'Why,' said he, 'there is such glory shining all around me; I thought it must be a mistake, and I covered my eyes to see if I could see it yet.' 'How is it?' said he; 'all light and beautiful,' said he. (Great sensation and loud cries of 'Amen!—Glory to God, etc.,) and darkness has been succeeded by light and joy of Christ. On Thursday night he said, 'I have got religion; I thought it would be good, but it is a great deal better than I thought it was.' If we live until two weeks from to-day you will hear him talk of Jesus himself in the Seventeenth-street Church."

We scarcely know how to treat such cases when brought before us. They are too grave for mirth, and too grotesque in their several features to challenge our respect; and though it would be nothing less than blasphemy to attribute them to the agency of the Holy Ghost, we naturally feel loath to conclude that the actors therein are either hypocrites, or the subjects of Satanic possession. We look upon them rather as the victims of impaired visceral action, produced by the causes above enumerated, and of a morbid hankering after excitement, analogous to that under which opium-eaters, and drunkards' labor, when suddenly deprived of their accustomed stimulants. This is our theory of "Revival" conversions.

We need scarcely add that we expect no permanent good to society to result from them, or any improvement in the morals of the community wherein they occur. When Sloggin's within "two weeks" from his conversion undertakes publicly to "talk of Jesus," we tremble greatly for Sloggin's, we have but little respect for the moral sense of the community of which Sloggin's is a chosen vessel and a shining light. St. Paul indeed after his conversion, and having been specially and miraculously called thereunto, spoke openly of Jesus, to Jew and Gentile. But then it must be remarked that prior to his conversion St. Paul had not led an immoral life; and that his sin consisted in his too great zeal for the religion of his fathers, and not, as in the case of Sloggin's, in a total disregard of all religion and religious obligations. Besides St. Paul was in a marked manner called of Christ to preach the Gospel; he therefore incurred no risk of mistaking his subjective impressions for the voice of God. Has Sloggin's the same assurance?—can he adduce any proof of his divine mission? When he does, then we will enroll ourselves amongst his hearers, but not before.

Let it not be thought that we would turn the awful subject of conversion into ridicule, or even treat it lightly; it is because we see no signs of conversion in the victims of the "Revival" mania, no traces however faint of the working of the Holy Spirit, that we denounce the movement as dangerous to faith and morals. When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right—then, and not when he sings out "hallelujah!"—do we believe that he shall save his soul alive; in the purity and honesty of his life and conversation, and not in the strange capers that he cuts in a moment of wild excitement, or in the uncouth howlings whereby he announces to the world that he has "got happy," do we believe that the truly penitent sinner will proclaim the great things that God has done for his soul; and it is when he offers to the Lord the acceptable sacrifice of a broken spirit, of a heart contrite, and humiliated at the memory of its iniquities—rather than when he "talks of Jesus in the Seventeenth-street church"—that we recognise the presence of the Spirit of Him Who holdeth the proud man in abhorrence, but delighteth to shew mercy unto the meek and humble of heart. In a word, we believe in the conversion of a weeping Magdalen; we have more than doubts in that of a shouting Sloggin's.

"A Protestant, or at least a non-sectarian education of the masses, seems to be the only guarantee against murder and assassination; but even this the Priests will not let us have in Lower Canada, and attempt to put down in the Upper Province."—Montreal Witness.

Before proceeding to test by the history of Protestant communities, the value of the guarantee offered by "a Protestant" education, against murder and assassination, we would take the liberty of remarking, that our cotemporary is in error as to the conduct of "the Priests." In so far as the latter are concerned, Protestants in both sections of the Province, are at liberty to educate their own children as they please; all that we, Papists, ask is, that Protestants presume not to interfere with us in the education of our children; and that they do not take our money

for educational purposes of which we disapprove. Our principle in short is, that every man should feed, clothe, and educate his own children, and that no man should be compelled to feed, clothe, or pay for the education of any other man's child.

This premise, let us deal with the startling assertion that a "Protestant education," or at least a "non-sectarian education"—that is, an education from which the distinctive features of Christianity are eliminated—affords "a guarantee against murder and assassination." Is this assertion warranted by the facts presented to us by the history of Protestant communities?—or, in other words, do we find that the absence of murders and assassinations is the peculiar characteristic of those European nations which have been the most thoroughly infected with the principles of the Reformation of the XVI. century?

So far is this from being the case, that we assert that the progress of Protestantism, and of Protestant principles, has always and everywhere been characterised by a disregard for human life, and by an increase in those very crimes, against which a "Protestant education" is to act as a guarantee. Not that we would pretend that crime is peculiar to any race, or that the annals of any people are exempt from stain; but this we do contend, that no history is so dark, none so conversant with deeds of treachery and bloodshed, as is that of the Protestant countries of Europe. Let us look at the history of Scotland since the Reformation; for there, if any where, shall we find the results of a thorough Protestant training. Do we there find any lack of murders and assassinations? or any tendency in Protestant principles to mitigate the natural ferocity of the people? On the contrary, we find that during the latter part of the XVI., and the entire XVII. centuries, political assassination was scarcely looked upon as a crime, that it was resorted to by the most devout of the ultra-Protestant party, and its lawfulness openly defended by the great Doctors of the Holy Protestant Faith. John Knox approved of assassination, when his religious and political opponents were the victims, as did the other ministers of the Presbyterian church of Scotland. "Knox related"—says the Protestant historian Robertson—"the deaths of Beatoun and of the Duke of Guise, not only without censure, but with the utmost exultation."—History of Scotland, lib. IV.; and again, speaking of the last moments of Morton, one of the actors in the cowardly murder of Rizzio, the same Protestant writer remarks that "neither he himself, nor the ministers who attended him, seem to have considered it as an action which called for repentance;—even then he talks of David's slaughter, as coolly as if it had been an innocent or commendable deed." In a note, the historian adds, as illustrative of the opinions of Protestant divines of all denominations as to the lawfulness of assassination, that Packhurst, the Protestant Bishop of Norwich, in communicating the tidings of the murder of Rizzio "to his correspondent Bullinger, an eminent reformed divine of Zurich, expresses no condemnation of the murder of Rizzio; and exults over the supposed death of the Friar, in terms which in our times will appear as shocking as they are puerile." We might multiply similar instances to almost any extent; but the above which we extract from purely Protestant authorities, are amply sufficient to support our thesis—that, not only was assassination not looked upon as a crime, but that it was positively approved of, by the most eminent divines of the early Protestant churches.

Their descendants of the XVII. century were in no wise more averse to assassination, when it suited their purpose better than treachery or perjury. Witness the cruel murder of Sharp on Magus Moor by the saints, and the countenance which the assassins received from the great body of the Puritan party in Scotland.—Indeed there were no texts so often on their lips, no passages of the Bible which they were fonder of quoting, than those which may be found in the Old Testament describing the punishment inflicted upon the persecutors of God's "chosen people." How Samuel-hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gath—how Jahel, the wife of Ithab, took a nail and drove it into the brain of the sleeping foe of her people—or how the left-handed son of Gera smote Eglon in the belly with a two handed sword, so that the contents of the belly gushed out—were the passages of Holy Writ upon which these sour sectaries delighted to dwell, and in which they found precedents for, and the justification of their crimes. In their eyes, they were the Lord's peculiar people; Papists and Prelatists were but as Amalekites, whom it was lawful to slay by any means and with all weapons; this was their theory, and their practice was uniformly consistent therewith.

Hence the massacre of Drogheda—a crime both in atrocity, and in the number of its victims, far exceeding that of the St. Bartholomew. Of the victims of the latter, a list was published in 1592, from which it appears that 786 were certainly killed; and if to these we add about an equal number for those whose names may have escaped notice, we shall have about 1,500 persons as having perished on the 24th of August, 1572, and the following days during which the

massacre continued. At Drogheda, and in one church alone, to which they had fled for shelter, about 1,000 unfortunate creatures—men, women, and children—were, as we learn from the despatches of the monster Cromwell himself, and by his orders, butchered in cold blood. "I believe," writes this great Protestant Saint exultingly to the Speaker of the House of Commons, "all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two;" and these two were murdered the next day. Similar scenes were enacted in every other quarter of the city; and taking the number of slain as given by the murderers themselves, there can be no doubt that it far exceeded that of the St. Bartholomew.

The "Massacre of Glencoe," though marked with fewer victims, has features of atrocity and of treachery which give to it a bad pre-eminence even over the "Massacre of Tredah." Cromwell was a fanatic; but William of Orange was a cool cold-blooded calculating Dutchman, ably seconded by the leaders of the Presbyterian party in Scotland; to whom, as well as to Dutch William, must be assigned the infamy of a transaction which for cruelty and treachery stands unparalleled in the history of the world. Now, with these two sanguinary massacres—both the work of Protestants whom Protestants of the XIX. century hold in honor—before our eyes, we confess that we can find in Protestant training no very valuable guarantee against the crimes of murder and assassination.

And what does the Montreal Witness say to the plots with which the latter days of the Stuarts in England were always disturbed? Take the details of the "Rye House Plot," for instance, as given by the Protestant historian Macaulay; and see how little cause Englishmen have to boast that no king in England has ever fallen a victim to assassination. At the head of this plot to murder the King and the Duke of York, appears the name of Ferguson, a zealous Protestant, and Independent preacher; whilst the conspirators were recruited from the ranks of the most ardent Protestants of the Whig party.—The plot failed, and Charles' life was saved; but not because of any guarantee that Protestantism offers against the crime of murder; but because, as Macaulay says, "cowardly traitors hastened to save themselves by divulging all, and more than all, that had passed in the party."

And this leads us to the consideration of another mode of political assassination which has always flourished in all Protestant countries, but in Protestant England especially. If in other countries the dagger has been too frequently employed against an opponent, in Protestant England perjury has proved an equally deadly weapon, when wielded by such proficients in the art of false swearing, as the Holy Protestant Church furnished in abundance during the XVII century.—Bedloe, Carstairs, Dangerfield and the Rev. Titus Oates, for instance—and who seem to have transmitted their accomplishments to the Protestants of the present day. Now for this kind of political murder, Protestant England stands unrivalled. In other countries there may have been scoundrels as unscrupulous as Bedloe, liars as barefaced as the Rev. Titus Oates; but in no other country have convicted perjurers been rewarded and pensioned by the State for their crimes. Perjury, in short, in England, if employed against Papists, seems in the XVII century to have been looked upon as giving the false witness a claim upon the gratitude of his country for life. And accordingly, an English, but thank God an exclusively Protestant, House of Commons, recommended the Rev. Titus Oates, to William of "pious" memory; and William who recognised in the Reverend sufferer, a congenial spirit, and a martyr for the Holy Protestant Faith, awarded him a pension of three hundred a year, as a consideration for his services, and a compensation for his flogging. It is this public, and official encouragement given by a Protestant Legislature and Protestant Sovereign to the convicted perjurer, that gives to the crime of perjury its peculiarly English and Protestant character; and seems fully to warrant our suspicions of the value of Protestant training as a guarantee against murder and assassination. From want of space, we must postpone until our next, some other remarks we had to offer upon the bold assertions of the Montreal Witness in behalf of "Protestant or at least non-sectarian education."

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Quebec Gazette is astonished at the audacity of the "inferior race," in making application for Commissions in the new Canadian regiment; as if French Canadians were entitled to equal privileges with true born Anglo-Saxons.

"These gentlemen," (the French Canadians)—says our cotemporary—"have no business with the Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment; they enjoy pretty much any pickings going on in the Province without attempting to foist themselves into that which is to form a portion of the army of England, and with which they can never be expected to assimilate in any closer degree than they have already done."—Quebec Gazette.

We did think in our simplicity that the 100th Regiment was to form part of the British army, into which therefore all British subjects would have the right to enter. It seems however it is to form part of an exclusively "English" army; and that Irishmen, and French Canadians, have nothing to do with it. It is well that this fact should be made generally known.

It having become known at an early hour on Tuesday morning, that Mr. McGee would be in town in the evening, his friends determined to give our City member a warm reception; both as a tribute of respect to him for his honest services in the House, and as a mark of their abhorrence of the blood-thirsty Orangemen of Toronto. Placards were issued, and about 10 p. m. many thousands had collected at the Grand Trunk Depot, where upon the arrival of the cars from the West, Mr. McGee was received with enthusiastic cheering, and a most cordial greeting. A torch-light procession was then formed to escort him home; the streets were in a blaze with burning tar barrels, whilst rockets and other fireworks gave additional lustre to the scene. The cortege then proceeded in an orderly manner along Wellington and McGill streets: thence along Craig and St. Antoine streets to Mr. McGee's house in the St. Antoine suburbs, where they were addressed in suitable terms by Mr. McGee, His Honor the Mayor and Major Devlin. The first testified his gratitude to his friends for the kind and most flattering reception which they had given him. The Mayor congratulated them on the harmony existing betwixt the Irish and the French Canadians; and Major Devlin made some very happy remarks upon the late Orange disturbances at Toronto—hinting at the necessity of some speedy and decisive action on the part of the Catholics of Canada, if they did not wish to see this far land reduced to the same sad state as that which has been the lot of Ireland for many generations, through the accursed influence of Orangeism, and Orange government. These remarks were well received; and with many a hearty cheer for our independent Representative the vast multitude retired. We should add that Hardy's excellent band was in attendance and discoursed most eloquent music. On the whole Mr. McGee must have been struck with the contrast betwixt Montreal, and rowdy, Orange-ridden Toronto. We wish him joy of the change.

VERY SIGNIFICANT.—We copy from the Toronto Catholic Citizen a portion of a most eloquent address delivered at the St. Lawrence Hall, by John Donohoe, Esq., President of the St. Patrick's Society, before the Very Rev. M. Bruyere, V.G. and several other members of the Clergy, D. McGee, Esq., M.P.P., and a crowded audience assembled to commemorate the anniversary festival of Ireland's Apostle. Having recapitulated Ireland's many claims upon the gratitude of Christendom, as the asylum of learning and religion during the Dark Ages, the speaker continued as follows:—

"On this golden period I do not at present purpose to dwell. I would rather call your attention to the duties we have to perform in this, the land of our adoption. We have here one of Ireland's sons of whom we may well be proud. And we would have had more here, were they only equally faithful with him to the trust confided to them (loud cheers). Now that we are assembled in such numbers it is as well that these gentlemen should know that in the opinion of the Irishmen of Upper Canada, those parties high in place and power have not discharged that duty which we expected of them (loud cheers). There is now through the power existing in the Government of Canada a sentiment of opposition to the Catholics of this Province (hear). It is well that Irishmen should know it, and when any Irishman becomes part and parcel of any Administration, and acts silently, and when he hears his religion maligned—when a sentiment of hostility fell from the leader of the present Government, (hear)—when I say an Irishman was found unmanly enough not to repudiate it instantly—we want no such Irishman on our platform to-day. (Cheers.) It is not such public service we want. If there is one thing more than all others the possession of which in our public men, we must insist on, it is the property of honesty. And if they do not possess it, it is our fault, if on such an occasion as this, we do not make them understand that we are fully aware of their shortcomings. (Cheers.) The matter I allude to is patent to all. On this subject I might well quote Moore's lines—"unprized are her sons till they learn to betray." (Hear.)"

The loud applause that these remarks elicited from his audience, showed that the latter understood the allusions, and fully endorsed the sentiments, of the eloquent President of the St. Patrick's Society. Such time-serving Irishmen as those to whom he alluded, are a disgrace to their creed and country, and are certainly not wanted on the platform of Irishmen on a St. Patrick's Day.

Every snob, every dirty "Jack-in-Office," must have his sneer now-a-days at the Irish Catholics of Montreal, and of Griffintown in particular; as witness the following paragraph which we clip from the Montreal Herald:—

A SORE SUBJECT.—Poor Mr. Cartier seems as if he would never get over the Montreal election. It comes up on all occasions either ex mero motu, or from the interference of injudicious friends. Thus, on the debate with respect to the Lotbiniere election, which is too long to be reproduced at length in our columns, Mr. Dorion, speaking of the propriety of bringing the affair to trial at the Bar, the following pithy little conversation took place:—

Atty. Gen. Macdonald—Why not bring your own case to the bar. Mr. Dorion—I am willing to bring the Montreal election to the test. If the Solicitor-General will give way I will give way. (Hear, hear.) Solicitor-General Rose had not so large a purse at his back as Mr. Dorion. Atty. Gen. Cartier said he had had a majority of the French Canadian votes. Mr. Dorion—Of course the hon. gentleman had a majority of French Canadians, and all the rich and respectable, and influential people, and besides that he kept possession of the bottom of the poll. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) He had to go to Vercheres, and there only got elected by a small majority of thirty votes. Atty. Gen. Cartier—If I was at the bottom of the

poll I did not get one of the three thousand votes of the people from Griffintown. Mr. Dorion would tell the hon. gentleman that the people from Griffintown had as good a right to vote as his supporters, &c., &c. Who, and what, we should like to know, is this impertinent fellow Cartier, that he should presume to sneer at better men than himself.—Yes—his superiors in birth, and education, and whom it would be to insult, to compare even with such an unprincipled office hunter as the member for Vercheres!

ORANGEISM IN COBOURG.—A correspondent of the New Era gives an interesting account of the progress of Orangeism in his district—and cites some very interesting facts as illustrative of the advantages of having an Orange Magistracy and an Orange executive, generally. No wonder that with these gentry in power, Orange criminals set the laws of God and man at defiance. All that we can say is—"How long O Lord?" how long will the Catholics of Canada tamely put up with such treatment? Verily they are a patient, much enduring race.

Cobourg, March 16, 1858. Dear Sir.—The character of the Premier, Brother MacDonald, does not seem to have lost any of its attractions in the eyes of those milk-and-water men who would now attempt to hold the veil of toleration between him and an outraged people. This coquetting with justice is not the only instance we have of Orange duplicity.

During the past year our prosperous town has been the scene of a series of the most destructive, determined and diabolical incendiarisms that have ever come under my notice; and so well were the gang of ruffians who perpetrated these crimes organized, that all efforts on the part of our municipal authorities to discover them proved unavailing until within a very few weeks past; when a dispute amongst the ruffians provoked a discovery which led to the arrest of four or five of the guilty parties, who were duly examined by magistrates, and committed for further examination, in hopes of obtaining further evidence against them. Different examinations took place, and ample evidence was provided to convict some of the parties, at least, if not all; but, through a neglect of duty on the part of the acting magistrates, warrants of commitment were not renewed at the proper time, and the gaoler actually turned these tigers loose upon the public once more. No time was lost, however, by these ferocious ruffians, for they profited by the wink, and immediately left for parts unknown, and up to the time I write their whereabouts is a mystery.—Thus has justice failed in this case; and thus have we let loose amongst us a band of the most reckless vagabonds ever known. And whom have we to thank for this desecration of justice, or where are we to look for redress? We have indeed to thank the overt influence of Orangeism for this defiance of law, as they, the accused, were all members of the fraternity; and, under the fostering care of Brother MacDonald. Must Orangeism still reign triumphant, and bid defiance to law and order; and that because the head of the government stands up to defend it? I say not; and I have ample room for hope. Mr. McGee has so far nobly redeemed his pledges, and ere long he will let his voice be heard on this subject; and he will open the eyes of Canada when he will show Orangeism up in all its deformity.

Owing to the exertions of our venerated pastor, Rev. Mr. Timlin, we have got our separate school opened, and I am happy to say, it has met with much success. There are now between 60 and 100 pupils attending the school. Yes, our separate school is now in operation; and though its opposers sneered at the idea of establishing one in this town, we can already boast of one of the most flourishing schools in this locality.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- N. Lancaster, A. McDonnell, 10s; Cobourg, P. Keon, 5s; St. Johns, C. E., A. Bourgeois, 18s 9d; Corbeau, N. Y., U. S., Rev. J. Sasseville, 10s; St. Catharines, J. Kelly, 1s 2s 6d; do., R. D. Dunn, 1s 2s 6d; Toronto, Rev. Mr. Bruyere, 15s; Desert, Ont., Rev. Mr. Deleage, 10s; St. Anicet, J. Gurrat, 10s 4d; Norton Creek, A. McCallum, 6s 3d; Dalhousie Mills, D. McDonald, 11s 2d; Smiths Falls, P. McDermott, 1s; St. Monique, P. White, 1s; South Gloucester, J. M'Sweeney, 5s; H. McKenny, 12s 6d; St. Sylvester, D. Moran, 12s 6d; Caintown, M. Ronayne, 21 5s; L'Assomption, H. McMullin, 10s; J. Collins, 12s 3d; Cornwall, A. McDonnell, 12s 6d; Rawdon, J. Guinan, 10s; Toronto, T. P. O'Neill, 1s 5s; Williamsstown, D. McDonald, 10s; Pittserry, J. Connors, 5s; St. Bridget, D. Murray, 11 5s; Captain Maguire, 11 5s; Allumette Island, J. Cunningham, 12s 6d; Gaspe, J. J. Cavanagh, 15s; Jerseyville, N. Adams, 10s; Tannery West, M. Cronin, 1s 2s 6d; J. Fox, 10s; Alexandria, H. McDonald, 1s 2s 6d; River Beaudette, M. Darraugh, 6s 3d; Rockwood, J. Carroll, 10s; Peterboro, J. Boyd, 15s; Kankakee, H. U.S., J. Lecours, 5s; North Gower, J. O'Connor, 10s; Hemmingford, J. Ryan, 10s; Grand River, J. Kearney, 1s. Per D. A. Rochon, St. Alexandre—Rev. Mr. Dasory, 8s 9d; St. Johns, F. Marchand, 12s 6d; do., H. Monahan, 6s 3d; do., E. Gebins, 10s; do., J. R. Jobson, 12s 6d; do., J. Rossier, 6s 3d; Henryville, Rev. Mr. St. Aubin, 6s 3d; J. Malavan, 12s 6d; do., J. Dillon, 1s 5s; do., J. McCarthy, 8s 9d; St. Anicet, Dr. Masson, 1s 17s 6d; St. Cesaire, P. Gigault, 12s 6d; St. Athanas, J. Dooey, 1s 11s 3d. Per Rev. P. Dollard, Kingston—D. Hallinan, 10s; C. Donoghue, Jr., 2s 6d. Per M. McNamara, Kingston—J. Green, 10s; M. Quinn, 10s; P. Campbell, 1s 2s 6d; J. Patterson, 15s; Newsroom, 12s 6d; J. Lowry, 10s; Wolf Island, T. Bricelan, 10s; J. McKen, 12 6s 7d; M. Hawkins, 12s 6d; P. O'Rielly, 11s 8d; M. Baker, 10s 8d; J. McGarvey, 8s 4d; J. Cosgrove, 5s; J. Kelly, 1s 9s 3d; T. Spencer, 6s 3d; P. Conroy, 18s 4d; P. Curtis, 6s 3d; H. Bowman, 1s 10s 2d; T. Lovet, 12s 6d. Per M. O'Leary, Quebec—J. McNulty, 15s; M. Rignay, 15s; J. Ryan, 15s; D. Salmon, 15s; Mrs. W. Downes, 15s; J. Ellis, 15s; W. Johnson, 7s 6d; M. Fitzgibbon, 15s; T. McIntyre, 15s; L. Roy, 2s 6d; Deaumont, P. Ryan, 12s 6d; St. Sylvester, D. Maguire, 12s 6d. Per J. Doran, Perth—M. Doyle, 6s 3d; J. Carney, 6s 3d; Carleton Place, P. Galvin, 12s 6d. Per A. McDonald, Perth—Self, 10s; J. McKeelan, 10s. Per Rev. M. Sas, St. Romuald d'Etchemin—Self, 12s 6d; J. McNaughton, Senr., 13s 9d; J. McNaughton, Jr., 12s 6d; T. Morgan, 12s 6d; M. Thomson, 12s 6d; T. Wilson, 12s 6d; D. Gaherty, 12s 6d; W. Smith, 6s 3d. Per J. McGill, Norton Creek—M. Moore, 5s. Per J. Comerford, Brantford—Self, 1s 5s; N. Martin, 10s. Per Mr. Donegan, senr., Tingwich—Self, 2s 6d; J. R. Murphy, 10s; S. Cody, 12s 6d; J. Gorman, 12s 5d; W. Coakly, 12s 6d. Per A. Daly, St. Ambrose—P. Daly, 12s 6d. Per J. Knowlson, Cavan—Self, 6s 3d; R. Smith, 6s 3d; Mt. Pleasant, H. McLaughlin, 6s 3d; J. McLaughlin, 6s 3d. Per P. Furlong, Brockville—E. Kenedy, 5s; Capt. T. Hays, 5s; J. Righe, 5s; J. Curran, 5s; Allumette Island, A. Whelan, 1s 5s. Per P. Dunn, Tannery West—H. Gavia, 5s. Per C. McGill, St. Urban—Self, 5s; H. Fitzpatrick, 5s. Per Rev. E. J. Dunphy, St. Johns, N. B.—Rev. J. Quinn, 12s 6d; Very Rev. J. Sweeney, 12s 6d.

- Per J. McConnell, Morrisburgh—J. Buckley, 12s 6d. Per M. Heaphy, Kemptville—D. Deighan, 10s. Per D. G. McDonald, Summerstown—Self, 12s 6d; K. McDonald, 1s 7s 6d. Per Rev. G. A. Hay, St. Andrews—D. McDonnell, 12s 6d; A. McDonnell, 12s 6d; Roxborough, P. Lynch, 6s 3d. Per Rev. Mr. Rossiter, Gananoque—J. Heaton, 10s. Per M. Buckley, St. Hyacinthe—F. Cadoret, 6s. Per Rev. J. Daly, Compton—Self, 11s 3d; Eaton Corners, E. Laroche, 13s 9d. Per F. S. Borgeand, St. Anicet—P. Barrett, 15s.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—We would request of our subscribers remitting money by mail, to take the precaution of always registering their letters.

Mr. M. McNamara has kindly consented to act as our Agent for Kingston and surrounding neighbourhood.

ROBBERY.—The hall of Dr. Henry Howard, Pres de Ville Place, was entered on Friday evening last, and a valuable overcoat stolen. Our citizens should be on the look out for entry thieves.

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT.—Bank of Montreal bills of the new plate, which have a partial resemblance to Bank of England notes, are being imitated by photographic process, so as scarcely to be distinguished from the originals. It is evident that tinted or colored notes such as the Bank of Ontario bills must come into use to defeat the powers of light.—Argus.

- BIRTHS. In this city, on Tuesday, the 16th instant, at No. 34 St. Margaret Street, Mrs. Patrick Joseph Fogarty, of a daughter. In this city, on Saturday, the 20th instant, at No. 60, St. Germain Street, Mrs. Michael Ronayne, of a son. In this city, on the 22nd instant, the wife of Mr. John Gillies, of a son.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES. March 23, 1858. Table with columns for Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Peas, Beans, Buckwheat, Potatoes, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Beef, Pork, Butter, Fresh Pork, Ashes-Pots, Pearls, and prices in s. d. and c.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach. Every family should have a bottle of these Bitters in the house. ONE DOSE will instantly relieve a sick stomach. ONE DOSE will cure the most distressing heart-burn. ONE DOSE will allay any agitation of the nerves. ONE DOSE taken an hour before meals, will give a good appetite. ONE DOSE will in many cases cure the most severe headache, when proceeding from a disordered stomach. These Bitters can be obtained at any Druggist's or seller of Patent Medicines in the United States and Canada. Price 75 cents per bottle. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle.

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL REMEDY. Davis' Pain Killer.—It is a real pleasure to us to speak favorably of this article, known almost universally to be a good and safe remedy for burns and other pains of the body. It is valuable not only for colds in the winter, but for various summer complaints, and should be in every family.—C. Advocate. We call attention to the great remedy of Perry Davis & Son called the Pain Killer. We believe that the public generally have great confidence in the efficacy of this medicine, as it is in this State very generally used.—Biblical Recorder, (N.C.). Messrs. P. DAVIS & SON.—Gentlemen: We have to report an increasing demand for the Pain Killer. Inquiries for the article are frequent. We have taken the liberty of distributing a few bottles among our friends, who have suffered severely with the rheumatism, (which is very prevalent in this country) and in every instance it has given great satisfaction.—In every box we sell makes an opening for a larger supply. WILLS, HOLDEN & CO., Melbourne, Australia. Lyman, Savage & Co., and Carter, Kerry & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

MRS. UNSWORTH HAS the honor to announce to her Friends and the Public, that she will give a GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, AT THE MECHANICS' HALL, ON TUESDAY, THE 6TH APRIL, Assisted by her DAUGHTERS and several distinguished AMATEURS and PROFESSORS. Programme in future advertisement. March 11, 1858.

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, Champooing, 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, Odgensburg, N. Y. LAMPLAGH & CAMPBELL, (Wholesale Agents), Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

It is stated that Lord Malmesbury has already answered the despatch of M. Walewski. His reply, of course, expresses a desire to cultivate the best relations with this country, and to remain in alliance with her, but it declares that the right of asylum shall be maintained intact. It is not said whether the suspended Bill will be taken up by the new Government. How far this is correct I am unable to say, but it is hard to see how any Government could avoid replying to that extraordinary production.

A pamphlet is expected to appear in a day or two on the question now at issue between England and France. It is meant as an appeal to the English people. Though professing to be the production of a diplomatist, the public will probably attribute it to a different pen from that of a mere diplomatist. The anonymous writer puts forth the claims which the Emperor of the French has on the favor of the English people, forgetting as he has all that passed at St. Helena. He will then show in what manner the Imperial "magnanimity" has been responded to; and will enumerate the conspiracies that have been planned under the protection of the English laws, and the conspirator who have been allowed to mature their plans unmolested on English soil. Finally, it calls on the English people to force their Government to make the alliance between the two countries such as the Emperor desires it. This is but the merest outline of the brochure, which has been corrected with much care.

The secret society of the Marianne is extending itself in the department of the Orne, in consequence of the arrival there of several workmen employed in the slate quarries of a neighbouring department who have been affiliated to the Marianne.—Paris Cor. of the Times.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following in its official columns:—

"General Changarnier and General Bedeau have permission to return to France."

Though Orsini is said to have displayed much calmness since his condemnation, yet, to prevent any attempt by his own hand, it was thought prudent to use the *camisol-de-force*, or strait-waistcoat. The others, with the exception of Gomez, who is not condemned to death, are similarly treated. The chaplain of the prison has been with them, but it is not said that his exhortations have had much effect.

The appeal of the prisoners against the sentence of the Assize Court is not yet disposed of.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of the celebrated Jesuit preacher, the Rev. Father Ravignan, whose serious illness we mentioned last week. He was born at Bayonne in 1793, he finished his humanities at the *College Bourbon*, and then at the request and desire of his guardians he devoted himself to the study of the law; at the early age of twenty-three he was elected councillor, and at twenty-six years of age (in 1821) he was appointed deputy *Procureur du Roi* (attorney-general) for the department of the Seine. This rapid success opened up to him the widest field of hope, when the very next year, unexpected by every one, he one day left Paris and retired to the seminary of Issy, from whence he wrote to Monsieur Bellart, *Procureur General*, that he had renounced all legal honors and the world in order to devote himself to the Priesthood. Father Ravignan received the tonsure at Issy, from the hands of the illustrious De Frayssinous, who was the founder of that modern pulpit eloquence in which he has been so gloriously followed by two men, Father Ravignan (Jesuit) and Father Lacordaire (Dominican). The funeral of Father Ravignan took place on Tuesday, in the church of St. Sulpice. As the deceased as a Jesuit had accepted the vow of poverty the hearse was that which would have been used for the poorest person, but that fact did not prevent his obsequies being attended by the highest dignitaries of the Church. Four prelates occupied seats in the church, and the upper clergy of Paris and the *religieux* from all the convents thronged to the ceremony. The mass was celebrated by the curé of St. Sulpice, and the absolution was delivered by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. After the *De Profundis* M. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, ascended the pulpit and delivered an address, in which he gave a biographical sketch of the deceased, who, he said, had been his friend from his earliest youth. After the service the body was conveyed to the cemetery of Mont Parasse, followed by a numerous cortege. The *Univers* mentions, that on Sunday last, the Rev. Father Felix, in his sermon at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, made particular reference to the late Rev. Father Ravignan; and the congregation were melted into tears. We cannot venture to give a report of this affecting appeal, which we hope will hereafter be published, but we think it right to mention that, after the sermon, at the wish of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, the whole of the congregation which filled the nave of the noble cathedral fell on their knees, and repeated the *De Profundis* for the great and glorious departed.—*Weekly Register*.

It is very evident that there is a coalition between Russia and France to take place some day, and that the French fleets were to engage the English fleets, while Russian squadrons, crowded with soldiers, were to pass the Sound, England would incur unheard-of dangers. And this is so well known on the other side of the Channel, that public opinion in England wished for nothing better than a second campaign in the Baltic, which might have ruined the Russian navy. Unfortunately for our ally, this navy is intact; it augments daily, and it would be very senseless on the part of the English to look always towards France for a danger which points rather from the Baltic.—*Paris Seide*.

Letters of credit on the Emperor's account have been circulated in the city of Rome, and the life of Orsini is said to be in a degree that he is entitled to credit I cannot say. I am equally ignorant on what grounds his title to clemency is based. The subjoined letter to the Emperor, as published in the *Moniteur* with the rest of the proceedings, has produced an unpleasant impression on the representatives of some of the German States, and it certainly will not promote good will between the Court of Vienna and that of the

Tuilleries. It is still the topic of severe remark in diplomatic circles.—*Paris Seide*.

The depositions which I have made against myself in the course of the political proceedings which have been instituted on the occasion of the attempt of the 14th of January are sufficient to send me to the scaffold, and I shall submit to my fate without asking for pardon, but because I will not humiliate myself before him who has destroyed in the bud the liberty of my unhappy country, and because in the situation in which I am now placed, death for me will be a relief. Being near the close of my career, I wish, however, to make a last effort to assist Italy, whose independence has hitherto made me pass through so many perils and submit to every sacrifice. She is the constant object of all my affections, and it is that idea which I wish to set forth in the words which I address to your Majesty. In order to maintain the balance of power in Europe it is necessary to render Italy Independent, or to tighten the chains by which Austria holds her in bondage. Shall I ask that for her deliverance the blood of Frenchmen shall be shed for the Italians? No, I do not go so far as that. Italy asks that France shall not intervene against her, and that France shall not allow Germany to support Austria in the struggles in which she may perhaps be soon engaged. This is precisely what your Majesty can do, if you are so inclined; on your will, therefore, depends the welfare or the misfortune of my country,—the life or death of a nation which Europe is in a great measure indebted for her civilization. Such is the prayer which from my cell I dare to address to your Majesty, not despairing but that my feeble voice may be heard; I beseech your Majesty to restore to Italy the independence which her children lost in 1849 through the very fault of the French. Let your Majesty call to mind that the Italians, among whom was my father, joyfully shed their blood for Napoleon the Great, wherever he pleased to lead them; that they were faithful to him until his fall; and that so long as Italy is not independent, the tranquillity of Europe and that of your Majesty will always be vain illusions. May your Majesty not reject the last prayer of a patriot on the steps of the scaffold! May you deliver my country, and the blessings of 25,000,000 citizens will follow you to posterity!

Prison of Mazas, Feb. 11.

ITALY. Naples.—The difference between the Government and that of Piedmont seems to be assuming daily larger proportions. It has been whispered abroad here for some little time that the Sardinian Legation had received its instructions to pack up bag and baggage; and, although I believe this to be considerably exaggerating the real state of the case, still it is more than probable a rupture between the two Governments is on the eve of being verified. The dispute arose, as you are aware, from the fact of the Neapolitan Government having seized the Sardinian steamer *Agliari*, and declared her a lawful prey.

The Medical Commission appointed to examine Watt met again on Sunday last, at the English Infirmary, where he has taken up his quarters. I have no certain information as to the result; but I believe the physicians from Averna have confirmed the opinion of the other medical men as to Watt's mania. We may therefore hope that the trial will be at once resumed without him.—The news of the fall of Lord Palmerston's ministry reached us here last Sunday. The Neapolitans, generally, I speak of the higher classes are delighted beyond measure, and speak confidently of the return of the English and French ministers to their posts, under Lord Derby's administration. What foundation they have for such hopes I cannot learn. Lord Derby's praises of the King of Naples in the house show certainly his own good will in that direction; but it is difficult to see how can be differences settled without some real or apparent concession from this Government. It would never do for England and France to cry "Peccavi" to His Sicilian Majesty. So at least think the people of England as a mass. The sum subscribed to the Government for the relief of the victims of the earthquake exceeds now 100,000 ducats. I hear that it is to be spent in the rebuilding of the churches.—*Cor. of Weekly Register*.

SPAIN. The Madrid journals, devoid of political news. They are a good deal occupied with the state of Mexico, which they regard as of extreme gravity. The *Censor Publico* asserts that in several provinces of Spain, crimes are lamentably frequent, and it calls for the adoption of measures calculated to secure life and property. The *Espana* complains of the measures relative to passports just adopted by the French Government.

The following is an extract from a private letter of the 29th of February from Madrid:—"I alluded some time since to a speech of M. Bravo Murillo, spoken after the attempt of the 14th of January. The note of M. Walewski was not then known here, but M. Bravo Murillo, alluding to the attempt, said that in order to combat Socialism, which was slowly gaining ground throughout Europe—indeed, in every country except England and Russia, and this from very different causes, it was necessary to form a coalition of Governments for mutual aid and co-operation. Has this hint, thrown out by the ex-Minister in the Cortes with a view to the extinction of Parliamentary government on the continent, been caught up in France? That I cannot affirm; I only know that for some days past it has been whispered here that M. Turgot, the French Ambassador—suspected, and on this suspicion incessantly abused by the reactionary journals, of supporting the English Ambassador in recommending to the Court of Spain a moderate and liberal policy—has received instructions in an opposite sense, that is, instructions favorable to the party that desires to establish Absolutism in this country."

INDIA. The following is the substance of the Indian news: The Commander-in-Chief was at Fattyghur preparing for the invasion of Oude, which would probably be from several points about the 26th. His own column is nearly 15,000 strong, with about 100 pieces of ordnance, while at least 10,000 men from other points will be ready to co-operate with him. The Punjab and Feroze, with the 72nd Highlanders, had reached Bombay, but large reinforcements of European troops are still required.

The *Calcutta Englishman* publishes a letter from Cawnpore, dated Jan. 16:—"They are making good work up the road—hanging by dozens. Every Sepoy that has not his discharge or leave certificate is hung to a certainty. The zemindars and villagers are behaving in most cases very well, and are giving them up to be hanged right and left, as fast as they make their appearance, and any man concealing or harbouring and not giving instant information of the whereabouts of a Sepoy is hanged himself."

The following telegram has also been received from Malta at the India-house:—"To Sir James Melville, K.C.B., India-house, London. The Commander-in-Chief was at Fattyghur on January 24th. Brigadier Walpole's column was near Ramgama, preparing to cross into Rohilcond. A rebel force was on the opposite bank of the river. By intelligence to January 22nd, Sir James Outram had been again assailed, but an attack by the whole rebel force a Lucknow was expected. Reinforcements had been sent to Sir James Outram. Sangor was relieved by Sir Hugh Rose's force on February 3d. On the march to Sangor, Rakjbur was attacked on January 26th, but the garrison evacuated the place. The chief rebel leader in Central India, Mahommed Fazil, was, however, taken and hanged. On January 31st Sir Hugh Rose defeated the in-

surgeants at Banda. Our loss was slight, but Captain Doyll, of the Royal Engineers, was killed. The fort and town of Awah were occupied on January 24th, the greater part of the garrison having escaped in the night; during a violent storm. The Punjab and Seinde are all quiet; all quiet with the exception of Candish, in which, however, no new excess are reported. Proof has been obtained that Shorapoor Rajah has been collecting troops for a rebellion. A Bombay force from Belgaum, and a Madras force from Kurnool, are advancing to Kooles with the Nizam's troops, for the reduction of the Rajah. D. ANDERSON, Secretary to Government. Per Steamer Euxine. Bombay Castle, Feb. 9, 1858.

Malta, March 1, 1858. The *Times* publishes a despatch from its own correspondence, which contains some particulars not in the above telegram:—"An attack from Calcutta was expected at Fattyghur. Troops from Allahabad and Cawnpore were concentrated to oppose. Sir James Outram had been reinforced at Allahabad, and held his own. The Gorkhals have marched from Gorkuckpore on Fyaband, in Oude. The Nawab Mohammed Fawil Khan has been hanged. The trial of the King of Delhi was to commence on the 2nd of February. The Rajah of Shorapoor, in the Southern Maharashtra country, is about to be attacked from three quarters. The *Habeas Corpus* case is at an end by the arrival of an act from Calcutta, justifying the prisoners' detention."

IMPORTANT PROCEEDINGS UNDER THE COMMON LODGING HOUSE ACT. (From Punch.)

Mr. John Bull, keeper of a common lodging-house, much frequented by foreigners, was charged with various offences under the Common Lodging House Act, and generally with keeping a disorderly house, and harboring notoriously bad characters. The principal witness against him was a Frenchman, formerly a lodger in the house, who gave his name Charles Louis Napoleon. The witness stated that Mr. Bull, the landlord of the house, systematically violated the provisions of the act, which required him to open the windows of his rooms for a certain number of hours daily, to turn down the bed clothes; and generally to keep up a close surveillance over the inmates of his house, and ventilate everything in the apartments occupied by his lodgers. He further stated that whereas the act bound the landlord to give notice to the police of all dangerous cases of contagious and epidemic disorders, and of all attacks arising from such disorders that might occur on the premises, with a view at once of the removal to safe custody of those in whom they might break out, and the preservation of those they might attack, Mr. Bull had been in the habit of allowing such cases to get to a height without informing the police, and of permitting his lodgers to associate indiscriminately with persons suffering from the most dangerous and contagious disorders, particularly what was called in France "La Fèvre Rouge."

The magistrate wished to know if this was the same as scarlet fever, and begged the witness to be a little more precise in his statements, and to express himself in English, as he seemed to know the language well. The witness said he did, having long resided in England, at Mr. Bull's house. He had been a special constable here in 1848, shortly after which he left England, seeing an opening for an active young man in France, where he had since held responsible situations, and was now earning very high wages. *La Fèvre Rouge* was an epidemic which had made great ravages in France, and was much worse than the worst kind of scarlet fever known in England. It was a highly inflammatory disease of the most contagious character, and attended with delirium. The magistrate inquired what part of the body it attacked. The witness said it generally attacked the upper extremities beginning at the crown. The magistrate inquired if the witness was a medical practitioner.

This witness said he had practised in France for the last nine years, five of them on his own account and had particularly devoted himself to the treatment of this very disorder. He believed his treatment was considered highly successful. It consisted in letting blood freely, followed by lowering and suppressive treatment, and the strictest separation and close confinement of the sufferers. Change of air, too, he had found useful, particularly removal to hot climates like Algeria. He considered Cayenne almost a specific, and had administered it in large doses, especially during the very severe outbreak of the disorder in 1852. All movement was dangerous, and all mental exertion. He considered the worst cases were those which had originated among Mr. Bull's lodgers, who often brought the disease into France. Considered Mr. Bull guilty under the act, for not bringing these cases to the knowledge of the police.

The witness was closely cross-examined by the defendant. Admitted he had several times been a lodger in the defendant's house; declined to state what his means of subsistence were while in this country. Might have been charged with attempts at burglary at Boulogne and Strasbourg. Would not say he had not been tried for a murder arising out of the former charge. Would not swear he had not been imprisoned on that charge. Might have expressed strong opinions to Mr. Bull on the subject of this act during the time he lodged with him. Would not say he had not told him the police had no business on his premises. The windows of his room were generally kept shut. Never complained then. Was not in good circumstances at that time. Might have borrowed money of Mr. Bull. Would not swear he had not left in his debt. Might have had *La Fèvre Rouge* himself; had associated freely with persons suffering from it. Might have told Mr. Bull it was not dangerous; knew better now. Did not see what that had to do with the present charge. Declined to state whether he had made any communications to the police. Had friends in the police now, and considered it an honour. Thought Mr. Bull's house ought to be shut up, and his license as a common lodging-house keeper taken away, for the safety of society at large. Was very much interested for society at large. Was not aware if that opinion was general, but a day seldom passed without his being told so by persons in the highest positions in France.

Mr. Bull called several witnesses to speak to the character of his house, including an old Austrian of the name of Metternich, (whose cautious and round-about way of giving his evidence much amused the court,) several members of a family of the name of Bourbon whose father had lodged with Mr. Bull under the name of Smith, and a host of Hungarians, Italians, Poles, and Frenchmen, who proved that Mr. Bull complied strictly with the terms of the act, and that they had no complaint to make of the house. Several members of the police-force also gave evidence. It appeared, on cross-examination, that the informer had for several years past been in the habit of making complaint against Mr. Bull's house, and had endeavored to induce the police to enter the premises in disguise. He had had the act explained to him, and had always been told that any charge of violation of any of provisions would be strictly looked into. There might be a grudge on the informer's part against Mr. Bull.

The Magistrate, after careful consideration of the act, said it did not appear to him that the charges were made out. There was no proof the defendant knew of the existence of the alleged cases of the very serious disorder deposited to by the principle witness. Mr. Bull was not bound to inform the police of suspected cases. He had no power to detain his lodgers, or to prevent their leaving his house. All powers of an inquisitorial character required to be exercised cautiously in this country. He thought it ill became the witness, who, by his own account, seemed to be under considerable obligations to Mr. Bull, to bring such a charge as the present on such a loose and unreliable foundation. Mr. Bull would leave this court without any stain on his character. The magistrate saw no grounds whatever for taking away the license of the house. On the contrary, it seemed to him to be very well conducted, and it was a great blessing to many distressed foreigners that they had such a place to resort to. The decision of the worthy magistrate was loudly cheered, and Mr. Bull on leaving the court was warmly greeted by his numerous lodgers. The witness, Napoleon, was allowed to leave the court by the private entrance in a cab, as there seemed to be a considerable disposition among the crowd assembled in the neighborhood to handle him roughly.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE IN LIVERPOOL.—On Saturday afternoon a poor fugitive slave, who arrived three weeks ago at Liverpool from New Orleans, stowed away in the hold of a cotton-ship, was brought to this office. The following is his own plain and unvarnished tale, taken down as the narrative fell from his lips:—"My name is Tom Wilson. I arrived here in a ship called the *Metropolis*, Captain Foster. I am slave-born. I have been under slave bondage ever since I was born. I am now 45 years old. I belonged to Mr. Henry Fastman, of New York, cotton-presser. I was under him for the space of seven years. Before then I belonged to Colonel Barr, of Woodford, Mississippi. There I had a wife and three children, besides having had another child, which died. I was sold by auction by Major Baird's auctioneer for \$2,600, and was taken down to New Orleans, away from my wife and children, and I haven't seen them since. Shortly after I got there Mr. Fastman's overseer, Burks commenced to ill-use me. I didn't understand tying the cotton; it was new to me, and I was awkward; so I was flogged. They used to tie me down across a cotton bale and give me 200 or 300 with a leather strap. I am marked with the whip from the ankle bone to the crown of my head. Some years before I was sold from Mississippi, the overseer there, because I resisted punishment, cut my right arm across the muscle, and then had it stitched up. He did that, as he said, to weaken me, because I was too strong in the arm. About a year and a half after I had been in New Orleans I ran into the woods. I was followed by Burks and a pack of bloodhounds into the Baddenush swamp. The dogs soon caught me; they tore my legs and body with their teeth. Here are the marks yet. [As he spoke he turned up his trousers legging and exposed formidable scars extending up the calf and above the knee-joint.] Burks (he continued) rode up to me with his gun and shot me in the hip with 14 buck shot, which can be seen and examined at any time. The dogs continued to pin me with their teeth. After that I knew nothing about what they did to me for about a week. When I got a little stronger they burned my back with a red hot iron, and my legs with spirits of turpentine, to punish me for escaping. They put an iron collar round my neck, which I wore for eight months, besides two irons, one on each leg. After that I was watched very closely, but one night about a week after Christmas, I ran away and hid myself under the sawdust in a sawmill pit, below New Orleans. I was followed by Burks, the overseer, and the dogs, but they did not find me. I crept out an ran away, for more safety, to the Great Salt-water Lake, behind Orleans, secreting myself under the bushes and vines. There are alligators in the lake, and as I waded up to the knees in the water the alligators followed me, grunting and bellowing, and trying to get me. I had several times to climb up trees to escape them; but I felt safer among the alligators than among the white men. In the morning, at 4 o'clock, I went down to the wharf. On the road I came across some of the men who were out watching for me, with guns and dogs. It was just getting light. I began to whistle and sing, and walked close by them, and they paid no attention to me. When I got down to the wharf some of the coloured crew of the American cotton ship *Metropolis* took me on board, and hid me away among the bales. One of the coloured men split on me, and there was a search for me that day, but they did not find me, though they came very near me, and I trembled to think that I should be taken back and tortured. I was frightened, too, for the coloured men who had befriended me. I was kept out of the sight of the white men, and Captain Foster did not know anything about it until after the men had been paid off at Liverpool. I remained hid from a week after Christmas until about three weeks ago, when the ship came here. During the time I was secreted I was kept alive by the coloured men who had been so good to me. They brought me something to eat and drink every night. When I first landed here I was frightened at every white man I passed, and I hid myself about where I could, and begged at night for bread. I was afraid I should be taken into slavery again. I did not know I could not be a slave here." With regard to the future poor "Tom Wilson" said he would be very glad of a fireman's place on board a coasting steamer. When in slavery in America he had been hired out as a fireman on one of the lake steamers. He said he could do that work very well, and could stand any amount of heat. From inquiries we have made we are induced to believe that the foregoing narrative, which reads like a lost chapter of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is substantially true.—*Liverpool Albion*.

The *Dublin Freeman* tells a good story—"as true as Gospel"—about the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon:—"A witty literary lady, well known in London, was travelling the other day in a railway carriage. The only other occupant of the compartment in which she was seated was a fat vulgar young man, with a white neckcloth (soiled), sleek hair, prominent teeth, and a self-satisfied air. This individual contrived very adroitly to make the conversation turn upon the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. The dialogue soon became exceedingly zealous and animated, the lady expressing the utmost aversion for the preacher in question, as an illiterate mountebank, and the gentleman extolling him to the seventh heavens as the most glorious man of the age, and the Demosthenes of the pulpit. On arriving at the station where the lady's journey terminated, the gentleman said, 'Good morning Madam,' and the lady replied, with a bewitching smile, 'I wish you a pleasant afternoon, Mr. Spurgeon.' The Park-street phenomenon was horrified, and, drawing his hat over his brow, rejoined, in a very penitential voice, 'I own I have been betrayed into vanity, but the devil prompted me—the devil prompted me.'"

ANODONS OF A DOG.—As the play of "Jesse Vore" was being performed at Woolwich Theatre, and when a scene in the third act had been reached, in which a terrific struggle for the possession of a child takes place between the fond mother and two hired ruffians, a large Newfoundland dog, which had by some means gained admittance, without its owner, into the pit, leaped over the seats of the musicians in the orchestra and flew to the rescue, seizing one of the assassins, and almost dragging him to the ground. He was with difficulty removed and dragged off the stage. The dog, which is the property of the chief engineer of Her Majesty's ship *Buffalo*, has been accustomed to the society of children for whom he has, on many occasions, evinced strong proofs of affection.

An old lady was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors, of the name of Jones, and with a knowing wink, replied—"Why I don't like to say anything about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think and then again I don't know, but after all I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a man as I take him to be."

Through a private but authentic source we learn that in military affairs in India there have lately been more difficulty and commotion than have yet transpired in this country. At the same time that Sir Colin Campbell has been more or less excused by General Windham for the disaster at Chawpore, he has been dealing rigorously with some of those holding subordinate but important commands under that officer. It is now said that the 88th and 82nd Regiments (Queen's) behaved very ill on the occasion of the attack by the Gwalior Contingent; took to flight almost without a shot; got into the town and cantonments; and set to plundering and drinking. Sir Colonel Campbell is reported to have put the colonels of both under arrest—hence, we presume, the announcement in Friday's *Gazette* that Brevet-Colonel Robertson, of the 82nd, has "resigned." The artillery force is pronounced to have also behaved ill, or to have been ill-managed, on the same occasion, and in consequence Sir Colin Campbell has summarily dismissed General Dupuis, who was at the head of that force, and three other artillery officers near him in local command. The terms in which Sir Colin Campbell is understood to have performed this painful duty are reported to have been unusually energetic—that the officers implicated did not know their business; that Woolwich practice won't do in India; and that, as he is responsible to the country, and not merely to the War-office at home, he takes the liberty of recommending their return to England. A Company's officer has been appointed to succeed General Dupuis. These statements may have received some enlargement and adornment on their way from India, but that the main facts are as alleged our information leaves us no room to doubt. Sir Colin Campbell, we believe, has also expressed an opinion that but for the inefficiency of the artillery, and the misconduct of the two regiments above named, General Windham would have succeeded in carrying out orders.—*Scotman*.

THE FAMISHED SOLDIER. A DOMESTIC ROMANCE. (From Punch.) A Soldier came to my area gate, Whom my wife would have sent away, For our larder had suffered much of late; But I said, Let the Warrior stay, Let him go to his Cook for something to eat, For his hunger craves relief; He'll enjoy a bit of good cold meat, After living on tough boiled beef.

Beyond all trades, to the trade of war, Do victims the fastest fall; But consumption thins the ranks by far More quickly than steel or ball. They give them worse than paupers' food, Much worse than they give a thief; How the duce are our foes to be subdued On a diet of tough boiled beef?

How the fuel can keep pluck's fire afloat: Is what doth exceed my ken. I wonder how our regiments fight On such a regimen. 'Twere no marvel at all if the bravest host Should in action come to grief, Being victualled, not on the best of roasts, But the worst of tough boiled beef.

Let my kitchen's plenty, then, repair The soldier's wasted frame, Supplying his country's lack of care For the sustenance of the same. Let the sausage, too, hiss in the frying-pan, With all my heart, right lief. I will not grudge it that valiant man, Who is sick of the tough boiled beef. Hungry soldier, thou'rt welcome here, Thou shalt have a good blow-out, Go some of ye, fetch him a pot of beer, Ale, or half-and-half, or stout. There's a cold leg of mutton, I think, below; Wrap it up in a handkerchief; Thou may'st bear it away—for 'twill be, I trow, A change from thy tough boiled beef.

"OUR ANGLo-SAXON COUSINS" IN UTAH.—The American President, our readers are aware, has declared war against the Mormons, and the United States army is on its winter march westward to reduce the polygamist community to submission. We must confess that we view this proceeding with grave concern, for we are not of the Shaftesbury Evangelical party who can get upon a platform at Exeter Hall, chant nasal canticles about peace, love, forgiveness of enemies, &c., and roll up the white of the eyes in horror at the idea of rooting out error by the sword—when the "persecuted" ones are of our own way of thinking; yet, anon, pliously and meekly spread hellish lies through the country to infuriate a passionate soldiery to deeds of barbarous revenge, or scream like hungry vultures for the blood of an obnoxious religious sect. We view the proceeding with grave alarm, for not all our horror and reprobation of the grossness and fanaticism of Mormonism can reconcile us to the approbation of a massacre of its dupes. We have not forgotten the bloody scenes of Navoo, that butchery by the side of which St. Bartholomew becomes the execution of a righteous sentence upon the deadly and implacable foes of the State. Nor are we satisfied or assured by the able statement of President Buchanan; it does, indeed, seem to justify armed intervention in the affairs of Utah; but it is an *ex parte* statement, and we should like to hear what those wretched Englishmen and Welshmen in Utah have to say, or we can regard this proceeding as other than a gratification of clamor raised by their fellow dissenters who have not chosen to go quite so far in their application of the "right of private judgment." We confess to great difficulty in dealing with this case, for we do not regard as entirely reliable the statements of the American press with reference to the English colony in Utah; so many stories about them have already been proved false, so many exaggerated—the distance is so enormous, and the impossibility, almost, of obtaining regular and accurate information induces us to be very cautious in adopting the news as true in the shape in which it reaches us. We would, however, have all our readers watch narrowly the conduct of the English Evangelical journals, to bear well in mind that the Mormons have not as yet done more—*quere* as much—in violation of the civil law of the land they live in, than did men and sects whose punishment or harsh treatment by the arm of civil law in Catholic countries have afforded such rich themes for the foes of Catholicity in rant about "persecution."—*Dublin Nation*.

A CASUS BELLI.—A private correspondent in London informs us (*New York Times*) of a vivacious proceeding on the part of those wags of the Clubs—the Foreign-Office clerks—which may lead to results of the most stupendous character. Our readers who refresh themselves habitually with the hebdomadal vicivacities of *Mr Punch*, may remember that about three weeks since the steamer brought us a most successful pictorial pasquinade of that venerable but patriotic jester, representing a French Colonel under the appropriate guise of a Gallic cook, flapping his epaulets for wings, and crowing defiance at "perfidious Albion," while in the distance appeared the Emperor Napoleon running out of his house, with every appearance of concern, and crying out: "That horrible bird will scare all the neighborhood." This picture, it seems, so intensely delighted the angry young British gentlemen of Downing Street, startled by the insolence of the *Moniteur* out of their usual "aw-aw" apathy, that they forth-with bought up a large quantity of *Punches* cut out the agreeable caricature, and addressed one, under cover, to every French Colonel in the French army whose name and address were to be found in the Imperial army-lists in the Foreign Office.

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

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Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Board and Tuition, Day Scholars, Book and Stationery, Washing, etc.

GENERAL REGULATIONS. The Annual Vacation will commence the second week in July, and scholastic duties resumed on the first Monday of September.

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.

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JOHN PHELAN, Dalhousie Square, Montreal, January 21, 1857.

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CONSISTING OF BLACK, BLUE, and BROWN BROAD CLOTHS, DOESKINS, CASSIMERES, WEST OF ENGLAND, SCOTCH, and YORKSHIRE TWEEDS; BEAVER & PILOT OVER COATINGS, & FANCY VESTINGS, Of Various Patterns.

A Complete and well-selected Assortment of GLOVES, NECK TIES, MUFFLERS, HANDKERCHIEFS, SHIRTS, DRAWERS, &c.

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He has also made such arrangements, that Garments of all descriptions can be MADE to MEASURE on the SHORTEST NOTICE; while, as to FIT, STYLE, and WORKMANSHIP, no effort shall be spared to have them made up in a manner that cannot be surpassed elsewhere.

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PLANS of the above LANDS on a large Scale, showing the Lots, Concessions, Roads, Creeks, Swamps, &c., have been published by the undersigned, with the authority of the Indian Department, and will be for SALE in a few days, at the principal Book Stores in Montreal.

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

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CONDUCTED BY DR. HOWARD, Oculist and Aurist to St. Patrick's Hospital, AND TO THE MONTREAL EYE AND EAR INSTITUTION.

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

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

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

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

Montreal, Oct. 13, 1857.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED by the Subscribers, several cases of Books from London and Dublin:

Table listing various books and their prices. Includes Mores Catholici, Cardinal Wiseman's Essays, Cardinal Wiseman on Science and Revealed Religion, etc.

MR. P. O'BRIEN

(For several years in the employ of P. ROMAYNE, Esq.,) TO SUPERINTEND AND MANAGE THE CUTTING DEPARTMENT...

He has also made such arrangements, that Garments of all descriptions can be MADE to MEASURE on the SHORTEST NOTICE; while, as to FIT, STYLE, and WORKMANSHIP, no effort shall be spared to have them made up in a manner that cannot be surpassed elsewhere.

Call, and Examine for Yourselves. Montreal, April 23, 1857.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS

JOHN MCLOSKEY, Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer.

38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street,

BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last 12 years, and now solicits a continuance of the same.

He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered.

G.N.B. Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer. Montreal, June 21, 1855.

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, with the authority of the Indian Department, and will be for SALE in a few days, at the principal Book Stores in Montreal.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

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

From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder-humors). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas. One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes. Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers. One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism. Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

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

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

For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed. For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.

For Scales on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.

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

Price, 25 6d per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 130 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass. For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.

Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston.

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1856. Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.

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

S. T. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

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

The best Professors are engaged, and the Students are at all hours under their care, as well during hours of play as in time of class. The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August and ends on the last Thursday of June.

TERMS: The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150. For Students not learning Greek or Latin, Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra, 15. French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20. Music, per annum, 40. Use of Piano, per annum, 40. Books, Stationery, Cloths, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges.

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

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. Kingston; and Rector Howe, High School. Hours of attendance, &c., made known at the Classroom, No. 95, St. Lawrence Street. N. B.—MR. A.'S NIGHT SCHOOL will be re-opened First Week in September next. August 13.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Colds, Coughs, and Hoarseness.

DR. J. C. AYER: I do not hesitate to say the best remedy I have ever found for Coughs, Hoarseness, and the common cold, is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is constant use in my practice and my family for the last ten years has shown it to possess superior virtues for the treatment of these complaints.

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

Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza. BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 7, 1856. Brother AYER: I will cheerfully certify your Pectoral is the best remedy for Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, and the chest disease of children. We of your family the South appreciate your skill, and command your medicine to our people.

AMOS LEE, Esq., Montreal, L., 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; less than one-half the bottle made me 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. ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 4, 1856. Sir: Your Cherry Pectoral is performing marvellous cures in this section. It has relieved several from alarming symptoms of consumption, and is now curing a man who has labored under an affection of the lungs for the last forty years.

A. A. RAMSEY, M. D., Alton, Missouri Co., Iowa, writes, Sept. 6, 1855: "During my practice of many years I have found nothing equal to your Cherry Pectoral for giving ease and relief to consumptive patients, or curing such as are curable." We might add volumes of evidence, but the most convincing proof of the virtues of this remedy is found in its effects upon trial.

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

ASTOR HOUSE, New York City, March 5, 1856. Doctor AYER, Lowell: I feel it a duty and a pleasure to inform you what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for my wife. She had been five months laboring under the dangerous symptoms of consumption, from which she has been almost cured by your medicine. She was steadily getting well, until Dr. Strong of this city, where we have come for advice, recommended a trial of your medicine. We bless his kindness, as we do your skill, for she has recovered from that day. She is not yet strong as she used to be, but is free from all cough, and calls herself well. Yours, with gratitude and regard, ORLANDO SHELLEY, of Shelburne, Vt.

Consumptives, do not despair till you have tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is made by one of the best medicinal chemists in the world, and its cures all round us speak the high merits of its virtues.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

THE sciences of Chemistry and Medicine have been taught 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 win unprecedentedly great success in all men. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful cures. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and cure disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, 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 habit. Cures have been made which surpass belief were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character as to forbid the suspicion of imposture. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have 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 immensely to the relief of my afflicted, suffering fellow-men.

The Agents below name are pleased to furnish my American Almanac, containing directions for their use, and certificates of their cures of the following complaints:—Constipation, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from a full Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, and Pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Ulcerous and Catarrhal Diseases which require an evacuant Medicine, Scrofula or King's Evil. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia, and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with some other pill they make no profit on. Ask for AYER'S PILLS, and identify the name. No other they can give you compares with this in its intrinsic value or curative powers. The sick want the best use 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.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

[Established in 1826.] The Subscribers have constantly for sale an assortment of Church, Factory, Steamboat, Locomotive, Plantation, School-houses, and other Bells, mounted in the most approved and durable manner. For full particulars as to many recent improvements, warrants, diameter of Bells, space occupied in Tower, rates of transportation, &c., send for a circular. Address A. MENEELY'S SONS, Agents, West Troy, N. Y.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY,

BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)

WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMB, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition. N. B.—W.C. manufactures the Montreal stone, if any person prefers them. A great assortment of White and Colored MARBLE just arrived for Mr. Cunningham, Marble Manufacturer, Bleury Street, near Hanover Terrace.



WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMB, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition.

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