

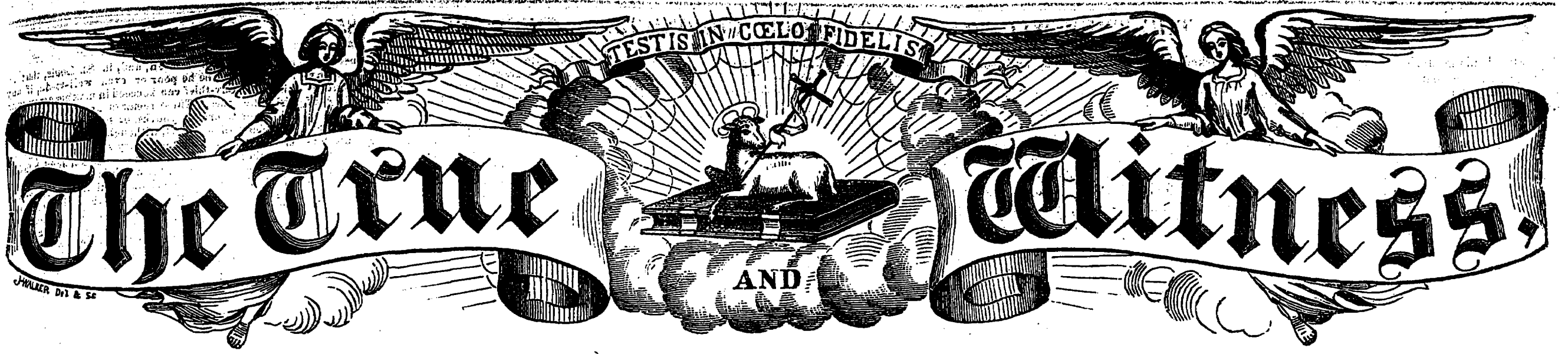
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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## "THE KNOT:"

A TALE OF POLAND.

(Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadlier.)

### CHAPTER VI.

Recognizing at once the voice of the Count, Raphael opened the door and stood pale and motionless before him.

"What is the matter, Raphael?" asked the Count in a cheerful voice, "Is it not your father who comes to shake hands with you this morning?"

"Can it be possible!" cried the young man, as he threw himself into the arms of the Count. "Yes, very possible!" rejoined the latter, and he pressed Raphael to his heart. "My daughter has confessed to me that you hold the very highest place in her esteem, and in fact, receives your proposal as graciously as even you could desire."

"Oh! it is too much—it is too much!" repeated Raphael, again and again, unable to give expression to the joy of his heart.

"Pardon me, my young friend, it is not enough, for you must instantly appear on the field in front of the enemy. In a word, I want to present you to Rosa as my son and her affianced husband."

"Oh! let us go at once—I am ready."

"Wait a moment, my dear fellow! had you not better complete your toilet! There, son, let me assist you, for I see you are by far too much agitated." And the Count smiled at the youthful eagerness of his friend. "An old officer like myself, you know, is so accustomed to inspect the appearance of his men before he leads them to the charge, that the habit becomes, as it were, instinctive."

Raphael, however, was soon ready, and followed the Count with a hurried step. In the meantime Rosa was not less agitated; her father had announced Raphael's visit, and however great might have been her pleasure, her embarrassment was truly painful. She took a book and sat down near the fire; then rising suddenly, she glanced at her reflection in an opposite mirror, to see that her dress was properly arranged;—then, approaching a window, she stood gazing listlessly out for some minutes—going to the door, she listened, and hearing distant footsteps in the corridor, she threw herself again upon her seat, blushing and breathless. At length, when her father entered with Raphael, she had scarcely strength to rise and advance to meet them.

"My dear child," said the Count archly, as he kissed his daughter's fair brow, "I have brought hither my son Raphael, who, as such, is to be admitted to a high position in your affections, is he not?"

"Will Rosa deign to receive me with favor?" added Raphael, with a touching expression of respectful tenderness in his dark, thoughtful eyes. "And yet I know not how I can prove myself worthy of her regard."

"Oh, my lord!" returned Rosa quickly, "you are pleased to underrate your own merits, but I am not the less aware of their excellence, and—"

"Sweet Rosa," cried Raphael, in unqualified delight, "what earthly sacrifice would I deem too great to testify my gratitude for your almost unbounded kindness?" and taking her unreluctant hand he raised it respectfully to his lips.

"And now, my children," said the Count earnestly, "you will promise me that from this day forward you will be true and faithful to each other; and I know you both well enough to be convinced that the promise will be faithfully kept. For myself, it will enable me to brave all the chances of war without apprehension, so that I can devote myself as I would wish to the service of my unfortunate country."

"Ah! my father!" exclaimed Rosa, with artless fervor, "I am sure God will preserve you through every danger, for I will pray to him earnestly and unceasingly."

"May his holy will be done in all things," replied the Count, "and if we submit to it in a proper spirit we shall be happy, come what may; moreover, I am so happy at this moment that I would not give expression to any saddening fear. We shall now descend to the chapel where the priest and two of our good friends await us, and then, affianced before God's holy altar, you can calmly and trustfully look forward to the moment when you shall be irrevocably united.—Come, my children."

Raphael, in a tumult of joy and surprise, offered his arm to Rosa, and they followed the Count to the chapel. They approached the altar with becoming reverence; and the Count deposited on a plate of chased silver a diamond ring which was an heir-loom in his family, and Raphael placed by its side another jewelled ring, in which was set a miniature of his mother. After the blessing had been pronounced the betrothed exchanged rings, then retiring to the vestibule, they threw themselves on their knees before the Count, who embraced them with tears of joy. It was subsequently agreed that, without affecting any extraordinary restraint, they should all be silent on

the subject of the ceremony which had taken place. "And now," added the Count, "let us rejoice our friends."

It was about eight o'clock, yet the bright day-beam had scarcely dispelled the lingering shadows of the morning twilight; the firmament, in its deep opal blue, thinly veiled by transparent clouds, announced another of those cold, clear days, which are scattered over the dreary time of winter as harbingers of the spring. At that moment the Castle resembled a fortress taken by assault; a constantly increasing multitude fronted its lofty gates, and the esplanade was covered with the population of the neighboring hamlets armed with sticks and rusty guns. The courtyards were filled with guards and huntsmen, some on horseback and others on foot, some blowing a merry blast on their hunting-horns, while others set up the coupled and baying hounds, all of which it may easily be imagined, made a wild and clamorous uproar. At first the Russian garrison which had, on the previous evening, taken possession of the castle, attempted to keep the people from entering, but very soon they were penned up by the curious and astonished multitude in a corner of the court-yard where the only thing they could do was to assume a defensive attitude, and establish a *picquet* at a grating in the wall, so as to keep a watch on those who went and came.

In the meantime the Count passed on into the immense hall, where all that had any pretensions to gentle blood were already assembled. Raphael came after and by his side, leaning on his arm, was Rosa, more charming than ever in her hunting dress, her fair tresses hanging in ringlets on her shoulders and her beautiful eyes cast to the ground, as though to conceal the radiant joy by which they were just then animated. The progress of the party was necessarily slow, being every moment arrested by the salutations of their friends and acquaintances. The first impulse of Stanislaus, when he caught a glimpse of Rosa was to dart forward and offer his arm, but another glance discovered Raphael, and his fine countenance beaming with delight was singularly unwelcome to Stanislaus, who became suddenly fearful that after all he might be defeated. The surprise, nay, consternation so visible on the speaking features of the young noble was quickly perceived by the Count, who, remembering that he owed him a formal answer, took him aside into the embrasure of a window:

"My dear friend," said he, "I have to thank you for the proposal yesterday made by you through my son, and must express my regret that it is not in my power to give you a favorable answer. I am bound to tell you, with the frankness that becomes a soldier, that my daughter has made her final decision, and for me I have left the matter entirely to herself."

"I must, then, have been deceiving myself," muttered Stanislaus, in an embarrassment that he could not conceal, "as I should certainly never have made such a proposal had I dreamed of your daughter's refusal. However, since the Lady Rosa has made her choice, I have only to retire from the field the best way I can."

"But, my dear Stanislaus," exclaimed the Count, with that military vivacity which never quitted him, "we cannot part thus. Had we before us the prospect of a series of festivities, I should never think of urging you to remain amongst us, but the truth is, that though my daughter has been, as it were, forced by circumstances to pronounce her decision, yet the matter rests there for the present. No, no—other scenes now await us, wherein your position is prominently marked, and I am sure that our private affairs will be forgotten in the more engrossing interests of the common cause!"

"God forbid, my lord," Stanislaus exclaimed with noble energy, "God forbid that I should be tempted to forget my engagements with you.—On the contrary, I hope to give you every proof of my devotion to our national cause!"

"You will, then, remain?" said the Count, extending his hand to Stanislaus.

"Certainly I will."

"And you will permit me now to leave you in order to speak with some of these gentlemen?"

"Oh! pray make no ceremony with me!"—The Count walked away, and breakfast was just then announced. The repast which ushered in the chase was not without importance in Poland, for not only the guests, but all the subordinates who were to figure in the sport had a right to take their seats around the truly hospitable board, and the halls were crowded with people who eagerly pressed forward for their turn at the table. From time immemorial a hunting party given by a noble was looked upon as a popular festival, in which all had a right to share; but since Poland, in her enslaved condition, had ceased to be a martial nation, it seemed as though the fiery ardor of her sons had transferred itself to this noble and manly sport where courage, activity, and skill might yet be displayed. Those nobles and gentlemen who had no longer the

right or privilege of maintaining bands of soldiers at their own expense, now applied all their resources to keep up magnificent hunting trains—some great lords there were who kept all the year round no less than three hundred men, whose sole business it was to follow them to the chase, in which they were likewise joined by friends and acquaintances, and by their neighbors of all ranks in society. On such occasions, indeed, whole villages rose with one consent, and rushed with a stunning shout into the woods. This, then, was just the scene going forward in Count Bialewski's castle: wine, beer, mead and brandy flowed around like water, while the servants quickly followed each other carrying in immense dishes of a made-up substance called *rogue's hash*, composed of *saur kraut*, sausages, pork, and other meats all mixed up together, and around these dishes the hungry huntsmen eagerly thronged.—Nor were the peasantry denied a seat at the board, and a brimming glass. This formidable repast was at length concluded, and the signal for departure was given. The Count had, however, provided for the safety of the castle in case of any sudden attack, and when he presented himself at the head of his numerous retinue at the gate of the court-yard, he saw the Russian troop drawn up in order of battle, and its commander advance towards him.

"My lord Count," said the Russian commander, "my instructions require that I should not permit your departure from the castle, and I trust you will see the necessity of yielding with a good grace to this trifling restraint."

"You will doubtless favor me with the reasons for this very harsh proceeding, my good sir?" replied the Count with difficulty restraining his indignation.

"My lord, orders are sent to me, I transmit them to my men, and am bound to see that they are executed. This is all that belongs to me, and I have nothing to do with causes or motives."

"Well, sir!" returned the Count with the utmost coolness, "I have no mind to obey your orders, and have, as you see, a sufficient escort to continue my journey without your leave. I would warn you, however, for your own sake, to avoid an unequal struggle which would be sure to end in the total annihilation of your troop."

"Such being your lordship's intentions, you are prepared, I suppose, to accept their responsibility, having doubtless reflected maturely on what you are about to do. For me, the only thing I can now do is to keep my men on the defensive, and to enter my protest against what I consider an act of rebellion."

"Sir, it would require an army to restrain Poles when setting out for the chase." And so saying the Count spurred his courser, and beckoned to his numerous train to follow, his friends having silently awaited the conclusion of the recent dialogue, evidently well disposed to second the warlike defiance of their host. This incident had no other result than that of arousing to a higher pitch the martial enthusiasm of the hunters, who speedily filled the air with their national airs and many a shout of exuberant patriotism. And so commenced the great chase, apparently directed against the wolves, but in reality to merge into a combat still fiercer and more determined. Yet the secret of the conspiracy was still known but to a few of the leaders, who were to retire at an appointed time to a secluded glade within the depths of the forest to concert their projects. In the meantime the great body of the hunters were preparing to form an immense circle around the savage animals who were heard howling in the distance. The wolf-chase in Poland may be regarded as a truly defensive war, required for the common safety. From the beginning of November till the end of February these ferocious beasts pour over the country in immense numbers, sweep through the villages, and tear away the domestic animals even from their stables, and wo to the unlucky traveller who journeys alone on their path, for neither the rapidity of his horse nor his own courage, even though he be well armed, can save him from a horrid death. Roaming about in bands of thirty or forty they throw themselves with ravenous fury on whatever crosses their path, and it requires a full troop of hardy and warlike men to beat them back. It is then easy to conceive the great utility of these public hunts, and the ardor with which all engage in them. Some days before the projected party, the wood-rangers were sent to survey the lodging of the particular band it was intended to destroy; from their station by night in the topmost branches of high trees, these men imitated the cry of an old wolf, whereupon the cubs set up a hideous howling, and thus disclosed the place of their concealment to their wily foes. The lodgment of the wolves being thus discovered, they were retained there till the day fixed for the hunt by throwing in amongst them a quantity of worthless carrion.

Arrived near the appointed place, a short pause was made in order to restore order amongst the hunters, whereupon the head gamekeeper, who

was the real director of the chase, proceeded to assign to each individual his post and his duties. Before the strong net-work placed by his orders at all the principal openings, he stationed men armed with huge sticks and sheltered behind the trees; then between the net at every thirty paces he placed the hunters, taking care that they were not under scent. The young lads who were to make the beat held themselves as close as possible to the spot whence they were to start the dogs at the foe. As for the dogs, they were no sooner freed from their lashings, than they flew with the rapidity of lightning into the under-wood; the huntsmen blew their horns, and the chase instantly began. With eye fixed, ear strained, and finger on his trigger, each hunter remained motionless. The deepest silence reigned around, when suddenly one of the dogs gives tongue, then another, and another, and soon the whole pack joins in the clamor. The echoes of the forest catch up the noise, now increased a hundred fold by the cries of the hunters, the cracking of whips, and the loud neighing of the affrighted horses. On the other side the lads have broken the beat crying out with all their might and striking the trees with their sticks.—Surprised and terrified, the wolves venture out, to seek safety in flight, but a murderous volley is poured in on them from all sides, and those who escape the lead, rush madly into the nets. And then the horns sound without intermission that glorious finale—"Death to the wolves, and victory to the hunters!"

The battle once gained, the order established by the head keeper was quickly broken up, all pressing eagerly forward to witness its results, while group of hunters are seen plunging here and there into the thicket in pursuit of the scattered remains of the band. Meanwhile, Rosa, surrounded by some of her friends, and attended by the most experienced huntsmen, had courageously led on the main body, while her father, with the other conspirators, had retired to their place of meeting. Stanislaus alone was not found amongst them. In the tumult and wretchedness of his mind one thought alone restrains him from giving way to the fierce promptings of his frenzied jealousy. It is still possible, he thinks, that Rosa may not have voluntarily rejected him—might she not have accepted his rival through the influence of her father, and by his commands? This point he must speedily have decided.

### CHAPTER VII.

Notwithstanding his recent explanation with the Count, Stanislaus could not bring himself to believe that he was entirely rejected, and restraining with difficulty the motions of his wounded self-love, he watched impatiently for an opportunity to speak with Rosa. But, alas! Raphael was ever by her side, watching over her safety with the tenderest solicitude, and anticipating with careful foresight the various dangers of the chase. He spoke to her, too, in a low, earnest voice, and Rosa listened with an interest so great as though nothing could have diverted her attention from what he was saying. And Stanislaus followed at the distance of a hundred paces or so, his heart rent and torn by alternate shame and jealousy, as he noted all their motions. It is probable that no such opportunity as he desired would have presented itself had not the preconcerted signal announced from a distance that the hour of meeting for the patriots was come, whereupon Raphael plunged his horse into the thicket, and disappeared in the direction of the sound.—And had Stanislaus listened to the voice of honor or of duty he, too, would have gone; but allowing himself to be governed by his evil passions, he spurred his charger, and quickly rode up to Rosa. The latter, surprised by seeing him so suddenly, and in such visible agitation, exclaimed in a faltering voice:

"I was far from expecting to see you here, M. Dewello; I thought you were gone to the meeting."

"No! Lady Rosa," replied Stanislaus, with an emotion which he no longer sought to control, "I am by your side, most probably for the last time."

"What do you mean, I pray you?"

"You cannot be ignorant of my meaning, if it be true that you have voluntarily rejected the proposal which I yesterday had the honor to transmit to your father."

"Voluntarily!" repeated Rosa, with emphasis. "Are you aware that you do my father a grievous wrong to suppose him capable of coercing my will?"

"Then, lady, it is you who repulse me?" cried Stanislaus, with swelling indignation.

"The word is a harsh one, and I should never have used it in this case," returned Rosa, calmly; "but it is certainly true that I have accepted a nobleman for whom I have ever professed and entertained the most profound esteem."

"That is giving me to understand exactly what you think of me, and I should retire without a word more, cursing the day when I saw you first. Nevertheless I will so far humble myself as to explain to you the motive which in-

duced me to seek an interview in which I have played no very dignified part in your eyes. It is true that though I have never dared to tell you so, you were the star of my future, and for two whole years I have devoted my every thought to you, which you could not but perceive. During those two fatal years there were times when I ventured to think that my attentions were acceptable to you, and (alas! how cruelly am I punished for my presumption!) I even dared to flatter myself that I stood higher in your favor than any of my rivals. I have been deceived it appears, but say, Lady Rosa, was the fault or error altogether mine?"

Stanislaus paused, believing that his question was most embarrassing for one so frank and sincere as Rosa. The latter was, indeed, puzzled what to say, and some time elapsed before she ventured to reply; yet when she spoke her voice was calm and even firm.

"I was hesitating whether I should at all answer you, and whether respect for myself did not imperatively call upon me to put a stop at once to a conversation wherein I am every moment treated with unbecoming levity. I have at length decided to reply, less to justify myself, it may be, than to make known to you a certain order of ideas with which you appear to be wholly unacquainted. Yes! I have committed a fault in admitting, as perfectly innocent, those thousand little intimacies which society willingly sanctions; I have erred in putting faith in the disinterestedness of those who spontaneously loaded me with their kind attention, and talked so nobly and so movingly of friendship and esteem. I should have known that people of the world calculate amid their very pleasures and amusements, and will not take the slightest trouble without hope of a three-fold remuneration. I should have turned aside from those flowers which were strewn on my path but to hide its pitfalls, and should, above all, have remembered that innocence is an object of ridicule to that world, who, if permitted, will speedily tarnish its purity and wither its freshness. Simplicity and credulity are the faults whereof I have been guilty. Suffer me to tell you, however, that I think it is only myself who has a right to condemn these errors, and that I had severely done, before you took upon you to call me to account. I deny, therefore, your idle accusations. You have never been deceived by me, and to end as I have begun, I must tell you that if there were any deception in the case it was practised by you, when you knowingly surrounded me with snares, and wrested my simplest words and deeds into a meaning all your own. I have confided in you because I looked upon you as a friend, and I defy you to produce a single word of mine which could be made to bear any other interpretation."

In the course of this address Rosa had insensibly displayed all the masculine energy of her nature, her look and voice giving double force to the firmness and decision of her reply. Stanislaus was utterly confounded by the justice as well as the keenness of her reproach, and though his whole frame trembled with passion, he sought only to secure his retreat. "To persist now," said he, "would be indeed to overstep the bounds of respect. I am perfectly well aware of those whom I have to blame for your opinion of me, and so I take my leave, promising never again to obtrude myself upon you!"

Thereupon he turned down the first path, and throwing the reins on his horse's neck, permitted him to go on at random. His soul at that moment resembled a tempestuous sea, whose furious waves lash each other on with ceaseless violence: disappointment, envy, hatred, and jealousy held alternate possession of his mind, each leaving behind, as it passed away, a sting of deadly venom. Whither will he go?—what must he do? One thing is certain, Raphael must be the victim, and already he thirsts for his blood, and will force him to a combat even if it be necessary to spit upon his face. And then the Count—oh! yes! he can do for him, too—he will defeat all his projects—he will have a glorious revenge by informing the government of his plotting and planning, and that will be sure destruction. At this latter idea, Stanislaus stooped short a moment, and he felt the blush of shame kindling on his cheek, and blending with that of anger. Ha, would not that step be sure to disgrace him for ever?—Well, then, he will openly declare himself the enemy of the Count; he will meet him sword in hand on the battle-field, and there seek an honorable revenge. Yes, but then he would also be the enemy of his country, and were her defenders to obtain the victory, what a withering blow that would be! No, no—he cannot thus dishonor himself, and a sudden re-action of feeling urged him to join the assembly. With ill-suppressed emotion, he turned his steed towards the appointed rendezvous, muttering as he went, "I know how to obtain satisfaction without compromising my honor."

While Stanislaus made his toilsome way thro' the thick underwood, he was followed afar by his worthy Steward, Firley, who, having early in the

day noticed his master's unusual dejection, was determined to find out its cause. The animated manner in which Stanislaus had spoken to the young Countess (for Firley was too far off to hear the conversation) and then the abrupt termination of that interview had sorely puzzled the good man. He suspected that Stanislaus had been rejected, though if so, he was at a loss to understand why, as the only thing he had feared was that his success was certain; but now he had seen that his master was enraged, and driving his horse like a madman through the copses, he at once determined to appear before him if he possibly could, in order to turn his violent anger to some account. But what was his astonishment when, after an hour's riding, he saw Stanislaus enter a glade, where a number of gentlemen were assembled, in the midst of whom was the Count. Great was the joy of the honest steward, as creeping on all fours, he reached a spot where he could hear all that might be said.

This meeting was held in the midst of the forest, but far removed from the hunt, which was so managed as to keep aloof from this direction. This spot had been the scene of many a former conference, and was admirably suited to the purpose, being the bottom of a profound ravine, whose sides were overgrown with bushes, and the whole shaded by enormous pine trees, so as to form an almost impenetrable obscurity—at least there was, even in daylight, a gloom like that of twilight. There were present on that occasion about twenty individuals, almost all of the higher nobility, with four or five delegates from some of the neighboring cities, Grodno and Wilna among the rest. The Count was evidently the leader, and being fully sensible of the value of time when the enemy was actually in possession of his own castle, and might so easily obtain strong reinforcements, he proceeded at once to relate with the most animated gestures the late occurrences which had taken place in Warsaw, "and here," said he, laying his hand on his son's shoulder, "here is one who can bear ocular testimony to what I have told you. This, then, is the reason why I dared this morning to assert my independence, as you saw—the time of slavery is past—that of freedom is dawning on us again!"

At these words an indescribable enthusiasm took possession of all present, and forgetful of their own safety a universal cry arose of "Liberty and Poland!"

"Now, my lords and gentlemen!" cried the Count with resistless energy, "there is no more time to foresee, to deliberate, or to plan; we must act—promptly and resolutely. The grand struggle has commenced, and its success may depend on our speedy intervention. If Lithuania rises simultaneously, and interposes between the army of the Grand Duke Constantine, encamped under the walls of Warsaw and the reinforcements which he expects from Russia, we can easily subdue that army, disheartened as it is by a first defeat—we can then form a junction with our valiant brethren of Warsaw and await on our frontiers the new Russian forces. Only let us now show ourselves worthy of the task confided to us, and we go far to secure to our country that independence of which treachery and lawless violence have deprived her. Our fathers have protested an hundred times against this odious yoke of hypocritical and brutal power—let us, as they did, shed the last drop of our blood to maintain our rights against all proscription. In three days, my friends, our entire force must march on Grodno, thence, doubled and trebled (as I trust it will be) we shall proceed to Wilna, whence we may command all Lithuania. Remember ever that wherever we go our oppressed brethren await us as their liberators.—This very day I hoist the national banner in every quarter of my domains, and if you are willing, we shall name my castle as our centre of operations, as I have been appointed to the command in these parts. My claims to that high honor you all know—I began my military career under Kosciusko, and grew old under Napoleon's eagles—I have won my military rank step by step at the price of my best blood."

"Yes! Yes! none so fit as you to be our chief!" cried out the assembled Poles with one voice—"we willingly ratify the appointment, and will follow wherever you chose to lead."

"Let us then proceed at once to business," said the Count, "and in order to act with as much prudence as boldness, we must first enumerate our forces, so as to know exactly how to dispose of ourselves to the best advantage. You will each have the goodness to mention the number of men that you can reasonably expect to bring to the field. My noble friend Ubinski, who is at length associated in our projects, has undertaken to make the calculation and report it to us."

They then went rapidly on with this census of the future soldiers of Poland, fearful of making longer delay, lest it might give rise to suspicions which might then be troublesome. Whilst Raphael was engaged in taking down the numbers, the others eagerly awaiting the result, one of the noblemen present, Leopold Majosti, (who has already been mentioned as a former candidate for Rosa's hand) observed that Stanislaus Dewello was absent.

"Oh!" said the Count, quickly, "I know the cause of his absence, but it is just the same as though he were amongst us."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined Leopold, "I will answer for my friend Stanislaus!"

"My lords and gentlemen," said Raphael, as he finished his calculation, "the sum total of our force amounts to three thousand men, of whom six hundred are horsemen, fully equipped."

"Bravo!" cried the Count, gaily, "with such a force as that I shall take Grodno almost without a shot, and there our numbers will be at least doubled, I mean by armed and disciplined men, for, of course, we shall be everywhere sustained by the people. So then, comrades! all! in three days we meet again around the castle of Bialewski, and you know there are heaps of arms concealed in those woods for those who may want them. Thank God, the moment draws near when we shall fight and die, if necessary, for Poland!"

Just as the assembly divided itself into two or three groups, in order to rejoin the hunters, Stanislaus appeared amongst them. He was quickly surrounded by a number of his friends, who all

remarked his extreme agitation, and sought to learn its cause.

"Oh! it is nothing, my good friends—absolutely nothing," answered Stanislaus, making a strong effort to assume composure, "my horse took it into his head to run away with me, and the course he selected was anything but a pleasant one—so that's all, I do assure you." He was then informed of what had passed at the meeting, and he, in return, promised to bring in three hundred men. As for the Count, he feigned not to perceive the coldness of Stanislaus, and spoke to him with as much candor and good-humor as if nothing had occurred between them, and this both surprised and embarrassed Stanislaus, whose heart was, after all, strongly susceptible of kindness and generosity. Thrice happy had he been if he had not given the reins to his passions and his caprices. But unfortunately for himself he knew nothing of those internal struggles in which the soul wars against these vile passions and subduing them, obtains a more splendid victory than ever warrior gained. He had resolved to be revenged, and if, in his calmer moments, he had rejected the first promptings of his wrath, it was because he had found that they would tarnish his honor, but the thirst for vengeance still remained unquenched. Approaching Raphael, then, at the moment when the latter was putting his foot in the stirrup, he accosted him with a smile, and begged for a moment's conversation. Raphael bowed assent, and they turned aside from the others, when, after having rode for some minutes without speaking, Stanislaus stopped, sprang to the ground, and requested Raphael to do the same, his whole countenance, as he spoke, undergoing a fearful change:

"My lord," said he, in a hurried tone, "I have to demand of you an explanation, or rather satisfaction."

"You will perhaps have the goodness to inform me of the cause of this demand?" said Raphael, who showed but little surprise, for he knew full well what it was that had excited Stanislaus to such a pitch.

"The cause—the cause—," repeated Stanislaus, with considerable embarrassment, "the cause is no trifling one, and I warn you beforehand that mere idle excuses will not satisfy me—blood alone can wipe out the injury I have received."

"Oh! as to that, my dear Stanislaus," replied Raphael, coolly, "I have no intention of offering excuses where I am not aware of having done wrong. As to our shedding each other's blood, I will tell you frankly what I think of it, when you have given me your reasons for this strange demand, as otherwise I shall leave you at once."

"Well," cried Stanislaus, disconcerted by the imperturbable calmness of his rival, "you need not pretend to be ignorant of the treatment I have received from the Count, nor of the indignity which has been offered me, for all which I hold you accountable, and demand from you that satisfaction which one man of honor seeks from another!"

"A man of honor (remember, I quote your own words as addressed to me on a former occasion) a man of honor is bound in duty to withdraw his claim when a decision has been made in favor of another!"

"Oh, yes, you do well to mock me. But you will also please to remember that I then told you what were my claims and my expectations, yet you wilfully crossed my designs, and perfidiously destroyed my well-founded hopes, and I have, therefore, sworn—ay! sworn to be revenged!"

"So then," said Raphael, still maintaining his composure, "because you were pleased to cast your eyes on a young lady, you must needs have her, even against her own will and that of her father. And because I have had the good fortune to find favor in her sight, you would provoke me to deadly combat. From my soul I pity you, Stanislaus, but I cannot nor will not accede to your wishes, for if passion carries your reason captive, I have not the same excuse, and would deem it worse than madness to accept your rash challenge. Moreover, religion as well as reason forbid these barbarous combats, so unworthy an enlightened age. And again—suppose you were to fall—how would that satisfy your revenge?"

"So you will not fight?" cried Stanislaus furiously, for in proportion as he felt his conduct contemptible and unreasonable, his wrath waxed higher and higher.

"No, Stanislaus! certainly not, and you might have known as much before."

"But you shall—I will force you to it;" and snatching a pair of pistols from his holsters, he held one towards Raphael in a menacing manner—"Do not drive me to despair, I warn you," he wildly exclaimed:

"Oh! if you wish to assassinate me, the case is different," replied Raphael, with the utmost composure, "and I cannot prevent you."

Stanislaus, in the midst of his fury, quailed before the intrepid look of his former friend, and as even a momentary pause showed him the magnitude and horror of the crime he was about to commit, he threw away the pistol, and dived into the thicket.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT—THE NEW ANNUAL CREED FOR THE YEAR 1859.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

In noticing the constant periodical changes of the Protestant Church, there is no intention whatever to offer the smallest offence to Protestants themselves. On the contrary, the writer of this article has never intentionally uttered a word to wound their conscientious feelings, or to ridicule their honest religious convictions. The person who would be guilty of this reproachable discourtesy must have forgotten that a Protestant Parliament commenced, in the decline of the last century, the concession of our lost liberties; granted the power of the franchise; gave leave to acquire property; made laws for the endowment of Maynooth; permitted an equality with themselves in several offices of the State, and finally passed the Act of Catholic Emancipation. To these cases of fixed legislation can be added, in modern times, the generous facts, so anxiously, so gratefully recorded by Catholics—namely, that valuable sites for our Schools, large parcels of land for our convents, our Churches, and princely donations for all our public charities, are every day bestowed through-

out Ireland to the Catholic Bishops and people by the Protestant aristocracy, and in many instances by the Protestant Bishops and Clergy. In speaking of the Protestant Church, therefore, the argument is entirely directed against their incongruous doctrines, their annual discrepancies; and above all against the enormity, the injustice of their revenues, as well as the intolerance and the persecution of their disciples.

At first sight it might appear strange that Catholic writers should express such determined opposition to Protestant doctrines, or oppose with such unceasing industry the exorbitant wealth and the unappeasable intolerance of the Church Establishment. The answer is, that as the confiscation, the plunder of all our ancient Churches and Monastic Institutions have been exacted in the name of the one; and the principal social and political misfortunes of Ireland have been inflicted by the other, it becomes the duty of every advocate of Catholicity, of every lover of his country to expose and denounce this combined system of infidelity and oppression. By the united efforts of our ecclesiastical scholars we have raised throughout Europe by an untiring and learned publication, a cry of shame and contempt against its incongruous tenets; and we have enlisted the sympathies of the civilized world, in an expression of horror against the cruel inflictions practised upon long suffering Ireland, during centuries of woe by this relentless confederacy. The past political temper of England has, no doubt, in past times devised and executed severe laws against our liberties; but it was the ecclesiastical element that sharpened the sword, nerved the arm of the executioner, and plunged the iron into the very depths of our souls.

Even now, in the present time, when the legislature has relaxed its former exclusiveness, has extended political and religious concessions at home and abroad, the church malice, in place of being concomitantly calmed is rather increased: and in proportion as the Legislature and the Government are disposed to concession, the church redoubles its rancour, and more than balances our newly-acquired advantages by an equal or surplus amount of the bitterest social persecution. The Legislature may enact favourable laws, and appoint a just form of administration; but the church fills the hearts of the official servants of the crown with the incurable bigotry of their gospel; and poisons the stream of toleration as it runs from the source. The generalists, the ship captains are infected with this disease of malevolent righteousness, this morbid hatred of the neighbour for the love of God! They sit on several benches in the House of Lords; it is certainly seen and heard in the House of Commons; it is on the bench: we have felt it coming from the jury box. It is in goals, in hospitals, in poor houses. All Europe believes it is principally nourished in the hearts of several Irish landlords. It is in our markets, our millineries. It even goes so low that it enters kitchens and sculleries; and it publishes in newspapers that when "boots" is wanted at hotels, he need not apply if he be a Catholic! In fact, this church spreads a net-work over all the surface of Ireland: and catches and kills Catholics like vermin infesting the soil.

England has within the last year issued several commissions to investigate the blunders of her military commanders, the mistakes of the commissariat, the errors of the clothing and food of the army, and the extravagance of the expenditure of the transport marine. And considering the public discontent which has demanded these instant commissions, how can it be explained that the public indignation, or even the plain mother-sense of Englishmen passes over in silence, yet suppressed anger, the intuity, the incongruity, the failure, and the multitudinous enemies of the Church Establishment. On next Friday the Reformation, as it is called, will have completed the three hundredth of its age. It is useful thus to celebrate its birthday in order to contrast its green youth with the aged venerable Catholic Church; thus unwillingly demonstrating its modern origin, its gospel novelties, its palpable illegitimacy, and avowed usurpation. During this long period it has never been able to devise a fixed creed; nor has it ever adopted a court of adjudication on doctrine, from which there is no appeal. Without a definite head, without fixed laws, without a court of final appeal, it presents claims to public confidence and respect far and away less than the lowest courts of judicial law known in any country of Europe. If such a court is not invested with the ordinary securities recognised in our magisterial or petty sessions benches how can it be a tribunal competent to settle the laws of Revelation and of the salvation of the soul? If any thing be permanently fixed it is the eternal law of God; and if any internal persuasion be definite and unerring it must decidedly be the rule of virtue and conscience before heaven. Yet, with the period of three centuries, there it stands before mankind, as unfixed, as unsettled, as credulous as the first hour when it knelt down to adore God, in the midst of scenes of plunder, sacrilege, and blood. What a prodigy in English legislation that this incongruity should be permitted to live even one year in this pestilent mockery of Christianity.

Again, during this period, it has not been able to retain its original congregation. With the aid of the learning of its universities; with its enormous revenues; with its aristocracy; its influence; its prestige; its press; it has lost its followers. Its churches are empty; and the Unitarians, the Infidels, the Methodists, and the Catholics have their ranks increased by an annual desertion from the ranks of this Babel of heterodoxy. The records of all her colonies attest the fact that this Church has never converted one foreign island, or one foreign congregation. On this point at least she can produce no evidence of her divine mission! This failure would, on the contrary, go to prove that Heaven has not even once been attentive to her prayers for the conversion of her colonies. Ireland can be introduced in this passage with invincible effect, since after all the efforts which could be made for three hundred years, by power, money, stratagem, flattery, perfidy, persecution, poor Ireland, like an aged fond mother, has all her children clinging to her breast, with her courage unabated, her ranks still unbroken; with the exception of some few renegades who have betrayed their country, sold Christ for gold, and drunk perjury and perdition out of the same sacrilegious cup. The fable of the sick kite will best explain the cause why this Church never made a convert of one of her colonies.

"A kite had been sick a long time, and finding there was no hopes of recovery, begged of his mother to go to all the churches and religious houses in the country, to try what prayers and promises would effect in his behalf. The old kite replied: indeed, my son, I would willingly undertake any thing to save your life; but I have great reason to despair of doing you any service in the way you propose; for with what face could any thing be asked of the Gods in your name: one whose life has been a continual scene of rapine and injustice; and who has not scrupled upon occasion to rob the very altars themselves."

Cobbett in his "Reformation" has calculated the revenues of the Church Establishment in Ireland, England, and Wales; and they had amounted to the extravagant annual injustice of eight millions and a half pounds sterling! O'Connell, taking up this estimate made out by Cobbett, calculated the amount paid by all the Kingdoms of Europe to their respective Churches and Clergy, and he showed the tithes paid in Great Britain and Ireland were considerably more than the revenues of all the other denominations taken in the aggregate! Assuming, therefore, this principal to be put to interest three hundred years ago, at 3 per cent; and calculating again the facts, that this principal will about double itself in every thirty years, it will follow that after ten such doublings in the three hundred years referred to, the aggregate sum will be £2,656,000,000; that is, six thousand six hundred and fifty-six millions pounds sterling! that is more money than is at present, or perhaps ever will be, found on the entire surface of

the globe! How strange that this sum has been expended on a congregation who are still straying away and joining conventicles without a name, without influence, without blood, position, or one-shilling of their own!

Mr. Bright has at length openly, on these premises, discussed the necessity of a Parliamentary interference to remedy the disgrace and to remove the scandal of this palpable injustice and crying enormity.—And he has declared, that as the Protestant community was now only the one third of the population of the empire, this vasting nuisance must be abated in the presence of public indignation. He takes an Imperial view of this sad case, and he shows, that calculating the numbers of the Presbyterians, Methodists, Independents, Catholics, &c., the Protestants are but the one-third; and he therefore demands, as a matter of right, that this Church of the minority of the empire can no longer be permitted to perpetrate on the whole country this overwhelming injustice. The case against this confederacy called a Church is, therefore, in the year 1858, as follows:—"It has no Creed, or never had a fixed Creed: it has no internal government, finally to settle its doctrines. It is a mere collection of Readers of the Scriptures: it is like a public library, where persons go to read when they like, and go away when they please. It has failed to retain its Auditor; it has not only failed abroad, but is entirely useless at home. It has swallowed revenues that would be sufficient to make a bridge of gold from Howth to Holyhead. It has even engendered almost all the strife between classes in this country; and it is the very pest of all social and political society." This is part of the Brief of Mr. Bright; and if it be well managed by him and his associates, there can be little doubt of the speedy and final overthrow—or, I should rather say, the adjustment of the claims of this Babylon of modern times.

How pitiable to see the finest people in the world led astray by this reckless Establishment: their faith effaced: their morality a scandal: their habits brutalized: and their noble hearts infected with the characteristic bigotry of their Profession. Seeing the total degradation into which the lower classes have fallen—as exemplified by their murders, suicides, poisonings, abortions; and learning from governmental reports, that six millions and upwards of the population frequent no place of worship on Sundays, the former and present British Cabinets have taken up this forlorn case. Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Argyll, and several others of less note, have spread themselves through England, and called public meetings of the working classes. At these meetings, the audience is called on to hear speeches on "social science": two pretty words, indeed; but which mean—"any employment that can keep them from the bestial imbecilities and the stunting crimes of the Country!"

"Lord Macaulay declares that the lower classes are savages and Pagans."

"Lord Palmerston says that, in England, there is a spiritual destitution more grinding than a material famine."

"Lord John Russell asserts that there is a religious waste in England, almost beyond the power of reclamation."

"Mr. Gladstone thinks that declamation, elocution, and essays on poetry, and loud reading in each other's houses in the evening, is an excellent practice to cultivate the morbid mind of the working classes."

Except that we are convinced that these speeches were actually delivered by the cabinet ministers and others, one would suppose he was reading some absurd romance! But so it is. John Bull must no longer frequent the beer-shop, or the skittle ground; he must now learn to dance, to sing, to recite poetry, to read aloud, to deliver Gannings' speeches for his wife and children; to work sums in Gough's arithmetic, and do such other astounding things, that no other such amusing capers of the cabinet minister have occurred in Great Britain since the far-famed crusade of the hundred preachers coming to Ireland to convert the nation in one day! The church has failed to teach the public mind the Bible societies are at a discount; and hence the Cabinet have changed the practices of praying; and are determined to try if they can dance the nation into morality and faith!

Concomitantly with this Cabinet freak is the new Church creed, said to be ready for publication early in the next year 1859. This new creed is nothing more than a religious conference of all creeds: the same as lately took place in Prussia. It is like the exhibition of all nations as planned and carried out by Prince Albert. And the idea is, that whatever is seen to be good in the foreign creeds may be adopted in England; and a creed complete in all its parts will soon be published for the improvement and the evangelization of the people of England!

In fact the nation is run mad. The Bible Societies have nothing to do: the Church has fallen: the soil is flooded with crime; and the ministry are trying to stop the deluge by a dodge, and a harlequinade which must also fail, and still further expose the degraded state of English education and English morality.

November 18, 1858. D. W. C.

(From the Western Banner.)

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.—The public have been terribly exercised during the past few weeks over the case of a little boy named Mortara. Meetings have been held, and resolutions adopted, and leading articles written, by the dozen, for the sake of asserting the "paternal rights" of a Jewish father as against the law of a Christian State. Accepting all these evidences of interest in the subject of "paternal rights" as honest, surely no better time than the present could be chosen for a dispassionate review of the manner in which the same rights are treated nearer home. There is no special attraction, that we know of, in a Jew, which is not to be found in a Christian. Then, again, if we have sympathy to spare, it is not fitting that we should distribute it in our immediate vicinities, granting the objects to be equal in other respects? The custom in reference to juveniles of the poorer classes enforced in New York, Buffalo, and St. Louis, is, so far as our experience extends, neither more nor less than an organized conspiracy against the "rights" that we hear so much about. We specify these three cities, not because we believe them to be any worse than others in proportion to population, but simply because we can vouch, on personal knowledge, for every statement in which we may make in regard to them. In New York, constant boast is made that 10,000 children of Irish parents are yearly sent out to the Western States and apprenticed to Protestants, by the mere agency of the Children's Aid Society, conducted, until lately, by a man named Pease. This immense army is picked up from the streets in the same manner as Ward traps his troops, and is wholly distinct from a still larger body of juveniles first arrested for vagrancy, afterwards deposited for a time in the State Asylum, and bound out, until they arrive at their majority, to that whoever will take them. That is to say, here are 10,000 children yearly taken up without the slightest form of law, condemned to loss their liberty without the shadow of a trial, and subsequently perverted, boastfully perverted, from the creed of their parents, who are either too poor to go to law, or whose poverty is made an excuse for withholding their offspring. In Buffalo, seventy per cent. of all minors in the hands of the Refuges belong, by right, to the Catholic Church, and the same tactics are adopted towards them. By a law passed in '56, every minor found idle or truant, might be arrested, and his parents, no matter how poor or unfringed, were obliged to give bonds in a large amount for his future safe-keeping, or failing to do so, were legally declared to have forfeited their authority. In our own city, not only are idle and truant children taken up, but, as we have proved, they are stolen from their parents' bosoms, disposed without their parents' knowledge, and sent to places where they must grow up to hate their parents' religion. In all the three cities, we thus find a common unanimity of belief in the idea that poverty destroys the parents natural

rights over their children, and, in St. Louis, that he has no rights, be he poor or even well-to-do, if any his little ones. These remarks have no reference whatever to orphan youths, or such as are arrested for crimes of any sort, although, in a minor merely involves the temporary suspension of parental authority. Roman Law considers a Jewish father an improper guardian for a Christian child, because of his Judaism. American opinion and American practice forever deny to a parent the right to his own offspring, because of his poverty. We do not presume to decide which is the better plea for a republican people. We have been searching for the original of our modern Recruiting-Sergeants for Houses of Refuge. We found some of their system in Tallemand's report to the Regicide Assembly of 1791; we found more of it in the Great Frederick's attempt to fuse his scrap-iron Empire into one malleable mass: but the true model of the whole system existed in earlier days and farther east; in the treatment of the conquered Christians of the lower Empire, and the Institutions of the Janizaries. We must quote an American historian for this audacious parallel, and we invite Mr. Prescott to prove the perfect identity of the two systems. From the Fourth Book of his "Phillip II.," we take this passage:

"But the most remarkable of the Turkish institutions, the one which may be said to have formed the keystone of the system, was that relating to the Christian population of the empire. Once in five years a general conscription was made, by means of which all the children of Christian parents who had reached the age of seven, and gave promise of excellence in mind or body, were taken from their homes and brought to the capital. They were then removed to different quarters; and placed in seminaries where they might receive such instruction as would fit them for the duties of life. Those giving greatest promise of strength and endurance were sent to places prepared for them in Asia Minor. Here they were subjected to a severe training, to abstinence, to privations of every kind, and to the strict discipline which should fit them for the profession of a soldier. From this body was formed the famous corps of the Janizaries."

"Another portion were placed in the capital, or the neighboring cities, where, under the eye of the Sultan, as it were, they were taught various accomplishments, with such smattering of science as Turkish, or rather Arabian, scholarship could supply. When their education was finished, some went into the Sultan's body-guard, where a splendid provision was made for their maintenance. Others intended for civil life, entered on a career which might lead to the highest offices in the state."

"As all these classes of Christian youths were taken from their parents at that tender age when the doctrines of their own faith could hardly have taken root in their minds, they were, without difficulty, won over to the faith of the Koran; which was further commended to their choice as the religion of the state, the only one which opened them the path of preferment. Thus set apart from the rest of the community, and cherished by royal favor, the new converts, as they rallied round the throne of their sovereign, became more staunch in their devotion to his interest, as well as to the interest of the religion they had adopted, than even the Turks themselves."

In what essential does the place of our Refugees differ from that of Orphan or Amurath? Might not a Turkish courier of the 14th century have used, with as good reason, for the institution of the Janizaries, every argument used in defence of the impressment of the children of the poor? In vain the unhappy Christian father of Syria or Greece might plead his parental rights against the arbitrary will of Sultans, the armed conquerors of his race and territory. Shall the unhappy Christian parent in free America be equally without resource against the proselytism of the majority? Shall he also be doomed to see his offspring taught to detest his, perhaps unpractical, but still revered religion? Must he live to see his own flesh and blood armed and equipped for the permanent suppression of the class from which they sprang? "The Janizaries," says Gibbon, "fought with the zeal of proselytes against their idolatrous countrymen"—meaning the Christians. Was it to rear a race of Janizaries for the New World the young men and maidens of the Old crossed the Atlantic, allured by the promise of civil and religious freedom for all? These are questions which it is our right, our duty to ask, and no clamor of the advocates of child-stealing will prevent us ringing them in the public ear, until they are fairly met and fully answered.

(From the N. Y. Irish Vindicator.)

OUR FAST YOUNG MEN.—We live in a fast country, and also in a fast age. The progressive spirit is, of course, a characteristic of every state in the Union, but perhaps it applies to none with so much force as to the state, and particularly the city, of New York. Our Empire City is great in size, great in wealth, great in power, great in commerce, great in its free institutions. Unfortunately it is also great in vice, great in irreligion, great in crime, great in political corruption and last, but not least, great in its "fast" young men. Take up any of our morning papers, and nearly one half its contents will be found to be made up of reports of murders, burglaries, robberies, forgeries, rapes, seductions, elopements, or some other offences, of greater or less magnitude. Who are the principal actors in these crimes? For the most part boys and girls (particularly the former), between the ages of fifteen and twenty. In Europe your heavy villains are men of age and experience, who have, by a slow and gradual process, passed through the several degrees of criminality. Here unburdened youths monopolize the highest walks of vice, and play the leading roles in most of the assassinations, murders, robberies, and the beastly sins of carnality. Our "fast" young men it is who are running away with the morals of the country, upsetting the whole social fabric, and rapidly bringing ruin and destruction upon the country. Let any of our readers take a stroll in Broadway, or any other of the fashionable thoroughfares of the city, and watch the endless tide of human beings, flowing in all directions, bent on the various pursuits and duties incident to the different stations of life. Who will he observe flying apart, in gay equipage, rigged out according to the latest fashion, and resplendent with the most costly diamonds and jewelry, attracting the attention of everybody, and apparently known to everybody, if one may judge by the frequent nods and signs of recognition which greet him as he dashes onward?—Who, but the fast young man—perhaps the son of some wealthy old "Governor," but more often, only the half-paid clerk belonging to some of our large mercantile establishments, or perhaps, the extravagant offspring of too fond and too foolish parents, who, rather than "break the spirit" of their darlings, permit them to grow up in idleness and vanity, and convert many who, if properly directed, might be useful members of society, into vagabonds, swindlers, robbers, and murderers. Enter the bar-rooms and drinking-saloons, which abound in our city, and who, but the "fast" young men, do we find to be the principal supporters? Who are the "lifs" of the dance-houses and dens of infamy? Who fill our station-houses, prisons, penitentiaries, and houses of correction? Still the fast young men. Who are they on their trial, every day, in our criminal courts charged with forgery, burglary, seduction, robbery, homicide, murder? Again the "fast" young men, the "smart" young men, the "perfect" brinks, and the "jolly good fellows." Do we exaggerate the picture? Alas! the fact is even worse than we could paint. We were to employ the blackest colors. It is not scarcely necessary to illustrate, but by way of confirmation, we may point to the horrid battery of Thirtieth street, which so recently agitated the community to the very core: We may point, also, to the brutal murder in Cincinnati of an unfortunate courtizan, a full account of which we publish in

Who were the perpetrators of these crimes but "fast" young men, and if it be a fact, as we have arrived at, that we have arrived at an alarming state in the criminal history of the country...

At the adjourned road sessions at Kildysart lately, the assent of the cess-payers was given to a plan for the construction of a new branch of road intended to open a communication between Labasheeda village and Redgap point...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty arrived at Castleknock on Monday, Nov. 15th, and visited the convent on Tuesday, where he was greeted by all the clergy of the deanery.

The Rev. Mr. Hughes, administrator of Carlow, who has been appointed to the pastorate of Naas, vacant by the death of Father Doyle, left Carlow on the 16th ult., for his new residence, much regretted by all classes in Carlow.

The Presentation Brethren, Killybeg, beg to record their grateful thanks to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, for his munificent donation of £100, towards the erection of their monastery and schools, together with a quantity of valuable building materials.

Very Rev. Father Oosgrave, of the Franciscan Convent, Wexford, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £50 from Nicholas Whitty, Esq., Summer-hill, the bequest of his late brother, Andrew Whitty, Esq., for pious uses.

A correspondent of the Rosecombe Messenger writing from Strokestown, Nov. 14, says of the Jesuit Fathers—" Their mission here terminated magnificently to day. Father Healy, standing on the altar, required the thousands present to renew their baptismal promises, and they did so in a solemn manner; their voices united, swelling like a surging ocean, seemed to shake the galleries. He then pronounced the Papal Benediction, and the "Amen" from ten thousand voices, reverberating the distant thunder, proclaimed that the ceremonies had closed.

The Galway line has concluded a contract with Palmer, Bros. & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the construction of three first-class side wheel steamers, to be ready for sea respectively in January, June, and August next.

The rapid progress of the Castlereagh and Athlone Railway works, under the direction of the contractors, Messrs. Smith & Knight, is most satisfactory, and cheering.

A meeting composed of gentlemen of wealth and respectability was held at Smith's Hotel, Killybeg, Co. Clare, on the 8th ult., Colonel Gordon Moore presiding in the chair, for the purpose of promoting the construction of a railway line between Killybeg and Killybeg.

An inquest was held at Schull on Saturday, November 12, before Paul Limerick, Esq., coroner for the West Riding, upon the body of Patrick Burke a quiet and inoffensive young man, who was murdered under circumstances of the most fearful atrocity.

On Nov. 5, the Sub-Sheriff, Gerald Fitzgerald, Esq., assisted by the bailiffs, John Quirk and Richard Kinneally, and a party of nine policemen, proceeded to the lands of Clashnacronagh, to take possession of some cattle under a civil bill decree, against the defendant John Phelan.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The British Board of Trade returns for October, show a falling of nearly £717,000 in value of exports as compared with the same month of last year.

Intelligence had reached Lloyd's of the loss of eight Quebec homeward bound ships, including the ships Peerless, Barbara, and Rankin; barks Lady Campbell, Petrel and Claude, and brig Wilkinson.

William Lemon Oliver, the London Stock Broker, who was found guilty of forgery and applying to his own use securities and property entrusted to his care, had been sentenced to twenty years penal servitude.

Tuesday morning, in the Court of Queen's Bench, a rule nisi was granted on the application of the Rev. Alfred Poole, calling upon the Archbishop of Canterbury to show cause why a mandamus should not be issued commanding him to enquire into the matter of the appeal which Mr. Poole made, and to decide upon the merits of such appeal.

New Submarine Cable.—There is nothing which illustrates so forcibly the complete infancy of the science of submarine telegraphy as the important discoveries and improvements which are daily taking place in all that relates to it.

In this city, says the Clare Freeman, we are happy to say, nothing has occurred which would lead us to suppose that agrarian disturbances are likely to become general. As to two or three threatening notices about moor land which the police found posted up a few days ago in this town, we do not think the slightest importance is to be attached to them.

A county meeting of magistrates, conveyed by the lieutenant, has been held in Borris-in-Ossory, Queen's County, to take into consideration what measures should be adopted relative to the murder of Mr. Ely. The Right Hon. John Wilson Fitzpatrick, Lieutenant of the county, was called to the chair.

The Londonderry Standard says—"As any information relative to the habits, manners, or instincts of the Ologouneely 'savages'—a race so exceedingly bad that the landlord organs, not being aware of their close affinity to humanity, have been unable to speak of them with as much decency as a country squire would talk of his fox-hounds—must be interesting to the student of natural history, we extract the following from the Sentinel:

"Sir,—So much has lately been said to the dispraise of the people of Ologouneely that I cannot forbear to mention the excellent conduct displayed to-day by a number of them. An out-house, containing several hundred weight of flax took fire this afternoon, within five yards of my dwelling house. The moment the smoke was seen, the globe tenants, men, women, and children, hurried to the spot. By the time they arrived the fire had gained great power, but so heartily and vigorously did these poor people exert themselves—some in fetching water and throwing it on the flames, while six men went into the burning house and threw out the blazing flax—that in less than two hours the fire was completely extinguished. A few of Mr. Nixon's tenants, from Lower Bay, assisted the Myra people: and no one asked for any remuneration for their hard work."

On Nov. 5, the Sub-Sheriff, Gerald Fitzgerald, Esq., assisted by the bailiffs, John Quirk and Richard Kinneally, and a party of nine policemen, proceeded to the lands of Clashnacronagh, to take possession of some cattle under a civil bill decree, against the defendant John Phelan.

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UNITED STATES.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN T. RODDAN.—With very sincere regret we read in the Boston Pilot, the death of the Rev. John T. Roddan, of the Diocese of Boston. He expired at the Episcopal residence on Friday the 3d inst. His disease was dropsy, from which he had suffered for some time, till a fatal termination was not feared as at hand till a few days before his death.

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YANKEE ROWDYISM OR THE FRUIT OF STATE-SCHOOLISM.—The N. Y. Tribune says:—"There is the fact—not a pleasant one certainly—but there is the fact. We believe that an unprotected woman would be safer among the savage tribes of America or Africa than in the streets of New York. Compared with a thorough-paced New York 'rowdy,' the Digger Indian rises into celestial altitudes of refinement, courtesy and humanity."

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives of Georgia by a vote of fifty-six to fifty-two, prohibiting the intermarriage of first cousins, under a severe penalty, and cutting off the inheritance of issue. The preamble to the bill asserts that many deformations of mind and body are caused by near kindred intermarriage.

MARTIN WALLACE, who murdered Barney McEntee on 16th Feb. last, near Eagle Bridge, was executed on the 1st inst., at Salem, Washington county, N. Y.

NEWSPAPER RIVALRY IN NEW YORK.—The New York Correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial, relates the following incidents of newspaper rivalry in the metropolis:—"Newspaper enterprise, even in New York, is not always crowned with success. Here is a case in point: Bernet, of the Herald, having managed to smuggle a reporter on board the Niagara, it will be remembered, distanced all his rivals by the earliest and most accurate intelligence from the Atlantic Telegraph squadron. The Times, which is looked upon as his immediate rival, never forgave the then Secretary of the Navy (Toucey), for that bit of favoritism, which denied to other journals a privilege accorded to the Herald alone. Well, when the Paraguay Expedition was on the eve of departure, the other day, it struck the Times that it would not be a bad idea to have a correspondent on board one of the squadron, and special influences were brought to bear upon General Cass, for the necessary permit. Those influences were successful. A special correspondent was chartered forthwith, and a comfortable state-room was assigned to Mr. Sewell, [that is his name] on board the 'Sabine'.

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utterable things: he was certain there must be some mistake. But the Minister said he had no time to argue the matter; the 'Sabine' was about to sail, his orders were imperative; Mr. Sewell must shortly go ashore, 'bag and baggage,' forthwith. Saying which he left the sanctum, and sure enough, in the course of an hour thereafter 'our correspondent' was ignominiously put ashore. But the laugh does not come in here. About an hour after the 'Sabine' had cleared the Narrows, and had fired her farewell shot, it came out that the Envoy Extraordinary had been the victim of an extraordinary hoax; Gen. Cass was telegraphically requested to explain, and he did explain by pronouncing the revocation of the permit for the Times' correspondent a forgery, expressing his profound regret, and assuring the Times' folks and Mr. Sewell of distinguished consideration, &c., &c. Now, the place where the laugh comes in is here—when I add—that there is every reason to suspect that the bogus dispatch was the malicious concoction of a rival newspaper establishment, which it is unnecessary to name. When it was known that the Times was to have a 'special' on board the 'Sabine,' a council of war was held at a certain sanctum in Nassau street, and there it was resolved that the special should be squelched, by hook or by crook.—And he was squelched."

A NOBLE FELLOW.—The recent courageous and even desperate attempt of Capt. Brooks, keeper of the Paulkner's Island Light, in rescuing a captain, his wife and crew, from a wreck in Long Island Sound, deserves more than a passing notice. It will be remembered that Faulkner's Island itself is more than two miles from land, and that its only inhabitants are the keeper of the lighthouse and his family, Cap. Oliver N. Brooks. The wreck lay upon Coos Island, some two miles from this; but Capt. Brooks could see with his glass the persons in the rigging, and the sea lashed into unusual fury, making a breach high over its decks, and threatening instant destruction. It was too sad a sight for the brave man to endure; and provided as he was by the government with nothing but a small sailboat, to go between the island and the main land, he would have been fully justified in leaving them to a fate too horrible to think of. His wife was on shore, and he was alone with his family of little children; but telling them of the peril he was about to assume—a fearful peril from which he might never return—he kissed them, and calling upon God to protect them and bless his endeavors, he jumped into his frail skiff, and steered boldly into the storm and billows. There on board saw the attempt, and even in their agony wondered at his boldness, predicted its failure and grieved at what they considered an unnecessary sacrifice. But still the brave man, relying upon Providence, kept up his heart and hopes, and although every wave threatened him with destruction, he reached at last the wreck, and hailed the despairing crew with words of cheer. By the most skillful management of his boat, now shooting past, and once over the very wreck itself, he at last managed to pick them off one at a time, and then turned for the shore. But it was only by constant hailing and tremendous efforts that the boat was kept above water, and at last reached the Island, with its inmates exhausted, and nearly dead with hunger and exposure. On the shore waiting for their father, were the little children of Capt. Brooks, who with tears and screams of joy, saw the boat tossed violently upon the shore by the angry waves, with its over-taxed load of rescued mariners, who were immediately transferred to the lighthouse residence, and made welcome and comfortable. A gentleman familiar with the circumstances, and also with the dangers of the sea, assures us that it was the most daring feat he ever read of, that the boat was entirely unfit for such a service, and that nothing but unrivalled coolness, great skill as a boatman, and the hand of Providence over all, made the effort successful. Capt. Brooks thought it at least an equal chance that he should be lost; though with a proper life or surf boat, he wouldn't have hesitated an instant about going to the wreck when he first discovered the danger, and might have saved the life of the little girl—the captain's child of three years—who fell from his exhausted arms into the sea, half an hour before Capt. Brooks reached the wreck. We have known Capt. Brooks for several years as one of the most faithful men in the lighthouse service, and means will be taken to call the attention of the Government to his merits, and hope that he may be provided with a coat suitable to the kind of service he so frequently called upon to enter. There should be also, at such an exposed point, an assistant keeper; for had Mr. Brooks been lost in his efforts to save the crew of this vessel, there would have been missing to the mariner in Long Island Sound, on that night, the ever-ready beacon light of Faulkner's Island. If ever a hero deserved the public reward of bravery, that man is Oliver N. Brooks, the solitary watcher on a sea-girt island.—New Haven Register.

A "CALL" FOR JUDGE LYNSCH.—We (Montreal Herald) had the following very plain speaking commentary, on the recent acquittal of a man named H. Cole, accused of poisoning his wife in Ashtabula county, Ohio:—" Wife killing has not only become fashionable, but highly respectable. There is scarcely any difference of opinion on this subject, only in respect to the mode of doing the thing. In India they burn them up; in Turkey, stitch them up in a bag and drown them in the Bosphorus; in America the prevailing mode is poison. "There are exceptions, however, to this mode.— Sometimes we find their bodies in a well, a cistern or thrown across a railroad track; but the elite mode of murder of this kind is by poison. Hundreds of thousands are thus destroyed every year. Few of the many who are taken away in this very genteel, quiet way are ever made public. The stupor of the disease and the silence of death are favorable to this mode, and of the large number which reaches the public ear, coroners' juries or petit juries soon silence all clamor about them by the potency of their verdicts. "This is an alarming state of things to married women, at least with such a blazing example as this of Cole's; tyros in the art will be trying it on, trusting to the 'conscientious scruples' of jurors about 'changing' to get clear. No sane man or woman who has read the letter of Cole to his Canadian mistress, intercepted by Williams, can doubt for one moment his guilt. He was ensnared of that bad woman, he lived in adulterous connection with her as long as he could unknown to his wife. "To prosecute this illicit intercourse, he resolved to get rid of his wife, a young, inoffensive and charming woman, against whom no one ever spoke an evil word or entertained an evil thought. She was a mother, too—has left a little cherub of a daughter, the picture of herself. She was confiding to the last, and died without suspecting her husband's cruelty to her. "It was no great feat of the willian to make so true and unsuspecting a creature believe that she had taken 'home medicine' through her own mistake, but it is a little strange that twelve men in Ashtabula county or any other county, should be made to believe any such stuff. "Those intercepted letters, alone, were enough to convict Cole; had there been no evidence besides. The public have had these letters; passed upon them, and found him guilty.— Twelve men, however, have reversed this judgment of the people, and allowed Cole to go acquit. It is just such 'judicial' findings as this that breeds mobs in the county, and inaugurates Judge Lynch's Court. "The jury in this case legally say that Cole is innocent. Legally, we are bound to consider such a decision of the jury true, but morally we know it to be a great lie. If, through the jurisdiction of the country, such murderers go acquit, there are other tribunals they cannot escape. Law is the first resort; Lynch the last. Justice must be done in some form, better the legal if it can be, but legal or illegal it must be done. Fiat justitia ruat cælum."

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The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 17, 1858.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The *Persia's* mail of the 27th ult., arrived in town on Tuesday evening, having been carefully detained for two days on the road betwixt New York and Montreal. With the exception of the Montalembert trial, details of which from the pen of the correspondent of the *Weekly Register* will be found on our sixth page, the European news contains little of general interest. In England, every body seems to be engaged in drawing up a new Reform Bill for the Session of 1859; but nobody, as yet, seems clearly to understand what any body wants in the way of Reform. It is expected however that the Derby administration is about to bring forward a measure of its own for placing the elective franchise on a more satisfactory basis.

THE QUEBEC "HERALD," AND THE MONTREAL "PILOT."—It is a rule with us to deal only with the public and strictly official acts of our public men. Of the member of Parliament we form our opinions by his votes and speeches in the House; of the Minister, by the measures he brings forward, and the advice by him tendered to the Governor—as evidenced by the official acts of the latter. But with the non-official acts of the Ministerial adviser, and with the extra-Parliamentary action of the legislator, it is not our business to meddle.

It is upon this principle that we refuse to place any confidence in the good intentions of Mr. George Brown. We judge him, not by his liberal, or quasi-liberal after dinner speeches during the recess, and whilst strictly speaking his official or Parliamentary character may be said to be in abeyance; but wholly and solely by his speeches and votes in Parliament during the last session of the Legislature. Applying this test to Mr. Brown, and finding that during that session, his speeches all breathed a spirit of hostility to Catholics, and that he voted for the Incorporation of Orangeism, and against Separate Schools, we still hold him unworthy of Catholic support; until such time, at all events, as, by his speeches and votes in another session of the Legislature, he shall have given the lie to his unfavorable Parliamentary antecedents. It is in vain to tell us of his moderate professions and liberal speeches at certain political, but extra-Parliamentary banquets, held during the recess. Of these we cannot condescend to take any notice; nor do we attach the slightest importance to them, until they shall have been endorsed by word and act in the Legislative Assembly itself. Still we persist in demanding that Mr. George Brown, member of Parliament, be judged according to his Parliamentary antecedents.

From this rule, which with us is invariable, and universal in its application, we do not deviate, if we notice a controversy that has arisen betwixt our two cotemporaries above named, out of the reported participation of one of our Canadian notabilities in the heretical offices of the Anglican sect, during his late sojourn in England, and in compliance with the request of a distinguished personage. Of the truth or falsity of this rumor we offer no opinion; and whilst as Catholics, and we may add, as naturalised Canadians, we sincerely hope for the honor of our country, and of our religion, that it is a malicious lie, we should have no hesitation in at once pronouncing it to be so; were it not that the Montreal *Pilot* (Ministerial) not only does not deny the foul accusation, but almost admits its truth, and certainly endeavors to defend the conduct imputed to one who calls himself a Catholic. And therefore it is that—not with reference to its bearings upon the character of a Canadian official, but, as an indignant protest against the blasphemous doctrine laid down by our Montreal cotemporary—who occasionally assumes towards our Irish Catholic fellow-citizens the office of Mentor—we find ourselves compelled to notice a rumor, which we hope is a slander, and which is at all events a scandal to our religion and our adopted country. We hope however that the story will be formally contradicted by the French Catholic press, and we shall have much pleasure in giving insertion in our columns to that contradiction.

The *Quebec Herald*, however, having given publicity to the rumor, and having positively asserted that the Canadian Statesman in question,

had, in order to avoid offending an earthly sovereign, committed an act of vilest treason and apostasy against Him, who is the King of Kings and the Ruler of Princes—the *Pilot* of the 8th inst. replied, not, as we said, by giving the assertions of the *Quebec Herald* a flat and indignant denial, but by the following apology: in which it is hard to say, whether the features of the sycophant, the abject crawler before temporal dignities, or of the impious blasphemer, and contemner of the Divine Majesty, are the more apparent. Addressing itself to the *Quebec Herald*, the *Pilot* thus lays down the laws of etiquette, which according to his Protestant notions, obtain both in Courts Celestial and in Courts terrestrial:—

"Our cotemporary will be in no hurry to pardon us, we fear, if we say that the above article is conceived in the very worst taste. He knows, or ought to know, that a royal invitation, in cases where a man's secular duty, or religious sentiments, are not compromised, is held equivalent, by all judicious and well-mannered persons, to a command? The Queen herself sets a striking example of enlightened toleration of what she may, but not *must*, consider erroneous" in religious doctrine and discipline, by attending regularly, with Christian humbleness, at the ministrations of Presbyterianism in the small parish church of Crathie, in the vicinage of her own Highland home." So also have her titled visitors from England, who were, all or most of them, members of that great Protestant Establishment of which their Mistress and ours is the sworn head. Having so illustrious an example of becoming condescension in his remembrance, if not before his eyes, we do not see that a liberal-minded and well-bred man, Premier of the Canadas though he may be and is, could well refuse, even if disinclined, to obey a call to devout exercises thus presumed (for it is but a presumption after all) to have been made upon him by his gracious lady Sovereign."

Well was it for the Christian Church, that in the early days, her children were made of sterner stuff, than is the servile writer who in the XIX century of Christianity, lays down the doctrine—that the Statesman cannot well refuse to obey a call to commit that which, if the Catholic Church be not an imposture, and her doctrines a lie, is mortal and damnable sin against God, if the call proceed from an earthly Sovereign! and that for the Catholic to deny his faith, by associating even in appearance, in acts of worship with those whom his Church holds to be heretics, is "an example of enlightened toleration!" Thank God! it was not thus that holy men of old understood their duties towards God and towards man. Not as the *Pilot* reasons did they reason, when they were called upon to trample upon the cross, or to burn a grain of incense before the image of Cæsar; neither did they deem that the tolerant precepts of their religion obliged them to take part in, or give the faintest semblance even of countenance to, the impious rites of their heathen masters! It was but a little thing, a very little thing, they were called upon to do. To take a pinch of powder betwixt finger and thumb, and throw it on the fire; to bow perhaps in passing before some statue of the reigning Emperor, and they might still worship God in their own manner. Yet as these trifles involved an important principle; as in fact they amounted in the eyes of the world to a denial of Him who died for them, and of the Spiritual mother who bore them, old men, and tender virgins, preferred death, and tortures ten thousand times more bitter than death, to an act which seemed even, to imply an act of treachery to their God and to their Church. If then we honor these, the primitive martyrs of Christianity, what feelings should we entertain for the writer in the *Pilot*?

We honor too, though in a very different degree, the stubborn courage, and heroic, though misdirected zeal, of those brave and indomitable men, who in the XVII century, and in Scotland, maintained at the sacrifice of property, liberty, and life, the great doctrine of the "Headship of Christ." Unconsciously these men were fighting for a great Catholic truth—that the civil magistrate has no authority over the Church.—The "Covenanters" of Scotland were the "Ultramontanes" of Protestantism; holding and asserting, though falsely applying, the very principles which at this day distinguish the thorough going Papist from the servile and despicable Gallican.† These "Covenanters" had their faults, many and great; but from this fault at least they were free—that of an "enlightened toleration" for what they believed to be treason to their "Head;" and of deeming themselves bound "to obey a call;" even from their King, to participate in acts of worship with those whom they believed to be the enemies of their God.—We honor the natural virtues of these men.—They were heretics it is true; they were our enemies, and the enemies of our Church, even whilst unconsciously shedding their blood for one of the characteristic tenets of that Church. But they were brave, consistent, and strong-willed men; and so long as indomitable courage and inflexible fidelity to a great principle are held in honor amongst men, so long may Scotland be proud of her stern children; and so long will the abject servile doctrines of the *Pilot* be held in well merited contempt and detestation.

Our readers will perceive that we deal not with the facts as stated by the *Quebec Herald*, but with the miserable apology for a hypothetical act of apostasy, put forward by our Montreal

\* Yes! But in a Catholic country, neither the Queen nor any member of the Royal Family would go to Mass on Sundays, instead of to the Anglican Chapel.

† "Erastian" and "Gallican" are terms almost synonymous.

cotemporary. We do so lest any of our Catholic friends, misled by the impertinent assumptions of the *Pilot* to be their Mentor, should be deceived as to the teachings of the Church respecting the heinousness of such apostasy as is implied by the deliberate participation of the Catholic—upon any pretence whatsoever—in any act of Non-Catholic worship, whether it be Protestant, Mahometan, or Hindoo. Never, under any conceivable circumstances, can it be lawful for the Catholic to join, or appear even to join, in any heathen, heretical, or idolatrous worship. We are commanded under peril of mortal sin of the deepest die, to abstain from all conventicles of heathens, heretics and idolaters, lest we be partakers of their plagues; and neither to save our own lives, nor were it necessary to rescue the universe from impending destruction, would a Catholic be justified in communicating, or in consenting to appear to the world as communicating, in things spiritual with those who, if Catholicity be true, are the enemies of Christ and of His Church. "Anathema cunctis hæreticis—Anathema, Anathema," were the last words of the Fathers of the Council of Trent; and how then shall the Catholic presume to hold the semblance even of religious intercourse with those on whom the Holy Ghost, speaking through the Church, has pronounced "Anathema!" If such base condescension is styled by the *Pilot* "enlightened toleration," the true Catholic regards it as the vilest apostasy.

No! we cannot without blackest sin communicate, or appear even to communicate, things in spiritual with heathens, heretics or idolaters; neither can we, without open profession of apostasy, take part in their religious exercises. No! our toleration manifests itself in this; that we pray daily for all heathens, heretics and other aliens from the Church, though we cannot pray with them; and that we cease not to offer up our prayers to our common Father, that He will in His own good time be pleased to bring back the long wandering sheep, so that there may be but one fold, even as there is but one Shepherd, Christ, the Lord. It is in this that the Catholic should manifest his toleration, his love for his separated brethren; and in order, in so far as in him lies, to co-operate with God for their conversion, he should endeavor to set them a good example, and above all to convince them that he is himself sincere in the faith that he professes. Nothing so much militates against conversion, nothing so much tends to confirm Protestants in their heresy, as the lukewarmness and inconsistency of "liberal" Catholics. These men dare neither deny, nor yet loudly assert the Catholic doctrine, "outside of the Church no salvation." Their Protestant hearers know, however, that such is the doctrine of the Church; and they, therefore, learn to despise both the persons and the religion of those who dare not, for fear of giving offence, proclaim in the face of all men, the peculiar tenets of their Church. Thus it is that by many consistent and excellent Protestants—who, however, form their opinions from the inspection of a very limited and very inferior selection of specimens—Catholics are too often looked upon as belonging to "an inferior race;" and thus the conversion of the former is retarded, and often rendered impossible. If, however, we would wish to win the respect of our separated brethren for ourselves and for our Church, and thereby co-operate towards their conversion and salvation, let us in the name of God, always and everywhere, before the face of Princes, and in defiance of the clamors of the multitude, approve ourselves stern, uncompromising in our faith, and inflexible in our obedience to its precepts.

In replying to the series of articles that the *Courrier du Canada* has done us the honor of addressing to us, we should be wanting both in what we owe to our cotemporary and to ourselves, were we not to acknowledge the gentlemanly and conciliatory spirit in which he has met us; and we sincerely trust that he will give us credit for being animated by the same spirit towards him, even though it should appear that upon several very important details we still hold very contradictory opinions.

We say details, because in principles there can be no difference betwixt us. All Catholics must admit the truth of the principles as laid down by the *Courrier*, however much they may differ as to their particular application. That to the Church all men owe an implicit and unconditional obedience; that the State has the right to demand our submission in all things not contrary to the laws of God as revealed to us by the Church, are axioms familiar to every Catholic. We will go farther, and assert that the Catholic will, even in secular politics, be necessarily a Conservative as it is called; that is, opposed to democracy, very unwilling to countenance organic changes, the staunch defender of the rights of property, and the uncompromising champion of the "Family" as against "Socialism" in all its phases. These principles we hold in common with our Quebec cotemporary, and every consequence that flows logically from them we are fully prepared to admit. This premised, we will proceed to the consideration of the *Courrier's* articles, contained in his issues of the 24th and

29th ult., and of the 3d instant, in reply to ours of the 19th ult.

The object of that article was to impress upon our influential cotemporary the importance of making his readers, and Catholic fellow-countrymen acquainted with the nature and objects of Orangeism—the monster which menaces them as seriously, if not as immediately as it does their Irish co-religionists; and of inducing the former to exert their political privileges so as to enforce upon their representatives in Parliament, and in the Ministry, the duty of abstaining from giving to it the slightest semblance even of countenance or encouragement. We argued in fine, that it was the duty and interest of all French Canadians to compel, by all constitutional means in their power, their rulers to adopt the same policy towards Orangeism in Canada, as has already been adopted towards it by the Imperial Government in the United Kingdom, and as was clearly indicated by the Report of the Select Committee of the British House of Commons; a work which we believe is to be found in the library of our own Legislative Assembly, but with whose contents it is to be feared our Canadian legislators are not very familiar. This was the object of our appeal to the *Courrier du Canada*; and even after a careful perusal of his articles in reply, we cannot out avow our candid opinion that he has not as yet furnished us with any satisfactory reason for his refusal to comply therewith.

For it cannot be denied that nine hundred and ninety-nine of his fellow-countrymen are in a state of the most profound and deplorable ignorance as to the real nature and objects of Orangeism; and that the thousandth knows but very little about those objects. Of this we have a striking instance in the columns of the *Courrier du Canada*, wherein our talented, and on all other topics well-informed cotemporary perpetrates the following blunder, which we would pass over in silence were it not so truly dangerous. For instance in his issue of the 29th ult. he says:—

"But what we must not ignore or lose sight of, is, that this Secret Society (Orangeism) is rather—*est plus encore*—a political association, than a religious organisation."

Now every one who knows anything of the origin and history of Orangeism, as published by Orangemen, knows that the very reverse of this is the truth; and that Orangeism is, and always has been, essentially a "religious" or anti-Catholic "organisation," and that is only accidentally "a political association." The avowed objects of Orangeism, the very Alpha and Omega of its existence are—to use its own formula—"Protestant Ascendancy;" and consequently the humiliation and ultimate overthrow of Popery. To attain this end it adapts itself by turns to any and every form of politics. At one moment it boasts of its attachment to the House of Hanover; at another, it is foremost and loudest in the cry for "Annexation." If it suits its purpose it can array itself in the guise of the Tory and ultra-Royalist; but as often may it be found in the sad-colored garments of the regicide Puritan, doing homage to the memory of Oliver Cromwell. Inconsistent in all else, it is steady to this alone; that by every means, and with ever-varying tactics, it pursues its one great object—which as we said before is summed up in the short sentence, but to Catholic ears one most pregnant of meaning—"Protestant Ascendancy."

The mistake of our respected cotemporary, the *Courrier du Canada* upon this all-important point is the more extraordinary, as only a few weeks ago we published the official declaration, or "Pronunciamento" of the Orange Society, in reply to the overtures made by Lord Derby's administration for its dissolution. This reply was published in the *Downshire Protestant*, the recognised organ of Orangeism—recognised in the same sense, and to the same extent as the *Monteur* is recognised as the organ of the French Government, or the *Toronto Globe* of Mr. George Brown's particular clique. This document, or rather the concluding portion thereof, we published in our issue of the 29th of October, in the hopes that some at least of our French Canadian cotemporaries would re-produce it, in order to make their readers acquainted with the nature and real designs of Orangeism. In order, however, that there may be no mistake upon such a vitally important point, one indeed which is the main point at issue betwixt the TRUE WITNESS and the *Courrier du Canada*, we publish it again, respectfully requesting of our esteemed cotemporary that he will do us the justice, and his Catholic fellow-countrymen the service, of re-producing it in his columns; in order that the latter may be enlightened as to the merits of Orangeism, and the TRUE WITNESS justified in his opposition to any and every government that gives any semblance even of countenance or encouragement to such an essentially "anti-Papal" Society.

ORANGE MANIFESTO.

"That the dissolution of the Orange Society is desired in certain high quarters we have very good cause to know. We can see many reasons why such a dissolution should be desired by the same parties. Coquetry with the Popish party will not be profitable while there is a powerful Orange organisation possessing great electoral influence in Ireland, and upon the favor of which certain members of Lord Derby's Government depend for their seats in parliament.—We are almost tired of writing, but John Bull is some-

times rather dull and stupid—the Orange Society is not merely an anti-Riband, but an anti-Papal organisation; and therefore it will exist, as it has existed, utterly irrespective of Lord Derby's or any other Government. Lord Eglintoun is an amiable nobleman. We believe that he sincerely desires the welfare and prosperity of Ireland. But that there may be no mistake made, and no time thrown away that might be better employed, we clearly, emphatically, and distinctly declare that no act or acts of Lord Derby's Government can or could induce the Orange Society to betray the cause of Irish Protestantism by dissolving itself. And we desire it to be understood that this declaration is not the mere expression of individual sentiment, but the enunciation of the fixed and unalterable determination of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland and of every Orange lodge in the kingdom. Plain speaking is sometimes desirable. It will save the Derbyites a world of trouble if the subject of the dissolution of the Orange Institution be dropped for the future. We believe that the bare suggestion of such a thing by the Government of Lord Derby would array against that Government every Orangeman in Ireland; and as we by no means desire, notwithstanding its shortcomings and misdoings, to see that event occur, we venture to offer the foregoing suggestion to the earnest consideration of all those who do not wish to see the Derbyite Government antagonised by the Protestants of Ireland. There is plenty of work for those Derbyites, who are also good Protestants, to do. Let them oppose Maynooth, protest against Popish Reformatories, and demand the withdrawal of Popish chaplains from the army. All these have been supported by Lord Derby's Government, we grieve to say; and thus an additional reason has been afforded by the Government of Lord Derby for the continuance of the Orange Society. The Orange Society will dissolve one day we may, however, promise; and that will be when there is no Popery."

The *Courrier du Canada* will also pardon us if we take the liberty of correcting another error into which he seems to have fallen, respecting the TRUE WITNESS. On more than one occasion he seems to imply that we have advocated an alliance of the Irish Catholics of Canada with Mr. George Brown and his "Clear-Crit" or democratic friends. We know not how we can have incurred this suspicion; but that we may not be misunderstood again, we repeat what we had hoped we had already clearly expressed before, with respect to the said alliance; and that is, that we look upon such an alliance as neither possible, nor desirable even were it possible; and that it would be almost as dishonoring to Catholics, as an alliance with the Orangemen.

On the contrary, had we any influence we would use it all to persuade our Irish Catholic friends against allowing themselves to be dragged in triumph behind the chariot wheels of democracy; and we would tell them that betwixt them and the "Clear Grits," or demagogues of Upper Canada there was, there could be nothing in common. That the latter were the enemies of their race generally, and of their creed always; that they were the pledged opponents of "Freedom of Education," and the main support of their hereditary foe, Orangeism; that if with fair words, and studied smiles they sought the aid of the Irish Catholics, it was with the deliberate design of betraying and abandoning them, whenever they should have served the purpose for which their alliance was courted. We would exhort them to stand boldly, even though alone, by their Catholic standard, and to fight stoutly, even if single-handed, the good fight for civil and religious liberty. We would tell them, that their natural allies, with whom alone they could contract a profitable and permanent union, were their French Canadian fellow-citizens, and brother Catholics; and that he who sought to sow disunion, or to widen the breach, that unhappily to a certain extent exists between them, was the enemy of both. We would, in short, humbly endeavor to bring about and cement a firm union betwixt the Irish, and French-Canadian Catholics; believing that in that union is to be found the surest pledge for the happiness of both; for the integrity of Lower Canadian institutions, for Upper Canada Catholic schools, and the interests of the Church.

Of the obstacles to this desirable union we shall treat in our next.

L'Ordre is the title of a French Canadian journal that has lately made its appearance in Montreal; and which, judging from the numbers that have already been issued, promises to be a most valuable acquisition to the Catholic press of Lower Canada. Its editorial articles are characterised by much spirit and ability; and the principles of which it proclaims itself the champion are such as should procure for it the support of every intelligent and zealous Catholic. As a specimen, we lay before our readers the following extract on the "School Question," from L'Ordre of the 14th instant:—

"Admitting Separate Schools as a principle, the system actually in operation in Upper Canada, absolutely excludes them, in practice. In other words, the school law for that section of the Province is the most dangerous obstacle that could be opposed to the education of Catholic youth."

"A law for mixed schools, an open persecution, a frank and public denial of their religious rights would be better for the Catholics of Upper Canada, than the existing law; by means of which justice is done theoretically, but is practically denied to them. By this infernal policy, they have been placed in a position where their enemies can treat them as grumblers and grasping, every time that they open their mouths to demand justice, full and entire."

In the above sentiments we need scarcely add that we do most fully coincide; or that we heartily congratulate ourselves upon the accession to our ranks of such a vigorous champion of "Freedom of Education" as is our new cotemporary L'Ordre. Long life to him, and a faithful and prosperous career.

It is with regret that we have to announce the death of M. Le Commandeur Viger—a name that will long be held in honor in Canada—who, surrounded by all the consolations of the Church, departed this life on Sunday 12th inst; dying as he had lived, a sincere Christian, and a faithful Catholic. May his soul repose in peace.

"PRELATIC SIMPLICITY" AND "EDITORIAL DUPLICITY." Under the first caption, the Montreal Pilot (Ministerial) of Monday last has a paragraph strikingly illustrative of the second, or "Editorial Duplicitv," which we cannot allow to pass unnoticed.

It seems that His Lordship of Bytown delivered on the 2nd inst., before the Institute of Toronto, a lecture, wherein he passed in review the prominent features of the Imperial Government of France; and spoke of Louis Napoleon as "an eminently religious man," and as having by his acts vindicated his title of a "Christian Prince."

"PRELATIC SIMPLICITY."—On the evening of Thursday, 2nd inst., "Monsieur" of Bytown delivered a lecture in the hall of the Ottawa Institute to a numerous auditory, his subject being an elaborate critique on the sayings and doings of Louis-Napoleon.

It would be well with the editor of the Pilot, if he could establish his right to be treated as a gentlemanly and independent journalist, as easily as the present Emperor of the French can establish his claim to be considered, since his accession to supreme power, as an excellent and truly Christian Prince; who may have committed blunders indeed, as he is but mortal; but who has upon the whole approved himself the friend of religion and of order, and under whose reign the foul spirit of irreligion, obscenity, and democracy, has been steadily and sternly rebuked.

With the rumored excesses of his early years we have nothing at present to do, for we speak of Louis Napoleon the Emperor. Neither do we pretend to defend the system which that great man administers; because, bad as in many respects that system may be, and inferior as it undoubtedly is to a constitutional system of government, we must remember that he is not its author; and that owing to the triumph of demagoguism, and the revolutionary destruction of all checks upon military despotism, Caesarism is unfortunately the only system at present possible in France.

He has encouraged religion and religious education; he has been foremost in every good and charitable work; he has repressed anarchy and discontinued libertinage; in company with his Empress, the amiable Eugenie, he has given a noble example of purity, and conjugal fidelity to his people; and has thus in a great degree imparted a healthier moral tone to French society, long depraved by revolutionary excesses.

Finally, we may be permitted to express our hopes that the Irish Catholics of Montreal will adopt means for silencing the Pilot their opinion of one who eagerly seizes every opportunity for ridiculing and insulting the Prelates of their Church. But perhaps he will tell us that his fat jobs in the shape of Government printing, enable him to despise and dispense with Irish Catholic patronage.

OUR POLITICAL POSITION.

TO THE CATHOLICS OF UPPER CANADA. It cannot have escaped your observation, Gentlemen, that the Catholic position, at the present moment, is somewhat anomalous. In the words of the poet—

"Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus." At all times numerically weak, you are at the present moment, through division into parties, perfectly impotent for good; whilst your condition will doubtless be taken advantage of by your enemies to improve their vantage ground. To such as study your position, it must be evident that you are divided into three distinct and clearly defined parties, of which the three Catholic newspapers may be considered the exponents.

Such, then, being the state of parties, it becomes you, Gentlemen, to consider calmly and dispassionately their individual and relative positions, and their claims upon you, as conscientious Catholics, for support or opposition.

In viewing the Ministerial claims for support, you will not fail to have observed, that they rest solely upon certain supposed claims of gratitude for favors received at their hands—these favors consisting of certain half-measures granted you on the all-important question of education. You have been allowed to exercise the right (of which no power, short of the Omnipotent, could deprive you) of educating your children according to the dictates of your conscience; always provided you fulfil certain onerous, vexatious and often expensive conditions attached to the enjoyment of this natural and inalienable right.

And now, Gentlemen, with regard to the Ministerial claims to your opposition. As men and as citizens, if you would conscientiously fulfil your duties as such, you are bound at all times to resist dishonesty and corruption; whether in the petty theft of your handkerchief from your pocket in a crowded thoroughfare, or in a gigantic swindle by a Government official, with the connivance of his superiors.

A. U. We think our respected correspondent misjudges the Toronto Freeman who, as found, is we believe as heartily opposed to Radicalism as is the True Witness.

FAILURE OF THE REVIVAL.—At the first outbreak of the late revival epidemic, the Rev. Theodore Parker, the most eloquent Protestant divine of the United States, prophesied its results as destined to be very short-lived; and told the world that a score of such convulsive moments would never close a dram shop, or liberate a slave.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The regular weekly meeting of this Association was held at their Hall, 87 McGill Street, on Thursday night, 9th December.

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, Esq., presided; Geo. E. Clerk, Esq., First Vice-President, at his right, and the Director, the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, at his left.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted, and new members enrolled. The question in order for debate—"Whether Literary Societies or Private Studies, are more conducive to the diffusion of knowledge"—was discussed.

The following question—"Whether the Soldier or the Man of Letters, confers greater benefit on his country?"—was fixed for discussion, on Thursday night next, the 23rd Dec.

Notices of motion for admission of members, &c., having been disposed of, the meeting adjourned.

THOS. J. WALSH, Rec. Sec.

SECRET SOCIETIES.—We learn with regret—but seeing the official encouragement given to Orangeism in Canada, certainly not with the least surprise, that these pests of society are spreading in the Upper Province.

"The fact is that Secret Societies of a religious and political character develop these base passions which manifest themselves in murder and arson; and these Societies are revived by designing men for selfish and personal ends. The only way that Canada will be cleaned of these secret political cabals, is, by every Canadian who loves and respects his country, showing disfavor to all public men who are anxious to revive the curse of Ireland in Canada."

This is what we have been saying for these several years past, and now the evil is upon us. The advice of the Picton Times is excellent, but alas! our Canadian rulers love peace and their quarter's salaries far more than they "love and respect their country." Hence their base pandering to Orangeism; hence too, as the inevitable consequence the growth of counter secret societies, which the Picton Times now, when it is too late, so pathetically deploras.

THE "NATURAL VICE" OF SCOTLAND.

"We could point to men who were once Ministers of the Gospel, now teaching third class schools; playing the violin in the streets for coppers, and occupying the most menial offices. . . . Men and women, worshipping with you in the same sanctuary, living with you in the same street, meeting you daily in the ordinary intercourse of life, and regarded in the community as highly respectable persons, are drinking away health and happiness and means. . . . Did delicacy permit, we could detail at length cases which have come under our own observation, and which prove that even within the pale of the Church this fell destroyer is banishing from homes called Christian every vestige of human happiness. . . . Who, acquainted with what drink is doing in our various Christian congregations, cannot point to many cases equally deplorable? Did ministers and medical men publish to the world the knowledge they have acquired of drink's doings; the houses of the respectable and professedly religious, a revelation would be made, &c. . . . It is a most humiliating fact, that the great body of our people have no idea of recreation or enjoyment, but such as they find in drunkenness. . . . The Saturday night's visit to the public-house, and the Sabbath mid-day dram, do not a little blunt the understanding and deaden the affections, and beget that drowsiness so much at variance with the profitable hearing of the Word. . . . Drunkenness is a charge which no Christian society can deny. Let but a holy jealousy be awakened, and a faithful superintendance be exercised, and few are the congregations that will be able to congratulate themselves upon the result. There are lost to the Church every year, through this single cause, nearly as many, we have reason to believe, as all our Missionaries on the foreign field are the means of gathering into it. . . . The Rev. Dr. Johnston, of Limekilns, lately declared at a public meeting held in Edinburgh, that of the sixty preachers of the Gospel, along with whom he had commenced his ministry, he could number thirteen who had fallen victims to intemperance. . . . What are the United Presbyterian Church's £33,000 yearly for extending the Gospel, when she spends, according to the opinion of a late Moderator of her Synod, six times as much upon intoxicating liquors? And what are the thousands contributed by the Free Church to all her religious schemes, while she too bears her full proportion of the charges for upholding our national intemperance, and gratifying an appetite of which every Christian ought to be ashamed? What are the £35,000 contributed by the Presbyterians of Ireland to the cause of religion, compared with the £500,000 spent yearly upon intoxicating drinks and tobacco? That is to say, for every shilling the Church gives to Christ, she gives fourteen to Bacchus."

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir—The above passages which I extract from a pamphlet entitled "Our National Vice," by the Rev. W. Reid, of the Scotch Free Kirk, contain assertions strongly calculated to lower the Scottish people in the world's opinion, and to tarnish their hitherto fair reputation, for, at least, an external show of decency. I am sorry to be obliged to believe, by the concurrent testimony of the Scotch press generally in its weekly lamentation over the waning virtues of the people, and in the facts and figures they adduce to bear out their strictures, that Mr. Reid's assertions are but too well founded; that they are not mere exaggerations of occasional or infrequent trippings, but that they are but a few of the results of a very general licentiousness—are! from the top of the social ladder down to the bottom rung.

In his book, Mr. Reid scatters to the winds the Rev. Dr. Begg's assumption, that the "National Vice of Scotland abound in a class totally distinct from that which observes the strictest religious ceremonial," and which makes the loudest and most ostentatious professions of piety. Dr. Begg is a middle class mouthpiece; and wishes to make "outside barbarians" believe that the laboring ragamuffins who have little leisure and less means of obtaining more dignified and ennobling enjoyments, are not at all "babes of grace" but that they are the only class that is undermining the character of "Gannie" Scotland. The Rev. Mr. Reid is too astute, and at the same time, too honest to let the Rev. Dr. pass his brass shilling off to the world as current coin. The middle classes of Scotland possess wealth enough to enable them to recreate in fresh air on any day of the week; while their tables at home are profusely and nicely covered. The working man vegetates on potatoes and salt for six days in the week; and when, on the seventh, he seeks a few hours' of renovating relaxation in the open field—to inhale the invigorating breeze—he is denounced as a Sabbath breaker; his portion is cut off;—a place is denied him among the elect—the chosen samples. They believe that they have as good a right to enjoy existence in this way, and after their own humble fashion, as their betters, and they do it openly; they have

neither the patience, nor the inclination, to play the "Pharisee before folks." They are little skilled in the science of hypocrisy; and so, in the amusement of drinking, they are open and above board. Hence the character of the Scotch artisans, as Dr. Begg prominently holds it forth, for drunkenness. But, Sir, the Rev. Dr. appears to be oblivious to the fact, that the humbler classes of his countrymen have long been accustomed—more so perhaps than the corresponding class of almost any other country in the world—to look, socially speaking, upwards;—to watch what the classes whom they support on their shoulders are doing; and when they observe the beautifully jolly examples going on above them, they are tempted to imitate them as closely as may be agreeable; and truly they too often "better the instruction." The Rev. Mr. Reid appears to be a man of, and for, the people, and is honest enough to place the saddle on the right horse;—to place the burden of vice and sin in such a position that each class in the community may not shrink, but shall alike share it.

"What a contrast," continues the Rev. gentleman, "we present to many of the Continental nations!"—"Dr. Guthrie informs us that during a seven weeks' tour on the Continent, he saw but three men drunk!"—and that was because he was looking for them, as the lady friend of Dr. Johnson sought in his dictionary the definition of certain expressions not to be pronounced in ears polite. What, said the late Mr. Kettle, of Glasgow?—"The consequence was, that during all that time, and passing over many hundreds of miles, we saw only one man, that we could call drunk, and very few that we could suspect of being in any degree under the influence of liquor." Dr. Begg in crying, wilfully, or unwittingly—he knows best—to grapple with Scottish immorality, and to attach the stigma of Scottish demoralization, through drunkenness, to the working class, asks that the civil magistrate be invested with the power of using his baton physically; that he shall roam about the fields; that he shall rake the country; that a posse of Dogberrys shall be stationed at the cross-roads, to "comprehend all the vagrom men" they may find on hill side, or river bank, playing truant from church—particularly if they happen to have horny hands—and compel them, by physical force, to march back to town, and to the Kirk to listen to the word through a Calvinistic car-trumpet. The Dr. will hardly be able to manage his point however, any more than the Dogberrys of Hyde-Park could theirs. The working class of London, in their peculiar notions of recreation, resemble pretty much the same class in Scotland. They will not become religious by compulsion; "fore God they are both in a tale."

"So now," says Dr. Begg, "moral suasion being a dead failure, now for physical force." The Gospel I find, as preached from our Calvinistic rostrum, has no power to awe our working people from the career of their humor; therefore the men and women of Scotland, that some blackguard poet or other denominated children of a larger growth, man be lugged all, or the Sawbaths frae the field to the kirk; and we'll mak them Christians will they nil they." Yes, Mr. Editor, any way but the right way. I, a Scotch mechanic, of somewhat mature age, have seen the same sort of battle fought when I was of greener growth; when it was proposed to clear the streets of Scotland of every living animal—dog, cat, or rat—during the hours of Calvinistic worship, by the baton of the terrible policeman. But the proposition never was carried out, to the unmitigated satisfaction of all the youngsters, and of myself among the rest, of the community. Since then it has cost me many days of cogitation to discover the means of rendering the people religious through love rather than fear; and the conclusion I arrived at was, that we ought to do what is in accordance with the law of God when enunciated by lawful authority, emanating from God Himself, not as it is babbled forth by any self-assumed Tom, Dick, and Harry, whom the "groundlings" choose to elevate above themselves. The drunkenness of the Scotch people, as well as another vice or frailty they are said to be eminent in, will continue to afford themes for both the satirist and the moralist, until they take heart o' grace and wend their way back to the communion of the Church of their illustrious countrymen—the Wallace and the Bruce. And indeed, Mr. Editor, I am truly glad to read in the newspapers that so many churches are springing up in all directions in Auld Scotland. The people are returning to their senses. Calvinism will, by and by, altogether disappear—the people will shortly be swallowed up in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

A SCOTCH MECHANIC.

COUNTY OF WELLINGTON CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir—The Catholics of the County of Wellington, having long felt the necessity of being united, deemed it advisable to meet and consult on that subject. On the 5th day of Nov. last a meeting was held at Guelph, at which there was a large and respectable attendance from no less than seven different Municipalities of the county. Michael Cox, Esq., Reeve of Arthur, was unanimously called to the Chair, and Thomas Jarney, of Puslinch, kindly consented to act as secretary. The Chairman briefly stated the object of the meeting. It was unanimously resolved—

1st. That the Catholics of the County of Wellington form a society, to be called the "County of Wellington Catholic Association," and that rules be laid down for their future guidance in the selection of candidates for Parliamentary or other honors, and matters connected with the association.

2nd. That the Association are determined to oppose Orangeism in any and every form.

3rd. That we are determined to demand a fair and equitable Separate School Bill.

4th. That we advocate and maintain inviolate the principle of Ecclesiastical and Religious incorporations, and that we oppose any candidate who will not pledge himself to the foregoing rules.

A Committee was then appointed for the town of Guelph, comprising the following Gentlemen:—Edward Carroll, John Fraser, John Harris, Junior Esquires, and Justices of the Peace, and Messrs. Timothy Quinlan, Thomas Heffernan, Jas. Mays, Jas. Tracy, Dennis Coffey, James O'Neil, and James Murphy. It was further resolved—

That members present from the different Municipalities call meetings (on their return home) to appoint their respective Committees, to aid in carrying out so desirable an object.

It was also resolved—That a statement of the proceedings of the meeting be forwarded to the Montreal True Witness, the Canadian Freeman, and Toronto Mirror.

A vote of thanks was moved to the Chairman, and the meeting dispersed.

The Committee for Guelph met and appointed John Fraser, Esq., Chairman, and John Harris, Junior, Secretary. Guelph, 7th Dec., 1858.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Lachine, J. O'Brien, 5s; Madoev, W. Donovan, £1; Eganville, Rev. J. Straine, 10s; St. John Chrysostome, G. McGill, 10s; Lancaster, L. O'Neill, 10s; South Mountain, J. Owens, £1; St. Johns N. B., P. D. Quinn, 7s 6d; Sorel, W. McCallan, 5s; New Glasgow, B. Goodman, 5s; Guelph, P. Spence, 10s; Isle aux Noix, Rev. Mr. Prevost, 10s; Lotbiniere, Rev. E. Faucher, 10s; Orangeville, C. A. Rankine, 10s; Sherrington, Rev. T. Berrard, 10s; St. Hyacinthe, B. Flynn, 10s; Tracadie, N.B., Rev. F. Gauthier, £1 10s; St. Ambrose, Rev. Mr. Boucher, £2 10s; St. Urbain, Rev. A. G. Martineau, £2 10s; Ingersman, T. Bishop, 10s; Brockville, Rev. H. Byrnes, 10s; Boucherville, L. Lacoste, 15s; Bellmays Mills, J. McKay, £1; Greenwood, R. Lennon, 6s 3d; Cobourg, P. Keon 5s; Island, D. McMillan, 5s; St. Laurent, Y. King £1. St. Andrews, A. McQueen, 10s; Sherrington, J. Hughes, 10s; St. Marys, J. Sheehan, 5s; Guelph, J. Harris, Jr., 10s; Sombray, J. Dawson, 10s; Gananoque, P. Ryan, 5s; Wellington, D. Donovan, 10s; Lindsay, J. Knowlson, 6s 3d; Cobourg, W. Kennedy, 10s; Dixons Corners, C. Driscoll, 10s; Norton Creek, W. Power, 10s; Danville, J. McManus, 10s; Ottawa City, N. Curran, 10s.

Per Rev. Mr. Lalor, Picton—Est. D. McAuley, £1 14s 4d; D. McAuley, 18s 9d; R. Beaton, 10s 3d; W. Donnelly, 5s; P. McMahon, 12s 6d; W. Curran, 12s 6d; Mrs. Toole, 12s 6d; Mrs. O'Mahon, 5s 7d.

Per M. O'Leary, Quebec—R. McCabe, £1 5s; J. Maloney, 6s 3d; M. McNamara, 1s 6d; D. Covey, 15s; M. Rigney, 15s; L. Moore, 15s; St. Foy, J. French, 17s 6d; Valcartier, J. Lannon, 6s 3d.

Per M. McNamara, Kingston—M. Melville, 12s 6d; Mrs. Comerford, 5s; Mr. Hickey, 15s; G. McNiel, 6s 3d; Odessa, J. Conway, 10s; Long Island, T. Briceland, £1.

Per J. Doyle, Toronto—M. McNamara 10s. Per T. Halpin, Sherrington—Self, 12s 6d; E. Bilbow, 12s 6d.

Per J. Doran, Clayton—H. X. Lalonde, 10s. Per J. Heenan, Thorold—J. Conlon, 5s. Per S. R. O. Delery, Boucherville—Self, 12s 6d; J. B. Labroquerie, 12s 6d.

Per Rev. A. E. Dufresne, Sherbrook—Self, 15s; Compton, Rev. J. E. Guzman, 5s. Per Rev. A. Bourret St. Jean Port Joli—Rev. S. Parant, 10s.

Per Rev. G. A. Hay, St. Andrews—J. McDonald, 10s; A. Chisholm, 6s 3d. Per M. McKeany, Cobourg—J. Craig, 10s; J. Gordon, 10s; F. McKeany, 10s; D. Donagan, 10s; T. Wiseman, 10s.

Per Rev. J. Gillie, Pembroke—Self, 10s; T. Martin, 10s; M. Dowsley, 10s.

JESUS DULCIS AMOR MEUS.

Sweetest Jesus! as though present, I approach Thee! and embrace With sweet love Thy sacred body, Which Thy wounds can ne'er deface.

Oh how naked I behold Thee Wounded, stiff, and spat upon, With naught but Thy shroud to shield Thee In Thy damp tomb, lovely One!

Hail Thon thorn encircled brow! Crimsoned with that holy flood, At whose sight the heavenly bands, Awed in mute amazement, stood.

Hail my Saviour's wounded side! Hail Thon sweetest aperture! Beautiful as the blushing rose, Healing more than medicine's cure.

Hail all hail! ye hands thence dear, Pierced with harsh relentless nails, Drive not from Thee one who hears, That thy mercy never fails.

A SURE CURE FOR A FLEA.—When the soreness first commences, or even when far advanced, it can be relieved and entirely cured by holding the finger or part afflicted in Perry Davis' Pain Killer for half an hour. It has been thoroughly tested and proves a never failing remedy.

Births.

On the 9th instant, at the cottage, Ste. Marie de Monroir, the wife of Lieut.-Col. C. Rolland, of a son. In this city, on the 14th instant, at Richmond Square, St. Antoine Street, Mrs. D. Lanigan, of a son.

Died.

At New Orleans, of yellow fever, on the 30th of September, aged 24 years and 8 months, Phillip, eldest son of Mr. James Martin, of this city.—May his soul rest in peace.

In Prescott, on the 21st ultimo, John Archibald, second son of Ronald B. Macdonald, aged five years. On the 9th instant, Isabella Catharine, youngest child of the above, aged 17 months.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Peas, Beans, Buckwheat, Onions, Potatoes, Beef, Mutton, Pork, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Turkeys, Geese, Fowls, Hay, Straw, Ashes, and Pearls.

WANTED.

A FIRST-CLASS TEACHER, for the PRESCOTT ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOL, to whom a liberal salary will be given, if approved of. Application to be made to the Rev. EDMUND P. ROOHEE, personally; or by letter, post-paid. Prescott, 4th December, 1858.

THE ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION

THE REGULAR WEEKLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION, will be held in the HALL of the ASSOCIATION, 87 M'GILL STREET, on THURSDAY EVENING of each week, at half-past Seven o'clock. By Order, THOMAS J. WALSH, Rec. Secretary.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The trial of Montalembert and M. Dounoil, editor of the Correspondant commenced on the 24th. The speeches of Berryer and Dufaure, for the accused, are said to have been magnificent beyond description. The former spoke two hours and a-half, and said the prosecution was unjust, unfounded and ill-advised. When he concluded, a tremendous shout of "bravo" burst from the lower end of the court.

The judges deliberated an hour and pronounced the following verdict:—Montalembert to be imprisoned for six months and pay a fine of 3000 francs; Dounoil one month's imprisonment and 1000 francs fine. It is stated that Montalembert will appeal against the verdict.

The result of the trial had called forth bitter articles from the English press, and caused a slight depression in the funds at London and Paris.

It is reported that an Anglo-French fleet will leave on the 19th for the Gulf of Mexico. The French fleet will have on board a battery of artillery, in order to oppose any enterprise of filibusters against Central America.

The question of the French occupation stands, according to the best information I have as yet been able to obtain, pretty much as follows:—The Papal Government, that is to say, the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli, or perhaps I should say Cardinal Antonelli and the Pope, would like to get rid of their allies. Persons well able to form a just appreciation of the situation, believe that disturbances would quickly follow the withdrawal of the French troops. Of these there are now about 5,000 in the Papal States, including, of course, those in this city. Were they to leave, the Swiss (of whom there are barely 4,000) would be all the Government could depend upon, and they would not suffice. As to the Roman troops, I am positively assured that no reliance could be placed upon them, and that they would be much more likely to join a revolution than to co-operate in its suppression. The Roman army numbers, I believe, about 10,000 men. All these points considered, it is pretty evident that the French cannot yet be dispensed with without danger to the existing order of things. Information that has to-day reached me with respect to preparations making for their accommodation would induce me to think that their numbers are more likely to be increased than diminished. Why this should be I know not, for in their present strength they suffice to keep things quiet. On the other hand, there are persons who think it probable that, at no distant period, they will be reduced to half the stipulated number of 6,000. You are aware that they are working at a fortification or line of enceinte at Civita Vecchia. This, although nominally for Custom-house objects, will serve for an entrenched camp. Some say that, when this is completed, as well as the railway between Rome and Civita, it will be occupied by 3,000 French troops, and that the remainder will evacuate the Papal States. The Austrians by a corresponding movement, will quit Bologna, and retire to Ancona. All this may possibly be mere conjecture, but it has been talked of in well-informed circles here. The railway open from Civita Vecchia, 3,000 French there, and the knowledge that they could quickly be reinforced from Toulon or Marseilles, would, I dare say, suffice to keep the Romans in order, barring revolutionary movements in other Italian States, whence contagion might spread to them. Were the French to quit the Papal territory it would be stipulated that, in case of foreign aid being again required, it should be furnished by them.—Cor. of the Times.

TRIAL OF COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.—I have just left the court by which M. de Montalembert has been condemned to an imprisonment of six months, and a fine of three thousand francs (£120). Will my letter reach you in time before you go to press? I doubt it, but, at any rate, I will run the risk, and give you the result of my impressions, whilst they are still fresh in my memory.

Like many others, and notwithstanding my ticket of admittance, I was there at half-past eight this morning, fully decided to wait until ten o'clock, when the doors were to open. It was a cold bleak morning; but the old Palais de Justice wore an unusual appearance of bustle and activity. Along the corridors, and at every access to the court, one met with a noisy set of young barristers, eager to attend on an occasion when three of the greatest spokesmen of the day were to be heard in defiance of the Parliamentary system, still an object of fond regret among the most enlightened portion of the population. As I stood a silent witness of the scene, it recalled to my memory the recollection of times when a public debate was an event hailed with enthusiasm and anxious expectation by the whole nation. I had attended in my own youthful days at the trial of the Ministers of Charles X. I had witnessed the stormy debates in the Chamber of Deputies, which followed upon the revolution of July. The clubs of 1848, and the sitting of the Constitutional Assembly, had found in me an attentive listener, and here I was going to see Count de Montalembert condemned by an Imperial Court of Justice for an attack upon the Government of a man whose principal adviser he himself was but six or seven years ago. What a strange and chequered course of events crowded into my remembrance in that single moment.

At ten o'clock the doors were opened, and in a few minutes the whole portion of the hall left free for the public was filled by the elite of Parisian society.—About two hundred were jammed into a space that might have afforded room for about sixty. Not the slightest appearance of police in disguise, as had been rumoured; indeed, had that been the case, the public might as well have been excluded at once.—The audience, filled with friends of the Court, with members of the bar, with a few foreigners of distinction, bowed to the Countess as she made her appearance, together with a part of her youthful family.—Immediately behind her I observed the usual correspondent of the Times, and I could myself take now and then a share in the conversation which was going on between her and those about her.

The Court entered the hall at exactly twelve o'clock. The murmur and hum of voices was immediately hushed, and the deepest silence ensued. The proceedings began as usual by the examination of the accused. A sort of sympathetic feeling seemed to creep over the assembly when the Count, in answer to a question of the President, gave out, in an audible voice, his profession:—"Formerly a Peer of France, and now a Member of the French Academy." This was followed by an enumeration of the different counts laid to the charge of the presumed delinquents. To English ears, this part of the proceedings ever offers a most striking and offensive contrast to our own practice. There is certainly something that grates upon our feelings of justice, when we see the Chairman of a Bench assume the part of the Public Prosecutor for the Crown. The

defendant has thus to encounter a twofold attack, which frequently exposes him to all the intricacies, and by-ways of the law; and such was the case of the Count. I could not but observe, that he seemed somewhat uneasy under the examination of the President, and if this happened to what must be the unfortunate predicament of those who come for the first time before the justice of their country?

These preliminaries were followed by the speech of the Procureur-Imperial, in support of the accusations. It was now the turn of M. Berryer, counsel for M. de Montalembert. The old orator, plunged deep into the subject, wherein he soon found the warmth and eloquence of his former days. Whoever has heard Berryer recollects him as a perfect type of the real orator. His fine tones immediately take hold of the hearer, whilst his commanding attitude and imposing gestures impress respect both on the public and the judge. On this occasion the latter was evidently anxious to show his sense of the speaker's reputation. However, as the defence went on, it so happened that the unlucky President interrupted Berryer, by accusing him of forgetting the respect due to the laws of the country. Now, if the celebrated old barrister is noted for anything, it is for the remarkable felicity with which he retorts to such interruptions. He at once burst out into an impassioned strain of eloquence, and ended by showing that the unfortunate magistrate had himself forgotten the former laws of the land. There ran a sort of electric shock through the audience, which showed itself in a half-suppressed titter, no less quickly quelled by the stern voice of the President calling to order. You cannot expect me to give the whole of Berryer's pleading, which lasted no less than three hours, without for one instant tiring the attention. Indeed, the thing would be impossible, for no one was allowed to take down even a few straggling notes. Such is the present law of France in regard to political prosecutions.

The principal argument of M. Berryer consisted in showing that the whole actual generation, as well as M. de Montalembert, had been brought up in the love of liberty, and of that free constitution which France has lately abjured, but which is still remembered with fond affection by many a Frenchman, still regretted by many a noble mind. For sixty years the country had waded through blood and revolutions to obtain that boon; for sixty years to worship freedom was considered a virtue—was inculcated as a very first principle—when lo! in consequence of a period of fatal anarchy, this system was repudiated, this constitution was superseded, through the will of the nation, if you please, by a system simple in its nature—a system of absolute power. But what then? To regret the object of an affection which had lasted thirty years—was that a crime? To bend the head to the prevailing ruler, though lamenting the fall of freedom—was that a crime? To admire the play and working of these institutions in another country, on an important occasion like the debate on India—was that a crime? "If this be a crime," exclaimed M. Berryer, "I own myself criminal, for under that Parliamentary system I was brought up; under that system I learned to devote my whole energy to the welfare of my country, and to the regret of that system I shall give my latest breath."

The reader may guess the numerous and powerful developments which such a theme gave rise to under the impulse of the moment, and in such bounds; but it would take whole columns to quote the passages which are now crowded upon my memory. The audience and the tribunal itself seemed particularly taken by a part in which M. Berryer recalled, that if the permanency of the judges on their seats was maintained in 1848, they owed it to M. de Montalembert's strenuous efforts in their favor.

The Procureur's reply on the part of the Crown was peculiarly characteristic. He endeavored to show that the plaintiff had opposed Louis Philippe's government, as well as the present. This really amounted to nonsense, for we are all aware that the Count's best battles were fought in favour of the Church, and that no man is reckoned as hostile to the system itself, because he happens to be in opposition relative to some particular line of constitutional government. How such a blunder could escape such an able man as M. Cordouan is reported to be is really beyond conception. It was equalled, however, by another no less flagrant mistake concerning our public meetings, which he maintained were a set of anarchical assemblies, something like the revolutionary clubs. The audience immediately evinced its better knowledge of facts by a stifled laughter; but how singular that such gross ignorance should be met with among professional men in France!

It was an easy matter for M. Dufaure, who now succeeded in his turn, to repel such accusations as these. This gentleman was formerly one of Louis Napoleon's ministers under the Republic, and returned to the bar when the empire was established.—He is equal to Berryer in poignancy—his superior in terseness and the sound good sense with which he grasps a subject. There is no difficult matter he cannot manage; "he says what he wills and as he wills it;" such is his reputation in the Courts. On this occasion he dexterously gave out that M. de Montalembert could never have even intended to call the present Government, a Gouvernement d'antichambre, an accusation levelled at him. "Will you tell me," observed the wily barrister; "will you tell me, who have been once the Emperor's minister, that his Government would ever deserve such an appellation?" Why, we all know that he consults no one, seeks the advice of no one; that his powerful and solitary thoughts work alone, bring forth their results alone—yes, alone, solitary, powerful, I do repeat it. Could any man in his senses apply to such a system the expression used by the plaintiff in general terms and on different matters?

To whom they were applied soon became apparent it was to the *Univers* and its adherents. I was rather startled, I must allow, at this assertion, but M. Dufaure proceeded to show that the whole drift of M. de Montalembert's publication was directed more against that paper than against the Government. In my opinion, this was lowering rather than confirming the Count's position—lowering it to a petty newspaper warfare. The language used by the learned counsel was most bitter in regard to that organ of religious opinion in France; and, as an impartial observer, bound to communicate facts, I am obliged to add that many of his statements were fully confirmed by reality. I must likewise confess that universal sympathy went with the speaker as to the harm which the *Univers* is supposed to do to religion by its exaggeration and bitter tone of invective.—This is certainly very remarkable, if we reflect that the great majority of this audience was composed of sound—serious-practical Catholics, among whom were many priests, not the most backward in showing their assent. Allow me to say, that whatever may be our mutual admiration of M. Vuillot's splendid talents, you are necessarily ignorant of many facts which are going on here. It is a melancholy thing to see such divisions among Catholics; but after all what would be the use of concealing them longer? They must be known in England: they are already known in France by every one conversant with the affairs of the country. The attack of M. Dufaure, himself a cool-headed, moderate man, in an open explosion of a growing feeling of pain and distrust, now experienced by many, in regard to the policy followed of late by the *Univers*. It also shows most strikingly how true was my own statement as to the rumours which M. Vuillot has fortunately thought proper to quell with indignation. I fully wish that the same article had not contained new proofs of his unfounded contempt for those eminent Catholics whose organ you have so frequently praised in your own columns.—Cor. of Weekly Register.

ITALY.

The King of Naples is said to have decided that all foreigners, employed in his States, must themselves be naturalized.

Important reductions have taken place in the army. A rumor was current, that the Austrian Cabinet had despatched a note to the Court of Sardinia, protesting against the recent policy of the Sardinian Cabinet.

BELGIUM.

Brussels, Nov. 18.—A special railway company have contracted with the principal iron works of Belgium, for the supply of 40,000 tons of iron. The price accepted is low, but the order will provide work during the whole of next year for a vast number of workmen.

In the Belgian Chambers, the liberal address, in answer to the speech from the throne, has been carried by fifty-three votes against nine of the clerical party.

INDIA.

The following is the letter of the Times's Bombay correspondent:—

BOMBAY, Oct. 25.—For the purpose of swelling the force destined to reduce the rebels of Central India, General Roberts has been placed on the divisional Staff of Bombay, and the division under his command is under orders to join General Michel.—This measure will throw such a force into the districts now occupied by rebels that their rapid reduction may be confidently anticipated, nor can it be said that the concentration thus obtained is unnecessary. The experience of the last year has shown that English troops cannot successfully pursue insurgents like those under Tantia Topee, whose treasure and baggage are under the care of cavalry, and who are far less encumbered with impedimenta than Europeans, because their food is of the simplest kind, and easily found at every camping place. Such being the fruits of past experience, it is obvious that the proper course to be pursued in attempting the final annihilation of the rebels is to head them in several directions by moving numerous columns on every point where the enemy is likely to pass. To effect this a larger force is required than our Generals in Central India have up to this time been able to command, and in this view the junction of the Rajpootana field force, whose presence is no longer required on its old campaigning ground, with the division under General Michel, is most desirable.

That European troops cannot keep up a vigorous pursuit in this climate has been made painfully evident by the losses which General Michel incurred in his effort to intercept Tantia Topee at Rajghur. With the particulars of the action at that place you have been for some time acquainted, but it has only been known lately at what sacrifices this victory was achieved. General Michel lost 200 Highlanders, dead or hors de combat from sunstroke, and he forced the marches so severely that his baggage fell gradually to the rear, where it was cut off and carried away piecemeal by the insurgents. Military men will, I think, agree that it is better to let the enemy escape than to jeopardize by rash haste the safety of supplies on which the health, nay, the very existence, of European troops depends. Apart from these considerations, however, General Michel must be allowed the credit of having kept up with his enemy as closely as the nature of the localities would permit; and, while he has incurred the severe losses which I have mentioned, he has dealt the enemy two very severe blows, calculated in a great measure to prostrate his strength and impair his efficiency for further efforts.

In the meanwhile it is by no means satisfactory to see the results of the policy pursued by our agents through this portion of India. The defection of the garrison of Esaughur at a most critical moment affords a lesson which should not be lost. I know nothing of the future intentions of the Government of India as regards Gwalior; except that it is intended to confer upon Scindia the lapsed state of Jhansi. Already the principality of Amjheera has already been added to the possessions of the Maharajah. I leave you to make your own reflections as to these additions of territory; but it certainly strikes me that while we thus aggrandize the Scindia family we should make some arrangement with it by which the Maharajah should be deprived of the large army which he keeps together, an army composed of men whom we evidently cannot trust, and who are useless as instruments for suppressing rebellion.

With the exception of a slight action between a detachment from Jhansi and some rebels at a place called Garrote, in which 50 of the 3d Europeans and 14th Dragoons attacked a band of 800 men, killed several of them and took two guns, there is nothing further to chronicle respecting Central India.

GRIEVANCES OF INDIAN POPULATION, AS STATED BY THEMSELVES.—On Saturday last we published an official Manifesto which had been put into circulation through the North-Western Provinces a short time ago, and from this document we are enabled to collect the hopes and expectations presumably entertained by the upper classes of Indian society. If we cannot ascertain what India really would be, we can see very plainly what it was thought that influential natives might wish it to become. The Prince, for it is a Prince who makes the proclamation, describes precisely such a paradise as he knows would prove most alluring, and thus admits us into the secret wishes and traditional "grievances" of the people, whose true sentiments, it is said, we have never yet fathomed. To make the invitation more effective, every class is separately addressed in arguments adapted to its position, so that we learn not only what they might possibly complain of, but what, if they had their own will, they might attempt to realize.

The first persons taken in hand are naturally the Zemindars, or great landholders, and they are assured that, upon the re-establishment of a native dynasty, the rent they pay to Government for their estates will be very much reduced, at the same time that their privileges are proportionately increased.—They will no longer be accountable to common people for their misdoings, or summoned into court at the suits of peasants, or maid servants, or slaves. Their estates will no longer be liable to distress for arrears of rent, nor will they be subject to such other judicial indignities. On the contrary, their honor is to be safe, their taxation light, and every Zemindar will have absolute rule in his own zemindary. The great territorial families being thus consolidated, the Prince comes to the upper merchants of the country, to whom he promises all that lucrative export trade, which, says he, "the infidel and treacherous British have monopolized." As soon as he and his are restored to power again all this monopoly will cease, and native merchants, instead of being confined to small and insignificant transactions, will have all the commerce of the country concentrated in their hands. Probably it occurred even to the framers of this precious manifesto, that trade would most likely follow capital and means, and that something more material than the mere abolition of "monopoly" would be required to guarantee every merchant in a thriving business of his own. The Prince, however, is quite prepared on this point. The native traders, he says, "will have the benefit of the Government steam vessels and steam carriages for the conveyance of their merchandise gratis, and merchants having no capital of their own shall be assisted from the public treasury." Having settled the great interests of agriculture and commerce by these arrangements, the proclamation next deals with public servants and artisans. To the former class is promised an abundance of rich and highly salaried places, with the adjuncts of honor, title, and costume, most alluring to Oriental minds; to the latter is held out the assurance of absolutely exclusive dealing. None but native artificers will be employed by the King, Rajahs, or the rich, so that every cunning workman will get plenty of work and plenty of pay. These are the temptations unfolded before the eyes of Indians to enlist them against our rule, and to attractions thus established in front is added

a tolerably strong population from behind. "Natives," it is declared, "whether Hindus or Mahomedans, who fall fighting against the English are sure to go to Heaven, and those killed fighting for the English will doubtless go to hell." Finally, and by way of adding present to future terrors, the proclamation announces that if any member of any of the classes enumerated should continue, after this plain exposition of his duty, to adhere to the British Government, "all his estates shall be confiscated and his property plundered, and he himself, with his whole family, shall be imprisoned and ultimately put to death."

Here, then, is the native paradise, that region of happiness, contentment, and amity from which the flaming sword of the British scares away the crushed and terrified Hindoo. It may not be impertinent, however, to ask what place in this reign of bliss is reserved to those two hundred millions who constitute the population of India? When landowners are made absolute, excused from taxes, and raised above the law; when merchants are provided with capital and transport out of the public money; when placemen are multiplied and paid on a scale of heedless extravagance; and when all cheap goods are excluded from the country for the benefit of more costly manufactures—when all this has been brought to pass, what, we ask, is expected to be the condition of the people—the Ryot who cannot sue his master, of the husbandman who must find money for the merchant, of the laborer who must find protection and securities with the sweat of his brow?—We believe a good many persons retain an indefinite kind of idea that, somehow or other, the mass of Hindoos are sufferers by the introduction of a foreign rule; that many wants existed under a native Government which find no expression under our own; and that, except for the higher prospects of civilization, perhaps the Indian peasant was better off in the days of Aurungzebe than he is now. Such impressions must be rapidly dispelled by the Manifesto before us. Not to mention that we have insured the greatest blessing of all—internal peace, it is plain from the whole purport of this address that, whatever may have been the charges contingent on our Administration, they must necessarily have operated for the benefit of the multitude. If we have circumscribed the privileges of the landowners and reduced them to a level with their own retainers in the eye of the law, those retainers must have been gainers by the proceeding; if we cultivate indigo with British capital, we save the Treasury from subsidizing native merchants; if Manchester and Birmingham have upset the manufactures of Dacca and Benares, it is simply because they have undersold them, or, in other words, that clothes and hardware have been made cheaper than before. Our correspondent, indeed, remarks in the letter which enclosed the Manifesto, that "as a mass," the artisans of India had improved wonderfully in condition, and that if the more excellent class of artificers has found their calling decay, the million has got the benefit of the change. We can hardly see, ourselves, why even this exception need subsist. If shawl-work, or metal-work, of the highest quality, can still be produced in India, it is not likely to lack purchasers in Europe.

There is one more inference which this proclamation, in common with all others of its kind, entitles us to draw. When we see what facts are put forward as grievances are perfectly justified in assuming that no worse grievances exist. This has been candidly acknowledged by continental critics, who have remarked that never, from first to last, have any pleas been advanced on behalf of the insurgents which could be held to warrant the insurrection. Religious panic might have been a very powerful motive, but it was confessedly an unfounded one, and if this feeling be set aside it is really impossible to discover in any of the manifestoes which have been issued by the rebels so much as an allegation which could justify their outbreak. They have been afraid, or have professed to be so, of our aggression upon their caste institutions by preaching and teaching, and they have charged us, accordingly, with treachery and infidelity. They can point out, as is done in this proclamation, that many features of Oriental administration have become obliterated, though the abolition can be plainly shown to have been for the public good. But on no occasion have they pleaded oppression, rapacity, injustice, or maladministration as justifying their revolt; and it is therefore a fair deduction that they had no such excuses to allege.—Times.

The following parallel betwixt the Huguenots, or French Protestants, and the Mormons is from the Western Banner, one of the best conducted Catholic periodicals published on this side of the Atlantic:—

"THE MORMON WAR AND THE FRENCH HUGUENOTS.—The Huguenots held views contrary to the universal opinion of the French nation, as expressed in its statutes, and attempted, within the confines of France, to establish an independent Sovereignty on the basis of their peculiar principles. What else has been charged against the Mormons? On what other grounds was their conquest or expulsion demanded? None certainly. It was because they practiced polygamy while the common consent of the country declared it illegal—it was because they presumed to build up an independent State, with Salt Lake City for its capital, within our limits, in disregard of this common consent—that the General Government declared them rebels and sent a force against them.—The parallel is complete. There is not a flaw in it affecting principle. If we are right, so were Louis XIII and Louis XIV. If we are in the wrong, so were they, but not otherwise. We did not say that the French Calvinists "were a peaceful community" for the very good reason that they were not. Taking advantage of the dissensions of parties during the minority of Charles IX. they broke out into open rebellion, overran a considerable part of the kingdom, made themselves masters of many towns, banished Catholic worship from every place they won, massacred the clergy, broke down the tombs of the dead, burned the body of St. Martin at Tours, and plainly acknowledged that they wished to overthrow the fabric of the State and destroy the freedom of the universal religion. They called in foreign aid to effect what their own arms were unable to do; and the succors of men and money received from Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant States of Germany, both before and after the battle of Jernac, where Oude fell, shows with how much reason France had to regard them—not merely as rebels solving a French quarrel by French means—but as traitors trafficking to outside enemies, in the safety and independence of the nation. Even after they had secured freedom of religion and civil privileges, and enjoyed them 87 years, they sought to establish a distinct sovereignty in French Territory, and invited by the persistent hostility the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, as "a peaceful community" is simply absurd. Whatever excuses they had for rebelling before 1598, they had none afterwards; and the attempt to turn Rochelle into the centre of a republic with a Calvinistic Church "establishment," shows that they were rebels from conviction, as they were bigots in practice. The only comment which we need append to our correspondents reference to their "rights of conscience" is this: While they were fighting for them they denied the "rights of conscience" to all who did not believe with Geneva—when they had won them, they abused the consequent privileges, and sought to give a precedent to the secessionists of the South and the Apostles of Utah. There is a difference between the Huguenots and the Mormons, but it is not the one which our correspondent seeks to draw. The former endeavored to force their peculiar notions on the whole French nation—the latter design to confine theirs to their own Territory. The principles which justify the Federal authority in proceeding to bring Utah under its control, are the same Louis XIV. acted on bringing Rochelle into subjection; and we cannot ap-

prove of our present policy in reference to the Latter Day Saints, without approving of Louis' action in regard to the Huguenots.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT'S OPINIONS ON ENGLAND.—From the London Times.—"Unlike M. Le Maître, who loved the institutions—but hated the nation, M. de Montalembert professes himself as much attached to the latter as to the former, and, as for knowledge, he is as well acquainted with our institutions as most Englishmen, with this additional advantage,—that he is better able to compare them with those of other countries, and can regard them from without as well as from within. Every feeling, every wish of such a writer, is favourable to a country which he not only regards with great, perhaps even with too partial admiration, but also looks upon as the only hope for the advancement of real liberty and progressive civilization. And yet our critic views our present situation with great disquietude. It is not that we are hopelessly committed to the Protestant heresy, for he admits that our liberality and toleration are exceedingly favourable to the mission of Catholic teachers. Nor does he apprehend danger to us from internal discord. He considers that power in this country is substantially in the hands of the middle classes, that there is no real conflict between aristocracy and democracy, and that the nobility are only too ready to serve a power the resolutions of which, when once arrived at, they never dream of disputing. So far from regretting the decline of party spirit, he views its extinction the best proof of substantial progress, and sees no reason why matters should not go on in a course of steady improvement without this turbulent and exciting agency. The danger which he apprehends for us is not internal, and is not Asiatic! It is to be found, he believes, in the present condition of Europe. In 1815 England possessed the sympathy and good wishes of every nation on the Continent except France. Now it is no longer so. We have become more liberal and the Powers of Europe more retrograde, so that the gulf between us is wide, and widens every day. Our army has, he says, most unjustly but incontrovertibly lost its prestige, and besides all these causes there is a "moral repulsion" between us and the great Powers of Europe. There is, besides, envy at our prosperity and liberty. He thinks we trust too much to our past glory, to our bravery, our liberty, and our naval superiority. Mere physical strength and courage, he believes, are gradually losing their advantage by the progress of science as applied to war. Our naval superiority may be rivalled, as it has often been rivalled before, and the result of that rivalry may not always be as prosperous to us as in the days of La Hogue and Trafalgar. Ancient glory is a source of miscalculation rather than strength, and liberty, like beauty or riches, is a good which requires to be defended, and cannot always defend itself. On the whole, M. de Montalembert thinks that we overestimate our resources, and that we may easily be drawn by our pride and confidence in ourselves into some war from which we may come forth conquered, or at least greatly humbled.

THE "GORILLA."—A most remarkable addition, says a London paper, is about to be made to the objects of interest at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, consisting of a perfect and complete preserved specimen of a Gorilla. We may as well reply at once to the question of "What is a Gorilla?" by stating that it is an animal that resembles more nearly than any known creature the members of the human family; and there is this extraordinary fact relative to it, that it has been accurately described upon several occasions before it was seen, or was ever known to exist with perfect certainty. Some ten years since, a traveller in the interior of Western Africa saw a native tribe engaged in worshipping what appeared to be a human skull set upon a pole. The curiosity of the traveller was excited, and with considerable trouble he obtained possession of the idol, and forwarded it to Professor Owen for his opinions respecting the nature of the animal of which it had once formed part. Professor Owen decided that the creature did not belong to any of the species of the chimpanzee, or indeed to any of the monkey tribe; that it was altogether unrepresented by any specimen of natural history known to the scientific world; and the learned Professor embodied his views on the subject in a very interesting paper, which he read before the Zoological Society. At length, after extraordinary exertions, an animal was captured, and packed in a cask of spirits of wine, duly arrived in this country, a few weeks since, and is found to correspond in the most minute respect with the description of it by Professor Owen.—The Gorilla is a native of Western Africa, and is known to exist, it is said, in very large numbers, in the Gaboon districts, where they are among the most formidable of the wild animals of the forest. The present specimen, which has been most carefully skinned and preserved by Mr. Bartlett, the taxidermist to the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Professor Owen, is rather more than five feet in height. It is a male, known to be young by the state of its teeth, and the condition of the sutures of the skull. The fore legs or arms are of great length and of prodigious strength, greatly surpassing that of any human arm; the hind legs are comparatively short, and are well adapted for tree climbing. Its features, the animal is very much like a negro, and the orbits over the eyes are considerably projected. The teeth are formed almost precisely as in man, and unlike the monkey, chimpanzee, or orang-outang, they are of great strength, and in the skull which was first sent over to this country, the canines were nearly as large and as strong as those of a lion.—The hair on the upper part of the head of the Gorilla is a reddish brown; upon the cheeks, the smooth hair is of a greyish hue; the back is covered with dark or mouse-colored hair; the hair upon the arm, from the hand to the elbow, is black, and it grows upwards from the hand towards the elbow. The chest is nearly bare. There were thirteen wounds in the body of the animal, and two bullets were extracted from it, one from a wound which had been healed over. The Gorilla had to all appearance died of starvation; his body was in a most emaciated condition and his tongue was covered with a thin white coating, as though caused by excessive fever. It is thought that the wound inflicted upon him prevented his being able to procure the necessary supplies of food. These animals are gregarious; and it is stated by the natives that they frequently appear in considerable force, sack the villages, carry away young children, and devour them; and, further, they have a very ugly custom of attacking men, and wounding off the head of those whom they attack. If one of these creatures is fired at, or attacked, the whole tribe come down to the rescue; and escape from the combined assault is impossible. How far these statements may be correct, there is at present no means of knowing; but it is very certain, from the formation of the teeth, and the great strength of the animal; that the Gorilla is not a vegetarian in his habits, and that he would have no scruple in devouring any flesh that might chance to come in his way. Mr. Bartlett has represented the animal as seated upon the trunk of a tree. It will remain a few days at the palace, by permission of the trustees of the British Museum, whose property it is, and where it is destined ultimately to be placed. Professor Owen will deliver to the Zoological Society a lecture upon this most interesting specimen.

DEATH FROM PUNISHMENT AT AUBURN PRISON.—The telegraph brought us news, yesterday, that a colored man named Samuel Moore, had died immediately after being taken out of the Shower-Bath on the day before. The verdict of the Coroner's inquest is published before us, together with the evidence, as published in the Auburn American. The bare fact that a convict had died from punishment is itself enough to arouse the attention of all persons interested in the prison discipline, and to call out the comments of the press. However demerited the hardened wretches

Here the elder Smirk was seized with a fit of coughing, which nearly took him off. 'I fear, father, that talking so much will be fatal to you,' said Samuel.

DEATH-BED ADVICE OF THE HON. SIMON SMIRK.

[Policy of the Man who had no Enemies.] Simon Smirk was on his death-bed. His son Samuel was standing by his side, and while holding his father's hand, his father spoke to him as follows: 'Sammy, I am dying—at the age of fifty-five; I wish you to pay particular attention to my dying advice.'

From the Clergy.

Rev. J. G. Stearns writes: I consider it the best remedy I ever knew for Dyspepsia. The late Rev. Dr. Granger repeatedly expressed his belief that he owed his life to the timely use of Perry Davis's Pain Killer.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

From the Principal of the Fretonia (New York) Seminary. FREDONIA, July 17. Dr. Seth W. Fowle. Dear Sir: From my youth I have been subject to lung complaints. In February last I took cold, a cough set in, I expectorated freely, but the mucous raised from the lungs indicated a disease deeply seated.

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, ASTHMA, CATARRH, any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat, INSTANTLY RELIEVED BY BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or COUGH LOZENGES.

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There will be an extra charge of \$15 for Pupils remaining during the Vacation.
Besides the "Uniform Dress," which will be black, each Pupil should be provided with six regular changes of Linen, six Table Napkins, two pairs of blankets, three pairs of Sheets, one Counterpane, one white and one black bobinet Veil, a Spoon and Gilet, Knife and Fork, Work Box, Dressing Box, Combs, Brushes, &c.

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Table listing various books and their prices. Includes 'The Life of Christ', 'The Creator and the Creature', 'The Wonders of Divine Love', 'A Life of the Rt. Rev. Edward Maginn', 'The Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary', 'Souvenirs of Travel in Europe', 'Aspirations of Nature', 'The Prophecies of St. Columbkille', 'Keating's History of Ireland', 'MacGeoghegan's History of Ireland', 'My Trip to France', 'Alice Riordan', 'Fabola', 'The Boyhood of Great Painters', 'Statutes for Churches', 'A large Oil Painting of the Crucifixion', 'Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills', 'The Mission Book', 'Fathers of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer', 'Catholic Tales', 'History and Biography'.

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Montreal, Sept. 15.

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS.

DR. MORSE, the inventor of MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS, has spent the greater part of his life in travelling, having visited Europe, Asia, and Africa as well as North America—has spent three years among the Indians of our Western country—it was in this way that the Indian Root Pills were first discovered. Dr. Morse was the first man to establish the fact that all diseases arise from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD—that our strength, health and life depended upon this vital fluid.

When the various passages become clogged, and do not act in perfect harmony with the different functions of the body, the blood loses its action, becomes thick, corrupted and diseased; thus causing all pains sickness and distress of every name; our strength is exhausted, our health we are deprived of, and if nature is not assisted in throwing off the stagnant humors, the blood will become choked and cease to act, and thus our light of life will forever be blown out. How important then that we should keep the various passages of the body free and open. And how pleasant to us that we have it in our power to put a medicine in your reach, namely Morse's Indian Root Pills, manufactured from plants and roots which grow around the mountainous cliffs in Nature's garden, for the health and recovery of diseased man. One of the roots from which these Pills are made is a Sudoric, which opens the pores of the skin, and assists Nature in throwing out the finer parts of the corruption within. The second is a plant which is an Expecto-ant, that opens and unclogs the passage to the lungs, and thus, in a soothing manner, performs its duty by throwing off phlegm, and other humors from the lungs by copious spitting. The third is a Diuretic, which gives ease and double strength to the kidneys thus encouraged, they draw large amounts of impurity from the blood, which is then thrown out bountifully by the urinary or water passage, and which could not have been discharged in any other way.—The fourth is a Cathartic, and accompanies the ether properties of the Pills while engaged in purifying the blood; the coarser particles of impurity which cannot pass by the other outlets, are thus taken up and conveyed off in great quantities by the bowels.

From the above, it is shown that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills not only enter the stomach, but become united with the blood, for they find way to every part, and completely rout out and cleanse the system from all impurity, and the life of the body, which is the blood, becomes perfectly healthy; consequently all sickness and pain is driven from the system, for they cannot remain when the body becomes so pure and clear.

The reason why people are so distressed when sick and why so many die, is because they do not get a medicine which will pass the afflicted parts, and which will open the natural passages for the disease to be cast out; hence, a large quantity of food and other matter is lodged, and the stomach and intestines are literally overflowing with the corrupted mass; thus undergoing disagreeable fermentation, constantly mixing with the blood, which throws the corrupted matter through every vein and artery, until life is taken from the body by disease. Dr. Morse's PILLS have added to themselves victory upon victory, by restoring millions of the sick to blooming health and happiness. Yes, thousands who have been racked or tormented with sickness, pain and anguish, and whose feeble frames, have been scorched by the burning elements of raging fever, and who have been brought, as it were, within a step of the silent grave, now stand ready to testify that they would have been numbered with the dead, had it not been for this great and wonderful medicine, Morse's Indian Root Pills. After one or two doses had been taken, they were astonished, and absolutely surprised in witnessing their charming effects. Not only do they give immediate ease and strength, and take away all sickness, pain and anguish but they at once go to work at the foundation of the disease, which is the blood. Therefore, it will be shown, especially by those who use these Pills, that they will so cleanse and purify that disease—that deadly enemy—will take its flight, and the flush of youth and beauty will again return, and the prospect of a long and happy life will cherish and brighten your days.

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Montreal, July 8, 1858.
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