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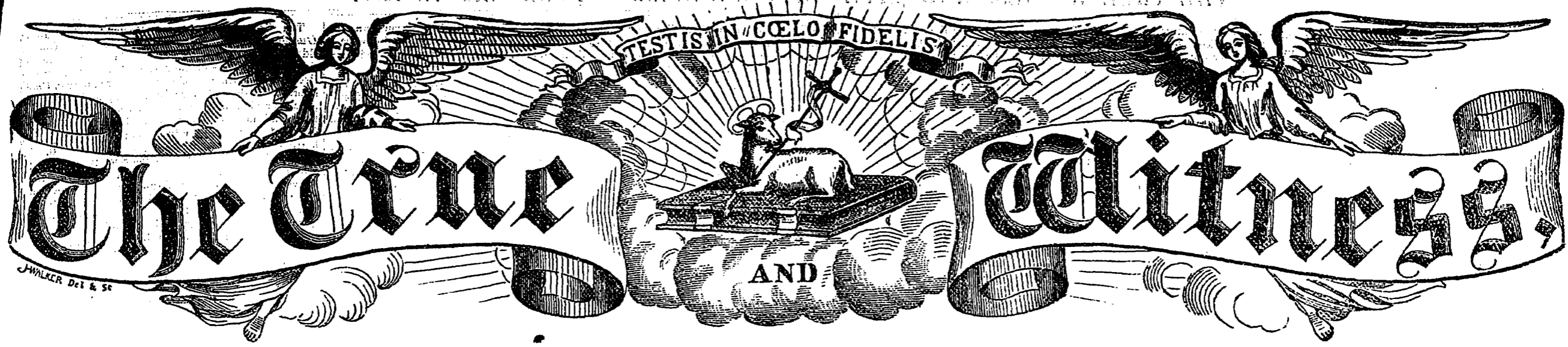
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. IX. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1859. No. 27.

THE TINTORETTO.

(Translated from the Italian by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, for the Philadelphia Catholic Herald and Visitor.)

CHAPTER V.—THE LESSON ON THE MANDOLINE.

"Marietta!" said the Tintoretto, who, with his pencil in one hand and his palette in the other, was standing before one of his masterpieces—the picture of Susana in the Bath; "bring your mandoline and give me a little music to cheer me this morning." At this peremptory order Marietta trembled and turned pale. "Father," she said hesitatingly, "if you could at all excuse me; for—"

"What—what?" said the Tintoretto, impatiently. "I have the portrait of the Countess Grimani to finish," said she hurriedly, but with more confidence, believing she had now found a good excuse. "This is always the burden of your song—the Countess Grimani and her portrait!" said the artist, turning without looking at his daughter, to resume his painting. "But the Countess Grimani is safe in bed at this hour of the morning; so pray for once sing another song, Marietta, without waiting for any more pressing child."

"I have got a slight cold, and am a little hoarse this morning," said the maiden, almost with tears in her eyes. "Oh, that's a different matter, Marietta, quite different," and Marietta, breathing again at the reprieve, was turning towards the door to retire, when her father stopped her by saying "At all events, go for your mandoline; you can play, I suppose, though you cannot sing." "I entreat of you, father," said Marietta, summoning all her courage, "do not ask me for music this morning; I have not time."

"And what else have you to do but to please your father?" said the Tintoretto, the cloud now fast gathering on his brow: "what have you to do anywhere else, when my order is that you should stay here? Under pretext that your health is delicate, you are let to go on as you like; you are not required to do anything in the house; in short, you are quite spoiled; and it is high time that all this should come to an end. I say, go and fetch your mandoline. If you cannot sing, at least you can play, Signora—you can play. My bile is up—take care!"

begged of her to sing a little to divert me—the young lady, out of humor, doubtless, at having been up too early, wanted, forsooth, to go to bed again; and I cannot tell you all the idle excuses she invented; and when at last I forced her to get her mandoline, she actually wept for vexation." "My poor Marietta!" said Dominic. "Your poor Marietta is locked up in her own room for the next week, I assure you," said Jacopo, coldly. "Locked up!" cried Dominic, impetuously, and giving way to a burst of natural feeling—"You have been angry with my sister; you have punished her, and she did not tell you that it is for me, to toil for me, to make up the time that I lose—spare me the shame of saying how—that she gets up before day, and not content with doing my work, she supports us all by her portrait painting; for you know, my dear father, how little either you or I have contributed. Yes, father, Marietta is an angel of goodness; and the King's letter is certainly for her."

"It is from King Philip of Spain!" exclaimed he, glancing rapidly over the letter. "He speaks of a portrait painted by Dominic, doubtless, tho' he says by my daughter—a mistake, of course—and he invites the painter to his court. He wishes to have his likeness taken by him. What an honor! I am transported with joy. Mother, pray call Dominic!" And he began calling him loudly himself—"Dominic, Dominic! The poor boy is shut up at his work, and so absorbed in it that he does not even hear me. Dominic, Dominic!"

At this instant the door opened, and the mother Robusti, who was leaving the room, was stopped by the appearance of Father Ambrosio. CHAPTER VII.—FATHER AMBROSIO AGAIN. "I beg your pardon; I have mistaken the Studio," said the Father, and was about to retire, when he was prevented by Robusti. "Pray walk in, Father Ambrosio, for if it be Dominic you want, my mother was just going to call him here, as I, too, have something to say to him."

The Canon took the chair placed for him by the Signora, as she left the room to call her grandson, who ere long made his appearance.—His red eyes and swollen features, and the disorder of his whole appearance, betrayed that the night had certainly not been passed quietly in bed, though he seemed at the moment, still half asleep. But one glance at Father Ambrosio's face and stern countenance seemed completely to arouse him, and he advanced towards him with an almost supplicating air. "I have called to see if the picture is ready, Signor Dominic," said the Canon. "It is now the twentieth of August; this picture ought to have been in its place for the Feast of the Assumption, five days ago."

"I assure you, Father—I assure you—stammered Dominic, in evident embarrassment. "I assure you, sir, that when promises are made they ought to be kept," said the Canon. "However, I am come to release you from your engagement, sir. Keep the picture and refund the advance made to you." "What advance?" asked Jacopo. "What do you mean?" "Only that I paid for the picture long since," replied the Canon. "Dominic, Dominic! you took payment in advance?" cried the Tintoretto, with indignant surprise. "It was to give to his sister, doubtless," interposed the grandmother, always ready to defend the young people: "It was to give to his sister for household expenses. You do not provide the means, Jacopo, and you know the house must be kept up."

ther restored to her, to his father, to virtue;—herself once more the object of her father's love—his pride, his boast. All concealment—that trial to an ingenious—at an end, she could take her pencil and work happily, with a fond father hanging over her, encouraging her. He wished her to attempt historical painting; but, as a woman, she shrunk from the necessary studies, and devoted herself to portraits; and soon, under the instruction of her father, became an adept both in design and coloring; nay, she made such progress, that her contemporaries ranked her productions with those of Titian. All the nobility of Venice would have their portraits taken by her; and the King of Spain, the Emperor Maximilian, and the Archduke Ferdinand endeavored to draw her to their courts by the most liberal offers. But her devoted attachment to her father made her reject all these proposals, and she remained with him till her death, which took place at the age of thirty, in 1590; her natural weakness of constitution having been increased by every toil. She was interred at the convent of Santa Maria dell'Orta, which owed its chief embellishment to her genius.

(Concluded.)

REV. DR. CAHILL ON THE EUROPEAN CABINETS OF THE OPENING YEAR 1859.

The apparent inactivity yet real energy, the silent yet studied councils, of the various Courts of Europe in the commencement of the present year, is a historical fact, which, under all the circumstances, may be cited as without a parallel in modern times. Within the last few months each nation has, as it were, withdrawn its scattered power within the centre of its capital; and on examining the public documents, which are the expression of their internal and external policies, one finds a total suspension of their past regime: and in the room of the universal hum of many kingdoms, busy in their national developments, one observes an official check put on all national exhibitions, and a studied silence observed through every responsible department of the Empire. "Our Correspondents" have absolutely nothing to communicate from Vienna;—beyond some Christmas fetes Berlin is perfectly barren. Even the enemies of King Bomba cannot discover anything in Naples on which to feed their malice, or to gratify their revenge. The Court of the Tuilleries has withdrawn so far its side from the public capital of news, that beyond a nod in the Champ de Mars, or a hint at a Reception, the Emperor has become inaudible and invisible. Our own St. James's is not far behind the silence of the other Courts, in these premises: and if we had not some news from India or China, I feel persuaded the reader will admit that the gloom of the grave has hung over the politics of England during the last five months.

For all this there appears a ready explanation in the fact, that the Courts of Europe are all at ease with their subjects. The German States have entered on a better mental understanding, and hence no more trouble need be apprehended from the North: Poland has been partly bullied, and partly flattered: and the Hungarians have hopes of a brighter future, by a more frank and grateful allegiance. France, after her Crimean campaign, her Algerian legislative framing of colonial law, may be said to be resting herself, and hence to feel small inclination to enter for some time into boisterous politics. Besides, France need not be mentioned in this case: all her hopes, fears, and glories, are centered in the heart of one man, expressed through his lip, executed by his will. She may, therefore, be left out: and she may, in all official documents, be called he: and as he seldom talks in public or private, it is no wonder that France is silent in the present circumstances.

This explanation looks plausible: but it does not meet the full case. When all the circumstances are fairly known, the reserve, the remarkable reserve of the various Cabinets must be accounted for on other principles. This explanation might meet the case if there were no encampments in each State. But when we reflect that millions of armed men are congregated within their respective nations, prepared for fight as in time of war, this fact alters the whole complexion of the case. Their silence towards each other under these circumstances is the silence of two hostile camps the night before the battle. Prussia, besides the facilities with which she can within some few hours put every man in the kingdom under arms, has recently made extensive arrangements for expedition and carriage in all her armaments. Russia has every Foundry in her empire at work; and she will have tens of thousands of hands ready in the opening spring to lay down her multitudinous railroads, as if she intended to make war on all Europe at no distant period. Austria has five hundred thousand men of all arms prepared to take the field on the first note of war sounded in

Europe. I need not allude to the million Frenchmen ready at this moment to take the word of command like soldiers on parade; and to issue from Cherbourg with a steam navy such as cannot be exaggerated for skill, hands, and metal.—There is no disguising the matter therefore: the surrounding countries are at this moment regular pitched camps, prepared for action; and no one can tell when the terrific crisis may arise. England is endeavoring to avoid collision with any as well as she can; she makes a matrimonial alliance with one of the parties; she humbles herself to a second; she tries to propitiate a third. But she is placed in dangerous circumstances; and neither her Chinese embarrassments, nor her Indian mutinies will prove so fatal to her if by any misfortune she happens to be dragged into a quarrel with such a powerful enemies as lie on her coast, and are so far her superiors in naval and military power. How the times are changed with England! she was once the terror of her immediate neighbors; and now, within a few short years, she is an infant, compared with her giant competitors.

At all periods of history there were always amongst the families of nations some peoples, who were oppressed from conquest, others who were chained down in order to subdue revolutionary frenzy, while others who wore the badge of servitude from long political slavery. There never will be a period of the world when some of the case will not be developed; while their actions will always enlist the sympathies of mankind as they struggle to break their chains, and to recover their lost liberties. In the present families of European nations, the Italian race is the people which meets the description of one of the cases of subjugation stated in the premises; and hence for the last twenty years this race has filled the whole world with their denunciations of the tyranny of Austria, and with their furious appeals for sympathy. And it is this race and this question which keep the encampments of Europe at this moment at the war standard.—Moreover, when Europe next quarrels it will be on the merits of this question; and if the standard of Revolution shall be even for a short time successful, a more bloody war never deluged the plains of central Europe.

The part of Italy which Austria holds is the Lombardo-Venetian territory, and is the most beautiful part of the world—the garden of Europe. The idea of the Revolutionists is, to sever themselves from Austria and attach themselves to Sardinia. This case, therefore, from various circumstances, becomes very complicated.—Sardinia is the friend of England, and Sardinia is the friend of France. England lent two millions sterling to Sardinia some few years ago in her opposition to Austria; and Napoleon has entered into a national alliance with Sardinia.—Moreover, there can be no doubt of the favor which the annexation with Sardinia has received in Paris and London. People are now beginning to forget what once was so well known by the name of Lord Palmerston's revolution. Nicholas would have never advanced on Constantinople, except he was supported by Palmerston; and I believe it is well known that up to the day of his death he never ceased to denounce the English perfidy which first encouraged and then opposed the Russian policy. In the councils of eternal justice Lord Palmerston is the principal cause of the expenditure of the blood and treasure wasted on the heights of Sebastopol. And, if the Sardinian question should ever become a reality in Europe, Lord Palmerston was the first who laid the train for the terrific explosion which may burst sooner over Europe than people can well calculate. This question of the old revolutionary Premier is likely to last long after his death: and it will be a legacy of extravagance, folly, and war, which, like all other diplomatic achievements, will bend England to the earth in national humiliation. Palmerston patronized Victor Emmanuel because he favored the plunder of the convents, insulted the Pope, imprisoned the Bishops, and curtailed the ancient liberties of the Church; and he wished to have his revenge of Austria, because the Austrian Court denounced him for his support of Kossuth, the Hungarian rebel; because all the English correspondents were removed from all Germany; and lastly, because the Austrian Cabinet refused to renew relations with England till Palmerston was dismissed from the English Cabinet; a request which the Queen of England was compelled to grant. Besides all this cause of offence from Austria, too, was Catholic, and expelled the English Bible Societies, and hence the whole bill of indictment by Palmerston against Austria. The peculiar character, too, of Palmerston was, that he had the evil of changing his own personal quarrels into national disputes; and thus he employed the whole power of the State to gratify private malice, or feed his unappeasable sectarian revenge. Napoleon takes this question as he found it, and he employs to such his political views. If Austria should ever menace him with hostilities,

he can in one day raise his Italian storm, which will shake the very foundation of Austrian power. The Emperor need not even appear as an onlooker in the case: he has only to hold himself indifferent, and eighteen millions of Italians will rise up like one man, led by Saradinia, to break the Austrian yoke. This result, too, might be dangerous to France herself under general internal commotion; and hence the whole question of Palmerston's intervention is one full of danger to the peace of Europe. Should France, however, quarrel single-handed with Austria, she certainly has the power of enveloping her Italian possessions in a resistless flame; and then marching to the gates of Vienna without much opposition. But this event would not be accomplished without violating alliances with Russia, Prussia and England, and thus extending the quarrel to the neighboring nations. In such an eventuality, the only point guaranteed by France is the security and the integrity of Rome, leaving Naples and the Duchies to maintain their ground, in alliance of Austria, as best they could, against the surrounding revolution. To those who are unacquainted with the secret workings of this question these statements come on them with surprise; but on a closer examination of the premises, observing the studied reserve of the Cabinets towards each other, and beholding the military encampments screwed up to the war point through Europe, it will become evident that some vital case of paramount importance, some question of menacing urgency, underlies the whole present fabric of European policy.

And it must be remembered that this is not a new case, since the same enterprise was attempted by the late King of Saradinia in 1848, when old Marshal Radetzki crushed the rebels, and humbled Charles Albert to a degree of unendurable humiliation, from which death alone relieved him. It is attempted to be argued that this is not a case of pure democratic revolution; it is asserted that it is only a transfer of allegiance from one Crown to another; and therefore it is undertaken to give a coloring of order and law to the disorders, plunder, and blood which may occur in its enterprise and final accomplishment. This piece of casuistry will be much better settled after the Revolution than before; and in the meantime we shall watch the progress of the question.

Jan. 13, 1859.

D. W. C.

SHAKMAN CRAWFORD'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

"The old Irish howl has become faint and attenuated in its modern instances; it lacks its ancient volume of voice and depth of growl; it is as empty as ever, but it is not so loud."—Times, Dec. 27.

My Friends,—such are the terms in which the leading journal of the British Empire answers Ireland's claim for industrial security against the irresponsible power possessed by landlords over tenants' property. These expressions were drawn forth by the comments of the Irish papers on a former article in the Times, in reply to a letter addressed by me to the editor of that paper, on the land question. The letter has been published or referred to in the most of the Irish newspapers.

It seems to me these words, and the feelings they indicate, should not be passed over without consideration by the Irish people. The Times paper has, confessedly, a most influential power in forming and leading British opinion. It is a power not to be despised, and an article casting such contempt on the claims of Ireland for justice ought to be a stimulus to Irishmen to apply their own energies in support of their own cause.

In the quotation at the head of this letter, the Times describes the present voice of Ireland as a howl, faint, attenuated, and empty, wanting volume of sound and depth of growl. Will there be no rebound to this taunt from the voice of Ireland? But, if the voice of Ireland be raised, I would say, let it not be as the howl of a kennel of dogs cowering under the lash of the huntsman, or of wild beasts springing from their secret covert, or of reasonable societies, or of assassins glorying in their deeds of blood, but let it be the voice of men, conscious of the dignity of their nature, who know what justice is, and claim to have it.

But, while I would endeavor to rouse Irishmen to agitate for justice, I would warn them against the evil counsels of those who would entice them into any project for the attainment of their rights by the phantom of throwing off subjection to British dominion, either through the means of any power in themselves, or its combination with foreign assistance.—Independently of every other consideration, both reason and experience prove the absurdity of any attempt to organize such a combination in Ireland as would be able to contend against the means which England could instantly apply for her subjugation.—England would demonstrate the immense extent of her power and resources, by compelling an unwilling submission to her authority over extended dominions removed by thousands of miles from her centre of action. Therefore, let Irishmen be assured that successful resistance to British dominion is impracticable, and that every such attempt will end in an aggravation of those grievances which she at present complains of.

Ireland, I contend, has the means of redress, by the powers which the Constitution has given her, if she would rightly use them. The people of Ireland have, at this time, a county occupation, rating franchise more extended than any portion of the United Kingdom. Let them have the moral courage to exercise that franchise in the election of faithful and competent representatives. If even three-fourths of the Irish complement of members were so elected, such members, by a course of independent action, regulated by upright principles of public duty, could control the balance of British parties, and would, in a short time, combine with themselves both the interests and sympathies of such a body of British members as would insure a successful issue to every reasonable demand on the part of Ireland. The battle of Ireland must be fought in the House of Commons of England, and good and true men must be returned by the electors of Ireland to fight that battle.

But I shall be answered, "We dread landlord vengeance." Why do you dread it? Because you have not the virtue or the moral courage to stand together for the common good of yourselves and country. If the whole body of the tenants of an estate acted determinedly together, no landlord would venture to stand the torrent of public indignation which a wholesale eviction founded on such a cause would create against him. The power of the forty-shilling electors carried emancipation, casting to the wind the dread of landlord vengeance. The occupation electors of the present day hold the same power in their hands, if they had the patriotism and courage to use it. I would say, then, let the electors of Ireland make immediate preparation for the next general election, and let them recollect the old and most true saying—"United, we stand—divided, we fall."

In the mean time, shall there be no ground from Ireland to answer the taunt of the Times? Irishmen may say, "We have no such leader now as the great O'Connell was?"—they may ask, "How can we raise our voice so as to make them heard?" I admit the objection. It is true that the masses have no power themselves to make their voices tell in constitutional

action; they must have leaders competent by education and knowledge to guide them. But I would ask, why may not that want be supplied by those Parliamentary representatives who have been elected by the popular voice, and who have declared adhesion to the Tenant-Right question? I trust I may not give offence, by presuming to suggest to the Liberal members for Ireland to take into consideration whether it might not be useful, at this important crisis, to call together their respective constituencies, to communicate their views of Parliamentary duty, and to lead on the people in constitutional agitation for their political rights, with relation to the expected Reform Bill, as well as to the land question. I have always held that it was the duty of the representative, in each successive year of his trust, to enter into communication with his constituents as to his Parliamentary conduct, as well as his view with regard to coming measures; thus, whilst acting in Parliament as their substitute and servant, becoming at the same time their instructor, adviser, and leader. It appears to me that the people are reduced to incorporate themselves with illegal and secret associations from the want of the constitutional means for the declaration of grievance, such as would be supplied by the course I have suggested, and which is in conformity with the general practice of the popular representatives of England; and I would further take leave to suggest, whether it would not be advisable for the Liberal representatives of Ireland to hold a conference of their own body, to consider the course to be taken with regard, more especially, to the Tenant-Right question, and to devise the means of united action in the Imperial Parliament. I would hope that in this way the taunt of the Times, on the feebleness of the voice of Ireland, might be met, not by a howl or a growl, but by a stern demand for justice, based on the declaration of substantial grievance.

I would wish to take this opportunity of offering a word of advice to landlords, with whom I have myself a common interest. I would ask—Do they wish to secure their own rights? If so, I would say, then establish your tenants' rights by legal enactment; there can be no confidence between any two parties without reciprocal security. Do not retain in your hands the power to do a wrong; so long as you do so your very best acts will be liable to suspicion, and the assertion of even your acknowledged rights will assume the form of oppression, and produce discontent and probable resistance. It is said you are to confer on the means of security for life and property. The mode is simple: secure your tenants in their rights of industry and property, and make yourselves landlords of freemen, instead of masters of serfs. I know I shall be answered by the allegation that the people of Ireland have an interminable hostility to law and order, as evidenced by their associating in secret societies, past and present, for the subversion of the government. I would ask, if such society exist, what is the attracting impetus? My answer is—That the people do not feel they have the enjoyment of law and order, as regards the most important of all their social relations—the occupation of the soil—and the feeling of alienation and hostility which operates in the first instance against the landlords, is transferred to the government and to the laws which sanction the practical injustice and oppression they complain of. I do not mean to deny that there are landlords who acknowledge the justice of the Tenant-right principle, and duly respect it, and who do not use it to coerce their tenants in the exercise of their political rights. There are others again (I am afraid the large majority), who acknowledge it in like manner, but make political subjection the price of the boon. Now I would ask those landlords who sanction the practice on their estates, why do they do so? Is it not because they believe it would be unjust to refuse it?—I would put it then to such landlords—Why do you refuse the sanction of law to that which justice demands? I would ask such men to come forward and join in the noble work of doing justice to the people, and thus, while securing their own rights, to establish order and tranquillity, as well as the loyal submission of the people of Ireland to the rule of England, which never can be firmly sustained unless by such laws and government as will give equal protection to the rights and interests of every class in the community.

In conclusion, I would offer to my countrymen that maxim of policy—"Take instruction from your enemy." The Times insults you, but, at the same time, tells you a useful truth—"Your voice has become faint and attenuated in its modern dimensions." I have endeavored to show the means of giving life, spirit and strength to that voice; but it is not by words alone, but by deeds, that the cause of Ireland can be won. Will Ulster now marshal herself for that constitutional combat in Tenant-right Associations? Ulster—where Tenant-right, beyond all other parts of Ireland, is the want and prayer of the people—what has Ulster done for the cause? Ulster returns eighteen county members, and of that number one is elected as the champion of Tenant-right. The county of Londonderry has the high honor of that achievement. I would ask does not Ulster deserve the taunt of the Times? Will the other counties of Ulster now prepare to obliterate the stigma by following the example of Londonderry?

I have presumed to submit the foregoing words of advice to my countrymen. I am prepared to expect the censure of some who may join with the Times in comparing me to a "big fly (with an ugly name), thumping and buzzing about, and with my droning noise, creating a nuisance, and driving nervous people half crazy." I willingly forgive the Times for all this. That paper did me the justice of inserting my letter. Their comments did me no harm; and the Times has since done the further justice of inserting valuable letters from another writer—"Cosmopolite"—which substantially confirm all my allegations as to the disordered and unjust state of the relationship of landlord and tenant in Ireland. It may be said Ireland does not require my interference in these matters. I certainly have no credentials to show; but I have the belief that, in advocating the tenants' cause, I have with me the assenting feelings of the mass of the people of Ireland, and I have what is still more important for my own satisfaction—I have the firm conviction, in my own mind, that I am pleading a just and righteous cause; and, so long as I hold that belief, no amount of obliquity or ridicule shall deter me from persevering in an humble endeavor to advance it.

W. SHAKMAN CRAWFORD.

Crawfordsburn, Jan. 5, 1859.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ARREST OF AN IRISH AMERICAN IN ENNIS-KILLEN.

(From a Correspondent of the Telegraph.)

Enniskillen, Jan. 6, 1859. DEAR SIR,—There having been an arrest in this town on Monday last, the third instant, of a suspected Phoenix man, which caused some sensation amongst the friends of the gentleman arrested, but as he turned out to be a loyal subject, the authorities smoothed the affair, and it has got very little circulation yet.—The facts are these:—A Mr. Gallagher, from the neighbourhood, went to America some six years ago, and has lately returned on a visit to his friends here, and having the cut of a real Yankee about him he excited the suspicion of the authorities. However, the young gentleman went about seeing his friends, and being an American citizen, caring for nobody. But to his great surprise he was arrested on Monday in this town, brought before the magistrates, and, no charge being preferred against him he was liberated, and the only cause of suspicion was his wearing a moustache, and having the cut of a foreigner. Fortunately for the Government they have a very efficient staff of police and police officers in this part of the country, since they have transformed the still-hunting gentry into police officers. It would appear that the officers here, who have been changed from

the embryo of police still to the robes of the Phoenix, have not much confidence in some of their men. Three Roman Catholic policemen being on duty in the locality where Mr. Gallagher was arrested. They were passed by, and a constable (one of the true Blues, no doubt) was sent for to arrest him, and I dare say he will get promotion the first vacancy.—Those transformed still-hunters being only the third-class officers are likely on the look out for promotion and a capital chance they will have if they can only find a Phoenix nest. The only tangible case could be put before the magistrates by this person was, while passing the police barrack whistling "Patrick's Day," and in the Yankee Doodle style keeping time to the music with the supposed "Signs of the Phoenix." The Rev. Mr. Hughes, our Catholic curate, spoke of the entire affair this day. He denounced from the altar all secret societies, but he censured the government officials who, by their excess of zeal, confounded the innocent with the guilty, and thus brought discredit on the country.

PHOENIX CLUBBISTS IN COOTEHILL.—THE POLICE.—On Sunday last, Mr. David Patten, County Inspector, accompanied by some constables of police, arrived in Cootehill from the town of Carran, and assisted by those of the former place, proceeded on the night of that day to make a close search in several public houses in Bridge street, and at about half-past nine o'clock on Wednesday night, Head-Constable Harrison, accompanied by Constable Brennan, Acting-Constable M'Vickers, and five sub-constables, proceeded to make a most diligent search in several other public houses in Market street. It is supposed that they were seeking for Phoenix Clubbists or Ribbonmen, but they made no arrests, as there are none such in Cootehill; therefore Mr. County Inspector Patten must have been hoaxed by some wag who penned an anonymous epistle to him, as he stated that he was acting upon information which he had received. The county of Carran is perfectly free from all secret societies, save Orangeism.—Dunalk paper.

KILLARNEY, JAN. 1.—Joseph and Daniel Murphy and Patrick Cronin, who it will be recollected, were arrested here on the 11th December last, charged with being members of the Phoenix Club, and released from Trillick Jail on Christmas Eve, on their own recognisances, were again arrested last evening; the Murphys at Aghadee, and Cronin at Barlowmount, in the same neighbourhood. The prisoners were lodged at the Police Barracks here, and left this morning by the train, escorted by two policemen, en route, it is said, for Dublin Castle. The removal of these young men adds strength to the rumors afloat here for some days—that they had told all they knew—in fact have peached. Be this as it may, I believe I am safe in saying, Goulas testimony must be supported, otherwise is harmless.

THE ARRESTS.—The Cork Examiner learns from its Killarney correspondent that the brother of Gould, the informer, who swore informations against the parties arrested in Cork, was sent from Kenmare to Dublin Castle on Friday last. More arrests were expected in Kenmare. Several parties, named as members of the Phoenix Club, have left the country.

ANNEXATION AT HOME.—Human greatness is all comparative. When Lord Dalhousie returned in triumph from the Empire beyond the Ganges, all nobles assembled to do him honour. Lendehall street exhibited an array of parchment-faced directors, pry and sallow-looking, as if every countenance had been borrowed from a certain department of the British Museum; and Sir J. W. Lugge waxed eloquent in conveying the thanks of the locomotive mummies to the nobleman who had been the means of adding so vastly to the possessions of the East India Company. Oude, with its territory of four-and-twenty thousand square miles—upwards of fifteen million acres—had just been annexed to the empire and in that glorious achievement the Marquis of Dalhousie had taken a leading part. Honours, of course, were heaped on the head of the gallant warrior who had done so much for the merchant princes, and wonderful was the history of all fetes and feasts which followed in the train. Lord Dalhousie's annexations were not accomplished without a great amount of expense, civil and military—millions of rupees and hundreds of lives were lost in the several campaigns; and those who cannot be made to understand that there are some readings of the Eighth Commandment never contemplated by the Israelitish Lawgiver, might inquire what became of the rights of the original owners? We have said that there are degrees of human greatness. Here, in the North of Ireland, there have, of late days, been several cases of annexation, without the sound of drum or trumpet, or even a single shot being fired in token of victory. If Lord Dalhousie is to be lauded for sieges in a kingdom, the territorial sleight-of-hand performed by Mr. Conway Richard Dobbs is worthy of a passing word of notice. In Monday's paper, we gave the details of one of those events which, we are gratified to say, rarely occur in Ulster. Fond of the policy so long carried out by the defunct East India Company as a few of the landlords in this part of the country may be, contravention of the rights of farmers are comparatively few. Mr. Dobbs has already gained a name not peculiarly desirable in sound landlordism, because of his conduct towards Mr. Kirk; and the latest of his annexation performances will place another blot on the brightness of his shield. A family, named Forsythe, held at will a farm in the parish of Ballynure, and, for several generations, the same land had been cultivated by their ancestors. The early progenitors of the Forsythes had, it is said, come to Antrim shortly after the Revolution of '88, when upwards of one million acres of land had been wrested from the rightful owners, and handed over to the followers of William the Third. From that date till the present the family had continued to hold the property, and by their exertions considerable additions had been made to its value. They were mere tenants at will. No charge was made against them as to non-payment of rent, nor did the agent, Mr. Stewart—who stated that he did not think there was such a thing as Tenant Right in Ulster—attempt to bring forward the slightest evidence against the character of the victims of our wretched system of land tenure. All that could be adduced was, simply, that Mr. Dobbs had the power to wrest the right of possession, and with that right all the industrial improvements made by the tenant. The poor people offered to give up the farm to the landlord, without a struggle, if he would let them sell, at its market value, the right of possession; but that act of justice was denied, and now they are flung out on the highway, to beg or starve, as the case may be. The righteous indignation of the British people was roused to the highest pitch by the history told of the sacking of the palace of Oude, and the dethroning of its monarch. To the family of the Forsythes, the little farm torn from their possession was to them an empire, and the cottage in which they had been reared, possessed, in the eyes of its owners, all the charms of a palace. Will our brethren of the British Isle be able to spare even a mite of sympathy in favour of these people? In the glens and by the hill sides of Antrim—those romantic wilds which, in former days, sheltered from the fœmen Robert the Bruce—there are numbers of people of Saxon origin, and who, to this day, retain the peculiar features which mark their race. These men have toiled to bring into high cultivation thousands of broad acres; they have waged war against a previously stubborn and sterile soil; and, while achieving comfortable subsistence for themselves, they have added to the wealth of their chiefs—nay, they have increased the riches of the nation. Surely, then, the Anglo-Irish have a claim on British feeling, at least equal to that so freely given to the swarthy Asiatic. There is still much of the erratic in our laws. The worthy proprietor of Castle Dobbs does not carry off either cow or calf belonging to Forsythe. That sullied power, called territorial rights, would not permit this Conway Richard even to seize on a single portion of the tenants' farm-yard stock, from the venerable goose to the smallest

chicken; but the law which would call such annexation by very hard names allows him to take possession of all the buildings and improvements, and convert them to his own use.—Northern Whig.

"Cast down, but not destroyed" without the bounding hope of '48 or the corpse-like pallor of '49; without the powerful organization of '62 or the despairing apathy of '66; neither defeat or prostrate—(Ireland appears to '64, having succeeded in naught save in surrendering nothing, and in exemplifying the failure of a foreign legislature to satisfy the wants of a Nation. The wily policy which struck the last weapon from her hand—which shattered the party formed to express her sentiments and advocate her claims—has left behind a mere purposeless discontent. This, however, is the inevitable and natural result of the destruction of the organization of '52, and would soon disappear in view of a new field of action. The people will not return to the position from which they have been beaten, until new probabilities of success arise—until new weapons are in their hands or new shields upon their shoulders. But they have suffered no defeat to incapacitate them from seizing the advantages and opportunities which the future may unfold. If landlord terrors have beaten them at the hustings, the Ballot may open to them for the first time a real probability of overthrowing their long too powerful foes, and wresting piecemeal the rights for which they contend. And, above all, if the baffled efforts of the past and the deep-seated, though aimless, discontent of the present, have had no other result, they have achieved what should be, with us, one of our most important cares—the assurance of Europe of our distinct and independent national attitude—of our unaltered and unalterable aspiration for legislative independence—of our belief that "the future cannot fail to be fortunate to Ireland," because our hopes "are based upon justice and love of the country's liberty"—our determination to bide its approach "with firmness, and to 'Resolutely await the decrees of Providence.'—Nation.

THE IRISH VICEROYALTY.—The following is an extract from a London letter, published in the Derry Journal. The subject referred to has been a current topic in Dublin for several days past, and an article in the Sunday organ of the late Ministry has given strength to the rumor that some move is on the tapis in the direction indicated—"I have learned that correspondence has been going on between the Irish office here and officials—and others outside the official circle—on the subject of the Viceroyalty, and from what has reached my ear I have no hesitation in saying that the abolition of the office is determined upon. Don't understand me as saying that the Government will originate a Bill with this object in view. They will do nothing of this straightforward nature, but they are aware that a Bill will be brought before the House of Commons by an independent member—not Mr. Roebuck this time—and the members of the Government will give no opposition, either in its inception or other stages. So far, then, as the Ministry are concerned, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland will cease to be one of the institutions of the country before the lapse of another year."

Baron Pennefather has sent in his formal resignation to the Government, consequently the venerable Judge did not take his seat at the opening of term on Tuesday. There appears to be no doubt that Mr. Hayes, the Solicitor-General, will be the new Baron. In the Court of Queen's Bench, on Tuesday, Mr. Justice Crampton, in his charge to the grand jury, told them that he would not have many more opportunities of addressing them in his judicial capacity. It is said that in the event of another vacancy on the Bench the Attorney-General means to hold his present office, and that the judgeship will be offered either to Mr. Brewster or Mr. Francis Fitzgerald, the undoubted leaders of the chancery bar.

Private letters from Rome announce the marriage there of the Marquis and Marchioness of Sligo according to the rites of the Catholic Church. It will perhaps be recollected that the Marquis, who was a Protestant, was married some months ago to Miss Nugent, a Catholic lady within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, at a Protestant church, the decrees of the Synod of Thurles having forbidden any priest to celebrate a marriage without an engagement for the Catholic education of the children of both sexes, which the Marquis refused to give. We heard at the time with sincere satisfaction that they had proceeded to Rome immediately after this Protestant marriage. This was the best step possible under circumstances so painful, and they are now united with the sanction of the Church. The letters in question state that the impediment to the Catholic nuptials has been most effectually removed in Rome in a manner that will be most gratifying to the Catholic world, and especially to the Catholics of Mayo, where the noble Marquis's extensive estates are principally situated. His Lordship's grandmother, the late pious Countess of Clanciaro, his aunt, the late Countess of Howth, and the late Lady Strangford, the mother of his first wife, were strict Catholics.—Weekly Register.

Mr. Greer, M.P., addressed a large meeting of his constituents, at Coleraine, on Saturday last. In the course of his speech he said:—He was glad to find Mr. Bright coming forward to demand a comprehensive measure of Reform, so that, when carried, the House of Commons would really represent the people, and not be a second House of Lords, as it had been to a great extent. Without committing himself to the details of the speeches of Mr. Bright, he believed he had laid before the country a scheme or plan which, in its main features, would be necessary to produce a thorough reform of Parliament in this country. Having expressed himself strongly in favor of the ballot and reform of the electoral divisions, he urged the importance and justice of a measure of tenant-right, and called upon the people to petition in favor of it, and to re-establish the Ulster tenant-right society. Mr. Hugh Bellis, Lisnalty, proposed the first resolution—"That a further measure of Parliamentary Reform is absolutely necessary to secure a fair representation of the people, embracing a re-distribution of the constituencies, vote by ballot, and an extension of the electoral franchise." Mr. Samuel Peacock seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. The Rev. Mr. McDonnell, Presbyterian minister, moved the next resolution—"That an association be now formed in connection with the Ulster Tenant Right Society, and that the following committee be appointed for the present year." Here follow the names. The reverend gentleman's speech contained the usual arguments in favor of tenant right. Other matters to which he referred were entirely of local character. Mr. Robert Kerr, of Darragh, seconded the motion, which was adopted amid loud cheers.

A correspondent of our Conservative contemporary, the Daily Express, communicates the pleasing intelligence—that there are thirty-nine ministers in the Irish Church who enjoy among them the enormous sum of £53,978 of annual income, drawn from the endowments which were originally conferred on the Catholic Church by Catholic benefactors. The correspondent of the Daily Express takes care to inform his readers that twelve Protestant Bishops on the Irish Establishment receive annually £66,000, so that it appears proved beyond the reach of cavil that fifty-one gentlemen of the favored class receive among them an income of £120,000, for which it would be very difficult to learn that the country receives any return.

Mr. Spooner writes to the Protestant Magazine that the Mayothon Grant is "not worth five years' purchase," and proposes to "give more than its value to public works in Ireland unconnected with religion or educational purposes." It has not struck Mr. Spooner that all proper public works ought to be carried out in Ireland, as in England, not as a bribe, but as a right; and that if money is wanted the establishment will furnish more than Mayothon. How many years' purchase does he think that worth?—Weekly Register.

THE CHURCH EDUCATION SOCIETY.—The Derry Guardian, an out-and-out champion of the Church Education Society, draws this melancholy sketch of the declining state of the association in the strictly Protestant diocese of Raphoe. Archbishop Goold is brother-in-law of Lord Eglintoun, and neither his purse nor his influence has ever been spared towards the sustenance of the Scriptural, as opposed to the National, system of education.—"We regret to learn from an esteemed correspondent, that the interests of the Church Education Society are in a declining state in the diocese of Raphoe, and that there is every probability that Archbishop Goold will not renew his munificent donation to the society this year, in consequence of the apparent apathy felt regarding it by the clergy and other inhabitants of Donegal. There is reason to believe that the present Government, if allowed to remain in office, will effect such a relaxation of the rules of the National system that the Scriptural schools of Ireland will no longer be excluded from participating in the grant from the Imperial Treasury; but the expectations of the friends of scriptural education have frequently been disappointed already, and this year may witness a further frustration of their hopes. Moreover, funds are urgently needed to maintain the schools in an efficient state until the anticipated aid from the Legislature arrives. It is a deep reproach to our rulers that while Roman Catholic schools in monasteries, nunneries, and chapel yards are receiving assistance from the State, not a single penny of the public money is granted for the support of those schools in which the word of God is read daily by all the pupils, under the superintendence of the parochial clergy."

"Who Suor Mr. Nixon?"—The Mail has been driven from the silence by which it hoped to cloak its young friend, the accused "assassin of Mr. Nixon." The Mail says it "writes in ignorance of the facts of the case," but yet it "does not believe" that its protegee's name was mentioned in any information! Is the Mail really anxious to learn the facts? Mr. Nixon is in town, and we believe he can satisfy the Mail's misgivings as to the existence of Hegarty, and the mention of the unnamed "young gentleman's" name in the information as that of the party recognised as we stated. The Mail's reply to our plain, direct, and explicit statements and questions consists of—"calling names!" Here is the answer—"One of the most atrocious articles which ever disgraced the columns of an Irish newspaper."—"The wickedness which distinguished the article."—"Fiendish malignity."—"Foul language."—"Still fouler insinuations."—"Base and cowardly ferocity."—"This hateful production."—"Dastardly fighting from behind a hedge with its poisoned shaft of insinuation."—"Rather a curious way of disproving assertions. However, we will settle the 'insinuation.'" Be it known, then, that without any "insinuation," and to save the excuse of official reticence, we in the most direct manner, assert—not "insinuate"—I, that Bernard Hegarty did swear the information.—II. That he did name the young friend of the Mail editor as the party whom he recognised in the presumed assassin's disguise at the scene of the attempted murder.—III. That that "young gentleman" is the son of a Donegal landlord.—IV. That the young gentleman is a pupil of the Evening Mail, and not of "Priestly teachings."—V. That Mr. Fitzgerald had the information of Hegarty in his hands.—VI. That Mr. Nixon can tell who the identified presumed assassin is.—VII. That Mr. Wybrants O'Byrne also can tell who he is. We trust we have made seven very plain assertions, which by next Friday the Mail may easily contradict and refute, if we have said that which is not. Till then we shall take leave to postpone acknowledging the very handsome invitation so magnanimously given us to discharge at our own cost, the duties for which the public pays certain of the Mail's friends several hundred pounds per annum. By next Friday the Mail has it in its power to cover the Nation with confusion, or must itself stand branded as the shelterer and defender of accused assassins—meaning, as the French Journals are already beginning to inquire—"Qui donc a tir sur Monsieur Nixon?"

ARREST OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERER OF MR. ELY.—From information received by the police it was supposed that Delany, the alleged murderer of Mr. Ely, for whose apprehension a large reward has been offered, would endeavour to get off in the Circeanian. Several detectives were on the look-out, and late last night a man was immediately arrested on his coming on board the steamer. On investigation to-day it has transpired that the prisoner is not Delany, but a man named Kelly, a somewhat famous cow stealer, from the county of Kildare. After the arrest a revolver pistol was found on his person and a few pounds in money. The suspicions against him were strengthened by his offering, through his friends, a large sum of money to some person in Galway who, it was supposed, could facilitate his escape. Much credit is due to Inspector Gullin and the police generally for the caution and watchfulness which they evinced throughout this affair.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.—The following mysterious circumstances, which have produced no small amount of excitement in the neighborhood of Glasnevin, took place on Friday last. A fine little girl named Mary Gartland, the daughter of a poor man residing at a short distance from the seventh lock on the Royal Canal, went on Thursday evening to fetch some water, and, not returning, her brothers and sisters became alarmed, and on their going to the canal bank they saw the jug which the little girl had carried with her floating on the water. Information of the circumstance having been conveyed to the police station the next morning police-constable 63 D proceeded with a drag, &c., to search for the body of the child, of whose fate there was very little doubt.—While engaged in the search the constable found the drag resisted by some soft substance. After vigorous efforts he succeeded in bringing to the surface the body of a man, which, on being got on shore, seemed by the dress, &c., to be that of a gentleman, and to have been in the water about three weeks, decomposition having gone on extensively. Around the neck of the body a red silk handkerchief was knotted by one of its ends, while to the other end was attached a piece of brass weighing 20lbs. This mass of metal was found afterwards to have belonged to a force pump. Its weight was sufficient to keep the body under water despite of the buoyancy consequent on decomposition, and the remains would doubtless have remained much longer submerged and undiscovered had it not been for the circumstance of the canal being dragged for the missing child. The body of the deceased appeared to be that of a man about 27 years old and five feet seven inches in height, wearing short dark whiskers and dark hair. The clothes on the body comprised a black cloth frock coat with outside flaps at the hips, but without pockets, the collar and breast bound with black silk and black silk lining. The vest was of dark brown tweed, also bound with black silk. The trousers were of the kind called "shepherd's plaid." The shirt was of fine linen, and round the neck was a black silk scarf. A pair of fashionably made Wellington boots were on the feet. The body was conveyed to St. George's Cemetery, Whitworth-road, where it remains in charge of the police, awaiting the coroner's inquest, which will be held this day.—It is feared that the deceased encountered some parties who had been committing a robbery, and that he met with foul play at their hands. The piece of brass which was used to sink the body is thought to have been part of the plunder. Others are led to believe that it was a case of suicide, inasmuch as the sum of 5s 9d and a bunch of keys were found in the pockets. The detective police are actively engaged in making inquiries for the purpose of ascertaining the identity of the deceased. The body of the little girl Mary Gartland, was taken out of the canal, and was conveyed to the house of the afflicted parents, where an inquest will be held this day.—Dublin paper.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 11, 1859.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The last accounts from Europe would seem to indicate a momentary suspension of the war panic occasioned by the French Emperor's menacing language to the Austrian Ambassador, the blustering tone of the King of Sardinia's speech, and the revolutionary attitude of the North of Italy. The Times believes, or affects to believe, that there is little danger of an Italian insurrection; it says:—

"The Milanese in 1859 are pretty much what they have been any time during the last ten years—very full of mortars and snipers against the Austrian rule, very skilful in putting petty slights on the Austrian authorities, and not careful to confine the social war to the sterner sex; great in deserting opera boxes when an Archduke happens to be present, or affecting to be engaged earnestly in conversation when an Austrian lady might claim a recognition of her presence. They know how to wear a hat seditiously, show aspirations for liberty by the tie of a cravat, or express their views of an Italian future by pulling only Piedmontese cigars. But this is all, and it is nothing more than they did last year, and will probably do for many a year longer. Any appearance of a meditated rebellion does not exist. A placard may be posted up during the night by a man who runs off immediately, or a patriotic cry may be uttered when there are only Italians to hear it; but that there has been any braving of the Austrian power, any menace of popular rising, any refusal of obedience to the police or the taxgatherer, is the grossest misrepresentation. Whether voluntarily or not, the French and their ally have imposed on the credulity of Europe; but how the Sardinian Monarch, who must remember the events of 1848, can believe in a popular insurrection in Lombardy, passes conception."

A telegram announces the somewhat sudden death of the King of Naples, after a few hours' illness, but the report is not confirmed. In other respects, the news from Europe is of little interest.

The result of the secret examination of the prisoners imprisoned at Belfast is at last before the public, and certainly does not seem to justify the extraordinary measures of the British Government. The "Secret Societies" now appear to be of the most insignificant dimensions, and the conspirators, a parcel of silly beardless boys, who met occasionally in taverns to drink whiskey, and talk treason. That such societies should exist, is to be deplored; but their existence is but the inevitable consequence of the growth of Orangeism. There is nothing of importance from the disturbed districts in India; but Lord Clyde's tactics are becoming the subject of much hostile criticism. There are marchings and counter-marchings, but no progress is made towards the suppression of the insurrection, or the capture of its leaders.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.—The proceedings in this branch of the Legislature have been of little interest since our last; with this exception, that the Ministerial proposition to carry out the understanding with Quebec, by which the Seat of Government was to be removed to that City at the end of the present year, was negatived by a small majority.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.—The debate on the Address, in reply to the Speech from the Throne, has been prosecuted with much energy during the past week. The amendment proposed by Mr. Scitotte asserts, as the fundamental principle of representative government, the right of the majority to have their views and opinions carried out; and, referring to the vote of the Assembly on the 28th of July last, declares that the House then "expressed its views and opinions on the subject of the Seat of Government in the ordinary and constitutional exercise of its privilege."

To this amendment, another amendment was subsequently moved by Mr. Hogan, seconded by Mr. Wallbridge, to the following effect:—

"We feel it our duty to express our devoted attachment to Her Most Gracious Majesty, and our gratitude for the interest she has taken in the welfare of Her Canadian subjects by selecting the City of Ottawa as the future Seat of the Provincial Government; but we would at the same time, respectfully beg leave to submit to your Excellency that the Federal Union of all the North American Colonies having been moved by your Excellency's Constitutional advisers to the Imperial Government, and also to the Governments of the other Colonies which, should such a Union take place, might be desirous of having a voice in the selection of a Seat of Government, it is inexpedient at present to take any steps towards the erection of public buildings at Ottawa."

It is impossible within our limits to give any abstract of the desultory debate, to which the discussion of the original motion, and the amendments thereunto proposed has given rise. The respective advantages of Montreal and Ottawa as the permanent Seat of Government—the

policy of the Brown-Dorion Ministry—the poetic merits of Mr. McGee's lately published collection of Ballads—the Ryerson frauds, and the immunity of which, thanks to the present Ministry, the delinquent is assured—these, with some fifty thousand other topics all as unconnected with the one question at issue—i. e., the propriety of accepting as final the decision of the Imperial Government on the Seat of Government Question—have formed the subject matter of the long-winded discourses which honorable members have deemed it their duty to inflict upon the community since the opening of the Session. Nor do we see any cure for the evil, or any prospect of checking the fearful incontinence of words with which our legislators are troubled, except in an immediate reduction of their salaries. Six dollars a day per head for members of Parliament, is a monstrous burden upon the finances of the country, whilst the irrelevant twaddle in which they indulge is an insult to the sense of the community.

Though we have not space to report the several speeches delivered during the course of the debate, we cannot but notice that of Mr. McGee, which is allowed on all hands to have been one of the most effective delivered during the debate; whilst we have no doubt that the Hon. Postmaster-General will long remember the castigation inflicted upon him by the junior member for Montreal, who in a masterly manner exposed the artifices employed by his Ministerial opponent to secure his election by appealing to the Anti-Catholic fanaticism of the people of Upper Canada. As a specimen Mr. McGee read the following extracts from one of the Ministerial electioneering placards:—

To (Mr. McGee), held by mere accident in his hands one of the hon. gentleman's electioneering placards, issued the last time he was a candidate.—The document was headed—"Protestantism in danger; come to the rescue—vote for Smith!! (Loud laughter.)" "Mr. Burnham is supported by Father Smith," a Catholic clergyman in the town of Cobourg, "who boasts he can return Mr. Burnham by holding up his right hand." "Remember the civil butcheries of Rome!" This was one of the documents which the Hon. Postmaster-General, who is opposed to religious dissensions, had put forth. "It is part of a deep laid scheme to bring Canada under the dominion of the Pope, by means of Separate Schools." (Loud laughter.) This was the placard and the platform of the hon. gentleman when before the electors.

Strangest of all, it is for the men who make these appeals to the Protestantism of Upper Canada, that the support of the Catholics of the Lower Province is claimed, by the friends of "bons principes!" Why even George Brown himself was never more brutal in his denunciations of Popery than are the leading members of the present Ministry!

Up to the time of going to press the debate on the address still continued. Mr. Hogan's amendment had been negatived, as also one proposed by M. Archambault.

THE "BROWN-DORION POLICY."—We have carefully perused the speeches of the leading members of the short-lived administration of last summer, in the hopes of discovering wherein its policy consisted; and how it proposed to deal with the great questions of the day, such as the "School Question," the "Seat of Government Question," and the "Question of Representation by Population." The only conclusion at which we can arrive however, is this—that upon these, as upon all other important topics, it had no clearly-defined policy whatever. Mr. George Brown tells us indeed, that, had he been allowed to remain in the enjoyment of his salary, it was his intention to have "grappled" with these questions; our opinion however from the first was, and always has been, that he and his colleagues were determined to shirk them; and in this opinion we are fully confirmed by their own official declarations in the present session of Parliament.

Take the "School Question" for instance—(the most difficult, and incomparably the most important, of those questions with which any Ministry that may be formed, will have to deal)—and the declarations of the "Brown-Dorion" administration as to its intentions towards it; and its incompetency to deal with that question, is at once apparent. "It was agreed"—so we are now informed—"to take the question up, and after examining the systems in vogue in Belgium, Ireland, Prussia, &c., to introduce into our common school system such amendments as might seem necessary." In other words, it was agreed to evade the question; and under the pretence of "grappling" with it, to postpone, indefinitely, its discussion and settlement, whilst inquiries were being made into the school systems of other countries; systems utterly inapplicable to the circumstances of Upper Canada; and all open to the same objections as those which Catholics urge against the system now actually in operation in that section of the Province.

For the main objection against that system, and one which is conclusive in so far as Catholics are concerned, against it, and against the school systems of those countries from which we were to borrow "such amendments as might seem necessary"—is this; that it, and they, are common or mixed school systems; and that all such systems of education are repugnant to, and have been once and for ever condemned by, the Catho-

lic Church. Every one in the slightest degree acquainted with the public declarations of the Catholic Church, must know that it is to mixed or common schools—no matter what may be taught therein, or how conducted—that the Catholic Church objects; and that no possible or conceivable modification of a common or mixed system, can mitigate our hostility towards it, or induce us to regard it with an eye of favor.—An essential condition of any and every system of public education to which we will ever give our support, is a provision for "separate," as opposed to "common" or "mixed" schools. In the plenitude of our rights as parents, we declare that we will not—so help us God—that we will not allow our children to be educated, either by Protestants, or with Protestants; that in this matter we are answerable to God, and to Him alone; and that we will listen to no compromise, and will allow no one, no human authority, no matter how constituted, to dictate to us therein. The Catholic, or professing Catholic, who can talk of so modifying a "common" or "mixed" system of education, as to make it tolerable to Catholics, must be either a simpleton or something worse.

What then must be our opinion of those who twaddle about reforming our actual system by importations from Prussia, Belgium, Ireland or elsewhere—as if it were merely to the details, and not to the fundamental principle, of all "common" or "mixed" education, that Catholics object? Either that they are grossly ignorant of the state of the "School Question," as betwixt Catholics and Protestants, and therefore intellectually incompetent to legislate thereupon; or that they are for party purposes prepared to sacrifice our rights as parents, and to make abnegation of their duty as Catholics; and are, therefore, morally unfit for the office of legislators, and altogether unworthy of our support.

At the same time, and in justice to the late Brown-Dorion Administration, we must admit that the scheme of looking for amendments to the Upper Canada School Laws in the School Laws of Ireland, was by no means original on their part; but was borrowed from the policy of their Ministerial predecessors. Though Ministers and their organs may to-day reproach the "Brown-Dorion" Administration with a design of importing the Irish system into Canada, they themselves some two years ago entertained somewhat similar views on the School Question; and in the Pilot of the 21st August, 1856—then as now a docile Ministerial hack—we find the following significant hints upon the Separate School system, and its remedy:—

"The administration," says the Pilot, under the above mentioned date—"strong enough to abolish this (the Separate) system, and establish one in which every boy could receive a practical education; that would ally or eradicate its vices; and in place of nourishing though collateral, dissension, distrust, and discord, encourage and cultivate the more Christian feelings of forbearance and respect, would confer on the people of Canada a blessing invaluable to us, and to our children. It has been done in Ireland, and may be done here.—Pilot, August 21, 1856. (The italics are our own.)"

Now this was just what the Brown-Dorion Administration profess to have had in view; and it is therefore entitled, in so far as the Pilot and its Ministerial patrons are concerned, to the praise due to those who design well. Mr. Brown it seems picked up the cast-aside garments of his predecessors in office; and it is really too bad that the latter should now condemn in him, that which originated with themselves.—With Catholics, however, the case is different; and we, at least, are justified in looking upon all as alike our enemies, who endeavor to impose upon us, or perpetuate any modification of, a "common" or "mixed" system of education.

Plain speaking is at all times a salutary practice; but above all upon a question of such transcendent importance as the education of our children, and at a time when men, who from their position ought to know better, will still persist in talking as if it were possible so to modify a "common" or "mixed" system of education as to render it acceptable to Catholics. It is for this reason then, that we assert that the most objectionable feature of all those systems from which the amendments to our Upper Canadian system were to have been borrowed is this—that they are common or mixed systems; that to no such system will we ever give our approbation; and that the total separation of Catholic children from Non-Catholic children, in the School as in the Church—in education as in religion—is, and ever will be, an indispensable condition of any school system for which we Catholics will ever submit to be taxed.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.—In this country, Christmas Pantomimes, the fantastic tricks of Harlequin, the sprightly Columbine, and the rich drolleries of Clown and Pantaloon are almost unknown. Yet are we not without our winter amusements; and the farce which reverend buffoons in black coats and white chokers annually re-produce on the boards of the Wesleyan Methodist Theatre in Great St. James Street, is worth all the Christmas pieces of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. Not even Joe Grimaldi of comic memory, in his happiest moments, was more droll, or mirth-provoking than are the greasy sensual looking "men of God" who figure at the

Montreal Anniversaries; and in every conceivable variety of nasal intonation denounce the "Man of Sin," and invoke the wrath of heaven upon the head of the "Scarlet Woman of Babylon."

It may be, and indeed has been, objected that there is a sameness, a want of variety in the amusements given by the Montreal Evangelical troupe; that they vary not from year to year; and that we have always the same old jokes, the same "touching appeals," the same "consolations in the past," and the same "lively hopes" for the future. This complaint is no doubt only too true, and the proceedings of the past week were no exception to the general rule. We may, therefore, be excused if we give but a very cursory glance at them and the prominent actors. The only thing indeed worthy of being put on record is the following, which we find in the Montreal Witness' notice of the annual Farce played with great applause by the French Canadian Missionary Company. Our cotemporary says:—

"The meeting of the French Canadian Missionary Society has on former years been characterised too much by controversial speeches, which, however true, jarred a little upon the tender feelings of love and compassion for perishing souls which the previous meetings had excited; but this year no discordant note was struck."

In other words, if there was as much misrepresentation, there was a little less blackguarding usual; and above all, warned by repeated exposures, the several speakers were careful not to indulge in the dangerous luxury of "the lie with a circumstance." This of course detracted very much from the interest of the proceedings; but upon the whole it was no doubt the most prudent course to adopt, and one to which we expect our evangelical friends will for the future adhere.

The finances of our reverend Buffoons do not seem by their own Report to be in a very flourishing condition; but this, seeing that they have no longer the funds of a "Savings Bank" to fall back upon, and that their leading men no longer enjoy their former opportunities for robbing the public, is not to be wondered at.—Their total income was put down at \$10,018; their annual expenditure at \$10,008; and their debt at \$1,600; so that unless something speedily "turns up" in their favor—as Mr. Micawber would say—their "swaddling" operations will have to be suspended.

It seems further that the number of children by them inveigled into the "Swaddling" establishment at Pointe Aux-Trembles amounts to 94; that the congregation at the same place "numbers 73, exclusive of pupils, of whom 22 are communicants. These," adds the Montreal Witness, "with about one hundred pupils make the largest French Protestant Congregation in Canada." Altogether it would appear that the Society has about 281 children in its hands undergoing the process of perversion; and that the aggregate congregations average about 500. Considering the amount of money annually expended; and comparing that amount with the results as evinced by the above statistics—we think that we are fully justified in applying to the proceedings of our farcical friends of the French Canadian Missionary Society, the words of the old adage, "Much cry, and little wool."

There is, however, an amount of work done by the Society—in its Report—which cannot be expressed in figures, or laid down in terms of dollars and cents. If, in substance it is said, we have but few converts to boast of, we have at least shaken the faith of many simple habitants, in the doctrines of the Catholic Church; if we have made but trifling additions to the frequenters of the conventicle, we have at all events contributed towards swelling the ranks of the infidels, and in so far have done the work of our great master the devil. "Confidence in Rome is shaken"—we are told—"much more extensively than the number of actual converts;" and so our friends have the consolation of knowing that the cause of Protestantism or Denialism is advancing at a far more rapid rate than the increase to the numbers of pupils at Pointe Aux-Trembles, or of devout-worshippers in their meeting-house, would seem to indicate.

Upon the whole, however, we have every reason to be satisfied with the Report of the French Canadian Missionary Society, as a convincing proof of how little harm the Society is doing, and of the general morality of the people of Lower Canada. Protestantism never thrived, never yet made any progress amongst a people whose morals were pure; amongst whom honesty, elasticity, and temperance were held in estimation; whilst on the other hand, an impure, and corrupt population always holds out prospects of easy triumph to the Protestant Missionary.

Of the addresses delivered upon the occasion of the Anniversary, and after the reading of the Report, we have left ourselves no room to speak. Suffice it to say that they were characterised by the usual amount of imbecility, unvaracity, and twaddle. A Mr. Fraser gave out a capital comic song, beginning, "Avenge O Lord thy slaughtered saints whose bones" &c., with great effect; and a doxology, as they call it, intoned in the regular "We won't go home till morning" style, concluded the evening's entertainment.

THE LAY OF THE ANCIENT SUPERINTENDENT.—There are men who are, as it were, doomed to expiate their manifold offences by public acts of confession of their wrong doings; and to seek solace for their wounded spirits in bestowing their tediousness upon the ears of an un-sympathising public. So was it with the "Ancient Mariner" of whom Coleridge sang; so also is it with our reverend Superintendent of

Education for Upper Canada. He is doing penance for his frauds, through the columns of the Toronto press; and the Canadian public is the unfortunate "wedding guest" upon whom he pounces, and whom he compels to listen to his pitiful story.

By his own showing the Reverend Superintendent is an old man, and a much wronged man.—His fraudulent appropriations of the interest accruing upon public monies entrusted to him for defraying the expenses of the Educational Department of his section of the Province, and by him deposited in the Bank of Upper Canada, may, in the eyes of profane persons, ignorant of the privileges of the saints, and strangers to the blessings of evangelical Methodism, appear but little removed from what the world terms swindling; but, as narrated and commented upon by the "Ancient Superintendent" himself, are made to assume the aspect of acts of almost heroic virtue, and stoical self-denial. The "Three per cent." upon deposits of public monies, and which he appropriated to his own use, becomes under his magic touch a holy thing; and the resolution of the Legislature in virtue of which he was compelled to disgorge his long arrears of plunder, seems to us, as we listen to the sophistical pleadings of the outraged official, an act of heartless cruelty, not to say of ruthless sacrilege.—Such is the skill of the old man eloquent, vindicating his peculations against the strictures of the Globe, and its unprincipled editor, Mr. George Brown.

Well, we are not disposed to be very hard upon the reverend delinquent. Judged by the very low standard of morals that obtains in Canada, and compared with his official cotemporaries the Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, if no better, does not seem to be worse than other men. In a more than half Yankeeified community such as that of Upper Canada it would be absurd to look amongst its public men for specimens of chivalrous integrity, or high-minded contempt for dishonestly acquired wealth. Here, as in the United States, the "All mighty Dollar" is the God of every man's idolatry, the Baal before whom all must bend the knee. "Smartness," not honesty, is the virtue for which men are most esteemed on this Continent; and all that can be said against our reverend Superintendent of Education is, that in matters of dollars and cents he is just as smart as those amongst whom he lives and moves, and has his being. He has been unfortunate in his speculations lately; that is, he has been detected, and compelled to disgorge his plunder; but this is the only difference that we can detect betwixt him and his brother officials.

This we say is the best apology that can be urged in behalf of the reverend Chief Superintendent; and to this he would, therefore, have confined himself had he been wise; had he not been as it were possessed with a "cacochæthes scribendi," and an irresistible impulse to do-burthen his conscience before the public. The following defence of the "Ryerson Frauds," which we extract from a lengthy communication over the signature E. Ryerson in the Toronto Colonist of the 7th inst., will, we fancy, do him but little good:—

This is the whole question. I submit to my reader, that in case a neighbor or company should place in his hands £1,000 or £10,000 with a request that he would pay it out from time to time for certain purposes, he being responsible for the safe keeping as well as the due payment of such money, though receiving no remuneration for his responsibility and trouble, whether he would not feel himself entitled to any allowance a bank might grant him for the deposit of such money, and whether he would feel himself in duty bound to pay out in behalf of the neighbor or company more money than he received from them; and whether he would not feel that he had equitably and faithfully performed his duty in paying on their behalf a thousand pounds for every thousand pounds he had received from them.

This is not "the whole question;" for the reverend Chief Superintendent forgets, or rather purposely omits, one very important feature thereof, and one which essentially affects the whole question at issue. He was the hired and salaried servant of the public; paid, and handsomely paid, for his trouble in paying out from time to time the money by them entrusted to him for defraying the expenses of his Department; and his position was therefore in no wise analogous to that of an unsalaried person, undertaking to take charge of, and pay out, a sum of money placed in his hands by a neighbor. The latter would no doubt have a right to exact a commission as a remuneration for his trouble; but the public servant in receipt of a salary has no right to levy toll upon public monies passing through his hands, because by his salary he has already been amply remunerated for all work by him done.

Our Reverend "Ancient" is far more successful in attacking the character of Mr. George Brown than in defending his own; and we can heartily approve of every epithet which he applies to the latter, believing as we do—and upon the strength of the old adage—that when two such personages as the Reverend Mr. Ryerson and Mr. George Brown fall out, honest men have a chance of coming by their own. Indeed, as a specimen of the "Pot and Kettle" style of vituperation, we believe that the following extracts from our Chief Superintendent's letter in the Colonist, cannot be excelled:—

"I am thankful"—says the writer after enumerating his many infirmities—"I am thankful, that under

the Divine blessing, by virtue of cold water and a joint of meat, plenty of work and good humor, I have still enough of life and courage and strength left to meet you face to face; to repel your attacks; to expose your falsehoods; to unravel your sophistry; to detect your forged quotations; to refute your insinuations; to exhibit your inconsistencies; to prove your truthfulness; to hold you up to public view in your true light—a pretended friend to truth, yet closing your columns against the exposure of your own untruths—an abusive assailant of the school system in its weakness, the party manipulator of it in its strength—warmed in public life by the patronage and generosity of a Baldwin, a Hincks, a Morrison, and then their vilifier and slanderer—in succession the calumniator and sycophant of most public men and all parties; assailing the "civil and religious institutions" of Lower Canada at one time, and "guarding" them inviolate at another—at one time warning to the death against the very principle of separate schools, at another time making "an honorable compromise on the question of separate schools"—now filling the land with "eternal hate to Rome,"—then the "political ally" of the ultra-Romanist champion—the enologist of Garazzi, then the parasite of McGee—one week the fawning dictator of the Judges, the next week the violent traducer of their motives and character—one year holding the right of the Bible for all, and no education without the Bible, another year treating the right of the Bible in the School as an absurdity, and the cry for it as a "sham!"

The above is first rate, and is satisfactory evidence that the vigor of the writer is as yet no whit abated by age. As against Mr. G. Brown his cause is a good one, and he well knows how to make it appear to the best advantage; but the less the Reverend Superintendent says in defence of his speculations and appropriations of public monies, the better for himself, and the moral interests of the community.

ECCLESIASTICAL CORPORATIONS.—The *Courrier du Canada* calls the attention of its readers to the fact that there will, in all probability, be laid before Parliament, during the present Session, several Bills for providing for the incorporation of religious and charitable societies; and warns Catholic members of Parliament to be on their guard against allowing the introduction into those Bills of any of those insulting and restrictive clauses, which, thanks to our Ministers of good principles—"bons principes"—were embodied in the several Acts of Incorporation passed during the last Session.

We know not what effect this warning voice from the *Courrier du Canada* may have upon our legislators. But remembering that the majority of them voted for the worst clauses of Mr. Drummond's Bill of 1856; that those same clauses were, with the knowledge and assent of the Catholic members of the present Ministry embodied in all the Bills passed last Session for the incorporation of religious and charitable Societies; and that until very lately, no voice, save that of the TRUE WITNESS, was raised to protest against the establishment of such an infamous precedent in our Canadian legislation, and such an outrage upon the rights of individuals, and the interests of religion; remembering we say all these things, we fear greatly that in the Session of 1859, as in all preceding Sessions, we shall still find our liberal Catholics, the friends of "good principles," doing as they have done hitherto; and ever ready to sacrifice the interests and honor of their religion, to the political exigencies of a party.

But this we hope, and this we have a right to demand,—That no such measures as those alluded to by the *Courrier du Canada* shall be again allowed to pass without a contest; or, like the Bill for the Incorporation of the Academy of St. Cesaire, shall be again smuggled through the House, as was the case last year. Let Protestants place what restrictions they please upon their Societies; nothing can be more reasonable, and with those restrictions we have nothing to do.—But it is our duty to insist that our Catholic institutions be not modified, or tampered with, to gratify Protestant prejudices, or to meet the wishes of the fanatics of Upper Canada; and we would therefore warn those who pretend to represent Catholic interests, and who owe their seats in Parliament to Catholic votes, that their constituents expect of them the exercise of the greatest vigilance over such measures as may during the present Session be brought before the Legislature for the incorporation of any Catholic, religious, educational, or charitable institutions. From the Ministry or their servile supporters we hope for nothing; for it is to them that we are indebted for all the insults that have been heaped upon those institutions. But it is to the independent members of the Legislature that we address ourselves,—to those who scorn to wear the livery either of the "Ins" or of the "Outs," and who are alike indifferent to the blandishments of the dispensers of government patronage, and to the brutal howlings of the "Clear Grit" rabble. It may be too late to repair the injury done last Session; but at all events, if there be one or two independent members in Parliament, and if these will but do their duty, no measure imposing dishonoring restrictions upon our religious societies will again be allowed to pass without a lively discussion, which shall have the effect of exposing to the world in their true colors, the hypocritical friends of order and good principles—"les bons principes." Let us at all events have the satisfaction of publishing, and holding up to execration, the names of those miserable wretches who calling themselves Catholics vote for the incorporation of the sworn enemies of their race and creed; but who refuse

to their own co-religionists, the right to hold property for charitable purposes, and declare invalid all gifts or bequests to Catholic Societies made within six months of the death of the giver or testator! Last Session we know our friends were off their guard; but now that they have been fairly warned, we expect from them an unremitting vigilance with respect to all Acts of Incorporation that may be laid before Parliament.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!"—The *Montreal Witness* having indulged in some not very laudatory remarks of Burns, who entertained, and in his works frequently gave utterance to, strong feelings of contempt for the canting puritanical gentry of his day,—thereby incurring from the evangelical world the reproach of being a profane person and a sinner—is smartly taken to task in its issue of the 5th instant by a writer over the signature *Vindex*; who contends that, so far from corrupting, Burns's poetry has done much to elevate and refine, the morality of the peasantry of Scotland. "With all that is faulty," says *Vindex*, "in much of Burns's poetry, his country owes him a deep debt of gratitude. His worst productions are pure compared with the coarse ribald songs that were the common use of the peasantry—aye, and more than the peasantry of Scotland."

This, coming from a Scotchman, is strong and conclusive testimony to the moral condition of the people whose "course ballads" and "ribald songs" were the infallible exponents of their coarse and ribald modes of thought and action; and though of course in the older ballad poetry of Scotland, and its glorious Jacobite minstrelsy a purer and more elevated strain makes itself heard, there is no reason to doubt that *Vindex* is substantially correct; and that indelicate as is much of the poetry of Burns, still at its worst, it is in a moral point of view, an immense improvement on the popular poetry that obtained amongst almost all classes of Scotch society before his day.

DIVORCE COURTS.—We see by our Parliamentary papers that Mr. Gowan has given notice of his intention to introduce a Bill to provide for the establishment of Divorce and Matrimonial causes. This will again give our Catholic friends of good principles an opportunity of distinguishing themselves. No doubt, as in the case of the Orange Incorporation Bill, they will find some excellent excuse for supporting Mr. Gowan's intended motion.

On Thursday, the 3rd instant, Law Students attending Professor Bibaud's course of lectures, underwent an examination in the St. Mary's College, before a numerous and we may add high-pleased audience. Amongst the number present were several members of the legal profession, who seemed to take a warm interest in the proceedings. The knowledge evinced by the students of the higher branches of the profession showed that they had not failed to profit by the lectures of their learned Professor. As usual, the "Emerald Isle" had her representatives, and upon this occasion, in the person of Mr. Owen Joseph Devlin, (brother to B. Devlin, Esq., of this city) who, we feel much pleasure in stating, passed through a very strict examination, and in a very creditable manner, for which he was handsomely complimented by Marcus Doherty, Esq., one of his examiners. Mr. Devlin, we are told, is qualifying himself for the Notarial profession in the office of John Helder Isaacson, Esq., Notary.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.—We learn from the *Courrier du Canada* that on Friday last, the 4th inst., His Lordship the Bishop of Tloa received into the Community of the Sisters of Charity at Quebec, Miss Mary Anne Flynn—in religion Sister Stanislaus; and gave the religious habit to Dlle. Henriette Michaud—in religion, Sister Ste. Mary Magdalen.

The *Journal de Quebec* informs us of the death of the Rev. M. Fortier, parish priest of St. Michael, county of Bellechasse, on Thursday evening, 3d inst. The reverend gentleman had served the parish for nearly thirty years, and his death will be long lamented by those who knew him.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Paris, C.W., Feb. 7th, 1859.

DEAR SIR—As a Catholic and Irishman, I deeply regret to see that a Toronto Ministerial paper countenances the scandalous conduct of some few individuals of Toronto, who are endeavoring to sow discord amongst the Catholics of Upper Canada, by raising an outcry against our French Bishops and Priests. No person, pretending to be a Catholic, should be guilty of such infamous conduct. What ridiculous nonsense and folly for any Irish Catholic to find fault with Bishops and Priests, for being natives of *La Belle France*, the country of all others, next to the Emerald Isle, that should be dearest to Irishmen. France has ever given an asylum to our persecuted countrymen, and the French have always, with open arms, received Irishmen as brethren and friends. I consider him unworthy of the name of an Irish Catholic who could be guilty of such base ingratitude, as to malign our French Clergy; who have left their own beautiful sunny land, relatives and kindred, to undergo the rigors and hardships of a Canadian mission for the spiritual benefit of Irish Catholics. I love and revere our good Irish Clergy; but I think the French Clergy are equally entitled to our

love and gratitude for the great sacrifices made by them, in coming to a country where the language, habits, &c., of the people are so very different from their own; and the fact of being strangers alone should entitle them to a "*Cæd Millæ Fællæ*" from every Irish Catholic. What wicked presumption of a few nominal Catholics of Toronto, to raise such an unnatural outcry; they are no real friends of our holy religion or our good Irish Priests, who are endeavoring to foment a jealousy against the French Clergy. I have the honor of being personally acquainted with many of our French Bishops and Priests; and more zealous and exemplary clergymen or gentlemen can no where be found. The Bishops of Toronto and London need no eulogy; they are well known for their sanctity and many inestimable virtues. Our own good Pastor, the Rev. M. Bissey is a general favorite. I would like to see the Toronto grumblers take a trip to the Goderich Mission, and ask the Irish Catholics to petition against their beloved Pastor, Father Schneider. I really believe the Tipperary boys of Irishtown would break every bone in the carcass of such audacious scoundrels. I would ask the Irish Catholics of Hamilton dissatisfied with the saintly Father Carayon, or with any of the other French Clergy, who have been stationed there?—Are the Irish Catholics of St. Thomas jealous of the Rev. M. Frachon, whose zeal and fervor is so well depicted in a letter in the last *Freeman*? Are the Irish Catholics, and especially the poor of Dundas, rejoiced at the removal of Father Baidoux to Owen Sound Mission? I am very certain they deeply regret his departure. I might also mention the Revs. Messrs. Bayard, Laussier, Wassereau, and others, who are an honor to our Church, and beloved by their flocks. Let facts speak for themselves; the letter I alluded to in the *Toronto Freeman*, gave a narrative of the progress of our holy religion in the Rev. M. Frachon's Mission. I will give you a few facts respecting the Paris Mission, since the arrival of Father Bissey in July 1857.—Previous to this time there existed some disagreement amongst the congregation, respecting the building of our new church; the work was discontinued, after the walls were built about nine feet. Shortly after Father Bissey's arrival the work commenced, and was so far completed by Christmas Day 1857, that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated therein for the first time. With few exceptions, our congregation are very poor; but all contributed very generously, and when the times get better, I hope the interior will be finished. In January 1858, Father Bissey procured the invaluable aid of the Sisters of St. Joseph to teach the children of our Separate School. The very great change for the better in the appearance, conduct, &c., of the children since placed under the charge of the good Sisters, is plainly evident, not only to Catholics, but to Protestants also, proving there is no education comparable to a good moral and religious one.—In March 1858, Father Bissey induced one of the Redemptionist Fathers of Detroit to come here and hold a Mission; during the week that saintly man remained here; the Confessional was crowded morning, noon, and night; so much so, that the Rev. M. Baidoux, of Dundas, was also sent for, and both day and night assisted the good Missionary. I could relate many other good deeds of our French Pastor; but as fear I have already trespassed too much on the columns of your excellent paper, I will now conclude beseeching all Catholics to become united. We have foes enough to contend with; and require our undivided strength to battle with Orangemen, Brownism, Ryersonism, Proselytism, and other isms. Let us pull together and uphold and defend Catholicism.

FIRE.—On Saturday morning, about one o'clock, a fire broke out in the Tannery and Patent Leather Factory of Mr. John Scott, Hochelaga Bay. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been from the oven used for drying the leather, as it was only about an hour before the fire occurred that Mr. Scott went through the premises to see that all was correct, and saw nothing but the fire in the oven. We regret to say that Mr. Scott had no insurance on his stock and tools, and, therefore, will be a loser to the amount of about \$1,000. The property was owned by N. Valois, Esq., but whether there was any insurance in it or not, we could not learn. As the fire was beyond the city limits, only a portion of the fire brigade went to it.—*Plot.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The *Montreal Witness* of Saturday morning says that a female child, six years of age, was burned to death in Longueuil last week.—It appears the child had gone to the house of her grandmother, a short distance off, unfortunately the grandmother was not there, and the child, being cold, stood so close to the stove that her clothes took fire. She ran into the street, where several neighbors had their hands burned endeavoring to extinguish the flames.

FIRE AT POINT LEVI.—Yesterday afternoon a fire broke out at Point Levi; and, on account of the violence of the north-easterly wind, which then prevailed, the conflagration spread with destructive rapidity. Concerning the origin of the fire different reports have reached us, but it is certain that six or seven dwelling houses have been destroyed; and many others would have fallen a prey to the devouring element had it not been for the exertions of those present. Amongst the sufferers are Mr. Louis Lemieux, on whose premises the fire originated, Messrs. Jean Poirée and Olivier Bégin. Many persons, notwithstanding the severity of the storm, passed over on the ice from Quebec to the scene of destruction.—*Quebec Chronicle*, Feb. 4.

ACCIDENT ON THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.—Patrick Lappin, a farmer of the parish of St. Yustester, was brought over from South Quebec, on Tuesday, to the Hotel-Dieu Hospital in this city, in consequence of serious and probably fatal injuries that he received on the Railway the previous evening. In company with his son, who drove another sleigh in front, Lappin was driving across the track at the moment that the approaching down main train was but an acre off, and his horse becoming unmanageable the engine passed over the animal cutting him in two, while the sleigh in which Lappin sat, swung round by the collision so as to come between the locomotive and tender. In this position Lappin was struck by the tender, and when picked up his back was found terribly lacerated, several bones being broken near the shoulder. Dr. Fremont, who happened to be present, considered the case most decidedly a fatal one, but in the event of his surviving to receive attention, gave the son an order for the man's admission to the Hospital, where he now lies apparently improving.—*Id.*

INCORPORATION OF THE ORANGE SOCIETY.—The *Bradford Chronicle* says:—We observe that a notice has been published that it is intended to apply at the next session of Parliament for an Act to incorporate the "Loyal Orange Institution of British America." There is no doubt the Orange Society is mainly a secret political organization, and as such its advocates cannot be sustained in their demand for incorporation. It is to be hoped that such incorporation will be strenuously resisted by Parliament. There are many simple-minded men in the order who look upon it as the main-stay of Protestantism, and are unable to perceive that they are the mere tools for the elevation into notoriety of such charlatans as Gowan and Ferguson; but the fact is notorious that the Orange institution—in its practical results, whatever it may be in theory—has an evil influence in the affairs of the country, promotes bloodthirsty strife, and is generally injurious to the cause of liberty and the well government of the country.—*Hamilton Times*.

"WHITHER IS HE DRIFTING?"—Again we ask, whether is George Brown drifting? He has for months abused the Governor General. He has insulted Her Majesty by throwing in her teeth a decision given in an arbitration requested by both Houses of Parliament. He has forewarned his Protestant predilections, and leaped into the outstretched arms of McGee. He has covered the Judges of the land with obloquy, because they have simply done their duty. Where, then, is this man drifting? Into the Heaven of the political world, or the Hades of revolution? Neither. His course is decidedly more common and less brilliant. He drifts into the arms of the ridiculous.—*Galt Reporter*.

THE UPPER TEN-DOM OF TORONTO.—What is it?—The Leader of Wednesday says that on the occasion of Burns's festival, a banquet came off at the Rossin House, which was attended by a large number of the upper ten-dom; and also, that at the same time a ball was given at the St. Lawrence Hall, for the less aristocratic admirers of the poet Burns.

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the entertainment having lasted for more than two hours, the assembly dispersed to their respective homes, evidently well pleased, as was your humble servant, with the performance throughout; and all hoping that the worthy Priest of Gananoque may long live to delight his friends with similar treats in future. Please excuse the length of this notice, and believe me, Dear Sir, Yours truly, VIATOR.

On Monday last I had the happiness of assisting at a solemn High Mass De Requiem offered up at St. John's Church, Windsor, N.S., by the Rev. Canon Walsh, P.P., for the eternal repose of the late Mrs. J. U. Gregory of Montreal. The Church was gracefully decorated on the occasion, in the centre of which stood a superb catafalque surrounded by a blaze of wax lights and festooned on either side with wreaths of evergreen palms to denote the victory gained by the deceased over sin and death. The antique Gregorian chant was solemnly intoned in the presence of a full choir, over which Miss Walsh ably presided; and when the organ pealed forth that soul-stirring hymn—"Dies ira" called by Count Montalembert "a cry of the most sublime sorrow," and composed by Cardinal Franzipani in 1292, all hearts were touched with sorrow and moved to pity. The Church was densely crowded, and among the many who had come to offer up their pious prayers in behalf of the late Mrs. Gregory, I noticed Duncan McDonald, Esq., and his highly accomplished lady who is sister to the deceased. The funeral oration was preached by Canon Walsh in his usual able and eloquent style, in which he paid a graceful tribute of respect to the deceased on account of those exalted virtues for which she had always been preeminently distinguished. During the few years she lived here she had endeared herself to us all for her unassuming piety, strict attention to her religious duties, and above all her great charity to the poor. A purer soul never "stuffed off this mortal coil, or winged its flight to heaven." "Peace to her ashes, and may the earth sit lightly on her."—*Cor. of the Halifax British Colonist*.

FIRE.—On Saturday morning, about one o'clock, a fire broke out in the Tannery and Patent Leather Factory of Mr. John Scott, Hochelaga Bay. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been from the oven used for drying the leather, as it was only about an hour before the fire occurred that Mr. Scott went through the premises to see that all was correct, and saw nothing but the fire in the oven. We regret to say that Mr. Scott had no insurance on his stock and tools, and, therefore, will be a loser to the amount of about \$1,000. The property was owned by N. Valois, Esq., but whether there was any insurance in it or not, we could not learn. As the fire was beyond the city limits, only a portion of the fire brigade went to it.—*Plot.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The *Montreal Witness* of Saturday morning says that a female child, six years of age, was burned to death in Longueuil last week.—It appears the child had gone to the house of her grandmother, a short distance off, unfortunately the grandmother was not there, and the child, being cold, stood so close to the stove that her clothes took fire. She ran into the street, where several neighbors had their hands burned endeavoring to extinguish the flames.

FIRE AT POINT LEVI.—Yesterday afternoon a fire broke out at Point Levi; and, on account of the violence of the north-easterly wind, which then prevailed, the conflagration spread with destructive rapidity. Concerning the origin of the fire different reports have reached us, but it is certain that six or seven dwelling houses have been destroyed; and many others would have fallen a prey to the devouring element had it not been for the exertions of those present. Amongst the sufferers are Mr. Louis Lemieux, on whose premises the fire originated, Messrs. Jean Poirée and Olivier Bégin. Many persons, notwithstanding the severity of the storm, passed over on the ice from Quebec to the scene of destruction.—*Quebec Chronicle*, Feb. 4.

ACCIDENT ON THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.—Patrick Lappin, a farmer of the parish of St. Yustester, was brought over from South Quebec, on Tuesday, to the Hotel-Dieu Hospital in this city, in consequence of serious and probably fatal injuries that he received on the Railway the previous evening. In company with his son, who drove another sleigh in front, Lappin was driving across the track at the moment that the approaching down main train was but an acre off, and his horse becoming unmanageable the engine passed over the animal cutting him in two, while the sleigh in which Lappin sat, swung round by the collision so as to come between the locomotive and tender. In this position Lappin was struck by the tender, and when picked up his back was found terribly lacerated, several bones being broken near the shoulder. Dr. Fremont, who happened to be present, considered the case most decidedly a fatal one, but in the event of his surviving to receive attention, gave the son an order for the man's admission to the Hospital, where he now lies apparently improving.—*Id.*

INCORPORATION OF THE ORANGE SOCIETY.—The *Bradford Chronicle* says:—We observe that a notice has been published that it is intended to apply at the next session of Parliament for an Act to incorporate the "Loyal Orange Institution of British America." There is no doubt the Orange Society is mainly a secret political organization, and as such its advocates cannot be sustained in their demand for incorporation. It is to be hoped that such incorporation will be strenuously resisted by Parliament. There are many simple-minded men in the order who look upon it as the main-stay of Protestantism, and are unable to perceive that they are the mere tools for the elevation into notoriety of such charlatans as Gowan and Ferguson; but the fact is notorious that the Orange institution—in its practical results, whatever it may be in theory—has an evil influence in the affairs of the country, promotes bloodthirsty strife, and is generally injurious to the cause of liberty and the well government of the country.—*Hamilton Times*.

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a few years that they are to be dubbed by a respectable Press, as brilliant luminaries in the firmament of 'upper ten-dom'? Chaque son goût!—Some people were born to be the toadies of toadies—the lickspittles of vile loafers, the worshippers of a dirty crew of self-important, ignorant upstarts. The upper ten-dom! Great is the upper ten-dom of Toronto, and great were their parents before them! Great is the good that they are doing for their country—and greater it will be when they are leaving it! The 'upper ten-dom'! What is it? What is the animal fed on? Is it on

'Sugar and spice, And all that's nice,' or is it on

'Rats and snails, And puppy dog tails?' The aristocracy! Ha, ha! The descendants of the small shopkeepers who burrowed in the slime of muddy Little York! Renowned is the aristocracy of Toronto! Its members can trace their family back to Adam! The beauty of their palaces might excite the envy of kings! The retinue of their servants would make a prince stare. The magnificence of their equipage would cause a Nabob to wonder!—The number, breed, and symmetry of their horses would cause a Caliph to tear his beard. Their jewels eclipse the splendor of the richest oriental courts! Their revenue would ransom a thousand kings!—They always have \$8 in cash to pay for a pair of ready-made breeches! (Great is the aristocracy of Toronto!) Trot them out, gout Mr. Leader. Trot them out! The 'upper ten-dom'! Ha, ha, ha! The less aristocratic! He, he, he!—*Grumbler*.

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—It is a real pleasure to us to speak favorably of this article known almost universally to be a good and safe remedy for burns and other pains of the body. It is valuable not only for colds in the winter, but for various summer complaints, and should be in every family.—*Ch. Advocate* 10.

Birth. In this city, on the 6th instant, the wife of Mr. John Moley, of a son.

Married. In Toronto, on the 2nd instant, by the Very Rev. Mr. Bruyere, D. J. Rees, Esq., merchant, of Montreal, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Mr. Hughes, of Toronto. The youthful couple were accompanied to church by a large circle of friends, and the edifice presented quite an animated appearance through the vast concourse of spectators who had assembled therein to witness the eventful proceedings, as well as to offer congratulations to the happy couple.

Died. In this city, on the 9th instant, Mary Anne Foley, only daughter of the late O. C. Foley, aged four years and five months. Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend her funeral on this (Friday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from her mother's residence, No. 301 La Gauchetière Street, to the Catholic Burying Ground.

On the 10th inst., at her son's residence, Chaboulez Street, Mary Hogan, wife of the late Stephen Spelley, County Clare, Ireland, aged 57 years. The funeral will take place at two o'clock, on Saturday afternoon, 12th inst. May her soul rest in peace. Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend the funeral without further notice.

In this city, on the 6th instant, Joseph Savage, Esq., aged 60 years. At L'Assomption, on the 2nd inst., Ann Moonen, beloved wife of Patrick Flanagan, a native of the parish of Cullin, County Louth, Ireland, after a lingering illness of three years and nine months. May her soul rest in peace.

On 12th Jan., at St. Louis, Mo., U.S., of asthma and dropsy, James Patrick Nolan, of Nurseryville, Carlow, Ireland, in the 52nd year of his age. A good Irishman and fervent Catholic. *Requiescat in pace.* Irish papers please copy.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES. February 8th, 1859. Flour, per quintal \$3.80 to \$3.90 Oatmeal, per do. 3.20 to 3.25 Wheat, per minot. 1.40 to 1.50 Oats, do. 55 to 60 Barley, do. 75 to 80 Peas, do. 85 to 90 Beans, do. 0.00 to 0.00 Buckwheat, do. 75 to 80 Onions, per minot. 67 to 80 Potatoes, per bag. 75 to 80 Beef, per lb. 7 to 15 Mutton, per quarter. 1.00 to 1.15 Pork per 100 lbs. (in the carcass). 6.00 to 6.50 Butter, Fresh, per lb. 25 to 30 "Salt, per lb. 18 to 20 Eggs, per doz. 30 to 32 Cheese, per lb. 10 to 15 Turkeys, per couple. 1.20 to 2.20 Geese, do. 80 to 1.20 Ashes—Pots, per cwt. 6.10 to 6.15 Pearls, per do. 6.40 to 6.50

WANTED, FOR THE Catholic Separate School, at TRENTON, C.W., a MALE TEACHER, holding a 2nd Class Certificate. Salary, \$70 per annum. Apply (proprio) to the Rev. H. Brattburgh, Trenton, Feb. 9th, 1859.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION. ST. LEWIS WARD. FOR CITY COUNCILLOR: R. BELLEMARE, ESQ.



A SPECIAL MEETING of the St. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held on MONDAY EVENING, the 13th February, 1859, at half-past SEVEN o'clock, to Debate the question—"Was the Poetical Genius of Moore Superior to that of Burns?" By Order, RICHARD M'SHANE, Rec. Sec. Feb. 3, 1859.

IMMIGRATION. PASSAGE CERTIFICATES, PER SABEL & SEARLE'S FIRST CLASS LINE of Packet Ships, from LIVERPOOL to QUEBEC, NEW YORK, OR BOSTON, and also by STEAMSHIP from GALWAY, are now issued by the undersigned. Rates and information will be furnished on application. All letters must be pre-paid. HENRY CHAPMAN & CO., Agents, Montreal. January 1859.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND THE ITALIAN QUESTION.—The Times feels certain that the Emperor's speech was made with a view of learning how the great powers would receive the project of a French interference in Italy. The result of the appeal has amply been most decisive. This notion of proposing himself as the champion of Italian independence is one of the greatest of his failures. It is increasing the suspicion with which the Imperial policy is regarded.

The Times' Paris correspondent says that:— "The Emperor is reported to have said yesterday to a member of the Diplomatic Body that he had read with much interest and satisfaction the speech of the King of Sardinia on the opening of the Chambers. It is thought here that Prince Napoleon's presence at Genoa and Turin will be accompanied by popular demonstrations of an unmistakable character. People were looking for a note or article in the Moniteur to-day on what may be termed the war crisis. Nothing has appeared, but we are told that we are to lose nothing by delay. We hope, if it be of a pacific turn, that it will have less of the ambiguity of the Delphic oracle than the last paragraph. In the meantime orders have been sent round to the various newspapers, either to cease blowing the war trumpet for the present, or to lower the war notes as much as possible.

"The Pays has an article in reply to the Presse, in which it reproaches the latter journal for exciting the Government to commence a war which, if it were even necessary, would be a calamity. 'To provoke a war,' it says, 'is to assume a moral responsibility which becomes enormous when it extends to the voluntary rupture of treaties—when the object is to declare war either through ambition or as a system without any necessity corresponding with the interests of a nation.' The Pays accuses the Presse of having played this part for the last two months. Neither the incident which occurred on the 1st January nor the explanations to which it gave place, both in the Moniteur and in the Vienna papers, have stopped the Presse in the course which has produced the disastrous effect visible in the Stock Exchange lists. The Presse distinctly advises the French Government to 'violate treaties,' and to declare war against Austria in order to emancipate Italy. The Presse does not take the trouble to consider whether all Europe would not rise against the aggressor. The Pays remarks that, if the Presse be right in its optimism, there is nothing to prevent it, after the Austrians have been driven across the Adige, from occupying itself with the emancipation of Hungary; it might then declare war against Russia to emancipate Poland, against Germany to put an end to the unjust demands it makes on Denmark, and then on England to free Ireland. The Pays, in conclusion, reminds the Presse that it has written an article cautioning the Government against imposing a slight tax on the inhabitants of the suburbs of Paris, while it does not hesitate to expose 36,000,000 of Frenchmen to the enormous charges a European war would impose on them.

"The Courrier de Paris also has an essay, headed 'Peace and War,' in which it demonstrates that in case of an insurrection in Italy, it would be the duty of the great Powers of Europe to observe a strict neutrality. It remarks:— "England, ensnared by the war in India, will, of necessity, remain isolated on the question which, in her eyes, is merely an incident regrettable on account of the public peace. Russia, absorbed by her internal reforms, will abstain from assisting Austria, whom she has not pardoned for having deserted her cause during the war in the East. Prussia has adopted a policy of isolation which guarantees her immobility. The secondary States have no interest in a war so limited, and will follow the inspirations of Prussia. As to France, she is totally disengaged from any insurrection which may shake the force of Austria in Lombardy, and, as long as the insurrectional or military events on the other side of the Alps shall not affect her frontiers, or her internal peace, or her flag, she will respect the laws of peace towards Austria as well as towards Piedmont. That duty will not prevent her from making preparation against contingencies, and these preparations will be in proportion to our great military force, but we repeat, neither the Government nor the country will transgress the bounds of that duty. These preparations, which the state of the north of Italy already justifies, have served as a pretext for the inventors of news to announce a campaign. Can it be imagined that our country is so engaged with regard to Piedmont that if the Government of Turin commenced hostilities without having measured its force we should be fatally obliged to follow and to take up arms in order that her impudence should triumph? This supposition is too ridiculous to be treated seriously. Is it possible to admit that the Imperial Government, which did so much to hasten the peace of 1856, can suddenly rush into a war absolutely foreign to our national interests—that France, where so many families are still in mourning for the dead, would cast new victims without urgent reasons to foreign cannon, and that our finances, so roughly tried, should defray the expenses of a new war. To sum up: France, in case a contest should arise on the other side of the Alps, ought to remain neutral, because she cannot descend from the character of peacemaker, of which she is so legitimately glorious, to promote a new war. But this neutrality ought to be an armed neutrality, because the nation whose armies accomplished 60 years since such a prodigious succession of victories ought to be now ready to rule all the contingencies of a war so near her frontiers, and to vigorously chastise any party who should forget that France is firmly resolved to remain at peace."

"The Patrie says:— "It would be the same with respect to Italy if the question ever arose. France cannot but take an interest in a conflict which affects so many interests she has a mission to protect.—Italy is the Papacy which France has ever respected, and whose independence is as useful to

society as it is to civilization. Italy is the law of nationality consecrated by the most noble recollections in history and by the admiration of the world. Italy is for France, on her frontier of the Alps, what Belgium is on the frontier of the north, and the German Confederation on the frontier of the east—that is, a State which ought never to be hostile or menacing, or where any of the great rival Powers should find, under any circumstances, an advanced post."

"The Patrie then supposes that an insurrection should break out in Milan. It admits that Austria would have a right to suppress it, and France would not prevent it; but diplomacy would not remain idle under such circumstances, and Europe would not permit that Italy should become solely an Austrian question. For these reasons the Patrie declares that the panic at the Bourse is not justified because peace is not compromised.

"The Constitutionnel contains an article on the present state of affairs under the signature of the Political Director Renee. The article refers to serious difficulties which have arisen between France and Austria, concerning the Danube and Servia. The article goes on to say: "The speech of the King of Sardinia could not be more moderate. The marriage of the Prince Napoleon with a Princess of Savoy will cement the alliance between the two nations. Italy is agitated, but war is only possible in the event of the violation of the treaties taking place or being threatened."

ITALY. The speech of the King of Sardinia, at the opening of the Chambers, delivered on the 9th ult., concludes in the following significant terms:— "Signori Senatori, Signori Deputati.— "The horizon in whose midst the new year rises is not entirely serene; notwithstanding this, you will apply yourselves with your usual alacrity to your Parliamentary labors. "Encouraged by the experience of the past, we are prepared resolutely to encounter the eventualities of the future. "That future will be a happy one, our policy reposing on justice, on love of liberty, and of our country.

"Our country, small in territory, has acquired credit in the councils of Europe, because it is great through the idea it represents and the sympathies it inspires. This position is not exempt from perils, since, while we respect treaties, we are not insensible to the cry of suffering which reaches us from so many parts of Italy. "Strong by our concord, confiding in our good right, we await, prudent and decided, the decrees of Divine Providence."

The following letter has been received from Milan, dated the 9th ult.:— "The words addressed by the Emperor to the Baron von Kubner have created an excitement throughout the country. Already the French flag seen flying on the banks of the Ticino. Whatever may be the result, these ideas and these hopes trouble the present, and render the future prospects of our country gloomy. From the outrage to the castle discontent prevails. Those who are most devoted to Austria are afflicted as well as irritated to see the country so ill governed, and the nation excited to its heart's core. The Archduke is not sparing of his reproaches against the man who has prevented him from performing all the good he wished to render.—The departure of the Archduchess for Trieste has caused a most unfavorable impression. It is feared that the Archduke will follow her and abandon Lombardy, as the Archduke Regnier did in 1848, leaving this city, without regret, to martial law, and subsequently to revolution. The dislike entertained for Count Gyulai increases. He is reported to have said, 'I know how to keep Milan quiet: I will hang a man at the corner of every street.' You are aware that it was he who commanded at Milan in 1848, the most terrific period in the history of this city. On this occasion, when war is expected, it would not be wise to attempt a revolution, which would be fatal to the country, and this is the universal opinion entertained here."

The Pope has hitherto received good treatment from Napoleon III., but who so blind as not to perceive how favorably it has reacted upon the Emperor? If he has preserved order in Rome and kept down those turbulent spirits whom Lord Palmerston's mischievous policy had evoked, Rome has abundantly repaid the favor, by the prestige which the Pope's name has thrown around the new Empire. In truth, the good understanding between His Holiness and the Emperor has been cheerfully accepted as an evidence of just and pacific views, and thus contributed greatly to the consolidation of the Empire, by much modifying, if not entirely subduing, those European prejudices which its revival had aroused. Any encouragement by Louis Napoleon of Sardinian aggression upon Lombardy, no matter from what motive, would in an hour change all this, and the Empire having ceased to justify peace and become the symbol of aggressive war, would vanish with even greater rapidity than it rose. Against Austria, Sardinia single-handed would be as Zit to Magog. The fussy little kingdom would, to use an expressive Carlylesian, be squelched out in a month by its colossal exponent, and if France actually takes the field in support of a Sardinian buccannery expedition into Lombardy, it speaks little for the Emperor Napoleon's common sense, and his desire to transmit the Empire which he has founded to his son.—Weekly Register.

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, JAN. 10.—I have received authentic information relative to the state of affairs in Lombardy from persons who quitted Milan on Friday last. The report which is in circulation here, that there has been a sanguinary conflict between the Austrian troops and the inhabitants of Brescia, is false. The report that General Baron Lederer was stabbed a few days ago is false. The statement of the Huesca's correspondence that there were disturbances at Milan on the last day of the old year, and that Austrian soldiers had joined in the cry of "Viva l'Italia" is also false. The Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian is still at Milan, but it is generally said that he is on the point of quitting his post "for a time." The political agitation is, however, energetically maintained, and every morning the police has to effect from the walls of the houses such sentences as the following:—"Morte ai Tedeschi" (Death to the Germans); "Viva Verdi," which words are supposed to mean, "Viva Vittorio Emanuele Re d'Italia" (Long life to Victor Emmanuel King of Italy). The attacks on the smokers of Austrian cigars are more frequent than ever, but the police are rarely able to lay hands on the offenders. As soon as a patriot has demolished a "weed" he takes to his heels, and is generally out of sight before his victim has recovered from the effects of such an unprovoked and unexpected attack. Pursuit is almost always useless, the Italians being light of foot and skilful in retreat. The troops are exceedingly excited, and it is probable that grievous excesses would be committed if very strict discipline were not maintained. Should there be a conflict—which God forefend!—it is not likely that quarter will be either asked or granted. Not long since the Sardinian Government stationed troops at Gravelone, opposite Pavia, and a few days ago Austrian troops advanced to the Sardinian frontier. According to telegraphic advices, the arrival of such large bodies of troops produced a very unpleasant impression on the Italians, who probably begin to see that they have been reckoning without their host. No

fewer than 10,000 men were sent by railroad from this city on Saturday, the 8th inst., and by Wednesday morning 17,000 more—including cavalry—will be on their way to Italy. Eight batteries, with 110 horses to each battery, have been sent off to-day.—Three regiments of the line, which came from Galicia the day before yesterday, will remain here in garrison, as will two other regiments which are now on their way from Transylvania. The spirit of the nation has been so thoroughly roused by the hectoring of Sardinia and by the domineering of France that it is well pleased with the spirit displayed by the Emperor. The public grumbled when it saw large sums of money expended on new-fashioned saddles, helmets, sword-belts, and lappets (saddle-fiddle); but now that the question is one of maintaining the integrity of the empire people declare that they are ready and willing to make sacrifices.

The King of Naples has granted a full pardon to sixty-one political convicts, and has commuted the sentence of many others, including Perio (whose case was so much urged by Mr. Gladstone) and Settembrini. It can hardly be doubted, from the King's character, that this would have taken place before but for the outrageous proceedings of Lord Palmerston. Annoyance to the Neapolitan Government is, with many who call themselves liberal, an object far more important than the interests of those whom they profess to sympathize.—Weekly Register.

RUSSIA. A Paris letter in the Gazette de Lyons says.— "You have alleged that the Russian Government has too much to do at home to take an active part in the war in Italy. Your statement was, perhaps, better founded than you imagined. Letters from St. Petersburg make known a very grave incident which has occurred in connexion with the emancipation of the peasants. The committee of the Government of St. Petersburg, after having terminated its labors, has drawn up a respectful address to the Emperor, praying him, after regulating the condition of the peasants, to occupy himself with a reform of all other classes in Russia, and to convoke the States-General of Russia. This unexpected demand has produced a considerable impression at the Court of St. Petersburg, and will explain why the Nord and other Russian journals attack that committee with violence. The wish expressed by the committee of St. Petersburg will, letters state, be reproduced by the committees of other provinces. This is a significant symptom of the state of public opinion in Russia."

INDIA. We take the following from the Calcutta Englishman of the 8th of December:— "The principal event which we have to record by the present mail is the surrender of the Nawab of Banda, who was one of the leading rebel chiefs, and had hitherto successfully escaped all pursuit. The other rebel chief, Tantia Toppe, is still at large, and baffles all efforts of the forces which have repeatedly endeavoured to cut off his retreat, though several times it appeared that he could not avoid falling into our hands. From the official intelligence furnished to the press, it will be observed that the operations of the several moveable columns, spread over a large tract of country, consisting chiefly of the dispersion of the rebels without any decisive blow being struck, and that, in fact, there has been a great deal of marching and countermarching, crossing rivers and recrossing, and various other movements, the object of which is as unimelligible as the results of them are unsatisfactory."

CHINA. The following letter from our Spanish correspondent will be read at this time with much interest:— "The letters received at Madrid from the Spanish missionaries in China are most interesting. Through the kindness of those who receive them, they are given to the Spanish journalists for publication, but will probably not reach your readers through that channel. I will therefore venture to give a few extracts from one which has appeared in the Regeneracion: it is from Father Justo Aguilar. It is written in reply to a letter from an old professor, who has sent him for information concerning the mission in which Father Aguilar is engaged, and contains many particulars regarding China in general, with which your readers are already acquainted through your increasingly instructive journal. I shall therefore omit these. The division of China into 18 provinces, governed by so many captains-general; its towns of several orders—in all 1,757; its innumerable villages, and its immense population of 380,000,000, are clearly laid down. The writer is of opinion that China is not so fertile a country as Europeans have supposed it to be, and that the excess of its population is chiefly owing to the Chinese being so much concentrated within themselves, and not leaving their country to settle in other lands. The capacity of the whole population has no equal; they only understand two things—eating and making money. Their first situation is, 'Have you eaten?' the second, 'How much money have you gained to-day?' China may be said to have no laws, so utterly is all law disregarded.— "The Chinese has no religion proper: to him all religions are good except Christianity. 'And what has become of Christianity in China since St. Francis Xavier, its apostle? What is its destiny? Alas! most sad; and why? Because faith demands intelligence, and humble and teachable dispositions; and the Chinese being the most proud people in the world, it is of itself the least prepared to receive the religion of the Divine Crucified. Our Saviour Jesus Christ ordained his Apostles to preach the Gospel to all nations; He did not exempt the Chinese; and if experience has demonstrated how difficult it is to get them to embrace Christianity, it has proved also that their conversion is at this day above 300,000.' The writer describes the state of the empire, as showing it to be on the brink of ruin.— "A young Emperor, weak, violent, governed by his passion for gaming; some mandarins, ambitious, incapable of governing, without the least devotion to their country or the public good; troops without discipline, chiefs without valor or authority, a miserable and money-loving population, of depraved morals, nothing among them but unfaithfulness in trading, trickery, brigandage, and treasons; persisting in their filthy habits, over whom the government of the country, if there can be said to be laws at all, has no influence. The four once inspired by the Emperor and the mandarins has now no power over them, and they are showing their discontent by rising in many provinces given up to the most bloody and cruel war, in order to dethrone the reigning Tartar dynasty. The Imperial soldiers pillage and scourge the countries they traverse; and the rebels, who are called the Long-haired, from allowing their hair to grow in the antique fashion, do the same. The inhabitants are in continual warfare among themselves, commerce is paralysed, and everything announces the dissolution of this ancient empire." The missionary goes on soon to speak of the scene of his own labors, which is the province of Fokien, which I should not have omitted to say Father Justo describes as not yet being in a state of revolt, but that the rebels are however on the frontier, and that their formidable nearness is signified by the river bringing down innumerable dead bodies, some without heads, some without legs or without arms, all frightfully mutilated. "Even to-day," he says, "the two legs of a woman were found in a field near our house, washed there by the flood of this week. Fokien is the fifth part of the empire in point of extent; it is situated between the 22nd and 27th degrees of north latitude, by 120 east long, bounded on the north by the province of Che-Kiang, on the east by the Chinese sea and the strait of Formosa, on the south by the same sea, on the west by the province of Kiang-si. It contains seventy-seven towns, and a population of from eighteen to twenty millions. Its capital is this town of Fochenshi (hence the letter is dated). The climate is benign. Its land gives two rice harvests in a year, corn and barley, the sugar-cane, and all sorts of vegetables. Its principal production is tea,

especially on the frontiers of Kiang-si. The town of Chung-Ugan is the centre where the merchants unite to preserve this article, and there sell it into the other provinces. The English come there also to buy this precious article, and sell it very dear to the rest of the world." At Emuy, which is one of the five ports that were open to European commerce, there are only forty Christians, whose first missionary was Father Angelus Bofurull, who fixed there in 1852. On leaving Emuy in the west, we come to the Christians of Chiang-Che, who are directed by Father Bofurull and Father Francisco Zea. We then come to the town of Chuan-Chen, in whose district there is not a single Christian. At six days' distance from Emuy we meet in different places 700 or 800 Christians, deprived of missionaries since the death of the indigenous father. It is from this town of Fochenshi, a distance of three days' march, that we must go to carry spiritual success. There we have 3,099 Christians in four hundred and eleven families. Going on still three days we come to the district of Limken, with 1,200 Christians, confided to the zeal of Father Manuel Rosada. Advancing two days farther we reach the territory of Fogan, whose district contains the great part of the Christians of Fokien. The whole mission comprehends from 22,000, to 24,000 souls, served by eleven European Priests, including two Bishops, and Father Nicolas Guiza (who arrived the day before yesterday), and five indigenous Priests. The mission has been alternately persecuted, and left tranquil. The last persecution was in 1837. In 1846 M. de Lagrange obtained the Imperial edict, since which we have enjoyed complete peace. We celebrate our fetes with great solemnity. The Gentiles do not molest a single Christian, we are here just as we should be at Manila." Each Missionary has his house, where he observes the most rigorous rule of order. He has a church greater or less. "Eighty of our churches might be compared to middle-sized churches of Spain. At Tuchen we have a magnificent bell, which weighs 1,748 pounds, whose clear and silver sounds announce to the Christians the hour of the Angelus; they awaken the pagans in the morning, warn them of the hour of noon, and indicate to them the moment when the sun sets. They are heard on a Sunday before the Mass. This bell was a present from the pious Dona Maria Varola, now Sister Mary of the Oracion." The Holy Father gives a touching description of the manner of living of the missionaries, and of their strict obedience to their superior. He says, as in all other places, there are Christians of all sorts. In general the men are tepid, and the women fervent. The number of pagans converted in the year is scarcely 200. He speaks encouragingly of the work carried on by the Society of the Holy Infancy, and of the schools for the poor little females rescued from death by its exertions. The unnatural mothers bring them frequently now to the church doors to sell them instead of throwing them in the streets to the pigs. This year 181 infants have been gathered, and 600 baptised at the point of death.

"Though I have abridged this most interesting letter, as much as possible so as to give you, at least, some of its touching details, I fear it may still be too long for your space. But I do wish to show your readers, that while the politics of this noble Spain have, perhaps, been dimming their eyes the last twenty-five years or so, and leading them to think the Catholic religion in this country was declining in its effects upon the faithful people, and while the Protestants of England may have been triumphing in what they considered the fall of Popery, and paying agents to visit the benighted Spaniard, and convert him to a faith which has its foundation in falsehood, this same country has been quietly going on her way in the path of truth, and not only preserving herself within it, but has sent out a succession of holy men, educated in her home of Catholicity, to brave the fierceness of persecution, and reap a rich harvest, and who have from within the secret recesses of the inaccessible Chinese empire, paid into the treasury of the Church souls by the hundred for every Spaniard whose luxury of religious principles may have caused his loss to Christianity in the mother country."

I have omitted to insert what Father Justo says of the opium trade; suffice it to inform you that he attributes to this pernicious drug the abominable degradation of the people. In this town alone there are five English houses which traffic in the trade. One of these houses sells two hundred chests per month, and alone being worth £150 sterling. The Father adds, "Why should China seek other ways than this? It alone will conduct the nation to suicide."

ROME AND LONDON.

(From the London Tablet.)

The Prince of Wales is on his way to Rome, and the British public finds itself much disconcerted lest the faith or morals of its future monarch be compromised through what he may see in that wicked city. Its discontent is not indeed loudly expressed. Here and there a fanatic writer, who has broken loose from the control of reason, boldly questions the propriety of the Queen's sending her son into the very vortex of all that is evil in political, social, or spiritual economy. And why not? If your free Briton cannot call Majesty to account, where is his freedom? Shall he not do what he likes? Does he not say his way? Is not the Prince and the Crown, supported by the taxes to which he contributes, let him be gentle or simple, peer or tallow chandler? How, then, can it be argued that the Queen has any right over her children, their bodies or souls, or over her own either, if the Constitutional principle and the rights of Englishmen are pushed far enough? Fortunately for our ears the moment is not favorable for a fanatical outbreak. We have enough to do only to watch the course of events. And what with fever and diphtheria at home, and the clouds that are gathering over the political horizon abroad, this is no time for a Durham letter or for the Guy Faux follies to which the leading journal so well knows how to instigate the educated as well as the uneducated rabble of this country. But society is still at ease on the score of the Prince's visit. And as the Jewish prototypes of this pharisaical generation once exclaimed, "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" so their followers cry out, "What good can be expected from sending the Prince to Rome?"

It is the old story. Hereby like crime shrinks from the light. The British public, if it could, would exercise over the Prince and the monarch the tyrannical which English fathers and mothers are daily exercising over their children if they hear that Johnny has been seen at the Catholic Chapel, or that Emily has been reading a Popish book. No more pocket money, nor indulgence, nor kind words or looks for either, until these practices are renounced. Nay the door and the wide world for both if they are not given up immediately. There are fanatics in England who would at this moment be assailing the throne with their insistent censor, and flashing the Act of Settlement and her Coronation Oath in the Queen's eyes, if they did not feel that the public, not being just now in the vein for bigotry—sometimes it is not—they would be put down with a shout of indignation. Thus, fortunately, we are at liberty to look calmly at the possible consequences of the Royal visit, and to speculate on the impressions which may be made upon the Prince's mind both from what he may see there and what he may miss, and what conclusions useful to him as the future monarch of a great empire he may draw from both. And as the basis for this speculation we will presume, relying upon all that has transpired touching the juvenile education through which our young Princes have been and are being passed, that his Royal Highness is as thoroughly acquainted with the various phases of English life as it is desirable he should be. With such knowledge he is of course aware that England is a very pater to nations;—that under the bustling shadow of her free institutions, all that is noble, virtuous, and generous in human nature, waxes vigorous, graceful, and fruitful. That citizen meets citizen in open, honest negotia-

tion; his "yea," "yea," and his "nay," "nay," and, as Protestants, of course without anything in the least like mental reservation. He knows, too, that under the blessed dispensation to which Anna Boleyn and the chaste Henry the Eighth lent their influence—not to speak of that model of feminine delicacy Queen Elizabeth—English society has grown up perfect in the virtue of purity; so that terms which express the negative of this virtue have become almost obsolete in our language. Many other good qualities, equally admirable and true, his Royal Highness knows to exist and flourish in this model kingdom. And if we for a moment are inclined to tremble for the possible consequences of his trip to Rome, we are reassured when we consider what a complete contrast to this glorious social condition of his native land, the City of the Scarlet Lady will present.

For possibly the first feature that will offer itself to his observation will be a Joint-stock Bank, established professedly for the encouragement of tradesmen and small capitalists, and trumpeted with such apparent honesty that tradesmen, half-pay officers, and the widows of half-pay officers, and men and women, widower or spinster, who have made, or have had made for them, enough to secure their waning years from want, will flock in hundreds to invest their little all, as depositors or shareholders, in this noble, patriotic undertaking. But the Scarlet Lady laughs in her sleeve as she sees them one by one pay in their savings at the Bank counter, while red-legged Cardinals and corpulent Bishops, and cowed Monks are praying in the Bank parlor that the swindle may succeed. "Supposing" to use the language of a contemporary, "the (Prince's) incognito to be maintained as close and thick as the cloud in which Aneas was carried to the very presence of Dido and her court," he would, no doubt, beholding all this, thank God that he was a British Prince, and that such doings had no place in his Mammy's dominions.

There is nothing so useful at times as an incognito, and therefore we will leave our Prince in his cloud, and like a good Fairy fortify his Protestantism—already anchored to the British Crown—by showing him a few more of the iniquities of Rome. From that Bank parlor, at whose infamous schemings his innocent and generous heart turned sad and sick, he rushes in his envelope, in the hope of finding relief in the churches of the Eternal City. We tread on delicate ground, gentle reader; but take heart! We have the Reformation and the Bible at our back, and with Ann Boleyn and the Virgin Queen to expound it for us, we have nothing to fear from Rome. Let us then accompany our Prince into the Scarlet Lady's churches. He starts from "St. Alban, Wood-street, and St. Olave, Silver-street"—our readers will of course observe that we Anglicize these Popish names—and passing through Allhallows, Barking; Allhallows, Bread-street; St. Alphage, and St. Andrew Undershaft; St. Andrew's-by-the-Wardrobe, with St. Anne, Blackfriars; St. Augustine, with St. Faith, the Virgin under St. Paul's; St. Benet, Sherehog, and more than fifty other churches with wretched Popish names—he finds that all these establishments, representing a population which gives about eight hundred souls to each, consume upwards of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling annually, while, so apathetic are the people, that not one-fifth of them are to be found in the said Churches even when the attendance is largest.

The Prince sighs. "Ah!" he exclaims, "would that these poor Papists were Protestants! The churches in the City of Rome would then be as well attended as those in the City of London!"

But we must quicken our pace; for the Prince has but six months, it is said, to see Rome; and as it is to be hoped he has been sent there in order to render any leaning towards Popery impossible by bringing him face to face with the crimes which, cry to Heaven for vengeance on the Scarlet Lady, we will, as good subjects, briefly recapitulate these crimes, keeping his Royal Highness, meanwhile, in his cloud.

Look, then, young Prince, upon these forms which issue from ten thousand houses, not as you have been led to expect, hooded as fanatics of the Inquisition, but tricked out in the most attractive colours, painted and bedizened for the corruption of the Roman youth, and so abundant that, under the age of twenty, there are eighty thousand of them. Turn your eyes from that deformity, and look elsewhere. Take off the horse tops, or as you are invisible, steal in at the doors when they are open, and look out from your cloud at what is passing. Here is a mother who has the lives of her children insured in a benefit society, and if any of them die the club will pay for their burial, and give her, besides, what will amount to five pounds of English money. One of her children is ill, and she is mixing for him some doctor's stuff. Mark her; and mark the effect of the dose she administers on her patient and child. He dies, and one after another the grave closes on his brothers and sisters. God only knows in how many homes this horrible crime is enacted. Steal now into another domicile. A man and his wife are quarrelling, or a bankrupt merchant is desponding; or a boy or girl is crossed in love; or the way of life has in some other manner gone contrary to the will of the liver. And what is now the resource of this poor, unhappy Papist and Idolater? Look, gentle Prince, at that blood-stained razor, or that vial labelled "Poison," or that neckerchief which has performed a last melancholy service to the wearer! Look, and oh! think of it: happy land you have left, where, under the new covenant of Luther, and Henry, and Elizabeth, these horrors never happen.

And, not to make your Royal Highness dizzy and sick with dwelling on scenes so shocking, let us, since you have—alas, how unadvisedly!—been sent to Rome for experience, pass the hideous panorama of sin and despair before you as rapidly as possible. We will not ask you to look at the practice so common in Rome of the Roman youth cutting the throats of their sweethearts, or of those whom they wish to stand in that relation to them, unless consent is given to their worst proposals; nor will we ask you to contemplate the commonly recurring crime of child murder in cases of illegitimacy, in which the criminal is held guilty by sympathizing jurymen. We place before you the less shocking but deep-seated crimes of plundered savings banks; of prisons into which the unfortunate and the guilty are indiscriminately cast and preyed upon; of heathenism flourishing under the shadow of the walls of Christian temples; of laws that tempt man and wife to break the most solemn and obligatory vows, and of poverty such as is no other quarter of the world can be matched for features of destitution and depravity at which the heart sinks and bleeds.

But his Royal Highness has been long enough in his cloud. He need not go to Rome to view these horrors. He may say to his native land

Mutato nomine, De te fabula narratur.

In Rome he will look in vain for all this; nay, he will find the reverse of it. Not much commerce; but an increasing and an honest commerce—a thing almost extinct in England. Imaginary evils there are;—dim shadows of tyranny, without name, or date, or place; like a story which is going the round of the papers just now, of an iniquity said to have been done by some Priest in Naples—the Priest not named; the victim not named; no time stated; and the whole affair bearing internal evidence of a got-up drama, spiced for British fanatics, who, as all the world knows, will swallow anything. But a distinct grievance, fit to stand by the least of a dozen English social evils that we could name at a breath, he will not find. Possibly if his Royal Highness has an inclination to be that emptiest of vacuities, a fine gentleman—an improbable result of his reported training—he may, like many English snobs, return with a complaint that "one is so bored with the leggers." And this, we take it—next to the religious ceremonial which those who will not understand, cannot appreciate—will be the greatest social evil, he will find in the Eternal City should he, unhappily, regard it even from a false point of view. But how

different from England even so? and, to a just and unbiased mind, how immeasurably superior? Fanatics may lie, and infidels sneer. The one may gibber about Antichrist, and the other represent the condition of Rome, as the leading journal did in a pompous article on Wednesday, as "one huge mass of rigid antiquarianism." But let the Times search its own columns for a description of London morality, commercial dishonesty, social crime, and misery, and infamy. Let it peruse its own articles on the homeless poor, and their miserable shifts. Let it compare with the emissaries of Rome whom English law has prosecuted for joining in matrimony those who have been living in sin, that Protestant parson who, by its own account, suffered two poor wretches to live in adultery rather than "babe a single penny" of the marriage fees.— Let it compare with the Protestant distributors of tracts whom it denounces, those Catholic brotherhoods whose hearts receive their charitable pulsation from the Great Roman Centre, and who bring to every door that is open to them a substantial and unconditional relief, without distinction of creed.— Let it, finally, reflect how many thousands of a Reformed generation know no other use of the holy name of God than to curse with it, and are totally ignorant of the mission of their Redeemer. And then if it compares all these features with the contrasts which the people of Rome present, it will, if candor on such a point is possible to heretics, join us in hoping that our future Monarch, in his six months' residence in Rome, might receive the grace to appreciate the difference between the social rule of Christ and Antichrist.

THE LOST AMERICAN RACE.—Dr. De Haas of Virginia, whose discovery of an inscription in one of the ancient mounds of the West, excited considerable attention in the archaeological world a year or two ago, gave, on the evening of the 18th inst., in the rooms of the Historical Society, the first of a series of lectures on the antiquities of America, as throwing light on the ancient inhabitants of this continent. He estimates that there are 100,000 tumuli within the United States. Their shape is very varied, and they are smaller and more numerous in the North than in the South. Their situation indicates that they were built by an agricultural people; indeed they are generally most numerous in those portions of the Mississippi Valley which are now most numerously settled. In the lake region of Wisconsin there are some which are in the form of animals. Most of these mounds are places of sepulchre, and with the skeletons are sometimes found brass implements, and even pieces of cloth. Some mounds in the South and West have been and are being built by the Indians, but they are different from the ancient mounds in every respect. The ancient tumuli are never found on the first terrace of the rivers, which Dr. De Haas supposes to prove that they were built before the rivers had cut their present channels. He divides them into mounds of sepulchre, of sacrifice, of worship, of observation and of defence, beside miscellaneous. The mounds of sepulchre rarely contain more than two skeletons, and are square or ellipsoid. The mound at Grave Creek, Marshall County, Va., is unique. It is 70 feet high by 80 in circumference, and covered with forest trees. It was opened in 1833, and in the centre were found a male and a female skeleton, in a small chamber constructed of wood and stone, with a passage out toward the north-east. On one of the skeletons were four copper bracelets; and a small stone pebble, containing the inscription which had excited so much attention, was lying near by.— He drew a comparison between the tumuli raised by all the ancient inhabitants of the Eastern Continent and those of this; he finds nearly every variety upon this continent which we knew were built up in the other. The mounds of sacrifice are raised platforms. Dr. De Haas exhibited a large number of articles which he had found in altar mounds. In some of these charred skeletons are found, which suggest human burnt offerings; one such skeleton had its skull fractured so much as to produce death. The guard mounds rarely contain any remains; their position indicates their character. Mounds of observation command most of the Valley of the Mississippi, and probably served for a fire telegraph. The temple mounds stand within inclosures, and contain no remains. Mounds have been thrown up by the Indians for defence, and for refuge in inundation. So, also, the Indians pile up heaps of stones over their dead. Occasionally circles of stone are found about the back of the mounds, reminding us of the Druidical circles. They are most frequent in Yucatan. There appear to have been four methods of interment by this ancient race:—First, in a chamber in the centre of a mound, stretched from east to west, with copper ornaments accompanying the body; second, by folding the body in a small stone coffin; third, by incineration, the ashes being placed in earthenware urns, and fourth, by general sepulchre, which was probably done only after the general slaughter of a battle. After the lecture a large number of interesting relics, including the famous inscription, were shown to such of the audience as chose to examine them.—New York Tribune.

LEGAL CIRCUMLOUTION.—Oh, Law!—What a round-about way lawyers have of drawing up deeds and documents. It is almost enough to keep a nervous person from "going to law at all." The following is a sample. "Suppose a man wished to give another an orange. Instead of making a simple declaration, and saying, 'I give you that orange,' he must set forth his act and deed in this way: 'I do hereby give you, all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, pulp, juice and pips, and all right and advantages therein, with full power to cut, suck, bite, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its skin, rind, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other, deed or deeds, instruments of what kind or nature to the contrary anywise or notwithstanding.'"

SALT FOR HORSES' FEET.—Common salt absorbs moisture from the atmosphere, hence it has been in some instances applied with great success for keeping the hard-bound hoofs of horses moist. The hoofs of some horses become dry and oftentimes crack, thereby rendering them lame, if the animals are driven on hard roads. By bathing the hoof and fetlock joint with a salt brine three times a day, lameness from the above cause will be avoided. It is a common practice with some blacksmiths to rasp cracked hoofs in order to render them more tough, but salt brine is far superior to rasping for effecting this object.—Scientific American.

A Farmer from the neighborhood of Galston took his wife to see the wonders of the microscope, which happened to be exhibiting at Kilmarnock. The various curiosities seemed to please the good woman very well, till the animalcules contained in a drop of water came to be shown off. These seemed to poor Janet not so very pleasant a sight as the others.— She sat patiently, however, till the water tigers, magnified to the size of twelve feet, appeared on the sheet, fighting with their usual ferocity. Janet now rose in great trepidation, and called to her husband: "For guds sake, come awa, John!" "Sit still, woman," said John, "and see the show!" "See the show!—keep us, 'n' man! What wad come o' us, if the awfu'-like brutes wad break out of the water?"

THE TAXATION OF THE PAPAL STATES is less than under any other Government in Europe. With all its dignity, the Court of Rome is the cheapest in the world. The Pope's household costs but \$7,500 a year. The salary of the Cardinal-Secretary of State is but \$2,500.

SEARCH vs. HOOPS.—It seems that the adoption of hoops skirts by the ladies is proving very disastrous to the companies engaged in the manufacture of starch. A starch factory recently put into operation in Buffalo (says the Express) with a capital of \$80,000, has suspended operations, or is doing comparatively nothing, and we learn that another extensive establishment at Oswego, which has hitherto paid its per cent. dividends, is also running at a very small rate, and such is said to be the case with similar establishments throughout the country.

TO CURE CONSUMPTION.—Hall's Journal of Health, for February, has an admirable article showing up some of the new cures for consumption. The article concludes with the sensible remark, that the best things to take in any and all cases of consumption are exercise, substantial food, and out-door air in large but due proportions; and that without these no case of consumptive disease has ever been successfully treated by any man, living or dead.

A piece of copperas, dissolved in warm water, is a sure remedy for frosted limbs, &c., soak the fingers or feet, or rub well on the nose or face.

PHILADELPHIA, June 13, 1857. Messrs. Perry Davis & Son—Gents.—For more than a year I was afflicted with a troublesome cough, attended with a yellowish frothy expectoration, and great emaciation followed. Whether it was a liver or lung cough I knew not, but there was an incessant tickling sensation in my chest. Calling one day at the office of the United States Journal, of this city, one of the proprietors strongly recommended me to try your Pain Killer. I sent and got the article, and was helped immediately, and am now well. This was last March I withheld my address as my family and myself are averse to notoriety. That what I have written is solemn truth, is well known to the proprietors of the Journal. I write under the influence of grateful feeling.—Yours truly, AMICUS.

Lyman, Savage, & Co., Carter, Kerry, & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, Agents, Montreal.

LOST VOICE RECOVERED. New Bedford, August 10. Mr. S. W. FOWLER.—Having seen many certificates published in relation to Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, I take this opportunity of offering a word in its favor, which you are also at liberty to publish.— A few months since, my wife's lungs became so much affected by a sudden cold, that she lost her voice, and suffered severely from pains in the breast. Her situation caused her friends much alarm. Having heard your Balsam strongly recommended by those who had used it, I purchased a bottle of your agent in this place. She took it according to directions, and it produced a wonderful effect. Before using one bottle, she had completely recovered her voice, the pains subsided and her health was soon fully restored. Yours truly (signed) HENRY G. BRIGHTMAN. None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale in Montreal, at wholesale, by Lyman, Savage & Co., 226 St. Paul Street; also by Carter, Kerry & Co., 184 St. Paul Street; by Johnston, Beers & Co., Medical Hall, Great St. James Street; and S. J. Lyman, Place de Armes.

COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, WHOOPING COUGH, INCIPENT CONSUMPTION, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1837, by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Chemists, Boston, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Dist. of Mass. COUGHS.—The great and sudden changes of our climate, are fruitful sources of Pulmonary and Bronchial affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of disease, recourse should at once be had to "Brown's Bronchial Troches" or Lozenges, let the Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually averted off.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Cures Cough, Cold, Hoarseness and Influenza. Cures any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat. Relieves the Hoarse Cough in Consumption. Relieves Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh. Clears and gives strength to the voice of SINGERS. Indispensable to Public Speakers.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. [From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has used the Troches five years.]—"I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of. In all my lecturing tours, I put 'Troches' into my carpet bag as regularly as I do lectures or hymns. I do not hesitate to say that in so far as I have had an opportunity of comparison, your Troches are pre-eminently the best, and the first, of the great Lozenge School."

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. [From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principa of the Rutgers Female Institute, New York.]—"I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your Troches."

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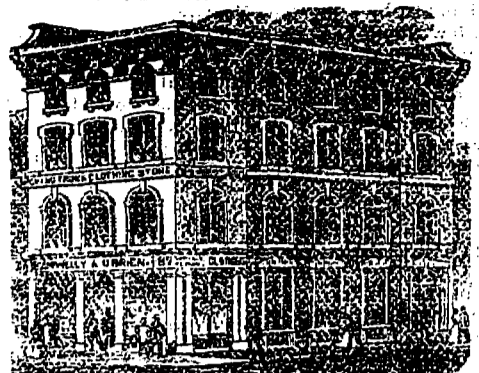
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