

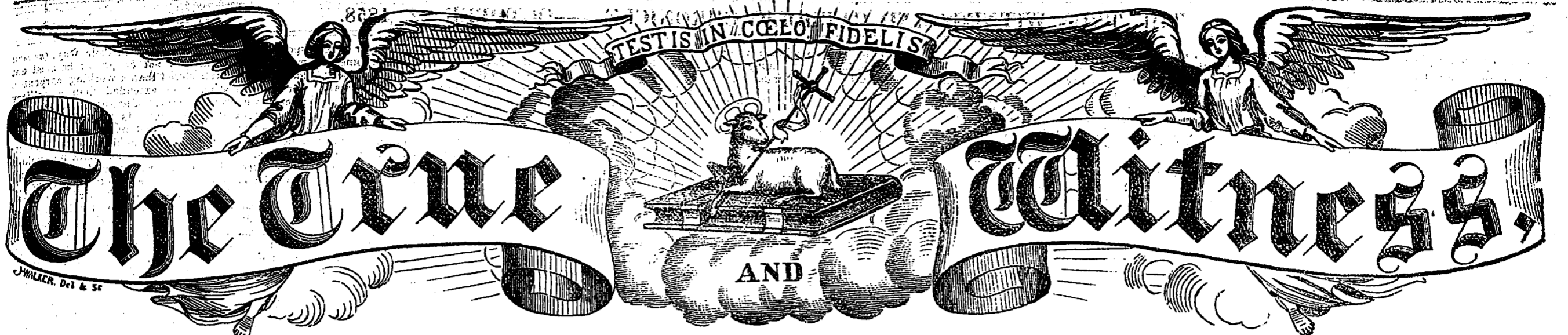
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## GONSALVO; OR, THE SPANISH KNIGHT.

### CHAPTER I.

Ye chaste nymphs who bathe your flowing tresses in the limpid waters of the Guadalquivir; who, beneath the orange shades, cull the flowers which enamel, in gay profusion, the rich plains of Andalusia; inspire my pen, and teach me to celebrate the heroes who have trodden the banks which ye delight to adorn. Exhibit to my view the bloody battles fought under the walls of Grenada, with the victories, the loves, and the misadventures of Gonsalvo. Tell, how the courage of Isabella, and the prudence of Ferdinand delivered Spain, from its ancient usurpers; and how civil discord precipitated the ruin of the Moors. Adorn and animate the story with all the graceful delicacy of Pathos, and all that glowing richness of imagination which, in so peculiar a manner, distinguish your fortunate country. Veil with your garlands the austere brow of truth.—But, while ye address to tender hearts, a tale of soft joys and pains, such as they must, themselves, have experienced: remind, at the same time, all the sovereigns of the world, that justice and virtue are the best supporters of their thrones.

Ye generous Spaniards, brave and magnanimous nation; lovers whose tenderness and constancy afford the most exalted models of the amiable passion; invincible warriors, upon whose wide conquests the sun never sets: to you I consecrate the tale in which I have endeavored to express the two sentiments dearest to your hearts—sacred honor and ardent love.

Isabella was mistress of Castile; Arragon was subject to Ferdinand. This royal pair, by their union in the happy bonds of wedlock had joined their crowns, without consolidating their dominions. They were both in the flower of their age, and being equally animated by a passionate love of glory, were moved alike with indignation to behold the finest districts of Spain still subject to the Moslems. Eight hundred years of war had not been sufficient to wrest from the children of Ismael, all the conquests of their ancestors. Though often vanquished, yet never entirely subdued; they still possessed those delightful shores which are washed by the African sea, from the pillars of Hercules to the tomb of the Scipios. Grenada was their capital; and the territories of Grenada alone, made Boabdil a powerful monarch.

The impetuous Boabdil had provoked the resentment of Isabella. By the violation of treaties, and by incursions into Andalusia, he had hastened the day of vengeance. The trump of war had been heard from the mouth of the Betis to the source of the Ebro. All Spain was in commotion. Ferdinand, with his faithful Aragonese, hastened to join the armies of his queen. The sullen Catalanian, the impetuous Aragonese, the subtle Balearian followed upon his footsteps. The rustic Asturians descended from their hills. Ancient Leon marshalled his bands. The faithful Castilians flew to arms.—The royal pair were soon masters of most of the strong places which opposed their progress to Grenada, and soon sat down before its walls.

Never had so many illustrious chiefs united to assail a single city. Never had so many heroes met in the same camp. Among these the most eminent were the Mendozas, the Nugnez, and the Medinas: Guzman, the haughty Guzman, proud of his descent from kings; Aguilar, who believed virtue more ancient than nobility; Ferdinand Cortez, yet a stripling, and now raising in war, for the first time, the arm that was to subdue Mexico: the amiable prince of Portugal, Alphonso, son-in-law to Isabella—Alphonso whose loss was to be so long lamented by his unhappy spouse, destined to survive him: and the invincible Lara, the ready protector of the oppressed—Lara, dear to his country whose ornament he was, and dearer still to friendship of which he was a most illustrious pattern: the venerable Tellez who still glowed with youthful courage, though age had whitened his hairs, and who had, for fifty years, conducted the unconquered band of knights of Calatrava; with a crowd of other warriors, the flower, the pride of Spain, who all acknowledged the happy husband of Isabella for their chief, and had vowed to die or conquer with Ferdinand.

Ferdinand checked their valor, and fought to delay the assault. Skilled in the art of dividing, in order to conquer, of securing victory, before marching out to battle; he had fomented those intestine dissensions by which Grenada was distracted; thus enfeebling a people whom he was shortly to attack. Ferdinand knew to conceal his counsels in impenetrable secrecy, to execute them silently, and by a long and circuitous progress, to attain his purposes. No obstacles could provoke him to impatience for these were all foreseen by his prudence. The future could never surprise him; for its uncertainty was still previously fixed by his sagacity. Active, patient, indefatigable, a rival to the bravest in the field, in council, unrivalled; his arm alone might have

stayed the capricious flight of fortune, had she not been enchained by his genius.

The high-minded Isabella knew only to conquer. Affection to her people, and devout attachment to her religion prompted her to pursue the Moor, as the irreconcilable enemy of her nation and her faith. Honor bade her haste to the fight; and honor was her prudence: her great soul disdained to hide one sentiment it felt. Habituated to render an account to her God of her most secret thoughts, she little fears the eye of man. Sustained by virtue, she moves on, with an open front. Generous, lofty in her sentiments, endowed with a feeling heart, rigid to herself, just to all, the pattern, and the idol of her subjects; her counsels are in the discharge of her duties, her strength in her native courage, and her hope in the Most High.

Already had the plains been ensanguined by the blood of these contending nations; already had the sun run half his annual course, since the commencement of the siege; yet, still the strength of Grenada stood unshaken. The besieged seemed, on the contrary, to be animated with new force, since Gonsalvo, the greatest, the most intrepid, the bravest champion among the Spaniards, had left their camp: Gonsalvo who, though he had not yet attained his five and twentieth year, was, respectfully consulted by the oldest captains: Gonsalvo whose valiant arm was never raised in vain against an antagonist, who could hold victory in suspense, and whose amiable virtues were adored even by the vanquished. Born in Cordova, and practised from infancy, in the incessant wars which Grenada waged with its neighbors; battle was his first joy, and the spoils of the Moors his chief inheritance. From his earliest days, he had known to conquer and to please. Nature had lavished on him her best gifts. Clad in steel, with his casque upon his brow, his lofty stature, dignified air, strength more than human, and courage even exceeding his strength, rendered him terrible in the fields of fight: when disarmed, his graceful beauty, his mild yet piercing eye, his features displaying a mixed expression of open goodness with noble elevation of mind, attracted and captivated every female heart. His rivals, jealous of him when at a distance, durst entertain no such presumptuous sentiments in his presence: their envy died in despair; their jealousy was lost in admiration.

Gonsalvo was then the victim of the basest perfidy. Seid, king of Fez, had, at the solicitations of the Grenadines, threatened an invasion of the coast of Andalusia. The sovereigns of Spain, unwilling to turn back from the career of conquest on which they had entered, had asked peace from the African. Conditions were offered. But, Seid, informed by fame of the prowess of the great Gonsalvo, demanded, that he should repair, as ambassador, to his court; and refused to treat with any other than this renowned warrior. Isabella long hesitated. The fear of a new enemy, and the persuasion, that her hero would return with quick dispatch, at length determined her. Gonsalvo having been long instructed in the language and manners of the Arabians, was charged by his sovereigns with the care of securing their tranquillity on the side of Africa. A ship conveyed him to Fez, where the perfidious Seid, at the request of Boabdil, detained him under various pretences, deferred the final ratification of the treaty, and thus revived the hopes and the energy of Grenada.

Gonsalvo, incapable of distrust, yet impatient of these long delays, complained of an honor which confined his courage to inactivity. Nor, though passionately fond of glory, did his heart sigh for this alone. A more lively, but less fortunate passion occupied his whole soul: love, irresistible love had subdued his lofty mind: amidst alarm, and even in the bosom of victory, the hero had yielded to the power of love.

A short time before the siege, Gonsalvo, victorious over the Moors, had appeared before their ramparts, triumphed over them again, forced his way into the city, and carried death and terror to the very middle of Grenada. All fell, or fled before him. A stream of blood marked the path he took. If the Castilians could have followed him, that day would have been the last to Boabdil and his empire. But, Zulema, sister to the king, and daughter to the virtuous Muley Hassem, who, from her infancy, surpassed all the beauties of Africa and Iberia, advancing from amidst the terrified multitude, stood aguish at sight of the carnage, and kneeled, trembling, upon the stair before the royal palace. With hands raised to heaven, and her countenance bathed in tears, she invoked, and sobbing implored him to remove that terrible warrior who pressed on, with death and terror in his train.—That very instant, Gonsalvo appeared, with his sword in his hand, covered over with blood, hewing his way, through the falling and flying herd. He runs, he flies, he sees the princess. His sword is suspended, his hand stays its impetuous career. With motionless admiration, he gazes on those ravishing features which grief and terror seemed only to improve; those eyes whose

dazzling azure, at once softened and inflamed the heart; that brow on which dignity appeared in union with timid modesty; and those long ebon tresses which half floated in disorder under her purple veil, while the other half, moistened by her tears, hung down upon the marble. All the charms in which nature delights to array virtue, adorned the young Zulema. Such, or less lovely, appeared the tender-hearted Chimena, when she came to implore the justice of her king upon a hero whom she adored.

Gonsalvo received a sudden wound which was never to be healed; the soft poison of love was infused into his heart. He trembled, he sighed, he was inflamed. He felt an inextinguishable fire kindled through his whole soul. Forgetting Grenada, war, and the dangers to which he was exposed, he was about to alight from his horse, and to raise and encourage the trembling princess. But, the enemies rallying, poured thick upon him from all quarters. The sound of a thousand strokes upon his armor roused him from his amorous reveries. He recovered his presence of mind, and raised his arm to defend himself;—but, his wonted ardor had forsaken him. He yields to the numbers that press upon him; he retires, with his eyes still gazing on Zulema, faintly repelling the attack of the assailants, and forgetting his glory and his life, only to cast a last glance upon her whom he could not endure to leave, and on whom his destiny was in future to depend. He at last retired, vanquished and subdued, out of that city, through which he had advanced with the dreadful impetuosity of an irresistible conqueror.

From that day, the drooping Gonsalvo cherished a hopeless passion in the gloomy bitterness of heart. He knew not the name of her whom he loved. He dreaded, that she might be the wife or mistress of some hero. And, although his fears on this head should prove groundless, could he ever hope to please her—who was the most terrible enemy of her religion—he who was the scourge of Grenada—he who had appeared before her, with his sword, reeking from the slaughter of her defenders? He had not raised his vizor; so that she might have read in his eyes, his love, and his deep sorrow and regret for his exploits. Hardly dares he indulge the hope of seeing her again. Yet, her image is ever present to him; he bears her for ever with him; in the hurry of battle, or at rest in his tent, in the tumult of public business, or in the tranquillity of solitude, he still sees her adored image: he still beholds that heavenly beauty on her knees, before the palace, raising her eyes and hands to heaven; he hears her sobbing voice; he distinguishes its soft accents, and fancies himself sipping from her lips, the tears which flowed over her lovely countenance.

Happily for Gonsalvo, friendship shared his griefs. To Lara, whose heart glowed with the most generous sensibility, Gonsalvo was dearer than life, and dear as glory. Having been united since their early infancy, having been brought up in the same city, or rather in the same fields, they learned to fight together, and had advanced with equal steps in the career of heroes. Never had either a sentiment which was not common to both. The concerns or wishes of either always affected his friend more than himself. They valued, each himself, by the virtues of his friend.—If Lara ever felt pride, it was when he spoke of Gonsalvo; if ever Gonsalvo forgot his wonted modesty, it was when he related the exploits of his friend Lara. Their souls were ever impatient for mutual intercourse, and seemed to possess all their faculties, only when together. Till that happy moment nothing could affect either; and their most secret thoughts seemed a burden from which, as above their separate strength, they hastened to relieve themselves by mutual communication. Thus two young poplars, shooting from contiguous stems, meet, intermingle their branches, are supported each by the other, grow up together, spread out one common shade, and tower above the adjacent wood.

How did their tears flow, when obliged to separate! how tenderly they bade farewell! They pressed each other to their breasts, parted, and returned to embrace again. Their hearts, which had known no terror amid the thickest dangers, trembled, each for the smallest possibility of misfortune to the other. Gonsalvo entreated Lara not to run in the face of danger, in the absence of his brother: and Lara begged Gonsalvo to restrain the generous pride, natural to his heart, at the court of a perfidious and cruel king. They both entreated Isabella for leave to go together. But, the army needed the presence of, at least, one of the heroes. Gonsalvo was obliged to set sail alone. From that unfortunate hour, Lara's ardor became languid, and his courage nerveless; he felt himself alone in the midst of the camp. The sound of the trumpet no more roused his martial energy; he no longer desired to conquer, since his friend was not near to enjoy his victory. Solitary, sad, and silent, he avoided the presence of his sovereigns, and the society of his companions: he haunted sequestered scenes;

and climbed to the summits of the lofty hills, from which he might view the African sea.—Over its bosom was Gonsalvo borne. There, in circumstances still more to be regretted, sent in exile to a distance from his country, his friend, and his mistress, Gonsalvo fretfully sighed, counted the moments whose lapse he could not quicken, and deepened and inflamed in his heart a wound which time could not cure.

Every thing he saw about him served to increase his torments. In a barren, parched country, shaded only by a few straggling palms, he saw a nation of slaves subject to a ferocious despot. The poor African in vain waters with the sweat of his brow, the ungrateful furrow from which he requires bread for his family. Hardly has the yellow blade begun to clothe his fields, when clouds of locusts arrive, and, in a single day, devour the promise of the year. If he escape this terrible scourge, yet he cannot escape the viziers, and governors of the provinces; who, as they pass, by a rapid succession from the throne to the scaffold, changing the crown for the bow-string, are eager to fatten themselves with the blood of the people, and to accumulate wealth with which they may purchase impunity. The sovereign of this band of tyrants sleeps, in the mean while, in base effeminacy, degrades himself below brutality. His subjects doomed to misery, toil or die, at his bidding. Their fortunes, their wives, their lives, are always his.—At his nod, they are stripped of their property, or obliged to expose their necks to the sword of the executioner. In those barbarous regions, human blood is less costly than water which an angry sky denies them; and the monarch delights to exercise the executioner's trade.

Such was the court, in which the most humane and generous of men was forced to pass a period of which he would gladly have abridged his life. In vain did he storm, and threaten, and carry his complaints to Seid himself, with a boldness which, in such circumstances, was natural to him, and of which there is commonly a great want at courts. Seid, afraid of the Spanish hero, withdrew from his presence, into the retirement of seraglio.—The viziers, habituated to craft, soothed him by their homage, and deceived him by oaths which a candid mind could not avoid trusting. Thus was the invincible Gonsalvo, though restless in fight, and though no rampart could stop his career, made the sport of base ministers, and the captive of a king whom he despised.

Already had the moon twice renewed her horns, since Gonsalvo landed on the African shore. Weary of their perjuries, he at length determines to force Seid to break through an offensive silence. Knowing the day on which the monarch was to repair to the mosque, he went unattended, to wait for him, on the way thither. No sooner did he see him appear, than he advanced through the guards, who, awed by his gait, his air, and the stern dignity of his aspect, retired and made way for him. He went up to Seid, holding in one hand, the treaty of peace, in the other his sword drawn:

"King of Fez," cried he, in a loud tone of indignation. I offer you war or peace; instantly chose between them. An hundred thousand swords, all such as that which sparkles in your eyes, are ready, if I but say the word, to overwhelm your throne and your city in a deluge of blood. View them suspended over your head; if you hesitate, they descend furiously upon it."

Seid, struck mute by this address, turns his eyes upon the hero: but, he cannot bear his indignant glances, and droops his pale brow. His courtiers tremble; his people fly; his soldiers are ready to desert him. This king of slaves, confounded at the sight of a free man, signs the treaty. Gonsalvo, thus satisfied, leaves him, and goes to prepare for his departure.

But, the ministers of a despot too often instigate him to criminal acts. Seid's viziers, more enraged than himself against Gonsalvo, persuaded him to revenge the insult which had been offered him. Gonsalvo had braved his power, and deserved to die. By the punishment of the audacious stranger, whose pride had offended the king, Grenada would be delivered, and Spain deprived of its best support. Policy and vengeance would be satisfied together. The utility of the hero's death rendered it just. Thus did those wicked counsellors persuade their master to assassination.

Already were all the ways by which it was possible for Gonsalvo to pass secretly invested. Thousands seemed hardly equal to overpower the warrior. Fraud was added to force. A place was chosen for the attack: every avenue was barred up; and these preparations were carefully concealed. Those barbarians shewed more skill in disposing every thing for the accomplishment of the murder, than they had ever displayed in open combat against their enemies.

Night had spread her veil over the earth.—Gonsalvo, a stranger to suspicion, was preparing to leave Fez by day-break. In the mean time, retired in his palace, he quietly indulged in the pleasing hope of soon again embracing his friend, and pouring all his sorrows into his sympathetic

bosom. The idea, too, of revisiting the scenes where dwelt his love, of penetrating perhaps once more into the city, of finding her again near the same palace, of defending her, of saving her life, and thus commanding her gratitude, before acquainting her with his love. All the chimeras which lovers fondly indulge, all the possibilities which they view as probable, were filling the fancy, and engrossing the thoughts of Gonsalvo, when he suddenly heard the sound of a guitar.—The well-known sounds reminding the hero of his dear native land, won his attention. He listened, while a tremulous voice sung the following verses, in Castilian:

Warriors brave, and lovers tender,  
Scorn not caution's friendly voice;  
Hear what prudence kindly counsels;  
So success shall crown your choice.

Oh, by means of coward treason,  
Generous valor falls and dies:  
Malice oft, and subtle falsehood,  
Rob fair virtue of her prize.

'Mid these palms the winged songstress  
Charms the echoes of the grove;  
And, by genial spring inspired,  
Gaily pours her notes of love.

Sweet she sings; but, ah! 'tis over;  
Sudden fate has stopt her tongue;  
You kite rapacious, o'er her loving,  
Darted on her, while she sung.

Hast thou seen the timid hunters  
Flee before the forest's king;  
Till ensnared the generous lion  
Fell amidst the trembling?

Warriors brave, and lovers tender,  
Scorn not caution's friendly voice;  
Hear what prudence kindly counsels;  
So success shall crown your choice.

Gonsalvo hearing his native language, and attentive to the meaning of words which seemed to be addressed to himself, looked towards the extensive square which opened before his palace.—He discovered by the light of the moon, an old man whose white beard hung down to his girdle, in the dress of a captive, dragging the chain of slavery, and retiring through the midst of a company of Moors who had gathered round, to hear his music.

The hero interested for the old man, went down into the square, came up with the captive, accosted him, and asked him, in Castilian, if he was not a native of Spain. I am a Spaniard, replied the slave. But, we are observed; I may not hold further converse with you. If Gonsalvo loves his country, and would save her from a direful disaster; let him instantly repair to the garden of palms.

Having spoken these words, the old man left him, and disappeared.

Gonsalvo stood motionless, and uncertain what resolution to take. He knew the Moors to be perfidious; he was alone, unarmed, and it was night. Should he follow a slave unknown to him? Could the safety or ruin of Spain be in his hands? Yet, is this slave, an old man, a Spaniard, a victim of misfortune. This alone was enough to determine Gonsalvo. Mingling with the crowd, he proceeded to the garden of palm-trees, a desert and solitary place, although within the city.

The old man waited for him at the gate. No sooner had he perceived the hero, than he ran up, and fell at his feet.

"O! glory of my country, said he, panting with violent emotion, "my master's gallant son shall I then save your precious life? Ah! pardon my joy: my fond tears to fall on these victorious hands! Ah! you view me with cold surprise, while I am transported with joy at seeing you! You cannot know me; but, long have I loved you! I am Pedro, the old servant of the noble Count, your father. I was forty years his servant. In an hundred battles have I followed him. I was present at your birth. Gonsalvo; and have borne you in those feeble arms; but you were in the cradle, when I was taken prisoner by the Moors. By them I was sold to the king of Fez, whose slave I have been, these twenty years; and amidst all these days of sorrow, not one has passed in which Pedro has not wept over the remembrance of your father, or inquired after his worthy son, from the Spaniards who have been brought into these prisons. From them I have heard the history of your glory;—and it has revived and supported my strength. I see you, at last, I see, and embrace the knees of Gonsalvo; I shall save him from death. I bless thee, O my God; this alone is more than an adequate compensation for all the evils I have suffered."

He then seized the hero's hand, and pressed it to his lips. Gonsalvo embraced him with tenderness, sighed over the remembrance of his father, and asked, what were the dangers to which Pedro believed him to be at this time exposed.

"My lord," resumed the captive, "I have it from their own mouths. Those monsters have betrayed their accursed secret to me. I was resting under a bush, from the labor in the garden to which I am condemned. The king, attended by his minister, stopped near the bush.—Are you certain, said the monarch, that the Castilian dog cannot escape? By the prophet, I

swear, he cannot, replied the bloody minded minister: a thousand blacks are already disposed on the two ways to Mamorro; the gates of Fez are guarded; none but his own servants can have access to his palace. The toils of death are about Gonsalvo. Yet a few moments, great king, and I shall cast his bloody head at your feet."

Trembling at these horrid words, but emboldened by my zeal, I resolved to save my hero.— God himself has undoubtedly guided me through this hardy enterprise. In the few hours that remained I have provided for your flight. As I could not gain access to you, my song in our own dear language has drawn you out to me. The rest is in your hands, my lord. But, I demand, I conjure you, in the name of your country, in the name of your august father, to forget for one day, but for one day, that fearless valor which could here only prove fatal to you. Trust to my fidelity, whatever I may promise to you; no step can be improper by which you may escape these assassins. If you refuse to listen to my entreaties, if your courage urge you to meet certain death, in circumstances in which your fall could not but be useless and injurious to your brethren; begin here with shedding the few drops of blood which creep through my veins. You will thus spare me the cruel punishment those barbarians will otherwise make me suffer, and the still more painful distress of surviving you.

The hero, encouraging him, vowed to follow his advice. The old man then led him into the depth of a retired grove. There he displayed before him a turban, a Moorish dress, and an African scimitar. Pardon, said he, pardon me for offering you this disguise; but, by this only can you deceive the eyes of those demons who guard the gates. Surrounded as we are with enemies, and at the distance of three days' journey from the sea, let us not think of seeking your ship. Your servants, whose persons will be respected, when you shall be found to have made your escape, will return in that vessel to Spain. For yourself craft is necessary; and if your exalted mind looks upon craft with disdain; know that I conduct you to Grenada, where you may shew Gonsalvo to both Moors and Castilians.

Even after hearing this promise, the hero hesitated. He was afraid of polluting his brow by covering it with a turban. He could not help thinking that he should be disgraced by disguising himself in the Moorish habit. Yet, being still urged by Pedro, knowing that every passage was barred up, and impatient to return to his country, he at last yielded with blushing reluctance. His long hair was concealed under the turban. He assumed the African robe, which, however, could not hide his martial air. He armed himself with the scimitar, after trying its temper, and relieving the captive of his chains, followed him out of the garden of palm-trees.

They proceeded, unknown and unobserved, to the gates of Fez, and passed through the midst of the guards. Then advancing with quickened steps, through the fields, they soon arrived on the banks of the river Sabur. Gonsalvo found there a bark, moored among the reeds. The good Pedro loosened the cable: and he had previously fitted the little vessel with a strong sail, and furnished it with fresh water and provisions. A little money, which he had gathered in twenty years of slavery, had enabled him to make these preparations. The old man made Gonsalvo enter this slender bark: then laid hold himself on the rudder and the oars by turns; and felt his vigor renewed, as he beheld the hero. A gentle breeze arose to aid his efforts. The bark moved swiftly over the waters. Within twelve hours they reached the mouth of the river. They entered on the wide ocean. And as soon as they saw themselves at a distance from land, the captive, kneeling, gave thanks to the Almighty, and then, throwing himself at his master's feet, wept over them with tears of joy.

The firmament was serene, and bestudded with stars. The moon shed her silver light over the waves; Gonsalvo, seated on the prow, first descried the coasts of Spain. At the sight, he sprang up, and could not command his joy. "O, my country! O, Lara," cried he, "I shall see you again! I shall again respire the same air which refreshes her whom I adore, among my brave companions, near my sovereigns, under the banners of Spain! Love, friendship, virtue, ye are kindled, at once, in my heart, at sight of these shores!"

As he spoke, the old man, with visible terror, pointed out to him the indications of an approaching storm. The stars had disappeared, the moon was robbed of her lustre—her rays hardly pierced through the dusky veil which was spread over her. Accumulated masses of clouds, advancing from the south, brought thick darkness in their train. A light and rapid breeze skimmed the surface of the waves; impetuous winds followed; the blackness of night was spread over the deep; flashes of lightning, from time to time, broke through the gloom; while hollowed thunder rumbled at a distance. The noise became louder and louder; the thunder approached nearer; the billows swelled, and were dashed on high: the struggling winds roared; and, in the tumult of the waves, the bark sometimes suspended on a mountain of foam, and sometimes plunged into the abyss, now met the clouds, and now touched the sand in the bottom of the deep.

Gonsalvo, calm amid the storm, is concerned only for the old man. He cheers and encourages him, talks of hopes which he feels not, and presses him to his breast. Pedro thinks only of Gonsalvo, and weeps for him alone. "O my master," said he, "my efforts to save you are vain. All nature has conspired against a hero! Ah! if I might yet— We cannot be far from land. Take fast hold of me, my lord. I shall be able to swim to land. God will restore my former strength. I shall not die, I hope, till I have placed you safe upon the sand. I shall then die happy."

At this moment, the frail bark was dashed, with the velocity of an arrow, from the height of a surge, and after being driven by the impulse, over a wide tract, struck against a ship, which was, like it, buffeted about by the tempest; by the collision it was broken in pieces. Gonsalvo and Pedro drink that salt and brine. But, keeping close together, they rise upon the billows, seize a floating cable, and by means of it, climb up, and enter the ship.

What a sight here met their eyes? By the glare of the lightning which continued with incessant flashes, Gonsalvo perceived a woman bound to the mast. Her face was bathed in tears; and her dishevelled hair floated upon the wind. Surrounded by black soldiers who raised against her drawn swords, she could not lift up her hands which were confined by fetters that ill became them; but she raised her sobbing voice, and, turning her head, and elevating her eyes, implored the Almighty, rather to

finish her days amidst the waters, than to abandon her to the mercy of her ravishers. At this voice, and these accents, which touched the heart of Gonsalvo, at sight of those features, irradiated by another flash of lightning, the hero, with astonishment and transport, recognized the mistress of his heart, whom he had seen at Grenada, and whose image was deeply impressed on his breast. Doubtful as yet of his happiness, he runs, he flies towards her, he is ready to fall at her feet. But his rage restrains his joy. He draws his scimitar, breaks Zulema's chains, supports her, vows to avenge her, and with flashing eyes, menaces the ruffian troop around her.

The barbarians who had been, at first, struck dumb by the sudden apparition, began to recover courage, muttered among themselves, and excited one another to resentment. Their chief, a savage Ethiopian, whose frightful head was covered with a white turban, sprang suddenly upon Gonsalvo, and wounded him with a poniard. The hero laid him dead by a single stroke. Cries were then heard.—Soldiers and sailors joining, with blasphemy in their mouths, and with different weapons in their hands, poured all at once upon Gonsalvo, filling the air with their hideous shouts. So, on mount Caucasus, a flock of ravens move, croaking forward against an eagle, who alone braves their vain fury.

Standing against the mast, and holding in one hand the princess, and in the other his tremendous sword, the Castilian fearlessly awaited their assault. The first who advanced were instantly laid dead at his feet; but the rest crowded in, and supplied their place. Gonsalvo laid his blows thick upon them.—His scimitar scattered around their arms and limbs. The blood streamed over the deck. The groans of the wounded, the cries of Zulema, the shouts of the assailants are intermingled together. Tumult, death, and terror are around the hero; and the lightning, the darkness, the roaring of the winds, and the rising noise of the thunder augment the horrors of this nocturnal carnage.

Gonsalvo, encompassed with enemies, could not ward off every blow. More concerned for Zulema than for himself, he exposed his own breast in defending her. He received some deep wounds, and was still heedless of his own defence, when the faithful Pedro, fighting near his master, was directed by the princess, to release some prisoners who groined in the lower parts of the vessel. The old man, unnoted, ran down, and broke their chains. The captives then took arms, and hastened to aid Gonsalvo. Pedro returning, pressed close to his master, and placed himself before Zulema. The Castilian, now at liberty, sprang forward, like a lion just released from his chain. His strokes fell so thick, and proved so mortal, that he soon hewed down and dispersed the base herd of assassins, pursued them to the stern, and left them no choice between his sword and the billows. The captives seconded him, and the few survivors of the ruffian band were urged headlong into the waters. The hero, victorious, but almost dying, ran again over the ship, and finding no more enemies, returned to the princess, and attempted to speak, but fell at her feet, faint through loss of blood, and exhausted by his efforts in the combat.

The sea was now calm. The winds no longer agitated the billows, and the clouds had unveiled the bright azure of the skies. Night, with the stars, fled away, and the impurple east was inflamed with the irradiations of the rising day. The ship, though dismantled, still floated on the waters; but her sails and rudder having been carried away, could not be moved forward before the winds.

Zulema, the good old man, and the captives who had been set at liberty, pressed round Gonsalvo, to recall him to life. Alas! their cares were unavailing. Gonsalvo still lay motionless among the victims who had fallen by his arm. A ghastly paleness had overspread his countenance. His head hung down on his bosom; and his eyes seemed to be closed in the sleep of death. Pedro, weeping, raised him up; and the captives knelt to support him. The princess kneeling with them, clasped the hero's hands in hers. She tore off her linen veil, and with it bound his wounds, gazing, at the same time, with looks of tenderness, upon the features of her unknown deliverer.

At length, after much pains taken about him, Gonsalvo again opened his eyes, but instantly closed them. He uttered a sigh. Pedro and Zulema transported, began to indulge faint hopes. A bed was prepared in haste, and the dying hero laid upon it. Every attention was assiduously paid him, which anxious concern, gratitude, or friendship could suggest. Gonsalvo by degrees revived. He saw the princess near him, and attempted to speak to her, but could not. It is you—It is you—were the only words he could utter. Zulema administered to him a reviving cordial, and spoke to him tenderly. Then, as she greatly needed the refreshment of sleep, she retired with the old man.

The captives who had been set at liberty, and whom Pedro discovered to be Berberes, now took upon them the care of the ship. Of the rudder they found only some broken pieces remaining; the masts were without sails; and the waves were entering the vessel. But Pedro, from the highest part of the deck, perceived land at a small distance, and pointing it out to Zulema, informed her that they might go on shore.

"Make haste," said the princess; "if my eyes deceive me not, we are near to Malaga. Enter the road without fear. Here all is subject to me. I am sister to the king of Grenada, and daughter of Muley Hassen. That palace, in the midst of the forest, is mine. There do I wish to entertain the hero to whom I owe my life, and to discharge the pleasing debt of gratitude. But satisfy my impatience. Who is this generous warrior? Is he a prince, or king of Africa? Ah! if I may trust the suggestions of my heart, he is the greatest of men."

The prudent old man, hearing these words, was alarmed at the idea of the danger to which he thought his master about to be exposed. He would have fled the hostile shore, where nothing but chains could await a Castilian, where the famous name of Gonsalvo would naturally provoke the vengeance of a people whom he had so often conquered. But the hero's necessity for immediate relief, the shattered condition of the ship, and the presence of the Berberes, whom he had set at liberty, were so many circumstances which rendered it necessary for him to comply with Zulema's request. After some hesitation, and reflections concerning the reply which he should make to the princess, he answered, not without blushing at the imposition.

"You are not mistaken. The hero comes from Africa. The most honorable birth is but the least of his advantages. Jealous of the exploits of that crowd of warriors who distinguish themselves at the siege of Grenada, he hastens thither to conquer or outdo them. His own vessel was dashed in pieces by the storm, when he saved himself by entering yours. You know the rest; and the sensibility of your own heart will undoubtedly tell you better than I can, what good offices you owe him."

He ceased speaking. Zulema sighed. She understood the stranger to be come to the aid of her country. She was pleased to find new reasons to prompt her gratitude to him. Her imagination carried her even farther; she believed that so brave a warrior might prove the saviour of Grenada, and might defend herself against all her foes. The exploits which he had performed for her, the few words he had said, the pressure of his hand upon her's, during that dreadful combat, were all renewed on her memory, and awakened in her heart a secret joy. She felt a soft and pleasing emotion, the nature of which she could not yet well explain; and, without presuming to form any wish, conceived some fond hopes.

In the mean time, the shattered ship drew near, and anchored in the road. The people coming out to the harbor, knew the young princess, and saluted her with joyful exclamations, while the wounded hero went on shore. Zulema never left him; and she

long instantly for two old men who were famous for their skill in the art of healing wounds. To them she intrusted the care of her deliverer, placed around him, the prisoners who had been delivered by his courage, and making him be borne by slaves, guided them, herself, to her solitary palace. (To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION TURNED SOUPERS AT LEEDS.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

How melancholy to reflect and to feel that misrepresentation of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church at home and abroad are introduced into all British public bodies, institutions, and transactions where a certain class of Protestants are permitted to take a part. And considering the notorious fact that these statements have been refuted over and over, ten thousand times over again, how painful to be compelled to believe that the writers or the speakers, who, in the teeth of these repeated contradictions still reiterate the same nauseating misrepresentations, must be guilty before all men of principle and self feeling, of violating the known truth. From the Prince Consort, at the public dinner given for the benefit of the sons of the poor deceased clergy, down to the street Souper: from the parliament to the village open-air preaching, it is pitiable to see Protestantism degrade itself by seeking the aid of falsehood for its existence and support: and it is the very definition of incurable sectarian depravity, to behold men in the elevated walks of life descend into the mire of lying ribaldry to throw filth on the church which has spread Christianity amongst mankind, which has converted the world, which has published the Scriptures in thirty-six languages and dialects, which has edited these translations in upwards of five hundred editions (forty-eight of which are found in the Italian Peninsula alone, and upwards of one hundred in France), which commands kingdoms, and tongues, and thrones, and which for eighteen centuries has been the universal teacher from the rising to the setting of the sun. How mean it is in Protestantism to malign this Catholic Church how base to deceive its followers by falsehood! how cowardly to flinch behind fraud and deceit in the presence of the honest argument, and the manly eloquence of Catholic divinity! Charges made without truth would disgrace the street informer, would be punished by the adjudication of the lowest of our civil courts: and can the conduct which would be infamous in men and criminal in social law, be edification in religion, be merit before Christ, and piety to God?

Of all classes and conditions of society, the true science scholar is the very last man living from whom one expects either the feeling or the language of base sectarian rancor: his temper, tendencies, course of studies, independence, and enlarged knowledge of physical law present in the aggregate a mind too generous to harbour malignity, too honorable to utter a lie, too powerful to shift under a fraudulent shelter, and too devoted before the great ruler of the skies, to take upon one creed for political interest, or to ridicule another faith for the sake of the ruling public fashion. The system, or rather the combination of publishing the grossest lies against the Catholic Church was more fashionable about ten years ago than at present: the biblical agents have been since expelled from all the southern kingdoms of Europe: and Souper deceit stands at this moment at a very low figure indeed, even in the London market. The scandal of nuns and priests, the black prisons of the Pope, the concealment of the Bible in Italy, the immorality of the court of Spain, the tyranny of Naples, the grinding oppression of Austria, are stories which are now listened to like old tunes on a street-barrel organ. They weary the public ear, chafe the public taste, and no one stands in the street to hear the poor organ-grinder, except the underbred Souper audience of the lanes. In fact, Souperism is nearly extinct everywhere. Even in Ireland the male and female agents, dressed in shabby black, and hired by the day to preach, are scarcely ever seen where two years ago the roads were crowded with this noxious race, and all the thoroughfares strewn with tens of thousands of tracts and fly-sheets filled with lies of plausible and ingenious infamy, of which there has been no parallel in all former records of the persecuting malignity of the Church and people of Ireland.

This wretched imposture has failed in every country where it has been introduced; and after having expended millions and millions of pounds sterling in this work of discord and infidelity, society in this country is at present partially relieved from this disastrous infliction. But who could imagine that the old scam could be collected and worked up into an evening refreshment of the British Association: and that the scientific treat should be manufactured by no other person than Professor Owen, the President of the Association, for the current year at Leeds!—Professor Owen, the present President of this learned Association, could not take the chair on the very first evening of its session without a cowardly attack on Popery: he could not discuss the topics of insectology without a mean falsehood on the Catholic Church: he could not utter ten sentences in his opening lecture without stating as a fact, a thing which is notoriously false. The President went even far out of his way to perform this ill-gained ribald trick: but I fancy I can foretell that he has gone much further than he thinks to disgrace the Association, and to reduce it from the lofty prestige of being a body of learned men, into an assembly of Exeter Hall bigots. I shall here introduce the extract from the scientific dissertation of Professor Owen, President of the British Association:—

"The nation that gathers together thousands of corals, shells, insects, fishes, birds, and beasts, and votes the requisite funds for preparing, preserving, housing, and arranging them, derives the smallest possible return for the outlay by merely grazing and wondering at the manifold variety and strangeness of such specimens of natural history. The simplest coral and the meanest insect may have something in its history worth knowing, and in some way profitable. Every organism is a character in which Divine wisdom is written, and which ought to be expounded. Our present system of opening the book of nature to the masses, as in the galleries of the British Museum, without any provision for expounding her language, is akin to that which keeps the book of God sealed to the multitude in a dead tongue."

This President of the British Association miscalculates very much the character of his readers, if he thinks that this language will escape the public reprobation which it merits. The Association should not be guilty of the cruel outrage of inviting the Catholics of England to attend their meetings, and then permit their President to inflict such an unexpected insult on their feelings and their faith: and the Catholics of Leeds are very different, indeed, from what I have once known them to be, if they endure an outrage of such flagrant atrocity, aggravated by the additional grievance of being inflicted under the invitation of courtesy, and in the moment of a generous unsuspecting confidence. If the word "assassin-lecture" could be ever applied to a scientific discussion, this phrase is here applicable, where the audience is taken by surprise, wounded by an old worn-out lie, and publicly insulted without the shadow of a pretext either from the practices of their Church, or from their personal public behaviour towards the members of the Association. If the language of the President, contained even an offensive truth, it would still be unparadoxical under the circumstances; but when it is understood that the cowardly observation is notoriously found in the lowest malice of exploded misrepresentation, the conduct of this Professor of the British Association assumes the character of public indecency. These and similar remarks of his being palpably false, it might be argued that they should not be noticed: perhaps so; but being put forward, as the stern off-

icial truth, before audiences either ignorant or unacquainted with the case referred to, it becomes the duty to expose the ruda bigotry of the speaker, and to publish the indecent falsehood of the statement. Alas! this is the result and termination of all English institutions where religious rancor is permitted to raise its baneful voice. They all begin in plausible liberality, and they all end in bitter discord and ignominious failure. Who can forget the history of the Crimean charitable fund? The Catholic soldiers amounted to nearly one-half of the British troops; for the sake of argument let us say the one-third; and with these premises who can explain the justice of the Commissioners, who have not only founded but refused to found, even one purely Catholic institution for the orphan children of the fallen Catholic soldier, the brave defender of the honor of the throne and the security of the Empire.

Again, what a lesson can be learned from reading the report of the Commissioners, of Endowed Schools in Ireland, where tens of thousands of pounds sterling have been alienated from their original purpose, misapplied and nearly lost, from the perverse scheme of proselytism and social strife, engendered and fostered, and matured in these fallen dens of religious rancour.

Is not the National Board of Education, too, every day within the late years, raising doubts of its honest intentions in the minds of men once its firmest advocates? The undoubted services which it has heretofore rendered to Ireland in the education of the poor are a practical testimony of the good which it can effect by the administration of its important laws; but petty bigotries in occasional instances, intolerant demeanor in others, a tinge of superism in detached cases, and a dominant dictatorship in all, are said to be daily growing stronger and more developed: and if persevered in, will at no distant day change the aspect of public opinion, thin the schools, turn the living current into honest though less perfect establishments, and ultimately menace and crumble the National structure. Like the dry rot in timber, where the architect has neglected the provision of temperature, light and air, the most valuable material in the most splendid work, executed in the most finished proportion, may be lost and fall to decay, from the oversight of one vital principle.

Is not the Irish poorhouse, also, a daily exponent of the fierce results of the Hibernian sectarian fury? The charges, the struggles, the defences, the angry speeches in these abodes of the wretched victims of poverty and a broken heart, resemble the riots of Belfast on a small scale: and if it were not owing to the strenuous exertions of some few patrons of justice and religion, the poorhouses would be turned into prisons of sectarian torture, in place of being the consoling asylums of pity for the crushed hopes of the abandoned poor.

Is it not this emaciating superism which has levelled our villages, depopulated our fields, banished our people, and converted the old family homestead and the ancestral glen into English sheep walks, or Scotch bullock farms?

I am not denying that this new order of things does not add to the proprietor's revenue, does not cover the soil with a smiling abundance, does not remove from the public view the squalid misery of the poor, friendless, expelled, deceased cottier; but neither can anybody else deny that this agricultural metamorphosis of the soil of Ireland has been brought about by a legal massacre of the people, which massacre has had its origin, its progress and its successful completion in the same feeling of inappreciable and merciless sectarian rancour, which has ever blasted all Irish prospects, and which has rendered the commerce, the trade, the labour, and the prosperity of this country a legal moral impossibility.

Professor Owen is one of the various persons who, in Parliament, in the lordly mansion, on the bench, in all the civil, military and naval departments, have been laboring to ridicule religion and extirpate Catholicity. But the Professor, like all those of the same class who have gone before him, will find that "the system" as he calls the Catholic Church, will flourish through all coming time in spite of the indecency of the Leeds lecturer; and that the British Association will fall into premature decay, even with its present liberal prestige, if it encourages professors to belie the known truth in the creed of the Catholics; and to insult the public honor. I am far from attempting to lessen the learned disquisitions of the various distinguished men in the various departments allotted to them at Leeds; but I have no language sufficiently strong to cover with contempt and scorn the permission or connivance extended to one of their body, to introduce into meetings on science, the vulgar venom of swaddling malvolence. I assume no ostentatious importance when I express my wish and, indeed, utter my commands, to the Catholics of Leeds to require an instant apology from the British Association for this conduct of Professor Owen, or to brand them before England and Europe as unprincipled bigots disguised in the unoffending, attractive and honored garb of peaceful science.

There are two kinds of science, or rather two denominations of science known amongst the large class called learned men. The first may be called practical science, which means "the knowledge of an aggregate of facts which are learned by experiment." The second is called pure science, which means "the knowledge of an aggregate of conclusions or deductions in reference to mathematics and the Planetary System, which deductions are built not on mere experiments, but rest on primary self-evident principles and truths." Geology, chemistry, &c., belong to the first denomination; while mathematics and astronomy belong to the second. The training necessary for the first class of men may be very limited, indeed, since any person who can merely read, and who will attend courses of experimental lectures, can learn and become eminent in the highest departments of these practical sciences. It is like agricultural science, in which a ploughman who can neither read nor write, can become a distinguished agriculturist. The geologist or the chemist need not be men of a classical education; they need not be acquainted with the ordinary literature of the day; they need not rise higher in the scale of scholarly breeding than the artisan or the gas-fitter. An expert hand, a quick eye, and good memory are the natural qualities which might constitute the eminent chemist or geologist.

But to compare the training of such a class of men, with the essential requirements of the scholar in Mathematics and Astronomy is to compare two extremes. This second class of men must, at least, be finished in Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mechanics, the Conic Sections, the Logarithmic Calculations, Central Forces, Optics, and an extensive experimental course, in what is technically called Natural Philosophy. This wide and varied course, which is employed in mental research, not in mere experiments, generates, as it were, a new mind, and raises the student into an exalted sphere of conception, and as far (on general principles) above the mere Experimentalist as the spheres he views are larger than our mountain ranges; and the orbits he traces are wider and more accurately curved than the outline of our coal formations. Such a man, too, is (from the elevated scene of his mental labors, or rather pleasures) a creature of exalted feeling; meets the Ruler, the Architect of the skies, as it were, more face to face; generally speaking is more deeply impressed with Natural Religion than the man who spends his days amidst the bones, the bear, the teeth of the tiger, the shells of snails, the feet of the spider, and the petrified stumps of the fern. The scholar in pure science is, beyond doubt, a higher stamp of a man than the mere laborer at the forge, the furnace, the hammer, and the blow pipe. His mind is perfected in a more finished laboratory; and his heart, in the counterpart of his being, should be more refined in feeling.

I am very far from any attempt to undervalue either chemistry or the chemist. But I wish to say, that while geology and chemistry are, if I may so

appear in practical science in their way, the man who is better stored than a working carpenter, nor an education more extended than a colliery miner; whereas the science of astronomy is not only great in its truths, its range, its plan, its territories; but the man is great who can master its preparatory studies, comprehend its machinery, calculate its working, see its provisions, and mark its applications to the existence, the wants, and the pleasures of the human family. I presume to admire chemistry too much not know what the perfection of the mechanical arts; the extension of medical science, the usefulness of gas, the power of steam, the wonders of magnetism, the ubiquity of the telegraph, owe their marvellous development to practical science; but there is more wonder and prodigy in the magnetism of one sun (out of tens of millions); in the revolution of one planet; in the equilibrium of one system (out of millions) of worlds, than in all the developments of all the practical knowledge that can ever be discovered till the end of time on this our terrestrial globe.

I have been led into the discussion of the latter part of this article from the nauseating assumption of a certain class of geologists, who never lose an opportunity of hinting ridicule of all religion, but particularly against the Catholic faith. And I have never learned that this petty superficial presumption has been remarked of the scholars in mathematics as a body. Whenever, therefore, this nuisance will have been exhibited in future, in the presence of my Catholic friends and co-religionists, I beg that they will remember the source from which these attacks proceed; and recollect that ignorance and imperfect training may be assumed as principal ingredients in the character of the rancorous geologist. It would be a curious inquiry to learn which of these claims the paternity of Professor Owen, President of the British Association. It will strengthen my theory if he be the mere geologist, and zoologist, and botanist referred to; and if he belong to the school of astronomy, he will be set down as the exception to the general rule, and will be a phenomenon swung out of the ordinary orbit of his scientific kindred, and gone astray at one of the seances of the British Association at Leeds, in England, during the month of September, in the year 1858.

D. W. C.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Sunday last the new Church of the Immaculate Conception at Wexford was solemnly dedicated by the Lord Bishop of Ferns. A few years since the people of the town of Wexford had no parochial church. Through the kindness of the brotherhood of the Franciscan Order, the small chapel attached to the convent was placed at the services of the pastor of the parish. This was the only place in which the large congregation could assemble to assist at the solemn mysteries of their holy religion. But this state of things was not allowed to continue, and through the untiring zeal of the Rev. James Roche, the venerated parish priest, aided by the faithful flock confided to his charge, the church, which was dedicated this day, and another net 200 yards distant from it, similar in everything save in a few minor details, were erected at a cost of £20,000. The stranger approaching Wexford from the Dublin side, is struck by its ancient appearance and its narrow streets, which make it resemble one of the old Continental cities. This illusion is strengthened by the lofty towers and spires of the two noble churches above referred to, and the solid mass presented by the buildings constituting St. Peter's College, which, along with the two sacred edifices, occupy elevated positions overlooking the town. Of the £20,000 required for the erection of the two churches, £9,000 were forwarded to Father Roche by the people of Wexford in every quarter of the globe, and £8,000 more was subscribed by the Catholics residing in the parish.

The appeal made on Sunday, Sept. 26, in the chapel of Roscommon, on behalf of the funds of the Sisters of Mercy, was most successful, upwards of £80 having been contributed on the occasion.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The following is the reply of Mr. Blake, M.P., to the letter from the Archbishop of Armagh. We have no doubt it will be read with satisfaction by the Catholics of the country, and we trust will have the effect of securing the active cooperation of other Members of Parliament to obtain the advantage sought for:—

Waterford, September 20th. "My Lord Primate—In reply to the communication which I had the honor of receiving from your Grace, relative to the desire felt by you and others of the hierarchy that the Catholic members should cooperate in an effort to obtain a charter for the Catholic University, I beg to say that any movement of the kind shall receive from me the most active and zealous support, as I believe there are few objects more desirable, both in a religious and educational point of view to this country, than adding to the importance and usefulness of our University; and I am happy to say that in advancing such an undertaking as your Grace has alluded to, I would have the gratification of being engaged in a task not only most congenial to my own feelings, but also satisfactory to the entire of the truly Catholic people whom I have the honor to represent; and I am almost confident that the Government would not—as they certainly ought not—refuse so moderate a request, put forward, as I expect it would be, by the entire of the Catholic representatives, as well as many members of other persuasions, sufficiently liberal to assist in carrying out the legitimate wishes of the great body of their countrymen. Previous to returning from Parliament this year, I gave notice for the appointment of a special committee early next session, to inquire into the working of the Queen's Colleges, as well as to report on the best mode of making them available to a greater number of students without infringing on their religious feelings, and also to report on the best mode of disbursing the revenues of the endowed schools, with a view of making their funds available for the education of youths of all persuasions; and I trust that a successful effort may be made to enable us to obtain our fair share of the large sums now devoted to purposes of exclusive education, so as to place within the reach of the middle class Catholics of Ireland an opportunity (which generally speaking, they do not possess at present) of fairly educating their children at a cost commensurate with their means—as I regret to say, so far as my experience enables me to judge, that, except in very few instances, there do not exist throughout the country Catholic educational establishments where as good a system of general instruction is pursued for boys in comparatively good circumstances, as that afforded gratuitously to the children of the working classes by the Christian Brothers. Indeed, I can pronounce, from personal examination, that, in almost every instance where I have had an opportunity of judging, that poor lads who had obtained their education from the latter estimable community would far outstrip, in a competitive examination, the sons of much richer men, on whose education, at various schools, large sums had been spent. A strenuous effort ought to be made to remedy this deplorable state of things, or before long the Catholic youths of the more opulent classes will not only be below the Protestants of the same rank, in point of education, but they will also run a great risk wherever the schools of the Christian Brothers are established, of being inferior in information to their own domestic servants and workmen. Trusting that the importance of the subject, and the sincere desires which I really feel to have the great abilities which I know my co-religionists possess developed by educational culture, will excuse my having trespassed at such length on your Grace.—I have the honor to remain, my Lord Primate, your Grace's most obedient servant,

"JOHN A. BLAKE, His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate, Lord Archbishop of Armagh."

\* A people of Africa, in the vicinity of Mount Atlas.

ORANGE INTOLERANCE.—What is to be done in order to avoid... the Orange men... the Orange men... the Orange men...

his head already—suffered by his friends (if he have any) to seize on every public occasion of deacating with such questionable morality on that dangerous subject, female loveliness. It has not escaped our memory now, at an Orange tea drinking here in Belfast, we had to protest against the broadness with which the poor old man dilated on the 'rosy cheeks' and white bosoms of the young matrons and maidens who surrounded him.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHAPLAINCY DISPUTE.—The Irish Presbyterian for the present month contains some pungent remarks upon the not very creditable controversy at present raging in Ulster with respect to the chaplaincy question, and the conduct of the General Assembly in relation thereto. After alluding to the recent proceedings in Belfast, already noticed in The Times, the Presbyterian remarks:—"When the Government announced their intention of appointing and supporting a number of Presbyterian chaplains, it is humiliating to find a rush made for the appointments—a regular scramble—even before the negotiations had terminated. The struggle for the appointments very soon assumed a political aspect, so that two political parties in the General Assembly were speedily arrayed against each other, and the struggle resolved itself into the question of their relative strength. There is a great outcry on the part of some, as if the independence of the church were at stake. This is all sham. It would be far nearer the truth to represent the whole affair, so far as the Assembly has been consulted by it, as a contest for 10s. 6d. a day between two political sections of the General Assembly. It is now highly probable that the appointments have been altogether forfeited, and that General Peel will look in some other direction for men to take spiritual oversight of Presbyterian soldiers. We hope this will turn out to be an erroneous impression, but it is one very generally felt. It is somewhat singular that during the whole discussion of the subject the material part of General Peel's letter was never gravely taken into consideration,—that wherein he requested the Assembly to recommend individuals unconnected with party politics."

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHAPLAINCY QUESTION.—One of the Belfast papers (the Mercury) gives a prominent place to the subjoined statement:—"We understand that the Government has repudiated altogether further dealing with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and has conferred the privilege of nominating candidates for the vacant chaplaincies on the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Such, we have reason to believe, is the course that has been adopted, and we need not say that we regret it. The appointments are now lost to the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and headhunted folly is alone to blame for such a result."

IRISH RAILWAYS.—The Evening Post contains the following statement:—"Good dividend-paying Irish securities, as well as Government funds, are improving in price; and we may remark that Dublin and Kingstown stock has experienced a still further advance; the Quarter-shares (£12 10s paid) having reached £23., exclusive of the dividend, at the rate of £9 per cent just paid. At the present price of the Quarter-share, the value of the old £100 share of this company is £184 ex. dividend. The Dublin and Kingstown is, to be sure, an exceptional stock; but it is our conviction that other Irish lines would; here long, pay a dividend of 9 or 7 per cent, if the evils now so much complained of, in the shape of imprudent competition, and unwarrantable meddling one line with another, were effectually got rid of."

The following appears in the Limerick Chronicle:—"We have been informed by very reliable authority that at the assembling of Parliament Government will recommend giving to Galway a grant of £50,000, as the first instalment of the sum needed to construct the breakwater, if the commissioners now inspecting Galway should report favourably of it as a harbour of refuge. The total required for the purpose will be £150,000, and, owing to the influence of the Lord-Lieutenant and Irish Attorney-General with the present Cabinet, both exerted for Galway, but most of all owing to the energy and enterprise of the Galwegians themselves, the entire amount will be advanced out of the Imperial exchequer, and that, not as a loan, but as a grant, free and for ever, the Lord is determined on helping those who seem disposed to help themselves. The people of Limerick deserved no help from any one, because there was no disposition on their part to aid themselves, and, with all the advantages of their superior position, their apathy leaves them in the background, while Galway is fast going ahead. That the packets from Galway will prove a paying speculation the following facts are good omens:—The amount of passage money paid in the last steamer, the Pacific, was over £3,000, and in one of the second-class packets, which arrived at Galway a short time ago, nearly £2,000 was produced by the passenger traffic alone, being, as in the other case, exclusive of the freights for conveyance of merchandise. The receipts of the Midland Railway have been vastly increased by the arrival and departure of American packets at Galway. The company is in a most flourishing condition, and they propose to continue their line of railway down to the dock. In order to insure a character for punctuality, the steamers start precisely at the appointed hour; and the other day the packet was several miles at sea before the Custom-house officer had her papers cleared out, and was obliged to return in a small boat."

Approx of this subject, the Galway Vindicator, just come to hand, announces the arrival there of Captain Washington, R.N., one of the Commissioners appointed by Government to inquire into the subject of harbours of refuge.—"Last night, by the mail train at 10.12 p.m., Captain Washington, R.N., chairman of the commission to inquire into the subject of harbours of refuge, arrived in Galway. The other commissioners are expected by train to-day. At 10 o'clock this morning Captain Washington was called on by P. M. Lynch, Chairman of the Harbour Commissioners, who was very kindly and cordially received by him. S. U. Roberts, Esq., county surveyor, was then introduced, and Captain Washington expressed a wish that Mr. Roberts should afford him his assistance and information during the day, and it was arranged that they should go out in the Vesper at 2 o'clock, to examine and take soundings in the bay, and test the correctness of the carefully-prepared and elaborate plans submitted by Mr. Roberts. Captain Washington then informed Mr. Lynch, the Rev. Mr. Darcy, Mr. P. A. Fynn, and one or two other gentlemen who waited on him that he would be most happy to meet some gentlemen connected with the Harbour Board who could give him information on the subject of his inquiry at the Railway Hotel to-morrow. There will be no public court of inquiry held, but we have reason to believe that Captain Washington is disposed to enter on his inquiry with a degree of earnestness which will leave nothing undeveloped in relation to the natural resources and immense capabilities of the harbour of Galway."

With regard to the sailing of the next steamer for America the Vindicator says:—"We are enabled to state that the Pacific, Captain Thompson, which will

sail hence for New York on the 12th inst., is likely to carry out the fullest number of passengers she can accommodate, and that will not be a few. Two days ago it was ascertained that all her second-class berths were engaged, and it was necessary for the managing director here to telegraph to the agents at the different ports not to book any more second-class passengers. The first cabin berths are nearly all taken, and third-class filling up with extraordinary speed. The preparations for her sailing are going on with rapidity and business-like system, under the direction of Captain Thomson, the efficient marine superintendent of the line, who, without the appearance of any bustle, is doing an immense amount of work, such as the occasion requires. Yesterday the Vulture steamer arrived from Cardiff with 600 tons of coal, and though it was blowing a whole gale of wind, Captain Thomson managed during the night to get 250 tons on board of her, and the remainder of her coaling will be completed this evening. Among the passengers who are going out by the Pacific will be Viscount Bury, accompanied by Lady Bury and suite. We have heard that the noble lord goes out on a special mission connected with postal arrangements between Great Britain and America via Galway route. While we were in the office to-day five first-class passages were taken, and among them was one for the Rev. Michael Curley, the respected and patriotic parish priest of Louisville, county of Mayo, who goes out to America, with the sanction of the Archbishop of Tuam, to collect funds for the completion of his Cathedral."

COMMAND OF THE IRISH CONSTABULARY.—Although not officially announced, it is pretty generally understood that the responsible appointment of Inspector-General of the Irish Constabulary has been conferred upon Colonel Woods, who has for some time filled the post of Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General to the Forces in Ireland. Sir Duncan McGregor's retirement on full salary dates from October 1. The selection as his successor of an Englishman, perfectly free from all local party feelings and prejudices, is creditable to the Government of Lord Derby.

IRISH HARBOURS OF REFUGE.—In consequence of petitions to Parliament from the municipal body and Harbour Commissioners of Drogheda, for the construction of a safety harbour at Skerries, in the county of Dublin, the Royal Commissioners, now on their tour of examination, closely inspected and took soundings in the Bay of Skerries. The Dublin Chamber of Commerce have expressed a decidedly favourable opinion with regard to the conversion of Skerries into an asylum harbour, and strong representations have been made to the Government to assist in diminishing the marine disasters so frequent along the neighbouring coast. It was in this dangerous locality that the Tayleur was lost, with 290 souls, in the month of January, 1854. The competing localities on the northern coast are Carlingford, Skerries, Portrush, and Clogher Head, but the latter is believed to be out of the race. On the southern coast the choice, it is surmised, will lie between Waterford and Wexford, on the south-east.

The Times has the following upon "The Education Question" in Ireland:—"It is currently reported that the Home Secretary (Mr. Walpole) is about to pay a visit to Ireland, and that his arrival here may be expected almost daily. In anticipation of the event all sorts of rumours have been set afloat touching the object of the right hon. gentleman's Irish mission, but the prevailing notion seems to be that it has some mysterious connexion with the vexed question of education, pure or mixed—that is, strictly scriptural or national. The friends of the former system are said to be in high spirits, and sanguine hopes are entertained—now that the right man is in the right place—that a settlement of the great educational difficulty is only a question of time. A settlement, in this instance, means a division of the Parliamentary grant, a portion to be handed over for the use of the Church Education Society of Ireland. Let this be conceded, and, as a matter of course, the complaints of Archbishop Cullen and the Ultramontane Romanist party cannot be passed by unheeded. They, too, must have their share of the spoil; and then down comes the whole fabric of mixed education, to be followed by a revival of those sectarian animosities which flourished in such luxuriance about the time that Mr. Edward Geoffrey Stanbury filled the post of Irish Chief Secretary."

A fire, attended with lamentable loss of life, broke out on Sunday night, about half-past eleven o'clock, at the house of Mr. Woodrooffe, vintner, O'Connell-bridge, Dublin. On the discovery of the fire, messengers were despatched to the different stations, and the engines of the police, fire brigade, and the barracks arrived very shortly after the outbreak; but the flames had got the mastery, and though the utmost exertions were made to rescue the inmates, seven in number, only three were saved. A number of men of the 13th Light Dragoons, the police, fire brigade, and men of the Sun Fire Office, commenced pouring a stream of water upon the burning edifice—the gallant fellows of the 13th supplying their own engines with buckets from the river—and by their combined efforts soon succeeded in getting the fire under, though, unfortunately, unable to prevent a sad loss of life.—Mrs. Woodrooffe, her daughter, and a little boy falling victims to the flames. A young woman, who threw herself from the window had her leg broken and her head dreadfully contused. A girl and boy were rescued by the efforts of the neighbors. Two brave young fellows of the 13th rushed into the still burning ruins, and brought out Mrs. Woodrooffe's charred and mutilated body. It is needless to add that the house was burnt to the ground, and the houses on each side were much injured. The police, brigade, and the men of the 13th Light Dragoons and Guards acted in a most praiseworthy manner.—Dublin paper.

THE ENGLISH MISSIONS.—Amongst the manufacturing districts of England perhaps there is not one in which are to be found a greater number of poor Irishmen than in Leeds and its immediate neighborhood. The venerated and venerable Bishop of Beverley, ever anxious for the welfare of the flock confided to his charge, and rendered remarkable by his Christian love and paternal tenderness for the poor of this country who had gone to earn their bread in the land of strangers, seventeen years ago, appointed the Rev. Edward O'Leary as the pastor of Dewsbury, in which at that time there were about four hundred Catholics. The zealous priest worked with a beautiful earnestness for the spiritual welfare of his poor countrymen, though deprived of the world's goods, still rich in faith, and at present in Dewsbury his congregation numbers over two thousand. For the purpose of completing the new schools, and erecting a suitable place of public worship in Dewsbury, the Rev. Mr. O'Leary is at present in Dublin to solicit the aid of the humane and generous. He has received the sanction and the subscription of his Grace the Lord Archbishop, and bears with him the following letter from the Lord Bishop of Beverley:—

"TO THE WARM-HEARTED AND GENEROUS CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

"My Friends,—Rejoicing to learn that you have passed from the years of famine and times of distress to days of prosperity—as I deeply sympathised with you in your adversity, so I congratulate you on your prosperity. Emboldened by your changed circumstances, I humbly presume, for the first time in my life, to appeal to your well-known charity in behalf of 2,000 of your poor countrymen and fellow-Catholics in my diocese, who are destitute of a suitable chapel wherein the faith of St. Patrick may be preached to them. Their respected pastor, the Rev. Edward O'Leary, will explain to you the great and pressing wants of his flock, too poor to erect a commodious suitable temple wherein they can assemble. Appealing to you in behalf of these poor Irish Catholics, I feel confident that my appeal will not be made in vain.

Your attached faithful friend,  
JOHN BRUCE, Bishop of Beverley.  
York, 29th August, 1858."

PROTESTANT "INDIGNATION."—A correspondent in the Times is vastly indignant that the Sisters of the Convent of Mercy at Swinford, in the county Mayo, should have sent her a circular letter, explaining that they "visit the sick and dying poor of their neighbourhood, and impart the blessing of a good education to a large number of destitute children;" and, finally, requesting in the most courteous terms, that, with a view to assist them in their benevolent labours, the lady in question will have the kindness to purchase a few tickets for the raffle of a very handsome gold watch. The price of the tickets is a shilling each, and the Sisters, after promising that if the lady will be so good as to buy them, she shall have "a continuance of their grateful prayers, as well as of those of the poor whom she may enable them to relieve," and concludes with the remark, "that should the tickets be declined the Sisters respectfully request to have them returned." This communication, then, which it is impossible to imagine anything more offensive, has excited to frenzy the philanthropic lady to whom it was addressed, who forthwith sends it off to the Thunderer, that by him it may be exposed to the scorn and execration of the Protestant public. It is to be regretted that before taking this course the fair Samaritan did not take the trouble to make a few inquiries respecting the fiscal affairs of her own Church as well as those of the Church which she is so desirous of holding up to ridicule. Had she done so she would have discovered that there is a reason, and a very intelligible one, why the ladies of the Swinford Convent are, in their zeal to relieve the poor, compelled to have recourse to such sad expedients as the raffle of their own gold watch. The explanation is very simple—it is, that the revenues of the Catholic Church, which is the Church of the people, have been fraudulently and forcibly appropriated by a hostile sect which includes little more than a fraction of the population—while the Irish people are in many districts of their country worshipping in thatched chapels, or in the open air—while their priests have a stipend oftentimes inferior to that of mechanics and domestic servants, all while the nuns are obliged to sell their watches to relieve the necessities of the dying poor, the Church of the small majority holds possession of 100,000,000 statute acres of glebe and sea lands, exclusive of chapter and royal school lands, which, in Ulster alone, are upwards of 20,000 acres. In addition to all this, the same Church is in receipt of a tithe-rent-charge amounting to £260,000 per annum. The Protestant Archbishop of Armagh receives £14,000 a year for doing nothing, while the nuns of Swinford have to raffle their watch for the support of the poor. It would have been well for the cause of Christian charity, and well too, for the interests of common justice, that C. B. had acquainted herself with these facts before sending her indignant letter to Printing-house-square. There are some other circumstances which she would have done well to have learned if she have not heard of them, or to have remembered them anew if she have. It may be new to her to be informed that scarcely a week passes that the Catholic householders of London do not receive by post some printed paper from some Protestant clergyman, entreating their assistance in the building of a church or the carrying out of some proselytising project. It was but the other day that the writer of these lines was pursued to the watering place to which he had repaired for a few weeks' relaxation by a letter from a person who is at this moment engaged in the notable project of building a church at Kilburn with funds raised exclusively by gratuitous offerings of postage stamps! Some millions of stamps have already been collected, and the reverend gentleman is still laudably engaged in an attempt to increase his store. C. B.'s memory may also be nudged on some other little matters. It will probably surprise her to learn that she cannot cross the threshold either of Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral, without paying twopenny at the door, and that it costs several shillings to inspect the latter edifice. Finally, it will amaze her to be informed that church-rate levies are going on briskly, and that the incumbent of the episcopal church in Gray's-inn-road, made a famous razzia the other day, which was productive of sad mishaps to certain dissenters residing in the parish. While such things as these are going on, the poor nuns of Swinford might surely be allowed to raffle their gold watch in peace.—Freeman.

Statistics are generally avoided as uninteresting; but with regard to Ireland, any facts proving the increasing prosperity of that country must always be received with favour. A return has just been issued, showing that since the establishment of the Encumbered Estates Court, five years ago, estates have been sold under its operation to the extent of £23,160,000; of which sum no less than £20,000,000 in round numbers was paid by Irish purchasers to the number of 9,358, the purchasers of all other nations numbering only 324. So that "Saxon" capital and "Saxon" speculation has been almost a myth compared with the energy and enterprise displayed by the Irish. The rapid passages, too, made by the Lever line of packets between New York and Galway is attracting the general attention of the mercantile world; and the Daily News says it is not improbable that an application may be made to Government for money to extend this service.—Weekly Register.

TIPPERARY AS IT IS.—The Tipperary Union Farming Society held its annual meeting on Saturday, and was followed by the usual dinner in the afternoon. Major William Henry Massey—a candidate for the county upon a late occasion—presided, and in proposing the toast of "The Lord-Lieutenant and Prosperity to Ireland," thus spoke:—"It is certain that we have been going ahead during the past few years; and, though as a free people we do not yet occupy the position we are entitled to, we are treading the path steadily towards it. What an instance of this can be adduced in this very locality! I remember the time, not many years ago, when, in this town, were were supporting 2,000 paupers in the poor-house; and now that vast number has dwindled down to something less than 400. I speak under the correction of Mr. Ryan, the respected vice-chairman of the union.

Mr. Ryan.—The present number is 350.  
The Chairman.—What a blessed falling off from 2,000 to 350; and this is not the only proof of the progressive condition. We see every day instances of the increasing interest in making improvements manifested by the farmers; and I do say, without at all meaning to introduce politics, if they get only fair play from the landlords that Ireland will before long present the appearance of a luxuriant garden, productive of immense wealth and importance to the country. (Loud applause.) Speaking of the landlords, I must say that I am sorry to see that they are not here among us this evening; and I would tell them they should not be above coming here among us, their humble friends (applause); if we are good enough to pay them their rents fairly and honestly, they should be grateful enough, and show sufficient interest in our welfare, to meet us here and mingle with us at the social board; however, theirs is the principal loss; we have all partaken of a good dinner, and are now determined on spending a pleasant evening. (Hear, hear.)

Subsequently, in proposing the health of Lord Derby, as the President of the Tipperary Farming Society, the gallant chairman observed:—"The Premier of England, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, is a great statesman, though I differ from him on many points, but the best of all we can say for him is that he is a good landlord. (Applause.) I was never better pleased than I was with an observation of his when a number of gentlemen waited on him as a deputation in reference to the tenants of Ireland. When he was told that some of the landlords took advantage of the improvements made by the tenants in building, &c., to put them out of their place and reap all the benefit themselves, he said, 'Who did that? He was told, 'some gentlemen.' 'Gentlemen?' said he—'they were no gentlemen!'

It is stated in well informed circles that the present fortifications are to be greatly extended; that the whole line between Carlisle Fort and Roche's Tower is to be almost one continuous battery, and that Spike is to be made impervious to assault or bombardment.—Cork Examiner.

GREAT BRITAIN.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.—On all hands it seems to be agreed that we shall have to pay for Gherbourg. People who condemn the anticipated liberality of the House of Commons and those who applaud it, concur in regarding the sacrifice as inevitable. The national susceptibility is touched in its most sensitive part.—We have been challenged to rivalry in a province in which we do not admit an equal and can scarcely tolerate the presence of a second. As the wealthy father of a family, when he sees the wife and daughters of a neighbor starting a new equipage or giving a fête of unprecedented brilliancy, spontaneously recognises the display as a draught on his own purse of the means of maintaining a competing splendour, so is it with the treasures of Great Britain. They would perhaps, have been glad to shut out the sight if they could, but, having consented to look at it, they cannot affect ignorance of the obligation which it imposes. It is easy to say that the keepers of our national resources would not be so keenly alive to the promptings of emulation as they are if the expenditure of their own money were in question. We apprehend, however, that a little study of the motives by which men are influenced in the conduct of their private affairs, will show that there is no justification for the taunt. The occasion is closely analogous to those which, in daily social life, upset all the calculations of the prudent, and cause Shylock himself to look at his ducats only as available means of purchasing the service he requires. We are hit in a sentiment, the tenderest and most cherished feeling of our bosoms. Every drop of blood in the body corporate rushes to the defence of the sensitive point in which it has been wounded. If we are not powerful beyond all comparison on the water which surrounds our island home, there is nothing left that is worth living for as a nation. That this should be our relative position has been—at least ever since the destruction of the French navy in the early years of the century—assumed more or less consciously as an axiom. National economy only begins after our maritime supremacy is secured. Intentionally or otherwise, the Emperor of the French has touched our weakness centrally. The manifestation of a disposition on his part to contest with us a superiority on the seas, which we believe to be inherent in England, is only one degree less startling than would be a claim to a portion of the Queen's dominion. This is an emergency to which considerations of economy are felt not to apply. Our energies at home and abroad are in the habit of repressing us for a tendency towards pugnaucious interference in foreign politics; and we may sometimes, especially in moments of tax-paying difficulty, feel inclined to admit the justice of the remonstrance. But no remonstrance with which we may be inspired by discovering that we have been meddling with what did not greatly concern us, at the cost of paying the expenses of our clients as well as our own, will soften our hearts towards an attempt to deprive us of an essential element of our national dignity and strength. A possession of this kind is the pre-eminence of power in the British Channel, a formidable position to which is made in the establishment of Gherbourg. Hence, that mixed sentiment of pride and fear, which which people are in the habit of regarding as a tendency to resist an intrusion upon their own domains, is particularly aroused, and will make itself decidedly heard and felt in the discussions on the naval and military estimates for some little time to come. Few people may think there is ground to apprehend any immediate design of trying conclusions with us on the sea; but our capacity of resisting such an attempt ought not only to exist, but to be above suspicion.—Those Members of Parliament who meet their constituents, according to custom at this period of the year, are evidently well aware of the spirit of the country, and understand the work which it will cut out for them during the ensuing session. Whenever the exigencies of party controversy allow them to suspend for a moment the edifying discussion of the respective beauties of progressive Conservatism and Conservative progress, they turn with practical zeal and earnestness to the question of the national defences. This question will, they clearly discern, have to be undertaken, and the more coolly and deliberately it is discussed, the cheaper and more effectual will be its performance.—Manchester Guardian.

Thomas Tole, formerly belonging to the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who so basely deserted to the Russian enemy while serving in the Crimea with his regiment, arrived at Chatham Barracks yesterday, from Manchester, the city in which he was captured, in charge of a strong escort, and is now safely confined in the guard-house, in charge of two sentries, until he is brought to trial by court-martial, at Chatham Garrison, where the depot companies of the 7th Fusiliers are stationed, the head-quarters having been ordered to India soon after the return of the regiment from the Crimea. The prisoner, on being marched through London, was handcuffed to a soldier belonging to the escort to prevent any possibility of his escaping. He appears to be about 25 years of age, and is a native of Ireland. As soon as it became known at Chatham Barracks that he had arrived, a number of the troops turned out to catch sight of him as he was being conveyed to the guard-house, many of them expressing their contempt for him in no measured language. Several incorrect statements have appeared respecting the base desertion of the prisoner. The authorities have ascertained that he left the English lines in company with a comrade named Moore on the night of the 22d of March, 1855, and immediately joined the Russian force, at the same time given them what proved to be highly valuable information respecting the position of our forces. The same night, between 11 and 12 o'clock, a column of Russian infantry rushed upon our men in the advanced trenches, bayoneting and killing a number of men of the 7th Fusiliers and 34th Regiment, Captain the Hon. Cavendish Browne, 7th, being killed, and Lieutenant Colonel Kelly, 34th, severely wounded and carried off prisoner,—the number of killed and wounded being upwards of 50. Although taken at a great disadvantage, the men of the 7th met the unexpected assault with undaunted courage, and drove the Russians back at the point of the bayonet. After the conclusion of the war Tole, being afraid to return to England, remained some time at St. Petersburg, and afterwards proceeded to New York, where he remained until a few months ago, when he returned to Manchester, but was shortly afterwards recognized by a police constable who served in the 7th Fusiliers at the time the prisoner deserted. Owing to the difficulty experienced by the authorities at the Horse Guards in preparing the necessary evidence to support the charge against the accused his trial is not likely to take place for some days. Tole's companion, who deserted at the same time with him, did not live to return to England, but is stated to have died a few days after joining the Russian army.

A Clergyman writes to the Times to say that magical delusions are much more prevalent than is commonly supposed. In the 72nd canon of the Church of England it is provided: "That no minister shall, without the license of the Bishop of the diocese, under his hand and seal, attempt, on any pretence whatsoever, either of possession or obsession, by fasting and prayer, to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of the imposition of impotence or excommunication, and deposition from the ministry." Hook's Church Dictionary, page 204. This canon is still in force. Again, it is well known that many of the leading literary men in the metropolis consult the "spirits" by means of "table-turning," and place implicit confidence in the answers returned by the "rappings," &c.

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The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 29, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The *Persia's* mail arrived in town on the 27th inst. By it we learn that in the case of the difficulty betwixt France and Portugal, the mediation of a friendly power has been accepted. In all other respects the news from Europe is devoid of interest.

The news from India is still somewhat of a gloomy hue. No sooner is the rebellion in one quarter subdued, than it breaks out afresh in another; and we learn now that even at Calcutta there is considerable apprehension of danger. Commencing with a mutiny, the disturbances in India have latterly assumed the aspect of a revolt, and would seem to indicate a wide-spread and deep-seated aversion to British rule amongst the native races of the Peninsula. From China we read of the capture and sack of the town of Nantow as a retribution for violence offered by the Chinese troops to a flag of truce.

THE BANQUET.—The approaching political demonstration, which is fixed for Thursday next, will be a favorable opportunity for the members of Parliament, and aspirants after political honors, who attend thereat, to declare themselves clearly and explicitly upon the great questions of the day, in which the interests of the country are most deeply involved. One great object in fact, as we are given to understand, of the Banquet and its concomitants, is to give the leaders of the "Out" party an opportunity of explaining their intended policy, when by another turn of the political wheel, they shall have become the "Ins;" and to lay down the main planks of their future platform—that platform on which they are determined to take their final stand.

Now, of all the political questions which agitate the public mind, that of "Education" is incomparably the most important, and to Catholics especially, the most interesting. Upon this question, therefore, we have the right to expect that the several speakers, at the approaching manifestation—those at least who have not either in Parliament, or on the hustings already done so—shall declare themselves fully and most explicitly. No matter how they may treat any of the other questions of the day, upon this question of paramount importance, there must be no shuffling, no evasions, no shirking, no ambiguity. He who does not declare himself plainly and irrevocably in favor of the "Separate" system, and pledge himself, whether in office or out of office, to use every exertion to extend that system, and to place it on a firm basis, should be looked upon as opposed to it, and therefore unworthy of Catholic confidence and support. It is time in short that our doubts were at an end; and that they who are seeking our suffrages should manfully and honestly pronounce themselves, and make known their future intentions. Will Mr. George Brown and his colleagues, if raised to office, will they pledge themselves to accede at once to all our demands on the School Question? will they make the "Separate School System" an indispensable plank of their Ministerial platform?—These are questions which we have the right to ask; questions which as freemen and above all as Catholic freemen, we are bound to ask; and to which we demand a full and explicit and an immediate reply. We will tolerate no ambiguous, no evasive answer; we must have no shuffling, no quibbling about taking the matter into future consideration, no proposal even of a compromise, on an Irish National system. We must have a plain straightforward "Yea, Yea"—or "Nay, Nay;" for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil, and may be accepted as an infallible index of an intention to betray.

If to our questions a satisfactory answer be given; if that political party which on Thursday next comes before the Canadian public as aspiring to direct the affairs, and control the destinies of the country, will there and then, fully, openly, and finally pledge itself to adopt the "Separate School System" in its integrity—then, but not otherwise, can we consistently as Catholics, extend to it our countenance and support. But if on the other hand, an unfavourable answer be given; or if the question be in any manner shirked, evaded, or treated as one of minor importance whose discussion should be deferred to

another occasion—then should we be prepared to look upon all those who compose that party as hostile to our cause.

We insist the more upon this, as the occasion which will present itself on Thursday next is one which may not speedily occur again. It is well that we should all understand one another, and learn to distinguish our friends from our foes.—Our friends are those who are prepared to stake their political existence upon the triumph of the "Separate School System," and who will pledge themselves to stand or fall by it. Our foes are all those who declare themselves opposed to it, or who do not declare themselves its friends.—To the former our hearty and steady support, in good repute and in evil repute, should be given. With the latter we should hold no parley, enter into no treaty; and towards them our cry should still be "War, War to the Knife!"

Our policy is, in short, to-day, what it was yesterday, and will be to-morrow. It was adopted years ago by the Catholic Institutes of Upper Canada, and may be thus summed up. A hearty support to any political party that will firmly, and uncompromisingly, advocate "Justice for Catholics," especially on the School Question; but hostility, unrelenting hostility, towards every Ministry, towards every political party that may arise, that will not make the "Separate School System" in its integrity, an essential plank of its political platform.

ORANGEISM.—We would take the liberty of directing the attention of our readers to an article on our third page from the *Downshire Protestant*, a journal which, says the *Times*, may be regarded as the *Official Gazette* or *Moniteur* of the Orange Societies. This article is headed "Orange Manifesto," and, as its name implies, contains a full and frank avowal of the principles of Orangeism, and the objects which that society has in view. An attempt on the part of Lord Derby's administration to induce the Orange Lodges—those pests of social order in Ireland, and wherever they have obtained a footing—to disband quietly, was the exciting cause of the publication of the document in question.

In it we are told, plainly and without reserve, a fact which should be patent to all the world—that the Orange Society is not merely an anti-Riband Society, but that, in the words of the Orangemen themselves, it is essentially,

"An Anti-Popular Organisation," which will exist in spite, and irrespective of, "Lord Derby's, or any other Government," and which will dissolve or cease to be, then only "when there is no Popery." We have the assurance of its members then, that Orangeism exists essentially as an anti-Catholic organisation; and that its primary object is the putting down, or extirpation of Popery.

We call the attention of our readers to this fact, because we believe, or rather hope, that it was owing rather to their ignorance of the nature and objects of Orangeism, than to any innate vileness of disposition, that on a late occasion several Catholic members of Parliament were to be found voting for giving legal recognition to an "anti-Popular organisation;" because we cannot and will not believe that any true Catholic, that any man of honor, that any true Catholic, would, upon any pretence whatsoever, be base enough to coquet with, or show the slightest courtesy towards a Society, which exists only as the antagonist of his religion. No! it is because our French Canadian fellow-citizens are not aware of the objects and nature of Orangeism; because their press has either through apathy, or timidity refrained from depicting the loathsome monster in its true colors, that they have hitherto shown themselves indifferent to its presence; and in some instances, as in their vote upon the Bill for Incorporating the Orange Lodges of Canada, have more than seemed to encourage its advances. We are convinced we say, that if the knew what Orangeism really was; what it meant to them, and to their Church, to their laws, their language, and religion—the Catholics of Lower Canada, the children of noble parents, and who have so many just reasons to pride themselves upon their chivalrous ancestry, would not look on with apathy at the contest in which their Irish co-religionists are engaged with an enemy from whom, if triumphant, they have no favor to expect except that of being the last devoured.

Animated with this conviction, and holding this high opinion of our French Canadian fellow-citizens, we would respectfully request our cotemporaries of the French press to lay before their readers the Orange manifesto given on our third page; in order that the latter may know what Orangeism means; and that knowing what it means, they may co-operate with us in opposing it. This we ask, not only in justice to ourselves, but in justice to our French Canadian brethren, who we believe look upon Orangeism as a matter which concerns Irish Catholics alone; and who do not know that in its own words it is essentially

"An Anti-Popular Organisation."  
And because anti-Popular, therefore, the sworn enemy of every Catholic, no matter of what origin. Shall we not then, as we are men of honor, as we are Catholics, as we honor the Pope as

Christ's Vicar upon earth, and the Chair of Peter as the Rock on which Our Lord founded His Church—shall we not, regardless of differences of race, and paltry political squabbles, join together to demand of our rulers that Orangeism be no longer fostered and encouraged in high places? Shall we not insist upon the application of the principle here in Canada that has already been applied by the Imperial Government in Ireland—that a member of a secret "anti-Popular organisation" is an unfit person to be entrusted with the administration of justice betwixt Catholics and Protestants? And shall we not unite in demanding the dismissal from office, of the public servant who, by his official recognition of that "anti-Popular organisation," has offered an unpardonable insult to every Papist; and lowered the position of Her Majesty's Representative amongst a considerable portion of Her Majesty's loyal subjects?

There are men indeed who are naturally vile; who seem to take as much pleasure in being kicked, and cuffed, and spat upon by office-holders and dispensers of government patronage, as others do in receiving from the hands of their sovereign the well-won badge of valour and patriotic devotion on the battle-field. To these we do not address ourselves; for either they would not understand us, or they would reject our proposition as calculated to disturb the harmony of the Ministry, and to break the slumbers of *Jack-in-Office*. But we throw out our suggestion to those only who are too high-minded to put up with insult, and too sincerely Papists, to tolerate the official sanction in Canada of an "anti-Popular organisation."

THE "MONTREAL WITNESS" AND ECCLESIASTICAL CORPORATIONS.—Old women of both sexes are very liable to nervous attacks, proceeding, so the doctors tell us, from impaired digestion, wind, or a morbid condition of the brain.—Our poor old cotemporary seems to be a perfect martyr to these complaints, which in her case assume the form of a horror of religious societies, and permanent endowments for educational or charitable purposes. So have we known one old lady, otherwise very respectable, who could scarce compose herself to sleep o' nights, so firm was her conviction that there was something under her bed; and another, who lived and died in the belief that there was a man with a big stick standing behind her door. What the man with the stick, and the strange thing under the bed, were to the aforesaid old ladies, that are Ecclesiastical Corporations to the poor dear, but very infirm, *Montreal Witness*.

In the hopes however of mitigating her sufferings; and of modifying, if not altogether subduing the melancholy complaint under which our cotemporary labors, and which we firmly believe proceeds entirely from an unhealthy and somewhat flatulent diet—composed principally of "Tracts," and such like indigestible substances—we address ourselves to the task of convincing the *Witness* how vain, how anile are her fears.

Our cotemporary dreads that, unless restrictions were placed upon the natural right of the individual to do as he likes with his own, our Catholic Corporations would become too rich; that their revenues would soon become greater than their expenditure; that they would go on "investing the surplus in an increasing ratio, till in a few centuries," they had bought up all the property of the country; that by becoming sole proprietors of the soil, they would acquire an absolute power over their tenants, which power would be exercised to the detriment of *colporteurs*, *Swaddlers*, and the French Canadian Missionary Society; and that the said Corporations would prove very harsh landlords, and injurious to the farmers of Canada. These fears are indeed so anile, so evidently the incoherent dreams of an addle-pated old woman, so repugnant to history, and the teachings of political economy, that it is impossible to notice them seriously. We would merely therefore throw out the following suggestions to our poor dear, much-by-wind-tormented cotemporary.

In the first place, by the indefinite multiplication of Corporate bodies, all possessed of equal power of obtaining and holding property, the first danger of the too great accumulation of real estate in the hands of any one of them would be obviated. Ecclesiastical Corporations would, in their bargains, still be governed by the same uncontrollable laws that regulate all monetary transactions between individuals. The rivalries, the competitions betwixt a number of Corporate bodies all intent upon investing in land, would have the effect of raising its price, and preventing its accumulation in the hands of any one of them. Were there but one Corporation, and that one a Romish Corporation, the fears of our cotemporary might have a semblance of foundation; but the old lady will please to remember that what we claim for ourselves, we desire to accord to all denominations, to all our fellow-citizens. Under such conditions, there would be no possibility of such a contingency as that referred to by the *Witness*.

In the next place, there is no fear that the revenues of any of our Catholic religious or charitable institutions shall ever exceed their expendi-

ture; would to God that we had any reasons for believing that those revenues would ever suffice to meet the incessant, and daily increasing demands made upon them. No—the *Montreal Witness* need not fear that the revenues of any of our charitable institutions will ever exceed their expenditure. Protestantism, and immorality, drunkenness and prostitution, will always maintain a drain upon their resources; and create a greater amount of misery, poverty, and degradation, than we, with all our exertions, shall, in this world, be able to relieve. God is, we know, more powerful than the Devil; ultimately we know that the Catholic Church shall triumph over Hell and Protestantism; but, in the meantime, she is obliged to maintain an arduous struggle with her foes;—nor indeed until the consummation of all things, can she ever expect to be the "Church Triumphant;" or aught save the "Church Militant."—The *Witness* need not therefore fear. Protestantism from the miseries it engenders, and entails upon society, is of itself an effectual guarantee that the revenues of Catholic charitable institutions shall never exceed their expenses. It would indeed be well if, by Catholic zeal, they were able to apply a remedy to all the moral and social evils that Protestantism creates daily and hourly amongst us.

In the last place, were our poor dear cotemporary acquainted with history, or had she— which she has not—the slightest tincture of letters, she would know that Catholic Ecclesiastical Corporations have always and everywhere been the best, the most indulgent and the most improving of landlords; so much so that in the middle ages, the advantages of "sitting under the Crozier"—that is of holding from an ecclesiastical instead of a secular superior—passed into a proverb. And at the present day, we assert without fear of contradiction, that the most liberal, and the most obliging landlords in Canada, are our Catholic Ecclesiastical Corporations.

We trust that these suggestions may have the effect of somewhat allaying the nervous and utterly groundless apprehensions of the *Witness*; and if she will but eschew "Tracts," and refrain herself from cant, if she will but spend more of her time in the pure fresh air, and renounce the frowsy atmosphere of the Conventicle, we think that we may venture to promise her a speedy and radical cure of her troublesome complaint. If she would but put herself into our hands, in less than a month we would turn her out quite a "new creature;" so that even her most intimate friends should marvel at the change for the better in the *Witness's* appearance and general health.

We are happy to see that in so far as Sheriff Corbett is concerned, there is a chance of a perfect understanding betwixt the *Minerve* and the *True Witness*. Our cotemporary admits that the insolence of the Sheriff fully justifies us in demanding his dismissal. But it is a logical consequence of our right to demand, that it is the duty of those who have placed, or who retain, Mr. Corbett in an office for which he has manifested his unfitness, to dismiss him; or at all events to mark his offence with some minor sign of their displeasure, if they consider dismissal from office a punishment too severe. Now it is because his superiors have not so punished him, have not in any manner given the slightest sign of disapprobation of his insolence towards the Irish Catholic Clergy, and through them to the entire Catholic laity—that we hold them accountable for his impertinent language. This rule is universally admitted and observed in every station in life; and the law, that superiors are responsible for the acts of their subordinates, is the very basis of all discipline, and an essential ingredient of constitutional government. If for instance, a Foreign Minister, a Colonial Governor, or a Military Commander, be guilty of any neglect of duty, breach of trust, or oppressive administration, the Ministry are held responsible to the Legislature and the people of England for the misconduct of the offending official; until such time at least as they shall have dismissed him from his situation, or inflicted such other punishment upon him as his offence may demand.

In a mixed community like ours, composed of men of various creeds, and races, it is, above all, important that those public servants to whom in any manner is intrusted the administration of the laws, should be free from all suspicion even, of national or religious prejudices. A Magistrate, or Sheriff, who in Lower Canada should have publicly manifested his strong anti-Catholic, and anti-Canadian prejudices, by offering a deliberate, and public insult to the whole body of the French Canadian Clergy, would be held by our cotemporary—and most justly—an unfit person to preside upon the Bench, or to be entrusted with the selection of juries for trying cases betwixt Anglo-Saxon Protestants, and French Canadian Catholics. The latter would, we are sure—so highly do we esteem them—demand the dismissal from office of the official who had so insulted them; and if the Ministry of the day remained inactive spectators of the outrage, and allowed it to pass unnoticed, unrebuked, we are also sure that the *Minerve* and the French Canadian press, would hold the said Ministry responsible for the offence of their insolent and incompetent subordinate.

Now, Irish Catholics are at least as sensitive on all matters that concern their national honor

as are their French Canadian fellow-citizens; and we regret to see amongst the latter so much indifference, or apathy, to an insult to the Irish Catholic Clergy, which, if offered to their own, they would have promptly and vehemently denounced; and in which indignant denunciation, they would have had the warm sympathies and active co-operation of their Irish Catholic brethren. Alas! we foresee clearly that the day will come, and that very soon, when the former will regret, when too late, their indifference, if not hostility, towards those with whom it is their interest, as well as their duty to cultivate a good understanding, but whom they are doing all in their power to disgust and alienate.

"Will some Roman Catholic paper inform us of the people or nation whom this Society for the Propagation of the Faith has saved from heathenism, and whom it has Christianised, civilised and educated?"

The above question we find in the *Montreal Witness* of the 20th instant, and we have much pleasure in replying thereunto. For this purpose we need not even travel out of Canada; but pointing to the descendants of the aboriginal "Red Men" of this Continent, we find a case in point, and a nation or people saved from heathenism, Christianized, civilized, and educated, by Roman Catholic Missionaries. Indeed so well have the latter done their work, spite of the obstacles thrown in their way by the secular authority, that our cotemporary will find, if ever he visits the *Kings' Posts* as they are called, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, whole communities of Indians; who, though for many a generation deprived of their Jesuit teachers, and ignorant of the language of Europe, still retain the arts of reading and writing originally imparted to them by those Reverend Fathers.

Wherever the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant has settled, there, whether in America or in New Holland, the aboriginal race has in a few years disappeared. In Van Dieman's Land for instance, quite a recent settlement, the aborigines had become extinct more than twenty years ago. Protestantism in fact has never come in contact with a savage and heathen race, which it has not still further degraded and demoralized, and ultimately extirpated.

Turn now to the annals of Catholic colonization, whether of Spain, or Portugal, or France, and we see that the care of the Church has invariably been extended to the aboriginal races; and that spite of the cupidity and cruelty of the first settlers, the process of extermination has been checked, the savage propensities both of the colonists and the aborigines subdued, and the latter ultimately brought within the pale of Christian civilization. It was thus in South America, wherever the State allowed freedom of action to the glorious children of Loyola; thus too has it been in this section of the Continent, wherever Popery was in the ascendant. Now we ask the *Montreal Witness*, can he point out to us one single British Colony, wherein the native races have been preserved, gathered into villages, Christianized, and taught the arts of European civilization? There is not one; the aborigines of every British Colony have invariably been extirpated within a very few years; and that, not because Englishmen are more cruel, or more greedy after gain, than Spaniards, Portuguese, or Frenchmen; but because Protestantism cannot even if it would, civilize, or Christianize, or do anything but destroy.

"Where?"—again, asks our cotemporary—"has Rome such trophies of missionary success as the Society or Sandwich Islands present?" Nowhere, we frankly admit; nowhere, and we thank God for it. The chief trophies of Protestant Missions in the Sandwich Islands, are Syphilis, and the consequent destruction of the aboriginal population. Towards the latter end of the last century that population was estimated at about 400,000; under the combined influences of Syphilis and Protestantism, it has fallen to 70,000. In the words of a Protestant Missionary, "the natives are dying off fast, rotten with disease. Like sheep they are laid in the grave." Thank God, we say again; Rome has no such trophies of her Missions to display to the world.

Lastly, since our cotemporary sneers at, as "child's play," the efforts made by Catholic Missionaries in China, to procure baptism for the thousands of unfortunate children exposed by their barbarous parents—brutal almost as the lower classes of Protestant England and Scotland—to certain death, we would ask him a few questions, and suggest to him a few considerations.

1. Are dying children unbaptised saved, or made inheritors of the kingdom of heaven?
2. Are baptised children, dying innocent of actual sin, damned?
3. Or is God a capricious tyrant, who damns some, and saves others, irrespective of their baptism?

We would likewise observe that if unbaptised children are saved, or baptised infants dying innocent of actual sin are damned, then must the Sacrament, or rite—call it by what name you will—of Baptism be a very absurd and useless ceremony as applied to children; and because absurd and useless, therefore, as applied to them, a sacrilege. For if the condition of the child be not affected by baptism, it is because it is not a fit subject for the rite; and it is, therefore, as impious to baptize a child, as it would be to baptize a cat, or a Newfoundland dog, in the Name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Will then our cotemporary have the goodness to tell us what are his views of Baptism as applied to children? whether it be a "means of grace," or a mere blasphemous mummery, and mockery of a Christian institution? One or the other it needs must be.

MR. M'GEE'S LECTURE ON SHAKESPEARE'S "POLITICAL PLAYS."

Mr. M'Gee delivered his lecture on the "Political Morality of Shakespeare's Plays," to a very large audience, in the City Concert Hall, on Tuesday evening. For a purely literary lecture the numbers present—estimated variously from 1200 to 1500—was an unprecedented attendance. On the platform, in the immediate neighborhood of the speaker, were the Hon. Mr. Holton, Alderman M'Cambridge, City Councillor Leprohon; Messrs. O'Meara, M'Donnell, M'Grath, Mohan, Donnelly, Mullins, Sharpley, Kelly, O'Brien, M'Naughton, and others. Several of the younger members of the same nationality materially assisted as a Committee of Arrangements, in contributing to the comfortable seating of the large audience.

Mr. M'Gee, who was received with great enthusiasm, commenced by observing that his friends in the City seemed resolved that the season of lectures should not pass by, without his contributing at least one evening towards this now established source of popular instruction; and that he was but too happy to be able to comply with the wishes of those to whom he owed so much. (Applause.) He then proceeded for nearly an hour and a-half, without using a single note, to analyse and group the political characters of Shakespeare, for whom he claimed the merit of being the wisest, as well as the wittiest writer that ever used the English speech as his vehicle of expression. We can only give the points of the discourse, as they were put forward by the lecturer—a verbatim report being out of the question, in such a case.

The lecturer first contended that the great Dramatist had a hearty hatred of despotism;—and he instanced the characters of *Leontes*, in the *Winter's Tale*, of *Henry VIII.*, of *Richard III.*, and of *King John*, as illustrations of his position, that Shakespeare always presented despotism as arising from a disease of the mind, or a corruption of the heart. In *Leontes*, the mind was diseased by jealousy; in *Henry*, the heart was corrupted by lust; in *Richard*, the mind was diseased by a misanthropical and revengeful ambition; in *John*, both mind and heart were corrupted, by a chronic habit of double-dealing, double-meaning, and double-speaking.

But Shakespeare, though an enemy of despotism, was still no democrat—at least not in the modern levelling sense. Whenever he introduces the multitude as a mob—deciding on their own concerns—he invariably shows that he does not believe the *vox populi* to be the *vox Dei*.—As instances, the lecturer quoted with great effect the opening scenes of *Coriolanus*, in which the Roman mob confound the scarcity of corn, with the Volscian war, and the patrician privileges; and also, the scenes in *Henry VI.*, where the English mob are promised by *Jack Cade*, that all the lawyers and schoolmasters shall be hanged (if they succeed); that three-quarters loaves shall be sold for a penny; and that the "three hood'd pot" shall therefore have six hoods.

Shakespeare, according to the lecturer, best deserved of any writer in our language, the common praise so seldom deserved, of having "a well-balanced mind." He taught reverence for all authority—parental, clerical, and civil. *Desdemona* deserted her fond, confiding father, and the punishment of her crime was dealt by the very hand she had taken, when she forsook her father. The tragedy of *Lea* was the most terrific illustration ever given of the curse that follows unnatural and disobedient children. In other conspiracies, there are enough of horrors; but here the horror is infinitely enhanced by the awful fact, that the conspirators are the poor old man's own children—his daughters, to whom, in excessive fondness, he had given all his possessions before their time, and who in return refused him a shelter for his grey hairs, and even sought to take away his life. The supernatural interest of *Hamlet* also was pointed out, as arising from the struggle in the breast of a tenderly attached son, avenging his father's murder upon the unnatural murderers—his mother and his uncle.

In inculcating respect for the clerical order, Shakespeare was justly commended. He well knew—with his profound knowledge of the all weak and vulgar tendencies of our nature—that nothing could be easier than to raise the mirth of the "groundlings" by caricatures on their sacred profession. But whenever he introduces clerical characters, they act *ex-officio*, and speak *ex-cathedra*. They are always true to their profession and their dignity. *Friar Lawrence* in *Romeo and Juliet*, and the *Archbishop* in *Henry V.*, were instanced as examples.

Of the magistracy in like manner, Shakespeare always speaks with due deference, whether in his Roman or his English historical drama. The *Chief Justice* in *Henry IV.*, who did not hesitate to imprison the Heir Apparent for a contempt of Court—who ascended the steps of the throne, and took the culprit from the King's knee—yet gently, though solemnly reprobates with the hoary old sinner Falstaff. The judicial officer is finely presented to us in this character; and though in "Justice Shallow" and in "Dogberry," the country Justices of those days are held up to ridicule and laughter, by some slight of his dexterous hand, the dramatist shields the law itself from any touch of his satire.

But though teaching that obedience was a virtue, and loyalty a duty—and all authority of God—no one had a higher scorn of the sycophancy and servility, which flourishes in the shade of earthly greatness, than Shakespeare. *Antony and Cleopatra* were cases in point. *Touchstone* also—the Prince of all Shakespeare's men in motley—in endeavoring to convince *Corin*, the shepherd, that not to have been at Court, was "verily to be damned," represents more opinions on our day than we can reckon. There are those who hold seriously that not to have been "presented," is a sort of reprobation; while to stand well in regal or viceregal sunshine, is as good as to be saved.

After some further instances, illustrating the spirit of justice and tolerance which pervades all the serious works of this author, and its humanizing effect on successive generations of readers—Mr. M'Gee closed in a striking peroration, contending that Politics was, next to Theology,

the noblest subject of human study; that it embraced all the arts of peace and war—all social interests—and all moral responsibilities. This passage, as well indeed as the whole lecture, it is impossible to present accurately in a synopsis; and we shall therefore content ourselves with stating the fact, that the lecturer concluded amid a universal burst of applause.

RECEPTION OF THE HERO OF KARS.—On the 25th inst., on the occasion of his visit to Montreal, an address was presented to Major General Sir W. F. Williams by the City Corporation; to which a suitable reply was returned by the gallant soldier. In the evening there was a complimentary dinner in honor of him who has done so much to sustain the lustre of British arms. The banquet was numerously attended, and all present vied with one another in doing honor to their illustrious guest.

THE HON. JUSTICE HAGARTY ON STATE-SCHOOLISM.—The Fall Assizes for the United Counties of York and Peel were opened on the 11th instant, the Hon. Justice Hagarty presiding. His Honor delivered an eloquent and appropriate address to the Grand Jury upon the occasion, from which, as reported in the *Toronto Colonist* of the 12th instant, we make some extracts.

Having expressed his regret at the state of the Calendar, and insisted upon the urgent necessity for Reformatory Institutions for juvenile offenders, His Honor made the following remarks upon the working of the "Common School" system of Upper Canada:—

"Painfully connected with this distressing subject is another to which I had occasion to allude in a charge to the Grand Jury of these counties nearly two years ago, and which has always occupied a prominent position in my thoughts, as one of the worst of evils. I allude to the notorious fact that while the ratepayers of this city are compelled by law to pay a most serious tax for the maintenance of splendidly appointed Common Schools, free to all, the streets still remain infested by gangs of vagrant children, too many of them begging or stealing, and all rapidly qualifying for a more advanced state of profligacy and licentiousness. I see by official returns that in 1857 the ratepayers contributed to Common Schools about £6,000, or 2s 6d per head, on the entire population of say 40,000 souls. The great bulk of this heavy sum is contributed by those who in no way directly avail themselves of these institutions. They are told that they are indirectly benefited and well repaid by the social improvement and increased safety of life and property by the diffusion of education. But it is too painfully evident that the class which the ratepayers at large are distinctly interested in educating, viz., that from which the criminals of the land may be naturally expected to spring—positively refuses to be taught, and treats the establishments built by assessment with indifference. The average daily attendance at the Common Schools in 1857 was 1803 male and female. (No other averages are worth noticing.)—The census several years ago showed the number of children within school age as nearly nine thousand. I fear very much that, viewed simply in the light of its operation on that class of the juvenile community most likely to increase our jail population—the only light in which on an occasion like this I care to regard it—the present system in our large cities is but a costly failure. It is to be feared that the very large majority of the whole body of children attending schools at the compulsory expense of the community at large is composed of the children of parents quite able in their stations in life, and in most cases willing, to provide for their children's education, without the forced aid of their neighbors. I deeply regret the utter indifference with which this most painful subject seems always treated. As it does not possess the exciting attractions of a political or personal nature, it is left unheeded by public notice. It is one, however, of the gravest importance—one which cannot escape the notice of any man looking even slightly below the surface of things, and regarding the due administration of criminal justice as something more than the mere machinery of jury to try—of Judges to pass sentence—executioner to strike—or stone wall to imprison.—Any nation that neglects its vagrant children will be sure to reap a bitter harvest for its jail and scaffolds. I have made these remarks in no hostile spirit to our Common Schools, but solely under a solemn conviction, which every day strengthens, that the noble provision made by the Legislature, and the large amount annually extracted from the ratepayers of this city, have proved utterly inefficient to rescue our vagrant children from the streets, or to humanize or soften them by educational culture. It is neither my province, nor yours, gentlemen, to meddle with public questions apart from the due performance of the duties by law imposed upon us. But it is our duty, and that of every right-minded man, in any way connected with the administration of justice, to notice the prolonged existence of a great social evil; and even where we are powerless to rectify, we may be able to invite public attention to the fact that, in the city whose jail we are about to deliver, the most costly educational machinery is provided, and large sums raised and disbursed with open hand; while the only class that is dangerous to society remains as totally uneducated, and pursues its downward course as uninterruptedly, as if the law had never interfered to provide instruction by compulsory assessment. I shall not detain you further from the performance of your grave and important duties."

This effectually disposes of the argument that the "Common Schools" furnish the means of instruction to the members of a class of society, who, too poor to defray the expenses of their own education would, but for those schools grow up in brutal ignorance. The fact is, however, that the members of that class are precisely those who refuse to avail themselves of the "Common Schools," which, as His Honor shows, are attended not by the children of the poor, but of the wealthy, who have found out the means of compelling their neighbors to contribute towards the education of their children.

We congratulate our evangelical friends upon a very valuable and highly appropriate accession to their ranks, in the person of Lola Montez.—This important auxiliary to the Holy Protestant Faith, and whose name is no doubt familiar to most of our readers, as that of a superannuated prostitute formerly in the service of the King of Bavaria, has, as we learn from the Protestant press of Canada, been lecturing against Popery, to large and enthusiastic audiences of Protestant ladies and gentlemen, in aid of the funds of a Protestant divine rejoicing in the name of the Rev. Ralph Hoyt. Verily the cause, and the champion are well worthy of one another; and if we congratulate the evangelical world upon their new ally, we have equally good reason to be thankful that the Lord has been pleased to give us such an opponent as the notorious Lola. Why

does not the French Canadian Missionary Society make an effort to engage her services for the approaching Anniversaries?

We have given elsewhere the opinion of a high judicial authority upon the "common" school system of Upper Canada; it is of interest to observe how completely that opinion is endorsed by the *Toronto Colonist*, in an editorial article, some extracts from which we subjoin:—

Attention has recently been directed afresh to the Common Schools of the City—their great cost and total inefficiency for the purpose for which they were designed. In looking over the report of the late Local Superintendent, we find that, out of a school population of from 8,000 to 10,000, only 4,500 ever attended the schools at all in 1857, and the major part of these only for a few days. The average daily attendance was 1,863, a little more than one child in six of those of school age. It will not fail to strike the enquirer that, while as to the schools there is a growing unpopularity, there is an increasing cost upon the education of each child. For example, during the seven years preceding 1851, the average cost was six dollars a year; in 1854 it became ten dollars and a half; in 1856 twelve and a half; and in 1857 it was thirteen—that is to say, that, under the present system, the yearly cost of each child's education to the city has increased during the last seven years about 108 per cent., or 8 per cent. more than double. During the same period, in the average attendance, as compared with the increased population, there has actually been a falling off. For, whereas, in 1850, the population was 25,766 and the attendance 1,259, in 1857, with a population of 45,000, the attendance was 1,863. Then the total cost of maintaining the schools in 1850 was £1,998; in 1857 it was £6,054—an increase something over 300 per cent. If there were commensurate results upon the other hand to place against this increase of expenditure, the citizens would have little cause to complain, but unfortunately such is not the fact. For while there is an accumulating cost upon the aggregate, there is also a very large increase per head.

In the annual financial statement of the Trustees for 1857, a total of income and expenditure is shown amounting to £10,455. Of this large sum the citizens of Toronto contributed by assessment £6,000, and by debentures £1,000, forming together a direct tax upon the ratepayers of £7,000. The question is, do they receive an equivalent? The opinion seems to be general that there is nothing like a compensating return. Should this conviction be confirmed, what is the remedy?

We understand that Mr. H. F. Gerald, formerly Editor of the *Delhi Gazette*, and more recently Editor of the *Lahore Chronicle*, in the East Indies, will deliver an address upon the present state of India, on an early day, in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institute. Mr. Gerald arrived by the *Granite State* ship at Boston, from Calcutta, on the 19th inst. He was at Lucknow during the eventful siege of that stronghold of Moslem fanaticism, and accompanied the army under Sir Colin Campbell to Cawnpore. The recollections of one who has witnessed the heroism of our armies in the East, will doubtless prove of interest.

CABINET DE LECTURE PAROISSIAL.—The first session of the winter Session of this admirable institution was held on the evening of Tuesday last, the 45th anniversary of the glorious combat of Chateaugay; where a handful of brave French Canadian Volunteers held in check, and finally repulsed a large detachment of the American invading army. An appropriate and eloquent discourse upon this topic was delivered by M. Boucher. The Reverend Superior of the Seminary, the Hon. M. Chauveau, the Rector of St. Mary's College and M. J. Royal, also addressed the assembly with great effect; and but one sentiment of satisfaction animated all those who had the pleasure of assisting at the evening's entertainment.

THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.—A collection of prayers suited for the season of the year which the Church especially devotes to her faithful children departed, will be found in the book stores of M. M. Fabre and Gravel, and of Messrs Sadlier, Notre Dame Street.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. L'Assomption, P Flanagan, 5s; Railton, J Dwyer, £1; Whitty, J Tuohy, 5s; Henryville, T M'Carthy, 10s 3d; Baledu Febvre, Rev Mr Carrier, 10s; Allumette Island, A H M'Donnell, 15s; Niagara, R Ryan, 10s; Elizabethtown, P M'Gabe, £1 5s; Brockville, W Valley, 5s; St Monique, Rev Z Rousseau, 12s 6d; Lindsay, J Kennedy, 10s; St Sever, Rev A Charet, 10s; Valcartier, Rev F M'Donnell, 15s; Winchester, F Gibbons, 10s; Saruia, J Scully, 10s; Three Rivers, Very Rev O O'Carroll, 12s 6d; Longueuil, F H M'Kenny, 10s; Boucherville, Rev Mr Pepin, £1 10s; Amherstburg, F H LaFerty, 17s 6d; Sorel, P Tobin, 12s 6d; Laprairie, Rev Mr Gravel, 5s; Ganoquoque, Rev Mr Rossiter, 10s; Huntley, J White, 6s 3d; Sorel, J Kelly, 10s; Alexandria, D M'Gillis, £4; Richmondhill, M Teely 10s; Jordan Lorette, J W Keating, 15s; Loydton, P Keenan, 10s. Per P Daly, Prescott—M Keely, 10s. Per J Ford, South Gloucester—Self, 5; T. Daly, 5s; T Kindley, 5s; M Pegan, 5s; T Connor, 5s; J M'Donogh, 5s. Per Rev J R Lee, Brock—D Donovan, £1 5s. Per M O'Leary, Quebec—H Martin, 15s; G Smith, 15s; H Fitzsimmons, 7s 6d; Hon. J Chabot, £1 11s 3d; J Phelan, 7s 6d; Rev Mr Furland, 15s; Rev Mr Auclair, 15s; St Joseph, Rev J Nelligan, 12s 6d; Stopham, P J Patrique, 6s 3d. Per J Doyle, Aylmer—Self, 10s; G Cahill, £1 5s; G Maguire, 12s 6d; W Dermody, 10s; J Faron, 10s; Onslow, R Gibbons, 12s 6d. Per Rev Mr Rossiter, Ganoquoque—Self, 10s; Brewers Mills, J Fitzgerald, 10s; Pittsburgh, J Connors, 5s. Per B Furlong, Brockville—Self, 1s 3d; J Reynolds, 5s; J Curran 5s; B Leary, 5s; Addison, W Harvey, 18s 9d. Per Rev Mr Dollard, Kingston—J O'Reilly, £1 5s; J Hartly £1 5s; J Meagher 10s. Per —, Kingston—P Daly, 12s 6d; D F Mahony, 12s 6d.

Rumors are current of preparations being already made for the removal of the Public Departments, from Toronto to Quebec, some time during the summer of 1859. It is said that some of our public buildings are about to be placed in readiness for the reception of the different portions of the machine of state; but we cannot speak on this head with any certainty. There can be no doubt, however, that Ministers will be obliged to fulfil their promise towards our city, for four years at least.—*Quebec Herald*.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Montreal, Oct. 26th, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR—The *Minerve*, and a well-known writer in the *Montreal Pilot*, are very anxious to find something quotable in the *True Witness*, which they can distort into a settled difference of political principle, between you and Mr. M'Gee, M.P.P. This is very natural in both those parties. The *Minerve* is mainly the property of a gentleman who has his own reasons for political hostility to Mr. M'Gee; while the writer in the *Pilot* is already a recipient to a small extent (\$400 per year) of Government favor; as the proprietor of the *Pilot* is, to a great extent, for public printing. As one item alone of the latter's last year's earnings from the present disposers of Provincial patronage, I may mention the nice little sum of *Three thousand, Six hundred and Sixty-seven Pounds* (not dollars) for printing the *English Journals of the Lower House*. Supposing Mr. Rollo Campbell to have cleared 25 per cent. on this one job, he pocketed thereby over *Nine hundred Pounds cash!* No wonder he is ever so ready to write, or to print, anything which will tend to strengthen the hands, and lengthen the lease of the present Ministry.

But writers, like your Alexandria correspondent of last week—honest, over exacting spectators of the outside of events—ought to consider well the consequences of aiding such *interested* persons as the *Minerve* and *Pilot*, the *Gazette* and the *Advertiser*, by a hasty and irritating criticism. If we—the body to which the Alexandria correspondent, yourself, myself, and Mr. M'Gee belong—are ever to have reliable and reputable representatives in the councils of Canada, we must do as all other rational people do—allow a generous discretion to those representatives in all questions of time and tactics—of ways and means—in their choice of weapons and of allies—in everything in fact, *short of an abandonment of principle*. If we are not prepared to do this, we never need expect to have a public servant of spirit, for any great length of time, wearing our colors, and doing our work.

During the recesses of Parliament, even a larger latitude of speech than during its sittings, is claimed by all other public men—and why not by ours? Of what was timely and in good taste said at Gleanery this month, or at London last month, Mr. M'Gee may, in his own case, be presumed to be the best judge; and we, his friends, from the first and at this moment, can recognise no special obligation resting on him, to go over every topic on every such occasion. With his votes and efforts, on all cardinal points during the last session, we were thoroughly satisfied; and we look forward with renewed confidence to deriving equal satisfaction from his votes and efforts, in the next session. In the interim, we can heartily wish him God speed, in his more immediate efforts to dislodge from power the present half-Orange Ministry, and to send out of the country, as—for his encouragement of our enemies the Orangemen—he should have been sent long ago, their patron and partizan, Sir Edmund Head. The Brown-Dorion administration may easily prove better than their predecessors; worse they cannot be; this I believe to be the general conviction of all your and Mr. M'Gee's friends, at least in this quarter.

I hope, Mr. Editor, what I have written may suffice to cause the discontinuance, through the *True Witness* at least, of a tone of censorious fault-finding, which can do no good, and may, if persevered in, do much mischief.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours very truly, AN OLD FRIEND.

Not holding ourselves responsible for all the political opinions of our different correspondents, we may remark upon the above that the writer is perfectly correct in demanding that Mr. M'Gee be judged by his speeches and votes in *Parliament*. On the School Question, he there declared himself eloquently and satisfactorily; on the Orange Question, he also assumed a bold and dignified Catholic position; and for these his past acts, he deserves the thanks of all who are friendly to "Freedom of Education," and hostile to secret politico-religious Societies. In the next Session of Parliament we hope, and we have every reason to believe, that Mr. M'Gee will in like manner so speak and vote as to merit our continued support; and remembering that the chief danger that menaces the Catholics, both of Lower and Upper Canada, proceeds, not from the Clear Grits or Rouges, who as destitute of organisation, are impotent for good or evil; but from the Orange Society, which is essentially "an Anti-Papal Organisation," and which is directly fostered both by the Governor and his Ministerial advisers—the chief Law Officer of the Western section of the Province being himself an Orangeman, and actively engaged in forwarding the interests of his blood-stained "Brothers?"—remembering we say all this, we are not disposed to criticise too severely the means which Mr. M'Gee may employ to deliver us from the accursed incubus of Orange Ascendancy. Only upon this would we insist: that there be no dereliction of principle; no tampering with the vital question of "Freedom of Education;" and no sacrifice of the autonomy of Lower Canada.

His Excellency the Governor-General has been pleased to appoint Alexander Daly, Esq., Rawdon, a Justice of the Peace for the County of Montreal.

The *Montreal Transcript* has some very sensible remarks upon Government Patronage in Canada:—"Our system, so far as the conferring of place is concerned, is rapidly attaching a sort of disgrace to promotion, and an honor to neglect. Every one is learning to understand by what base arts an appointment can be obtained,—that by indignities men can alone come to dignities; and suspicion infallibly attaches to all who obtain them. Unless, therefore, a change takes place, and a new rule is adopted in the distribution of patronage, the higher a man rises, the fouler will be the slur on his private character.—Honest men will make a wry face at honors which will expose them to general contempt; and prudent men will shun the favors which cannot be obtained without incurring the penalty of utter loss of character and self-respect."

We publish in other columns, a table of the mortality in the city of Montreal for the twelve months ending July 4th, 1858. Our readers will see by it that the whole number of deaths in the year was 2436. This cannot be said to be great for a city of upwards of 80,000 inhabitants. The infant mortality is very great, compared with the adult. We believe both would be lessened if we had an adequate system of drainage, and if the habitations of the people were constructed with a due regard to the laws of ventilation. Montreal is naturally as healthy as its situation is delightful. Nature has been bountiful to us, and has given us almost everything which the heart of man can or ought to desire. If our winters are sharp, and the spring and autumn frosts sometimes nip delicate plants, we have more than compensation in a vigor-inspiring and bright and bracing atmosphere. The noble river rolls before us, the mountain stands behind, and we are rich in scenery. The people, as a whole, want not for food, nor many luxuries. It ought to be the pride of the citizens to improve the natural advantages they possess. Above all they should tax themselves for an effective drainage, and where beautifying is sanitary it should not be neglected.—*Montreal Gazette*.

DEATHS BY DROWNING.—The Water Police yesterday morning report that John Clide, Captain of the barge "Experiment," fell overboard in the St. Gabriel Lock and was drowned. The body was found about six o'clock in the evening. Also, that Mrs. Leferve, wife of the Steward of steamer "Salaberry," fell from the boat into the Canal Basin, between ten and eleven o'clock last night, and was drowned.—She was missed but a few minutes, when search was made, and the body found. The Coroner was notified in both cases.

In the case of John Clide, a verdict was returned by the Jury of "Accidental death, while under the influence of liquor;" and in that of Mrs. Leferve, a verdict of "Accidental death by drowning."—*Herald 23d inst.*

Died. In this city, on the 27th instant, Phillip Brady, Carpenter, a native of the County Caran, Ireland, aged 87 years. Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend the funeral from his late residence, No. 14 Queen Street, on Saturday morning, at half-past eight o'clock. At Quebec, suddenly, on the 24th instant, Mr. Robert Neil, watchmaker, aged 35 years. At Wolfville, St. Louis Road, Quebec, on the 23rd instant, after an illness of three years, Johanna Nolan, wife of Mr. Miles Kelly, aged 59 years. At Quebec, on the 24th instant, Mr. Gilbert Stanley, printer, aged 50 years.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES. October 26, 1858. Flour, per quintal, \$2.90 to \$3.00. Oatmeal, per do., 2.50 to 2.60. Wheat, per minot, 90 to 1.00. Oats, do., 40 to 45. Barley, do., 90 to 95. Peas, do., 90 to 95. Beans, do., 1.00 to 2.00. Buckwheat, do., 75 to 80. Onions, per minot, 0 to 0. Potatoes, per bag, 75 to 80. Beef, per lb., 7 to 15. Mutton, per quarter, 1.00 to 1.75. Pork per 100 lbs. (in the carcass), 6.00 to 7.00. Butter, Fresh, per lb., 20 to 25. " Salt, per lb., 14 to 15. Eggs, per doz., 15 to 17. Cheese, per lb., 10 to 15. Turkeys, per couple, 1.40 to 1.50. Geese, do., 90 to 80. Fowls, do., 60 to 60. Hay, per 100 bds., 6.00 to 8.50. Straw, do., 3.00 to 5.00. Ashes—Pots, per cwt., 6.30 to 6.50. Pearls, per do., 6.30 to 7.00.

REVELATIONS OF THE INDIAN MUTINY. A LECTURE will be DELIVERED, at half-past SEVEN o'clock, on WEDNESDAY, the 3rd NOVEMBER, 1858, at the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, on the PRESENT STATE OF INDIA: with personal Reminiscences of the Siege of Lucknow, and the Campaign in Oude; by HARRY F. GERALD, Esq., late Editor of the *Delhi Gazette* and the *Lahore Chronicle*, East Indies, and a member of the Lucknow Garrison.

MR. VALIERES DE ST. REAL, ADVOCATE. No. 59 Little St. James Street.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART. There are many persons afflicted with the above disease and should give the following, their attention.

"This is to certify, that I have been troubled with the palpitation of the heart for several years, and at times so severe that I could not lay down and sleep at night, and after applying several remedies and found no relief, I procured of the Agent P. A. Huffman, one bottle of Hoffman's German Bitters prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of Philadelphia, and I found so much relief from one, I continued to use it, and now I am perfectly relieved of the disease, and I do recommend it to all who may be afflicted with the same disease, as I am satisfied it is a valuable medicine."

Given under my hand, this 14th day of October, 1850. VALENTINE BAUMSTARK.

Waco, Elliston Co, Ky. These Bitters are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canada, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle. For Sale by all the druggists in Montreal.

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. No medicine is more prompt in its action in cases of Cholera, Cholera Morbus, &c., than Perry Davis' Pain Killer. It is the acknowledged antidote which seldom fails if applied in its early symptoms. No family should be without a bottle of it always on hand.

The stain on linen from the use of the Pain Killer is easily removed by washing it in alcohol.

Davis' Pain Killer seems particularly efficacious in cholera morbus, bowel complaints, and other diseases to which the natives of Burmah, from their unwholesome style of living, are peculiarly exposed. It is a valuable antidote to the poison of Centipedes, Scorpions, hornets, &c.

Rev. J. Benjamin, late Missionary in Burmah Sold by druggists and all dealers in family medicines.

Lymans, Savage, & Co., Carter, Kerry, & Co., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING next, 1st November, at EIGHT o'clock.

By order, RICHARD M'SHANE, Rec. Sec.

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, Chamooching, 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 gem "Home Luxury." S. S. BLODGETT & Co., Proprietors, Ordsenburg, N. Y. LAMPLUGH & CAMPBELL (Wholesale Agents), Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Everything shows that the alliance between France and Russia is becoming closer every day. It seems to be generally understood that the Czar will speedily visit Paris, and while there he may possibly be induced to step over to England. His reception in London would equal in warmth, that which his father experienced fourteen years back, at the time when Sir Robert Peel was at the head of the Government. The English people have a good deal of the feeling to which one of Bulwer's characters gives expression—"I never like a man so well until I have fought with him." But this does not at all ignore the fact that St. Petersburg and Paris are in very close intimacy; and the recent visit of Prince Napoleon to Warsaw, shows, like a straw, how the wind blows. While Sardania is drawing closer to Russia, Austria is becoming more friendly towards England.

The following is from the Times' Paris correspondent:—

The question in dispute between the French and Portuguese Governments, as to the seizure of the French bark the Charles and Georges, is a very unpleasant one; but I have reason to hope that it will be settled without serious consequences. So far as I can learn the facts, and I have little doubt of their general correctness, the French Government is in the wrong; and, what is more vexatious, it half suspects it is in the wrong. It is, of course, vain to expect any statement worthy of notice from the Ministerial press, at least if we may judge by the extracts given below. We know that the Charles and Georges was seized by the Portuguese authorities in the Mozambique waters on the ground of her being caught in an interdicted port, and that the French Government demands that she shall be restored, and satisfaction given for the outrage. The French Government deny that the ship was engaged in the slave traffic, but that she was merely engaged to convey free laborers to the Isle La Reunion. They also maintain as a principle, which cannot and must not be called in question by any foreign Government, that the presence of a French delegate on board a French merchant vessel is a guarantee that the occupation of the ship is a lawful one; and that consequently such ship cannot be visited, overhauled, and much less, seized. They allege that in the present instance the blacks who were on board were labourers who had engaged of their own free will to proceed to La Reunion, under regular passports furnished by the authorities at Mozambique; and that under such circumstances all interference was a violation of that principle and of international law, and an insult to the French flag and to the delegate representing for the time being the French Government. To enforce the demands of the French Minister two French ships of war are announced to have proceeded to Lisbon. Such are substantially the arrangements and demand of France.

A writer in M. Granier de Cassagnac's paper, Le Reveil, strikes a sort of balance between the merits and demerits of the English nation. He observes:—

"England has given vent to her noble yearnings, which, developing themselves and acquiring strength from liberty itself, have produced the brilliant results which are justly her pride—a flourishing commerce, splendid wealth, an admirable navy, and a superior part in all the dramas of the world. But on the other hand, and at the same time, she has displayed the bad instincts which, throwing her into licentiousness, finding in it a new aliment for evil, have accumulated the melancholy facts which afflict.—A press insolent to all parties and to every people, to all kings and to all men, to all talents and to all glories; a tribune, a thousand tribunes, open for every extravagance and for every apology of crime; the unlimited liberty of vice parading the streets; and finally, for we must say it, a religious situation which, under the name of tolerance, is a mass of errors and contradictions, and which makes every impartial and serious man pity England."

The same route observer records the following:—"You now see it, every day brings us fresh proof in support of my assertion that the English press, leaving The Times alone in the camp, has come to love France and the Emperor. It is not the press only which is devoted to us, and it is pleasing to me to finish this article, perhaps a little too long, by a charming anecdote, the perfect authenticity of which I guarantee. It relates to the Royal Family of England and to the Emperor Napoleon. It is the custom at the Court of St. James's that, at the evening dinner, the children take their place at the table of the Queen, who then dismisses all the servants, and converses *à famille* on her plans, her ideas, and her friendships. Some time after her return from Cherbourg, one of the young Princes, quitting the Royal table, and finding himself in a saloon with some strangers, approached a person of high rank for whom he has a very particular affection, and said to him in a loud voice, 'Oh! mamma said to-day at dinner that she was much attached to the Emperor Napoleon, that she had great confidence in him, and that he was her best friend.' At this moment came up a Prince older than the speaker, who reprimanded his brother for his indiscretion; but the words were repeated next day in all the drawing-rooms of London—repeated and applauded; for if such is the opinion of Royalty in England, such is also the opinion of all who love the Queen of England. And who is the man of worth who does not love a mother, a wife, a Queen like Queen Victoria?"

THE MARRIAGE LAW IN FRANCE.—Considerable interest was lately excited in a case of intermarriage which has occurred at Pau. A young Frenchman of respectable family in that place some time ago made the acquaintance of a young English girl, and fell in love with her. She represented that she was of highly respectable family and had a fortune of £4,000 deposited at Coutts's bank. He went to England, and was duly married to her in the English form at a place called Ledbury. But it turned out that this wife was of low origin, and had not a farthing in the world; and the poor man was not only arrested for debts which she had incurred, but placed himself in a serious predicament by drawing on Messrs. Coutts for funds which she did not possess. He was undoubtedly duped, but nevertheless he remained her lawful husband. His family, however, took legal proceedings to have the marriage set aside, and the Court of Pau has decided that it is null and void, inasmuch as it was not effected in accordance with the French law—it not having been published in France, and the consent of the young man's parents not having been obtained. The moral of this case is, that the parents of English girls who marry Frenchmen must take care that the formalities of the French as well as the English law are observed.—Galignani's Messenger.

PRUSSIA. Advice from Berlin of the 5th Oct. state that the health of the King, which has been getting worse ever since his return from Tegernsee, now gives cause for serious alarm.

The Prussian Agency question is definitively settled, and in a way which most pleases all parties, excepting the small one that has so long been all-powerful at Court. His Majesty, the King, will transfer (übertragen) the reins of Government to the Prince of Prussia, and at the same time desire him to act in accordance with Article 56 of the constitution.

ITALY. The Pope held a Private Consistory on the 27th Sept., in which he proposed candidates to two metropolitan churches, 15 cathedrals, and seven bishoprics.

A letter from Rome says:—"The Pope has visited the exhibition of cloth and silks in the Capitol, and has promised to visit one of flowers and fruits, which is to be held in the course of October. New conflicts have recently taken place in Santa Andrea della Valle between French soldiers and the Pontifical Dragoons. The fact is that the French soldiers drink too freely the white wine of Velletri, which is very cheap and apparently as mild as water, but which at once gets to the head and produces intoxication. General La Noue, who commands the French division in the absence of General du Goyon, has published an order of the day against drunkenness. The regiment of Pontifical Dragoons is, besides, to be removed from Rome."

PORTUGAL. Portugal has at length become seriously involved in a quarrel with France, and a French squadron from Brest (the Austrelitz and Donaworth, under the command of Admiral Lazard) has been already despatched to the Tagus. The conduct of the Portuguese Government, with regard to the treatment of the French Sisters of Charity, we have already denounced as highly disgraceful, and a scandal to a Catholic country. Portugal, however, in the hands of the so-called Liberal party, thinks more of pleasing Protestant England than of fulfilling its manifest duty as a Christian state. It is, of course, well to confound the acts of the revolutionary party or the liberalising Government, or their irresolute but well-meaning monarch, with the opinions of the Portuguese nation generally. It only affords another instance of a set of demagogues using their ill-gained power to the detriment of the Church and against the wishes of the country. The other cause of offence against the Portuguese Government, raised by the French, is the seizure of a French ship on the Indian ocean by the Portuguese, under the pretence that she was engaged in the slave trade. Whether this be so or not, we are unable to say. "The conveyance of blacks from East Africa to the French Island of Reunion" may have been a legitimate transaction; but, if not, France would not have our sympathy in the matter. There can, however, be no immediate intention of bombarding Lisbon, inasmuch as the two vessels of war would scarcely suffice for that purpose, even if the English ships in the Tagus did not interfere. This act of the French Government may, therefore, be looked upon simply as a threat, in case the Portuguese Government should prove obstinate and refuse to give ample satisfaction.—Weekly Register.

RUSSIA. The Invalide Russe contains the following article on the subject of the apprehensions manifested by some English journals at the Russian establishment in the port of Villafranca:—

"Everybody has heard of the strange comments of the English and Austrian journals with regard to the renting, by the Russian Steam Navigation Company, of some buildings in the port of Villafranca, for the purpose of forming there a depot for stores and coal. We at first refrained from noticing the affair, in which the truth had been so strangely misrepresented by those journals, thinking it only one of secondary interest, but as it has since been generally taken up by the foreign press, we consider it our duty to say a few words on the manner in which certain persons have magnified a molehill into a mountain.—Villafranca, which forms part of the intendence of Nice, is only at a short distance from that town. As the port of Nice is not practicable for vessels drawing much water, ships of war come to anchor in the roadstead of Villafranca. The town is surrounded by crenelated walls and defended by a fort, flanked by three bastions constructed on a height. Another fortification, called Fort St. Albas, built on the hill which separates Nice from Villafranca, is intended for the defence of both towns. The Russian Steam Navigation Company, whose vessels now run direct from Odessa to the Mediterranean, has rented for 24 years, from the Sardinian Government, not the port of Villafranca, but a spot of ground on the eastern shore of the bay, in order to establish there store-houses and workshops. An article in the regulations of the company recognizes the right of Russian vessels of the kind, in order to effect any needful repairs. This is the whole affair, and it is this simple event which some persons have endeavored to transform into a political question of the highest importance. It is impossible to refrain from a smile on reading the fears expressed by an English paper, which already pictures to itself the Russian fleet leaving Cronstadt, taking shelter in the roadstead of Villafranca, and thence threatening England. The English paper has doubtless forgotten the distance which the Russian fleet would have to accomplish in order to reach the Mediterranean from the Gulf of Finland. The English periodical prints, which doubtless, from the dearth of other political news, have conjured up this strange improbability, would have acted more frankly in at once avowing that it was disagreeable to them to see other nations extending their commerce and increasing their fleet. As to the clamors raised on this subject by some Austrian journals, it only need be mentioned, in order to appreciate the object of their remarks, that the steamers of the Austrian Lloyd's run to the Mediterranean ports. To the honor of the sensible part of the English public, it must be said that the cry of alarm raised by those few journals has not produced any impression on them."

INDIA. The letters which we publish to-day give a clear image of the state of affairs in India. The whole may be summed up in a word—expectation. Nothing was in actual progress, but it was felt that the ensuing winter would see the war at an end. Indeed, if war means the meeting of armies in something like contested battles, that in India is over already. In no quarter does there seem to be any real fighting. The campaigning has degenerated into a mere chase—a hunting of the rebel bands by little detachments not a fourth part of their strength. It was predicted that when the native armies were beaten in the field we should have to contend against a guerrilla warfare; but it would be an insult to the Spanish name and language to apply the term to the dastardly hands which are now flying before our columns, burning and plundering defenceless villages on their way. It is said that not a force exists in India which would dare to resist in the field a strong party of our police, and we can well believe it. The enemy, however, finds safety and the power of further annoying us in his speed of foot. He can march 40 miles a day, while our troops can hardly march a third of the distance. This kind of racing campaign is consequently likely to last until Lord Clyde is able to take the field in force towards the end of the present month, and by simultaneous movements from different quarters destroy the swarms which still continue to give us trouble.—Times.

The great lever of Indian regeneration is, after all, the spread of Christianity in that country. Protestantism has had the field to itself for nearly a century, and the late outbreak and the present state of the country demonstrate how unwilling, or rather how incapable, it is to draw the Mahomedan or the Hindoo from his deplorable error and superstition.—It is now officially announced that henceforth there shall be a clear stage and no especial favor for any

particular denomination of Christian Missionaries, and we are willing to abide by the results of a free trial of the True Church. If India had been Christianized, as she might have been, the horrors of the late Sepoy Rebellion would never have occurred; and if the local Government had not been overlaid with Calvinism, the Christian element would have been so large already as to check the ferocity of the Mussulman and Hindoo fanatics, if it did not prevent them from unfurling the standard of revolt.—Weekly Register.

CALCUTTA, August 21.—Lord Harris, the Governor of Madras, is very ill. He has had a paralytic stroke, and his physicians recommend his immediate departure. The event has created some feeling at Madras, as Lord Harris, though considered a failure as an administrator, is personally liked. He arrived at the presidency with an immense reputation, the result of his popularity in Trinidad, but it was soon perceived that his character, however amiable, promised little for energetic action. He was an admirable constitutional ruler, the faculty of all others most unsuited to an Indian presidency. No man understood better how to manage a Council, how to reconcile conflicting opinions, how to take an interest in philanthropic schemes. In a colony such qualities are almost invaluable. In India men look for real leaders in their governors, and anything is forgiven except weakness. Lord Harris devoted himself to small plans, opening museums and founding agricultural societies—excellent things in their way, but not calculated to redeem a presidency.

It is understood that Sir John Lawrence will be requested to accept the vacant appointment, but it is doubtful whether he will be induced to consent. His health has suffered, and his application for leave in February has already been submitted.

The illness of Lord Harris is almost the only incident of the week, and I take advantage of the lull in events briefly to sketch the progress made throughout this side of India towards the extinction of the revolt. Beginning in the extreme north the Punjab remains profoundly quiet. There is a report given in the *Mofussille* that the disarmed regiment at Dhera Ismael Khan has escaped since the discovery of the plot in the 10th Punjabies, but I receive it with distrust, as mere exaggeration of the original statement. It is, however, true that Sir John Lawrence has urgently demanded the withdrawal of the disarmed Sepoy regiments. These men are perpetually plotting, and they fill the heads of the 'Mulwaie' Sikhs with suspicion and disaffection. These 'Mulwaie' Sikhs, who form about a third of the Sikh force, are poor as blood, and only adopted the blue robe and the faith of Nanac after the Khalsa had become powerful. They are confined to the Cis-Sutlej States, and are large boned, well made, brave men, but want in the dash and *elan* of the true Sikh. Sir John Lawrence, since the movement on the 10th Punjab Infantry, has suspended their further enlistment, and is bringing down hillmen, chiefly Dogras, to supply their place. They are a source of great anxiety, since, even if the Sikhs of the district remain faithful, the massacre of the officers, with which the Mulwaies of the 10th meant to commence operations, commits the regiment. The dislike to move displayed by Government in this matter of the disarmed regiments is extraordinary. Once dispersed they could add nothing to the strength of the enemy, while they retain some 12 regiments of Europeans inactive, except as guards. A few days ago the remnants of the 19th and 43rd Native Infantry were amalgamated with two other regiments at Barrakpore, but the regiments, though without men or officers, are still officially in existence.

Proceeding thitherward we have an 'army' of rebels who, after flying over half Rajpootana, have broken into Meywar. There General Roberts, who, with a strong force 1,100 Europeans, 350 of whom are cavalry, 750 natives, 400 sowars, has at last come up to them. He had apparently, however, left his cavalry to guard his camp, for the only result of the skirmish was a loss of seven men to the enemy. By the latest accounts the rebels were at Porien, and supposed to be marching either to Jondhpore or Oodeypore. General Roberts was about 25 miles behind, but as he marches 14 miles a day, and the rebels 40, his chance of overtaking them is small. A third force, however, consisting of about 400 Europeans with eight guns, 350 Native Infantry, and 650 Native Cavalry has gone out from Neemuch, and the rebels will scarcely obtain aid in Oodeypore. Nothing saves them from destruction except the admirable skill with which they run away, and that cannot serve them for ever. It is the peculiarity of the Indian Empire, as it was of the Roman, that it has nothing beyond it. Between Central Asia and the sea there is no escape from British power. In Ujwar, also, there has been a disturbance. The Mussulman population of the city rose on the 7th of August and attacked the Minister Fyozulla Khan. Two of his relatives were killed, and his own life was threatened, but he appears to have called on the Hindoo population, and by the latest accounts had driven the rebels out of Ujwar. With these two exceptions the whole of the vast territory included in the Punjab, Rajpootana, and the North-West Provinces, as far south as Allahabad, may be said to be free from danger. There are some thousands of rebels covering about Gwalior, and gangs of dacoits keep up a feeling of uneasiness everywhere, but there is no enemy a police regiment is not competent to manage.

In Oude itself several important successes have been gained. Captain Dawson, with 400 military police and 50 horsemen, attacked Sundela on the 11th of August. Sundela is the old cantonment about 25 miles north-west of Lucknow. The enemy, who were commanded by Feroze Shah in person, are officially estimated at 3,000 strong, with five guns.—They were, however, defeated with the loss of 100 men; and a native noble, with 700 followers, was put in possession of the town. I told you Maun Singh had written for aid from Fyazabad, and that Sir H. Grant had been despatched to his assistance. The relieving force arrived at Fyazabad and occupied the city, the Sepoys flying towards Sultanpore. Following up the blow, Sir H. Grant on the 9th of Aug. despatched Brigadier Horsford, with a portion of his troops, to attack Sultanpore. That officer arrived on the 13th Aug., and, after a brief, but severe engagement, drove the rebels across the Goomtee, and shelled Sultanpore. This also was evacuated, part of the fugitives making towards Aymghur, and part doubling back in the hope of reaching Conda.—Thither a large body of the Fyazabad Sepoys had previously fled, and, as they are all nearly destitute, and all demand pay, the unlucky Rajah of Conda is at his wits end. So keenly is he oppressed by the depletion of his treasury that he has written to Lucknow to beg for terms. It is questionable if he will obtain them, but the recent victories have produced an extraordinary effect, the country between Lucknow and Fyazabad, and Fyazabad and Sultanpore, submitting at once. Central and Eastern Oude may be considered therefore quelled. North-eastern Oude is still rebel, while the south and the neighboring districts of Aymghur, Jounpore, Allahabad, Benares, Buxar, and Ghazepore are disturbed by the broken fragments of the Oude armies. In each zillah, however, they are hunted by active officers with picked Europeans. Colonel Berkeley has nearly cleared Allahabad, and Major Carr at Buxar on the 8th of August cut up about 100. He put 100 Europeans on elephants, took some light cavalry and a few Madras Rifles, and marched as fast as the mutineers. All these broken gangs skulk gradually southwards to what is now their rendezvous, the great jungle near Jagespore. No attempt has been made to drive them there during the fortnight. They have plundered Musrengpore, threatened Arrah, and attempted to attack Doursoor, but the general position of affairs is as when I last wrote. Lord Clyde, however, has ordered a collection of 5,000 men by the cold weather to finish the Shahabad affair. Confined as the Bhopoores are by the angle formed by the Soane and the Ganges, both unfordable, they have little

chance of escape. The remainder of Bengal is perfectly quiet. You will perceive from this account that it is only in one section of Oude that anything worthy to be called war at present exists.—The mutineers, however, are scattered, not extinguished, and the Commander-in-Chief is doubtless wise in concentrating the great army he intends to lead in the cold weather. By the 25th of October an army of 25,000 Europeans and 10,000 natives, chiefly cavalry, will be collected at Cawnpore. This is, I believe, a larger force of Europeans than has ever been collected in an Indian campaign, and might march from one end of the empire to the other without seeing a foe. It is strong enough, at all events, to convince the landholder of Oude that they have no resource but unconditional submission.

SIMLA, HIMALAYAS, Aug. 28.—Ten days of incessant rain, ten days of existence in a vast cloud which lapped in its embraces the ranges of the lower Himalayas, which insisted on coming to bed with one nightly, and of rising with one in the morning,—and got into one's shirts, boots, socks, clothes,—damped the heart and the spirits, rusted one's pen-knife, filled the ink with mould, and hung in wreaths from the curtains, are not calculated to render one very cheerful; but I own I am disposed to take a more hopeful view of our military position in India than I have done for some time past. I must, however, qualify the brightness of the landscape by the admission of a few clouds which, no bigger than a man's hand now, may sweep over the scene in a moment. General Robert's success—late in coming, but very welcome—is not so important as the fact that the Gwalior fugitives whom he pursued were not, as hitherto, aided by the sympathy and passive help of the population through which they fled. For once they were unaided by information, and they appear to have been surprised—a feat which our troops hitherto have failed to accomplish. The great chiefs gave them no assistance, they held their fortresses well guarded, and, as far as we know, refused the enemy food, shelter, stores, or money. Then from Oude and Rohilcund the news is assuring; Sultanpore and Sundela, which have been so long in the hands of the insurgents, are now held by our troops, and the dispersion of the larger bodies of their forces will soon render a change of policy not only possible but imperative, so that we can establish chains of posts and military and police stations to bind the refractory province and overawe its turbulent inhabitants. Beni Madho, whose adhesion was firmly expected and credited by the Government, is however still in a defiant attitude, and unless there be, indeed, some secret understanding between him and the authorities, it would, I think, be wise to explain to this troublesome chieftain that the time for clemency and pardon has passed, and that he must expect to take the full consequences of his hostility.—Although Tantia Topee is still at large his family are in our hands. The Nana Sahib is separated from his harem and the female relatives of the Peishwa whom he protected, and has retired to the jungles in despair. He has apparently abandoned all active share in the councils of the enemy, and now only seeks his own safety. If he have a conscience, a memory, or remorse, as no doubt he has coward fears, the furies are already avenging Cawnpore and his life must be one long torture. The Mussulmen view him with horror, for he has murdered women and children, and Prince Feroze Shah has not hesitated in his public proclamation to assign those massacres as chief among the causes why Ibleuen has inflicted defeat after defeat upon the armies of the Faithful. The Nana has still a considerable following, estimated at 2,000 men, of whom the greater part are cavalry, stationed all round his hiding place, and at present there is little chance of our securing him. He is accompanied in his dreary seclusion by that Minister of all evil, Azimoolah Khan, once the pet of some London drawing-rooms and of some English ladies, and by many others of his immediate dependents. The Begum, Mumtaz Khan, her Minister and confidant, and Birjis Kuddar, the so-called King of Oude, her son, are active in their intrigues; and Meludee Hossain, Nirput Singh, Omer Singh, Raheem Ali, and others, are active in levying men and preparing for the campaign in which they must meet their doom. Behar has exhibited such deep-seated thorough disaffection that it must be searched to the very core by our troops as soon as the weather permits them to move. When this spirit of hostility has been subdued it will be deeply interesting to inquire what were the causes of its existence, and why the district which boasts the oldest settlement and which has been longest under our rule should have proved so inimical to the Government. The Punjab, our most recent acquisition, faithful; Behar, our oldest possession, bitterly opposed to us—there is a problem here for our Indian Statesmen and their English councillors!

It would ill become me to theorize or dogmatize on the new Eastern question, but I shall not be deterred, by the vulgar insolence and abuse which any man who states the truth according to the light that is in him is sure to encounter on the part of a section of what calls itself Indian society, from expressing my opinions fully and fearlessly; still less shall I be influenced by the ridicule and vituperation with which any one who seeks to find out the views of the natives, or who condescends to get information from niggers, is certain to be assailed. Now, what Indian official has ever told the English people that the whole legal administration of the Bengal Presidency was a system of organized expense and delay, to which the costly and tedious processes of law which we at home have been gradually abolishing were comparatively the perfection of cheap and speedy justice? And yet I hear this asserted every day by men of position and experience. My ears are astonished by the declaration, that if any man had an enemy whom he wished to ruin he had one sure and infallible mode of accomplishing his purpose—by bringing him into court. These are the statements of English officers of the East India Company. We have brought to bear on the complex social system of Hindoostan, with its intricate tenures, varied by successive conquests and customs, the most complex and curious legal formulæ and processes, in which the subtlety of the Norman special pleaders are mingled with the deliberativeness of the Saxon judge.—What natives think of this system I will inquire hereafter, but there can be no doubt as to the opinion entertained of it by any one who is not a slave to "the regulation system." The Bengal civilian, who has never left his office except for a brief visit to England, or for a shorter trip to another part, will think that such expressions are little short of blasphemous, and will regard them with very much the same sort of pious horror as that with which Figgins, of Pumpcourt, heard of the infamous proposal to do away with the special demurrer. He will refer to his om-lahs and his baboos, who will strengthen the force of his conviction that he is administering the best and purest system in the civilized world, and then he will say "I rely on native testimony also." But let us be in no hurry. The testimony which alone is valuable is not that of paid officers or interested Attaches of the Courts, but that of the classes who come to the Courts for justice. Ask them what they think of the system. Do not mind being called a white Pandey, or being pelted with all the dirt of the natives and attach some weight to their personal experience. I quite coincide in the estimate which my colleague in China formed "of the twenty-year-old men in the country—and speak the language men," when they are ignorant, prejudiced, uneducated men. I would as soon think of going to the Carolina slave-owner alone for all my information and of reflecting the testimony of the slaves themselves as I were inquiring into the effects of slavery, as I would, in attempting to ascertain the nature of our Government in India, apply only to those who had lived in the country so long that they knew nothing about any other, and ignore the experience of the children of the soil. In fact, the

class to which I allude is destitute of all knowledge of government and its proceeding facilities have been blunted by daily friction with a rigid, unvarying system. The members of it see nothing strange or unusual in their government, or in their existence, which is in itself a marvel. They are accustomed to it all, just as they are to punks and stiff and curvy, and hordes of servants. Their elephant is a domestic, and the monster excites no surprise as he crouches through their sugarcane. But they have moral monsters, which you must believe, or for not believing, be doomed to the damnation of their speech. This monster is black, he has a black soul quite different from ours; he is insensible to pain, ill-treatment, or abuse, he has no feeling for benefits rendered, he has neither affection nor gratitude, he is the father of lies, he is a coward, yet lustful for blood; spaniel-like his devotion is fed by stripes.—He represents 180,000,000 of the human race, and he spreads from the Himalayas to Oape Comorin.

A BRAVE INDIAN.—Mr. Kavanagh, who made himself so famous by his daring devotion in issuing from the Residency and passing through a city swarming with cruel enemies in order that he might guide Sir Colin's force from the Alumbagh and give him information for the relief of the gallant garrison, and whose gallantry and zeal were equally conspicuous in subsequent operations, has again distinguished himself under very trying circumstances. He had been selected by the Chief Commissioner for the civil charge of the district of Mulhabad, the town being protected by a military police regiment and 80 Sowars under Captain J. Dawson and Lieutenant French of the 53d Regiment, who were preparing for a siege. On Mr. Kavanagh's arrival he pushed out a police station nine miles further west, but the Sundela insurgents came down on the 30th of July 1,500 strong, with two guns, and surrounded the 20 police, who aided by three Lumberdars and forty Zemindars had thrown themselves into a fortified house, which served as a thannah, or police station. Mr. Kavanagh had warned the neighbouring Zemindars that, if they failed to aid the police in their hour of danger, they would meet with swift and certain punishment, as in case of assault they would be promptly assisted. The attack began at 9 a.m., and at 12 at noon Mr. Kavanagh and Lieutenant French started with 500 military police, half of them natives of Oude, and 40 Sowars. By two o'clock they had reached a ridge from which they could see the Zemindary force engaged with the enemy. The enemy opened fire on them from one gun, and sent out a body of skirmishers to check the advance of the relieving force. French led his infantry right at the village in which the enemy were posted, and Mr. Kavanagh, placing himself at the head of his little body of horse, went straight at the enemy's cavalry. The latter broke and fled, and the infantry took to flight as French neared them, with such rapidity that our Sowars only cut up 30 or 40 of them. In a few moments the enemy had disappeared, leaving a few more in a gallant sally of the beleaguered police and Zemindars. We lost one man and eight horses, and Mr. Kavanagh's horse was wounded by a sword cut. This little affair has also produced a good result; the Zemindars of the district now voluntarily maintain a force of 400 matchlockmen to protect the police thannah at Ruchemabad, and Mr. Kavanagh rode within four miles of the enemy at Sundela without obstruction a day or two afterwards. It may here be remarked that no civil officer regulates his conduct by Lord Ganning's proclamation, even as it was modified by the Commissioners, and settlement engagements for revenue have been made with chiefs who, as late as June last, attacked our police and plundered their posts and villages. Before I quit this part of my subject let me say that I have reason to think Mr. Kavanagh has scarcely been well treated by the Court of Directors. They have given him a pecuniary reward, and have increased his salary 100 rupees (£10) a month, but they have refused to take any steps to submit his wish for the Victoria Cross to the proper authorities. It was that great honourary reward he coveted, and that alone. The Directors express "their deep sense of the courage displayed and signal services rendered by him during the siege of Lucknow, but think they are precluded by the terms of the statute of the Order of the Victoria Cross from submitting the claims of one who is not of the military or naval profession. Lord Ganning, I believe, recommended that the claims of Mr. Kavanagh should be considered. Unquestionably the service rendered was of a military character, and Sir Colin Campbell pronounced it to be "the most daring thing ever attempted." Perhaps it is not very wise for Mr. Kavanagh to covet beyond all earthly things and beyond all pecuniary benefits such a personal distinction, but unquestionably the same spirit which animated him in his desperate sortie, and induced him to offer himself for such perilous service.

GREAT BRITAIN.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHRISTIANITY.—We have often imagined how very painful must be the position of an earnest and conscientious Minister of the Established Church, who yet bind to the light of the True Faith, finds himself, Bible in hand, compelled to reconcile the teaching of what he regards as Divine Truth with the formulas which that inflexible and irresistible authority, Public Opinion in England, prescribes for controlling, and setting aside when inconvenient, the plainest and simplest of the Gospel injunctions. Most religious young men, when entering upon the work of the Ministry, fancy that they have nothing to do but call upon people to make their lives conformable to the Gospel standard—to study well the Sermon on the Mount—to turn the other cheek to the unjust smiter—and, in case of the consciousness of grievous sin, to make confession to the Clergyman, and demand absolution thereof. But they soon find that a Gospel of this kind will never do for a people whose Religion must be in consonance with what the Times Newspaper holds to be becoming such a fine, independent, humbug-hating, dare-devil fellow as John Bull. They are assailed as the propagators of a religion of slaves and milkops; and instead of being allowed to justify themselves by reference to the New Testament, they are called upon to state whether they believe that such teaching will go down with the free and intelligent people of England in the middle of the nineteenth century. In fact they find themselves in an atmosphere of practical infidelity—the authorised teachers of a people who do not believe in the Divinity, or in those attributes of the Divinity, the Omnipotence, and Omnipresence of our Divine Redeemer.—Weekly Register.

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS IN A PASSENGER SHIP.—Our readers will remember a remarkable narrative under this head, which we extracted the other day from the Northern Whig. It was contained in a letter by a recent passenger from New York to this country, and was to the effect that, soon after leaving land, himself and fellow-passengers were shocked to find that they were in company with a party of about sixteen lunatics, who had evidently been discharged from some American lunatic asylum. It was also represented that these unhappy beings had been sent over without being in charge of any one, and that it was a woful sight to see them conveyed in a cart from the ship up the streets of Liverpool. On inquiry at the workhouse here, whether the lunatics had been carried, we find a full corroboration of the fact stated; and more, that there is a systematic return to the parish authorities here, on the part of some municipalities in the United States, of aged, imbecile, and insane paupers. Indeed, to so great an extent has this cruel deportation been carried on, that within three weeks alone there have been thus landed at our port, and left a-burthen on the parish, about 69 of these forlornly returned emigrants. The cruelty as well as the injustice of the proceeding will be at once perceived, from the fact, that these poor creatures, in nearly every instance, long since emigrated to the United States, where they have





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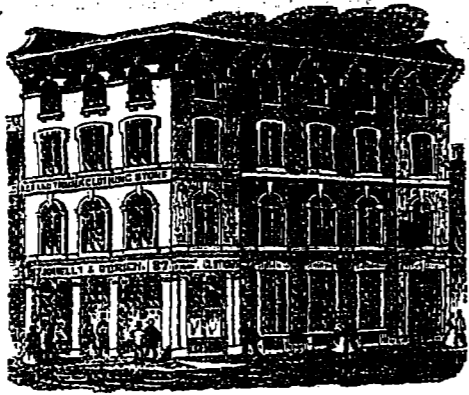
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