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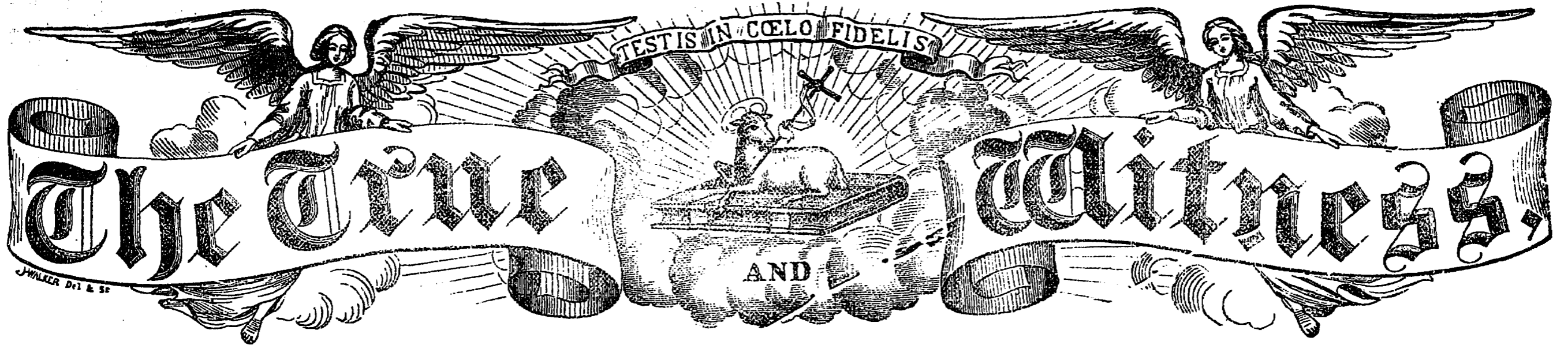
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THE AZAMOGLAN.

A TALE OF MODERN GREECE.

The sun was sinking in a flood of rosy light over the hills of the Morea, as the young and beautiful wife of Adrian Sotteris sat in the rose-bounded porch of her peaceful dwelling, casting many a longing look towards the bay for the returning sail of her absent husband's corvette, while she lulled to sleep her youngest child, a little girl of uncommon loveliness, and from time to time bestowed glances of ineffable fondness on her twin boys, Alexander and Eustachius. It was a group that might have afforded a subject for the pencil of a Raphael, as these fair boys stood on each side of their youthful mother, and, with their little hands fast locked in hers, united their lisping accents with her sweet voice as she sung the evening hymn to the Panagia. But while the words of praise and joy yet lingered on the lips of Helen Sotteris, a sudden thrill of terror robbed her cheek of its tender bloom, for she perceived a band of Turkish janissaries approaching her dwelling, and recollected with un-speakable dismay that the revolving seasons had brought round the fatal year when the Ottoman Government claimed its inhuman tribute of male children from the enslaved provinces of Greece—"whom," says that accurate historian Knolles, "the Sultan taketh for the most part every third, fourth, or fifth year, as his tenths, or tribute children." It was from these devoted children that the military force of Turkey was chiefly supplied. Christian parents were called upon by this iniquitous impost to resign the fairest buds of paternal hope to the barbarous Moslem oppressors, who scrupled not to rend asunder the most sacred of social and kindred ties, and to punish with death such as endeavored to resist or even to evade this cruel law. At the sight of the authorities employed by the Ottoman Government in this unwholesome business, Helen Sotteris cast her sleeping infant into its cradle, and with a wild cry of alarm snatched the first fruits of a mother's bitter pangs, her lovely boys, to her bosom, and folding her fair arms round them, she regarded the Turkish officers with looks of tearful supplication, that might almost have disarmed the fury of a hungry tiger, if he had marked her breathing treasures for his prey; but it failed to move the iron hearts of the pitiless instruments of Moslem oppression. They were too familiar with the sight of anguish caused by the rending asunder of nature's holiest ties to regard the strong pleadings of a mother's love; and, callous to the tears and passionate entreaties of Helen Sotteris, they tore her twin blossoms from her frantic embrace, coolly examined the proportions of the children with technical precision, and at length selected Alexander, the first-born, as the strongest and most promising of the twin, and therefore most worthy of the honor of being selected for the service of the Sultan.—The boy clung weeping to the neck of that brother with whom he had been so closely united by nature, and offering all the resistance in his power against those who were about to sever those strong bonds of fraternity, he called aloud upon his mother to "save him from the wicked Osmanlis."

At that cry the young, the gentle, the timid Helen, appeared animated with the fury of a lioness, who beholds her offspring in the hands of the hunter. Those soft, languishing dark eyes that seemed formed alone to express the tenderest emotions of the soul, darted angry lightnings through their streaming tears, as she threw herself between her children and the officers, with an air of fierce determination, that for a moment awed even those who had been so familiar with the rage and grief of bereaved mothers. Her resistance, however, availed nothing, and it was equally in vain that she tore in despair the silver cross and rosary from her neck and the bracelets from her arms, and tendered them to the cruel Musselmans in exchange for her child, her beautiful Alexander, who seemed at that moment infinitely more precious in her sight than both the others, though all held an equal place in her fond heart. But when she saw him borne from his paternal roof by the Turkish authorities, she thought not of the others in her agony for him, and, yielding to the powerful instinct of maternal love, she followed her lost treasure, exclaiming in the most heartrending accents, "Give me back my boy! my first born! my beautiful Alexander! Oh, you will make a misbeliever like yourselves, ye barbarous robbers, and I shall never behold him again, neither in earth nor yet in heaven."

With all the obstinate pertinacity of despair she continued to pursue the steps of those who were despoiling her of her child, till she was some miles distant from her home, when one of the Turkish officers called the attention of the leader of the party to the circumstance, and he, turning about, surveyed the young mother with an attention he had not bestowed upon her while intent only on securing her son for the service of the Sultan.

"By Allah, Murad," said he to his coadjutor,

"the mother may prove a prize of greater value than the boy. She is a perfect houri, and has eyes like those of the fair Ionian, whose death has rendered the Grand Vizier, my master, so disconsolate." "If now he should chance to take a fancy to this beautiful Moriet, this might prove a lucky adventure for us," said Murad.—"Ay, and for her also," rejoined the other. "By the tomb of the prophet, it would be a happy chance for the dark-eyed peasant to exchange a life of poverty and obscurity to reign queen of the Vizier's harem."

Helen Sotteris, who had now overtaken them, imagining, in the simplicity of her heart, that their halt proceeded from motives of compassion, renewed her entreaties for them to restore her child to her.

"It were pity, indeed, to separate ye," said the chief officer, laying hands upon the fair pleader; "and so, my princess, you shall go with us and accompany your son." "Go with you! ye infidel robbers, and leave my dear husband, my pretty baby and my sweet Eustachius! No, that I never will," cried Helen, indignantly.—"Nay, you must love this child better than all these, or you would not have forsaken them to follow him. But since you have accompanied us thus far on our journey for your own pleasure, you must now be content to go a little farther with us for ours, for we intend to take you to the great city of Istantoul." "But, my husband and my children," shrieked the terrified Helen. "Never fret yourself about them, fair Nazarene; you will still be permitted to retain your first-born son; and if you do not elude your beauty with unavailing tears, you may possibly be fortunate enough to please the Grand Vizier, and then you will have a prince for your husband instead of a poor Moriet dog," replied the Turk, laughing. But their eloquence had no other effect on the lovely Greek than to make her redouble her lamentations. Even the restoration of her beloved boy failed to console her, altho' she bestowed the most passionate caresses upon him as his cherub face rested on her bosom; for no sooner did he find himself once more in her arms, than all his little griefs were forgotten, and, wearied with long weeping, his head sank upon that dear maternal pillow, and his eyes closed in a sweet and profound slumber, while the tears yet hung upon his long black eyelashes, and gilded his crimson cheeks, and his breast long continued to heave even in sleep with involuntary sobs.

On their arrival at Constantinople, the Grand Vizier was informed of the adventure by which his officers had become possessed of the beautiful Moriet, and immediately expressed a wish to see her; and, notwithstanding the grief in which she was plunged, she appeared so charming in his sight, that he declared his intention of making her his wife, and taking the little Alexander under his especial protection.

Far from being elated with a change of fortune which filled the hearts of all the ladies of the Vizier's harem with envy and despair, the simple Helen remained in the deepest affliction for the loss of the husband of her youth, the father of her children. But it was in vain that she petitioned to be restored to him—her inclinations were not considered of the slightest importance in a place where the Grand Vizier's will was law; and in spite of her extreme repugnance, a former marriage, and pre-engaged affections, she became the favorite wife and sovereign lady of the Grand Vizier's harem.

In how few words may the important drama of a life be related, if we pause not to dwell on its minor actions and the complicated chain of anticipations, disappointments, and regrets, with which it is checkered, shaded, or brightened!—The twenty years which Helen Sotteris passed as the wife of the Grand Vizier were not marked by any event of decided importance, though the change of her destiny was followed of course by alteration in her dress, manners, and occupations.

The active, cheerful Moriet wife and mother, who was wont to rise with the early dawn and cross the dewy mead with naked feet to fetch clear water from the spring, and then returned homewards, singing, to milk the ewes and prepare the morning meal for her husband and children, who spun and carded the wool of which their simple garments were manufactured, and cultivated with the labor of their own hands the little garden on which part of their subsistence depended, now reclined on embroidered cushions in listless inactivity, loaded with the most costly jewels, and dressed in all the splendor of eastern magnificence, surrounded by slaves who watched her very looks, and were obedient to her slightest motions, while the all-powerful delegate of the lord of the East lived but on her smiles, and paid the most unbounded attention to her wishes. Those wishes were all centered in her son; and as the Vizier was childless, he had adopted him for his own, and had taken such care to advance his interests in the Ottoman army, that the young Alexander, under the Mahometan name of Selim, had attained to the high military rank of Pashn,

and was considered as very likely to become the second person in the Turkish empire.

But at what a price were these lofty distinctions purchased. As a preliminary to his worldly advancement, the boy had, in common with all the tribute children, been bred a Mussulman.—His mother had, it is true, instructed him in the Christian faith, and with great earnestness, during the period of his childhood, when he was much with her; but when he was enrolled in the body of the janissaries, and associated with none but those with whom Christians and Greeks were held in the most profound contempt, he soon ceased to be a Christian, and grew ashamed of having been born a Greek. His mother was still the dearest object of his affections; he loved her with the same fervor and intensity as he did in his guileless infancy; but his time was now so fully occupied with the pursuits of business and pleasure, that he had fewer opportunities of seeing her than formerly; and when he did, she was so completely engrossed in lavishing her doating fondness upon him, who was the absorbing idol of her soul, that she seldom found time to address him on the solemn interests of his eternal welfare. To see him was happiness enough; and though she saw his baptised brow encircled with the turban of Islamism, and knew that the scimitar by his side was wielded in the armies of the Crescent against the hosts of Christian nations, and felt at times uneasy sensations on the subject, yet, with the acquired indolence of the Asiatic, she avoided the pain of remonstrating with him when she found her representations were offensive, and tended to deprive her of the pleasure of his company, till, by degrees, she tacitly acquiesced in all his Mahometanisms, save that she never could frame her lips to address him by any other name than Alexander.—With every one else, and to himself he was Selim Pasha; and though he knew that, both by birth and baptism, he was Alexander Sotteris, yet the syllables sounded harshly in his ear, even from the sweet lips of his mother; for his young heart was hardened by ambition, and tainted by the plague-spot of selfishness; and his was that friendship with the world which is enmity to God. He had ceased to be a Christian without becoming a Mahometan. Who, indeed, that had been instructed in the pure precepts of the One Faith, could ever receive the gross absurdities of the other? Yet, Alexander affected to be a zealous follower of the doctrine of the false prophet—a doctrine which he secretly despised.

The death of the Grand Vizier rendered him the master of great wealth, for the old man bequeathed his vast possessions between his favorite wife and his adopted son. A new light appeared to have dawned upon Helen Sotteris from that day. Her languor, her manly and indolence, were gone; her downcast eyes were raised from the ground, and were beaming with hope and animation. The term of her splendid slavery was ended; her gilded fetters were broken; she was free. She could now return to the land of her birth, and might be united to the husband of her youthful affections, and should behold those long-lost objects of a mother's fond love, her young children, once more.

The recollection of that brother and sister was still dear even to the blunted affections of Alexander Sotteris. The events of that evening on which he was torn from the lovely companions of his early days, were of too striking a nature ever to be effaced from his mind. He could still picture to himself the cottage porch, with its embowering roses glowing in the rich sunset, and casting a brighter reflection on the face of his beautiful mother, as she sat beneath their shade, with her babe upon her knee—that fair girl, just old enough to know him, and to return his caresses, and essay to lip his name—the living, laughing plaything of Eustachius and himself. And Eustachius, too, that once so fondly beloved brother, how could he ever forget him? Memory, more tenacious with him than the ties of natural affection, forbade him to do that; but what was the fate of either brother or sister, he attempted not to ascertain; for what had the Pasha Selim to do with the unglorious destinies of Greek peasants? And he heard with mingled surprise and mortification his mother's declaration, that it was her design, as soon as the days of mourning for the deceased Vizier were accomplished, to revisit her native land, for the purpose of seeking out those dear objects of her love.

It was to no avail that he exerted all his sophistry and all his influence over her mind, to endeavor to dissuade her from a scheme that filled his proud and selfish heart with unnatural regret. Helen Sotteris, so mild and complying on every other subject, was firm and immovable in her determination upon this. More than one altercation had arisen between them on this ground; and Alexander, finding that her resolution would conquer all the obstacles he could oppose to the journey, and that her health meantime suffered from her intense desire to revisit the scenes of her youth, at length consented to

allow her to accompany him on his march to the Morea, whither he had been ordered to repair by the Sultan, in order to assist in reducing the patriotic bands of Greece.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH CONNECTION AND FRENCH INVASION.

(From the New York Phoenix.)

T. F. Meagher delivered his great lecture on the above subject at Irving Hall, on the 20th of February. The following is only an incomplete outline of it; but, as far as it goes, it is correct. When the cheering that greeted Mr. Meagher had closed, he said:—

A recurrence to old scenes and partialities, was one of the happiest recreations of their lives. Men sickened to death in exile with the thought they should never look upon their native hills and fields again. This was the story of the Foscari—one of the tenderest and grandest ever written—and the Sacred Volume contained no verses more sublime than those which pictured the sorrowfulness of the daughters of Jerusalem, weeping by the waters of Babylon, when they remembered Zion (applause). The vivid pencil, that left them, in an imperishable sketch, the career of Warren Hastings, impressed no incident or feature of that career more forcibly upon the mind, than the constancy with which the impeached magistrate of India reverted to the home of his ancestors (hear, hear). Years before he was born, this home—the beautiful old domain of Daylesford—had been sold. But in the very dawn of his boyhood, when he was not more than seven years old, Macaulay tells us, he vowed to recover it. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and his fortune rose. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asia, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford (hear, hear). And when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed for ever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die (hear, hear, and loud cheers). Active in every mind, throughout every life, clouded or radiant though it may be, throbbing more or less powerfully—in many cases operating as the strongest incentive to generous deeds, bold enterprises, the exertions of genius, and heroic goodness in every form—bringing light and music to the darkest hearth—flashing new splendors over the wealthy house on the altar of which it burned—the first breath of liberty, as it was the soul of nations—they might rest assured that the friend who spoke to them that evening, born, as he was, in a country where it was most vehement, acknowledged no passion stronger than this eternal love of home (loud and enthusiastic cheers). For a long time he had been silent on this theme. Rarely, indeed, for eight years past, had he approached it. Never, in truth, since he first set foot on American soil, had he spoken of Ireland—her wrongs and rights—her claims to an insular sovereignty and her ability to maintain it—as his Irish pride, his affections, his memories, and the assurances of others less doubtful and bolder than himself, prompted him to speak (hear, hear).—Wherefore this silence? Was it that his heart had grown cold and hard in exile? Was it that his mind had been embittered by the capriciousness and calumnies with which some of his countrymen thought it decent to visit him, and that he had fore-sworn the cause which thus brought him nothing but vexation and dejection? Was it, as some of his generous critics alleged, that shaping his course by the prevailing taste and fashions of the day, he had come to the conclusion that it vulgarized an Irish gentleman to be identified with the revolutionary sentiment of his country, and that a reputation for good sense, perfect decorum, and high blood, was best secured by a graceful acknowledgment of the plundering propensities of England? (loud and continued cheering). Was it, in fine, that he had lost faith in the reiterated purpose of Ireland to govern, advance, enrich and exalt herself, and that, convinced of her inability to break the chain which bound her to England, he had numbered her amongst the dead nations of the earth, and, with a sorrowfulness and despair that had no voice, taken his leave of her in silence? (No, no, and loud cheering). Let those who questioned him look back to Ireland, survey her history for the last eleven years, and, in the vagueness and darkness of those years, affirm there was anything to justify from him the language of hopefulness—anything to inspire an exhortation to arms—anything to sanction an appeal to the generosity of the people—anything to quicken the Irish pulse and flush the Irish cheek with pride? (hear, hear). Mr. Meagher here took a rapid but striking retrospect of Irish politics since 1848, coming down to the Crimean war, which gave to Ireland, he said, a better chance than she ever had, since the days of the Volunteers, to right herself, and come to advantageous terms with the world (great cheering). But,

instead of doing so, they found the aldermen of half a dozen cities, from Ballyhack to Lough Neagh, down on their marrow-bones, in their red petticoats, begging for a brass gun or two, as Ireland's share of the spoils [loud laughter and cheers]. Then came the desperate revolt in India. Once more was Ireland the supreme mistress of her destinies [cheers]. But once again did it strangely happen that she thought fit to abdicate in favor of that power to which she owed vengeance instead of fealty, and the presence of which, upon her soil, had been to her the source of excessive misery at home, and great shame abroad [hear, hear]. These events occurring, how could he have spoken with pride and hopefulness of Ireland? Not able to speak of her with hopefulness and pride, he was unwilling to speak of her at all [hear, hear].—Hence his silence. Those who knew him intimately, knew that it was the result of a mournfulness which the events transpiring in Ireland, during the period to which he alluded, tended every day to deepen [hear, hear]. But now there was an awakening highness flashing across the Irish sky [enthusiastic cheering].—There was the return of the Brigade from Rome [tremendous cheering] headed by an O'Reilly, who was in every respect a worthy kinsman of Andrew, of Ballylough, whose splendid charge with his army of dragoons saved the wreck of the Austrian at Austerlitz—and who was well entitled, moreover, to wear the spurs of Myles the Slasher, (laughter and cheer). who fell at the bridge of Fines, fighting against the Cromwellians, having, with his own hand, slain four and twenty of the foe [loud cheer]. As to the righteousness and glory of the cause in which they fought, there was, as the Irish know, a wide difference of opinion. Some said it was the noblest and holiest of causes. Others regarded it as the cause of the rankest despotism. Lord Brougham praised Gambald to the skies. The Marquis of Normandy recognized in America the foremost champion of civilization and religion. Catholics, as well as Protestants, were divided on the question. Nevertheless, the Pope, as the beneficent old man stood there in his beleaguered palace, protesting against the invasion of his ancient and glorious domain, could not but be regarded with respect and sympathy [hear, hear, and loud cheering] and all the world must admit that, fighting for him and his principality, was, to say the least of it, as reputable a military service as that which Austria exacts from her soldiers in the occupation of Venetia, or that which the Hesse Guards of London compensate with satin saddle-bags, claret jugs of gold, and the pillow of an Empress torn from the royal sanctuaries of Pekin [hear, hear, and loud cheering]. But the English press had denounced it as an infamous cause; and whilst the Orange press of Ireland had with a virulent alacrity taken up the cry against it, they had here the Paris press, though it condemned lager-beer and brass bands on Sundays as the vilest profanities, shrieking—"To hell with the Pope," at a pitch which, had it been heard in Scotland in the time of Macbeth, would have scared the scraggy witches themselves [loud laughter and great cheering]. Not satisfied with this, however, the English press went further; and faithful to its malignant mission of detraction, wherever an honest manhood repudiated its teachings, a torrent of defamation was let loose upon the soldiers who had gone forth from the cities and fields of Ireland, from the ancestral mansion as well as from the poorest cabin, to vindicate on foreign battle-grounds the unmemorial fidelity of Ireland to the oracular authority of Rome [enthusiastic cheering]. Mr. Meagher recapitulated here the slanders of the London Times and other papers against the Irish Brigade, saying that, in the end, they had charged the soldiers of O'Reilly with cowardice and an ignominious capitulation [sensation].—"When they came," wrote the Times, "within reach of the soldiers of Gaidinn, they literally threw down their arms and begged for quarter." Those words flashed like lightning to the core of the Irish heart. They awoke a slumbering race—stung it to the quick—inflamed its jealousy, indignation, and resentment—and instead of a tranquillized, an obsequious and abject province, they now beheld the old nation on its feet once more, haughtily flinging back the aspersions cast upon her children, and to prevent the recurrence of such insults, as well as for still higher purposes, demanding a distinct and sovereign voice in the political controversies, the commerce, and great transactions of the day [loud and enthusiastic cheering]. The calumniated soldiers are everywhere received with enthusiasm and pride. The steamship which conveys them to Cork is hailed by a swarm of boats and yachts, dancing brightly on the waters of the noblest harbour in the world; and as they ascend the river of Gougane Barra, the bells of Shandon and Saint Finbar strike in and make glorious music with the cheers and thunders that announce the safe return of the gallant lads who, at Spoleto, were

they were not more than 360 strong, stood their ground for fourteen hours against 32,000 of the Piedmontese [loud cheering]—stood their ground until the last cartridge was gone (renewed cheering)—and who, at Loretto, smashing through and trampling down three times their number, cleared a road for Lamoriciere to escape [enthusiastic cheering]. The echoes of Mangerton renew the salutation which woke the city of Paris the morning they crossed the Bridge of Austerlitz, and the walls of Limerick are vocal with the French cry of chivalry and proud condescension: *Honneur au courage malheureux!* [great applause.] At Thurles, 8,000 torches flash at midnight their redeemed names over the broad plains of Tipperary [renewed applause]. In Wexford, their courage and devotion receive the attestation of men whose fathers won for the Black Stars, and the valleys of the Bana and the Boro a fame not less effulgent than that which illuminates the forests of La Vendee and the crags of the Tyrol; and in Kilkenny the oration which awaits them has not been equalled since the Nuncio met the Confederates under Ormond in the Cathedral of St. Canice [enthusiastic cheering]. Thus did the people of Ireland repel the slanders with which their countrymen, fighting in what millions considered an exemplary and sacred cause, had been assailed by the English press; and thus from a deluge of defamation they again leaped forth the spirit which had transmitted and kept bright the vision and ideal of an Irish nation throughout a protracted night of desolation, and which, at that very hour, after so many ways of subjugation, after so many merciless attempts to extirpate and annihilate the ancient race, after so many alleged and vaunted manifestations of docility to England, admonished the British government that it was not safe to permit in Ireland the enrolment of volunteers [hear, hear, and great cheering].—Something else was gained. One thousand men who had been trained to the use of arms—who had had camping and campaigning of the roughest sort—who had worn the green tunic on the battle-field, and stood the brunt of war as staunchly as soldiers ever did—one thousand veterans—true to Ireland, her faith and fame—stood erect to day on Irish soil [renewed cheering]. Was it too much to believe, that what they had learned under Lamoriciere, in the way of discipline and war, would not be held from those who had greeted them in defeat, strewn flowers and laurels along their homeward road, and bidding them to the highest seat of honor at the festive board? [Hear, hear.] Was it venturing too far to assert, that, in any uprising of the Irish people against the foreign garrison planted in the island, those men would be found in the foremost ranks of the insurgent army, and that the arms braided with cowardice, would be the first to pay off with compound interest the debt of centuries? [Cries of hear, hear, and vehement applause.] This nucleus of a national army—this grand corps of officers, practically instructed and experienced in military service and the art of war—was just what Ireland most vitally needed in her more recent attempts to regain her footing in the world [hear, hear]—the enthusiasm, the daring, the endurance of a people in the field availing little against such a power as that of England, unless, indeed, the battle was sustained with most of the intellectual as well as the material resources of soldiering. [Hear, hear, and loud cheering.]—What else was there? There was the Rotundo meeting and the National Petition, both inaugurated by The O'Donoghue, a young and gallant representative of one of the oldest houses of Munster, on whose fresh heart and intellect the traditions of his family, and the beauty and grandeur of his ancestral home, seemed to have made a grand impression [loud applause]. To this gathering in the Rotundo, however, the speeches delivered there, and the signing of the Petition in question, he did not perhaps attach the importance which others did, being satisfied that every political movement in Ireland, conducted on what were defined to be strictly legal and constitutional grounds, would prove futile and fallacious [hear, hear].—The object of this new movement, moreover, appeared to be the Repeal of the Legislative Union only—a measure which, if achieved, would do little more than nominally disenthrall the country [hear, hear, hear]—leaving the great social question, the right of the people to enjoy in perpetuity and fullness the land they cultivate, a vexed question still, and the independence of the nation circumscribed and precarious [great applause]. For his part—speaking for no one but himself, and disavowing anything and everything like dictation—he pronounced the Repeal of the Union an utterly insufficient remedy for disabilities of Ireland. [renewed applause] pronounced it a measure wholly unworthy the ambition, the sacrifices, the genius and resources of her people, and satisfied that it would be impracticable, if not more so, thoroughly to revolutionize the country, by deep the foundations of a new industrial proprietorship, and thus set free to their utmost scope the energies of the people, he could not but regard the movement, inaugurated by the O'Donoghue, should it be confined to the object stated, as a glaring error of the public mind and a grievous waste of time.— [Hear, hear, and loud applause.] But the waters once let loose, where they had been pent up so long, would find their own way, whatever narrow channel or destination might have been prescribed them; and in all this movement, restricted as it looked, he recognized, with his friend, John Mitchell, [enthusiastic cheering and waving of hat and handkerchiefs] the first intimations of a storm which had been gathering for the last ten years a silence in the depths of the Irish heart, and the impetuosity of and force of which would be all the fiercer that it had been so long detained [hear, hear, and loud cheering]. And here it is our right and gracious of me to say that they who had stood true to Ireland, when the Irish sky was impenetrably overcast and the ways and chances of liberty seemed lost for ever, deserve to be thought of with gratitude by their awakening country, having through good report and ill, in all seasons and against all odds,

"Stood few and faint, but fearless still." Amongst those few, my friend, Michael Doheny, (loud and prolonged cheering,) who has been true and staunch to Ireland in every vicissitude, standing unshaken and erect as the Round Tower which overlooks his Irish home; and my friend, John O'Mahony, (loud and enthusiastic cheers,) whose love for Ireland is like the ivy, ever clinging to the holiest of ruins, and dwelling with its dead, unchangeable in its hue, and every day striking its roots deeper into the earth that feeds it; and my friend, James Roche, (loud cheers and applause,) in whose clear mind and writings the cause of Ireland is reflected as vividly as the over-hanging clouds and mountains are in an Irish lake, and those of whose existence, the trials of the Phoenix prisoners, to the credit of the young intellect and chivalry of the country, gave proof—amongst those faithful few, these men who deserve to be spoken of with gratitude, and with honor and enthusiasm, whenever, as is now the case, the national hope revives, and the sun of victory comes forth to bless, and beautify, and suffuse with splendor the uncompromised flag of Ireland. All honor, and strength, and glory to this spirit, which will not abate the title of the poorest to an independent life, and which, in the deprivation of the attributes of nationhood, beholds a loss for which no measures of imported wisdom or philanthropy, much less the reflected glare of a foreign court, can compensate! (continued cheering.) All honor, and strength, and glory to this spirit, with the activity and fire of which the smallest nations have been moved to greatness—furnishing to the world immortal instances of industry, useful enterprise and heroism, and to the lowliest of their citizens imparting that manhood, that pride and dignity, which best secured the sanctities of the household, the public liberties, the potency of the laws, and the stability of the commonwealth (enthusiastic cheering.) All honor, and strength, and glory to this spirit which to-day, whilst it restores to Italy something more than her mediocrity and importance, influences the students of Gracov with a patriotism worthy of the land and memory of her ancient tongue, summons the Magyar to a final battle with the House of Hapsburg, and throughout Europe everywhere—in Croatia, in Moravia, in Silesia, wherever there was an old race, an old language, an old country, ancient laws, customs, traditions, the treasured records and privileges of countries to recover or defend—prepared them for deeds such as the superb genius of Byron, in his lines descriptive of the Maid of Saragosa, had with a burst of warlike music flung upon the ear (loud and long-continued cheering.) Assuming—which he was justified in doing by the recollection of the long political tuition they had undergone—that Irishmen, the world over, were well aware of the damage done their country in every way by the foreign government which had hold of it so long, and that they were equally well convinced of the honor and advantage which would accrue to them from being empowered independently to manage their own affairs—assuming all this, the question came, how were Irishmen to get back their own and sweep out the English? (hear, hear.) That was the vital question. That, after all, was the only question which, in reference to the separation of Ireland from England, had to be satisfactorily cleared up (hear, hear.) It was not the necessity, the utility, the nobility of the achievement that was involved in uncertainty and dispute. It was the road, the time, the weapons, the chances of success (hear, hear.) Would the National Petition, with its million or two of signatures, effect the purpose? Would the contribution of a farthing a week, a penny a month, a shilling a year, ransom the prerogative which was beyond all price and computation? (Hear, hear, laughter and cheering.) Would any scheme of peaceful, bloodless, marrowless, mouthing, copper-jingling, poor-box-rattling, rent-collecting, Aldermanic coaxing (loud laughter,) whiskified, shoulder-hitting, grievance-peddling, windy, rowdy, haberdasheryish, bottomless and bellowing agitation—(roars of laughter)—would any such agitation dethrone in Ireland a power which had such an immensity of pluck, an infinitude of resources, an out-lying territory in which all seasons and races were comprehended, and which—old, taxed, deeply in debt and hampered as it was—acquitted itself with credit in the Crimea, silenced with precipitation a desperate revolt in India, and whilst it crushed the fierce Maoris of New Zealand, advanced against a perfect whirlwind and tornado of Tartar horsemen the banner of St. George to the gates of Peking? (Hear, hear, and cheering.) It was full time that all such schemes should be trampled under foot, and that the cause of Ireland, which had its greatest military triumphs in the days of Hugh O'Neill, its sublime tributary sacrifices in the days of United Irishmen and Robert Emmet, and its finest intellectual illustrations in those of Thomas Davis (enthusiastic cheering)—it was full time that this cause should be wrested from the politicians—the knavish, the illiterate, the blustering and the craven [hear, hear]—and be committed, the world over, to the championship of the young, the bright, the fearless, the instinctive chivalry of enlightened nations, and all that was incorruptible, devotional, and bold in Ireland [great applause]. Let them consult the oracles! Let them ascend the Alps! There were the ruined towers of Sempach glistening as though they were sunbeams, with the recollections of Arnold of Winkelreid, in the shadow of which towers the nobility of Austria, her white banners and golden helmets, were trampled under foot by the burghers and peasants of the mountains [loud cheering]. Let them enter Paris in the stillness of the morning! There was the stately column of July, with its wreaths of oak and lion-heads, overlooking the splendid city of whose avenging democracy it was the monument—the Angel of Liberty with lifted wings casting off the broken chain and waving aloft the burning torch, soaring from the Corinthian capital, whilst the heroes of the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 sleep grandly in the vast *sarcophagi* beneath [great applause]. Let them traverse with him, that night, the ice of Boston harbor. Let them climb together the sacred hill! Let them scan from base to summit the mighty obelisk which towered above them! Let them read the names that rendered it imperishable! Let them recall the memories that illumined it; for night and day, throughout all time, it stood there a pillar of inexhaustible light [tremendous cheering]. But whilst the glory of the heroic dead radiated from it, and the frozen waters for miles reflected, as on a marble slab, the lustre which suffused the granite, a voice came from it, melodious and powerful as that which streamed from the statue of Memnon at the rising of the sun [renewed and prolonged cheering]. What said it? It proclaimed what the towers of Sempach what the torn trees in the Park at Brussels, what the black tomb in the Hofkirche of Innsbruck, what the Andes still repeating the cry which Bolivar once taught them, what the waters of Unterwalden, what the gushing vineyards of Lombardy, now that they ripen in the sunshine of liberty, throughout all the seasons, night and day proclaim—that to armed claimants, and to them alone, belongs the heritage of freedom (vehement and deafening cheers.) But was Ireland armed?—equipped sufficiently to meet the bayonets and batteries of England?—potent enough, so far as saltpetre, steel, grape, slugs, practised steadiness, rapidity and precision of aim and movement could render her—was Ireland potent enough to-day to show fight and come off with flying colors? He could not say so—he did not believe so [hear, hear.] A people disarmed as the Irish people had systematically and scrupulously been for generations—amongst whom the possession of a pitchfork, whenever the government desired to make it so, was a transportable offence [hear, hear]—and who could not be trusted with rifles in their hands, to defend their own soil, lest the *omnibus* of Wexford or Tipperary should mistake red coats for red breeches [loud laughter] and in their stupidity sweep out, as foreigners, the flower of the British isles [renewed laughter]—a people, thus persistently disarmed,

could not be expected to have the means of effectually striking down, in a day, and clearing out the enemy whose presence within their lines frustrated and trammelled them [hear, hear]. *Parvo minister arma!* This was the exclamation of Virgil in his description of the surprise and sack of Troy. The passion of the moment provides arms! But the words which paint a hurried and bewildered scene have been construed into a dogmatic authoritative of sudden and unprovoked revolt; and thus they had had men, in and out of Ireland, who held that precipitation was everything and premeditation nothing, flinging their spears over the trampled banners of 1848, as the flagrant evidences of indecision and timidity, instead of wisely and reverently regarding them as warnings to the ardent and courageous, to be sure before they leap and strong before they strike [hear, hear]. Disarmed, then, and prohibited from arming, but the spirit of revolution quick and vehement within her, how could Ireland emancipate herself, and in this boisterous era resume her ancient throne? He would answer the question with promptitude and frankness— Ireland must look to France for her deliverance [loud vehement cheering]. Ten thousand Zouaves leaping upon the sands of Bantry Bay, or wherever else they liked—from the grey arches of Dunbrody to where the sea-gull frets itself against the wild battlements of Dunluce [renewed cheering]—ten thousand Zouaves would expunge the English Garrison, and, in a day, give Ireland to the Irish [tremendous cheering]. Ten thousand of such soldiers would bring to Ireland one hundred thousand stand of arms; and one hundred thousand stand of arms, in a military point of view, to predict the least of it, would equalize the contesting forces, and give to any revolt in Ireland the character and consequences of a European war [hear, hear and continued cheering.] Concerning the issue of such a war, indeed, there could be no question. France and Ireland—the two great Celtic nations—marching side by side, volleys and charging together, sabring and thrusting, striking home with the one arm, with the one heart, with the one shout, would over-march any force that crossed their path, however powerful it might be [loud cheering]. But was the armed alliance of France and Ireland—the invasion of Ireland by France, as the English call it [laughter]—was this event probable? If probable, was it one which Irishmen should honorably welcome? Was it probable? With such a mysterious and inscrutable hand as that of Louis Napoleon clutching the lightning and thunderbolts of France, was any imaginable event improbable? [cries of hear, hear and great cheering.] He proclaims in Bordeaux that his reign shall be a reign of peace, and, within six years from that evangelical assurance we have two of the bloodiest wars that ever shook the pillars of Europe and set them reeling [loud applause.] He is into the Crimea before Russia has time to spread her entrenchments to the Alps, and over the Alps, through snows and storms such as the eagle sways against in vain, he flings his scythe-like bayonets and rifled cannon, and they are blazing away and carrying all before them on the Minio, before Austria has moved a foot [hear, hear, and long continued cheering.] Were the speaker an Englishman, he would not invest a shilling in the funds on such security, imperial as it was [great laughter and prolonged cheering]. The political expressions of France authorized this language. He deduced for Ireland the armed assistance of France from the writings of her most active and speculative minds [hear, hear]. For the last two years the cause of Ireland had no advocacy more effective than that which the sympathetic intellect of France had glowingly and gratuitously given [hear, hear and enthusiastic cheering]. The other day he was handed a file of the *Diario de Pernambuco*—one of the imperial organs of Brazil—and he had found in them a dozen columns, and more, of articles translated from the French press, all vindictive of the claims, the courage, the eloquence, the deep religiousness of Ireland, her conspiracies for freedom, and the insatiable thirst with which she had pursued, through the scorching wilderness of adverse and barren centuries, the vision of a resplendent nationality [cheers]. The Abbe Perand takes a tour through Ireland, and the result of his travels and observations is a work which, not less powerfully than that of Gustave Beaumont, or the German Kiol, reveals the social condition of the country, the iniquity with which it has been visited, the great redemption it anticipates. In the midst of noise which the London press raises about the cruelties and profanations to which Naples and Palermo are subjected by a loathsome police, Monsieur Marie Martini issues a pamphlet, which William S. O'Brien characterizes as one of the best statements, within a short compass, of the case of Ireland he has ever seen [cheering].—Dentu, of the Palais Royal, issues another pamphlet on the same subject, in which, after instituting a comparison between Sicily and Ireland, and declaring the condition of the former, under the Neapolitan Bourbon, to be envious when compared with that of the latter, the writer asserts, that, for a successful rising against England, Ireland appears at this moment to need but the man, and that he who won his spurs in Algeria, planted the eagles on the Malakoff, and won a coronet at Magenta, seems to have been marked out by Providence for the work [enthusiastic cheering.] Mr. Meagher here referred to some length to the articles that have recently appeared in *La Montre, L'Esperance, Le Nord*, and other French and foreign papers, relating to Ireland, and having quoted largely from them, proceeded to say that Ireland was justified in accepting these intimations of French aid, and that it was honorable and provident of her to do so. On this point—a vital one—he stood opposed to his friend Wm. Smith O'Brien, than whom a purer and loftier Irishman had never appeared in public life [loud cheers]. A preposterous excess of Irishism, he said, might repel the gallant tendencies and assistance of a kindred race; but the necessities of the country counselled and urged, whilst the unimpeded conduct of Greece, of Belgium, of the republics of Columbia, of America herself, approved and sanctioned the use of whatever means, to reiterate the memorable words of Patrick Henry, the God of nature placed in their power [prolonged cheering]. Even after Leopold had entered it in the triumph, Brussels would have been retaken by the Dutch, had not the bayonets of France suddenly flashed in the sky above Namur; and Holland might to this day have held the citadel of Antwerp, but for the 88,700 rounds of shot and shell which Marshal Gerard showered into it for 19 days [hear, hear]. But for the foreign benedictions which ploughed the waters of the Navarino, notwithstanding the victories of Marcocondotes, and that in the depths of St. Irene, the heroism of Marston and Thermopylae were renewed, the Turk might have crossed his legs again upon the pavement of the Acropolis, the battles of four years have gone for nothing, and the Greek slave be seen to-day in the marts of the Bosphorus, a living witness of the fall, and wreck, and ignominy of her violated home, instead of being a beautiful and tender memory only, which the chisel of the American sculptor had embodied (enthusiastic applause.) Even so should the saddest memories of Ireland be transferred to marble, and there alone survive, whilst her hopes would shine forth as the stars, the light of which, long hidden, and for centuries travelling, had reached the earth at last! [tremendous cheering, during which Mr. Meagher, who had been speaking for two hours, sat down.]

SERMON OF REV. DR. CAHILL.

(From the Metropolitan Record.)

St. Bridget's Church was crowded to its utmost capacity on Sunday evening, March 3d, the occasion being the delivery of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Cahill, for the benefit of St. Bridget's Schools. There could not have been less than two thousand persons within the walls, every available foot of standing room being occupied. The church, with its brilliant decorations, never looked more beautiful. The al-

tar was illuminated with a profusion of lights that almost dazzled, and its pure white and gold were in admirable contrast with the general style of the whole interior. There was a large number of the Rev. Clergy present, among whom were Very Rev. Wm. Sturz, V. G. Rev. Messrs. McNeirny, Curran, McCarthy, Nelligan, Brennan, and others.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill took as his text the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, from St. Luke, chapter xvi. verses 19 and 31, inclusive. The picture presented in this parable, said the Rev. Lecturer, is one of the most terrible ever painted by the Saviour. It exhibits to us Death, Judgment, Hell and Heaven—the four great things to be remembered. The Rev. Lecturer proceeded to explain the parable in detail, dwelling at much length upon its prominent features. When Lazarus lay, in his affliction, at the rich man's gate, the rich man had an opportunity perhaps of saving his own soul, by doing an act of charity, but he had no charity in his heart, and "no one did give" to Lazarus. But death came to both men, and after it we learn the terrible difference which the justice of Creator caused Him to make in the immortal destiny of the soul of each. The soul of Lazarus who was despised on earth, was taken up to Heaven by angels and laid in the bosom of Abraham, while that of the rich man, from whom he in life, begged the "crumbs" which "fell from his table," was "buried in hell." This sentence was in accordance with the justice of God. His mercy to sinners is unbounded; His justice unswerving. Man is not condemned, is not "buried in hell" by God; it comes to him from his own act.— He may, in his lifetime, possess every good quality and excellent attribute of humanity, and faithfully discharge his duties of husband, father, and citizen, but unless he do so in the spirit of Christianity, and according to the dictates of religion, he is in the eye of God, a respectable Pagan—nothing more. With sin on his soul he cannot enter Heaven. Should the mercy of the Father prompt Him to save a soul in such a condition, the Crucified Saviour might with justice, exclaim:—"Why bring into My presence a soul stained with sin? Did I not die on the cross to afford it the means of salvation? Is it not a cruel mockery of My sufferings on earth to permit the soul of one who has abused My gifts, and again and again wounded and crucified Me by his acts, to enter here?" So it is that God the Father in His justice, is, as it were, compelled to damn the soul of the impenitent and unrepentant sinner, recollecting the agony of His Son when in the world.

The Reverend preacher then alluded to the awe, sometimes disgust, which we all feel in the presence of a dead body. To die is of itself a heavy punishment, to lose our senses, to have the eyes glazed in dissolution, to be stunned by our nearest friends, nailed in a coffin, and placed in the earth as food for worms. Frequently the fondest mother will not remain alone in the room with her dead daughter. It is exactly the same in Heaven. The most devoted mother will abhor her daughter when damned.—Near the throne of God, her soul loves everything He loves. His will is her will, his mind is identified with her mind, and what He hates she hates. Her soul is in immortal, eternal life, and that of her child in immortal, eternal death, and—as in the instance of Dives and Lazarus—"between them is fixed a great chasm."

Sin is the terrific cause of this death; and we have death everywhere, in the air, water, fire, and every pore of our bodies—death from the hand of our brother. God never changes. He cannot change. It is the sinner changes. If a man's soul dies eternally under His justice, it cannot charge Him with its perdition; it must charge its former earthly tempter. God can say—"you made your own bed, in Hell or Heaven, it is your own affair." The "bitter chalice" was not removed from the lips of Christ until "the sins of men were atoned for;" and when you look on the Cross, the grand emblem of your Redemption, you see on it God's writing, that without the blood of Christ you cannot be saved.

The preacher went on, in his usual eloquent strain of pulpit oratory, for a considerable time to dilate on the enormity of sin, the dangers of deferred repentance, and the immensity of the consideration of an eternity of punishment or happiness.

At the conclusion of the sermon he paid a high tribute to the Pastor of Saint Bridget's as well as the congregation of the Church. They were worthy of each other. The presence of Father Mooney alone prevented him from dwelling at greater length on his many estimable qualities; but, as the man who was asked to paint the sun on canvas took the applicant out of doors and pointed out the sun to him, so he (Doctor Cahill) said to them to look on their Pastor. He was glad to see the children of the schools such a credit to their Reverend Father, and happy if he had contributed anything to the sustenance of these institutions.

Saint Bridget, to whom this church was dedicated, was one of the most glorious of the Irish saints, although she had only three houses on the continent of Europe, and besides she belonged to Kildare, the scene of his earlier life. It afforded him much pleasure to be in St. Bridget's Church, and he thought the Rev. Pastor should call himself Saint Bridget's Pastor, and his Curate, St. Bridget's Curate.

At the close of the sermon there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. [We would publish the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Cahill in full, but for his request that we should not do so, as its publication interferes its delivery in other places.]

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Sisters of Mercy, Nans, acknowledge with gratitude the receipt of £5 from the Rev. James Hughes, P. P., for the relief of the sick poor visited by them in their own dwellings.

The Marchioness of Ormonde is at present giving very extensive employment to the laboring poor in this locality, in constructing a large reservoir in the Castle grounds, by means of which Messrs. Ross & Murray of Dublin have contracted to supply the castle with water from the "Seven Springs," with a wheel and pipes. The improvement in the Castle itself have been much enlarged beyond those originally intended, and the picture gallery, besides being lighted from the roof, is to be made fire-proof.—*Wick. Weekly Messenger.*

The Grand Jury System in Ireland.—A petition has just been presented by the guardians of the O'Connell Union, praying for an alteration in the present grand jury system in Ireland.

The *Connacht Patriot* says: "We are delighted to hear of the promotion of that excellent young Clergyman, the Reverend P. O'Donoghue, C.C. Kesh, who has been changed to the Curacy of Swinford. He has been replaced in Kesh by the Rev. Mark Cooke, transferred from Kilshevilly."

A few days ago, as a farmer named O'Dea was removing some rubbish from an old house on the townland of Rahaline, county Clare, which has been in ruins for many years, he discovered two human skeletons, with the feet laid against each other. The bones broke into pieces on being removed. No one in the locality—some of whom are residing there for over 60 years can throw any light on the matter. An inquest was to be held.

THE INFORMER IN DENEGAL.—Letterbox, Feb. 18.—The informer Deery, upon whose sworn information nineteen persons were arrested in this county as having been connected with Ribbonism and other serious outrages, but subsequently discharged, has been fully committed for trial at next assizes for perjury.

The schooner Manchester, of Dublin, Saunderson, master, with a cargo of coals from Maryport to Dublin was driven on the bar of Strangford, on the night of Feb. 7, and became a total wreck.

GALWAY HARBOR.—We understand that the necessary preparations have been made for the construction of the jetty and landing stage, and the work will be commenced next week. The landing stage though intended only as a temporary work, will be of a very substantial construction, about ninety feet in length, and twelve in breadth, connected with the dock wharf by a jetty 420 feet in length, and sixteen feet wide. It is proposed to use foreign timber in the principal part of the work, and native timber, which can be had of large size, in the other portions. It is also proposed to give additional solidity and strength to the landing stage, by filling up the interior with rubble stones to the stage level. A landing platform will be formed in the stage at half tide level, with a flight of steps to the upper platform, so that the mails, passengers, and luggage can be landed or embarked at any level of the tide, and a shelter shed will be erected on the platform for the convenience of passengers. All necessary preparations have also been made for laying down moorings in the roadstead, so that in a very few weeks the accommodation required for the trans-Atlantic packets will be provided.—*Galway Vindicator.*

NATIONAL POLICY.—If we are to profit by past of fortune, let us avoid self-delusion; let us deal with the country as it really is, not with the country as we may wish it to be. We are dealing with a most peculiar condition of things in this country. Perhaps in the history of the world none more complex and extraordinary have been seen. Let no one think the road is clear, broad, and straight, that leads to solution of the Irish problem. We are disorganized, and the elements of disorganization, contradiction, and difficulty, are so deeply implanted in the national nature, that we cannot cast them out; we can only hope to hold them in check—to neutralise them. Our case is like no other case in the world around us. We have to deal not merely with the oppressive domination of a foreign country. We have a large, powerful, and influential class in the kingdom—firmly rooted in our midst—regarding themselves as a garrison for England and regarding this island as a mere utensil for England's use and benefit. The soil of the country is held by aliens. A sixth of our population is of the English religion. A large fraction of the native Irish Catholics are thorough West Britons. English opinions govern them. English literature forms their ideas. The upper and middle classes—to a large extent Catholics as well as Protestants—are more British than Irish in political sympathies. The masses of the people, and the majority of the clergy, are thoroughly national in feeling, but they do not see their way. Then, we are sedulously kept divided. A wisdom almost satanic—cold-blooded, subtle, profound—watches ever to keep us in constant suspicion of each other. Moreover, there are those "failures" which we have been considering in recent numbers, supposed to stamp us with utter helplessness and incapacity, and which certainly dispirit the people largely. What then, is to be our policy? For our parts, we confess to a dislike of cut-and-dry politics and plans. But political action must have some fixed principle to guide it. It is certain that the country would not enter on an armed struggle; and it is equally certain that its decision is not the result of cowardice. However intoxicating it may be to vapour and dream, and mutely about "seeing what we shall see," we do not believe Ireland has resolved to stake its chances on an appeal to the sword, we shall be guilty of such disgusting and debauching practices as swagging to a diseased appetite for excitement, swagger and tall talk. We have had a little too much of it. It has tended to degrade and disgrace us before the world, and it is with deep regret we see it cropping up once more.

Serms.—We are well aware with what effervescence of indignation Englishmen and West-Indians claim against the hidden, but omnipresent, system of the Continent in general, and of France in particular. These accusations, by the very impossibility of seizing upon a fact to support them, loom imposingly, from their magnificent vagueness. Through a mist, a hill will appear as a mountain, and through the be-mystified minds of English and West-Indians tourists in France—a sharp glance from a fellow-passenger in a train, or the accidental passing of the water behind them at a coffee-house, will be proof enough to them that the keen eye of tyranny is upon them. They quake respectfully, and if they have been conversing upon French institutions, they turn the conversation, or are silent. In general their position as foreigners makes them suspicious, their usual want of intimate knowledge of the language and customs of the land they visit renders them distrustful of the sayings and doings of the People. So, when they peruse their British journals, whose Paris Correspondents are paid to minister to Anglo-Saxon vanity by assiduously perverting every ambiguous circumstance, and inventing occasional horrors in the slack season, they accept with avidity the spicy meats furnished. Sedulous to believe, they are slow to perceive. Certain facilities lie dormant, and receive every impression from alien hands. We cannot but suppose, also, that a Frenchman, meeting with one of these, and observing the pertinacity of his prejudices, must feel tempted to glorify him by marvellous tales. It is not the first time that English travellers have been thus deluded in Ireland by the quick-witted peasant. Legitimate indeed, and moon-calves of the sort, may circulate fables to extract sympathy from the Saxon for their forlorn condition. But, as for anything more real, we have had no proof. Proofs in plenty we have had of the existence of such a system in Ireland. We have seen large sums of money offered, money which any thorough ruffian could obtain who would swear persistently and consistently. Who is not aware of the extraordinary system of corruption adopted by Government in Ninety-Eight? What nation or what age has ever witnessed an atrocity like to the atrocity of MacNally's case? The advocates for the prisoner, he to whom all his thoughts and actions were frankly confided, he on whom he relied to turn the scale of Life, he whom the whole world regarded as the possessor of a rust almost divine—this man the English Government stepped in to bribe, to corrupt, to buy, body and soul. They successfully tempted him to sell the most private counsels of his client into their malignant grasp. And this went on: he, defending his clients and betraying their lives to the ruthlessness of his official employers! Such a man and such a case are but the types of a whole system. Was the case of Mullens, the ex-policeman, though less conspicuous, less atrocious? Were the machinations with regard to the young one, supposed to be implicated in the Phoenix Society, less abominable? It was but last week that twelve men were seized, dragged from their homes, and carried miles away to be thrown into Lifford Goal, upon the testimony of an informer, lured to his work by the enticement of a large reward. This man swore to their complicity in the murder of a shepherd named Murray, in Glenageary, county Duergall; yet, when he was brought near the scene of Murray's death (who may have but fallen over a precipice), this fellow not only could not point out the place in question, but he did not go within two miles of it. This was a sufficient proof, at all events. The men were liberated. But had the informer been a native of the district, or had he discreetly visited it, to make sure—who can say what would have been the fate of these twelve men? More than any other country in the world, with whose institutions we are authoritatively conversant, the English Government fosters the unholy and debasing system of hoodwinking man upon his fellow-man. And to this end it employs the most revolting means. To obtain anxious fit for this work, the baser and more animal instincts, the satanic propensities of man, are urged into prominence by the allurements of lucre. For this he is goaded on to feign friendship that he may betray his friend, to swear a brotherhood, that he may annihilate the lives of his brethren, to utterly fly from the Divine commands, and sell his immortal soul into perdition.—*Dublin Irishman.*

THE GRAND MASTER OF THE CANADA ORANGEMEN.—The Hon. John Hilliard Cameron was a great man, though we happen to have heard very little about him. He practised law, it appears, in Upper Canada, and varied his forensic occupations with the Presidency of the Orange Lodges. Mr. Cameron, like many a greater man, was unknown to fame, outside the reclaimed forest, until the Prince of Wales, in his transatlantic visit. Suddenly Mr. Cameron paid his transatlantic visit. He became a person of consequence. He sought local notoriety, and was found a European. That was something. The heir to the British throne was insulted, and Grand Master Cameron took a leading part in the offensive demonstration. It appears the brotherhood, when the first burst of passion subsided, were not satisfied with their position. They felt "queerish." They were the laughing-stock of Europe and the curse of England, reproached and ridiculed by every man of sense. Their loyalty was impeached by a Minister of England, who saw the "lads" at play, and gauged them to the thickness of a line. So they sent over their Grand Master and Plenipotentiary—John Hilliard Cameron—to present an address to the Queen, praying for the dismissal of the Duke of Newcastle. He tells us the address was graciously received by the mother of the Prince of Wales, and the triumph of the Canadian Orangemen was complete. Very likely! Brother Cameron, after his official business was done, proceeds on a popularity tour. He was invited by the Ulster brotherhood to receive their salutations and congratulations, and he attended. Mr. Stewart Blacker appears to be the permanent Chairman of all the meetings, provincial and metropolitan. He greeted Brother Cameron in Belfast—and Arranah, we believe—and now we find him accompanying the G. M. U. C. to the capital, and filling the chair. Why did not the Dublin brotherhood treat their guest to a bit of a procession round King William—or give him "a banquet"—or show their appreciation of his services and worth in some more substantial form than a hungry meeting in the Round Room? We think the reception, on the whole, was cold and even shabby—but tastes differ. Mr. Blacker's candid challenges a remark or two. What he wanted in the Orange institution was, above all things, "a soldierly organization." That was the want and it must be repaired. Orangemen must not only be organized, but organized as soldiers. Soldiers require guns and bayonets, powder and ball, and the janissaries of the north can never be a perfect body without the equipments which constitute a soldier! Perhaps you would wish to know what position Mr. Blacker fills in the confederacy, or whether he speaks with the voice of one having authority? In looking over Dr. Madden's Address to the People of England on the Orange regime in Ireland—a very valuable and seasonable exposure of the "system" we find p. 30, the name of Stewart Blacker among the twenty-seven Deputy-Grand Masters! So you see the Drill Master is a man of note. One Mr. John H. Nunn devolved the delightful duty of proposing the first resolution, seconded by an ancient friend, John Judkin Butler. Up rose "the favored guest," and delivered a speech which evoked much applause. Happy day! to find himself "in the place where Orangemen had sprung—and to pass over the fields recognized in story." We wonder did Mr. Cameron visit Dolly's Bone and Derrymacash, or did he allude to those as the historic fields which inspire the Canadian Orangemen with so much enthusiasm? He talked about many things, nothing came amiss to the thirsty ears which took in the words of so great a personage. He labored hard to expunge the Canadian boys from the charge of disloyalty. Mr. Cameron asserts that if the Orangemen had timely notice of the Prince's resolution to countenance no party demonstration, they would have succumbed—but he admits they had twenty-four hours' notice from the Duke of Newcastle, and that was sufficient to remove the Orange axes "decked with the portrait of the great and good King William." If they were disposed to carry out the wishes of the Prince, they had ample time to divest the demonstration of a party character. Besides, it had been long known throughout the province that the Prince would not accept any party addresses or demonstrations. Mr. Cameron complains that the Catholic hierarchy were drawn up in their robes when they presented their address, while Orangemen were imbued because they wore aprons and sashes. The hierarchical costume was something very different from the tawdry rubbish of Orangemen, and was accepted by the Prince as a mark of respect, while properly he repudiated the aprons and sashes as offensive. Really, people are sick of this Orangemen, whether in Ireland or Canada. It is the pest and bane of every country which has the misfortune to nurture it. Canadian Orangemen in his pulpit days, very nearly committed England to a war with the United States in sending the Caroline on fire over the Falls of Niagara. Mr. Cameron boasts of that feat in the early annals of the institution. Whether it was justifiable or not does not diminish the terrific risk England incurred, and which was only averted by the good sense of an American jury and the friendliness of Daniel Webster. We alluded to Doctor Madden's pamphlet. We wish it were generally known and widely circulated in England, for in a brief compass it develops the criminality of the system in which Mr. Cameron discovers so many virtues. The Head Lodge does more than such bodies usually do; and we venture to say, no other body ever dared to do what the Grand Lodge of Ireland has done, and, for aught we know, is doing up to the present moment. Three years ago an official document was published for the use of the brethren, and in the following year it was suppressed. All outstanding copies were called in or bought up, but the assiduity of such an inquisitive collector as Doctor Madden—who has done more than any living person to cast light on the dark deeds of Orangemen—fell upon an "outsider." It contains a report of the proceedings of the G. L. from the 3rd to the 5th of November, 1857, *proprio*, of the Lord Chancellor's letter to the Marquis of Londonderry, threatening to deprive all members of the institution of the Commission of the Peace. The records on that important occasion show two remarkable things which are eminently worthy of public attention. The Grand Lodge is a Court of ultimate appeal to confirm, annul, or modify the decrees of inferior tribunals. It exercises judicial functions, and prescribes the political course Orangemen shall pursue in election times. We find it taking cognizance of marriage, and expelling husbands who had taken "Papist wives." You may smile at this, or pronounce it a calumny on the Lodge. Judge for yourself. Here are a few specimens to corroborate the charge:—

Antonia—Expelled Thomas Beard, Samuel Marcan, and Thomas McBlain, for marrying Papists.

Carle—Robert O'Callaghan, for marrying a Papist.

Dowry—Thomas Carraway, for same; John Hamilton, James Harper, ditto.

The list of expulsions for political delinquency is much fuller. In Londonderry, expulsions and suspensions abounded. Forty-four were expelled for voting against their Grand Master, Sir Henry Harvey Bruce, whom Mr. Greer overthrew once on a time. Another batch suffered a lighter infliction.—They were suspended for seven years for "using their influence" against the Grand Master. The Convention Act was clearly violated on that occasion. The Grand Lodge was attended by representatives of four from the several districts in which Orangemen prevailed. Dr. Madden hesitates to say whether the Convention Act was violated, because the rules were revised by an eminent lawyer, and all made safe. Perhaps there may be some difficulty in proving such a combination or conspiracy as would ensure a conviction, but other distinguished lawyers than the revisers of the rules were decidedly of opinion that the Orange Institution, under its new regis, was an illegal body, and quite vulnerable. When Orangemen assume much of its old rampancy from long impunity, and friendly exchanges take place

between Canadian Grand Masters and Irish Deputy Grand Masters—when as Doctor Madden shows, the central body in this country usurps judicial functions, and sends forth authoritative decrees expelling or suspending electors who exercised a constitutional right in a conscientious manner, or brothers, who brought shame on the Order by "marrying Papists," it is not time to strike at the root of so much mischief, and scatter the institution to the winds?—*Dublin Freeman*.

MIGHTY GRAND.—Brother Cameron, a tremendously Grand Master, is over here on behalf of the outraged and insulted Orangemen of Canada, to seek consolation from the Irish Brethren, and to tell the Prince of Wales's mamma how bad a boy she sent in the person of the Duke of Newcastle, in charge of her son to Canada. He has been grandly received in the Orange Hall, Belfast, by a crowd of the grand worthies who lately gave the Protestant Bishop so grand a mobbing in that town. He has visited Dublin, and had some equally grand doings there. He is next to visit Londonderry, where he is to embrace and weep upon the necks of the grand fellows who howled down Mr. Dawson and drowned his lecture in a chorus of obscene songs. The Brethren are to execute for him in the style of that evening a number of those duties, "Doran's Ass" to be repeated at least three times. After which the murderer of the Catholics at Derrymacash is to be brought forward for admiration. We should not be in the least surprised if another little affair on the Derrymacash pattern was got up previous to his leaving, in order that he might be able to take up the loyal Orangemen of Canada a full account of the promises of the Brethren in Ireland. It is said he has frankly confessed that the boys of the old country can yet carry the palm from the Canadians in the drinking line, and that he, though a G. M., found himself no more than a child besides some of the interior Brethren in parts of the north of Ireland. He means to propose that there shall be a grand belt prepared, and drank for annually by three picked men from Belfast, and three from Toronto, where he stays the most brainless, and consequently the most difficult to infuriate, of all the Canadian Orangemen are produced. The lodges regard the idea as truly grand.—*Dublin Nation*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

MR. TURNBULL'S CASE.—"L" writes to the *Times* thus:—"Some days have elapsed since the publication in your pages of a correspondence between the Master of the Rolls and Mr. Turnbull—a correspondence which must disgrace the public opinion of this country in the eyes of the whole educated world, unless some measures be taken to rescue us from the tyranny of a self-constituted and irresponsible inquisition. The virtual annulling of an appointment made for the purpose of forwarding historical research by a man so eminent for integrity and learning as Sir John Romilly is but the prelude to encroachments and aggressions on the part of those self-styled religious societies which will threaten all liberty of conscience, and cannot fail to become intolerable to the feelings and dangerous to the fortunes and characters of all educated people. The same machinery that has now been used with success against Mr. Turnbull, because he belongs to the Church of Rome, may next be brought to bear against any man whose scientific attainments and religious opinions, of whatever kind, expose him to the hostility of a narrow-minded faction, and may place a very various and distinguished company in a new *Infer*. *Expurgatorium* of persons. Will you not, Sir, exert your power to resist this public triumph of a body of men who are ready to persecute learning and merit in all whose religious opinions differ from their own?"

HOUSE OF COMMONS—FEB. 11.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.—Mr. Cardwell, in moving for leave to bring in a bill for the registration of births, marriages, and deaths in Ireland, stated the general advantages which had flowed from the practice in England and Scotland, and said he felt sure of receiving the general concurrence of the house in this bill. He proposed that every poor law union should be the district of a superintending registrar, and that every medical district into which the union was divided should be the district of a registrar, who was to collect the statistics. There were 163 unions, and consequently there would be 163 superintending registrars. There were 700 or 800 medical districts; but they should sub-divide some of them to bring home the machinery to the classes for whose benefit the measure was introduced. They, therefore, would have more than 700 or 800 of those districts throughout the country. The clerk would be in almost every case the superintending registrar, and the medical gentleman would be the person charged with the duty of collecting the actual statistics of the population—assuming that the remuneration calculated upon the English scale of payment would be an adequate inducement to those gentlemen to accept the office, which it was now proposed to create for the first time in Ireland. It was proposed that the registrar should return half-yearly to the superintending registrars the result of the statistical collections, and that the superintending registrar should make a similar return half-yearly to the Registrar General; and that the result of the whole returns should be laid before parliament in the same manner as was done with the statistics in this country. He would next correct the more difficult cases—namely, the cases of marriage. With regard to the marriages of Protestants, no difficulty would arise, for those were already provided for by law; but what was to be the mode in which the statistics in regard to Roman Catholic marriages were to be obtained? He proposed that the State should undertake to furnish the Roman Catholic clergy who celebrated marriages duplicate books, and that they should make entries recording any marriages lawfully celebrated by them. He trusted the Roman Catholic clergy, looking to the advantages which this system was intended to confer upon the communities amongst whom their labors were carried on, and whose interest they had at heart, would not object to the proposal contained in the bill, and would return copies of the duplicate books to the superintending registrars—the clerks of the union elected by the ratepayers of the districts in which the marriages were celebrated. The superintending registrar would be required to return those marriages to the Registrar-General in the same way as the births and deaths were returned, and in that way a complete system of registration might be effected without offence being offered to any portion of the community. Certain charges connected with the return were defrayed in England out of the Consolidated Fund. The charges which in England fell upon the local rates would likewise be defrayed in Ireland by the local authorities out of the money in their hands. In conclusion he moved leave to introduce the bill.

Mr. V. Scully thought the Catholic clergy would object to be made the unpaid bailiffs of the British government to make these returns. Besides, they sometimes married a Protestant and a Catholic, which was declared a felony, and could they be expected to convict themselves? The Chief Secretary should consider this matter.

Mr. McMahon also alluded to the penalty for mixed marriages, and said a clause should be introduced relieving the Catholic clergy from such penalties. He asked, would the present registrars of births, marriages, and deaths be continued as long as they lived, and if not whether some compensation would not be given to them for the loss of their offices?

Mr. Cardwell said the bill did not interfere with the registrars. It left them entirely untouched, so that no case for comment could arise. With regard to the question of mixed marriages, all he could say was, that the bill had been most carefully framed so as not to impose any difficulty or any penalty on Roman Catholic clergymen who celebrated mixed marriages.

Leave was then given to bring in the bill.

Mr. Hubbard has beaten the Chancellor of the Exchequer on a motion for a Select Committee on the Assessment of the Income Tax.—*Times*.

PROGRESS IN WEALTH.—An income-tax return has been issued which shows what progress this kingdom has been making within the last few years. The total amount of income and annual value of property assessed to the income-tax in the United Kingdom has risen from £308,317,656 in 1854 to £335,730,254 in 1860. The increase of taxable income in England in the six years has been £26,348,685, and in Ireland £1,701,993, but in Scotland there has actually been a decrease of £638,080. This decrease has arisen from a very large falling off in the return under Schedule D,—the profits of trades and professions, &c. The income taxed under that schedule in England rose from £76,215,936 in 1854 to £81,921,267, in 1860, and in Ireland from £4,621,069 to 4,891,652, but in Scotland it fell from £12,185,924, in 1854 to £3,226,144, in 1860; in 1858, after the commercial crisis at the end of 1857, it fell 2,500,000 below the previous year, and has never recovered. The income assessed under Schedule A, the annual value of lands, houses, &c., has risen greatly in all three kingdoms; in England it was £29,274,309, in 1854, and £12,082,749, in 1860; in Scotland £1,947,791, in the former year, and £13,974,080, in the latter; in Ireland £11,767,819, and £12,893,829, respectively; an increase of almost £16,000,000 in the whole nearly half of which is from houses, and another quarter from an increase in the profit of railways. A very large increase has taken place also in Schedule E (public offices, pensions, and stipends), from £14,416,552, in 1854 to 19,639,229, in 1860. The total income assessed to the income-tax in 1860, was in England, £282,718,049; in Scotland, £29,913,124; in Ireland, £23,099,081.

The Registrar-General for Scotland in his monthly report for the eight principal towns (with a population estimated at 908,646) states that the marriages in December, 843 in number, were more than he had ever before registered for that month.

There is no feature of this wonderful age more extraordinary than the growth of our Navy—its growth in all senses. But a few years ago a ship cased with thick plates of hammered iron over and above sides of wood and of sheet iron, between 400 and 500 feet long, of 6,000 tons burden, and calculated either to steam like a yacht or to sail like a clipper, would have sounded like the chimera of a crazed imagination. It would have seemed as idle a fancy as that floating palace of the Roman Emperor at sea at its moorings. Yet this is only the latest experiment, and, as it has eclipsed other prodigies, so will it be eclipsed in its turn. It stands to reason that the larger the ship the thicker may be its coat, without adding too much to the total weight. An elephant, a rhinoceros, or a whale can carry a thicker hide than an animal of a quarter its weight. We must keep up with science and invention. Progress is costly. These iron monsters require as much wood as the old three-deckers.—*Times*.

The *Economist* says:—"The Protestant Alliance evidently conceive that they are doing a great national work in accomplishing these great ends. The next 'monthly letter' will probably contain expressions of the most sanctimonious joy,—'gratitude to God' they may probably call it,—for the success of this little piece of petty inquisitorial spite. We should have thought it quite beneath the dignity of a religious purpose to assume that no Roman Catholic gentleman, however high his private character for probity and honour, having once expressed a respect for the Order of Jesuits, can be trusted to index State papers faithfully, merely because they might possibly tell against the credit of his Church. These are the malignant kind of assumptions which only so-called 'religious associations' seem to make. They are apparently founded on that quality of the mind which 'disbelieveth all things, distrusteth all things.'"

The *Guardian* says:—"The fanatics are howling out a savage *Io triumph* on the forced resignation by Mr. Turnbull of his post in the Record-office, to which he was appointed by the Master of the Rolls. Mr. Turnbull was acknowledged to be eminently fitted for the duties of his office; but he is a Roman Catholic, and the Protestant Alliance and the Scotch Reformation Society, having experience, it seems how public documents have been made to speak the language they approve, were in an agony of terror at the idea of these dangerous weapons being wielded by an unfriendly hand."

The *Star* says:—"The incessant howling of a troop of fanatics has deprived the nation of an able and honourable public servant, by gadding into resignation of his office a gentleman against whom nothing was even pretended to be alleged, but that he professes a religious faith which Exeter Hall holds in intense abhorrence. We are by no means sure that the Government ought to have at once accepted his resignation. These frenzied fanatics should receive a sharp and wholesome lesson, and be taught that the arrangements of our administrative departments are not to be regulated in accordance with the caprices of their intolerant hate."

The *Saturday Review* says:—"We do not know what rite in the Puritan ceremonial exactly corresponds to singing a *Te Deum*. Probably a three hours' sermon on a text out of the Apocalypse, divided into fifty heads, would be the kind of ebullition with which a faithful vessel would signalise the overflow of his joy. Whatever the form may be, it will assuredly be put in practice next Sunday in every edifice wherein Evangelicals are wont to congregate to listen to the damnation of their neighbours. A mighty deliverance has been wrought. The heathen have been smitten hip and thigh. The saints have had a sweet and consoling victory. By indomitable perseverance, by private circulars and personal solicitations, extending over the space of eighteen months, they have worried and baited a luckless Roman Catholic civil servant into giving up his office. The ejection of Mr. Turnbull out of the Record-office, simply on account of his religion is a feat worthy of the less degenerate days of Oates and Dangerfield."

Mr. Punch also congratulates the "Saints" upon their triumph.—Exeter Hall hath prevailed, it seems and hath compelled Mr. Turnbull, of the Record Office (we mean the National Record Office, not that of the offensive newspaper) to resign. He is driven out because he is a Catholic, and the Exeter Hall Protestants entertain some extraordinary conviction that he might do something dreadful with the records of the realm. What this could be Mr. Punch is still as much at a loss to comprehend as he was when the agitation against Mr. Turnbull first excited Mr. Punch's ridicule. But when old women are once terrified, no argument will persuade them that a stick is not a gun, or that a gun cannot load and fire itself. The Exeter Hall old women have gone on howling until it was impossible for Mr. Turnbull to retain his place. He goes, but not for a dozen such victories would Mr. Punch have been one of the body of so-called Christians, whom Sir John Romilly, Master of the Rolls, indignantly rebukes for this act of "persecution." To be branded by a Romilly is not a fate to be desired by any good man, and Mr. Turnbull is amply revenged. The sooner the lying pretence of "brotherly love" is taken down from the front of Exeter Hall the better *Dele Philadelphieum*, and *lege Full-of-Dull-Folly*.—*Punch*.

The *Daily News* says the "Great Eastern" was to leave England for Norfolk, Va., the first week of March, where she has been guaranteed a cargo, chiefly cotton, for England; the freight of which will amount to \$75,000.

It is rumored that Mr. Bright is so disgusted with the conduct of the Government that he has tendered his support to Lord Derby and his party, if they will take office and introduce a measure of Reform similar to the one they produced the year before last. It is also said that Lord Derby can overthrow the Government at any moment he pleases.—*Era*.

ENGLISH IDEA OF THE ANOCEAL STATE.—A gentleman walking through Knightsbridge, in England one Sunday lately, overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip into the country:—"Blow me Bill, how tired I do feel. I'm as miserable, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world is this. I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now that I am born I wish myself dead again." Man—"Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about. Woman—"Why, don't I tell yer I am as miserable as a rat?" Man—"Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk Monday, and you was drunk again Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you haven't had pretty near enough to day. If that ain't enough pleasure for yer I don't know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel here upon earth."

THE SPREADING OF A REPORT.—The servant of No. 1 told the servant at No. 2, that her mistress expected his old friends, the Baylors, to pay him a visit at Christmas; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected the Baylors in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1; for they couldn't keep the Baylors out; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from being taken in execution, and that it was killing his poor dear wife; and so it went on increasing and increasing until it got to No. 33, where it was reported that the detective police had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor dear wife with arsenic, and it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed at Horsemerger Lane (Coal), as the facts of the case were clear against him.

THE BLACK PRINCE.—This tremendous floating battery, which is now in the course of completion in the building yard of Messrs. R. Napier and Sons at Govan, will, unless some unforeseen delay should supervene, be launched on the 12th of February next. The *Warrior*, the first ship of this new iron-clad class was launched a few weeks ago in the Thames, and it may be presumed that the Clyde-built battery, the name of which is to be the *Black Prince*, will be in every way worthy of those builders and engineers who in bygone years have turned out the most magnificent mercantile steam fleet in the world. In the construction of these peculiarly powerful ships we are following the example set us by the French in their precursor ship, the *Gloire*, and considering our great aptitude for this kind of work it may not be too much to assume that we shall not be content with placing ourselves on a par with our French neighbours, but that we shall "better the instruction." The *Black Prince* has the following general dimensions:—Length from figure head to tailrail, 419 feet; length between perpendiculars, 380 feet; breadth (extreme), 58 feet; depth (moulded), 41 feet; tonnage (builder's measurement), 6,657 tons. Externally she appears to be a singularly handsome and very sharp screw vessel of the above colossal dimensions, and when at her load-draught will present a row of main deck ports about 3 feet 6 inches deep, by 2 feet wide at a height of about 9 feet 6 inches above the water but there are also to be various guns on the upper deck, which will fire through ports in the bulwarks. The vessel has been constructed to carry 40 guns, 34 of which are to be placed on the lower and six on the upper deck. At present we believe 68 pounder long-range guns will be employed; but probably in the sequel Armstrong 100-pounder, or at all events rifled, guns will be introduced. In effect the vessel may be described as a strongly-built iron screw vessel, having the greater part of her length multi-valveable against shot and shell by a sheathing or armour of wrought iron slabs; but she is the vessel to which this is exposed, transmitted directly to the true water-tight shell of the vessel, would inevitably tear the joints of the latter, 18 inches of East India teak timber are interposed between the armour and the skin of the vessel. The timber, of course, covers the vessel from stem to stern. It is laid in two thicknesses. The armour slabs are bolted over the whole, and screwed up against the inside of the hull plating. The armour consists of forged iron plates, 4½ inches thick. Each plate is 15 feet 6 inches in length by 3 feet 2 inches in breadth, and weighs upwards of four tons. The plates are all fitted into one another with groove and dovetail joints involving an immense amount of labour; and as there are no fewer than 200 of these used in covering the outer surface of this immense locomotive marine fortress, the weight of the mere armour of the vessel is not far short of 900 tons. We have mentioned that the moulded depth of the vessel is 41 feet. The armour plates cover 22 feet in depth of the top side 16 feet of which will be exposed above the water line the armour thus descending about 6 feet below the surface of the sea. If a cannon ball should strike her below the protected superficies, its velocity will be so much exhausted by the distance it has to travel through the water before it can strike at such a depth, that the damage therefrom will be consequently trifling. We have also said that the length of the vessel is 380 feet between the perpendiculars. Of this distance the armour covers 220 feet longitudinally along each of the vessel's sides, and it thus presents literally a wall of iron to any opposing fleet. But these tremendous plates are carried across or athwart the ship at each end of this wall, forming an internal bulkhead of a strength equal to the outside of the vessel. The vessel is built in compartments, so that in the event of any part receiving damage that damage is confined to the particular locality, and she continues about without sensible diminution of her buoyancy. A large number of thwartship bulkheads of malleable iron, running at right angles to and between the longitudinal bulkheads, have been introduced, so that in the extremity improbable event of shot penetrating into the interior of the vessel the damage is restricted to the compartment to which it has forced itself; and hence even in the event of known modes of stopping shot-holes and the concentrated action of the ship and engine pumps upon the particular compartment being insufficient to keep the water under, these compartments may be filled with water without the least injury being sustained by the immediately adjoining compartments. The magazines are also enclosed and protected by double bulkheads, the space between being capable of being filled with water as a security against, as regards them, the far more appalling accidents of fire. Her engines are to be of 1,250 horse power, supplied with steam from ten boilers. It is expected that she will attain a speed of 14 or 15 knots an hour.—*Glasgow Herald*.

PROTESTANTISM IN ITS CONSEQUENCES.—It has frequently been urged by the upholders of the Catholic Faith that Protestantism has within itself the seeds of unbelief; and this proposition has been as eagerly denied by the unctuous advocates of an "open Bible" as the sole ultimate court of appeal in matters of doctrine, apart from any allowance for the traditions of antiquity. Though, however, the truth of the proposition is denied in words, there turn up, from time to time, as the world's history progresses, certain awkward facts, which give a color at least of presumptive truth to the oft-reiterated assertion of the Catholic world. A more than ordinarily venturesome spirit let loose from the moorings of "Evangelical Protestantism" with too much logic to admit its conclusions in theory, and too much charity to carry them out in practice, sets forth in search of a Faith. With all his prepossessions against authority, and in favor of private judgment, and with a sort of rough-and-ready contempt for councils and fathers it is not remarkable that he should shape for himself "a creed" which approaches as nearly to "something new under the sun" as our belief in the inspiration of Solomon will allow us to believe that anything human can. The wanderer, who has but carried out his principles to their conclusion is denounced by the *colerie* of his former patrons with a bitterness which throws into the shade

the anathemas of Lateran or of Trent. The fact, however, remains that he came forth from "Evangelical" Protestantism, and shaped his "Creed" on principles of inquiry which no "sound Protestant" could deny. Hitherto, however, the enses have been but rare and detached. It has remained for the year which has so lately passed to present to the shuddering gaze of Christendom something like a combined effort of unbelief. "Essays and reviews" have revealed to us truly Protestantism in all its consequences. Hitherto the teaching of Rationalism has merely been esoteric; now it seems to have assumed the functions of an "Evangelist" (if such a term can be applied) and come forth to proclaim its dogmas with unequivocal clearness. The writers of "essays and reviews" believing that the Christian world has in its *honest* simplicity played long enough with "the story of a serpent tempter, of an ass speaking with a man's voice, of an arresting of the earth's motion, of a reversal of its motion, of waters standing in a solid heap," and such like purities, desire to emancipate it from such bondage, and to bring it to a frank recognition of the common views of nature which the Bible contains. Dr. Temple, the Head Master of Rugby, kindly helps us over the first stile in his essay on "The Education of the World;" and the *Fortesque* is further gently sloped towards the "Averna" of unbelief by Dr. Williams of Leicester. In his essays on "Dunsen's Biblical researches," having done their utmost to take objective Christianity away from us, we are treated by the next writer, Mr. Baden Powell, to a dissertation on "The Evidence of Christianity," in which he denies the credibility of miracles. "The National Church" would, according to the schemes of the Rev. H. B. Wilson, be a most anomalous "omnium gatherum" of unbelievers; but, best, on the showing of the first four writers, it might accidentally have a spark of Christianity in it. Mr. Goodwin, in his essay, disposes of the Mosiac Cosmogony as "the speculation of some Hebrew Descendant, or Newman, promulgated in all good faith," and bestows a sort of insulting patronage on Moses, which might almost stir the wrath of the "meekest of men" as he lies in his grave. Mr. M. Pattison gives us his view of the tendencies of religious thought in England, 1688-1759; and Professor Jowett is, in conclusion, kind enough to tell us how to interpret the Bible, which his colleagues have endeavored to demolish. Such is the latest effort of unbelief; and such, we maintain, is an unimpaired development of that Protestant teaching which leaves the soul to ride upon rollers upon a sea of doubt. It is a fact of no small significance that among these new advocates of a new theory is Mr. Wilson, the stern denouncer of "True 26" and Dr. Newman; and it is not a little strange that the man who a few years ago could tolerate none but the most liberal interpretation of the articles, would now, in his spurious charity, faintly comprehend within the limits of the "National Church" every conceivable form of heresy—past, present, and to come. We thank "the Ess" yists" for the lesson they have taught us; we thank them for the fearless proclamation of a great truth, which will in a day be brought home to the consciousness of England,—that there is no middle ground between unbelief and the Catholic faith. The soul of man must either bow itself before the Word of God, and the consecrated traditions of the past, or it must cast itself in a mould of its own devising, and sink to the depths of a coarse materialism, or soar into the region of an unreal spiritualism. If we once lose the definition of the faith stamped with the impress of Catholic antiquity, there is nothing to prevent its being at once precipitated into that abyss of modern unbelief from which are ever rising up the pestiferous vapors against the truth of God, impatient questioning of His Majesty, and leveled speculations on His attributes. The position assumed by "the Ess" yists" is not another proof of that, unless the faith is held whole and entire, it is virtually not held at all. The *Tablet* says: "The above is a leading article taken from the last number of the *Union*, the organ of that party in the Church of England as by law established, which espouses the title of Protestant. We do not pretend to understand their position, or to account for their remaining where they are; but accepting them and their working as a fact, we may surely pronounce it one of the most remarkable facts of the day."—*London Register*.

THE PEASANT'S FATE.—By presenting the strange story of the adventures of the *Union*, Sir Bernard intercepts a remark which, for moral significance, is perhaps unequalled. "Worries, straggle, mechanics, and lawyers," says a well-known and great and flourishing house, but misers a manly the patriarchs of families of undying posterity. The same remark may be made in reference to those who gathered gold by the slave trade; they never flourish! It has been ascertained as a positive fact that no two generations of a slaveholder's race ever continued resident on the estate acquired by the unholy pursuit of the founder; and a similar observation applies to a certain extent, to the profits of the usurer. A very learned friend of mine, deeply versed in the vastitudes of genealogy, assures me that he never knew four generations of a single family to endure in a regular unbroken succession.—*Burke's vicissitudes of Families*.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF OUR CALAMITY.—No reflecting man can now doubt, for a moment, that Protestantism, in its unbridled license of private Scriptural interpretation, is the true cause of the terrible calamity which is now upon us, and which threatens to grow in dimensions until we shall be overwhelmed in utter ruin. Protestantism, Bible in hand, has succeeded in arraying section against section, and stirring up those bitter feelings which render all cordial union of these States next to an impossibility. The Protestant preachers North have followed and enforced that interpretation of the Bible which makes slavery a sin, crying aloud to Heaven for vengeance on the Colless slaveholder; while the Protestant preachers South, following their own private interpretation of the same inspired record, have proclaimed slavery lawful, and some of them have even gone to the length of evangelizing it as a blessing. The Protestant sects split up on this very issue; long before the politicians thought of making it a political watchword. The Union was already morally dissolved by the Protestant preachers, long before the publicans and sinners of politicians set about accomplishing the ungodly work in a political way. Moreover, as every one knows, there were would have been a formidable anti-slavery party North, but for these same misguided and misguided zealots of Protestant preachers, who have been the very life and soul of the whole movement. Time was, and that not long ago, when the whole cry was that "the Pope was coming over," and that Catholics were about to compass the destruction of the Republic. It is not a little remarkable, too, that this cry of alarm first came from New England, and from those very preachers, who at that very time were probably meditating this master-stroke of mischief against the Republic! They cried out "wolf!" till their lungs were exhausted. All the danger to liberty lay at the door of the Pope. This note of alarm rung forth in a thousand voices from the pulpit and the press. Volumes enforcing it, from the smallest pamphlet to the largest duodecimo, flooded the land, like a swarm of locusts, issuing, most of them, from New England. Now the whole stands forth fully revealed. We know now, and understand, who is this Cataline, and what have been his artful manoeuvres to avert suspicion from himself, and his dark doings. Whenever men are very anxious to fasten suspicion on others, we may surmise, not without reason, that there is something wrong going on in another direction altogether; and that to which they so eagerly point. This is not unusual "Yankee trick," which has deceived the *Guardian*, and which is not likely to deceive again.—*London Register*.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1861.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—In consequence of this religious and national festival falling this year on Passion Sunday, its celebration will be postponed to Wednesday, the 20th inst., on which day the usual Procession will take place, and the customary High Mass will be sung at St. Patrick's Church by His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE iniquity has been consummated; might has for the time again triumphed over right: Naples lies prostrate, and bleeding beneath the hooks of the "foreign mercenaries" of Sardinia—her King an exile, her Church persecuted and plundered, and her people the helpless victims of a brutal soldiery.

WHAT THE "LIBERATORS" ARE DOING.—The Nomads of Naples, coolly snared:—"The village (a small hamlet, near Ascoli), was pillaged by orders from the General. The Mayor, the priest, and two other individuals, who alone remained in the place, were shot, because all in this part of the country, are, without exception, brigands."

As might have been expected, the Italian Protestants, walking faithfully in the footsteps of their spiritual ancestors of the X VI century, are now busily engaged in turning their triumph to the best advantage, by attacking, pillaging and plundering the convents and monasteries—in which exploits they are admirably seconded by the usurping government.

The affairs of Rome are approaching a crisis; nor can it be expected that the Pope will be able to remain much longer in the Eternal City. Perhaps the sooner the protection afforded to him by such a false friend as Louis Napoleon, is openly withdrawn, the better—for a traitor is always more to be dreaded than a bold outspoken enemy.

tering of the seed, to be followed in due season by a still more plenteous harvest. The news from Great Britain is uninteresting. In the United States the progress of disintegration goes merrily on, and a pacific solution of the quarrel seems now more remote than ever.

"The Roman Clergy have no social affections; they are cruel-hearted, and have a cruel nature against all beings of mankind."—Toronto Globe, June, 1853.

"Don't call yourselves priests, Roman Catholic Clergy; call yourselves murderers."—Ib.

"There is the Ribbon Society in Ireland—a Society for murders and assassinations, composed wholly of Roman Catholics, headed by Roman Catholic Priests."—Ib.

"The Church of Rome belongs to Anti-Christ, and the Devil."—Ib.

"The Romish Clergy are the Soul of Satan—the Soul of the Devil himself."—Ib.

"Tolerance with the Roman Catholic Church is a crime against your Church, and against your Society."—Ib.

The above are extracted from the reports published by the Protestant press of Gavazzi's lectures in different parts of Canada. These lectures were delivered amidst the rapturous plaudits of the entire Protestant community; and Gavazzi's Protestant audiences, at every fresh insult to the Clergy and Religious of the Catholic Church, clapped their hands, and redoubled their acclamations, their yellings, and rapturous shouts of applause.

Here then we have these facts before us—facts which we trust Catholics will never forget, but will hand down as a precious legacy to their children, and to their children's children—that it is not "intemperate" for a Protestant to call the Catholic Clergy "murderers" and "the soul of the devil himself;" and that such denunciations of an entire body of ecclesiastics are always received with enthusiastic applause by Protestants.

Now, were it even true that the TRUE WITNESS had spoken of Protestants generally, and of Protestant Clergymen in particular, as the Protestant Gavazzi, with the approbation of the Protestant people and of the Protestant press of Canada, spoke of the Catholic Clergy and Religious, we should have been guilty of a gross violation of truth, of charity, and of good manners; but we should not, even then, have done anything for which any portion of the Protestant press would have the right to censure us.

But it is not true that we have ever attacked the Protestant clergy personally, or spoken disrespectfully of the morality of the ministers of Non-Catholic denominations. On the contrary, we have always endeavored to distinguish between the men and the system; and whilst bewailing what, as Catholics, we cannot but look upon as their grievous theological errors, we have always cheerfully rendered ample justice to the talents, and the many natural virtues of the Clergymen of the Church of England, of Scotland, and of other Protestant sects.

Hardly then did we expect that we should be arraigned by one calling himself a Catholic, and before a Protestant tribunal, for our harsh treatment, not of men in general, but of a system—not of Protestants, but of Protestantism. Of the latter, we have said very harsh things; but not one, of which we would retract, explain away, or modify one syllable. These harsh things have been forced from us by the necessity imposed upon us as Catholic journalists, of defending Catholic morality in general, and the morality of Catholic Ireland in particular, from the calumnies and slanders of the Montreal Witness, the Toronto Globe, and other of Mr. McGee's new found friends and allies.

because we have addressed ourselves to the refutation of the slanders of the Protestant press upon our holy Religion—therefore is it that we this day stand arraigned before the bar of Protestant public opinion, as the enemy of the holy Protestant faith—and that one who boasts himself an Irishman and a Catholic comes forward as our prosecutor! No one deems of insinuating even, that we have ever been false to the cause which we profess to defend; not even Mr. McGee dare pretend that for unworthy or personal motives we have betrayed that cause; and all that he can lay to our charge, even if proved, would amount to this—That we have been more zealous than discreet in the discharge of our duties as Catholic journalists; and that the warmth of our indignation against the outrages, daily offered to Catholic Ireland by Mr. McGee's Protestant friends, has sometimes betrayed us, though "a convert," and not an Irishman, into expressions stronger than prudence could altogether warrant.

The following are the heads of indictment preferred against us by Mr. McGee, and which, of course, he desires to have tried before a Protestant jury; for he knows that he can, because a traitor to Catholicity, rely upon the sympathies of such a tribunal. The friends of Gavazzi are all, heart and soul, with Mr. McGee. We copy from the Montreal Herald:—

- 1. "That 'Convent Burning' is an 'essential part of Protestantism.'
2. "That 'the gallows is the tree of life of Protestant Society.'
3. "That 'the most vicious and most immoral' are 'the most consistent Protestants.'
4. "That 'brothels and meeting-houses' are filled alike by the operation of one and the same cause.
5. "That 'Protestantism is the cloaca-maxima—the common sewer of the Church.'
6. "The repetition of the proposition that 'the gallows is the tree of life of Protestant Society.'
7. "That 'moral depravity, 'filth' and 'obscenity,' for what you call in other words, 'the great putrescent Protestant dung-heap,' are 'the fruits by which you shall know the staunch Protestant.'
8. "That 'Tins Oates, with 'his crooked ears and lacerated back,' is to be regarded as 'an illustrious martyr and confessor of the Holy Protestant faith.'"

The plea with which we meet these charges is—with regard to some of them—that of Justification; that every word with which we are charged is historically true, theologically true, and justified by the circumstances under which it was by us used; with regard to others, that they are false, and that Mr. McGee has misquoted the TRUE WITNESS. This we shall proceed to prove.

But, as in all argumentation, it is essentially necessary to have clear definitions of the terms therein employed, we shall commence by defining, once for all, the terms Catholicity and Protestantism, Catholic and Protestant; and as Catholicity is logically and chronologically anterior to Protestantism, as the term Protestantism can in fact only be conceived of in virtue of its antagonistic position towards Catholicity, we must begin by a definition of the meaning of the latter term.

DEF. 1.—CATHOLICITY.

Catholicity is that system of Religion, that system of faith and morals, which is held by those who are in communion with the See of Rome; of which system the Pope is the visible head upon earth, and of which he is also, when speaking ex Cathedra Petri, the exponent.

DEF. 2.—PROTESTANTISM.

Protestantism is formally the contradictory or negation of Catholicity.

DEF. 3.—CATHOLIC.

A Catholic is a baptised person who believes all that the Catholic Church believes and teaches—upon the authority of the Church, and because the Church so teaches.

DEF. 4.—PROTESTANT.

A Protestant is formally, any baptised person who protests against the authority of the Church, and who does not believe what the Church believes and teaches. A Protestant is simply a baptised Non-Catholic; and it is in order to distinguish him from the infidel, or unbaptised Non-Catholic, that we call the former a Protestant.

These definitions laid down—and we defy Mr. McGee to detect a flaw therein, or to suggest an amendment thereunto—we shall proceed to lay down one or two axioms, of which we shall have occasion to make use during the course of the trial to which our prosecutor has subjected us.

AXIOM 1ST.

The contradictory of that which is from God is from the devil.

AXIOM 2ND.

The religious system established by God Himself must be the most favorable to morality; and any system that deviates therefrom, must be unfavorable to morality, in proportion as it deviates from the divine type.

We must also—as we have to deal with one who boasts that it is his happiness to have been born a member of the Catholic Church—require Mr. McGee to grant us the following postulate:—

POSTULATE.

Catholicity is from God. The system of faith and morals inculcated by Catholicity, was by God Himself established.

The preliminaries having been thus arranged, and the ground cleared, we shall proceed to establish the theological truth of the different theses which we have undertaken to defend; beginning with the following, which, though not first in numerical order, takes logical precedence of all the others:—

"That in Protestant communities, the most vicious, the most immoral, are invariably to be found amongst those who have most logically carried out the fundamental principles of Protestantism."

As we have already exceeded our usual limits, we must defer our proofs of the theological truth of the above proposition to our next issue.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.—Serious trouble menaces the Parliamentary Israel. Some indiscreet, or over-zealous persons have formally brought under the notice of the Government Archbishop of Canterbury, and his brethren, who by Act of Parliament have received the union of the Holy One, the Essays and Replies published by the leaders of the Broad Church party; and have thus compelled the nominal leaders of the Anglican Establishment to see that, upon which they would fain have closed their eyes, and have forced them to express an opinion upon a subject upon which they would have much preferred remaining silent.—Unfortunately for themselves, and the peace of the Establishment, the Archbishops and Bishops of both Provinces have spoken out at last, in terms strongly condemnatory of the offending work. In reply to an address presented to it, the Anglican Episcopate has thus delivered itself:—

"Lambeth, Feb. 12. "Rev. Sir,—I have taken the opportunity of meeting many of my episcopal brethren in London, to lay your address before them.

"They unanimously agree with me in expressing the pain it has given them that any clergymen of our Church should have published such opinions as those concerning which you have addressed us.

"We cannot understand how these opinions can be held consistently with an honest subscription to the formularies of our Church, with many of the fundamental doctrines of which they appear to us essentially at variance.

"Whether the language in which these views are expressed is such as to make their publication an act which could be visited in the ecclesiastical courts, or to justify the synodical condemnation of the book which contains them, is still under our gravest consideration. But our main hope is our reliance on the blessing of God in the continued and increasing earnestness with which we trust that we and the clergy of our several dioceses may be enabled to teach and preach that good deposit of sound doctrine which our Church has received in its fullness, and which we pray that she may, through God's grace, ever set forth as the uncorrupted Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"I remain, rev. Sir, your faithful servant, "J. B. CANTUAR.

- "Rev. W. Fremantle. "I am authorized to append the following names: "C. J. Ebor "R. D. Hereford "A. C. London "J. Chester "H. M. Dunelm "A. Lindaff "C. B. Winton "R. J. Bath and Wells "H. Exeter "J. Lincoln "C. Peterborough "G. Gloucester & Bristol "C. St. David's "W. Sarum "A. T. Chichester "E. Ripon "J. Liechfield "J. T. Norwich "S. Oxon "J. C. Bangor "T. Ely "J. Rochester "T. V. St. Asaph "S. Carlisle. "J. P. Manchester.

This anathema has been received in a very Protestant spirit. Who, and what are these men—it is asked—these C. J. Ebers, these J. B. Cantuars, these A. C. Londons, and others, who thus presume to quench the spirit, to put restrictions upon freedom of enquiry, and to ignore the essential principle of Protestantism—"the right of private judgment?" Who gave these men the right to sit in judgment upon opinion, and to condemn it? Who made them Popes over us?

Thus irreverently has the brutum fulmen of the Anglican Hierarchy been received; and the columns of the Times teem with letters, from Anglican Clergymen, and from members of the Universities, denouncing it as a piece of priestly intolerance worthy of a Hildebrand and the worst days of the Papacy. One writer asks—"How dare the Bishops condemn men unheard?" another, still more maliciously, asks—"Why do not their Lordships refute the Essays and Replies, disprove their assertions, and controvert their arguments?" "What we all want?" writes A Cambridge Graduate—"is briefly, not a condemnation, but a refutation; the age when ecclesiastical censures were sufficient in such cases has passed away." The writer continues, apparently ironically, or with the view of "poking fun" at the Bench of Bishops—"If they—the Essays—can be met and refuted on their grounds, the publication of the book will have been a blessing to the Church; for we cannot ignore the fact that the thoughts they have expressed have long been floating vaguely through the minds of many. The way in which they have hitherto been handled will increase their influence, I think, upon the mass of English laity; it will increase their influence, I am sure, upon the youth of England."

There is much virtue in an "if." Ah! "if" they could be refuted, and upon Protestant or Denying principles, the poor Bishops would make short work of these abominable Essays. But the mischief is that, upon Protestant principles, they cannot be refuted; that it is impossible upon those principles to establish the inspiration of the Bible, or of any one of the books of which it is composed; that the credibility of the Bible in the supernatural order cannot be established

upon Protestant principles; and that it is impossible for the entire Bench of Bishops to assign a better reason for believing in the story of Christ's Incarnation as recorded by St. Luke, than there is for believing in any of those strange tales which, as boys, we all delighted in, as we read our Ovid, and glistened over the "Metamorphoses." Upon sound Protestant principles the "Essays" are incontrovertible, and the Bishops know that they are so; whilst of the thinking and intellectual portion of the Anglican laity, the vast majority are of the same opinion.

To make matters worse, another correspondent of the Times, over the signature Anglicanus, points out that, of the present occupants of the Episcopal Bench, several, before their elevation, "have published opinions coincident with those contained in the book which is condemned;" and the same writer also mentions the fact, that, although on several occasions the Anglican Episcopate has published its views upon religious topics the subjects of controversy, an Episcopal Manifesto has always been treated with contempt by those to whom it has been addressed; and that the subscribers thereto have always, sooner or later, had to eat their own words. In the following irreverent strain does Anglicanus speak of the Pastors of the Church:—

The manifesto of the Bishops which appeared in the Times of Saturday is a remarkable document.

It is one of a class, and must be viewed in connection with its predecessors. On three previous occasions we have had compositions of this kind. The first was the famous episcopal protest against the elevation of Dr. Huuopden to the see of Hereford. It was subscribed by some of the most conspicuous of the present members of the Bench. It ended in the humiliating spectacle of the most eminent subscriber being forced within a few weeks publicly to eat his own words, and in the reception of the so-called heretic into the episcopal circle which now avails itself of his aid to persecute others. The second was a denunciation, issued in the panic of the "Papal aggression," and signed by all but two of the wisest of the Bench, to prevent the assumption of English titles by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The results of this declaration are too well known to require description. The third was a censure pronounced by the four Primates of England and Ireland on a body of High Churchmen who had ventured to condemn the proselytizing practices of Bishop Gobat. Whatever may have been the effect of the document on Bishop Gobat, it has not affected in the least degree the opinion or ecclesiastical position of the clergy against whom it was levelled.

MEAGHER'S LECTURE.—We publish on our first page a lecture lately delivered by this most eloquent of living Irishmen, which will abundantly repay perusal. We do not, of course, pretend to endorse all the political opinions therein set forth; but of the speaker's oratorical skill, and for his noble vindication of the Irish Papal Brigade, we must express our admiration, and as Catholics must return our thanks. Meagher, with all his faults, has many noble qualities. He is no mere wind-bag, or bogus patriot. He is no coward; not one of those who, like mine ancient Pistol, "utter prave words at the bridge," and then, like that "arrant counterfeit rascal," run away as fast as their legs can carry them. If he was a rebel, he was a brave rebel; if he spoke bold words, he was prepared to sustain them by bold deeds, if necessary; he never exhorted his confiding countrymen to "go on" where he dared not follow; and the devotion which he professed to Ireland with his lips, he, as the event showed, was prepared to seal upon the scaffold with his heart's blood. Meagher is a man who for this must command respect, even from those who, on many important respects, differ from his views; and well should we be pleased if this eloquent Irishman would pay us a visit in Canada.

A REMINDER.—We would take the liberty of reminding Mr. McGee, that, having again assailed us and misrepresented us, he has for a third time shrunk from the simple ordeal by us proposed to him. We therefore call upon him again—either to publish himself, or to authorize us to publish, any correspondence which may have passed between him and the editor of the TRUE WITNESS, with reference to Canadian politics, and containing the written promises given to Mr. Clerk by Mr. McGee as to the conduct which it was the design of the latter to pursue in Canada. This is the fourth time of asking; why are we obliged to come to the subject so often? Is it not because Mr. McGee dreads a test which would expose his duplicity and treachery to Catholic interests?

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY OF BROOKVILLE.

At the Annual Meeting of the St. Patrick's Society, held on Thursday evening the 7th inst. for the election of Officers, the following were appointed for the ensuing year:—

- President—C. F. Fraser. "Vice-President—P. Curran. "Recording Secretary—W. Manly, jun. "Corresponding Secretary—N. J. Agnew. "Treasurer—Jos. McGregor. "Grand Marshal—Wm. Daniels. "Deputy Marshal—H. Mullen. "Committee of Management—P. Marron, J. Fleming, P. W. O'Connor, J. Brady, P. Brown, E. Powers, J. Reynolds.

EXPECTED VISIT OF PRINCE ALBERT.—An official despatch has been received here, stating that His Royal Highness Prince Alfred will visit Canada this summer. He will probably come to Quebec with a portion of the Fleet on the North American station, and travel through Canada by the same route his brother did, last year. It is not expected that the Government will organize any demonstration in his honor, but it is probable several of the municipalities will. His Royal Highness will arrive in the middle of June.—Quebec Chronicle.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The greatest activity is being displayed at the present in equipping the French navy. The ships composing the Mediterranean squadron are being prepared for sea as quickly as possible. Their crews are being completed by seamen from L'Orient who have been trained to the rifle practice.

The Paris correspondent of the Herald says it has been decided by the Minister of War to establish an entrenched camp of 12,000 men in the neighborhood of Toulon.

Judgment was delivered by the tribunal of the Seine in the Bonaparte-Patterson case on Friday. The Court declared that the demands of Madame Elizabeth Patterson and her son, Jerome Bonaparte, are not admissible, and must be rejected, and orders that the present judgment shall be mentioned on the margin of the deed dated the 19th of July, 1860, containing a declaration of the acceptance by Jerome Bonaparte of the succession of Prince Jerome. The Court further sentenced the claimant to pay the costs. — Corr. Times.

The Roman correspondent of the Dublin Telegraph says:—

It is the belief of well-informed circles here that there is a perfect understanding between the Tuilleries and Turin, and that any apparent divergence is a mere *faint*, and not to be regarded for a moment. Their objects are simple and well understood—to transfer the "protectorate" of Rome from one to the other, our present defender receiving a substantial territorial indemnity—sooner or later—for his services and co-operation; a reputation in fact of the *Vice and Savoy* business. The accomplishment of these objects most, of course, be a matter of time and circumstances; but those who have little shrewdness or penetration who cannot see that they are what I have described.

The pamphlet *La France, Rome, et l'Italie*, of which I was enabled to send you a copy on Thursday, was issued here last night. The anonymous character of the publication is this time abandoned; and the new manifesto of the Emperor Napoleon appears with a signature, that of Dictator of the Press, M. Laguerrière. It is an elaborate defence of the Imperial policy in its relation to Italy, and at the same time a regular bill of indictment against the Pope, or officially speaking, the Papal Government. It is criticized by the ultramontane journals, and of course, highly approved by the Government press.

I have already mentioned that an animated debate was preparing in the Senate, and perhaps in the Legislative Chambers, on this Italian policy, and that the "Catholic party" seemed disposed to put forth as much energy as is consistent with their position. Their speeches are to be given at full length—at least, it has been so promised—in the *Monteur*. It is probable that the Emperor has been desirous of putting forth the manifesto as an answer, by anticipation to the eloquence of the "Catholic party," and with a view to neutralize any effect adverse to the Imperial policy that might be produced by senatorial eloquence. This supposition would seem to be corroborated by a passage in the introductory remarks:—

"It is a matter of great interest that the country should be completely enlightened before the debate which is about to take place in the Senate and Legislative Corps. This is what has decided me to undertake the present task. It appeared to me that my official character [M. Laguerrière is, as you are aware, Counsellor of State and Director of the Press], far from imposing reserve on my mission as a writer, only renders it more serious. The functions that fall under the high responsibility of the Minister of the Interior did not permit me to treat so grave a subject without his approbation. With a heart which will surprise nobody, Count Persigny thought the functioning of the Empire might again become a writer in order to treat a great question with all its independence, and that the first duty of public life is that of contributing to the enlightenment of his country."

So thought also the expelled editor of the *Courrier du Dimanche*. On the other hand, some persons are of opinion that *La France, Rome, et l'Italie* is meant as the finishing stroke to the Pope's temporal authority; that with all its assurances of respect and devotedness to the Holy Father, it is like the prince Navarrah cigar which Ferdinand VII of Spain, with hand and apparently sincere expressions of affection, used to offer to the Minister or General whose disgrace he had just resolved upon; and that the Emperor will let him drop with the same display of sympathy shown to the fugitive King of Naples.

COUNT PERSIGNY AND THE FRENCH PRESS.—Count Persigny has addressed the following letter to a friend in this country in explanation of his extraordinary conduct to the *Courrier du Dimanche*. He resorts well upon his critics:— PARIS, Feb. 8.—"My dear Sir, I have received the letter which you addressed to me on the subject of the measure which I have taken against the *Courrier du Dimanche*. If, as you inform me, public opinion in England has blamed this act, I greatly regret the circumstance, for you are well aware what a high value I set on the opinion of a country for which I have learnt to cherish such a profound esteem. But there is something else on which I set a still higher value, and that is the real interest of my own country.

You are aware of the fact that in my character of Minister of the Interior I am invested by our laws with a quasi-judicial power, analogous to that which the judges who hold office under the House of Hanover wielded against the Jacobins and the Papist. Faithfully adhering to the spirit of the great Imperial decree of the 24th of November, and to the principles of my own Circular on the Press, I have faithfully, to the utmost of my ability, the right of freely discussing the acts of the Government—a right which constitutes a considerable innovation on the regime of our institutions, and of which the newspapers have readily and fairly avail-

ed themselves. But from the moment that a journal, not confining itself, as the English newspapers do, to the reproduction of opinions, whether Liberal or Conservative, aristocratic or democratic, Tory, Whig or Radical, attacked the very principle of our institutions, and even the dynasty itself, I felt myself bound, if I was to remain faithful to the doctrines of my Ministerial Circular, to give a warning to that journal. Nor did I stop there. I seized the opportunity furnished by the circumstance that the writer of the article was a foreigner to act with still greater severity, in order to place in the clearest possible light my resolution on this point. For I entertain the conviction, at once deeply rooted and strengthened by the example of England, that the sole mode of establishing freedom in a country where, unlike England, there still exist factions hostile to the existing form of Government, is to separate the liberty of discussing the affairs of the country from the liberty of assailing its fundamental institutions. Now, in precisely the same way in which you in England, with your practical common sense, have never allowed the establishment of the House of Hanover to be called in question, I, as the faithful guardian in France of dynastic interests resembling those of the House of Hanover, will not allow myself to be turned aside from what I regard as the sacred path of duty. In a word, I entertain the sincere belief that, in having dealt thus severely with the *Courrier du Dimanche*, I have been as truly serving the interests of freedom as when I invited all the journals freely to discuss the acts of the Administration.

"Such, my dear Sir, is the language which I may frankly and openly employ to men who, like yourself, have been led in perfect good faith to misapprehend the moral character of this measure, and I do so in the belief that it is the most effectual mode of serving our country in the first instance to serve the interests of our own conscience. Accept the assurances, &c. "F. de PARSIGNY."

By a decision of the Paris Court of Cassation, journals that all manufacturers of fancy articles are fully allowed that it is unlawful in France, in virtue of a Napoleonic decree, in 1852, against fictitious or deceptive emblems, banners, &c., to introduce the *leur de dieu* on any jewel, buckle, cabinet work, industry, or industry, and accordingly the tribunal at Rome, which, on the 28th November last year, gave a more liberal interpretation to the law, was wrong, and is retracted.

ITALY.

The official *publio* of Turin denies the rumored negotiations between Sardinia and Rome. The Italian Parliament was opened by the King in person. His Majesty, in his speech said:—

"Italy, almost entirely free and united, confides in your wisdom, and it is on you devolves the task of her organization. You will establish the greatest administrative liberty, taking care, at the same time, that her unity be protected. Public opinion is favorable to our national tendencies. The Emperor of the French, although assuring to us the benefits of non-interference, has deemed it fitting to recall his army. This act has excited our deep regret, without, however, affecting our gratitude. At Naples and Solferino France and Italy have riveted ties of amity which will be indissoluble. England the ancient home of liberty, has recognized our right to dispose of ourselves. We shall preserve an imperishable remembrance of the support which her good offices have afforded us."

"An illustrious Prince having ascended the Throne of Prussia, I sent my Ambassador in order to testify to him our sympathy for his person and for the German nation."

"You will assist my Government in completing the armaments."

"In the consciousness of its strength the Kingdom of Italy will be able to follow the counsels of prudence."

"My voice was once raised with boldness, but it is no wise to wait at the right time as it is to dare at the right time."

"Devoted to Italy, I have risked my crown for her sake; but no one has the right to risk the existence and the destinies of a nation."

"The taking of a formidable fortress has worthily crowned the exploits of the army and navy. This day, as well as the volunteers, have acquired a renown which has given the country a just confidence in itself, and it is with pleasure that I express to the Italian Parliament of Italy, the joy which, as King and Father, I feel on its account."

Now that the difficulty of Gaeta is over, this of Rome comes on, and as little time as possible will be lost in solving this problem. The situation contemplated for the Pope, at least by the French Government, is pretty much the same as that sketched in *Le Pap* of the *Congress*—Rome, a palace with grounds, a Civil List corresponding to the rank of his Holiness, the Vicar of Victor Emmanuel, and, of course, the renunciation of temporal authority.—The Civil List would be defrayed by Piedmont, which has gained so much by the Italian revolution. THE REVOLUTIONISTS IN ITALY.—A person who has just come from Florence tells me that the most important and unimportant "looting" of the Palaces, Museums, Libraries, and Fine Art collections is going on. The revolutionary chiefs are sending bales of articles to London for sale; and even Riccaoli is at this very moment disposing of all his own property as well as of his accumulation of plunder, and is converting everything into ready money; so as to be able to hit at any moment. In fact, the practice of '48 and '49 is being gone through once more. The revolutionary leaders are feathering their nests well, and making everything snug for themselves in the future. Millions of money are being sent out of the country by these immoderate liberators, or stored up there in anticipation of the evil day. When the storm breaks, these ruffians will be off, leaving behind them a duped people and a plundered exchequer, with deficits and defalcations to no end.—"Make hay while the sun shines," is a motto well understood by the excellent governors quartered in Tuscany, Modena, and the legations. They are privately pilfering and publicly sucking every vestige of the State property under their away, and storing up nice little "savings" against the future. — *Morning News, Roman Correspondent.*

SARACEN.—The *Monteur* publishes the following: A private despatch has announced the arrival at Rome, on the 14th Feb, of the King and Queen of Naples. They are accompanied by the King's brothers, and by General Boschi, who has been appointed Commandant of the Chamber. M. Casella has remained so hostile to matters concerning the surrender of the fortress. Their Majesties alighted at the Palace of the Quirinal, where his Holiness Pope Pius IX. paid them a visit on the 15th. It appears that the bombardment on the 11th and 12th was of extreme violence. The explosion of the powder magazines had rendered the filled cannon useless; but the fortress still replied with the other guns. The Neapolitan artillerymen displayed the greatest bravery; twice they silenced the guns of the Batteries des Capucins. On the 13th, although negotiations had been partially opened, the bombardment continued with the same violence; two batteries of the fort were demolished, and then the capitulation was signed.—It was the fortress that fired the last cannon shot. It appears that from the demand to surrender to the moment the capitulation was signed, the Piedmontese threw 50,000 shells into the fortress. On the 14th the Sardinian troops occupied one-half of the town at 8 p.m. At the same time the Queen, the Princess, the Royal Household, and the Foreign Ministers embarked on board *La Mouette*. The King passed the Neapolitan troops in review, who wept as they presented arms to him. An immense crowd was assembled, and the population shed tears. The King was very pale with emotion. Royal honors were paid to Francis II. as he embarked on board *La Mouette*. As the vessel left a salute of 21 guns was fired, and the flags were lowered from the batteries, while the garrison shouted "Long live the King!" though in presence of the Piedmontese, al-

ready in possession." THE SARDINIAN SACHMENS AND BUTCHERS IN THE ABRUZZI.—We translate from the *Monde* the original of the following letter from the Roman Correspondent of that journal:—

"In the Abruzzi the executions continue, and blood is flowing in waves, in the name of Liberty.—This point of resemblance with our Vendee also belongs to the Neapolitan mountaineers. Their warfare is 'God and the King.' As faithful subjects they defend themselves valiantly against the enemies of their sovereign; as fervent Christians they detest and reject the enemies of God and His Church. At Scourcia the Piedmontese, after having massacred fifty persons, two of whom were Priests, three women, and two infants, celebrated their triumph by reviving the most odious scenes of the French Revolution. Incubated with blood and wine, a disgusting band assembled around the statue of the ever Blessed Virgin, erected in front of the church of the place. The sacred image was basely profaned, a pipe placed in its mouth, and a tribunal, constituted for the purpose, condemned it to be shot as an open protector of the Royalists and Papists. It is authentically stated that one of the two ecclesiastics assassinated at Scourcia having made audacious efforts to raise himself up from the ground, notwithstanding that he had received eight bullets in his body, these monsters threw themselves savagely upon him and finished their murderous work, after having seized the crucifix which he held closely pressed to his lips, for they feared that this blessed symbol would save him from their fury. The niches in which the images of the saints stood served them as a mark for their market practice. And more than once there was heard in the church, at the solemn moment of consecration, the fiendish cry of '*A basso l'ostia!*'—Down with the Host! Protestant intrigues and devices largely contribute to give the Italian Revolution this strong feature of impiety, which ought to open the eyes of all who, in good faith, allowed themselves to be carried away by the allurement of a deceptive liberty and a clerical unity."

"At Avezzano twenty-eight persons were put to death; at Tagliacozzo forty-eight—these numbers are perfectly correct. At Isernia, General Souvez, after having been at first vigorously repulsed, returned with overwhelming numbers to wreak his vengeance on the unfortunate town. All the inhabitants who had not effected their escape were barbarously maltreated. In spite of the exasperation which was naturally excited by such atrocities, we know beyond doubt that the Sardinian soldiers who fell into the hands of the Neapolitans, were treated by them as it became soldiers and Christians to treat their prisoners. As a proof of this I may mention among other instances, the Piedmontese soldiers of the 40th Regiment of the line, who, having been made prisoners of war in the Abruzzi, were the objects of the greatest possible kindness. Beside their ration of bread they received 85 centimes daily, and the nights being cold on the mountains, their apartments were heated. Many of these soldiers on the faith of the revolutionary agents and their journals, expected to be cut in pieces, or at all events roasted by a slow fire. When, therefore, they received such considerate treatment their wonder was not less intense than their gratitude."

The London *Times* publishes the following "Order of the Day" issued by the Piedmontese General Piamelli, to his troops, exhorting them to massacre the loyal Neapolitans who were in arms for their King and country:—

"Officers and soldiers, you have worked hard, but nothing is accomplished as long as anything remains to be done. A remnant of that race of robbers is still sheltered in the mountains. Hasten to dislodge them, and be as inexorable as fate! Pity towards such enemies is a crime. Abject and crawling on their knees when they see you in force, they treacherously attack you behind your back when they see you weak, and they murder the wounded. Indifferent to every political principle, greedy only of booty and plunder, they are for the present hired bandits of the Vicar, not of Christ, but of Satan, ready to sell their dagger to others when the gold extorted from the stupid credulity of the faithful will not be sufficient to satisfy their appetites. We will annihilate them. We will crush the sacerdotal vampire, which with its insipid lips has sucked for ages the blood of our mother. We will purify with fire and sword the regions infected by its filthy slaver, and from its noxious liberty will spring up more vigorously for this noble province of Asooli."

Even the *Times* correspondent, Protestant though it be, is compelled to denounce the brutality of the Piedmontese. He writes:—

General Piamelli, in temperate in his orders of the day, may be right in his designation of the population of the Abruzzi; but I confess I accept with diffidence the description by a commander, in the circumstances in which Piamelli was, of the partisans who harass his march by the wild warfare of the mountains. The peasants of the Bretagne and La Vendee were so characterized by the Convention and its agents; but the moderation of Hoche did more for the general pacification of his country than the sanguinary excess of his predecessors.—When the Spanish Cortes were driven to the water's edge at Cadix, and the wide possessions of Spain were overrun by French hosts, the guerrilla bands of Biscaya, Navarre, and Castile were described by Napoleon's Marshals as robbers and murderers, pretty much in the same terms as in General Piamelli's proclamation to his soldiers. In the Abruzzi they doubtless commit crimes not tolerated in regular warfare; but, on the other side, too, we have heard of inhuman acts, and the stories of which have not, I believe, been contradicted.

Giglioli and Persano had left Gaeta with troops for Messina. The fortress had been summoned to surrender under the pain of immediate attack; but General Fergallo is reported to have declared it his intention to resist till the last extremity.

General Neascopa had likewise proceeded with troops towards the Neapolitan fortress of Civitella, and would commence an immediate attack unless surrendered.

It is worthy of remark that the more respectable portion even of the English press pays a fitting tribute to the honor and bravery of the young King and Queen of Naples, on their retirement from the fortress which they have held for so many months, under every possible disadvantage, and with such fearful odds against them. The contest was too unequal and hopeless to admit of longer continuance; but the ineffectual resistance of Francis II. will at least shed a halo round his name, and it is impossible even for those who are his political antagonists to withhold from him their tribute of admiration and respect for the courage and manly bearing which he has shown in adversity. And this well-deserved public sympathy has been manifested in a variety of ways, notwithstanding the popular prejudice against the maligned Royal family of Naples. The Emperors of Austria and Russia, and several other Sovereigns (not excepting even the unprincipled trickster of the Tuilleries) forwarded to King Francis their expressions of regard, either in the form of honorable decorations or autograph letters of sympathy. On the Continent most gratifying addresses of admiration and respect are in course of preparation; amongst others, one from the ladies of Bavaria to the noble young Queen of Naples.—London cor. of *Catholic Telegraph*.

AUSTRIA.

The *Austrian Gazette* observes that the definitive pacification of Southern Italy puts 100,000 men at the disposal of the Piedmontese government, and asks what is to prevent Piedmont from declaring war upon Austria on the day on which the Italian parliament decreed such a war. France has promised to observe neutrality in the event of a Piedmontese attack on Austria, and the Prussian Minister has declared in the Chamber of Deputies that Prussia has entered into no engagement with Austria rela-

tive to Venetia. Although Austria has nothing to fear from Italy alone, she has much to apprehend from the allies, that Italy would find in the Eastern provinces of the Empire.

Another journal of Vienna, the *Post*, betrays still, greater anxiety.

It is reported via Hamburg, that orders have been sent to Trieste to arm at once all the sailing vessels of the Austrian navy. They are to be stationed at Zara, Cattoro, Treume, Ragusa, &c. Twelve gunboats are to be sent to the Gulf of Guarrero, to watch the coast.

SPAIN.

A Madrid letter says:—The great drama now in progress in the United States of America is the text of all conversations in the political circles of Madrid. The opinion is that two countries, England and Spain, are especially interested in the revolution in the Western Republic. In a commercial point of view, American events will affect the interests of England more than those of any other nation; but in a political point of view, Spain is the country which a radical change in the social and political conditions of the American people, and the eventualities flowing from such a change, concern the most. The Anglo-Saxon race, settled upon the soil discovered by Columbus and conquered by Spaniards, increases in a threatening ratio, and holds Damocles' sword not only over the West Indies, but also over all the American countries where the language of Cervantes is spoken. The troubles now threatening the existence of the American Union are not subjects of grief to the people of Spain. Her political integrity, her interests of race, of religion, and her policy require that a step be put to the progress of this swelling population; if it were proper to be pleased with other people's misfortunes, Spain would, perhaps, have reason to rejoice at what is happening on the other side of the ocean. Meanwhile the Spanish government intends to watch closely the Spanish provinces of America, not that they are now exposed to any risk whatever, but because a government must look to future events even when they are still far distant."

RUSSIA.

SERF-EMANCIPATION.—A solemn sitting of the Council of the Empire has been held at St. Petersburg, which lasted seven and a-half hours. The Emperor presided, and declared his wish that the proclamation for the Emancipation of the Serfs should be issued on the 8th March, the anniversary of his accession. This was agreed to: and on that day 20,000,000 of souls will at once, and at the same hour, have ceased to be property.

POLAND.

It is stated in a letter from Cracow, of the 10th that for some days before the local authorities had been acting in a manner which appeared to indicate that some energetic resolution was about to be taken by the government; also, that the editors of the journals had been summoned before the censorship and warned to be extremely cautious in their manner of treating both foreign and domestic questions. The letter adds, that the censors were displaying such rigour that the Polish journals were not even allowed to translate certain articles which had been permitted to appear in Russian papers.

The Archbishop of Posen has just addressed a memorial to the President of that province, reclaiming equality of rights in favour of the Poles. The Prelate has addressed another memorial to the Minister of Worship, demanding the faithful execution of the Treaty of Vienna, as well as the revocation of the Decree of 1832, which destroys the principle of equality between the two nationalities. It is remarkable that the highest ecclesiastic in Prussian Poland taking so decided a course in favour of Polish rights and nationality.

After a terrible struggle the King of Naples has withdrawn from Gaeta. The blood spilled should be sufficient to slake the thirst of the worst tiger Carour employs. The bones crushed, the bodies mangled, the butchery done, should be sufficient to appease the most brutal of the military savages Emanuel commands. Nero fiddled whilst Rome was burning; and the Sardinian Dragon danced at Turin, whilst configuration and murder were in the fortress of the legitimate Sovereign at Gaeta. Soon may the same fate overtake those who would not lend him succour. And before his life ends he may behold the others by whom he was driven to his last refuge, expelled from the thrones which they dishonour.—Foiled as King Francis has been in the effort to uphold his right, his effort has not been altogether fruitless. For himself, it has vindicated his title to the confidence and respect of his subjects, and his claim, as a King who should have martial courage. For Italy, it has exposed the Sardinian pretension to voluntary homage on the part of Naples. And for moral right, it has maintained the resistance which should be made to imposition and wrong by all races and all nations. Naples is conquered by the brute Emanuel as Cromwell and his followers subjugated Ireland; and the fearful atrocities which the regime perpetrated, are equalled or exceeded by the horriest carnage and demonic cruelties with which the Sardinians have marked their progress in the Abruzzi. After their hideous deeds in the desolated provinces, who shall dare defend the dominion of aliens; or speak without deep shame of the Anglo-Gallic sympathy shown for the Sardinian process of Italian "liberation"?—*Manchester News*.

UNITED STATES.

NEWS FROM THE PACIFIC.—Right Rev. Pedro Losa, Bishop of Sonora and Sinaloa, arrived in San Francisco on Jan. 25, on the steamer Sonora. He was accompanied by Rev. Gabriel Perez Ceraua and Mr. Eduardo Saaclev, sub-deacon. They came passengers from Acapulco, to which place they were obliged to go from Mazatlan. The Right Rev. Prelate refused to comply with the demands of Governor of Vega, who required the sacraments of the Church to be administered only to those who favoured his (the Liberal) party, and that the records of the diocese should be delivered into his possession. Bishop Losa declined to comply, and was then cast into prison. He was confined in the military barracks at Mazatlan for five days, notwithstanding the protests of the best citizens of the town. Obligated to leave Mexico, he selected California as the place of his exile. The Bishop and his companions are the guests of his Grace the Archbishop.

DEFENCES OF THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.—The supply ordinance recently issued at Fort Pitt (and dry for Fort Columbus, New York, has arrived, and will be mounted on a new site on the land side of Governor's Island. It consists of thirty tremendous Columbiads, weighing nearly 2,000 lbs., and nearly 120 tons of shell, the guns being notched for a range of four miles.—*Metropolitan Record*.

They have a clerical excitement in Springfield, Mass., Rev. G. J. Adams, who has made quite a sensation for several months as a preacher for the new "Church of the Messiah," has caused a still greater sensation as the subject of a curious exposure, which brings not only his clerical but his moral character into disrepute. There are stories circulating to the effect that Elder Adams has continued to live according to the social doctrine of the Mormon church, of which he was once a distinguished ornament. But the Springfield *Republican* says that the only evidence that points to any favorable foundation for these reports was the passionate declaration of one of the sisters of his flock to the effect that she had rather be in hell with her brother Adams than in heaven with another brother, who had been active in exposing him.

The *N. Y. Times* correspondent says:—"I heard distinguished Swedenborgians confess to-night, that if Mr. Lincoln does withdraw the troops from Fort Sumter, the Swedenborg is dead, and every leader in the movement is ruined."

IGNOMINIOUS FREEDOM AND THE PROGRESS OF CRIME.

—Ever since the legalized recognition of the preaching and principles of the Lutheran heresy in England, public mind has, in various countries, shown itself more or less corrupted in its moral sensibility, and inclined to reject the wholesome and saving restraints of religion for the easy and captivating idolatry of the man made perfect by his individual attributes, acquisitions, or worldly position. In some portions of Europe the tendency to infidelity was systematized under such terms as the "enlightenment of mind," the force of "unshackled reason," the progress of "humanity and civilization," and "freedom from Priestly rule." The Protestant governments which denied the authority of the Holy Scriptures as a matter of course, unable to check the demoralizing doctrines, even if they had the inclination, and the comprehensive and analytical mind of France, having become infected by them to some degree, permitted itself to enjoy no intermediary stage in the "Right of Private Judgment," but plunged, almost at once, into all the horrible and revolting excesses of the great revolution which followed its denial of the Church of God. At the termination of this desolating movement it was shown that society cannot exist without possession of faith and charity, and the practice of true Catholic humility by the people; but the baffled enemies of all these Christian virtues did not yield an acquiescence to the fact. They continued—under the designations of humanitarians and optimists—to propagate the pernicious doctrines of Voltaire and his associate. Their action has been more moderate certainly, but the consequences have been scarcely less fatal; for, although slow in operation, the doubts, disbelief, and denial of the authority of the Church which have been put forth from, and in, England ever since the French revolution, have to a certainty brought about that unfortunate state of society which is now producing so many unhappy complications on the Italian Peninsula, and threatens to, at no distant day, overturn her own social fabric. During the past thirty years the inhabitants of England may be said to have revelled in the light of "Private Judgment" and the "freedom of thought and reason." Few "independent" Saxons pay attention to the motions of a Catholic Priest, and contribution of sins, confession, penance, and reconciliation to God through ecclesiastical advice, being repudiated by the State Church it is said to be beneath their dignity to entertain or perform either. What has been the consequence? Notwithstanding all her civil enactments against and judicial punishments of crime, it has steadily increased in England during every year of the period referred to. Mr. Redgrave's "Judicial Statistics," just published contain unerring but melancholy confirmation of this fact. What do we find? Why, of murders, manslaughters, and other violent crimes, there were committed during the thirty years—divided into six periods of five years each—the following numbers:—

Table with 2 columns: Year and Number of crimes. 1830 to 1844: 2,680; 1845 to 1849: 3,051; 1850 to 1854: 2,775; 1855 to 1860: 2,781; 1861 to 1865: 4,136; 1866 to 1870: 4,232.

Arson is a crime almost as detestable as murder: it often causes a terrible destruction of life as well as property. The thirty years divided into two periods show an increase of from 1,340 cases to 2,265; and it may be incidentally said that forgery has increased from 1,516 cases to 2,689; and coinage and uttering base money from 5,603 cases to 8,701, within the same period of thirty years.—If we make this into three periods of ten years each, we find the enumeration to be five thousand seven hundred and thirty-one, seven thousand five hundred and fifty-six, and eight thousand three hundred and sixty-nine in the number of murders and so forth, a steady, fearful, and Protestant increase no matter how it is viewed. We think that the publication of such facts should constrain the "free reason" folks of every country to inquire if their theories are founded in truth, or if people or nations can enjoy a social or moral security or dignified independence after they have taken themselves outside the sanctuary, and denied the teachings of the successors of the Apostles?—*Metropolitan Record*.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.—Cowhides were a little heavy, but in good steady demand. Hides very firm. The exchange by no means so striking as it has been known to be, and receivers to a large extent were complaining. Beavers very scarce, and extremely cautious. Down South, however, cowhides were falling in all directions. Down knives were not to be had for love or money. The last one was swopped to a Negro merchant, from South Carolina, for a merchant pipe, a cork-screw, a silver quid case, half a pig, a pair of gloves, an ounce of gold-dust, a box of paper collars, two dozen of eye-openers and fifty-two Pennsylvania shin-plasters. A large order for the Senate at Washington has given them a somewhat forward tendency that may have the favorable effect of making them hit the fancy of the American public a little more kindly than they have hitherto done. The cowhides and Negro owners seem to fight rather shy of these knuckle-dusters, though it was expected at first that they would inevitably carry everything before them. Their effect is undoubted, as all unbiased persons are unanimous in testifying who have had an opportunity of feeling the weight of them. Revolvers go off very briskly. All the reports are in favor of Colts.—Every one of the Southern Members has had a handsome brace of revolvers presented to him by his constituents. On a silver plate there is this touching inscription: "To be discharged on the smallest suspicion." The number of barrels vary from the days of the week up to nearly the days of the month. The object, as with Gray Pawks in the cellar under parliament, seems to be to cram in as many barrels as possible. We saw a beautiful specimen in Wall street, the other day, that contained not less than twenty-four separate chambers. It was a perfect gem in the tubular way, and the mere look of the thing gave one quite a strong inclination for a row just to try the effect of it. With its potent aim, a child might easily kill his man a second. It is quite impossible to say where civilization will stop.—*The Last Yarn of the Atlantic Telegraph by Panch*.

If Mr. Lincoln be not handsome, the fault lies not with his tailor. Snip, and the barber, and the inventor of ointment for the manufacture of whiskers, and the maker of patent boots, are four members of dignified professions to whom Mr. Lincoln owes the profoundest gratitude. They have done their best to make a man of him. Ungainly he continues.—Far from beautiful he must ever be. But in appearance he is now possible. The stereotyped portraits of the Rail-Splitter are faithful no more. Mr. Lincoln, judged only by his looks, might claim a place in decent society. But tailor and barber and shoemaker are at fault in what matters are concerned. And though externally Mr. Lincoln has been the subject of a marvellous metamorphosis, his address and conversation remain unchanged. Surrounded as he is by an array of hotel gaiety and beauty, he is evidently not at ease; he moves and talks as though under restraint; and yet, despite all continually. His first informal "reception" at Wilder's hotel was a rich affair. "To a body who inquired touching his health, he responded, 'And how do you flourish?' To Mr. Rives, a well-known Virginia politician, he said, when introduced, 'I've been in you often, and always took you to be a tall man; but I suppose you make up in intellect what you want in size.' When the Illinois delegation paid their respects to him, he turned to L. S. Crary, and according him by name said, 'You must know these fellows.' And so on almost without end. Everybody is laughing at something Old Abe has said, not because of its humor or wisdom, but a felt because of its intense vulgarity. Every body—except

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

- Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Chisholm.
Adelaide—N. A. Coste.
Aylmer—J. Doyle.
Anshersburgh—J. Roberts.
Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron.
Arichal—Rev. Mr. Girroir.
Brookville—C. S. Fraser.
Belleville—M. O'Dempsey.
Barrie—Rev. J. R. Lee.
Brantford—W. M'Namoy.
Champlain—J. Hackett.
Cobourg—P. Maguire.
Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
Canton—Mr. W. Daly.
Carleton, N. B.—Rev. F. Dunphy.
Dahousie Mills—Wm. Chisholm.
Dunsmuir—J. M'Vea.
Eganville—J. Bonfield.
East Hantsburg—Rev. J. Collins.
Eastern Townships—P. Hackett.
Erasmville—P. Gafney.
Emily—M. Hennessy.
Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis.
Farnerville—J. Flood.
Guanogue—Rev. J. Rossiter.
Guelp—J. Huris.
Hamilton—P. S. M'Henry.
Huntington—G. M'Faul.
Ingersoll—W. Featherston.
Kennington—M. Reaphy.
Kingston—P. Farrell.
Lindsay—J. Kennedy.
Lansdown—M. O'Connor.
Long Point—Rev. Mr. Foley.
London—Rev. E. Bayard.
Lochiel—O. Quigley.
Loborough—T. Daley.
Lacolle—W. Hartz.
Maitland—Rev. R. Kieher.
Merrickville—M. Kelly.
New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy.
Ottawa City—J. Rowland.
Oshawa—Richard Supple.
Prescott—J. Ford.
Parrish—J. Duran.
Peterboro—E. M'Gonick.
Petersburg—Rev. Mr. Taylor.
Port Hope—J. Birmingham.
Quebec—M. O'Leary.
Rawdon—James Carroll.
Russelltown—J. Campion.
Richmond Hill—M. Teofy.
Richmond—A. Donnelly.
Sherbrooke—T. Griffith.
Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton.
South Gloucester—J. Daley.
Summerstown—D. M'Donald.
St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay.
St. Albans—T. Dunn.
St. Ann de la Poudriere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett.
St. Columba—Rev. Mr. Falvey.
St. Catherine's, C. E.—J. Caughlin.
St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald.
St. Romuald d' Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettburgh.
Thorold—John Heenan.
Thorpville—J. Greene.
Tingwick—T. Donagan.
Toronto—Patrick Mullen, 23 Shuter Street.
Templeton—J. Hagan.
West Osgood—M. M'Evoy.
West Port—James Kehoe.
Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy.
Wallaceburg—Thomas Jarmy.

A. CARD.

DR. R. GARIPEY,

Licentiate in Medicine of the Laval University, Quebec.
OFFICE—No. 6, ST. LAMBERT STREET,
Near St. Lawrence Street,
MONTREAL.

May be Consulted at all hours. Advice to the poor gratuitous.
Feb. 14.

M. P. RYAN,

No. 119, COMMISSIONER STREET,
(Opposite St. Ann's Market.)
WHOLESALE DEALER IN PRODUCE;

PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c.,

TAKES this opportunity of informing his many friends in Canada West and East, that he has opened the above Store, and will be prepared to attend to the sale of all kinds of Produce on reasonable terms. Will have constantly on hand a supply of the following articles, of the choicest description:—
Butter Oatmeal Teas
Flour Oats Tobacco
Pork Pot Barley Oigars
Hams B. Wheat Flour Soap & Candles
Fish Split Peas Pails
Salt Corn Meal Brooms, &c.
June 6, 1860.

R. PATTON,

CUSTOMER BOOTMAKER,
No. 229, Notre Dame Street,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his kind Patrons and the Public in general for their very liberal patronage during the last seven years; and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

R. P. will, in future, devote his whole attention to WORK MADE TO ORDER. Now is the time!
Montreal, April 19, 1859.

WEST TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

Established in 1826.]

THE Subscribers manufacture and have constantly for sale at their old established Foundry, their superior Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c., mounted in the most approved and substantial manner with their new Patented Yoke and other improved Mountings, and warranted in every particular. For information in regard to Keys, Dimensions, Mountings, Warranted, &c., send for a circular. Address

A. MENEELY'S SONS, West Troy, N. Y.

NEW TRUSS! NEW TRUSS!!

ALL persons wearing or requiring Trusses are invited to call and see an entirely new invention, which is proved to be a very great advance upon any thing hitherto invented, and to combine all the requisites of a PERFECT TRUSS.

Also, SUPPORTERS, embracing the same principle. Persons at a distance can receive a descriptive pamphlet, by sending a blue stamp. Also, constantly on hand a complete assortment of Elastic Hose for Varicose Veins, Swelled and Weak Joints.

CODMAN & SHORTELL,

No. 13 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Surgical Dental Instruments.
September 21. Gms.

PROSPECTUS OF SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE, BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

THIS LITERARY INSTITUTION is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. It was opened on the 20th of September, 1848, and incorporated by an Act of Provincial Parliament, in 1852.

The Course of Instruction, of which Religion is the leading object, embraces the French, English, Latin, and Greek Languages; History, Philosophy, Mathematics, Literature, Commerce, Industry and the Fine Arts.

Students presenting themselves for admission should know how to read and write. Those under ten or over fourteen years of age are received with difficulty.

Parents receive a monthly report of conduct, application and proficiency of their children. Immorality, insubordination, habitual laziness, and frequent absence present reasons for expulsion.

None but relatives, or those that represent them, are allowed to visit the boarders.

TERMS OF ADMISSION:

For Day Scholars, \$3.00 per month.
For Half Boarders, 6.00 "
For Boarders, 11.50 "

Payments are made Quarterly and in advance.

Bed and Bedding, Books, Music, Drawing, Washing, and the Physician's Fees are extra charges.—Books and Stationery may be procured in the Establishment at current prices

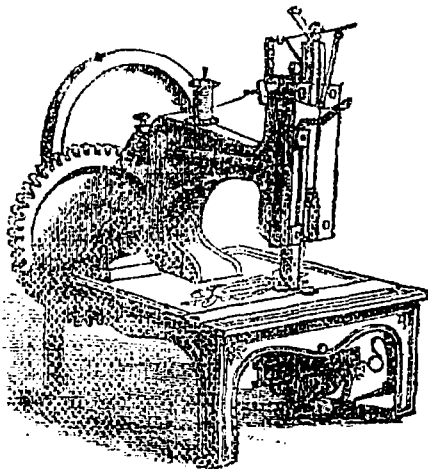
Washing, \$1.20 per month
Music, 2.20 "
Use of the Piano, 50 "
Drawing, 1.50 "
Bed and Bedding, 60 "
Libraries, 10 "

All articles belonging to Students should be marked with their name, or at least their initials
August 17, 1860. 4ms.

H. BRENNAN,

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

SEWING MACHINES.



E. J. NAGLE'S CELEBRATED

SEWING MACHINES,
25 PER CENT. UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!!

These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarria.

THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

TESTIMONIALS

have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:—

Montreal, April, 1860.

We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind.

BROWN & CHILDS.

Montreal, April, 1860.

We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve 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, SCHOLDS & AMES.

Toronto, April 21st, 1860.

E. G. NAGLE, Esq.

Dear Sir,

The three Machines you sent us some short time ago have in full operation, and must say that they far exceed our expectations; in fact, we like them better than any of I. M. Singer & Co.'s that we have used. Our Mr. Robinson will be in Montreal, on Thursday next, and we would be much obliged if you would have three of your No. 2 Machines ready for shipment on that day as we shall require them immediately.

Yours, respectfully,

GILLGATE, ROBINSON, & HALL.

NAGLE'S SEWING MACHINES

Are capable of doing any kind of work. They can stitch a Shirt, Bazaar and a Harness Trace equally well.

PRICES:

No. 1 Machine, \$75 00
No. 2 " " 85 00
No. 3 " " with extra large shuttle. 95 00
Needles 80c per dozen.

EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED.

All communications intended for me must be prepaid, as none other will be received.

E. J. NAGLE,

Canadian Sewing Machine Depot,
265 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
Factory of Bartley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

CATHOLIC-COMMERCIAL ACADEMY,

No. 19 COTE STREET, MONTREAL.

THE most COMPLETE COMMERCIAL EDUCATION, in both FRENCH and ENGLISH, is imparted in this institution.

LINEAR and PENCIL DRAWING is also taught. From the month of January (1861) all the pupils who are learning Grammar will study in the School, in the Morning from Eight o'clock till Nine o'clock, and in the Evening, from Four o'clock till Five o'clock—the other Regulations as usual.

We hope the parents will appreciate the efforts we are making to form an Institution eminently National and Catholic.

For particulars apply to the Principal at the School.

U. E. ARCHAMBEAULT, Principal, No. 19, Cote Street, Montreal. 3ms.

January 4.

T. C. DE LORIMIER,

Advocate,
32 LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL,
Will attend Circuits at Beauharnois Huntingdon and Soulanges.

W. F. MONAGAN, M.D.,

Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
No. 103, WELLINGTON STREET,
Opposite the "Queen's Engine House," MONTREAL, C.M.

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L.,

ADVOCATE,
Has opened his office at No. 24 Little St. James St.

B. DEVLIN,

ADVOCATE,
Has Removed his Office to No. 30, Little St. James Street.

W. M. PRICE,

ADVOCATE,
No. 28 Little St. James Street, Montreal.

M. DOHERTY,

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



M'GARVEY'S

FURNITURE STORE,
244 NOTRE DAME STREET.

THE Subscriber, while returning thanks to his friends and the public generally for the liberal support extended to him during the last ten years in the

FURNITURE BUSINESS,

wishes to inform them that having re-leased his store for a number of years, and made extensive improvements in order to accommodate his daily increasing business, he has just completed one of the largest and best assortments of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

that has ever been on view in this city, comprising every article in the House Furnishing line. To enumerate his Stock would take so large a space, that he will only name a few of the leading articles, with the prices of each:—Parlor Suits, in Rosewood, B. W. and Mahogany, from 125 to 500 dollars; Chamber Sets in Rosewood, B. W. Oak, Chestnut and Enamelled, from 20 to 250 dollars; 200 Mahogany Chairs, upholstered in the different styles, from 3.50 to 9 dollars each; Mahogany and B. W. Sofas, from 14 to 50 dollars each; 4000 One and Wood Seat Chairs, of 30 different patterns, some entirely new, from 40c to 4 dollars each; Spring Curled Hair Mattresses, Palm Leaf and Corn Husk Mattresses, from 4 to 25 dollars each; with a very large stock of Bedsteads, of Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, &c., of different styles and prices, from 3 to 40 dollars each; a very large assortment of Marble and Wood Top Centre Tables, Looking Glasses, Eight-Day and Thirty-Hour Clocks, Self-rocking Cradles; an extensive assortment of Iron Bedsteads, Hat Stands, Swinging Cots, Marble Top Saloon Tables, Corner and Portable Washstands and Towel Racks. The above will be found one of the largest and best assorted stocks of Furniture ever on view in this city, and as it has been got up for Cash during the winter, will be sold at least 10 per cent below anything in the city.

Please call and examine the Goods and Prices, which will convince all of the fact that to save money is to BUY your FURNITURE at O. M'GARVEY'S,

244 Notre Dame Street,

where all Goods sold are warranted to be what they are represented; if not, they can be returned three months after the date of sale, and the money will be refunded. All Goods carefully packed, and delivered on board the cars or boats, or at the residence of parties inside of the Toll Gates free of charge.—Also, constantly on hand, Solid Mahogany Venetian, Varnish, Curled Hair, and other Goods suitable to the Trade, for Cash or in exchange for First Class Furniture.

Case and Wood Seat Chairs furnished to the Trade, Finished or Unfinished, as may be required. OWEN M'GARVEY,

Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, No. 244 Notre Dame Street, near the French Square, Montreal.
TWO good CABINETMAKERS and ONE ORAIBMAKER WANTED.
April 26.

THOMAS WALKER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

WINE, SPIRIT, ALE, PORTER AND CIDER MERCHANTS,
26 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal,
BEG to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have just received a well selected Stock of Liquors, and have made arrangement to deliver by Express vans, all Goods ordered at their Stores, free of expense.

TERMS CASH.

All Casks, Jars and Bottles, to be paid for or exchanged on delivery.

PRICES.

WINES.

Table with columns: WINE, Per gal, dozen, bottle. Includes PORT, SHERRY, MADEIRA, CHAMPAGNE, OLARET.

SPIRITS.

Table with columns: SPIRITS, Per gal, dozen, bottle. Includes BRANDIES, GIN, WHISKEY.

ALES AND PORTERS.

Table with columns: ALES AND PORTERS, quarts, pints. Includes ALE, PORTER, CIDER.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.



ALTERATION OF TRAINS.

ON and after MONDAY, the 18th instant, the DAY MAIL TRAINS between MONTREAL and TORONTO, and MONTREAL and QUEBEC, will be DISCONTINUED until further notice, and Trains will leave Pointe St. Charles as follows:

EASTERN TRAINS.

Table with columns: Train Name, Time. Includes Accommodation Train, Mail Train for Portland and Boston, Mail Train for Quebec and All Way.

WESTERN TRAINS.

Table with columns: Train Name, Time. Includes Accommodation Train, Mixed Train for Kingston and All Way, Night Express.

W. SHANLY, General Manager.

Montreal, Feb. 14, 1861.

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.

SOUGHONG (Breakfast) fine Flavor.
CONGOU.
OOLONG.

SUGARS.

LOAF.
DRY CRUSHED.
MUSCOVADA Sugar, very light.

COFFEE, &c.

JAVA, best Green and Roasted
LAGUIRIE, do.
FLOUR, very fine.
OATMEAL, pure.
RICE.
INDIAN MEAL.
B. W. FLOUR.
DRIED APPLES.

CHEESE, American (equal to English.)

WINE—Port, Sherry, and Madeira.
BRANDY—Plant Pale, in cases, very fine; Martel, in bds. 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.; Corn Brooms, Corn Dusters; Best Cord, Cloth Lines, Shoe Thread, Garden Lines, Candles, Lemon Peel, Orange and Citron do.; Sweet Oil, in quarts and pints.

STARCH—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, Allspice, Cayenne Pepper, Macaroni, Vermicelli, Indigo, Button Blue, Segoe, Arrowroot, Sperm Candles, Tallow do.; fine Table Salt; fine Salt in Bag; Coarse do.; Salt Petre; Sardines, in Tins; Table Cod Fish, Dry; do., do., Wet; Cream Tartar; Baking Soda; do., in Packages; Alum, Copperas, Sulphur, Brimstone, Bat Bricks, Whiting, Oshak, &c., &c.

The articles are the best quality, and will be Sold at the lowest prices.
March 3 1860. J. PHELAN.

MRS. BUCHANAN HAS REMOVED TO 165 DORCHESTER STREET OFF BERRY STREET.

THOMAS M'KENNA, PRACTICAL PLUMBER

AND GAS FITTER,
No. 52, SAINT PETER STREET,
(Between Notre Dame and St. James Streets,) MONTREAL.
BATH TUBS, HYDRANTS, WATER CLOSSETS, FORCE AND LIFT PUMPS, &c.,
Constantly on hand, and fitted up in the best manner.
Jobbing Punctually attended to.
September 15, 1859.

BY J. PATTERSON & Co.

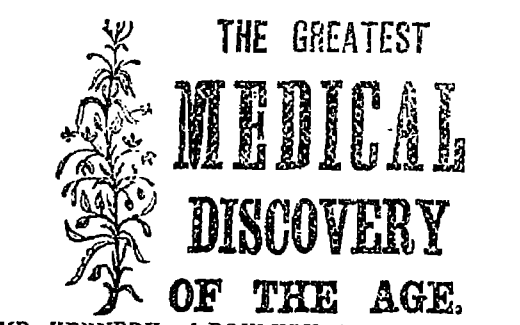
BUSINESS NOTICE.
THE undersigned beg to announce that they have LEASED those Large and Commodious Premises, No. 277 Notre Dame Street (Stephen's Buildings), and directly opposite the "Recollet Church," where they intend carrying on the BUSINESS OF AUCTIONEERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

On and after the 15th current they will be ready to receive Consignments of every description of Goods, upon which liberal advances will be made if required.

They will also be prepared to attend to all OUT-DOOR SALES entrusted to their management, and will spare no pains to give satisfaction to all who may favour them with their patronage.
J. PATTERSON & CO.

D. O'GORMON,

BOAT BUILDER,
BARRIEFIELD, NEAR KINGSTON, C. W.
Skills made to Order. Several Skills always on hand for Sale. Also an Assortment of Ours, 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.



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

EVERY KIND OF HUMOR.

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

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

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed.
For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days.
For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient.

For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor.

For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.

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

This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease 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, Superior of St. Vincent's 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.

Sister of St. Joseph, Hamilton, C. W.