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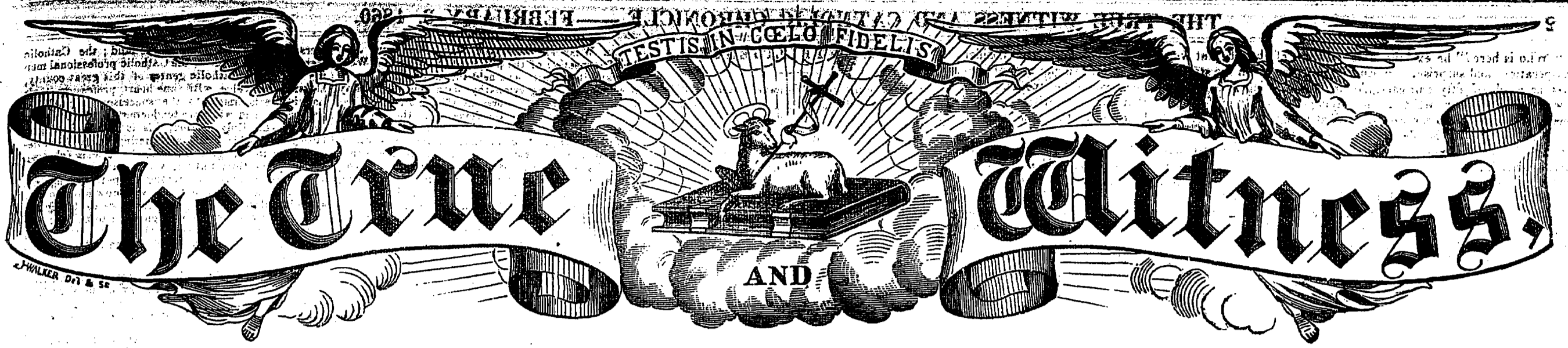
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. X.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1860.

No. 25.

THE LAST IRISHMAN.

(Translated from the French of Elie Berthet, by C. M. O'Keefe, for the Boston Pilot.)

CHAPTER XVII.

There is a district in Ireland where, at the period of our story, the English government, after the lapse of seven centuries, had scarcely succeeded in establishing its authority: I mean Connemara, or, as the Irish call it in their native language, "the Ports of Deep," that is, *Cuan na Mara*. It is situated on the western side of the "Green Isle" opposite New York. There never was a country better adapted to serve as an asylum for outlaws; it is filled with lakes, impracticable bogs, and mountains that are pathless and inaccessible. The lines of communication are bridge-roads or boreens, narrow and dangerous; and form, by their multiplicity of inextricable labyrinths in which the stranger is lost. The soil is so barren that you might travel miles without meeting a farm. Few capitalists dared at this time to farm a country, the chief value of which lies in pasturage. Its principal inhabitants were ferocious herdsmen; and its only visitors were outlaws or malefactors, who took refuge in its fastnesses from the pursuits of English justice.

In Ireland, however, the word malefactor has a peculiar meaning: crimes in Ireland have generally a political cause. The hatred of race, revolting partiality, and grinding injustice of the English law usually produce those criminal actions which distinguish the Irish calendar. The stranger, who visits Ireland from curiosity or business, is quite as safe as in the most cultivated countries of Europe. He has only to enter a cabin if he be hungry or thirsty, to be immediately received as a guest and a friend. *Caed mille failthe*, and the cordial smile of welcome will greet his entrance, and cheer him to his meal. The family will offer him their milk and potatoes; the old man will tell him the legends, and the young girl sing the sweet and harmonious melodies of Ireland. But woe betide the sheriff's officer, the catch-pole, or bailiff, who ventured to execute his functions in this land of prescription. All Connemara revolted against him.

This is the country into which we must introduce the reader, about seven months subsequently to the events described in the last chapter.

A more picturesque, and, at the same time, a more savage prospect perhaps never met a traveller's eye than the Valley of the Three Sisters, (that is, *Gleann na thri Sear*.) It is a great ravine, or prodigious furrow, apparently scooped out by a deluge in pre-Adamate periods of geological convulsion: it is skirted by three mountains which give it a triangular shape. A humid obscurity broods in this valley which is never dispelled, except in one season of the year, and which disposes the mind to feelings of melancholy and terror. In the centre spreads a lake which originates in a neighboring mountain, and which is fed by a torrent that tumbles down in the foam of a cascade. The starveling vegetation is scant and stony in this sterile solitude. Nevertheless, some stunted trees, struggling into existence, have struck their roots into the crevices which the torrent had filled with particles of vegetable earth. The only sound breaking the silence of this melancholy desert is the monotonous roar of the wintry cascade. The melodious notes of the red-breast, the thrush, or blackbird never cheer the gloomy echo of these inhospitable deserts. Even in the flowery season of summer the Valley of the Three Sisters presents a lugubrious aspect; and if so, the reader may judge of its appalling appearance at the period of our story—the beginning of a rude winter. Though only in the middle of November the mountain tops were sheeted with snow, and the leafless trees dripped with icicles not destined to melt until the following May. The lake slept under a crust of bluish ice, broken here and there by withered tufts of rushes and flaggers, which grew through it. The traveller on horseback was following the half obliterated road which selvaged the lake, while the keen and bitter wind swept in gales over the scene. Despite an ample cloak that at once covered himself and the greater part of his horse; despite a broad-brimmed hat which he pulled down so as to leave but a narrow aperture for sight and respiration, the Unknown appeared frozen with cold. Besides, it was easy to perceive by the uncertainty painted in his face and movements that he was by no means sure of his route. He looked by turns to the right and left with an embarrassed air, but neither man nor horse was visible.—It appeared, as if sheer dreariness had scared away all sentient inhabitants. Nevertheless, the traveller had reasons doubtless for refusing to retire before these forbidding appearances—he continued to gaze to the right and the left until he finally succeeded in distinguishing a few light puffs of smoke which burst from a rock a little distance from the waterfall. At the same time a smell of burned turf reached his olfactory nerves and on the principle that smoke cannot exist without fire, and fire cannot exist without some hand to trim it, he concluded that a cot-

tage lay in the vicinity, and turned his horse's head in that direction. But owing to the roughness of the way, his horse might stumble and fall into the lake: he accordingly dismounted, which he was the more willing to do as exercise was necessary to restore natural warmth to his half frozen limbs. He continued walking for about three-quarters of an hour without discovering any further trace of the expected cottage; puffs of smoke continued, nevertheless, to gush occasionally from the rocks; but he could neither discover fire nor habitation. The foxes of the mountain, the otters of the lake, or the badgers of the rocks seemed the only tenants of this scene of desolation. The traveller became convinced that what he had mistaken for smoke was one of those white gushes of vapor which sometimes issue from subterranean waters through fissures in the earth. Finding that his eyes deceived him, he determined to use his lungs, and accordingly shouted with all his might. To his no small astonishment an answering voice issued from the earth and responded to his challenge in some unintelligible words. The horseman was a member of the educated classes, and gave little credit to the tales of *sighs* and *lethprouns* with which the imagination of the peasants loves to people the caverns; he nevertheless felt a sentiment of surprise which approached to terror, and which rendered him perfectly silent. But after a moment's consideration he blushed for his weakness and repeated his cry; he heard distinctly the following words at a little distance from him: "I say, Jack, you seem to be in a great hurry this evening. I'll be with you in a moment. I only want time to put out the fire—if you have any brains you'll take a drop of the mountain dew to fasten the life in you. Every one knows that you are lord of a glass, though you hypocritically pretend to be a teetotaler."

The Unknown perceived that the speaker mistook him for a different person, and chance had led him to one of those illicit distilleries for which Connemara was so celebrated. The discovery of this secret, was often accompanied with danger; and homicide in this lonely valley must remain long unpunished. The stranger was a peaceable, and consequently an unarmed man, nevertheless his natural intrepidity, the necessity of obtaining information, and a vague remembrance of the voice, which he thought he had heard before, induced him to remain. He wanted then with no little interest the result of this adventure. He soon heard a rolling of rocks as if some one were closing the aperture of a cavern; again the bushes were suddenly put aside, and he stood in the presence of the mysterious personage whose voice had previously reached his ears; he was a middle aged man dressed in the costume of a Connemara peasant, a goat-skin cap, and gaiters likewise of untanned goat-skin, a *cota-mor* of coarse frieze which draped him to the heels, while he held in his hand a large bladder of whiskey, the manufacture of which was his favorite employment. In the other hand he held an old blunderbuss always considered a useful article in an illicit distillery. He appeared to have been a good customer to himself; a certain weakness in his limbs and a bloated, swollen countenance, seemed to prove that he had made himself acquainted with the flavor of his manufacture. He seemed perfectly thunderstruck at the appearance of a stranger. "Oh, Lord, save us! this is not Jack Gunn?" he exclaimed—"oh, Lord! is it a gauger that's it?"

Feeling certain that the stranger had discovered the existence of the laboratory, he dropped the bladder and cocked his blunderbuss, and in a tone which was meant to be firm, said:—"Well, friend, who are you?—or what brings you into a place like this where you have no business? It's what you ought to get a bullet in your brain; and if I was another —. But I must see who you are before I determine what to do with you."

The stranger was apparently unmoved by these threats, though the barrel of the blunderbuss was directed to his breast; he examined the distiller with attention for some minutes, and then observed with a smile, "I am much mistaken, if you are not Tom Kavanagh who held a farm from Lord Powerscourt."

The distiller grew pale, in spite of the rosy color the use of whiskey had imparted to his countenance. "Tom Kavanagh," he stammered, "faix yer honor was never more mistaken in yer life; my name is not Tom Kavanagh, nor never was; my name is Justin McCarthy, and I was born in those very glens—I'm livin' in Connemara since I was the size of a sod of turf.—But, *na-boc-leas*, what is it to any one whether or no? I have a great mind to know who you are yourself, or what you want in this glen of The Three Sisters. Come, speak up man, who are you; and what brings here?"

The muzzle of the firelock was aimed a second time at the stranger, who seemed indifferent to the danger. "Tom Kavanagh or Justin McCarthy," said the stranger with a smile,—

"though you were in the rebellion your disposition is not sanguinary. Besides you would not wish to kill an old friend who never intended to do you any harm."

At the same time the stranger opened his mantle and exhibited the thin calm face of Angus O'Byrne.

Tom Kavanagh appeared full of astonishment and joy; he let his firelock fall, and rushing to the priest, exclaimed, "Is it your reverence that's in it—a hundred thousand welcomes!—This will be the joyful news." He suddenly became speechless, when the priest looking sharply said, "Well, Tom Kavanagh, why don't you go on? Who will consider my coming as good news? In this cursed country there is nobody who knows of my coming or wishes to see me."

"Faix, your Reverence, there's poor Biddy my wife, an' her old mother, an' all the children—we have a fine cabin at the other side of the mountain, and if you'll come wid me you'll see the joy there will be. We are not so bad off as we used to be, yer honor—the thrade is good in this country." And so saying he laughed.

"Trade!" said Angus with bitterness, "I hope your trade is not opposed to the laws of God, whatever it may be."

"Your honor appears to be terribly tired," observed Kavanagh; "if you'd take a mouthful of whiskey it would fasten the life in yer honor." Kavanagh filled an egg-shell with the contents of the bladder, and presented it to the priest.—Angus was reluctant to receive it; but the blood was freezing in his veins, and the vital warmth seemed escaping from his extremities.—He received it with a trembling hand, and swallowed a mouthful of the fiery liquid, which he so often anathematized. This action appeared to afford a triumph to Tom Kavanagh, who danced with joy to see the priest drink whiskey. "He drinks the potten," said Tom: "they'd never believe it in Wicklow. Often I've told your Reverence that the whiskey never did harm to man or mortal; an' signs on it, yer Reverence is gettin' your own color agen—it would be a sin to waste a drop of it," said Kavanagh, taking the egg-shell from the priest, who returned it nearly as full as he received it. Kavanagh emptied the egg-shell at a single gulp, "Oh, that's the right sort; it would be a sin to lose a drop of it."

In spite of himself, Angus O'Byrne felt benefited by this mouthful of whiskey. He said with a smile, "I only blame the *abuse* of it, Kavanagh. If you and others would use it with moderation. But this is no time to preach. I willingly accept the hospitality of your cottage. I am exhausted with fatigue. I have been wandering all day through this bleak country; my poor horse will be glad to get a bundle of hay or straw, for he is nearly dead. Come, Kavanagh, lead the way."

"Oh, yer Reverence, we are not far from home; and the wife remembers yer kindness to her and the childer. Your Reverence and the young lady were always good to her—may she rest in peace; but she is certainly in heaven."

The distiller with his blunderbuss in one hand, and the bladder in the other, and his goat-skin cap on his hand, led the way, while Father O'Byrne followed, leading his horse by the bridle. Conversation soon became impossible, owing to the roughness of the road; but they finally got into a path hardened by the frost, which, sweeping round the flank of the mountain, seemed to lead to more cultivated regions.—Neither the priest nor his companion seemed willing to break the silence. Kavanagh was thoughtful; certain difficulties which he had not first reflected on, presented themselves to his mind, and made him dread indiscretion. The priest seemed desirous of broaching some difficult and painful subject. "Kavanagh," said he at last, in a melancholy tone, "before I go into your cabin, I have some questions to ask you, and which you will, I hope, answer without any reserve. It has occurred very strongly to my mind since I met you, that you may be able to give me some account of my unhappy brother and—of a person who accompanied him. Am I wrong?"

Tom Kavanagh looked at the priest with a melancholy air, and replied resolutely, "Ah, then, how would a poor man like me know anything about a great count like your brother? I suppose it's in France he is?"

"Now, don't tell lies," said the priest with an air of severity. "I am perfectly certain that my brother is concealed in this neighborhood; and your lies only serve to ruin your soul, without changing my conviction. Nay, Kavanagh," said he in a milder tone, "you need not be afraid of confiding in me. I have come here on a mission of mercy. You must be well aware of the danger which surrounds Richard, and the terrible penalty he has incurred." His voice failed, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Yes, yes," resumed Kavanagh with emotion; "we got a newspaper from a deserter, and read the sentence of the Court of Queen's Bench.—

If they were to transport a poor devil like me, it would be only reasonable, though no man ever seen me fire a shot in my life; but I allow the burnin' of the cottage is a black spot against me. But that the Court should dare condemn a man like the great Count O'Byrne is really infamous. But yer Reverence will say, and say truly, what can Irishmen expect from the English-made judges. Poor Daly, the blind man, is happier than any of us. He died in jail, yer Reverence, but he was true to his country to the last gasp."

Kavanagh and the priest proceeded in silence, both overwhelmed with painful reflections.

"Never mind, Kavanagh, said at last, "they may condemn him in Dublin, but they cannot hang him in Connemara; the peelers don't like to wander through the houseless wilds of Connemara; and if they did, perhaps they would not prove the strongest after all."

"Don't be sure of that," said the priest, shaking his head. "I know that Connemara has received certain privileges from nature; but I know that the English government is strong enough to violate them. Richard is no common enemy—the English Government dread his influence, his military talent, and untamable courage; they wish to get rid of so dangerous a conspirator at any cost. Besides, my brother having carried away a young lady belonging to one of the noblest families in Ireland, has become the object of implaceable hatred. I know that Lord Powerscourt has pressed the Viceroy to adopt the most energetic measures for the recovery of Lady Ellen and the punishment of her seducer. Yesterday, when I was passing through Galway, the authorities were preparing a military expedition for some unknown object. I trembled lest it should be destined to ransack these mountains.—I beseech you, Kavanagh, bring me to Richard immediately. I want to furnish him with the means of saving his life."

Tom Kavanagh was embarrassed and perplexed; he looked by turns to the earth and to the sky, and arranged his *cota mor* and adjusted his cap. "What can I say, your Reverence? a simple man like me—I don't know what to do or what to say. But, at any rate, come along with me."

"You defend yourself badly, Kavanagh," cried the priest; "you know thoroughly what I inquire about. Well, if you are impenetrable on the subject of my brother, you can tell me at least of the unfortunate young woman whom Richard carried away with him. If his vengeance was to be exercised on any one, he might have selected some other object besides the friend of our poor sister. Where did he hide her? How can he keep her prisoner in this horrible country?"

Tom Kavanagh turned his head and smiled.—He seemed strongly inclined to make some malignant remark, but he arrested the propensity.—

"Sorra know meself knows," he exclaimed. "Come, come, said the priest, "speak out, man;—have you taken a freemason's oath that you will not tell me where is my brother? You know at least such a place as Fairymount?"

Tom Kavanagh stopped short.

"Fairymount?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Who told you that? Oh, begorras, I see you know everything."

"Unfortunately I know nothing," said the priest; "but I understand if I can find Fairymount I may there get some information concerning my brother."

Tom Kavanagh made no reply. He continued to proceed, grumbling as he went, and muttering half aloud—

"Faix, I put my foot in it. At any rate we are now at the cottage, an' I'll get some instruction there, I suppose. I do not know what to say or do."

During the conversation they had emerged from the Valley of the Three Sisters, and entered a more habitable district. Grass and trees were visible; a few straggling sheep, and diminutive cows were grazing on the stony vegetation. A few poor cottages were perched upon the slope, while the path itself formed a kind of cornice where a false step would ensure destruction. None but fugitives and outlaws would establish a residence in a place so dangerous. The best of these cottages was occupied by Kavanagh and his family; Tom showed it to the priest with evident satisfaction; and entered into a detail of its advantages with no little exultation.—When he was at a certain distance from the door, he uttered a peculiar cry; immediately a considerable bustle appeared in the cottage, and women popped their heads out of the doors to examine the appearance of their new visitors.—But Tom's signal was not a signal of alarm: for the women, though inquisitive, were not afraid; and their curiosity was doubtless occasioned by the rarity of visitors. The priest experienced some alarm at first when Tom uttered his cry, but Kavanagh hastened to appease him.

"Oh, yer honor!" said he, "this is no common country—if I did not make them know that it's meself that's in it, maybe it's stone they'd

shy at us, or a shot they'd fire, or God knows what."

"And yet you boast of being very happy?" remarked the priest.

Kavanagh made no reply; and they finally reached the cottage. Kavanagh's residence was certainly better than his Wicklow habitation; it contained some chairs and tables, a few pots and saucepans, and even a couple of feather beds. Mrs. Kavanagh and the mother of her husband, and a rabble rout of children, including our tiny friend, Paddy, still dressed in his father's coat, the history of which we are already acquainted with, were all assembled in this cottage. The moment the priest was seen every face in the cottage became radiant with joy. Mrs. Kavanagh threw herself on her knees in a religious transport, and begged the blessing of her old director: The old mother of Kavanagh repeated a thousand *caed mille failthes*; and the children, one after another came forward to kiss the hand of his reverence. Subsequently little Paddy in his historic coat, hastened out to look after the horse, to which he presented a sheaf of unthrashed oats, the greatest favor that Connemara could bestow on an animal of the kind.

A prodigious turf fire was soon blazing on the hearthstone, and a prodigious pyramid of potatoes and eggs were poured smoking on the rickety table; a jar of milk and a *mesureen* of butter as well as a bottle of whiskey graced the board and flanked the potatoes. This was the most sumptuous feast that a cabin in Connemara can offer the most respectable visitor. Tom Kavanagh seemed inflated with pride and pleasure as he contemplated the groaning table; he invited his guest to be seated, and he himself opened the attack by taking a glass of whiskey. But the priest obstinately refused to participate in a beverage of which he had recently experienced the fortifying qualities; he contented himself with the milk, eggs, butter, and potatoes, which he consumed with rapidity, while Mrs. Kavanagh was relating the eventful history of her immigration into this wild country. The priest listened eagerly to her narrative in the hope that some glimpse of his brother's fate might escape from the garrulous housewife; but she had doubtless been forewarned by her husband; for she never compromised her husband by a single indiscreet expression. The young priest began to despair of obtaining any information as to the fate of his brother when he heard a well known voice exclaiming outside the cottage.

"Justin McCarthy, Justin McCarthy! you smoke-dried rascal, will you come out of that den of yours?—there's bad news this morning!—We'll have to trundle and march out of this in an hour or two!"

At the first word Tom Kavanagh started up from his meal; but the lucidity of his mind was considerably obscured by the fumes of the whiskey he had swallowed: he remained motionless, stammering: "Oh, is that you, Jack Gunn?"

"You mean Jack Bawn O'Dunn, the village piper?" exclaimed Mrs. Kavanagh, looking at her husband with an embarrassed countenance. "You ought to go and meet him—and he calling you."

"Yes, yes; you are right—that's Dunn shure enough," said Kavanagh to his wife. "What bad news is he prating about?"

Mrs. Kavanagh made a sign which he did not seem to understand. Meantime the door was thrust open, and a man entered the cottage. He wore a goat-skin cap like Kavanagh, and a *cota mor* of Connemara frieze; he seemed to be alarmed and excited. On his first entrance he did not see the strangers owing to the obscurity of the cottage. He cried in an angry tone addressing Kavanagh, "What's this for at all!—is this the time you select to get drunk, and I hoarse calling you?—What I have to tell you is no trifle.—You have better go and tell the Count to be on his guard. While you are doing that, I'll give warning to the Glen. Where is the horn?"

Without waiting for a reply he proceeded towards the part of the cottage where, amongst other articles of furniture, was suspended a prodigious cow's horn, such as swine-doctors employ in the southern parts of Ireland.

His alarming words, and the excited air with which they were uttered, affected Kavanagh and his wife to such a degree that they forgot the presence of Angus.

"What is the matter, Mr. Dunn—has anything happened?" asked Mrs. Kavanagh, in a perfect tremor of anxiety.

"Yes," said Kavanagh, echoing his wife, "tell us what is the matter."

"Oh, bedad, you'll soon know if you remain here much longer—there is a detachment of soldiers at Cong, and they're marching this way as fast as their legs can carry them. They are coming to take the Count and the young lady! But if we don't look sharp they may take you and me into the bargain! We ought to look to that, my friends; for we—" He suddenly stopped for he discerned the priest in the dusk of the cottage.

"Who is here?" he exclaimed... "You see who I am, Jack Gunn," said the priest...

"Many a priest was mistaken," replied Gunn... "and your reverence may be wrong. Who told you?"

"It wasn't me," exclaimed Kavanagh... "and your reverence will bear witness that I never betrayed the secrets of the Count."

Mrs. Kavanagh gave her husband a nudge... "The priest resumed in a persuasive tone—'Tom Kavanagh, Jack Gunn,' explained the priest..."

"Come, come, my friends," he exclaimed... "every moment that passes adds to Richard's danger!—I fancy I hear the sound of the English trumpets coming to arrest him!"

"Do you really hear them?" asked Jack Gunn... "I'll give them blast for blast... I'll give them a touch of this old horn that will make them cock their ears..."

"Let the blame be on my head," said the priest... "I shall be responsible; but, for mercy's sake, make haste!"

A moment afterwards Angus, with the assistance of his guides, was climbing the rocky side of the precipitous mountain...

(To be continued.)

REPLY TO DR. CAHILL. New York, January, 15, 1860.

To the Editor of the Phoenix. SIR:—You profess to speak "the truth and nothing but the truth." We are anxious to know, whether, under all circumstances, you are prepared to speak the "whole truth."

The occasion, calling for the whole truth is this: Doctor Cahill, who has been staying a very few days in our city, has given one more illustration of the rapidly with which great minds compass vast information, and it may be added, of the utter disregard in which great men hold the mere details of figures and facts...

Had the Doctor chosen to remain among the stars his accuracy or inaccuracy would concern but few. It would not concern us in the least. But he felt called on to descend, and to address himself specially "to the small tenant farmers, tradesmen, and laboring classes of Ireland," to inform them of the wonderful things he discovered in this new Heaven of New York...

- WILLIAM HOGAN, Printer, Fulton Street, Brooklyn. JAMES KAVANAGH, Carpenter, Cedar street, New York. JOHN REYNOLDS, Smith, Mulberry street, New York. MAURICE FITZGERALD, Sawyer, Fourth street, New York. JAMES KELLY, Carpenter. DENNIS BURNS, Stone-cutter. REDMOND HOGAN, laborer, Henry street, New York.

P.S.—Since the above was in type, the Doctor has attempted to explain away his mistakes. The explanation only makes the misstatement ridiculous. We have read it in the Irish American, which has made a discovery of its own. It finds one item in the Doctor's schedule, which it pronounces true in respect to the mammoth turkeys. Worthy subterfuge this! as if any one cared whether the Doctor's turkeys weighed 20 or 1000 lbs. But the discovery of the Irish American, is that good will come out of falsehood, the full benefit of which we give to the Doctor.

Now, we assure Dr. Cahill's friends, we are more considerate than they. We know he wrote the letter. We know he calculated every one of the above figures, but being an "official" from the stars, his results are according to the star calculation.

We, who sign this are mechanics and laborers. The statements we make are of our own knowledge—they would be confirmed by the oaths of 20,000.

First; that there is no such custom in this city, or any part of America, as "fining" or "boarding" mechanics. Apprentices only are found, and they receive from eight to twelve dollars a month.

Secondly, the statement that the daily wages of mechanics is from 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 dollars is another discovery equally sublime, and made by him, also, without the aid of one human being.

Thirdly; not one mechanic out of two, has been employed, at all, for one-third of the time for the last four years; and during that time, at least ten thousand mechanics have left this city, many of them so poor as to be obliged to beg the means of enabling them to escape the poorhouse or starvation.

The wages of domestic female servants alone, in the Doctor's table, are tolerably correct. But for the one employed how many are not?—In fact, it has been proved, by positive testimony, and ascertained, by accurate calculation, that from sheer poverty and the misfortune, to which they have been subjected in this country, 3,000 Irish girls are annually reduced to prostitution.

Again, there are nearly 10,000 needlewomen in New York, of whose earnings, one instance is enough, as an example. Seventy-five cents (75c) is the price paid for making a dozen of shirts—The very best workwomen, by sewing from 5 A. M. to 11 P. M., can earn fifty cents—not one out of ten, so much.

In the factories, in New England, the average daily wages is seventy-five cents. And without the lesson of the overwhelming calamity at Lawrence, the other day, wherein nine out of ten of the victims were Irish, we need scarcely say how ruinous to health and life and morals is a factory life.

What Dr. Cahill's influencing motives may have been, we do not care to inquire. His motives would be of little consequence to those whom his misstatements may lure to perdition. One thing seems clear, namely, that if a number of the small farmers in Ireland were misled by them, the generous purpose of those men there, who lead off at cattle shows; who improve the country, by a consolidation of farms; by increasing fat cattle, by decreasing the population, by planting trees and hedges, and uprooting men and women and children, would be very substantially served. It may supply an hour's amusement to Dr. Cahill to sport with these figures; but is it not cruel, cruel sport, for those who may be thereby deceived and ruined! Any man who can take pleasure in it, it would be a party to disturb.

- WILLIAM HOGAN, Printer, Fulton Street, Brooklyn. JAMES KAVANAGH, Carpenter, Cedar street, New York. JOHN REYNOLDS, Smith, Mulberry street, New York. MAURICE FITZGERALD, Sawyer, Fourth street, New York. JAMES KELLY, Carpenter. DENNIS BURNS, Stone-cutter. REDMOND HOGAN, laborer, Henry street, New York.

We understand, too, that the Doctor has made corrections in a second letter on the same subject, published in Ireland, so as to make the figures agree with the facts in American journals, and thus he is able to inform the people of the other hemisphere, without stocking the people of this.

The Irish Mazzinians. We have watched with the greatest interest the splendid demonstrations of fidelity to the Holy See, and rejoiced that after so many years of apathy and distaste for public proceedings, the Catholics of Ireland should show the world so unmistakably that in a cause which commands their sympathies, and for a purpose of which they understand both the method and scope, they are as prompt, as energetic, and as generous as ever.

The meeting of the people of the County of Wick, and the vicinity was held this day (Monday) for the purpose of expressing sympathy with our Most Holy Father, Pius IX., in his present afflictions, and of assisting to strengthen the demand of the Catholic world for the preservation of his temporal power in its full integrity. The meeting, which was called in pursuance of a requisition, signed by the venerated Bishop of Ferns, Dr. Furlong, by the Mayor, and a large majority of the Corporation of Wexford, by twelve magistrates, and all the Catholic merchants, professional gentlemen, &c., of this ever patriotic town and its vicinity. The chair was taken by the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, Bishop of Ferns. His Lordship said: There is not a kingdom in Europe which would stand the test of the pernicious principles which are so thoughtlessly and recklessly enforced against the unoffending and helpless Sovereign of Rome (hear, hear.) I pray God that the revolutionary spirit which is unloosed under such high auspices may never come an unwelcome visitor to our own shores, and present as its passport the authority of influential names, which every obligation of honor and duty forbid to ponder on the tenets of ungodly and revolting (applause.) Don Acquit Louis Napoleon of all blame in the course he has pursued with regard to the Sovereign Pontiff? Far from it. I must confess that I was one of those who regarded his elevation and subsequent career with a favorable eye. He seemed to be a man of Providence, specially raised up to repress that lawless violence which seemed ready to dissolve the very bonds of society, with his clear head and resolute will to keep a firm hold of the reins of power, to give to France something of a stable, permanent form of Government—to bestow peace on his own country, and by consequence, on Europe. The French people surrendered their liberties into his hands, and he did not seem disposed to abuse the trust, industry was protected and encouraged—the fine arts fostered and patronised—the rights of the Church respected—education emancipated from the odious thralldom in which it was held, and a truly Royal taste for magnificence displayed in the decoration of the capital, whilst it made Paris the queen of imperial or royal cities, gave wholesome occupation to restless spirits, and remunerative employment to the honest industrious artisan (hear, hear.) On the whole, the Emperor of the French seemed determined to reap a rich harvest of solid glory from the cultivation of the arts of peace. But, alas! of late, he has sorely tried the faith of his friends and advocates. You recollect, gentlemen, the words of ominous import addressed about a year ago to the Austrian Ambassador. The little tiny cloud, the harbinger of the coming storm, could immediately be described in a sky otherwise serene and cloudless. Soon a murky darkness overcast the heavens, and at length the threatened tempest burst with overwhelming fury on the plains of Lombardy. You know the sequel; you have read the proclamation addressed by the Emperor, summoning the Italians to the banner of King Emmanuel, and calling on them to unite for the enfranchisement of their country, the expulsion of three sovereigns from their dominions, the insurrection in the Romagna, and thus the principle of non-intervention proclaimed and enforced. I do not pretend to be political seer enough to penetrate the arena of the imperial councils, or to predict their ultimate issue; but this I know, that he has left Northern Italy in a state of disorder and confusion—in a state of chaos from which it will require something of the creative energy that once moved over the dark abyss to bring forth peace, and order, and regular government. I fear that after all his deep-laid policy and display of military genius, some future poet will have it in his power to apostrophize the Victor of Solferino as a Roman poet apostrophised the Victor of Cannae— Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fas!

The question, then, resolves itself simply into this. A small band of ambitious, unprincipled, and lawless men has raised the standard of revolt in Romagna (hear, hear.) Shall we employ all the lawful and constitutional means we possess to prevent this most iniquitous usurpation from being urged as a plea for perpetrating an act of flagrant injustice, against an independent and lawful Sovereign, to whom we owe not only the sympathy which we should extend to every just and peaceful sovereign so fondly wronged but also the profound reverence and dutiful attachment that we owe to the Vicar of Christ and the common Father of the Faithful? Gentlemen, I know the reply that in your heart of hearts you give this question. But how can we control the wayward flight of the French eagle? He soars in a region above the reach of the ordinary influence of this sublunary sphere of ours. No, gentlemen, high and proud as is his elevation, public opinion, the sentiments and feelings, the indignant protest of two hundred millions of Catholics will reach him in his pride of place, and suggest wiser and better counsel (applause.) His lordship adverted to the eulogious charge of the Irish press, which, having no other cry to raise in reply to the justice and soundness of their cause, alleged that the Catholics of Ireland were actuated by treasonable designs in those demonstrations (no, no.) He never would stoop to such taunts. If his conduct through life was not sufficient to disprove the offensive and base charge, words would be of little avail. The history of the Irish people proved that they ever were, as they ever would be, faithful to her gracious Majesty (applause.) But it was only in keeping with their duty as subjects to exercise their fair constitutional rights in a constitutional way (hear, hear.) And, continued his lordship, how are we to exercise a legitimate influence at home on this question? By instructing our representatives to represent to the Ministry, Whig or Tory, as he may be, that the sentiments and wishes of one-third of the population of these kingdoms is not to be overlooked or slighted in a matter where their dearest interests are concerned—that if the Minister fail in his duty to us, we shall call on our representatives to withdraw their support from him—that our motto is, "no alliance with treason and sedition"—that we shall not consider the guardianship of peace and order to a Minister at home who abets disorder and revolution abroad (loud applause.)

The demonstration of the County Tipperary. A demonstration, says the Limerick Reporter, second in importance and in interest to no other than has as yet taken place in Ireland in connection with the present eventful movement in favour of the Holy Father, took place on Wednesday, December 28th, in the Metropolitan Cathedral of Thurles, under the auspices of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Lord Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, who presided over a meeting as large as respectable, as united, and as enthusiastic as any other of which we have had to report the progress in relation to the existing agitation. The large Cathedral was filled in every part long prior to the opening of the proceedings of the day, and though the morning was exceedingly wet, and calculated, on that account to prevent a great gathering, yet there was so part of the fine building that was not filled to repletion, whilst a spacious platform was erected for His Grace, the Chairman, the speakers, and those who took a more active part in the proceedings, as well as for the members of the Press, many of whom were present, as well from the Provinces as from Dublin, and all of whom were incessantly occupied throughout the day. The time for calling the meeting was twelve o'clock; and shortly after that hour, the Lord Archbishop, in purple sash and cap, accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Flannery, Lord Bishop of Killarney, similarly dressed, and a large number of the Clergy, appeared in the Cathedral. His Grace was hailed with an affectionate welcome, and at once proceeded to take the chair. His Grace the Archbishop said: It is with no surprise that I see around me to-day the stalwart men of Tipperary, in their thousands, and at their head their ever faithful priests; the Catholic far-

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For the sake of religion, for the sake of the church, for the sake of the people, we hope the ensuing Parliamentary session will see a cause removed from which springs crime, which libel, stains the fair, and belies the last. We hope to see a state of things inaugurated which will soon remove the people from the category in which they have so long remained of being the worst clad, housed, and fed people in Europe—eye in the world. Though of late, wholesale petitions, such as have mainly filled English unions with Irish paupers, and English union schools with Irish perverts from the faith for which their fathers bled, and long endured sore trials, have not been of late taking place, still the growbar is busily, silently, and unobtrusively employed, though in a smaller way. Notices to quit are not rarities. Of course very often this harmless legal contrivance, before which strong men tremble, as at touch of the plague, is only resorted to for the most generous purposes. Believe landlord organs, and it is but the harbinger of good. The tenants think differently; but there is no accounting for tastes. In Wicklow, ejections are effected only to "square" an estate; in Mayo, "Apostolic" laird-Bishop used them as a convenience for "stripping" the land; in Tipperary, they are instruments "merely" for raising the rents; and in Limerick, Lord Derby plays with these edged tools for the purpose of what he calls "Saxon justice." As to what may have been "Saxon justice," it is difficult to speak, seeing that Time's twilight rather prevents a clear insight into the period in which it was supposed to exist; but, now-a-days, plain men call his means and his end nefarious. But let us do Lord Derby justice. There was a locus penitentis open to him, and he has availed himself of it. He hearkened to the voice of the public reproaching his act, and he has undone that which it were not for the present, to be victimized to their lordly owners; ideas of antique "justice." Let us hope that ere long the Irish peasantry will rejoice in possession of just security given them by law, and not dependent on the varying sense of justice, or the caprices of individual landlords.—Weekly Register.

The air is still ringing with clamour raised by the anti-Catholic organs against the Irish Bishops for demanding separate education for the Catholic youth of Ireland. Now, let us see what the Lutherans and Calvinists in Austria are demanding. 1. That there shall be a representative constitution of the Church by means of Presbyteries and synods. 2. That the communities shall have a certain influence in the composition of those organs by means of which the State exercises its right of superintendence. 3. That changes shall be made in the laws respecting mixed marriages. 4. That in case of a proposed change of religion Catholics and Protestants shall be on the same level. 5. That Protestant employes shall superintend the Protestant schools. 6. Either that a Protestant University shall be founded, or that there shall be a complete parity between Roman Catholics and Protestants at some of those universities which are now exclusively Catholic. All this is endorsed by the Times as fair and proper in the teeth of its virulent abuse of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy for demanding somewhat similar, but less sweeping concessions. In Austria, the Lutherans and Calvinists are a minority. In Ireland, the Catholics are an overwhelming majority. In Catholic Austria, the Protestant minority demand equality with the Catholics, and a legal recognition of their ecclesiastical status, and this is considered all right; but in Protestant England, where the Catholics are a minority, and even in Catholic Ireland, British Protestant legislation make it penal for the Catholic Hierarchy to even call themselves Bishops of sees, or deans, or archdeacons of dioceses, and this is pronounced all right also! And so, doubtless, will be the proceedings of the bigots in the St. Francis vestry who are pouring all manner of anathemas upon the heads of some liberal Protestants, who, on the principle of fair play, have, it seems, introduced Catholic publications into the workhouse for the use of Catholic inmates, when introducing Protestant publications for the use of Protestants. A Mr. Turner, who boasts that he is a friend of religious liberty, has taken the leading part in this crusade against the very principle he professes to uphold. He is doubtless, an evangelical liberal. From them only do such foul deeds emanate.—Weekly Register.

UNION OF WINTER AND SUMMER.—On Monday the Rev. Mr. Kee united in the bonds of wedlock, in Collegeland Chapel, near Charlemont, Mr. Wm. Pasmer, of Edenderry, and Anne, daughter of Mr. James McAlinden, of Slash, both in this county. The groom's age is eighty-five, while the bride is only twenty-eight years.—Armagh Guardian.

SYDNEY SMITH'S OPINION OF THE IRISH PROTESTANT CHURCH.—Sir—As an "Appendix" to your leading article on the Irish Church Establishment, in last week's Register, I send you the following story—so well told by the witty writer named above, together with his comments on that scandalous anomaly—the Irish Protestant Church:—"There is a story (these are the words of Sydney Smith) in the Leinster family, which passes under the name of 'She is not well.' A Protestant clergyman, whose church was in the neighborhood, was a guest at the house of that upright and excellent man, the Duke of Fife. He had been staying there three or four days; and on Saturday night, as they were all retiring to their rooms, the Duke said 'We shall meet to-morrow at breakfast.' 'Not so (said our Milesian Protestant), your hour, my Lord, is a little too late for me; I am very particular in the discharge of my duty, and your breakfast will interfere with my church.' The Duke was pleased with the very proper excuse of his guest, and they separated for the night. His Grace, perhaps, considered his palace more safe from all the evils of life, for containing in its bosom such an exemplary Sor of the Church. The first person, however, whom the Duke saw in the morning, upon entering the breakfast room, was our punctual Protestant, deep in rolls and butter, his finger in an egg, and a large slice of the best Tipperary ham secured on his plate. 'Delighted to see you, my dear Vicar,' said the Duke, 'but I must say you are much surprised as delighted.' 'Oh! don't you know what has happened?' said the sacred breakfast-faster—'She is not well.' 'Who is not well?' said the Duke. 'You are not married; you have no sister living; I'm quite uneasy. Tell me who is not well.' 'Why, the fact is, my Lord Duke, that my congregation consists of the clerk, the sexton, and the sexton's wife. Now the sexton's wife is in very delicate health. When she cannot attend, we cannot muster the number mentioned in the Rubric, and we have, therefore, no service on that day. The good woman had a cold and sore throat this morning, and as I had breakfasted but slightly, I thought I might as well hurry back to the regular family dejeuner.' I don't know that the clergyman behaved improperly, but such a Church is hardly worth an insurrection. Though I have the sincerest admiration of the Protestant faith, I have no admiration of Protestant insocks, on which there are no knees; nor of seats, on which there is no superincumbent Protestant pressure: nor of whole acres of tenantless Protestant pews, in which no human beings of the five hundred sects of Christians are ever seen. I have no passion for sacred emptiness or pious vacuity. Can any honest man say that in parishes (as is the case frequently in Ireland) containing 3,000 or 4,000 Catholics, and 40 or 50 Protestants, there is the smallest chance of the majority being converted? Are not Catholics gaining everywhere on the Protestants? The tithes were originally possessed by the Catholic Church of Ireland; not one shilling of them is now devoted to that purpose. An immense majority of the people are Catholics. They see a Church richly supported by the spoils of their own Church, in whose tenets not one-tenth part of the people believe. Is it possible to suppose that all this can endure?

THE WIDOW OF CONSTABLE M'CLELLAND.—We are glad to be enabled to state that the government,

in reply to the influential memorial from the magistrates, and other residents of Dungannon, and its neighborhood, has granted to Mrs. M'Clelland, the widow of the murdered constable, an annual pension of £10.—Tyrone Constitution.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—Died, at Mountrath, on Thursday, the 20th of December, Edward Cahill, Esq., formerly of Moneyclear, near Ballynakill. The deceased gentleman was brother-in-law to the late Michael Comerford, Esq., of this city. Mr. Cahill lived to the extraordinary age of 105 years, retaining all his faculties clear and distinct nearly to his demise. In the family burial-place of Oloppook, Queen's County, where he was interred, the monumental inscriptions bear testimony to the longevity of his numerous kindred. More than one of the family appear to have lived beyond one hundred years.—Kilkenny Moderator.

A curious notification, described in the Tyrone Constitution as "official," has been made to the pensioners in Tyrone. The "United British Army Scripture Readers and Soldiers' Friend Society" appear to be hard up for "souper" agents, or, in the words of the official advertisement, "in need of devoted and Christian men to go forth as Scripture readers to the various regiments in Her Majesty's service," and accordingly they offer inviting salaries for the discharge of the duties required. Those duties are described as being "to read and explain the Scriptures to the men in barracks, camp, or hospital." Here, then, we have a society in full working order, with abundance of money, and central offices at Charing-cross, whose object is indiscriminate religious teaching amongst the army, composed as it is very largely of Catholics as well as of Protestants. In other words a society which proposes to itself to use all efforts to undermine the faith of thousands of those brave men who risk life and limb in their country's service.

VICE AND DESTITUTION IN BELFAST.

(From the Northern Whig.) ANDERSON'S ROW.—THE "MENAGERIE." As one-half of the world is said not to know how the other half lives, so also may it be said that three-fourths of the world neither know nor care how the other fourth ekes out an existence. There are multitudes of good people who believe that the prosperous town of Belfast is the chosen seat of the opulence, refinement and grandeur of Ireland, and that filth and squalor, misery and distress, are localised in other and less favored portions of the island.—The first supposition is not without foundation, but, as the brightest lights cast the deepest shadows, so are the prosperous indications of one portion of the town in close connection with the most deplorable manifestations of human wretchedness and depravity. People may possibly have noticed in the Belfast Police reports for the last few months the ever-recurring name of the "Menagerie" in these necessary chronicles of local crime—necessary, we say, because many criminals dread exposure more than punishment. They know that their offences will be laid bare to the world, and the perpetration of many an iniquity is prevented which would otherwise be most willingly perpetrated. True, such people, abstain from crime on a very narrow principle. They regard not God, though they fear man. But the frequency with which almost every crime short of homicide has been committed in the place which bears the sadly suggestive title of the "Menagerie" has astonished even the accustomed mind of our worthy stipendiary magistrate, who was not in error when he called it recently "an infamous and horrible den of scoundrelism, where all that is impudent and shameless meets with all that is profane and dishonest." Reluctant to believe that such a place could be permitted to exist in a town where £40,000 is annually given for the support of the Gospel, we, last Saturday sent a commissioner from our reporting staff on the difficult and unpleasant duty of exploring this notorious locality.

In order to make his survey general and complete, he obtained the service of an experienced public officer, who knew every nook and cranny of the place, and who was familiar with the topography of this labyrinth of vice. This is what they saw:—"The day was cold and cheerless, and the pavement—if a compound of cinders, manure, and straw can be called by that name—was damp and sloppy, and exhaling a reeking, offensive odor. At almost every doorway and recess stood half-naked, shivering females, relieved from their horrid calling to the shades of evening should hide them from the sight of honest people. In the row there are now ten inhabited houses, and three or four unoccupied. The first house we purposed to explore was that at the farthest end of the court, known as the 'Menagerie,' and after pursuing our way through a long passage or miniature tunnel, a dark deep with all kinds of impurity, we opened the first door which met our eye, when a villainous miasma, sufficient to infect with fever the whole town, made us shrink back.—Calling out courage we entered, and there saw four repulsive objects, begrimed with impenetrable cuticles of dirt, looking more like condemned spirits in some infernal prison-house than heirs to an eternal heritage. The group composed two women, a little boy, and a little girl. All four were crouching over a grate, in which the embers of a fire of sticks were fast dying out. Not one particle of furniture did the room contain. 'Are these abandoned people?' we asked the police-officer. 'Indeed they are abandoned enough,' he said; 'but only one of them is a prostitute.' 'And how are the rest supported?' said we. 'By what they can pick off the scrapings of the streets, and her earnings.' The police officer passed on to the second room; but, before we followed him, we took occasion to ask one of the women a question or two, seeing that she looked communicative. 'How long,' said we, 'is it since you were in a place of worship?' 'Not,' she replied, 'for seventeen years.' 'Are you ever visited by a minister or preacher?' 'Never one has darkened the door, nor even given us a morsel of bread.' 'We followed on to room No. 2, on the same floor into which the police officer had preceded us. It is kept by two women, mother and daughter—the one a freestone ponder, and the other a prostitute. It is about eight feet by six feet in extreme measurement. In the whole ten houses there is only one bedstead. We passed on to room No. 3, inhabited by three prostitutes and two thieves—when the latter are out of prison. Here was the same melancholy desolation—the same infernal stench was felt. The walls were daubed with a Jack Sheppard style of portraits of ruffians whose physiognomies alone

would have condemned them in any court of Christendom. In a room No. 4 there was only one inmate, a woman—a new comess—and it is sufficient to say that the officer made a survey of him lest an accident might occur in the evening. In room No. 5, four most repulsive looking women sat smoking round the fire in a room without a stick in it, looking like so many Hottentots. In the sixth room, an old woman sat crying; a child sat on the floor with two boxes of lucifer matches in her hand. She was the mother of a girl who was her only support—the support being the wages of the 'great sin.' The girl had been sent five years to jail, and the earnings of her daughter's prostitution would not now be forthcoming. The girl once wrought in one of our factories. She was cursed with the fatal dowry of pride and it is said, of beauty. She was attracted by the prospects of the 'gay' life she might enjoy, and she turned to evil. From this she came to theft, and five years imprisonment.

"On going up to the third landing, the stairs to which were a perfect bog of mud and filth, we passed by a hole which was once a window, on looking out of which one of the people remarked—'That's a rum place; isn't it?' In the various rooms on this landing sights most distressing to the eye and trying to the senses presented themselves. A shake-down of straw—sometimes covered with a dilapidated rug, but often without it—formed, in each instance the bed. In some cases there are one or two articles of miserable crockery. The rooms are peopled with the gaunt and squalid forms of abandoned wretches, and children uncared for—stunted in growth, and brutalised in manners.

"Descending to the first landing, where there are eight other rooms, with large families of similar outcasts, where the atmosphere is close and loaded with miasma, where the walls are as black almost as the floor, we left the 'Menagerie,' the home and habitation of one hundred human beings—when all are out of jail. "The next house we visited is the principal hermitage in the 'row' for thieves, where little boys are trained, and where, when either a burglary or a petty larceny is committed, the detectives are sure to find their man. 'Who is that woman sitting at the fire,' said we. 'She is the keeper of the most notorious house in the whole row—worse than the Menagerie—far worse; it gives us more trouble.' Twenty-two residents of that house alone, were given to understand, were now in prison for various offences, and above half a dozen in the reformatories. Eleven, thirteen, and fifteen were the respective ages of three criminals from this pet-house who were sentenced on Wednesday last, to one month's imprisonment, and five years' confinement in a reformatory. One had been a good boy—so the mother said. The second was enticed there by another girl, and would not come home. She was lately a pupil in a most respectable school in town.

"We walked on to the next house. An aged-looking woman (they said she was twenty-six) sat crouching at an empty grate. Her eyes were bleary and colorless, save when the portion originally white was red with suffused blood. This woman once attempted to drown herself, and at another time tried to strangle herself in the cells of the police-office.—We need not describe the other houses visited. They are all of a similar character. The inhabitants without one exception, are thieves, prostitutes, and beggars, from eleven or twelve years old up to perhaps fifty. Thiefs and drunkenness and crime are their occupations. The majority of them never uttered a prayer, nor heard of a Bible.

"On Saturday night and Sunday morning, we are informed that this Anderson's row is little short of a pandemonium. The pavement and passages swarm with human beings wallowing in dirt, in whiskey, and disease; volleys of oaths, ribald jests, and gross obscenities, mingle with the sound of church-bells, not far distant, we asked 'Is there another place like that in Belfast?' 'There is no place in Belfast like it for everything that is bad,' was the reply. "This, ladies and gentlemen of Belfast, subscribers to foreign missions, is a picture of our 'Menagerie.' Will it please you to walk in? The fun is not only commenced, but it is going on all day and all night without ceasing. There is no charge for admission; but if your kind patronage of Patagonia has left you anything in your pockets the natives will gladly take it from you. Not at present? Well, another time perhaps; and meanwhile will you kindly permit us to submit to you an opinion of the press, by one Charles Dickens, who has studied in menageries, and has written some not bad things about them and their occupants.

"There is not one of these but sows a harvest which mankind must reap. From every seed of evil which we see there, a field is sown, which shall be garnered in and gathered up, and sown again in many places of the world, until regions are overspread with wickedness enough to raise the waters of a second deluge. There is not a father by whose side in his daily or nightly walk these creatures pass—there is not a mother among all the mothers in this land—there is no one from the state of childhood—but shall be responsible for this enormity.—There is not a country through the earth on which it would not bring a curse—there is not a religion upon earth that it would not sully—there is not a people on earth that it would not put to shame."

GREAT BRITAIN.

We (Weekly Register) are glad to be able to report favorably of the health of the venerated Head of the English Church. The writer of the first series of letters from Rome, which will be found in our next page, sends the following information from the Eternal City:—"Though at first overcome by the fatigue which His Eminence (Cardinal Wiseman) could not avoid entering Rome, he is much better than I had hoped to see him from the accounts of his illness in England on his journey. He is staying with Monsignor Searle at the English College, as is the Bishop of Birmingham, who, however, has despatched the business which has brought him to Rome, and is, I believe, about immediately to return. Archbishop Errington is at the Minerva. The Bishop of Nottingham (Dr. Roskell) is also here as the Conductor of Glasgow, Dr. Smith. The Bishop of New Zealand is also in Rome, as well as the newly-consecrated Bishop of the New Australian See (Brisbane). Bishop Bacon, from the United States of America, is also at the Minerva. The English tongue is, therefore, well represented at Rome. Of the usual inundation of English Protestants, there are very few, to our great comfort, in the churches at this season, though, no doubt, much to the loss of the traders of Rome."

For other intelligence from Rome, we must refer our readers to the letters which, we have already mentioned, may be found in another part of our impression, and which we have pleasure in announcing will be regularly continued during the present crisis. Meanwhile, in answer to the question raised by a reverend correspondent in another column, and in reply to enquiries most numerous from all classes, we would draw especial attention to the following passage bearing upon the advisability of offering to the Holy Father something more substantial than mere sympathy:—"I have good authority for saying that any assistance, not to the Holy Father personally, but to the public revenue of the States of the Church, will be most lovingly and paternally accepted by him.—I need not enter upon any detail of the methods by which this may be effected, either in the form of direct contributions to the public treasury, or by taking a part of the loan which it will be necessary that the Government should raise. I am certain that there are thousands—nay, millions—in our islands, who will gladly assist in either way; and Napoleon III. has shown us that a loan may be more easily raised, and on more favorable terms, by appealing to the mass of a people than by bargaining with a Hebrew

capitalist. Whatever means may be adopted, it is certain that our Holy Father, instead of refusing the pecuniary aid of his children, will gratefully accept whatever is offered, I once more repeat—not to himself, individually—but to the public treasury of his States."

This is highly important, and we trust that steps will be at once taken to act in the manner practically and energetically. What the Pope's opinion of the movement in his favor in England is, may be gathered from the following letter with which we have been honored by the Hon. Charles Langdale:—

"To the Editor of the Weekly Register. "Dear Sir,—I beg to inform you that I have received a letter from Cardinal Wiseman, dated Rome, Dec. 26, in which His Eminence says:—

"You will be glad to hear that the Lay Declaration has been read over to the Holy Father, who has expressed the greatest satisfaction with it, pronouncing it a high-minded and well-reasoned document, and that he has ordered its being at once translated into Italian and published in the Roman Paper.—I am happy to say that His Eminence adds—

"I am, thank God, progressing favorably. "I am, sir, your obedient servant, "CHARLES LANGDALE. "Houghton, Jan. 4, 1860."

This communication will be highly pleasing to our readers.

DIVORCE IN ENGLAND.—So great is the pressure to obtain divorces in England that before long additional judges must be appointed to the court.—It is stated that there is now an error of six hundred divorce cases.

MR. CARDWELL AT OXFORD.—Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Legaton were, on Monday, at Oxford. Alluding to Ireland, Mr. Cardwell spoke of the rapid improvement of the country. Irish railways he described as generally superior to those of England. Besides the fact, that crime was diminishing, and the poor rates rapidly falling, there was in Ireland a universal thirst for education which was calculated to raise the people and the whole tone both of the country and the Government. There were difficulties with regard to the Government of Ireland; but he suggested that, by placing ourselves in the point of view of the people who are principally interested, we shall best encourage a similar feeling in the Irish people, and induce them to look at all imperial questions from the same point of view as ourselves. Mr. Cardwell was not sanguine as to getting rid of the Income Tax. On the question of Reform, he said, if the bill were a fair, judicious, and righteous measure it would receive an amount of general support very different from the excitement and strife which marked the advent of the first Reform Bill.

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—On Sunday last Dr. Renwick, a medical gentleman in Alloa, expired while under the influence of chloroform, administered to him at own request and solicitation while undergoing an operation on one of his great toes, the nail of which he had suffered to grow into the flesh. Dr. Renwick had called in the assistance of Dr. Duncanson, and the latter, having poured some chloroform upon a towel, Dr. Renwick held it to his mouth with his own hands. After a little time, as it did not seem to be taking any effect, he asked for more, which Dr. Duncanson at first declined to give; but, by and bye, finding that no effect was being produced, some more was applied. As it still seemed to be having no effect however, another small quantity was at the patient's own request, applied to the towel, which after a short time produced insensibility; and his pulse having been found full and regular, the operation, which did not occupy more than a minute or two, was successfully performed. He still remained insensible, but his breathing was regular, and all was considered right. Some cold water was then thrown in his face to arouse him, but this not having the desired effect other measures were resorted to, but with a like unfortunate result; and when after a few minutes his breathing became less frequent and more laboured, and the appearance of his countenance began to change, and his pulse became all but imperceptible, serious alarm was felt. Artificial respiration by the modern method was resorted to, and in this manner breathing was kept up for nearly half an hour, but, melancholy to relate, his spirit had passed away. Dr. Renwick was in his 27th year. He was a native of Musselburgh, and came to Alloa about six years ago, where his professional skill, combined with his urbanity of manner, gained him an extensive practice and the esteem of all who knew him. It is supposed that Dr. Renwick had been labouring under heart disease.

The progress of "enlightenment" in this great country must surely be gratifying to the most "liberal" mind. The dogma that the likings of men are to be their laws, and that they are to obey nothing, they don't like, has not only been pronounced by the sympathy shown by Englishmen to the Italian rebels but in another way they have acted upon it themselves by the new Divorce Law, under whose fostering influence married ladies are running away with footmen and curates so fast that the Divorce Court is overwhelmed with applicants for the benefit of Lord Palmerston's Act. The last lady who took advantage of the new principle that the subject has a right to choose what government he will live under, and who selected her husband's footman, is informed in the newspaper paragraph which records her selection, that her full emancipation and public recognition cannot take place at the earliest within fourteen months from the day when she threw off the yoke, and no one who is obliged to read the reports of that court, which are daily published to the disgrace and not the edification of the age, can doubt that the Divorce Act is rapidly and extensively demoralising society by holding out a license and premium to sin.—Tablet.

The Friends of Revolution throughout the world take for granted that all the civil subjects of the Sovereign Pontiff are desirous of shaking off the yoke of obedience, and will not for a moment entertain a doubt upon the question. They assume that the multitude is of the same mind with the chief leaders of the rebellion, and that these men are merely the organs of the general discontent which is coolly assumed to be the normal condition of the people of the Romagna. Priests and quiet peaceable persons are not to be listened to, for such personages have no right to be heard. The men of liberty will tolerate no contradiction, it being notorious that nobody hates private judgment more intensely than the unbelieving wretches who make use of that doctrine for the purpose of subverting the faith. In the Ionian Islands, England makes no account of the disaffection of its subjects legally expressed in the Ionian Parliament, elected under its own protection; and the usual reply to the Ionian demonstration is a dissolution or a prorogation. The people are kept in order by a foreign garrison, and the cry for a United Greece is steadily disregarded. But in Italy England pursues a very different policy: there, its ears are opened to the slightest whisper of discontent, and the cry for a United Italy is respectfully listened to, because in this case our statesmen are anxious to vex the Pope, while, in the affair of the Ionian Islands, they are afraid to attend to the wishes of the people, lest, by so doing, they should increase the power of Russia.—Tablet.

AN INFANT'S WARDROBE.—Should he succeed in persuading any credulous tradesman, during this infantile period of his life the law will exonerate him from payment of any goods not necessary to his social status. As to what those necessities may be, the Courts have been from time to time at wonderful pains to determine. As some contributions towards the legal knowledge of our readers, we may mention that it has been decided that 19 coats (exclusive of regimentals), 45 waistcoats, 38 pairs of trousers, a black velvet dressing gown, and a racing-jacket, all furnished to a young officer in the Guards between October in one year and July in the next,

have not been considered to be absolute necessities. "There is a riding jacket shared for," said Baron Alderson, before whom the question was tried, "that cannot be suitable to any degree except that of a jockey, and if that were to be considered a necessary for a young gentleman, it will next be said that gambling is necessary for him." "Eleven guineas for a waistcoat!" proceeds the horrified Baron.—"Can that be considered necessary in any station of life? If a person of full age orders these extravagant things he must pay for them. If a person of full age is extravagant enough and absurd enough to order a coat to be made of gold, and it was made and delivered to him, beyond all question he must pay for it; but with minors the law is otherwise."—Horses and pigs, too, have been decreed not to be necessities of undergraduate life; nor can a tradesman, says my Lord Abinger, recover for dinners, soda-water, lozenges, oranges, and jellies supplied to a young gentleman of the Universities. On the other hand, however, a horse has been considered by Lord Denman a necessary for a chymist's apprentice, who had been recommended to take horse exercise. And the other day (as a balance in favor of cap and gown) we were gratified to find that portraits of Dr. Donaldson and the Dean of Ely were admitted to be necessities of an undergraduate, son of a distinguished member of the Evangelical Alliance. There is also extant a decision of Lord Ellenborough's, very applicable to the present day and highly satisfactory, no doubt, to the tailors of this age, in which he held that regimentals furnished to an infant who was a member of a volunteer corps were to be considered necessities. For the rest this doctrine of necessities applies only to goods supplied to the infant himself. Should he be a husband, and a father, he will be liable for necessities supplied to his wife and family.—All the year Round.

UNITED STATES. There has been introduced into the Senate of Ohio, a bill to punish all citizens convicted of raising military expeditions for the purpose of creating servile insurrections in other States. THE IMPUDENCE OF A ROGUE.—The Legislature of Massachusetts assembled on January 4, 1860. On that day, one of the members, a Senator from the county of Worcester, having conscientious scruples against taking the customary oath of office, was permitted to take his seat upon affirming that he would "bear true faith and allegiance" to the Constitution and laws of this Commonwealth. At that very moment he was a forger; at that moment, we say—when his conscience hindered his taking an oath, which his forged paper was in the street of Boston. He is now known to the detectives; but as their chief never deals with rogues, we ask the Legislature to purge itself of his presence. Let him go the way of Shepard, and Peck, and the other scoundrels who have dishonored high trusts and disgraced their parties.—Boston Courier.

DR. HIRAM COX, official Inspector of Liquors in Cincinnati, in a recent report on the adulteration of liquor, relates the following:—"I called at a grocery store one day, where liquor is also kept. A couple of Irishmen came in while I was there and called for some whiskey, and the first drank, and the moment he drank the tears flowed freely, while he at the same time caught his breath like one suffocated or strangling. When he could speak, he says to his companion 'Och, Michael, but this is warming to the stomach.' Michael drank and went through like contortions, with the remark, 'Would it be blame in a cold frosty morning?' After they had drank I asked the landlord to put me out a little in a tumbler, in which I dipped a slip of litmus paper, which was no sooner wet than it put on a scarlet hue. I went to my office, got my instruments and examined it. I found it had 17 per cent. alcoholic spirits by weight, when it should have had 49 per cent. to be proof, and the difference in per centage was made up of Sulphuric Acid, Red Pepper, Peltitory, Caustic, Potassa and Brucine, one of the salts of Nux Vomica, commonly called Nux Vomica. One pint of such liquor would kill the strongest man."

REMARKABLE SUPERSTITION IN PHILADELPHIA.—A WOMAN CLAIMING THE HONOR OF DIVINITY.—That the day of religious imposture is not over is proved by the frequent revelations of superstitious belief in false prophets and religious fanatics. Females as well as males are often the leaders of these singular delusions, and among the most recent of that class is one Anna Meister, a resident of Philadelphia, who arrogates to herself the title "Daughter of God." The facts were publicly brought before one of the Philadelphia courts last Saturday, during a habeas corpus case, in which one Mr. Rudman claimed the custody of a boy five years old, then in the care of his mother, Mrs. Rudman, who had separated from her husband. One of the witnesses, Mrs. Andress, testified to the good character of the mother, and gave the following strange testimony as reported in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Witness.—We do believe she (Anna Meister) is the last witness sent from the Almighty, and that we shall obey her commands and live a pure and just life. God gave his commands through Jesus Christ, and he tells us "to love thy neighbor and be pure and just, and then God shall call us for the first fruits of his flock." The witness continued in this strain at considerable length and with great volubility. Her earnest manner and evident sincere belief in the doctrines as taught by Anna Meister were painful to behold. The witness, after she had been allowed to run on this way for some time, was interrupted by the Judge, asking "You believe Anna Meister as though God were speaking?" Witness—"She speaks the pure doctrine to love our neighbors and to act just." The examination continued as follows. The child is taught to pray; I did belong to a Presbyterian Church. The child is treated now as when Mr. Rudman lived with his wife. I meet her with the child every Sunday at our meeting; have seen her ten times at our house during the year; I have belonged to this society four years; Mrs. Rudman joined first; my husband belongs to it; we take spring water because it is pure; we boil the hydrant water to take the impurities off; I believe in eating salad.

Mr. Remak.—What is the object of that? Witness.—Anna Meister told me I should give it to my husband and child at 10 o'clock every night and it would take the impurities off their stomachs; I give it to my child at 10 o'clock at night; if he is asleep I wake him up and make him take his salad; we take three forks full at a time; I put on it a little salt, a little vinegar, and a little sweet oil. Mr. Remak.—What else is there in regard to your regulations in regard to your eating and drinking? Witness.—There's beer. It is not wholesome but the wine is pure, because there is nothing mixed in it; no quantity is fixed for us to take; I teach my child that what Anna Meister says must be believed; my child is ten years old; there are twenty-two or twenty-five who belong to the society; we give a tip or a levy, or a quarter a week, and sometimes a dollar is brought; and this is given for Anna Meister's board; we meet at Munster's house; we took her in when she commenced preaching; we have preaching on Sunday afternoon, and prayer meetings on Wednesday evenings; some of us have commenced to preach, because it is our duty to be servants of the Almighty, and must give the testimony; I preach sometimes. Mr. Andress, a butcher in West Philadelphia, another witness as to the care taken of the child, also acknowledged his faith in the doctrines of Mrs. Meister. He believed she was divine. We believe that this Anna Meister has been carrying on her system of imposition for several years in Philadelphia, and has before this been in the papers. Some of her disciples believe that they will not die as long as they remain faithful to the tenets of the so-called "Society of the Daughter of God."

The Crime Witness. CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. GEORGE B. OLERK and JOHN GILLIES, At No. 223, Notre Dame Street.

NEWS OF THE WEEK. UP to the time of going to press no tidings had been received at Halifax of the steamer America now long due; we have little, therefore, to add to our European news.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.—Though it may have hitherto suited the tactics of the enemies of Popery to treat the Italian Question as political, rather than religious; and to represent the object of the leaders of the Italian revolutionary movement to be the establishment of political and personal liberty, and the expulsion of the foreigner from the Italian soil; it can no longer be denied, and it is no longer attempted to be concealed, that that movement is primarily directed against the Church; that it is not so much Italian or anti-Austrian, as infidel and anti-Catholic; and that it is the spiritual authority of the Church, more even than the temporal power of the Pope, which provokes the hostility of Italian Liberals.

This fact was strongly brought out in a late Mandement from the Coadjutor Bishop of Quebec; a document which has already been the subject of controversy betwixt this journal and the Montreal Gazette. In His Mandement enjoining prayers for the Pope, the Bishop of Tloa observed that:—

"It is evident that it is not the temporal power of the sovereign that they—the Italian revolutionists—chiefly menace, it is the dignity of the Pontiff that they vainly would pull down; it is his spiritual power that they desire to overthrow."

These, amongst others, were the reasons assigned by the clear-seeing writer of the Mandement above alluded to, why it was the duty of all Catholics to pray earnestly and unceasingly for the designs of the Italian revolutionists might be frustrated; and though the Gazette impugned the truth of the Bishop's assertions respecting the real meaning of the revolutionary movement, and the ultimate designs of its promoters, His Lordship's view is fully confirmed by no less an authority than the correspondent of the London Times. The latter makes no secret of the aims of the Italian Liberals; and seeks not to conceal what would be the inevitable and immediate result of their triumph. Writing from Florence under date of the 13th Dec., he tells us that:—

"In Lombardy, in Romagna, and even in this mild Tuscany, the hand of every man is raised against every priest, and the hand of every priest against every man. . . . Were the Italians ever able to settle their differences with France and Austria, so as to acquire a free mastery over their own destinies, the war they would wage against the clergy would stop short of nothing but utter extermination."—Times Corr.

We beg of our readers, and of the Montreal Gazette, to weigh well the meaning of these words; remembering that they are the words of one who warmly sympathises with the Italian Liberals; who seeks to place their acts and their designs in the most favorable light; and whose strong anti-Catholic prejudices are manifest in his unfounded assertion that, in the revolted districts, the "hand of every priest is against every man;" whilst his own pages are constantly teeming with complaints of the great influence of the Catholic Clergy, in the rural districts, and over the minds of their rural parishioners. Rejecting therefore, as self-contradictory, what he asserts of the Italian populations, in general terms, and of the Clergy in particular, we accept as true the statements of the Times' correspondent respecting the ultimate design of his friends the Liberals; and we assume, as an incontrovertible fact, that their object is simply the "utter extermination" of the Catholic Clergy. Have not we therefore, the Catholics of Canada, the right to pray that the Clergy of our Church be not utterly exterminated in Italy? and have we not therefore too good cause to pray for the defeat of the Italian Liberals, the triumph of whose principles would lead to that "utter extermination"?

The wisdom, truth, and justice of the Bishop's Mandement are thus fully vindicated by the Times' correspondent; and just as Catholics, and indeed Christians of all denominations, would have been perfectly justified in praying in 1792 that the designs of the disciples and followers of Marat, Robespierre, and the rest of the vile crew of French Liberals of the last century, might be frustrated, so are we, Catholics of the present century, equally justified in praying that

the designs of the Italian cut-throats and Church robbers may be brought to naught. The aims of the Italian revolutionists are, as we have always asserted, and as the Times' correspondent now admits, identical with those of the infidels of the first French revolution: and if their eyes were not blinded by their silly prejudices against Popery, men calling themselves Christian gentlemen and Englishmen, would be as heartily ashamed to give, in semblance even, any encouragement to the projected "utter extermination" of the Clergy in Italy, as they actually are to applaud and justify the "noyades," the "fusillades," and filthy "republican marriages," by means of which the Liberals of '92 sought to "utterly exterminate" the Clergy of France.

Having thus conclusively—because by Protestant testimony—shown what are the real objects which the revolutionists of Italy propose to themselves, and what would be the result of their triumph, we have, we say, fully established our right, and indeed our duty as Catholics, to pray for their defeat; we contend also that, since as British subjects we are deeply interested in the maintenance of the independent temporal power of the Pope, it is our evident interest, as well as our duty and our right, to pray for its preservation.

The Pope must be either a sovereign or a subject; and it is clearly our interest as British subjects, and at the same time Catholics, that he should not be a subject—or in other words, that he should remain a sovereign. Not because we fear that, if a subject, the Pope would betray the interests of the Church or the truths of our holy religion, for the sake of his sovereign; for we know with the assurance of faith relying upon divine promises, that the hands of Peter will always be strengthened in proportion to the burden imposed upon them; but because, were the Pope the subject of a foreign power, we—the Catholics of the British Empire—might with far better show of reason than at present, be accused of bearing a divided allegiance, and pronounced incapable of exercising the rights, because incapable of fulfilling the duties, of British subjects.

The spiritual allegiance which we owe to the Pope, so long as the Pope is an independent temporal Sovereign, but with no temporal interests that can clash with those of the Empire of which we are the subjects, cannot afford Protestants any valid grounds for impugning our loyalty, or for taxing us with bearing a divided allegiance. Without a standing army, without a navy, and without colonies, the Sovereign of the Papal States, so long as he is independent, can never be an object of jealousy, terror, or hostility to the British Empire. But were the Pope the subject of a foreign power—say of France or Austria; and if betwixt that foreign power and Great Britain, war were to break out, would it not be said, might it not with an appearance of reason be argued, that our allegiance to our Queen was incompatible with the allegiance which we paid to the subject of a foreign prince with whom our Queen was at war? In order therefore, that our fidelity to our legitimate civil ruler—to whom we owe and should certainly cheerfully yield our allegiance in all things temporal, and not contrary to the law of God—may be above suspicion, it is our evident interest that the head upon earth of our Church should not be a subject—that is to say that he should be Sovereign; the independent temporal Sovereign of a State strong enough to assert and maintain its independence against the world; but at the same time, from its peculiar position, incapable of becoming in a material point of view, the object of dread or jealousy to any of its neighbors.—This is the position that we desire the Pope to occupy; this the object of our prayers; and in this we contend that there is nothing to excite the suspicion or hostility of our Protestant fellow subjects—who, if they would but well consider it, would see that they too were interested in upholding the temporal power of the Pope; or in other words, in preventing him whom a large body of their fellow-subjects look upon as the head of their Church, from subsiding into the position of subject to a foreign power, and perhaps powerful and hostile neighbor.

For all these reasons then, we contend that it is our duty, our right, and our interest, to pray for the maintenance of the independent temporal power of the Pope; and in reply to the Gazette's strictures we reply that, so far from thereby doing any wrong or violence to the subjects of that power, we are actually praying for the deliverance of the Italian people from a most grievous tyranny, imposed upon them by brute force, and the violence of the Italian Liberals—who like the Liberals of all other times and countries are the most cruel and ruthless of tyrants.

The truth, we say, can no longer be concealed that, in so far as the rural populations of the Italian Peninsula are concerned, the revolution is anything but a popular movement. Its leaders are the emissaries of Sardinia; its partisans the corrupt populations of the large cities, who, from being able to act in concert, and having the press at their command, are able—as were the mob of Paris—to impose their will upon the rural districts, and to impress the world with the idea that they truly represent the feelings of the masses of the Italian people. Thus it is in all revolutions. The scum of the large towns, the dregs of the civic populations, the organised minority of the urban districts, are, because organised, always at first successful over the scattered, unorganised, but infinitely more moral, majority of the rural districts; and thus, as the following paragraphs, culled at random from the letters of the Times' correspondent will show, is the actual condition of the Italian Peninsula.—The rural population with their clergy at their head, are strongly opposed to the revolutionary movement; but from want of proper organisation, have less political influence than have the concentrated and carefully organised dwellers in the cities. This is the continual burden of the Times' lament over the apathy of the Italians; this the great drawback to the delight with which that journal recounts the progress of Italian Liberalism. Thus, speaking of the process by which the vote of annexation to Sardinia was carried, the Times' correspondent betrays the true state of parties in the Italian Peninsula:—

"One of the chief complaints raised by the adversaries of the present state of things in Central Italy has been, that the vote of annexation has been the result of party tactics, that the great majority of the population took no part in it, and that, therefore, it has not been the result of a national wish. The same authority then discusses the probable result of another appeal to the people:— 'Another appeal to the population would be thus a kind of concession to the fugitive Princes and to the Papal authorities, and a chance to turn the scale by means of the influence of the clergy, and the indifference of the rural population.' We may here remark how strangely the above allusion to the 'influence of the clergy,' contrasts with the other assertion that 'the hand of every priest is against every man;' and we may cite the 'influence of the clergy' which the Times so feelingly deprecates, as a conclusive proof that clerical rule is not so odious as its enemies represent it to be. In fact, the position of the rural populations of Italy and their clergy towards the revolutionary party is, as was that of the noble Vendean and their Pastors towards the blood-stained Convention of Paris in the last decade of the last century. We may remark too, that it is from the 'adversaries' of the revolution, from the 'Papal authorities' that the 'appeal to the population' against the vote of the urban minority emanates. Here again is conclusive testimony—because the testimony of an enemy—as to the feelings of the rural population of Italy:— 'As for the rural population, there is not the slightest sign of movement among it. There is thus a field open to the two great influences which alone can act for the present. The rights conferred by the new communal law have been received by the rural population with considerable distrust.—Times' Cor.

"We might multiply quotations from the same sources, and of a similar purport, ad infinitum; but we have done enough to establish our thesis—that the Italian Revolution is not a popular movement; that it is the work of the urban minority imposing their yoke upon the necks of the loyal rural majority; that the Clergy still exercise a great moral influence over, and must therefore be popular amongst, the latter—seeing their influence is exercised against, and in spite of, the ruling powers; that the new constitution is looked upon with distrust by the great masses of the people outside the towns; and that an 'appeal to the population' would be, by the confession of the writer in the Times, a 'chance to turn the scale' in favor of the Pope. It appears therefore, and from Protestant testimony, that in praying for the restoration of the temporal power of the latter, we are virtually praying for the emancipation of the rural populations of Italy from the degrading yoke imposed upon them by the highly organised, and therefore politically influential minority of the large cities. This fact, we say, completely disposes of all the arguments adduced by our cotemporary, the Montreal Gazette; and of itself suffices to justify us against his imputations on our loyalty, or our attachment to liberty. We pray for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope, because as loyal subjects to our own sovereign we assert the duty of loyalty, and deny the 'right of insurrection;' we pray for the maintenance of that power, because as lovers of liberty we sympathize warmly with the oppressed clergy and rural population of Italy, and heartily desire to see them delivered from the tyranny of urban Liberalism.

The correctness of the view we have taken above of the relative positions of the contending parties in Italy, has just been strikingly confirmed by a pamphlet from the Marquis of Normanby; a nobleman who, from long residence in Italy, is peculiarly adapted for expressing an authoritative opinion upon the revolutionary movement now in progress. Some extracts from his pamphlet will be given in our next.

STATISTICS OF CRIME IN MONTREAL FOR 1859.—Commenting upon the Statistics recently published under the above heading by the Chief of Police for this City, the Montreal Witness indulges in the following reflections:—

"We have the enormous disproportion of 5093 Roman Catholics arrested, to 1,778 Protestants, or about 3 to 1. We may ask if the Church of Rome really is the good guardian of order and morality that she claims to be?"—Montreal Witness 28th ult.

The argument of the Witness is plausible, but fallacious. The statistics on which it is based are not the "STATISTICS OF CRIME" merely, but the statistics of "Crime and Poverty;" so inextricably mixed up and confounded, in so far as the respective nationalities and creeds of the persons whose arrests are therein detailed, are concerned—that it is impossible to conclude therefrom to the comparative morality or immorality of the two religious elements of which our population is composed. We learn for instance, from the report, erroneously, indeed absurdly headed by the Montreal Witness "STATISTICS OF CRIME," that of 6,881 arrests made by the Police during the past year, 2,320, or upwards of one-third of the whole, were for "Protection" and Vagrancy—or in other words for the cause of poverty. Now though in the eyes of Protestants, poverty is looked upon and treated as a "Crime" of the deepest dye, Catholics, remembering in what guise our Lord appeared upon earth, and bearing in mind the fact, that, were He to appear on earth again to-day in a similar condition, in Montreal, or in the midst of any Protestant commercial community, He and His Apostles would most assuredly be arrested by the Police as Vagrants—(seeing that the Son of Man had not here to lay His head)—do not confound poverty with moral depravity; and do not jump to the conclusion that, because a man is homeless, penniless and friendless, he is therefore a criminal.

Neither do we admit that there is any "enormous disproportion of Roman Catholics arrested," when the relative numbers of our city population are taken into account. By the last Official Census the Catholic population, was to the Non-Catholic population of Montreal, nearly as 4 to 1; whilst, according to the Montreal Witness, the numbers of Catholics arrested, to those of non-Catholics arrested by the Police during the past year, were not quite as 3 to 1—that is to say that, in proportion to their numbers, the Non-Catholic portion of our population, furnished a far greater number of arrests than did the Catholic portion. We assume, of course, that, though the actual numbers of both have greatly increased since the last Census, the relative strength of Catholics and Non-Catholics remains much the same; and for this assumption we have at least as good grounds as the Witness has for assuming that all the "Irish and French Canadians arrested may be considered as Roman Catholics."

We think too that, without assuming anything but what may be easily established by the statistics of immigration, the phenomenon presented by the large number of Irish arrested in this city, at Quebec, and elsewhere may be easily accounted for. An immense proportion of the arrests in all our sea-port Cities is made for the cause of poverty and destitution; but, in proportion to its numbers, the Irish element in our population furnishes the greatest amount of indigent persons; because, of the Irish element the very poorest and most helpless class of our immigrants is chiefly composed. The Scotch and English immigrants, though amongst these there is often much grievous suffering, generally bring some little money with them; the poor Irish immigrant male or female, is generally landed, we may say stranded, on our shores, without a penny in his pocket, or without a friend or acquaintance in the world to take him by the hand. It is from amongst this class that numerous arrests for Protection and Vagrancy are chiefly made; and thencefrom the Witness may logically conclude to the superior physical or material condition of British immigrants, he cannot thereon base any valid argument against the morality of the Irish immigrants. There is, however, one and a most important conclusion that we would draw from the fact that too often awaits the newly-arrived Irish immigrant to this Continent; and that is, that no man who has either the moral or the material interests of the Irish Catholic seriously at heart, will recommend him to leave his native land, either for Canada or for the United States. Unskilled labor, or the raw material, is not now greatly in demand, on this side of the Atlantic; indeed along the sea-board of the United States, and very generally in Canada, it is but a drug in the market; whilst from want of capital the immigrant is generally unable to carry his labor to the far West—a market where indeed it is in demand, and where he might dispose of it at a good rate. But this, from his want of means, it is generally impossible for him to do; and his fate too often is, to swell the ranks of the homeless, helpless, poverty stricken wretches with whom the large Cities of this Continent are, to say the very least, as abundantly supplied as are any of the Cities of the Old World. Were we permitted to raise the veil, or to make public some of the facts connected with the "Social Evil" of New York, and other large Atlantic cities; could we, without outraging decency, depict the condition of the poor female Irish immigrant on this Continent—what an argument might we not thence deduce against Irish Catholic emigration! with what force might we not appeal to the Priests of Ireland to keep their people at home!—where, even if poor, they are virtuous, and the women are renowned for their purity throughout the world; and to dissuade them from emigrating to a distant land, where their chances of improving their material condition are but small; where the dangers of losing their faith and morals are great; where the hostility entertained by the majority of the population—(our remarks apply especially to Upper Canada and the United States)—to their race and creed is certain; and where even the hostility of Yankee Know-Nothingism, and Canadian Orangism, is less to be dreaded than are the blandishments of Yankee Common Schools, and infidel education.

But to come back to our "muttons," i.e., the comparative morality of Catholic and Non-Catholic populations as deduced from their respective Police statistics—we would recommend the following facts to the attention of our cotemporary the Witness. The Police statistics of Toronto, where the Protestant or Non-Catholic element is in the ascendant, present us with a total of 3,693 arrests during the year, amongst which we find none set down under the captions "Protection" or Vagrancy;" whilst the Police statistics of Quebec, where the Catholic element predominates, for the same period present us with only 3,294 arrests; and of these 878 or upwards of one fourth, are put down under the head "Protection and Vagrancy." When to this we add the fact that Quebec is a sea port, whose Police statistics are of course, as are those of all seaport towns, greatly swollen by the arrests made amongst the crews of its shipping, whilst according to the last Census its population was to that of Toronto as 6 to 5, we may be pardoned if from such premises we feel inclined to draw the conclusion that the Catholic atmosphere of Quebec is more favorable to a healthy moral development, or growth of public morals, than is the Protestant atmosphere of Toronto. This view of the case we respectfully suggest to our evangelical cotemporary.

PROTESTANT SOCIAL PROGRESS.—We shall hardly be suspected of one-sidedness, or prejudice, if we accept the Toronto Globe as a competent authority on this subject, when testifying to the rapidly spreading moral depravity which, like a canker, is gnawing the very vitals of society in Protestant England; and whose effects are manifested in the workings of the new Divorce, or "License to Commit Adultery," Law. The annexed extract is from the London correspondent of the Globe:—

"Our Divorce Court is certainly revealing the existence of a state of immorality that few people supposed to prevail in this Christian land." [The Catholic portion of the community have long been aware of its prevalence, and the Catholic press for announcing it to the world, have been the object of the rabid vituperation of journals like the Globe.] "But there are some who regard the said startling revelations made before Sir Cresswell Cresswell as rather indicative of a healthy moral feeling, which is seeking to throw out of society the social vices, which, coming to the surface, surprise persons who move in a purer and happier atmosphere than those have done who seek to be released from their cruel and adulterous partners. Others are very positive in the opinion that the shocking disclosures which have of

late been made, indicate a veritable retrogression in the moral condition of the country, arising out of the augmented means which all classes possess for social purposes."—Cor. Toronto Globe.

The Divorce Laws are of course a symptom, as well as a cause of the social disease which reveals itself through the Divorce Court. Only a thoroughly corrupt and demoralised society would clamor for, or tolerate such a code; and hence, even by Pagan nations, the first divorce was rightly looked upon as the sign of a great moral corruption.—For even amongst the Pagans such a violation of the natural law of marriage, as is implied by divorce, did not at first obtain, and did not find general acceptance until society had become thoroughly and hopelessly corrupt. It was not so in the beginning—ab initio autem non fuit sic.—ST. MATT. XIX. 8; and divorce, or the severance of the mere natural contract, was the consequence of hardness of heart, and a widespread moral depravity.

But Divorce Laws are not only the symptom of pre-existing disease, but they actually encourage and directly tend to propagate it. Conjugal infidelity preceded, no doubt in many instances, the clamor for divorce; but the power of obtaining a legal divorce, or the severance of an unhappy matrimonial union, has in its turn directly tended to the increase of conjugal infidelity. For the law, as it stands in most Protestant countries, puts a premium upon that crime, and virtually tells the parties to an ill-assorted marriage that, by a violation of God's command, they shall be authorised to throw off the yoke that now presses so heavily upon them. No wonder then that the Divorce Courts are overburdened with the causes they have to try, and that it is seriously proposed to increase their number. Some six hundred cases are actually pending!

The down hill road is easy; but nothing so difficult as to arrest the downward progress of that society which has committed itself thereto. Still, and with ever accelerating velocity, it rushes, and must rush on, until it is precipitated into, or swallowed up in, the abyss whither the Protestant society of England is rapidly tending.—At the present rate of going, the standard of morals in Great Britain will, in a very few years, be as low as it is in the United States; or as it was in France when Divorce was in fashion, and when men of pleasure swapped wives with one another, as coolly and unconcernedly as horse-jockeys swap horses.

And this is the state at which we too shall arrive in Canada, if the darling projects of Mr. George Brown and his friends can be carried into execution. To assimilate our marriage laws, and *par consequens* our moral and social condition, to that which his London correspondent depicts in such hideous colors, is one of the avowed objects of the Protestant Reformers of Upper Canada. We do not say of all Protestants, for we believe that of these there are still many who look upon Divorce with almost as much aversion as do Catholics; and though not recognising in marriage the Sacrament, or supernatural element which Christianity introduced therein, we firmly believe that amongst our separated brethren, there are still many who would shrink from carrying out to its ultimate consequences the principle that it is only a civil, or natural contract. We may venture to hope therefore, that in the pending combat—for a combat seems inevitable—we shall not be left to fight the battle of the indissolubility of marriage alone; but that warned by the fearful results of a Divorce Law in England, we shall find several of our Protestant fellow-citizens fighting on our side, if not altogether with our weapons. They may resist the legalisation of Divorce as inexpedient, whilst the Catholic will contend that it is beyond the power of any Court of Legislature to dissolve a Sacramental union; that marriage is as far beyond the reach, *quoad vinculum*, of the statesman as is the sacrament of baptism; and that it is as impossible to unmarry, as it is to unbaptise, a person by Act of Parliament.

But whether with allies, or single handed, our duty is clear, and no excuse can be urged in favor of the Catholic who does not avail himself to the utmost of his power, of all his political privileges, against the designs of the "Protestant Reformers" of Upper Canada upon the marriage laws of our common country. We have been forewarned as to their designs, we should therefore be united and resolute in our opposition thereto. And let it not be thought that this question of Divorce is a slight matter, or one in which our separated brethren are mainly interested. It is a question which strikes at the Family, and therefore at the very roots of Society; it is a religious question as well as a social question; for it involves the question whether the effects of a Sacrament can be set aside or rendered null by the civil power—and whether man has the right to put asunder those whom God hath joined together.

BAZAAR FOR THE "SALLE D'ASYLE."—On Monday next the 6th instant, a Bazaar in aid of the funds of the above named institution will be opened at the building in Bonaventure Street, and will be continued throughout the week. At 3 p.m. every day there will be a public examination of the little children; whose proficiency will we are sure, not fail to excite the admiration of those who may procure themselves the pleasure of assisting thereto.

We have already spoken of the admirable institution in whose behalf the Bazaar is to be conducted, of its object, and the success that has crowned its labors. But a short time established, its many advantages are already duly appreciated by the classes for whose sake it is designed; and in respectfully inviting the public to assist at the *seances* which will be held every afternoon of the coming week, we are but endeavoring to make more generally known a great work of Christian Charity which, the better and more extensively it is known, will be but the more highly esteemed and appreciated. Remember then that at three o'clock of the afternoon of every day next week, the "Salle d'Asyle" with its interesting little pupils, will be open to the examination of the public.

O'CONNELL AND HIS TIMES. (From the Montreal Herald.) On Thursday evening, the 26th ult., the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, delivered before the St. Patrick's Literary Association, in the Salle de Lecture, Seminary Buildings, a lecture on this subject. The audience was very large. The reverend lecturer was introduced by Mr. McGee, President of the Association.

Rev. Mr. O'Farrell then came forward and said that there was not in the range of Irish history, or perhaps in the history of any other nation, a man who so thoroughly identified himself with his age and country, and struggled so perseveringly to obtain the rights of that country, as Daniel O'Connell. He was born on the 8th of August, 1775, at the little village of Cahirciveen, in the County of Kerry; at a time when the American Colonies had resolved to fling British connection to the winds, and trust to their own manhood for freedom; and there was little doubt that, in after years, this fact urged him on in his labors to destroy a far more iniquitous system of tyranny. (Applause.)

which the principles of the Order of Orangemen are generally carried out, and we have no doubt that an appeal to the District Lodge will produce a severe reprimand on the wiser ones who preferred charges against honorable and upright members of the Lodge, for voting as their consciences dictated in a matter of such importance to themselves and to their families, as the election of a fit person to have control over the education of the rising generation.

old and young, tending to alleviate the heart from all carnal and worldly vanity, elevating it to Him who is our first and our last, and to whose service you have consecrated your life and energy. That we may be always worthy of claiming your prayerful remembrance, and that the Giver of all blessings may long spare your life to advance the glory of God and the eternal salvation of souls, is the ardent prayer of your devoted brethren in Christ.

The following Commercial Review has been taken from the Montreal Witness of Wednesday last. The weather continues beautiful. Flour continues in the same depressed state, owing to the downward tendency of the New York and British markets. The asking price is nominally \$5.16 for Superfine; but to effect sales of any quantity, a considerable reduction would probably have to be submitted to.

FOUND A SECT TO SUIT HIM AT LAST. — We learn from the Boston Pilot that the unhappy Chiniquy, after long deliberation, has at length determined upon uniting himself, and his deluded followers, if possible, with the sect of Presbyterians.

My dear brethren, M. Ohiniquy said: "I have great news to announce to you this day. I have joined the Presbyterian church, and I want you all to join it. It is the richest church in the Union. It has a capital of over \$500,000 in the treasury, the interest of which is to support new congregations."

WE BELIEVE TOO THAT, AFTER READING THE ABOVE, there is no one who will presume to contest the prudence and justice of the principle for which we have always contended; viz., that no member of any secret oath-bound politico-religious society can, with safety, be entrusted with any share however slight in the administration of justice.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED. Burlington, Vt. U. S., Mrs. N. Killans, 10s; Gourock, P. McNaughton, 10s; Grand Rapids, U. S. Rev. F. X. Pourcel, 5s; St. Edmund, Rev. T. E. Dagenais, 11s 3d; St. Hyacinthe, Rev. J. Desnoyers, 5s; Toronto, Very Rev. J. M. Bruyere, 15s; Smiths Falls, M. Kenny, 10s; Williamsstown, R. McDonald, 12s 6d; Sherrington, J. Hughes, 10s; Carrillon, A. B. Montmarquette, £1 5s; Quebec, Corp. W. McElroy, 10s; Marysville, P. Kilmurry, £1 5s; Durham, M. Brady, 12s 6d; St. Mathias, N. Purcell, 10s; Sanitau Recollet, Rev. J. Venet, £1 3s 3d; St. Zoticque, Rev. J. T. Lasnier, 5s; Port Hope, W. F. Harper, £1 5s; St. Zephirin, 10s; South March, C. Villeneuve, 10s; Frampton, J. Coyle, 10s; Quebec, Rev. Mr. Plante, 15s; New Glasgow, G. Goodman, 7s 6d; Moore, J. Baley, £1 5s; St. Hyacinthe, R. Nagie, 5s; Goderich, P. McDougall, £2; St. Barnabe, Rev. J. C. A. Desnoyers, 10s; Perth, G. Northgroves, £1 5s; Martintown, J. McDonald, £1 5s; Newboro, A. Noone, 5s; Adjula, J. Colgan, 10s; Leclerville, W. Kennedy, 15s; St. Marie du Monnoir, L. Murphy, £1 2s 6d; Dundee, A. McRae, 10s; Toronto, O. Monahan, 10s; St. Anicet, D. McKillop, 10s; McNab, P. Ryan, £1 10s; St. Polycarpe, Rev. T. Cholette, £2; St. Isidore, E. Uerous, 10s; Summerstown, K. McDonald, 10s.

THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will take place in the ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING the 6th February, at EIGHT o'clock.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

Napoleon III. has now in the difficulty which commonly besets clever people...

"L'UNIVERS" AND THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—The Freeman's Journal says...

"The Bishops and Clergy of France looked to him as the expositor of their sentiments...

"In the capital alone could any opposition be raised, and accordingly, the three prominent defenders of the Pope...

"An anonymous pamphlet has just appeared in Paris, entitled 'Le Pape et le Congrès'...

"In Ancona are continually arriving Austrians, Croats, men of every nationality for the military service of the Pope...

"A letter from Perugia published by the Union, says:—'Several Italian and foreign journals have been for some time past making vague allusions to arrivals at Ancona of Austrian recruits intended for the Papal army'...

"The Paris Patrie publishes a private letter from Rome, according to which Sardinia had declared to the Holy See, that it would consider the enlistments of German volunteers for the Papal army as a violation of the principle of non-intervention...

"It was reported that the Duke de Grammont would be removed from Rome to Constantinople, and that Canrobert would probably go to Rome as Ambassador and commander of French troops...

"A Paris despatch says that it was becoming every day more doubtful whether the Congress would assemble, and the Paris correspondent of the London Times says there were many indications that the chances of the Congress meeting were of the most shadowy kind...

"A French journal, the Opinion Nationale, which was supposed to speak with some authority, believes if Italy decided for the annexation of the north and centre of the Italian Peninsula, England would gladly accept the combination, whilst France would accept it with still greater eagerness, on condition that Savoy and Nice should be restored to her...

"It is said that France supports the protest of Piedmont against the enlistment of foreigners for the Papal army, and particularly against the wholesale introduction of Austrian recruits into Ancona...

"Speaking of Louis Napoleon's now openly avowed sympathy with the Italian revolutionists, the Times correspondent says:—There are strong traces of a change in the Emperor's policy towards Italy...

...were the hopes and aspirations which they are since the approach of the Pope...

Letters from Genoa speak of probabilities of hostilities in Italy. Lombardy.—There are no Austrians now, but the popular basometer is low, and points to "storm."

"The official journal of Bologna announces that the Dictator, after having, as is known, decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits from the provinces of Parma, Modena, and the Romagna, has appointed a commission charged to take possession, in the name of the Government, of all the property of the company..."

"Those individuals who are in the habit of frequenting the place of St. Mark while the military band is playing are already well-known. The moment for vengeance is at hand, and the names of those who in these sad times frequent the theatres will be duly noted."

"In Austria when a bank suspends, the usual practice is to take the President to the nearest tree and serve him in the same manner. The remedy is simple and is believed by some to be efficacious, and we would heartily recommend its introduction here in Canada."

THE PRUSSIAN HIERARCHY'S ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE REGENT ON BEHALF OF THE HOLY FATHER.—The Catholic Hierarchy of Prussia, consisting of His Eminence Cardinal Gieseler, Archbishop of Cologne; Mgr. Pylucki, Archbishop of Posen; Mgr. Forster, Prince Bishop of Breslau; and the Bishops of Treves, Munster, Paderborn, Kulm, and Ermland, have signed the following address to the Prince Regent of Prussia:—

"Among the unhappy complications which have brought on a lamentable war, and in its train a revolution in Italy, and in part of the States of the Church, and which now, as the public journals confidently state, are about to be solved at the approaching Congress, the Catholic Bishops in Prussia feel themselves compelled to bring with most confident reverence before your Royal Highness, a petition most deeply affecting the Catholic Church."

"Their petition is, that your Royal Highness will not suffer the Temporal Dominion bestowed by God upon the Pope, to be withdrawn or diminished; and that your Royal Highness will be pleased to instruct the Prussian Minister, who is to attend the Congress to oppose himself to every invasion of the rights of the Apostolic See, and to every sanction of such invasion, with all the influence which belongs to the Power of Prussia, and which we are convinced will weigh heavily in the balance. Most gracious Prince Regent, we petition you in the name of seven millions of Prussians, and our petition is as national as it is patriotic. If, as is established beyond doubt, Religion and Church include the highest interests of civilized nations, and if, as is the present case, the interests of millions of Prussians are most deeply involved, their concerns become the concern of the whole nation, and they have the right to call on the protection of the Sovereign in this most important matter. Our petition is also patriotic, for we wish to see every possibility removed that a haughty ruler should ever be tempted to try to employ for his ambitious schemes of ascendancy and conquest, a Pope stripped of his worldly power, and reduced to the condition of a vassal."

"We do not fear the reproach of interfering without call or right in politics, when we ask your Royal Highness to espouse the cause of the Pope and the rights of his See. These rights are beyond the sphere of politics, and their uninjured continuance is for us and for all Catholics not a political, but an ecclesiastical matter, because it most essentially concerns our Church, our Church's Head, his position, his freedom, and his independence, in the execution of the mission confided to him by Providence for the benefit of more than two hundred millions of men.—That we should be maintained in this position is for us a matter of religion. We know well that he would always continue to be Pope, even without temporal power. He was Pope before he became a temporal Prince and Ruler. But as by Divine Providence he has become a temporal Ruler, and has been so for centuries, the temporal power which Providence has given him is so essentially complicated with his position, that, in the present state of things, they could not be severed without giving a profound disturbance both of his See and of the whole Church. His temporal power is a support to his mission, the pillar of his independence, the protection of his freedom, the safeguard of his dignity."

"Their Lordships then argue the impossibility of allowing the Sovereign Pontiff to be the subject of any temporal Ruler, and allude to the part borne by King William Frederick the Third of Prussia, in restoring Pope Pius the Seventh, and continue:—'King Frederick William the Third nobly respected justice, religion and the feelings of his Catholic subjects, and we harbour the confident trust that the just son of a just father will not consent that Pius the Ninth should encounter a similar lot of violence and humiliation. And as the Lord of Hosts, who weighs in his balance the destinies of kings and kingdoms, then blessed the arms of the father, so will He be with the son upon the battle-field if the hour of conflict should arrive. And then, warmed with gratitude, will Catholic hearts and prayers rise more fervently to Heaven, and Catholic arms be lifted more cheerfully in fight for King and Fatherland. It would ill all Prussian Catholics with joy if Prussia's knightly Ruler, whose glorious battle-banners on his breast the motto, Sum Quisq; Rex, were willing to do his part in the Council of Princes with the whole influence which belongs to Prussia in the European family of nations, in order that the Pope, too, should have what is his—what has been his above a thousand years.'

"The following letter has been received from Saint Petersburg, dated Jan. 2:—'I have already informed you that an address had been presented to the Emperor by the six deputies from the provincial committees for the emancipation of the peasants who were invited to St. Petersburg to give the Central Council information on the subject. The following are the demands made by the Russian nobility in the address to the Emperor:—1st Full and entire liberty to the peasants with an endowment of the land in perpetuity, subject to the immediate purchase at a price favourable to the nobility. 2nd. The establishment of an administration for the protection of the interests of all classes of society on the basis of the elective principle. 3rd. The constitution of independent judicial authorities—that is to say, juries—the judicial authorities to be independent of the Government. All functionaries of the Government to be amenable to the judgment of the judicial authorities. 4th. Liberty to make known to the Government, through the medium of the press, the faults and abuses of the local administration. The petitioners add, that it is only on these bases that the grand measure of the emancipation of the peasants can be accomplished without producing fatal results. The Emperor has not yet returned any answer to the address. It appears, nevertheless, clear that Russia has awakened from her long la-

...charges were preferred against Austria of disguised intervention in Italy. Le Nord directs attention to recruiting going on in Vienna for the Pontifical army, under the eyes of the Austrian Government. An Austrian General directs operations. They choose the best soldiers disbanded on account of reducing their own army, and the most able officers, whose services are now available in consequence of peace. It is just as if they had formed an auxiliary corps of the elite of their veteran troops, and transformed them by mere change of uniform into the army of the Pope. The Austrian Government had ordered Prince Metternich to declare to the French Cabinet that it would decline to enter into negotiations on any other basis than the Agreement of Villafranca, or the treaty of Zurich. E. Mgr. de Luca, Apostolic Nuncio at Vienna, has addressed a most interesting and remarkable answer to an address from the Society of St. Severinus, on the unwarrantable attacks now being made against the independence of the Holy See. We quote the following passages:—'A glance at the self-styled orthodox Church of the East, and at its Patriarchate at Constantinople, is sufficient to ascertain by a manifest example, what is to become of a spiritual authority which is compelled to obey any other power than that of God.—The successors of Photius, at Constantinople, have pretended, with regard to the said Eastern Church, to the same authority and that exercised by the Pope at Rome, legitimately and from Divine institution, over the Church spread over the whole earth. Although that authority of Photius is not founded on Divine right; it is nevertheless recognised as such by the bishops, clergy, and people of the schismatic Church. What position, however, does that usurped spiritual authority hold with regard to the lay princes of eastern world? Since the Patriarchs of Constantinople have become subjects of the Ottoman Sultan, their power is but a shadow without reality. Russia, under Peter the Great, refused to submit to the authority of a Patriarch under the domination of the Turks. Greece, after having recovered its political independence, no longer wished to be dependent on Constantinople in religious matters, and the numerous congregations of the schismatic Church in the Austrian Empire are governed by a special independent Primate. It is easy to understand the political reasons which induce governments to exclude from their territory such an ecclesiastical authority under the domination of a foreign power. The enemies of all social and religious order, the friends of revolution, would make of the Pope, of the legiti-

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CATHOLIC MISSION IN COCHIN-CHINA.

(From the London Weekly Register.)

A recent number of the Propagation pamphlet gives wonderful histories of the Annamite martyrs and confessors. They transport us back some fourteen centuries in some of their facts; in others they remind us of the days of Cromwell; but when was the Church without her confessors and her martyrs? We learnt some months back that the Allied expedition to Cochinchina, had been guilty of strange remissness in effecting the grand object of its mission—the protection of the Christians: It now appears that in January 1859, they were being martyred by 40 at a time in Tourane, while the French had not only arrived in the neighbourhood of that place, but had established and fortified themselves for a month in an island called Son-Oha, which lying opposite to Tourane, forms the harbor there. The extraordinary narratives we are about to quote are conveyed in a letter from M. Borelle, Missionary-Apostolic, to the Directors of the Foreign Missions, and dated Western Cochinchina, 15th January, 1860. The holy missionary writes:—'At the present moment, when the French flag is waving in the Bay of Tourane, you are doubtless indulging more than ever in the fond hope that the Annamite Church is at length about to be enfranchised from the yoke of persecution to which it has been subjected for so many years. I also participate in this hope; in the mean time, pending the exertions of our brave troops for the attainment of the aim of their noble mission, the enemy of all good is making the most of his time by exciting against this Church the most terrible trial that it has had yet to experience. Crosses have been placed in all the ports, and in front of all the inland and seacoast custom-houses, and all travellers are required to trample them under foot, as the indispensable condition of their further progress. Hence our dear neophytes are no longer free to move about without being exposed to apostasy, or the alternative of cruel torture. I have heard speak of fifty Christians being executed at once at Kwang-nam, and about thirty at Binh-dinh; I am informed moreover that twenty-five Christians, exiled for the faith, and coming from those provinces, are about to arrive on our territory. For my own part, forcibly retained in the centre of the mission, if I should be arrested before the tempest has blown over, our enemies will probably do me the signal honor of shortening me by the head, and I shall not be the more to be pitied. Awaiting the dispensation of Divine Providence, as regards myself, I must continue to confine myself in the obscure retreat of a poor cottage, where I shall receive from time to time intelligence of a more or less alarming nature, which creates a panic in the heart of the good Christian who is exposing his life to afford me a place of shelter. If I am obliged to sit up writing until a late hour of the night, he mounts guard outside with two or three of his trusty friends. Nor does he feel any more security when the candle being extinguished, each one lying down on his mat seeks a little repose; for the slightest noise about the cottage, the falling of a cocoa-nut from the tree, the barking of a dog—a word, the merest trifle, produces upon him the effect of a company of soldiers coming to invade his dwelling. 'Permit me now to relate for your edification, and through your mediation, for that of the members of the Propagation of the Faith, the glorious combats sustained by four new champions, two of whom were men from the Refuge: the Superiores of the Convent, Martha Lamb, and one of her religious, Elizabeth Ngo. The two others are John Hoa, one of the principal chiefs of the village, and Peter Ngoan, a young man of singular piety. On the 9th of last December, a captain followed by four or five satellites, came and surprised at Oaimong the splendid convent of the Immaculate Conception. The religious of the convent had just heard Mass, and were taking their morning repeat, whilst one of the sisters was reading aloud, when the captain, having defiled upon the door caught them thus flagranti delicto pietatis. The chapel was still hung with drapery in lively colours, and the interior was ornamented with beautiful devices; it was the day after the festival of the patron saint of the convent. The captain sent for the sub-prefect, had the district chief and the principal Christians of the burgh arrested, and placed under the cage, as well as the pious Martha Lamb, with the religious Elizabeth Ngo. On the arrival of the sub-prefect, they proceeded to take an inventory of the effects of the community; all the valuable objects were placed under seal, and after having filled three cases with condemned goods such as prayer-books, crosses, rosaries, medals, &c., they put them on board together with eight persons compromised. The governor, on being informed that seven Christians had been arrested, several books in European characters and other religious objects taken in the hands of women retired from the world, considered the matter so serious, and of such importance, that he could not defer his investigation until the following day. Quick lit torches be lighted, the pretorium be opened, and the malefactors brought up! Let the rattan, the stakes and cords, be instantly produced. Here, then, were our innocent victims under the claws of a tiger thirsting for human blood! Do not expect to find in this governor the least sentiment of humanity, for he has the reputation of torturing people for his amusement. I have forwarded to him, by instalments, as much as 800 francs to assuage his fury; had it not been for this expedient, I believe he would have ravaged all the Christian congregations of the province, which contains nearly 9,000 neophytes. I will limit myself to an accurate narrative of the examinations of these four confessors who remained firm in the faith, and of the tortures to which they were subjected; the three others having staid by their deplorable weakness, the glory already acquired by their being twice subjected to torture, I will refrain from any further comment upon their conduct. John Hoa, the village chief, was removed from the barque to the pretorium, loaded with a heavy cage, which he will have to bear night and day, as well as the companions of his captivity, until it is exchanged for a chain, after his conviction. Here, then, we have our first hero in the arena: he appears before the magistrates indicted for no other crime than that of being a Christian, and of having tolerated his village a community of nuns consecrated to God. Here he was in the open court, on the floor, with his face to the ground; the satellites tied his arms and legs to stakes in such a manner as to leave the body stretched out to the utmost extent. This operation, which is itself very painful, is the necessary preliminary of the torture; it is about equal to the equities of the Romans. The other Christians will have to undergo the same ordeal at each examination. The governor commenced his examination in the following terms:—'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes, I am.' 'Do you know where the European and the Annamite masters of religion are?' 'I do not know.' 'Was it you who built the house of the lady named Lanh?' 'No.' 'You are living under the king's government, and eating his rice; how is it that you know that there is a heaven and a hell, and that in heaven there is a God?' 'The Christian religion is that of my fathers, and I am bound to follow it until death, because I believe in God. I shall, consequently, take care not to commit any crime against the laws of country; but, as regards the doctrine of the Master of heaven, which the king forbids us to follow, I will never consent to abandon it, because this would be an offence against God, the King of kings. Let me rather die than renounce my religion!' The governor, attempting to gain him over by flattery, said to him: 'Your fault is not a crime; but I must request you to trample on the cross, that I may place you at the head of your parish. You are a distinguished subject; you have filled alternately all the offices of the village. What is the use of manifesting this obstinacy in degrading yourself, and why should you expose yourself to torture?'—'If the grand mandarin is disposed to grant

me any indulgence, I shall not receive... the rattle, which was... the blood must be produced... the next day, was brought to trial... the superior of the convent... the terrible preparations of the tortures... 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes, I am.' 'Will you consent to trample on the cross, that I may discharge you?' 'Since I have become acquainted with my holy religion, I have always believed and professed that it is better to lose life than faith...'

governor to have a... 'I am a poor day-labourer, but I shall not howsoever... he would not allow himself to be conveyed from the court... the governor's cruelty... 'How is it?' said one of them, 'that you, our brethren, refuse to submit for a moment to the decrees of a prince? What have you to fear? You can go to confession after the act, and all is settled...'

BURNETT'S TOILET PREPARATIONS.—Our readers are aware of the superiority of Burnett's Toilet Preparations. The Florimel is a very pretty and poetic name of a most exquisite and delicate perfume, and is considered by the ladies equal to Lubin's best...'

CAST STEEL CHURCH BELLS. THE Subscribers having been appointed AGENTS for CANADA, for the sale of CAST STEEL CHURCH and FACTORY BELLS, are now prepared to execute Orders for them to any extent that may be required...'

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL, No. 2, St. Constant Street. A THOROUGH English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education is imparted in this Institution, on moderate terms...'

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY. (Established in 1826.) BELLS.—The Subscribers have constantly for sale an assortment of Church, Factory, Steam-boats, Locomotive, Plantation, School, House and other Bells, mounted in the most approved and durable manner...'

The Quebec Mercury of December 17 says: 'Of the many preparations... Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry... Contrary to the general rule, with preparations of this kind, this remedy maintains everywhere its primitive popularity...'

A CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH. St. HYACINTH, CANADA E., Aug. 21, 1856. Messrs. SETH W. FOWLE & Co. Gentlemen:—Several months since a little daughter of mine, ten years of age, was taken with Whooping Cough in a very aggravated form...'

Yours, P. GUILTE, Proprietor of the Courrier de St. Hyacinthe. CERTIFICATE FROM L. J. RAOINE, ESQ., OF MINERVA. MONTREAL, L. O., Oct. 20, 1858. S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston.—Gentlemen:—Having experienced the most gratifying results from the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, I am induced to express the great confidence which I have in its efficacy...'

M. TEEFY, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE, C.W., COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, &c., AND GENERAL AGENT.

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, NO. 19 COTE STREET. PROGRAMME OF INSTRUCTION IN THE COMMERCIAL ACADEMY OF CATHOLIC COMMISSIONERS, MONTREAL; UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MS. U. E. AROHAMBAULT, Principal. Mr. P. GARNOT, Professor of French. Mr. J. M. ANDERSON, Professor of English.

The Course of Education will embrace a Period of Five Years' Study. FIRST YEAR: TERMS—ONE DOLLAR PER MONTH. Preparatory Class: Religion; English and French Reading; Calligraphy; Mental Calculation; Exercises in the French and English Languages; Object Lessons in French and English; Vocal Music.

SECOND YEAR: TERMS—ONE DOLLAR 50 CTS. PER MONTH. Religion; French and English Reading; Etymology; Calligraphy; The Elements of French and English Grammar; The Elements of Arithmetic; The Elements of Geography explained on Maps; Sacred History; Object Lessons in French and English; Vocal Music.

THIRD YEAR: TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER MONTH. Religion; French and English Reading with explanations; Etymology; Calligraphy; Arithmetic (with all the rules of Commerce); English and French Syntax; Sacred History; Object Lessons in French and English; Vocal Music.

FOURTH YEAR: TERMS—TWO DOLLARS 50 CTS. PER MONTH. Religion; French and English Reading, with reasoning; Etymology; Calligraphy; General Grammar (French and English); all the Rules of Arithmetic; Geography; History of Canada, under the Dominion of the French; the Elements of Algebra and Geometry; Natural History, ancient and modern History; Object Lessons in French and English; Book-Keeping (simple entry); Vocal Music.

FIFTH YEAR: TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER MONTH. Religion; Elocution, English and French; French and English Literature; Calligraphy; Book-Keeping, by Double Entry; Commercial Economy; Geography; History of Canada under the rule of the English; Natural History; Ancient and Modern History; Geometry; Algebra; Notions of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; Vocal Music. N.B.—As the most important lessons are the first of the morning exercises, parents are respectfully requested to send their children early to the school, so as not to deprive them the benefit of any of their lessons. Parents will be furnished with a monthly bulletin, stating the conduct, application and progress of their children. The religious instruction will be under the direction of a Gentleman from the Seminary, who will give lessons twice a week in French and English. Should the number of pupils require his services, an additional Professor of English will be procured. The duties of the School will be Resumed at Nine A.M., on MONDAY next, 23d current. For particulars, apply to the Principal, at the School, U. E. AROHAMBAULT, Principal.

WHERE IS PATRICK LYONS? INFORMATION WANTED OF PATRICK LYONS, who left Montreal for New York about nine years ago, and has not since been heard of. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his sister, Eliza Lyons, at this office. Copy United States papers will confer a favor by copying the above.

P. F. WALSH, Practical and Scientific Watchmaker, HAS REMOVED TO 178 NOTRE DAME STREET, (Next door to O'Connor's Boot & Shoe Store.)

CALL and examine his NEW and SPLENDID assortment of Watches, Jewellery, and Plated Ware. P. F. Walsh has also on hand the BEST SELECTED and most varied assortment of FANCY GOODS, Toys, Perfumery, Chaplets, Rosaries, Decades, and other religious and symbolic articles. Buy your Fancy and other Stationery from P. F. WALSH, 178-Notre Dame Street, of which he has on hand the VERY BEST QUALITY. Special attention given to REPAIRING and TIMING all kinds of Watches, by competent workmen, under his personal superintendence. No Watches taken for repairs that cannot be Warranted.

Business Device: Quick Sales and Light Profit. Nov. 17, 1859.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation; indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, 'I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children.' Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause. One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eruptions and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, OR ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUBERCLES, TERTIARY and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHUMATISM, SYMPHYLITIS and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, INDEED, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITiated or IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in 'impurity of the blood' is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

AYER'S Cathartic Pills, FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC, are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitality. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and invigorating. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Constipation, Headache, Heartache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and around the Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, FOR THE RAPID CURE OF Croup, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease. So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of our country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape notice, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate until antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted that can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to suggest.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.—Lyman, Savage, & Co., at Wholesale and Retail; by D. & J. Sadtler & Co., Montreal, who are Agents for Canada. BOARD and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (pays to half-yearly in Advance). Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July, July 21st, 1858.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," a rare Companion for the Winter Months. Every Pianist, Every Singer, Every Teacher, Every Pupil, Every Amateur, Should procure this weekly Publication of Vocal and Piano-Forte Music, costing but 10 CENTS a number, and pronounced By the entire Press of the Country, to be "The Best and Cheapest Work of the kind in the World."

Twelve full-sized Pages of Vocal and Piano Forte Music for TEN CENTS. Yearly, \$5; Half-yearly, \$2.50; Quarterly, \$1.25. Subscribe to "Our Musical Friend," or order it from the nearest Newsdealer, and you will have Music enough for your entire family at an insignificant cost; and if you want Music for the Flute, Violin, Cornet, Clarinet, Accordion, &c., subscribe to the "SOLO MELODIST," Containing 12 pages, costing only 10 Cents a number; Yearly, \$2.50; Half-yearly, \$1.25. All the Back Numbers at 10 Cents, and Bound Volumes, containing 17 Numbers, at \$2.50 each, constantly on hand. C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., 107 Nassau Street, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED, In a neat and attractive volume, PRICE ONLY 30 CENTS—BY POST, 40 CENTS. THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC And Lady's Directory for the United States, With an Appendix, containing the Canadian Directory, &c., for 1860. Recommendation of the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Baltimore: Messrs. MURPHY & Co. having undertaken the publication of the Metropolitan Catholic Almanac, at the instance of the late Provincial Council at Baltimore, I recommend the undertaking in the favor of the Prelates of the United States and of the Clergy and Faithful, that the necessary information may be furnished them in due time, and that the work may meet with patronage.

FRANCIS PATRICK, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore, July 15, 1859. The Metropolitan Catholic Almanac and Lady's Directory, is an authorized Catholic Annual, and as such is recommended to the Faithful of the United States. It contains reliable information concerning the state of Religion and its progress in our country, together with the most ample details of the Ecclesiastical affairs of the several Dioceses of the United States, Canada, and the British Provinces, prepared and furnished for this work by the respective Prelates. The General Information is as full as is consistent with its character, rendering it a valuable book of reference for every Catholic family. The Directory has been prepared with the greatest care, and will be found so complete as to present to the Clergy not only the various Offices, but also the principal dates of the Martyrology. Early orders from Booksellers and others, respectfully solicited. JOHN MURPHY & Co., Publishers, 182 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. For Sale, at Publishers' Prices, Wholesale and Retail, by D. & J. Sadtler & Co., Montreal, who are our Agents for Canada.

LAND FOR SALE. TWELVE HUNDRED ACRES, in the County of HASTINGS, Canada West, with Water privileges, and in the midst of good Roads and Settlements, will be SOLD IN SMALL or LARGE LOTS, to suit the Buyer. For particulars, apply to 292 Notre Dame Street.

CUT THIS OUT AND SAVE IT. THE subscribers has in course of construction a number of FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, the same as Wheeler & Wilson's patent, which he intends to sell cheaper than any that have been sold heretofore in Canada. All who intend to supply themselves with a good cheap Machine, will find it to their advantage to defer their purchases for a few weeks until these Machines are completed. In price and quality they will have no parallel, as the subscriber intends to be governed by quick sales and light profits. WAIT FOR THE BARGAINS. E. J. SAGLE, Sewing Machine Manufacturer, 265 Notre Dame Street. Oct. 20, 1859.

ACADEMY OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, KINGSTON, C. W. THIS Establishment is conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation, and is well provided with competent and experienced Teachers, who pay strict attention to form the manners and principles of their pupils upon a pious Christian basis, inculcating at the same time, habits of neatness, order and industry. The Course of Instruction will embrace all the usual requisites and accomplishments of Female Education.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR. TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$70 00 Use of Bed and Bedding, 7 00 Washing, 10 50 Drawing and Painting, 7 50 Music Lessons—Piano, 28 00 Payment is required Quarterly in Advance. October 29.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C.W.; Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston. THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages. A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils. TERMS: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (pays to half-yearly in Advance). Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July, July 21st, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS
Alexander—Rev. A. G. Asholm.
Antigonish—N. A. Gault.
Aylmer—J. Doyle.
Amherstburg—J. Roberts.
Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron.
Arichon—Rev. Mr. Girroir.
Bellefleur—M. O'Dempsey.
Brookville—Rev. J. R. Lee.
Brantford—W. M. Manamy.
Cavanville—J. Knowlson.
Chambly—J. Hackett.
Cobourg—P. Maguire.
Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
Compton—Mr. W. Daly.
Carleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy.
Dulouise Mills—Wm. Chisholm.
DeWittville—J. M'Vee.
Dundas—J. M'Gerrald.
Egansville—J. Bonfield.
East Haverbury—Rev. J. J. Collins.
Eastern Townships—P. Hackett.
Erinsville—P. Gafney.
Emily—M. Hennessey.
Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis.
Farmersville—J. Flood.
Gananoque—Rev. J. Rossiter.
Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry.
Huntingdon—C. M'Faul.
Kempville—M. Heaphy.
Kingston—M. M'Namara.
London—Rev. E. Bayard.
Lockiel—O. Quigley.
Loborough—T. Daley.
Lindsay—Rev. J. Farrelly.
Lacolle—W. Hartly.
Merrickville—M. Kelly.
New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy.
Ottawa City—J. Rowland.
Oshawa—Rev. Mr. Proulx.
Orillia—Rev. J. Synott.
Prescott—J. Ford.
Perth—J. Doran.
Peterboro—E. M'Gormick.
Pictou—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
Port Hope—J. Birmingham.
Quebec—M. O'Leary.
Randou—Rev. J. Quinn.
Renfrew—Rev. M. Byrne.
Russelltown—J. Campion.
Richmondhill—M. Teffy.
Richmond—A. Donnelly.
Sherbrooke—T. Griffith.
Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton.
South Gloucester—J. Daley.
Sumnerstown—D. M'Donald.
St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay.
St. Athanes—T. Dunn.
St. Ann de la Pociere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett.
St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Fulvay.
St. Raphael—A. M'Donald.
St. Romuald d'Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
Thorold—John Henan.
Tingwick—T. Donegan.
Toronto—P. Doyle.
Templeton—J. Hagan.
West Osgood—M. M'Evoy.
West Port—James Kehoe.
York Grand River—A. Lamond.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY.
 FIRE RISKS taken for this Old Established Office, on terms equally as favorable as other First-Class Companies.
 M. H. GAULT, Agent.
 October 13.

DRY GOODS,
 St. Lawrence House, 93 McGill Street,
 Second Door from Notre Dame Street.

JOHN PAPE & CO.
 HAVE just OPENED one Case of LADIES' GEBNILLE HAIR NETS, all colors.
 Montreal, Oct. 27, 1859.

GENTLEMEN, SEND YOUR ORDERS TO THE CLOTH HALL,
 292 Notre Dame Street, (West).
 YOU will find a most Fashionable Assortment of Woollens to select from. A perfect Fit guaranteed. The charges are exceedingly moderate, and the system is strictly one Price.
 J. IVERS, Proprietor.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
 (Corner of King and William Streets),
 MONTREAL,
IS NOW OPEN.
 And under the MANAGEMENT of JOHN RYAN.
 Mr. Ryan would say to the Friends of this very popular House, that it has been NEWLY FURNISHED not only in part, but throughout; and that he intends to conduct it as a FIRST-CLASS HOTEL; yet prices for transient guests, as well as regular Boarders, will be unchanged.
 Parties requiring Board, with Rooms, would find it to their advantage to try the Franklin.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
 COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, AND INFLUENZA, IRRITATION, SORENESS, OR ANY AFFECTION OF THE THROAT, CURLED, THE HACKING COUGH IN CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, CATARRH, RELIEVED, BY BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, OR COUGH LOZENGES.
 A simple and elegant combination for COUGHS, &c.
 Dr. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston.
 "Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS."
 Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER.
 "I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPEAKERS."
 Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, New York.
 "Effectual in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS."
 Prof. M. STACY JOHNSON, LaGrange, Ga., Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.
 "Two or three times I have been attacked by BRONCHITIS so as to make me fear that I should be compelled to desist from ministerial labor, through disorder of the Throat. But from a moderate use of the 'Troches' I now find myself able to preach nightly, for weeks together, without the slightest inconvenience."
 Rev. E. B. RYCKMAN, A.B., Montreal, Wesleyan Minister.
 Sold by all Druggists in Canada, at 25 cents per box.

R.O. BARRIE PATENT TO N.
 BEGS to return his sincere thanks to his numerous Customers, and the Public in general, for the very liberal patronage he has received for the last three years; and, in hopes, by strict attention to business, to receive a continuance of the same.
 R. P., having a large and neat assortment of Boots and Shoes, solicits an inspection of the same, which he will sell at a moderate price.



ONLY \$75
 FOR ONE OF SINGER'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES,
 WARRANTED TO BE THE SAME,
 In every respect, as those sold by I. M. Singer & Co. in the States for \$110.
 THIS PRICE INCLUDES AN IRON STAND such as Singer sells for \$10. I have made an improvement on Singer's large sized Machine, by which patent leather can be stitched without oil. Shoemakers had a great objection to use these Machines before, owing to the oil continually working off the leather on the lastings and cloths of ladies gaiters. The necessity of applying oil to patent leather is entirely obviated by this new improvement.
 CALL AND EXAMINE!
 All intending purchasers are invited to call and examine the BEST and CHEAPEST SEWING MACHINES ever offered for sale in Canada.
 PRICES:
 No. 1 Machine..... \$75 00
 No. 2 " " " " " " " 85 00
 No. 3 " large and improved..... 95 00
 I have received numerous testimonials from Boot and Shoe manufacturers, Tailors, Dress-makers, Seamstresses, and others, who are using my Machines—all unite in recommending them for general use.
 READ THE FOLLOWING CERTIFICATES WRITTEN BY THE TWO LARGEST AND MOST EXTENSIVE BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURERS IN CANADA:—
 Montreal, July 23, 1859.
 We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had two in use for the last two months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind.
 BROWN & CHILDS.
 Montreal, 23rd July, 1859.
 We have used E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machine in our Factory for the past three months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use.
 CHILDS, SHOLES & AMES.
 Montreal, 26th July, 1859.
 The subscribers having used the Sewing Machines of Mr. E. J. Nagle, since the spring, are well satisfied with the work done by them; and we certify that these machines go quicker than any we have used up to the present time.
 A. LAPIERRE & SON.
 If you want a Machine, making a Stitch which cannot be either raveled or pulled out, call at E. J. NAGLE'S Sewing Machine Establishment, No. 265 NOTRE DAME STREET, 265.
 It is the only place in Canada where you can buy a Machine able to Stitch anything, from a Shirt Bosom to a Horse Collar.
 All Machines bought of me are warranted for Twelve months.
 E. J. NAGLE,
 OFFICE AND SALR ROOM,
 265 NOTRE DAME STREET,
 MONTREAL.
 FACTORY,
 Over Bartley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin.
 N.B.—Needles 80 cent per dozen.
 November 16, 1859.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S
 MRS. WILLIAMSON'S REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS, No. 24 ST. JOSEPH STREET, Sign of the large Spinning Top.
 September 22.

WAR IS DECLARED!
 AND TO OPEN ON MONDAY, THE 29th AUGUST, M'GARVEY'S SPLENDID STOCK OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
 AND NO TERMS OF PEACE, Until the present Stock is Disposed of.
 THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public, for the very liberal support extended to him during the past nine years, wishes to inform them that his Stock of PLAIN and FANCY FURNITURE now on hand, consists, not only of every style and quality, but in such quantities as has never before been exhibited in this city, and got up exclusively for cash will be sold, at least 10 per cent lower than ever before offered. Every article warranted to be what it is represented, if not, it may be returned one month after being delivered, and the money refunded. His Stock amounts to \$18,000 worth, all of which must be cleared off before the 1st of January, in consequence of extensive changes in his business, and as after that he will keep a larger Stock of First Class FURNITURE. His trade in that line is so rapidly increasing that he cannot longer accommodate his customers by both his Wholesale and Retail business. He will open a Wholesale Chair Warehouse, exclusive of his Retail Trade. His present Stock will be open on MONDAY, 29th August, all marked in plain figures at Reduced Prices, and will consist of every article of House Furnishing Goods, among which will be found a large quantity of One and Wood-seated Chairs, from 40 cents to \$3; Bedsteads, from \$3 to \$50; Sofas and Couches, from \$8 to \$50; Mahogany, Blackwalnut, Chestnut and Enameled Chamber Sets, from \$16 to \$150; Mahogany and B W Dining Tables, from \$10 to \$45, with a large Stock of Hair, Moss, Corn, Hnsk, Sea Grass, and Palm Leaf Mattresses, from \$4 to \$25; Feather Beds, Bolsters and Pillows, 30 to 75c per lb; Mahogany, B W Side and Corner What-Nots, Ladies' Work Tables and Chairs, Top Chairs and Bureaus. A fresh supply of Shirley's Polish on hand. Solid Mahogany and Blackwalnut and Mahogany Veneers, Curled Hair, Varnish, and other Goods suitable for the Trade, constantly on hand.
 All goods delivered on board the Cars or Boats, or at the Residence of parties who reside inside the Toll gate, free of Charge, and with extra care.
 OWEN M'GARVEY
 Wholesale and Retail,
 No. 244 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
 August 28.

MARBLE FACTORY,
 BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE).
 WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVESTONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and GURBAL TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent from the former prices.
 N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada as so much Marble on hand.
 June 9, 1859.

DR. ANGUS MACDONELL,
 183 1/2 Notredame Street, near St. Louis Hotel, (Nearly opposite the Donegana Hotel).
B. D. E. V. L. I. N.
 ADVOCATE,
 Has Removed his Office to No. 30, Little St. James Street.

RYAN & VALLIERES DE ST. REAL,
 ADVOCATES,
 No. 59 Little St. James Street.
 PIERCE RYAN. HENRY VALLIERES DE ST. REAL.

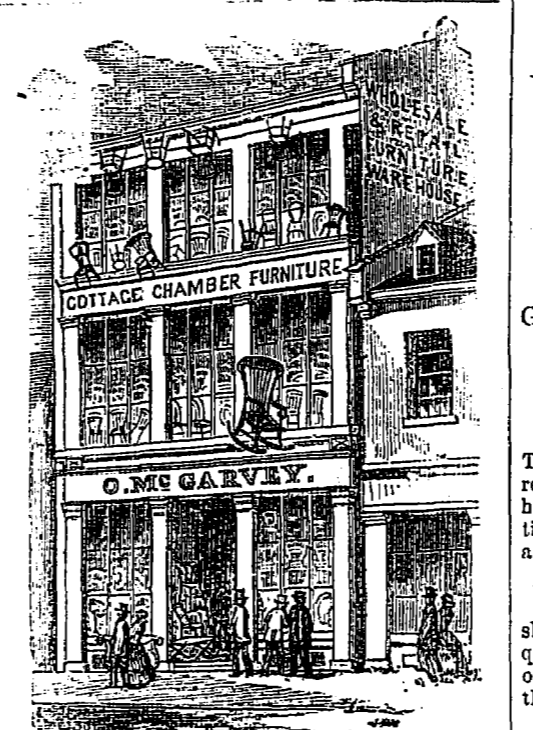
W. M. PRICE,
 ADVOCATE,
 No. 2, Corner of Little St. James and Gabriel Streets.

M. DOHERTY,
 ADVOCATE,
 No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

COLLECT YOUR ACCOUNTS
 IN DUE SEASON.
 THE undersigned gives Solvent Security and respectable reference.
 P. TUCKER,
 collector of Accounts,
 53 Prince Street.

H. BRENNAN,
 BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
 No. 3 Craig Street, (West End),
 NEAR A. WALKER'S GROCERY, MONTREAL.

D. O'GORMON,
 BOAT BUILDER,
 BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W.
 Skiffs made to Order. Several Skiffs always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Oars, sent to any part of the Province.
 Kingston, June 3, 1858.
 N. B.—Letters directed to me must be post-paid. No person is authorized to take orders on my account.



WAR IS DECLARED!
 AND TO OPEN ON MONDAY, THE 29th AUGUST, M'GARVEY'S SPLENDID STOCK OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
 AND NO TERMS OF PEACE, Until the present Stock is Disposed of.

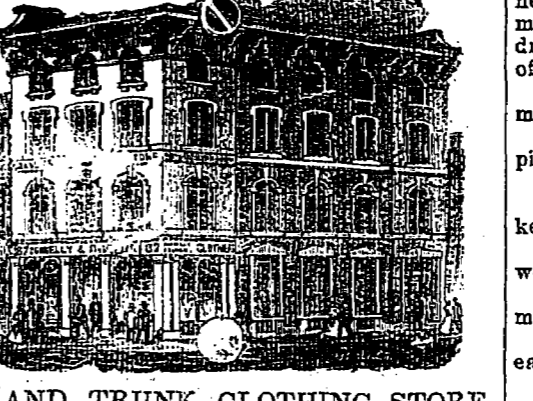
THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public, for the very liberal support extended to him during the past nine years, wishes to inform them that his Stock of PLAIN and FANCY FURNITURE now on hand, consists, not only of every style and quality, but in such quantities as has never before been exhibited in this city, and got up exclusively for cash will be sold, at least 10 per cent lower than ever before offered. Every article warranted to be what it is represented, if not, it may be returned one month after being delivered, and the money refunded. His Stock amounts to \$18,000 worth, all of which must be cleared off before the 1st of January, in consequence of extensive changes in his business, and as after that he will keep a larger Stock of First Class FURNITURE. His trade in that line is so rapidly increasing that he cannot longer accommodate his customers by both his Wholesale and Retail business. He will open a Wholesale Chair Warehouse, exclusive of his Retail Trade. His present Stock will be open on MONDAY, 29th August, all marked in plain figures at Reduced Prices, and will consist of every article of House Furnishing Goods, among which will be found a large quantity of One and Wood-seated Chairs, from 40 cents to \$3; Bedsteads, from \$3 to \$50; Sofas and Couches, from \$8 to \$50; Mahogany, Blackwalnut, Chestnut and Enameled Chamber Sets, from \$16 to \$150; Mahogany and B W Dining Tables, from \$10 to \$45, with a large Stock of Hair, Moss, Corn, Hnsk, Sea Grass, and Palm Leaf Mattresses, from \$4 to \$25; Feather Beds, Bolsters and Pillows, 30 to 75c per lb; Mahogany, B W Side and Corner What-Nots, Ladies' Work Tables and Chairs, Top Chairs and Bureaus. A fresh supply of Shirley's Polish on hand. Solid Mahogany and Blackwalnut and Mahogany Veneers, Curled Hair, Varnish, and other Goods suitable for the Trade, constantly on hand.
 All goods delivered on board the Cars or Boats, or at the Residence of parties who reside inside the Toll gate, free of Charge, and with extra care.
 OWEN M'GARVEY
 Wholesale and Retail,
 No. 244 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
 August 28.

NEW YORK INSURANCE COMPANIES.
COMMONWEALTH FIRE AND MARINE
 Office—6 Wall Street, N. Y.
CASH CAPITAL..... \$250,000
SURPLUS, OVER..... 40,000
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
 Office, 65 Wall Street, N. Y.
CASH CAPITAL..... \$200,000
SURPLUS, OVER..... 40,000
HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
 Office, 43 Wall Street, N. Y.
CASH CAPITAL..... \$200,000
SURPLUS, OVER..... 40,000
HOPE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
 Office, 33 Wall Street, N. Y.
CASH CAPITAL..... \$150,000
NETT SURPLUS..... 32,587

REFERENCES:
 Wm. Workman, Esq., E. Hudson, Esq.
 B. H. Lemoine, Esq., T. Doucet, N. P., Esq.
 Wm. Sache, Esq., Canfield Dorwin, Esq.
 Edwin Atwater, Esq., N. S. Whitney, Esq.
 Henry Lyman, Esq., D. P. James, Esq.
 Ira Gould, Esq., John Sinclair, Esq.
 H. Joseph, Esq., Messrs. Leslie & Co.
 Messrs. Forrester, Moir & Co.; Messrs. Harrington & Brewster; Messrs. J. & H. Mathewson.

THE Undersigned, Agent for the above First Class INSURANCE COMPANIES, is prepared to INSURE all class of Buildings, Merchandize, Steamers, Vessels and Cargoes, on Lakes and River St. Lawrence, at LOW RATES.
 First-Class Risks taken at very Reduced Rates.
 All losses promptly and liberally paid.
 OFFICE—38 St. PETER STREET, Lyman's New Buildings.
 AUSTIN OUVILLIER,
 General Agent.
 Sept. 22, 1859.

PATTON & BROTHER,
 NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
 42 McGill Street, and 79 St. Paul Street,
 MONTREAL.
 Every description of Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel constantly on hand, or made to order on the shortest notice, at reasonable rates.
 Montreal, Nov. 1859.



GRAND TRUNK CLOTHING STORE,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
 No. 87 McGill and No. 27 Reuellet Streets,
 MONTREAL.
 The undersigned, CLOTHIERS and OUTFITTERS, respectfully beg leave to inform the Public that they have now completed their Fall and Winter Importations, and are prepared to offer for Sale a very large and well assorted Stock of
 READY-MADE CLOTHING, OUTFITTING, &c.
 Also, English, French and German Cloths, Dressings, Cassimeres and Vestings, of every style and quality. They have also on hand a large assortment of Scotch Tweeds and Irish Freizes, very suitable for this season.
 DONNELLY & O'BRIEN.
 Nov. 17.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
 TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
 For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
 For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
 For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
 For Scabs on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
 For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
 For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.
 This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to.
 Price, 2s 6d per Box.
 Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.
 For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.
 Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—
 St. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
 Boston, May 26, 1856.
 Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.
 ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE,
 Superioress of St. Vincents Asylum.
 ANOTHER.
 Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.
 SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
 Hamilton, C. W.
 March 3, 1859.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, & C., FOR SALE,
 At 43 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
TEAS (GREEN)
 GUNPOWDER, very fine.
 YOUNG HYSON, best quality.
 IMPERIAL.
 TWANKEY, extra fine.
BLACK TEAS.
 SOUCHONG (Breakfast) fine Flavor.
 CONGOU.
OOLONG.
SUGARS.
LOAF.
 DRY CRUSHED.
 MUSCOVADA Sugar, very light.
COFFEE, &c.
 JAVA, best Green and Roasted.
 LAGUARIE, do, do.
 FLOUR, very fine.
 OATMEAL, pure.
 RICE.
 INDIAN MEAL.
 B. W. FLOUR.
 DRIED APPLES.
 CHEESE, American (equal to English).
 WINES—Port, Sherry, and Madeira.
 BRANDY—Planat Pale, in cases, very fine; Martel, in blnds. and cases.
 PORTER—Dublin and London Porter; Montreal Porter and Ale, in bottles.
 PICKLES, &c.—Pickles, Sauces, Raisins, Currants, Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Shelled Almonds, Honey Soap, B. W. Soap, Castile Soap, and English do.; Oora Brooms, Oora Dusters; Bed Cord, Cloth Lines, Shoe Thread, Garden Lines, Candies, Lemon Peel, Orange and Citron do.; Sweet Oil, in quarts and pints.
 STAROH—Glenfield, Rice and Sated, fair.
 BRUSHES—Scrubbers and Stove Brushes; Cloth and Shoe Brushes.
 SPICES, &c.—Figs, Prunes; Spices, whole and ground; Cinnamon, Cloves, Mace, Nutmegs, White Pepper, Black Pepper, Alspice, Cayenne Pepper, Macaronee, Vermicella, Indigo, Button Blue, Segoo, Arrowroot, Sperm Candles, Tallow do.; fine Table Salt; fine Salt in Bag; Coarse do.; Salt Petre; Sardines, in Tins; Tangle Cod Fish, Dry; do., do., Wet; Cream Tartar; Baking Soda; do., in Packages; Alum, Copperas, Sulphur, Brimstone, Bat Bricks, Whiting, Chalk, &c., &c.
 The articles are the best quality, and will be Sold at the lowest prices.
 J. PHELAN.
 March 3, 1859.

THOMAS KENNA, PRACTICAL PLUMBER
 G. A. SAINT PETER, N. Y.
 No. 52 SAINT PETER STREET, (Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets), MONTREAL.
 BATH TUBS, HYDRANTS, WATER CLOSETS, FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS, &c., Constantly on hand, and fitted up in the best manner.
 Jobbing Punctually attended to.
 September 15, 1859.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS
 JOHN M'CLOSKEY,
 Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer,
 38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street,
 BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last 12 years, and now solicits a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality.
 He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar' Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.
 N.B. Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer.
 Montreal, June 21, 1853.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.
 MR. KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, has discovered a one of the common pasture weeds a Remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.
 From the worst Scrofula down to the common Pimples He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.
 One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.
 Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach.
 Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.
 One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.
 Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.
 Four to five bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.
 One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.
 Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.
 Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.
 Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.
 Directions for Use.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT,
 TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
 For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
 For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
 For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.
 For Scabs on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.
 For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.
 For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color.
 This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to.
 Price, 2s 6d per Box.
 Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.
 For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces.
 Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—
 St. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
 Boston, May 26, 1856.
 Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors.
 ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE,
 Superioress of St. Vincents Asylum.
 ANOTHER.
 Dear Sir—We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well.
 SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
 Hamilton, C. W.
 March 3, 1859.