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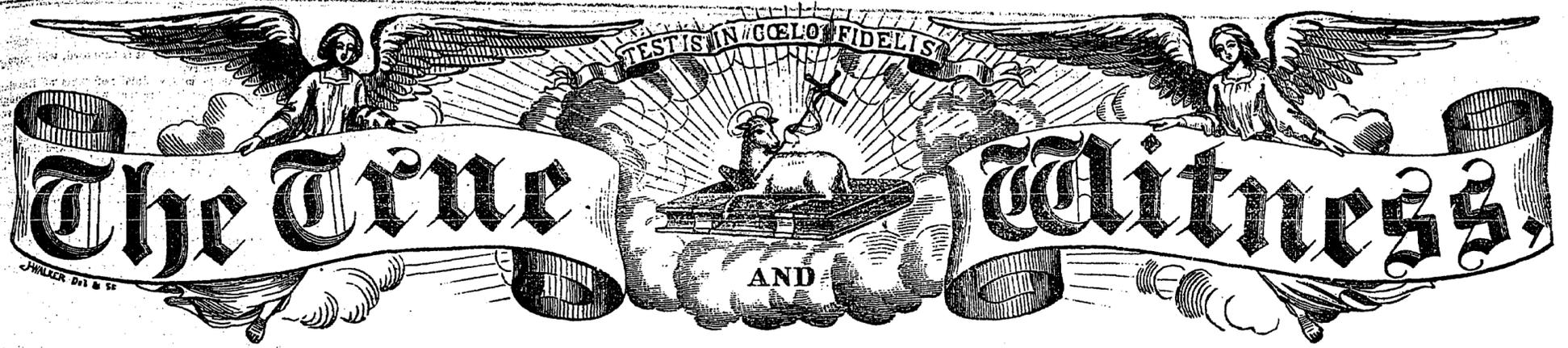
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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TURLOUGH O'BRIEN;

THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER. CHAPTER V.—NARRATING ALL THAT BEFELL GRACE WILLOUGHBY IN THE WOOD OF GLINDARRAGH.

How much amiss is silence read at times even by the craftiest men. The thickening twilight obscured the subtle lines in whose varying expression the younger man, as he from time to time eyed his companion askance, had read the feelings which worked within him; this silence, therefore, he read favorably, and forbore to interrupt it.

'The honest knight,' thought he, 'is pondering deeply of my offer—even now, perchance, considering how he shall first and best employ my proffered interest; but soft, good, easy man, there's a condition tacked to the covenant I offer; we do not, at our years, make such splendid presents as those I have named wholly without a purpose.'

But, meanwhile, through the mind of the old man were flitting recollections, obscured but for a moment—scenes charged with black suspicions, inspiring terrible revenge—doubts, whose force shook his very heart within him—and, lastly, rose before him the chamber, where, in the direst hour of his dark despair and agony, he and the very man who now rode by his side, grappled and tugged in mortal conflict until both rolled weltering on the floor—the faces of the scared friends who forced asunder the murderous combatants—all the circumstances of the hideous fray rose up before him, like an exhalation from the pit, and with them swelled within him a storm of fiery passions, long dormant, not forgotten.—Stung as by an adder, he stuck his spurs rowel deep into his horse's flanks, and curbing him as furiously, the strong steed bolted and reared.

The scene which memory had evoked, dissolved and vanished in an instant; but the impressions it had revived remained fixed, stern, and terrible. Suffering the chafed beast to regain his composure as best he might, the old knight sat fixed and silent as a statue of bronze, while his companion, resuming his place by his side, rode silently forward for some time, awaiting the further conversation of the elder gentleman.—Finding that they were traversing the time and space which measured their distinct companionship, without any attempt on the part of Sir Hugh to renew the conversation, begun, as he conceived, so auspiciously, Miles Garrett resolved himself to break the silence, and in the full conviction that the weighty considerations which he had suggested, were not lost upon the mind of his bluff companion, he thus pursued his imaginary advantage—

'How strange and wayward is the course of thought—how unlooked for the suggestions of the memory—how unbidden and mysterious the rising, as from the grave of years, of slumbering recollections, to upbraid and soften the wayward heart of man.'

He spoke as if in contemplative soliloquy—his words, however, and the sentiment which they conveyed, jarred with painful and sudden coincidence upon the old man's ear—they came like a sneering commentary of the fiend, mocking with an odious parody of truth, the remembrances which had just risen within his own mind, blasting and fiery, as if ascending from the neathermost abyss of hell. Almost with a start, he turned full upon the speaker, and held his breath, well nigh expecting to see the infernal reader of souls himself beside him; and inwardly convinced, that if he were come incarnate in the human shape, to work him mischief, he could not have chosen a more appropriate form for such a mission, than that of his long detested and all but dreaded kinsman.

'I remember once,' continued Miles Garrett, 'and I scarce know how the remembrance has been now recalled; it is in my memory, that you once said, before the fatal quarrel which has for so long estranged us, had begun, and while we yet lived in interchange of confidence, and the free flow of natural affection—I remember you said, you earnestly prayed heaven there might subsist between our descendants the same close and friendly intercourse which then held us together. The recollection of this passing phrase, which may, perchance, long since have faded from your memory, has oftentimes returned to mine, yea, even when the feud was hottest and fiercest between us, and ever with this recollection came the thought—this prayer may be even yet fulfilled.'

He paused for a moment, and then resumed with greater animation.

'Ay, and lately with growing frequency and strength; with power, even to control my plans and actions—to balk self-interest, and disarm what others might have thought a just revenge—I speak of my claim at law, to the wood and manor of Glindarragh—let it not move you—may, I mean not to pursue it; despite the advice of learned counsel—it is forgone. I boast not of this remission of my claim; you may

think my title bad—others thought differently; but, be it good or bad, it is all one to me, I never mean to press it; it is, indeed, to all intents and purposes a nullity, so let that pass, and come we now to other matter, nearer to my heart than ever that was.'

They were now approaching that point of the road where their respective ways again diverged, and the same certainty of immediate separation, which, sustained by something of curiosity, enabled Sir Hugh Willoughby to tolerate in silence the companionship of his artful cousin, urged the latter with greater precipitancy to open himself fully, and without reserve; he, therefore, collecting himself for what he well knew would prove the crisis of the conference, summoning at once all his caution and his firmness, for he was, by no means, deficient in personal or moral courage—thus pursued his diplomatic discourse:

'In a word, Sir Hugh Willoughby, I am your kinsman, therefore you will admit of no unworthy blood. I am, moreover, hereditarily your friend. I am so at this moment, by earnest disposition, by the desire to serve, or rather, Sir Hugh, to save you, if you will but give me leave; I am, besides, what the world calls rich. I want not my wealth, but even you will allow it considerable. I possess, besides, claims which, if pushed, must necessarily become troublesome;—observe me, however, I do not mean to push them;—troublesome certainly; perhaps perilous. I am, also, your neighbor; and in addition to all this, Sir Hugh, what touches the present matter nearly, your junior, by full twelve years. Here, then, you have a man, rich, friendly, well born, not without credit in high places, and, moreover, not an old man, as you well know, offering to make, in these perilous times, a close alliance with your house—an alliance, Sir Hugh, it had best be spoken plainly, and at once, by marriage. I, Miles Garrett, offer myself as suitor for your daughter's hand.'

Sir Hugh Willoughby wheeled his horse almost across the narrow road, and while his heart swelled within him, almost to bursting, and his massive frame trembled with ungovernable fury at this most unexpected master-piece of audacity, he stared at the unabashed delinquent with a scowl of the fiercest wrath.

'My daughter!—my daughter!—to you!' at last he muttered, in accents almost choked with fury—to you, a scoundrel whose very presence I could scarce bring myself for one forgetful moment to tolerate—whose very name I execrate! Traitor to your friends, apostate from your God, consummate miscreant, monster and destroyer, dare to pollute my daughter's name once more, and I pistol you that instant where you sit.'

CHAPTER VII.—MILES GARRETT'S MESSAGE.

Miles Garrett, though no very impetuous man, was not proof against the torrent of insult and opprobrium thus suddenly and unexpectedly discharged upon him. The color fled from his cheeks, and then the tide of rage returning darkened his face in livid streams, and with a motion as quick as light, he half drew his rapier from its sheath; with a passionate effort of self-restraint, however, he dashed it back again, and waiting for an instant to recover his self-possession with a hideous sneer:—

'Very well, sir; we'll see who is the loser, you or I—a little time will show. As for me, I take the matter coolly enough, as you see, more calmly even than you do: nor shall you move me, by all your oratory, to raise my voice above its accustomed level, or to draw my sword, as others might, in a like case, do against your life. Happily, I have learned to control the foolish impulses of passion, otherwise, fore God! one or other of us should have left his life-blood on these stones: we are reserved, therefore, for our respective destinies. These are changeable and perilous times, Sir Hugh; none knows to-day what to-morrow may bring; and so, sir, I leave you to your reflections and to your doom.'

Having uttered this last word with a menacing emphasis and significance, he turned his horse up the road which led toward Lisnmoor, and without looking back again, he rode away at a sharp trot through the overhanging trees, and under the radiance of the moon, which now began to shine in the cloudless sky.

The abruptness of a steep ascent on a sudden, compelled him to slacken the pace at which he travelled, and instinctively pausing, as the far-off clang of the horse-shoe, whose tread was measuring Sir Hugh's retreat, rang faintly upon his ear, he looked down upon the broad plain from the summit of the hillock, and following with his eye the winding of the river, now shimmering like silver in the moonlight, his gaze at last rested upon a dark mass of building which crested the river's bank, and the summits of whose towers and chimneys were touched in silvery relief by the sailing moon. As he looked upon this distant pile, he drew up his gaunt figure to its full height, and while a bitter smile of infernal spite and triumph lit up his sinister features, made more appalling by the stillness and solitude of the surrounding scenery, he sternly muttered through

his clenched teeth, from time to time, such sentences as these:

'Towers and battlements, high walls and strong gates, grand things all to look upon; but will they keep out wreck and ruin?—will they quash a bill of indictment?—will they free your neck from the halter, or save your lands from forfeiture? Hearth and home, reeking kitchen and glowing hall—pleasant things, Sir Hugh—right pleasant things, with honest faces and safe company—but scarce so pleasant, methinks, with such unbidden guests as may look in on you to-morrow night, to share their jollity. Mill and weirs, bars and dove cots, turf and corn, and the rest of your rich substance, well builded, and long in gathering, too, may yet be quickly spent and spoilt, Sir Hugh, as you shall find—you shall; and so you'll learn at last—too late, old dotard—the full and dire effect of your intemperate rashness; frantic possession were its better name. The fool who dashes from his lips the one specific, which has power to drive the poison from his veins and save him—is a sage, compared with thee. The wretch who, weary of the world, cuts his own throat, is not more obviously his own destroyer than you, in your malignant blindness. Driveller! you have flung from you your last offer of salvation. The chance that by a thousand lucky accidents your good genius this day proffered you—in your immeasurable presumption, and your transcendent folly, you have spurned; and now shall ruin—in every terrible shape, from every side converging, pour down on you and yours, till there remains not, of all your wealth, and pride, and insolence a wreck or vestige. My sword, Sir Hugh, spared you to-night, that I might launch at your house and life a vengeance so stupendous that it will hurl you and your fancied greatness, like a thunder-blasted tower, into dust.'

He lifted his arm for a moment in an attitude of menace, and in the next he was once more, and at a rapid pace, pursuing his solitary night ride.

As Miles Garrett followed his homeward way through the misty shadows hung by wild hedges and straggling timber across the narrow road, he paced the tall, lean figure of a female, wrapt in a cloak of red cloth; her lank form was curved with age or bodily deformity; she carried a staff of blackthorn in her bony hand, but less, as it seemed, for support than for effect, for she often smote the stones of the road, and often the stooping boughs of the overhanging wood in malignant wantonness, as it seemed, while she advanced with long and leisurely strides over the unequal road. Her hood flapped in the light breeze, and occasionally disclosed a sharp hooked nose and the bowl of a short tobacco-pipe, from which she drew thin clouds of the narcotic vapor, which perfumed the chill night air.

As the grim horseman rode by, almost grazing her shoulder with his jack-boots, so closely did she keep the centre of the narrow road, she whined a mendicant petition, which degenerated into a fierce and bitter curse, as he, sullen and unheeding, pursued his way.

'Wisha! one little penny, Miles Garrett, agra, an' th' ould woman 'll be pravin' for you night and mornin', an' may—it's never mindin' he's keepin', the thatching pincil! Ride away, and the widdy's curse behind you—you black, ill-lookin', lean, unlucky scoundrel; may the garron come down and crack your long neck in the piper's quarry, you yellow naiger; an' if you ever get back may you carry the Phooeca home on your shoulders—you shkamin', double-tongued, poison-faced dog, you! Oh! blur an' agers! it's stoppin' you are, is it?—an' it's plenty iv stoppin' an' slanderin' I wish you this blessed night. Turnin' round, is it?—may you never find the way home, you down-lookin' villain;—doesn't the world know you, what sort you are?—as bad as your murderin' ould cousin, Willoughby the hangman; bad luck to every mother's skin iv you, seed, breed, and generation—the bloody pack iv yez—may ye cuttin' one another's throats; it's all yez are fit for. Aia what's that? It's beek'nin' he is—it's a changin' your tune you are, afther all, is it?'

As she thus spoke, she quickened her pace, and advanced to meet Miles Garrett, who was now slowly retracing the intervening space which he had lately passed at so sharp a pace.

'Peg Maher,' he said, gruffly, as he approached, 'is that Peg Maher?'

'Ah, then, who else id be in it, agra? she responded it with a whine, 'it's the poor widdy, sure enough, wid no one to help her but the fatherless innocent, that's more in her way with his trick'n' an' his nonsense, God help him, than anything he's good for, the crathur.'

'There—there's a shillin', he interrupted, in the same gruff tone, as he dropped the coin into her hand.

'Wisha, my blessin' an' you night an' mornin', Miles Garrett, acushla,' said she, as she glanced from the coin, which glittered on her smoke-dried palm into the face of the donor, with an undisguised expression of wonder and curiosity. 'The widdy's blessin' be about you an' yours this night.'

She looked inquiringly in his face, for he had reined in his horse, and now sat motionless in his saddle, gazing upon her with a scowl of profound and, as it seemed, malignant thought.

'Peg Maher,' he continued, abruptly, after a pause of some seconds, 'I'll make that shilling a crown, if you do a message for me safely.'

'Begorra, it's a far message, an' a heavy one, the poor widdy would not carry for a crown piece, Misther Garrett, agra,' she rejoined, with alacrity; 'an' for safety, just lave that to myself—that's all.'

Without heeding her, he muttered thoughtfully, 'It mustn't be to Willoughby himself—the hot-headed old bully might frighten the hag into confessing whom she had it from—no, his right-hand man will answer better.'

And turning to the old woman again, he said, in a changed tone, 'You must tell old Tisdall, of Drumgunnill—observe my words, old woman—that his own house and Glindarragh castle will be rifled and burnt on to-morrow night, unless he and Willoughby gather their friends—you understand me—and defend themselves; just say so much and no more. If you mention one word of your having seen or met with me, you had better make up your mind to quit the country, for I'll undoubtedly make it too hot to hold you; do you understand me, witch?'

'An' how could I but ondherstand you, darlin' gentleman?—to be sure I do,' rejoined she; 'never spake to Peg Maher, if I don't carry the message right. That's enough—honor bright, an' no deludin'.'

Without further interchange of words, Miles Garrett flung the broad silver piece upon the road before her, and rode rapidly away. She picked up and examined the coin in the moonlight, and ringing her earnings together in her joined hands, she wagged her head exultingly, and, with a chuckle, muttered as she watched the receding form of the horseman—

'A crown an' a shillin', aisy earned, by gannies, an' for nothing else but mischief, as sure as my name's Peg Maher; for wherever it lies, an' whatever it mains, I know by his face, an' I know by his nature, there's mischief galore in Dark Garrett's message. Let them fall out; the blacker the better; let them be plunderin' aich other, an' cead mile failthe; they robbed and slaughtered us long enough, an' now, like the wild dogs, when there's no more left for them to tear an' devour, they only turn to one another. She sat down on the bank by the road side, and continued, in a changed tone, 'Oh! Shamus, mavourneen, did I ever forget you?—don't think it, my darlin'; I'm your own Peggy still—your own Peggy bawn, that you married an' loved—that was your young wife for two years, my darlin'. Did I ever lave you, Shamus, all the time you wor on your kep'n?—wasn't Peggy beside you in the woods of Aherloe, ma bouchal dhas, and didn't you sleep with your head in her lap on the side of Galtie More—oh! cushla machree, an' didn't we dar' the storms together, my darlin'? an' the hunger an' cowl, for Peggy was your first love and your last; an' when they killed you—killed you, my beautiful, undaunted boy, didn't Peggy—your own Peggy bawn—hold your head on her cowl knees for a day and a night; the way she used when you were sleepin' in the wild gilas and the mountains, Shamus laudher, ma bouchal brough, with no one but herself to guard you—until the sinces left me, and the neighbors carried me, God knows where, away from my darlin'—for, livin' or dead, I'd cling to you, Shamus; and afther your head was laid in the clay—then, when our first child was born, the poor innocent—oh! wasn't my heart hopin' I might die in the pains? that I might be with my darlin' again. Oh! Shamus, my husband!—my darlin' three-hearted boy! sure I'm thinkin' of you every minute that goes, an' promisin' an' prayin' my bouchal brough, that the time will come round yet, when I'll see your murderers hunted and harried from the hills to the woods, an' from the woods to the glens, an' back again—with no shelter from the winter's wind but the mountain car-rigs an' the brakes by the bog side. It's comin' yet; it's comin'—I see it comin'!'

She rose hastily, and climbed to the top of the bushy bank which overlooked the road, and as suddenly resuming her wonted accents of harsh and querulous discord, she shrilly called—

'Shaun—Shaun—you big omadhaun, will I never make you folly me. Shaun dhas, will you come, I tell you, or, by gannies, I'll lay this switch across your back.'

CHAPTER VIII.—OF PEGGY TINDAL AND HER PURTAN UNCLE—OR THE RUINED ABBEY OF GLINDARRAGH, AND OF THOSE WHO WALKED AMONG ITS GRAVES BY MOONLIGHT.

Meanwhile, Percy Neville, being left to his own devices, donned his hat and gloves once more, and prompted by the curiosity of idleness, loitered forth into the castle yard, and thence through the high-arched, frowning gateway, into the steep road, descending towards the old bridge which his fair cousin had so lately traversed. He turned, however, in the opposite

direction, and mounting the high grounds which overhung this abrupt declivity, he soon commanded the broad, bold prospect which spread, away for many a mile of wood and pasture and heathy bog, in one vast undulating plain, even to the feet of the far-off dim blue hills.

He looked round on this wide landscape with all its softened shadows and sunset glories expanding beneath and around him, and felt the freshening breeze which swept its broad extent and heard the wild and varied harmony of nature and all the pleasant sounds of rural life. The loving of kine and the distant singing of maidens floated upward, mingling with the many voices of the river and the hushed melody of the wind, to his rejoicing ear. Shrill, but softly, harped the grey branches of the aged ash, and freshly rustled the thick ivy on the tower walls, in the exulting breeze. The innocent whistlings of the small birds, and the kindly cawing of the soaring crow winging to his far-off retreats in the shadowy wild-wood—all filled his senses with an unknown delight as he rambled onward, until at last, crossing a low and broken fence, he found himself in the great old orchard, whose overgrown and hoary apple-trees rivalled the monarchs of the forests in size—some half decayed, some by storm or leaven blast left of their lordliest boughs, but all gigantic and picturesque.—The sloping ground over which they spread was drawn into furrowed undulations by the rugged gripe of the spreading, moss-grown roots, and darkened by tangled boughs of the ancient fruit-trees, through whose grey and furrowed trunks the ruddy light was solemnly streaming.

The transition from the feelings which he was just attempted to describe, to melancholy, is easy and frequent; and Percy Neville, albeit unthought of the melting mood, did feel his heart touched with somewhat of the softness and the sadness of more sensitive and passionate natures, as he rambled onward through the natural cloisters of these huge old trees—a temperament which predisposed him, perchance, to impressions of a sweet and earnest kind, as passing a low mound which had once divided the extensive orchard into two distinct and independent enclosures, but was now no more than a gentle grassy bank, furrowed, unequal, and clothed in many places with straggling branches, he beheld the scene which we shall now describe.

As he ascended this bank, he heard at the other side the prattle of voices, and, on looking over, he beheld two or three country girl milking a group of cows, and, farther among the trees, several tattered urchins driving more kine upward, towards the party gathered there. A group more peaceful, rural, and harmonizing better with this present tone of feeling, could hardly have been presented, yet his eye rested upon it but for a moment. A form, simple and homely in all the accidents of dress and ornament, but, as it seemed to him, surpassing in grace and loveliness all that he had ever yet beheld, stood close before him, and a little aloof from the rest; it was the figure of a maiden—very young she seemed—perhaps seventeen years had passed over her, but no more; her small, classic head was quite uncovered; her hair was dark, dark brown, and soft and glossy as the finest silk—its rich folds gathered at the back by a small golden bodkin, and parting in front over her artless and beautiful forehead.—Her's was a countenance, once seen to be long remembered—not so much, perchance, for the exquisite symmetry of its features, peerless as they were—nor for the dark, melancholy eyes, which, full of beautiful expression, looked from beneath the shadow of her long lashes in such deep, soft eloquence—as for the matchless and ineffable grace and sadness that pervaded every look of that pale and lovely face; a saddened radiance from the innocent, deep, warm heart dwelt in its pale beauty; in its loveliness, trembled the loveliness of her own guileless affections, and, smiling or pensive, in every change of her sensitive face—and they were ever varying, as the gently sparkling dimples of some shadowy, wild well—there spoke the same deep, tender loveliness—the same touching harmony of beauty and expression, which moved the heart with pity joy, and melancholy—softly, as might the thrilling strain of some sweet, old song. The grace and elegance of her form accorded meetly with the beauty of her face; tall, slight, and exquisitely symmetrical—a gracious gentleness and modesty, a simple dignity and ease moved in her every action, and made every gesture and attitude beautiful. She wore a red cloak of finer cloth than that employed by the peasant girls in theirs; and one of her small and slender feet, enclosed in a high shoe, buckled across the instep, was shown a little in advance of the drapery of her mantle, as she stood listening to the melody which one of the girls was singing while she plied her task.

'Beautiful—beautiful creature!' said Percy Neville, as he gazed upon this unexpected apparition.

He was not, however, long an undetected

spectator of this simple group. His presence was quickly perceived, and the song and the laughing gossip were hushed, while all eyes were turned wonderingly upon him.

But while all this was passing, the object which alone had interested him, the beautiful girl, ere he had yet exchanged one word with her, while for a moment his eyes were turned another way, had withdrawn—was gone.

'Pretty maiden,' said he, with something at once of gaiety and respect, 'are you going to Glindarragh Castle?'

'I am, sir,' she answered gently. 'And so am I,' he continued gaily, 'and, with your permission, I shall walk beside you—that is, if you have no objection,' he hesitatingly added.

She looked surprised, then slightly blushed, and with a gentle smile, which showed a little even row of pearly teeth, she said, with a beautiful embarrassment and simplicity—

'Oh no, sir, I'm sure I couldn't; you're very welcome, sir, to go with me.'

'Many thanks, and true ones, my fair maiden, for saying so,' he replied. 'And what may your business be in that dismal old place, and so near the nightfall too?—are you not afraid to walk alone at dusk among these lonely places?'

'No, sir,' she answered, with a melancholy smile—'no harm ever happened me, and I'm not afraid; I am going up to the castle, to the young lady; she is very good, sir—oh, very good, sir—oh, very good; she was always kind to me, and likes me to be with her.'

'And where does your father live?' inquired he, with increasing interest.

'My father is dead, sir,' she answered, with melancholy gentleness.

'And your mother?' he added, in a softer tone.

'She is dead, sir; I have no mother, and no father,' she answered, mournfully.

'An orphan, so young, so very beautiful!' he thought, as he looked with a deep emotion of pity upon the girl.

'And have you no brothers or sisters?' he inquired.

'No, sir; I never had a brother or a sister; my mother died when I was a little child, and my father soon after. I scarce remember them,' answered she, encouraged by the obvious interest with which her replies were listened to. 'This is the way, sir,' she continued, as she turned the key in a little wicket which opened from the orchard into the garden of which we have already spoken.

Entering its shadowy hedges with a sigh, Percy Neville continued—

'And you, pretty maiden, what may be your name?'

'Phebe, sir, Phebe Tisdal,' she answered modestly.

'And have you no kindred, my pretty Phebe?—no relations to take care of you and to love you?'

'I have an uncle, sir. I live with him at Drumgunnion, where I was born,' she answered.

'Well, my pretty Phebe,' said he, as they reached the little sally port, which gave admission from the garden to the castle yard, 'I hope I shall often see you while I remain here, and if ever the time shall come when you need a friend remember Percy Neville.'

The young man spoke, perhaps, with a deeper earnestness than he intended, and the girl looked up in his face, with an expression of wonder in her deep, soft, dark grey eyes, and encountering his bold gaze of admiration, she lowered them again with a heightened color, and an expression at once of pain and sadness. Their *te-te-a-te-te* was now ended, and we shall leave them for a time to turn to that quaint dwelling-house of Drumgunnion, of which the beautiful Phebe Tisdal had just spoken in her own sad, silvery accents.

On the same day, at the same sunset hour, a short, bow-legged, square-built man, appeared some years in advance of three-score, with a large, deeply furrowed, and somewhat pimply face, a massive nose of glowing purple, two small grey, squinting eyes, and a countenance expressive, in no ordinary degree, of gloom, determination and ferocity, passed forth into the open country, having carefully latched the gate, which gave admission to his narrow farm-yard, compassed by a high wall and strong stone-built offices on three sides, and closed upon the fourth by a tall, narrow, and massively constructed stone dwelling-house of three stories high, with chimney-stacks as ponderous as watch-towers, rising at each gable, and flagged roof of his snug and well-built tenement.

He was dressed in grave-colored habiliments, somewhat coarse and very rusty, and wore a short black cloak and high-crowned hat, with a very plain and narrow rim of shirt collar, lying flat upon the neck of his doublet. In his broad and muscular hand, which might more meetly have grasped a halberd or a musquetoon, he carried a crutch-handled cane; and, as he pursued his way, his pace was firm and deliberate—nay, even pompous—though the masculine and sinister character of his somewhat bloated visage, which carried upon it the legible traces of ivory inter-

perance, as well as of constitutional daring and sternness, in a very striking and unpleasant degree, effectually qualified any tendency to ridicule, which his consequential gait, and square and ungainly form, as well as his peculiar garb, might else have inspired.

Closing the wicket carefully behind him, as we have said, this figure pursued the winding foot-path which led through the then wooded fields towards the bridge and castle of Glindarragh, which lay somewhere about the long half of an Irish mile away. Ungladdened even for a moment by the rich expanse of sunset scenery which spread before him, the eye of this morose and gloomy man rested, for the most part, upon the ground, as if in sullen contempt of the beauties with which smiling nature greeted his advance—or occasionally darted a quick and jealous glance at either side, as the capricious track which he pursued led him suddenly among closer brushwood, or into the lap of some gentle hollow;—until at last the lonely and shattered ruins of Glindarragh Abbey rose close before him; its roofless gables and tall stone-shafted windows, and grey ivied walls, ascending from among the fern and nettles, and spreading their long shadows over the sward, showed additionally mournful and solemn in the dim glow of evening, whose level radiance gilded the grass-grown summit of many a humble mound, and turned its grey headstone to dusky red, and shone and glittered, flashing and glowing like warm fire upon the burnished leaves of the rustling ivy.

As the old man approached these time-worn walls, through which his path wound its devious way, there arose in his imagination sundry conjectures, in which, from congenial association long grown into inveterate habit, he pleasantly indulged as often as he found himself beneath its melancholy shadow. How much of hoarded gold, of ancient plate, of jewelled reliques, might lie deep and dark under the foundations of that deserted pile, hidden in the season of danger, and deposited by its long-exiled and scattered owners, secure in leaden chests, and deep in the yellow mould, to rest untroubled by bar or mattock, until time shall be no more.

Such speculations, though woven of the flimsiest dreams of fancy, had yet an interest keen and absorbing, for the sombre being who trod the old ruin, and often would he ponder and pause, as he pursued his lonely way, to calculate in what spot the crafty caution of the old monks would most securely, and with least suspicion, have secreted the buried treasure. Such pleasant, though somewhat tantalising visions, had now again filled his mind, as Jeremiah Tisdal, the puritan proprietor of the grange Drumgunnion found himself once more among the silent arches of this ancient building. Slackening his pace to indulge still further these intoxicating ruminations, which stole over his senses like the enchantment of opium, Tisdal looked wistfully, now through some gap in the ruined walls, now into the low arched doorway of some narrow chamber, the use of which, unless for some such purpose as the mysterious one with which his thoughts were busy, he could not divine; now peering through some tall ivy-wreathed window, and again under some dark and low-browed vault; and while he thus amused himself, still, though loiteringly, advancing upon his course toward Glindarragh bridge, his attention was arrested, in a sudden, and by him a most unwished-for manner, by the apparition of a human form.

On looking through a narrow slit into a small chamber, whose roofless walls fully admitted the light, he beheld, seated near the door, and busily discussing some crusts of bread and an onion, and with a leather-cased flask beside him a man whom he instantly recognised, and at sight of whom he felt for a moment so overcome with horror and dismay, that, had the fiend himself risen up before him in that awful place, he could not have been more overwhelmed and paralysed with terror. The man whose sudden appearance had wrought this terrible revulsion in the feelings of the proprietor of Drumgunnion, though not very prepossessing in his outward aspect, was by no means hideous enough to dismay a man of Tisdal's firm nerves. He sat upon a low stone by the chamber door, his provisions in a blue handkerchief between his knees, and his flask by his side; his clothes were not of the coarse cloth used by the Irish peasantry, but like the cast-off finery of gentility in make and texture, and reduced, by overwear and exposure, to a mass of rags and squalor. This tattered figure was that of a man of middle stature, pale and spare, and rendered peculiarly remarkable by a broad deep scar, which, traversing his visage from the right eye to the corner of the mouth, crossed the nose in its passage, and had reduced the bridge of that prominence to a distorted and unsightly level. Such a countenance, with its ineffaceable furrow, and partially flattened wry nose, was too remarkable to be easily mistaken or forgotten, and Jeremiah Tisdal, in full recognition, gazed upon it with an aspect almost of despair; while from his red face—nay even from his purple nose—the blood receded, leaving nothing but a straggling net-work of livid threads, streaking the sallow cadaverous flesh, from whose every pore the cold sweat was starting, to indicate the region where the fiery purple of his visage had most fiercely predominated. With unutterable horror Tisdal continued for a full minute or more to gaze upon the sitting figure, who, wholly unconscious of the absorbing contemplation of which he was the object, continued with undiminished attention and unabated good-will to address himself to the homely rians before him. It was an effort such as that with which the victim of nightmare at length dispels the frightful illusion which has held him its fascination, that Tisdal withdrew himself from the narrow aperture through which he had beheld this, to his eyes, most terrific spectre, and instinctively pressing his hat down upon his brow, so that the broad leaf shaded his livid features, and muffling the lower part of his face in the folds of his cloak, he strode with rapid and noiseless steps along the pathway.

'O God, merciful and terrible,' he muttered in an agony of desperation, when three or four hundred yards had interposed between him and the scene of his appalling discovery—'is there,

then no escape—no pardon for me? What fearful curse pursues me, that even here, buried in the wild inhospitable recesses of a savage and perilous country, I cannot escape the dreadful doom that pursues me. Gracious God, is not the anguish of remorse; are not the pangs of fear, and the terrible images of memory, torment sufficient, that thou must send thine incarnate avenger, after ten long years, to dog me—to destroy me? Yes; I am accursed of God—forsaken—struggle as I may—given over for ever and ever to the evil one.'

He gnashed his teeth in unutterable anguish, and then stamping furiously upon the ground, he abruptly stopped short, and turned fiercely toward the mouldering ruin, which lay in all its solemn and melancholy repose behind him.

'Yes, the die is cast,' said he, while the fearful agitation of the moment before gradually subsided; and his face assumed its wonted character of firmness, gloom, and severity; 'he has at last driven me to the wall, and one or other of us two must go down. I cannot escape him;—the question is merely who strikes first. But—but, after all, it may be but accident: But it is; I shall bring it to the test—anything but doubt. Let the crisis come now.'

He paused again, opened his cloak, and from a buff leathern belt which enriched his doublet, he successively drew two pistols, tried the loading of both with the ramrod, touched the flints, and added a little fresh priming; then replacing them in his girdle, he slowly said—

'He may not know me, changed as I am;—he may not seek me—well for him if he do not. I will enter the chamber, and confront him, and if it prove otherwise—'

He said no more, but retraced his steps toward the ruined pile, not quite so rapidly as he had left it, and with a countenance, though less agitated, fully as pale as before, and charged with the black and condensed ferocity of a dark and deadly purpose. Thus resolved, Tisdal walked heavily into the silent ruin, and diverging a little from the beaten path, he entered that part of the building upon which the door of the small chamber, into which he had so lately looked, directly opened. For an instant he paused as he approached the narrow portal, and drew one long breath, like a daring swimmer who stakes his life upon one bold plunge into the prevailing sea, and then firmly and collectedly he entered the roofless apartment. But the decisive interview he courted was not then and there to be. The man whose presence had wrought so fearful a revulsion in all his feelings, was gone; and with a strange sensation, at once of disappointment and relief, he looked around upon the deserted walls, and up and down through the long passages and mouldering chambers of the old building. The search, however, was vain; and tho' he climbed the winding stair of the tower, and looked down from the ivy-bowered windows, like some ill-omened bird shrouded from light, and peering forth with malignant eye in search of its proper prey, his scrutiny from hence was alike unrewarded.

Buried in his own stormy and remorseful reflections, this grim and brawny personage seated himself upon the worn steps of the spiral stair, his elbows resting upon his knees, and his heavy chin propped upon his clenched hands, while his eyes, gazing vacantly through the arched window of the internal tower which he thus occupied, wandered slowly and gloomily over the narrow cloisters and the spreading yew tree beneath, until gradually the mellow blush of sunset melted into the cold grey of twilight, and that in turn gave place to the misty light of the spectral moon. The solemn ruin, with its buried dead, slumbering in the silence of the night, and under the broad cold moonlight, might well have awakened in the heart of the solitary occupant of the abbey tower some feelings of superstitious awe.

The substance of fierce and angry passions is accompanied with a depression and gloom more painful far than the more agitating emotions which have preceded them. In Tisdal's case the stormy feelings of wrath and terror had acquired a sterner and deadlier character from a thousand thrilling and appalling remembrances associated with the apparition which had evoked them, as well as with the black and revengeful suggestions of his own desperation. As these terrible emotions which had so fiercely shaken him, slowly sank to rest, leaving a awful stillness and blank dismay behind them, he felt in his solitude a horror and a fear he had scarcely ever known before. It was as though he had been for an hour and more unconsciously holding close communion with the tempter himself—yielding up his soul to the powers of the evil influence; and had on a sudden emerged from the awful presence, and was alone. With a chill sense of undefined fear, which he in vain attempted to dispel—the Puritan arose—glanced quickly and fearfully around him, and descending the narrow stair of the tall grey tower, entered the shadowy cloister, and accidentally encountered, as he did so, the old woman whom Miles Garrett had so lately commissioned with the sinister message which she at once proceeded to deliver.

Tisdal, however, with his constitutional suspicion and shrewdness, pressed her sternly but unavailingly with close and searching interrogatories; but seeing that the woman obstinately persisted in an entire disregard of his further questioning, he moodily turned from her, and pursuing the solitary pathway toward Glindarragh Castle, he left the ivied chambers of the ruin to the more congenial occupation of the bats and owls, as well as of the scarcely less ominous sample of humanity with whom he had just held such strange and inauspicious intercourse.

(To be continued.)

A GENUINE ANGLO-SAXON CALUMNY.

From the Irishman.

The Times is universally accepted as the gigantic representative of the English press. If English journalism recognises its claim to represent it, then English journalism is a very base and dishonourable thing, indeed.

The rule of conduct with the Times is this:—to publish any calumny, however atrocious, against all who are too weak to resent the outrage, especially if they be "Popish priests, or foreigners, and then sternly to reject all answer, remonstrance, or explanation.

We have before us now, even as we write, a recent example of this infamous newspaper morality by which the Times guides its conduct. Our readers will hardly fail to find it instructive.

It is well known that, of late, that journal has been daily filled with the most unscrupulous misrepresentations of the affairs of Italy—falsehoods unmitigated about Italian priests, Italian people, Italian politics. Very recently it published a shocking slan-

der about a Roman religious house, the Convent of St. Ambrogio. Priests, nuns, pupils, were accused of the most abominable crimes, and deeds were attributed to them for which the vilest stew in London itself could not furnish a parallel.

Of course the whole thing was an utter falsehood, base and unscrupulous. A Catholic gentleman, Mr. Lee, a merchant and magistrate of Manchester, wrote to the Times, contradicting the abominable libel, and offering proofs of its falsehood. The Editor deliberately refused to insert it.

This thing seems at incredible at first thought; but it is painfully true. The representative journal of England publishes a statement charging humble priests, meek nuns, and pure young girls just parted from their mother's side, with crimes most revolting. The horribly indecent charge is proved to be utterly false—adequate proof of its falsehood is offered—and the journal which circulated the calumny refuses point blank to publish a refutation of the slander, a vindication of the unoffending persons so outraged.

Let us hear what the reply was to which insertion was refused. "Having in my possession," says Mr. Lee "the evidence which gave a complete refutation of the scandal, I wrote to the Editor of the Times, furnishing him with all particulars. True to his character as a calumniator of the Holy See, ignoring every principle which regulates honour in good society, fearing to destroy the credit of his employe, he refused to give insertion to a denial of the lie invented by his 'own correspondent,' and permitted, as far as he was concerned, the imputation upon the character of virtuous and defenceless ladies to go unchallenged."

But were there any grounds for this atrocious calumny? None whatever. The female school had no existence; the wicked female pupils were never born; the nuns never had any pupils; and the priests who, the Times said, were obliged to run away for their crimes, are respectable ecclesiastics, still living in Rome. "Your readers," says Mr. Lee to a contemporary, "will not be surprised to learn that the story is from beginning to end a fabrication, and that there is not a shadow of foundation for any of the statements. The convent of St. Ambrogio was never an educational establishment, nor had it anything to do with the teaching or instruction of young ladies. The only two priests connected with the religious house (St. Cappucine) were the two confessors. One a Jesuit Father, is now living at the Roman college; and the other, Canon Patrizzi, (a member of the same family as Cardinal Patrizzi, the Pope's Cardinal Vicar,) is also in Rome. So much for the monk and priest who have fled."

And, after all, it is natural and consistent that the Times, having fully libelled these unoffending nuns and priests, should refuse them all remedy and reparation in its lying columns. They are mere Italians—mere Popish Priests—mere Popish nuns; and, of course, the magnanimous Anglo-Saxon journalist may treat them as brutally as he pleases. He would not dare so to malign a crossing-sweeper in a back slum of London; for even the crossing-sweeper might, with the help of the law of libel, and the services of an enterprising attorney, obtain swiftings and damages; but these poor priests and nuns are beyond the remedy of English law; and so the Anglo-Saxon bully insults them at his pleasure. Mr. Lee puts the matter well:—"Since I addressed the great English organ of public opinion, an official contradiction of the report has appeared in the *Giornale di Roma*, but no declaration, however powerful, no proofs, can convince the Editor of the Times of his duty towards his neighbour, nor awaken him to loftier views of the obligations imposed upon a public teacher by truth and justice, religion and morality. He has a duty to perform, whether for a political party or the English nation, he does it consistently and well. He has the Catholic religion to bring into contempt, nations to defame, and no writer uses his theology, his history, his politics more brilliantly and less scrupulously. The history of the Times, unfortunately, is the history of the country. It rivets the attention of the people to foreign governments, in order to blind them to the evils of their own."

Just so. Falsehood and foul play are the essence of English policy; and the atrocities of the Times, merely reflect the iniquitous character of England's dealings with all foreign nations who are too weak to resent insult and outrage.

POLAND.

From the Irishman.

Whilst the days go by and their issue is calculated as teeming with results, great in relation to the fate of the world, it would almost seem that men had forgotten Poland. They look to the East—they scan the West with busy glance. If a serjeant's guard is moved in Italy—or a merchant's skiff in Danish harbours, there is an elaborate calculation published of the probable consequences; but the fate of Poland, as events go, would seem to be decided by the last charge of the Cossack savages upon her unarmed people—by the last gun-shot which sped a bullet to the heart of one of her children.

We have long held to the creed that a nation cannot be dragged into extinction—we believe that Heaven and natural law are stronger than the necessity of sovereigns—or the skill of diplomatists—we have trusted that when the Divinity raised up a people to possess the land which He gave them, that He never contemplated the balance of power as being a matter for which that people should be blotted out; but we have clung to it as a holy faith, without which the world would be a place of utter despair and terrible suffering—that one day, it is decreed by Him—the wrong shall be set right. Thus we have hoped in peoples, as we have trusted in God; and from the seafoam's wreath that patriots perished under the headman's stroke—from the fields of carnage where they were spurned beneath the hoof of power—from the dungeons where they have lain in chains—from the tribunals where they have been condemned to ignominy, our hearts had been lifted with an unfeeling trust in Eternal justice—that the earth is not yet a chaos, to be ruled only by the cunning of Cabinets—the imposition of Parliaments—or the Councils of Kings; but the spirit of wisdom is yet potent to dispel the darkness which broods above the world.

So we have turned to Poland ever with a passionate faith in her future—so we have listened for her voice to break from the silence of that prison where in the nation is guarded by German and Muscovite—sure that that voice would awake the echoes of Liberty! We have heard the cry which marked the travail of the nation—but no response echoed back. No response! though the world is filled with the claims of nationalities—though the lips of princes are loaded with them and the tongues of diplomatists are glib in their utterance, as ever they have been declaratory of sovereign rights or popular fallacies. Clearly the day of justice is not yet come! With the last sob of the latest Polish rebel, as it broke the silence around some death bed in Warsaw—the interest of Europe would seem to have ceased in that heroic but unhappy country. Yet, surely the contest between the nation and its oppressors has not ceased, although now it may assume another form. Stern unrelenting enmity upon the one side—despairing endurance upon the other. Poland is down to-day—trampled and fettered—she is in that epoch of her destiny marked by the reign of law—Russian law and Polish submission. Symptoms of this state of things break upon us. We decry them not so much in the publication of these edicts, which proscrib Polish Nationality in proscribing Polish customs, as we trace them in efforts to deprive the Nation of sympathy from without. It is not long since it was told that the Russian Government had applied to the Pope to compel the clergy to leave out of their religious usage in the Churches certain hymns which were not acceptable to the Czar, because of the patriotic feeling which they kept alive, and that the Pope had most firmly refused to accede to such a request. We are now informed that Russia has pro-

mulgated reforms which it is supposed, will amply satisfy the country.

Behind those meagre details of facts of Russian Government there is more than we hear of, although not more than we can conceive. There is the supremacy of Russian authority; there is the supremacy of Russian officialism; there is the daring of the tyrant, the danger of the patriot and the prostration of the land. The Russian sword is at the heart of the Nation; and his gripe is on its throat. But at such a time he attempts to cut away one of the moorings by which Poland has held fast to liberty. Before its altars the Nation is reminded of its vanished glory—in the sacred chants of its worship, it has mingled its love for Heaven and its prayer for liberty with the same breath. To aid in his task of trampling Poland, the Czar has sought of the spiritual authority to whom the Polish people look for guidance, look for refuge, look for council—that he would command the silence of the Church even to beseech the aid of God for the consolation of its children. Denied of this outrageous demand, rebuked for its sacrilege, Europe is told by the oppressor that reforms are promulgated with which the Poles ought to rest contented. We cannot but inquire for what fresh invasion upon the liberty of this people is this announcement the herald? What new violation of their rights—what preparation for new sacrifices is foreshadowed by it? We know not, indeed; but we fear the worst.

The rule of the despot never changes any more than injustice ever becomes right, or falsehood ever becomes truth. Here in Ireland, with the memories of a bitter struggle for Faith and Nationality as that which weighs down Poland, we can sympathise with the sorrows which are hers. To her endurance—to her effort—to her heroism—we have nothing to give but the barren testimony of our love, our regard. Ireland has no sword to lift in behalf of the noblest chivalry of patriotism in the world ever beheld—she has no voice in the councils of nations—she has no armies to back her sympathies.

By a hand as merciless—and as iron as that which has stricken Poland—we have also alien! Sister nations in suffering, we are allied by a common hope, Faith in that natural belief in the designs of Providence, in the creation of our Nationality, we possess in common with the gallant Polish people. Ours has been a struggle of longer duration, indeed, whose noblest episodes have been lost, or perverted by calumny; but whose memory cheers us still, when we look away to an example of national heroism which brings back the reflection of the gallantry of our fathers' contest with their oppressors. Honour to Poland, then—honour to the patriot cause wherever a patriot heart lives with its impulse!

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

NEW CATHEDRAL, MONAGHAN.—The first stone of the Cathedral of St. Martin, Patron of the diocese of Clogher, was solemnly laid by the Lord Bishop of Clogher, on the 18th inst. The sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Clonfert.

The following appointments have taken place consequent upon the death of the Very Rev. Dr. Brahan, P. P. V. G., Newcastle:—Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, succeeds the Very Rev. Dr. Brahan, as Parish Priest of Newcastle, and Vicar General of the Diocese. Kilsnane and Ardpatrick, become separate parishes: The Rev. John Halpin, C. C., St. John's has been appointed P. P. of Kilsnane. The Rev. Thos. M'Inerney, C. C., Newcastle, has been promoted to the parish of Ardpatrick. The Rev. Patrick Lee, C. C., Kilsnane, has been removed to the Curacy of Bruff. The Rev. Mortimer Fitzgerald, C. C., Bruff, has been appointed to the Curacy of Kilsnane; and the Rev. Michael Ryan, C. C., Kilsnane, has been appointed to the Curacy of Ballingarry.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL IN TEMPLEMORE.—The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to over 600 children of both sexes, from the united parishes of Clonmore, Killes, and Templemore, in the Parish Chapel of Templemore, on Saturday last, 12th inst. His Lordship felt highly pleased at the proficiency of the children in the Christian Doctrine, and before conferring the Sacrament addressed the vast multitude in an eloquent and impressive manner on the nature and effect of the great Sacrament. It was truly edifying to witness the piety and decorum of the female children, who were all tastefully and becomingly attired for the great occasion. His Grace was assisted while administering the Sacrament, by the venerable pastor of the Parish, Rev. Dr. O'Connor and his exemplary Curates. His Lordship remained at the residence of the Rev. Dr. O'Connor till next day (Sunday) when he held his triennial visitation in the Chapel, which was thronged by thousands of the faithful, all anxiously waiting to see and hear their beloved pastor. The Rev. T. O'Connor having preached a most classic and soul-stirring sermon on the Gospel of the day, and the mass having terminated, Benediction of the most holy and adorable Sacrament was given by the Archbishop, after which he ascended the pulpit and briefly addressed the congregation expressing his entire satisfaction at the state of religion in the parish, and his comfort at the piety and sense of religion which pervaded the vast assemblage. His Lordship alluded to the necessity of a new chapel and asked the prayers of the people for Sir John Garden, who very generously gave a suitable site for a chapel and also the magnificent subscription of £100 towards its erection. His Lordship concluded his very learned discourse by exhorting the faithful to follow in the footsteps of their beloved and good shepherd, Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor. His Lordship before leaving placed the parish under the new Sabbath temperance law, prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors, which he has already established throughout the diocese with such salutary effect.—*Limerick Reporter.*

THE CHURCH OF ST. COLUMBKILLE, TORRY ISLAND.—We perceive with much pleasure that the consecration of the church lately erected in this heretofore spiritually destitute locality will take place on the 30th inst. About the middle of the sixth century, the glorious Irish saint, Columbkille, obtained possession of the Island of Torry, and there established a monastery, which continued to flourish until destroyed by George Bingham, English Governor of the Castle of Sligo, in the year 1595, during the war of Elizabeth with O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell. John Mitchell, in his "Life of Hugh O'Neill," informs us, that, "Torry was then illustrious for its Seven Churches, and the glebe of the saint; and the English burned and ruined both houses and churches, plundered everything, carried off the flocks and herds, and left no four-footed beast on the whole island. Torry never recovered that hideous wreck. It is now bare and dismal, lashed by the howling Atlantic, and inhabited by wretched fishermen; but still, by its round tower by its stone crosses, and the mouldering walls of its many churches, attests the piety of holy men, who in days of old made a sanctuary of that lonely isle." Such is the desolation which has bequeathed to that sacred place, where for nearly eleven hundred years the incessant voice of prayer, and the harmonious chant of choirs, ascended, amidst the eternal murmurs of the Atlantic, in praises to the Most High. Torry, which lies to the north-west of the county Donegal, is nine miles distant from the main land, and at present comprises upwards of five hundred inhabitants. These five hundred poor Catholics were, up to a short time since, without a chapel and without a resident priest. They depend for their spiritual ministrations on the Olevy of the parish of Tullaghbeg, to which the island is attached. The sea which separates them from the main land, known as Torry Sound, is the roughest and most dangerous along the rock-bound coast of the county Donegal. In winter, and especially in stormy weather, all communication between the

island and main land is impossible; hence, many are unfortunately summoned, and it is to be feared in their sins, to their final account, without the last rites and consolations of religion! The children are not infrequently, months without baptism, and yet the devotion of the islanders to the baptismal rite is unquestionable. It is almost incredible the dangers they encounter in their efforts to bring a child to the Priest, in order to have it baptised. When a child becomes sick, they put to sea in the most doubtful weather, and run the most awful risks. Mr. McFarlane, in his interesting work upon Torry, describes their heroic conduct on such occasions as "both touching and grand." To give an idea of the lamentable disappointments and awful dangers these poor islanders are subject to, in consequence of not having a resident priest, it is merely to mention circumstances attending a sick child which a priest lately had to the island:—A poor woman becoming dangerously ill, a boat was despatched for the priest. With the crew came a father and mother bringing out their sick infant child for baptism. A storm, however, got up, and for six days it was vain to attempt to return to the island. On the evening of the seventh day, the little boat, containing the priest, the parents still keeping watch over their dying child, and the sturdy crew, ventured to sea; but scarcely was she midway, when the wind veered, and the storm, in an instant, returned. The sea swelled into angry and menacing surfs, and, despite all the efforts of the crew, the frail skiff was driven from her course, drifting helplessly before the increasing gale in the darkness of the night, the island of Inishbofin was reached, and a landing made with the greatest difficulty. There the sick infant, after the sufferings of the day, expired on its mother's lap. Next morning they again started for Torry, and when nearing the land the loud wail of the Irish *Caoinne* met them across the waves, for alas the poor woman whom the priest came to attend had just breathed her last! On landing, it was most heart-rending to witness the afflicted islanders gathered on the beach, all bitterly lamenting their deplorable condition in not having a resident priest to administer to their spiritual wants. On this occasion, the severity of the weather detained the priest seventeen days on the island, during which a man fell sick and died, who, had the priest been from the island, could not possibly have had the benefit of his assistance. The parish priest vigorously determined to remedy these evils; and for this purpose his zealous curate, the Rev. James McFadden, travelled over the country soliciting contributions, and ultimately collected a sum sufficient to justify the commencement of operations. There has since been erected a very beautiful little Gothic church, thoroughly medieval in its style, with high pitched roof, gables surrounded by elegantly carved crosses, and windows, stone-mullioned, of three lights, and delicate tracery—that of the chancel containing representations, in stained glass, of the Crucifixion, the Virgin and Child, and St. Patrick. There is also a rude screen separating the chancel from the nave. On the whole, the edifice is worthy of the sacred purpose for which it was erected. It will be consecrated on the 30th instant, by the Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Lord Bishop of Raphoe, the sermon on the occasion being preached by the Rev. John Doherty, P. P., Carrigrohilly.

The Archbishop of Tuam has so far recovered from his late illness, that he was able to take a drive into the country on Friday; and every day his health is, we are happy to find, being very much improved. On Saturday His Grace received a visit from the Most Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, who left by the train but a quarter to four o'clock.

St. Patrick's Church, Bandon, was consecrated on Sunday last, when there were five Bishops present, and a great body of the clergy from the diocese. The church is a noble and beautiful one, and four stained glass windows of great richness and elegance.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS, TUAM.—We understand that before the lapse of many days, the people of this town will have the pleasure of seeing the schools re-opened and in full working order, in the new and spacious building lately completed for their reception. It will be an additional source of congratulation to learn, that the educational arrangements are again to be placed under the management and supervision of Mr. Low, to whose talents and abilities the rising generation of Tuam is already so much indebted.—*Herald*.

The Right Hon. Henry Herbert, M. P., has given over an English acre, in one of the most picturesque portions of Glenflesk, as a site for a Roman Catholic Church, and a subscription of £50. Mr. Daniel Cronin Coltsmann, one of the principal landlords of the locality, has subscribed £100.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.—Edmund Byrne, late of Ballinacorney, in the county of Kilkenny, gentleman, has made the following charitable bequests:—To the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Kilkenny, £200; to the Charitable and Benevolent Society, Kilkenny, £100; to the Fund now being raised for the establishment of the Christian Brothers in the city of Kilkenny, £200; to the Sisters of Mercy for the Mater Misericordie Hospital in Dublin, £100; to the Asylum of St. Joseph, Portland-row, Summer-hill, Dublin, £50; to the Convent of Our Lady of Charity, High Park, Drumcondra, Dublin, £50; to the relief of the poor of the county and city of Kilkenny £100; to the relief of the poor of the parish of Johnstown, county of Kilkenny, £100.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The Council of Legal Education in London has founded a law studentship open to the competition of the students of the various Inns of Court, and involving a periodical trial of strength among the English, Irish, and Scotch students who crowd that great centre of legal learning. This time a student of the Roman Catholic University in Dublin has carried off the prize.—*London Paper*.

PRESENTATION TO THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—Probably the most pleasing duty which falls to the lot of a journalist is that of recording the performance of acts indicating the entertainment of feelings of esteem, veneration, or reverence towards individuals. It is in this light that we regard what are commonly known as "presentations"; for, if the true spirit actuate the donor, the present, however small in money value, is as creditable to him as it must prove a source of gratification to the recipient. One of the most pleasing and appropriate presentations, which has come to our knowledge for a lengthened period, consists in a magnificent chalice and patina which has recently been presented to the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, as a token of the deep respect and veneration entertained for his Grace by Mr. John Scriber, of Westmoreland-street. This present is not alone intrinsically valuable, but as a work of art may well take its stand alongside the finest specimens of works in the precious metals. The chalice is manufactured of pure silver, and is in the Roman style. On the base it contains three cuttings in relief, the clearness, precision, and sharpness of outline of which prove that no mean hand held the chisel with which the work was executed. The first of these cuttings represents the Last Supper, and gives us the portraits of our Blessed Lord and of the Twelve Apostles. The minuteness of detail, which is one of the chief characteristics of this piece, is really wonderful. The second cutting represents the crucifixion, the dying Saviour on the cross, raised on Calvary, the Three Marys in its immediate vicinity, and the city of Jerusalem, with the Temple, in the distance. The third cutting represents the Resurrection. Christ rises from the tomb, angels attending him, whilst the guards are seen struck by terror below. In this, also, Jerusalem is seen in the distance. Those cuttings, every one of which is finished in the most exquisite style, are separated by three large angels placed in striking relief. The remaining portions of the base, as well as the entire of the stem, are chiselled in relief with

angels, scrolls, and foliage. The exterior of the cup is likewise highly ornate. It contains medallion likenesses of our Saviour, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Joseph, beautifully cut, and possessing in an eminent degree those characteristics for which we invariably look in such portraits—love, mildness, and benevolence, combined with a charming feminine delicacy and softness in the face of our Blessed Lady. Round these medallions are scrolls and foliage in relief, the latter typical of the sacred elements—the wheat and the vine, the loaf and the cup. The patina is of silver also, and is wrought so as to correspond and harmonise with the chalice. It contains on the back engravings of the all-seeing Eye, the Last Supper, and the Lamb of God, with the book with the seven seals. Around the circumference are the emblems of the Crucifixion—the cross, the nails, the crown of thorns, the sponge and spear, the hammer, and the scourge—with which the shroud is interwoven. It will be seen that a more elegant presentation could scarcely be made, and we have no doubt that His Grace appreciates at its true worth the praiseworthy feeling which dictated this mode of bearing witness to the love in which he is held by all classes of his children in this archdiocese.

SLIGO.—The mission conducted by the Very Rev. Father Hely, and three other Fathers of the Order, in the Cathedral Church at Ballaghadereer, closed on Sunday last, after producing an incalculable amount of good. Morning, noon, and night, from the commencement of the holy week, on Sunday, the 12th May, until the close, the excellent Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Durcan, the Clergy of Ballaghadereer and other parishes, and the Jesuit Fathers were in the confessionals or at the altars, and the result has been that upwards of nine thousand persons received Holy Communion, and Confirmation was administered by His Lordship to more than seven hundred. From all quarters of the diocese the people flocked to the mission which has had such blessed results, and they returned with hearts grateful to their good Bishop who had afforded them such an opportunity of giving honor and glory to God.—*Sligo Champion*.

The Earl of Dunraven has, through his agent Captain Bull, made to the Rev. James Raleigh, P. P., the truly generous donation of One Hundred Pounds, in aid of the new Catholic Church being built at Ballysteen, on a large plot of ground, the free gift of his Lordship. For all this and for more the people and their pastor respectfully tender their best thanks to their noble benefactor.

[In reference to the above we have to say, that to chronicle acts of genuine and munificent charity on the part of the noble owner of Adare, is nothing new. Seldom or never, perhaps, has the kindness of his heart been more apparent than on the occasion referred to in the above thanksgiving, because of the necessity of the case and the poverty of the people. Of the many wretched thatched hovels which, as places of Divine Worship, disfigured our country some thirty years ago, this one at Ballysteen is, we believe, the only one now remaining; and as a proof even of the happy change which has, in every respect, taken place, it is truly delightful to find all classes, as the list of donations proves, uniting to assist our reverend friend in the holy but very difficult undertaking in which he is engaged. From the resident gentry, and from those connected by property with the district, the Rev. Mr. Raleigh assures us, he has not had one refusal. Many of his brethren in the ministry, knowing the peculiar circumstances of the case, have generously hastened to aid him out of their own very small resources. While the poor people for whom this "House of Prayer" is being erected, have already cheerfully paid up nearly one-fourth of the cost of the Church, and that is precisely one-fourth of the rental of the whole land upon which they struggle to live—for the Poor Law valuation of their entire holdings is but eight hundred and odd pounds. We have seen the plans and specifications supplied by our fellow-citizen, William E. Corbett, Esq., and we venture to predict that this little Church will be one of the first of its class in this diocese; and in the design, simplicity with elegance and great solidity is happily combined. We confidently hope the much esteemed P. P. of Askeaton will meet with a liberal and ready sympathy in this his first appeal to the public, and we can assure him that his many friends, as well as his former parishioners in our city, will prove, if necessary, that he is not forgotten, and for our part our columns are freely open in every way in aid of so good and admirable a work.]—*Limerick Reporter*.

DEATH OF MRS. SMITH O'BRIEN.—With sentiments of the deepest possible regret, and respectful sympathy for her bereaved husband and family, we record the death, at Cahermoyne on Friday, of Mrs. William Smith O'Brien, Esq., and daughter of our venerable fellow-citizen, Alderman Joseph Gabbett. On Tuesday last, the melancholy procession which conveyed the remains of this excellent and universally regretted lady to their last resting-place on earth, moved from Cahermoyne through Ardagh, the bells of the beautiful Catholic Church of the village tolling solemnly in honor of one whose memory will long survive amongst a numerous circle who gratefully appreciate her affability, charity, and practical goodness of heart. To testify the general respect and esteem entertained for the sincerely regretted lady herself as for her respected husband, a more numerous assemblage than we ever recollect to have seen at a private funeral accompanied the remains of the departed lady to the neighboring churchyard, a distance of two miles, which was fully covered by the procession. There never, perhaps, was a more continuous downpour of rain than had fallen from the hour of three o'clock a. m. to the hour of the burial, the clothes of most of the processions being quite saturated, and some of the carriages completely wet inside; but the weather, which necessarily hindered hundreds from attending on this melancholy occasion, who would have been most anxious to do honor to the respected deceased, did not prevent a most numerous attendance of the gentry of the neighborhood and a vast number of persons from Limerick, Newcastle, Rathkeale, and other localities. All Mr. O'Brien's tenantry and the people of the vicinage attended, and gave every token of unaffected sorrow and affectionate sympathy for her bereaved husband and family.—Amongst the clergy, Catholic and Protestant, we noticed:—The Venerable Archdeacon Fitzgerald, P. P.; Very Rev. J. Synan, P. P.; V. F.; the Rev. Mr. Linton and his curate, Rev. Mr. Hayes, O. C.; the Rev. Mr. Linton and his curate, Rev. Messrs. Massy, Plummer, &c., all wearing scarfs and hat-bands. Amongst the carriages of the nobility and gentry we observed those of the Earl of Dunraven, Sir Vere de Vere, the Right Hon. William Monnell, M. P.; Major Vandeleur, Michael R. Ryan, Esq.; the Messrs. Massy, Gabbett, Blennerhasset, Brown, Sheehy, Evans, and many others, whom the crowded state of our columns will not permit us to notice, all classes and creeds being represented in paying this last mark of respect to the virtues of one whose equal it would be difficult to find.—*Limerick Reporter*.

THE MAGISTRACY.—The Lord Chancellor has appointed John Graham, Esq., of Castlepark, Cashel to the Commission of the Peace, for the county of Tipperary, on the recommendation of Viscount Lismore, Lieutenant of the County. The Lord Lieutenant has appointed John Sheridan Macleod, Esq., to be the resident magistrate for the county of Donegal. The Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of the Lieutenant of the County, has been pleased to appoint Charles Downing, Esq., of Otlands, Bonincolson, to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Mayo.

Gerald Fitzgibbon, jun., Esq., B. A., Dublin, son to Master Fitzgibbon, of the Court of Chancery, has been called to the English bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Maxwell Cross, Esq., a deputy lieutenant for the county Armagh.

Captain Shirley Ball has been staying with his agent, Michael Reilly, Esq., Glanamaddy, for the last few days. His eldest son, Lieutenant Thomas Ball, (10th Hussars) accompanies him. He is visiting his large estates in the county of Galway, and has been most heartily welcomed by his numerous and prosperous tenantry.—*Roscommon Journal*.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed John Johnston, Esq., Friarstown; John O'Donnell, Esq., Larkfield; Hugh O'Beirne, Esq., Jamestown; and Joshua Kell, Esq., Dromohaire, Governors of the Sligo and Leitrim Lunatic Asylum, four vacancies having occurred for the latter county.

Colonel Dixon, is on Friday, to ask the first Lord of the Treasury, what he considers the position of the Government of that country, and whether the Earl of Carlisle intends to retain that office.

Regular steam communication is now established between Belfast and Havre.

IRISH MANUFACTURE—FREMONT PARISH CHAPEL.—A very handsome belfry and bell has been erected in the Fremont Parish Chapel, owing to the untiring zeal and energy of our worthy curate, the Rev. William Cosgrave, who is never wanting in the glorious cause of religion: The belfry, which is of beautiful cut stone, is the work of Mr. McDonald, Architect, Kanturk, on whom it reflects the highest credit; and the bell, from Mr. J. Murphy, founder, Dublin, needs no commendation. The whole, which is just now complete, adds very much to the exterior of the chapel, which is built on an eminence, and causes the bell to sound most solemnly for miles around that once low and degraded, but now flourishing and enlightened, parish of Fremont.—*Correspondent of Cork Examiner*.

SACRILEGIOUS ACT.—On Thursday night some ruffians effected an entrance into Pullysarron chapel, about two miles from the city of Armagh, to which parish it belongs, and stole therefrom six candlesticks, several altar cloths, and some other articles. Information having been given to the constabulary, inquiry was immediately made, and towards Friday evening, a fellow named Williamson, who has numerous aliases, was arrested. At first he sternly denied all knowledge of the matter, but a large crowd of persons having collected, conscience which "makes cowards of us all," forced him to openly confess his guilt, which he tried to palliate on the plea of drunkenness, being, as he admits, one of a gang. The crowd was justly indignant at the conduct of the vagabond, and at one period was very near dealing him out summary justice. Williamson, however escaped through the interference of a gentleman present, and was allowed to accompany the police to the hiding-place, where they found the candlesticks and all the other articles. On Saturday he was brought before a magistrate by Constable McGolrick, who had arrested him, and has been committed for further examination. He states that his place of residence is Carnly, near Newry.

EXPORTATION OF CATTLE.—It is a matter of observation and wonder to the public of Belfast the immense number of cattle which are almost daily exported from this town to England and Scotland. They are not merely fat stock but comprise classes from one year old and upwards; and all the different breeds are more or less represented in the droves. The majority, however, are young, and ready for the rich pasture lands, at the other side of the channel. In fact it is a matter of astonishment that the supply of cattle in this country is so great, and it certainly speaks well for the material prosperity of farmers and breeders of stock in Ulster.—*Belfast paper*.

TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR.—At Liverpool, on Friday, the thermometer registered 80 degs.; in the sun and exposed to the wind, 120 degs. On Saturday the register was very nearly the same.

FIRE ON LOWER ORMOND QUAY.—A fire broke out in the Printing-office of the house of Mr. Delaney, printer and bookseller, 44 Lower Ormond Quay, at a few minutes before ten o'clock on Wednesday night. The fire engines had an ample supply of water from the fire-plugs and ten watering-carts which were in attendance. Owing to some dispute which arose between the managers of St. Mary's and the Royal Exchange engines, considerable time was lost before water was thrown on the premises. Had the fire been of a serious nature this ill-timed dispute might have resulted in serious consequences. Fortunately, however, the flames which did not pass the shop, were soon extinguished.

DOWN ASSIZES.—It is satisfactory to learn that there is not a single prisoner in custody for trial at these assizes, to the present date.—*Downpatrick Recorder*.

PROSPERITY OF IRELAND.—DEATHS BY STARVATION IN CALLEEN.—If I were asked how the poor bear their sufferings, I should be at a loss to answer. The poverty of the poor in this town and neighborhood is something positively awful. I know not how they live—no work, no money; and no charity could relieve the vast amount of distress which prevails. But I may be asked—why do they not go into the workhouse? There are hundreds of starving poor who cannot bear the idea of the workhouse, if they could only keep body and soul together outside; but they cannot—and I assure you many of them are dying of starvation this present moment.—*Cor. of Kilkenny Journal*.

THE O'DONOGHUE AND CAYOOR.—The "Chieftain of the Glens" was the only Irish member who had the courage in the English Senate to disconnect himself from the eulogy bestowed on the deceased robber of the Church, the bitter, unrelenting persecutor of the Holy Father. A most violent article appears in the *London Telegraph* against the O'Donoghue for his "blasphemous conduct." I would say to the young chieftain, *I, puer macte, virtute*. May you thus continue to deserve the attacks of bigots, and hired assassin scribes. Honest Englishmen of educated minds—as well Protestant as Catholic—will respect, though they may dissent from you. This I know from many of them.—*Connaught Patriot*.

BARON ROTHSCHILD AND KERRY CATTLE.—Baron Rothschild has entered the field rather extensively as a breeder of Keries. Mr. James Brady, of Merino, to whom the honour of executing the order was entrusted, favoured us with a perusal of the Baron's letter, by which we perceive that the first lot of 50 heifers was to be a sample, thereby leading us to suppose that many more are to follow. We congratulate Mr. Brady on this very distinguished compliment, but at the same time we must not deprive the Baron of the keen perception exercised in seeking the assistance of a person so well qualified to make the selection for him.—*Furmer's Gazette*.

SUDDEN DEATH.—MISFORTUNE.—On Thursday evening a young girl, aged fifteen years, the daughter of a respectable farmer named Bulfin, of Ballinure, having asked her mother's permission to milk a cow, was returning from the farm-yard when she was observed to throw up her arms, scream and fall. On being taken up she was found to be quite dead. An inquest was held on the body and a verdict of "Died of disease of the heart" was returned in accordance with the medical testimony. On Friday evening one of the bed rooms of the house was discovered to be on fire—the flames spread rapidly, and in a few moments the house, which was a spacious building, was in flames. The entire building, with the exception of the kitchen, was burned down. The police rendered invaluable assistance in checking the progress of the flames, and the conduct of Constable George Morrow and Sub-Constable Moran and Parker is described as daring and intrepid in the extreme. Saturday brought an additional misfortune in the death of Mr. Bulfin's mother, and one of his sons is at present dangerously ill. We have not learned if the property consumed was insured or the contrary.—*Tipperary Free Press*.

Extraordinary Longevity.—Mrs. O'Donnell, widow of Mr. Constantine O'Donnell, died on the 26th ult., aged 110 years, at the residence of her son, Dr. O'Donnell, Ballyshannon, county Donegal.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.—On Sunday last Clonmel was the theatre of a scene which merits publication. One of the Irish Brigade, named Thomas Conway, one of the brave defenders of Spoleto, died on Friday last of consumption, which commenced with disease contracted whilst in a Sardinian prison. Clonmel contributed to the Brigade over forty, being fine young men, about a dozen of them bedeviled with medals won in the Crimea and India—men whom Major O'Reilly found most useful for drilling his recruits—and of this dozen every man but one was promoted by their brave and beloved major. I have been informed that of this gallant phalanx Conway was the finest man; he stood about six feet in his vamps, four-and-twenty years of age, an active and vigilant farmer's son, full of health and spirit, but unaccustomed to the hard fare of a Sardinian prisoner. The miserable one meal per diem of very inferior food, and the hard bed of the cold damp flag of an Italian dungeon brought on dysentery, which undermined his constitution, and terminated in consumption. This poor fellow for the last two months has been obliged to remain in bed. Six days before he died, in order that he might be near the doctor, he was removed to the "Union Hospital." Thither, after Mass on Sunday last, was the direction to which all inhabitants seemed to direct their steps. About two o'clock the magnificent amateur band of the town arrived. Immediately after, the coffin was placed on the bier; over it was thrown a beautiful velvet pall, with a cross formed of silver lace; over them were placed a "bushy" (the hat worn by artillerymen, and a sheathed sword). The procession formed; about twenty of the brigade walked two and two immediately after the bier; and after them the trades societies walked in the same order; the priests of both parishes attended. The procession, headed by the band under the guidance of Jeremiah Condon, paraded the principal streets of the town, the band playing in admirable style the "Dead March in Saul." Though the procession was literally accompanied by thousands, yet the greatest order and most solemn silence prevailed throughout. This young man, having lived a short distance in the country, was comparatively unknown to the great bulk of the people, yet thousands attended his funeral because he belonged to the Irish Brigade. His poor mother and family derived the greatest consolation from the respect paid to his remains; they said to a friend of mine, "Sure, Prince Albert would not get such a funeral!" There are many cheering considerations connected with the whole matter; but it would be too long to dwell upon them here.

CAPTURE OF SHARKS ON THE IRISH COAST.—On the 25th ult., some fishermen were engaged at their usual avocation outside Kinsale harbor, when the nets were found to be entangled in something. After some trouble they succeeded in drawing them in, and to their astonishment discovered that two of those monsters of the deep, known as basking sharks, had their tails entangled in them. The animals made no struggle, having been, it is supposed, overcome by the fright, and ropes having been tied to their tails, they allowed themselves to be quietly towed ashore. They were measured, and one, from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, was 28 feet long, and the other 26. Two tons of blubber was taken from each of them. It is supposed that a number of sharks must have been outside the harbor, as a revenue cutter afterwards met another about the same place. There being a harpoon on board it was immediately prepared, and sent into the shark's side which at once started off at full speed. All the rope of the harpoon was soon run out, but the animal did not relax his efforts to get away, and such was its strength and the violence of its struggles that it drew the vessel several miles out of its course, while the blood from the wound inflicted by the harpoon tinged the sea around it. Finally, the rope snapped and the monster escaped.—*Cork Examiner*.

AWFUL ACCIDENT AT FERMOY.—One of the most sudden and appalling accidents occurred last evening at Fermoyle, in which a gentleman lost his life in the presence of several people. The accident took place at the bridge of Fermoyle, in the very centre of the town, at half-past six o'clock in the evening.—The following are the particulars of the occurrence:—The deceased gentleman, a Mr. Campion, had lately returned from Australia to his native town, after having amassed a considerable fortune, amounting, according to some reports, to £22,000. A friend of his, Mr. Perrott, of Fermoyle, who had met him in Australia, went yesterday to visit him at his residence, Glenciskin, which is a short distance from the town, and, after spending the day with him, the two rode in the evening into the town. On arriving at a place called "Reid's Slip," about two hundred yards from the Fermoyle Bridge, the deceased rode down to water his horse, contrary, we are informed, to the advice of his friend, Mr. Perrott. On getting to the water he immediately began to ride his horse about from one side of the river to the other, driving him, as we are informed, furiously.—His friend again endeavoured to prevent him, but with no success; the unfortunate gentleman, we regret to say, appearing to have taken more liquor than he could bear. Ultimately, on some persons state, an attempt being made by some parties who had jumped into the river, seeing the perilous position in which Mr. Campion was, to catch his horse's bridle, the horse stumbled in one of the many sand-pits near the bridge and the unfortunate man was thrown into the water; several parties were swimming about immediately, endeavouring to save him, but he appeared but once, and that time whilst their backs were turned to him. The water being very muddy and high, from the recent rains, they could not discover where he sank. Every effort was made to discover the body, but although hundreds were looking on at his death-struggle, his body was not found until near an hour after, when life was quite extinct. The deceased gentleman was unmarried, and was about 30 years of age.—*Cork Examiner*.

ROMANIC SOICIDM.—On Sunday last, as Mr. Hugh Fulton, deputy harbour-master, residing at Wardie Cottage, was returning from Camond, along the sea-beach, he discovered a bottle lying on the sand, as if washed up by the tide. On uncorking it, he found a piece of paper which contains the following:—"Having drank the contents of this bottle, I died from love. I cannot live any longer. I throw my body into the deep; should it be picked up by a good Samaritan, perhaps he may place it in a respectable grave. Farewell friends all. I forget the faithless one. Farewell for ever.—Donald Munro, Inverness.—Edinburgh, June 8, 1861, ten o'clock, p.m. The contents of the bottle had evidently been, from the smell, "whiskey."—*Caledonian Mercury*.

FATAL EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—We have just been informed by a person from the neighbourhood, that about six miles from Carrick-on-Suir, on the road to Mullinahone, on Saturday evening electric fluid struck the house of a small farmer, shattered a portion of it killed a boy of fifteen years, and severely injured six other persons, who were in the house at the time. We have also been informed that in the neighbourhood of Carrick some cattle have been also destroyed by being struck with lightning during Saturday and Sunday.—*Waterford Mail*.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—A woman named Catherine Nolan, aged about fifty, has been found dead in a field at Grange, in the county of Carlow. It is supposed that death was caused by lightning.

POOR LAW ELECTIONS.—The Poor Law Commissioners now have decided that actual occupation of the premises for which the voter is rated is indispensable to his qualification, and that the fact of his having been rated, and having paid the poor rate himself, will not give him a vote for the election of a Poor Law Guardian unless he be actually in occupation of the premises.

Between poor rates and county cess the barony of Glinneerough is now chargeable with about ten shillings in the pound for the present year. The county cess has been largely increased by the extensive cutting on the road from Headford, to Kenmare, connecting that district with the Killarney Railway. Had those cuttings not been made, the railway company would have closed the station of Headford, and the district of Kinnara, which has a large connexion with Cork, would have been shut out from the benefits of railway communication with that city.—*Traveller Chronicle*.

EMIGRATION—ITS DECLINE.—The Gipsy, Liverpool steamer, left hence at one p.m. on Monday, without a single emigrant for the "Far West." Owing to the present disturbed state of America, emigration, we are glad to learn, has nearly ceased, not only from this port, but from most parts of Ireland. Many of the deluded people who left this country during the early part of the spring are already returning home. The emigration from Liverpool, as a matter of course, has also greatly decreased. Such are now expatriating themselves all steering their course for the Canadas.—*Waterford Mail*.

THE ROSCOMMON ASSIZES.—There are only three persons in custody for trial at the approaching assizes, and they are two women of the names of Concanon, committed from Castlereagh for infanticide, together with the midwife, named Moran. But for this case, which is one of rather unusual occurrence in this county, we would have had a "maiden assizes." We have not heard of any records being intended for trial.—*Messenger*.

GREAT BRITAIN. A genuine expression of the heartfelt feelings of the English Catholic laity took place on Thursday at the Crystal Palace, where Bishop Morris was presented with an address and a purse of 500 sovereigns as some slight recognition of the services rendered by him to the cause of religion, education, and charity, during many years of sacerdotal and episcopal toil. The Cardinal Archbishop was present, and the Hon. Charles Langdale presided. The Honourable chairman passed a fitting rebuke upon those who allowed political considerations to detract from their devotion to the holy Father.—rebuke somewhat necessary, if it be true, as is reported, that a Catholic gentleman of rank, of strong Tory sentiments, and a strenuous supporter of Lord Derby, declined to preside, unless the custom of given priority to the health of the Pope was abandoned.—*Weekly Register*.

At a meeting of a considerable number of Catholic gentlemen who happened to be in London, held a fortnight ago, and continued by adjournment, it was resolved that Lord Edward Howard should be requested to bring forward in Parliament the case of Catholic prisoners. At a subsequent meeting a committee of several influential Catholic gentlemen was requested to co-operate with the clerical committee already in action in defending the case of the Catholics both in goals and union workhouses. To this committee the Very Rev. Cannon Morris, 45, Devonshire-street, W., acts as secretary.—*Id.*

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—The crops have been thriving visibly in all directions, the splendid sun and high temperature following the late rains having powerfully forced on all vegetation. Some of the forward wheats are coming into ear, and increased vigour is apparent in the produce of almost every soil.—*Sussex Advertiser*.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.—On Monday, Mr. G. F. Train, of street-railway notoriety, gave an entertainment at the Westminster Palace Hotel to celebrate the anniversary of this battle. A daily paper-porter says, various clever and vivacious speeches were made by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, G. A. Sala, B. Jerrold, Mr. Murphy, Tom Hood, &c.; but the main features of the evening's entertainment was the oratory of the host, Mr. Train, and his marvellous power of improvising song. The festivity was intended to be the occasion of producing a strong demonstration in favour of the Northern States as opposed to the Southern Secessionists, but Mr. Train complained that the company were cold in their sympathy for the North. The opinion generally expressed by the gentlemen present was, that the English Government was wise in adopting the policy of non-intervention.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—France maintains an army, not to speak of a vast navy, in the highest efficiency, numbering half-a-million, surely, not merely as an expensive and pretty toy for the amusement of the people. So powerful a weapon so laboriously finished, and is itself so greedy of action, and by all the known laws of national life so sure to die of inaction if it cannot live by employment, necessitates what it suggests, war—occupation somewhere and with somebody. One of those tolerated, and because tolerated, all but approved pamphlets, which appear at intervals in Paris, has lately been published by Proudhon. He tells us in this document plainly, that England is to be the object of attack—that such an aggression would melt into one all the discordant elements of France—that its success would be certain, and that the tribute levied from subject England would be the acknowledgment of victorious France.—*London Review*.

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The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1861.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The recognition of the kingdom of Italy by France has been formally announced to the Sardinian Parliament by Ricasoli, the successor of Cavour, and diplomatic relations betwixt the two countries, are, it is said, about to be resumed. What this may bode to Rome it is hard to say, for the policy of Louis Napoleon is unfathomable, and his every act in connection with the affairs of Italy has been an enigma. Why he keeps his troops at Rome, kept his fleet at Gaeta, and why, whilst professing the best of sentiments towards the Holy Father, he should allow or rather encourage the publication and circulation of the most indecent attacks upon the latter, under his very nose—are questions to which it is in vain to expect any satisfactory or intelligible answer. The news from Italy for the past week is of little importance, but we regret to learn that rumors as to the delicate health of the Holy Father continue to gain ground.

Lord Chancellor Campbell was found dead in his bedroom, on the morning of the 23rd ult., having to all appearance retired to rest in good health on the previous evening. There has been much discussion in Parliament and in the press, upon the policy of sending reinforcements to Canada at the present juncture. Enough, and more than enough, has been done to arouse the suspicions of the people of the United States against the pacific intentions of the British Government; whilst the mere handful of troops sent to Canada would be of very little use in case of an outbreak of hostilities. Either no troops should have been sent at all; or, if it was deemed necessary to strengthen the armaments of Canada, a force sufficient in numbers should have been at once despatched. As usual, however, the British Government likes middle measures, and adheres to the *via media*, which, of all paths, is the most dangerous. It has done too much, if it really desires to keep on good terms, and to cultivate amicable relations with the United States; too little, far too little, if, having reasons to dread a rupture, its object is to put the Canadas in a state of defence against the aggressions of a hostile neighbor.

The civil war in the United States continues to drag its slow length along, in the old incomprehensible fashion. We have daily two or three lengthy columns of telegraphic reports from the seat of war, from which, however, it is not given to mortal to glean a grain of information. Still the contending parties are always just about going to begin; and still they keep up the same game of brag and talk, and do everything but fight. Vast armies come into the presence of one another; furious engagements, in which none are killed, one or two are perhaps wounded, and a still larger number seriously frightened, are the most important events with which we are regaled, and by common consent the United States civil war is pronounced to be a bore.

THE ELECTIONS.—In so far as the still pending electoral contest may be looked upon as a struggle betwixt the "Ins" and the "Outs," and as a quarrel for the distribution of government patronage, and the fingering of the public monies, the Catholic may well be supposed to feel very indifferent as to the result. There are, however, some very important questions in which the interests of religion are immediately at stake, whose solution in a great manner depends upon the composition of the Legislature; and in so far as these questions are likely to be affected by the triumph or defeat of particular candidates, we may well be permitted—without reference to party—to mourn or to exult. All party connections we repudiate; no party ties of any kind bind, or should be permitted to bind us; but we must honestly confess that, as Catholics, as the advocates of Freedom of Education for our co-religionists of Upper Canada, and the integrity of our Religious Communities in the Eastern section of the Province, we do most heartily rejoice in the defeat of Mr. George Brown in Toronto, and of M. Dorion in Montreal; and in the implied condemnation of the Brown-Dorion policy on the School Question, and of the monstrous alliance of Catholics with the "Protestant Re-

form" party. This unnatural and degrading connection is we believe, at an end forever.

We regard the defeat of Mr. George Brown at Toronto as the more important of the two victories; because, in the first place, there can be no doubt as to its having been obtained through the vigorous and combined action of the Catholics of that city; and because Toronto is Mr. Brown's stronghold, and he himself the soul or animating spirit of the Protestant Reform party. M. Dorion is, perhaps, weak rather than criminal; he suffered himself to be used as a tool by his more astute and unprincipled colleague; and if he consented to become a party to the treacherous, but most skillfully devised school policy of the Brown-Dorion administration, it was not so much for any ill-will towards Catholic schools, as from a certain feebleness of disposition which characterises the man, and induced him to submit docilely to the imperious bigotry of his Protestant colleague.

The details of that insidious school policy, as expounded by M. Dorion himself, must still be fresh in the memories of our Catholic readers. It was most skillfully contrived, and admirably adapted to carry out the objects of its concocters, which were threefold—1. To stave off, for an indefinite period, all legislative action on the School Question;—2. To accomplish finally the overthrow of the separate or denominational school system; and in the third place, to provide a maintenance out of the public funds for some greedy and unprincipled hanger on of the party, or place-beggar, who should for a consideration undertake to do Mr. George Brown's dirty work. This threefold object it was proposed to accomplish by sending a salaried commissioner to travel for an indefinite period in Europe, to examine into, and report upon, the different systems there in vogue; with the avowed design of basing upon his Report, when presented, a general or common school system for Upper Canada. Thus, if the plan had been successful, the Brown-Dorion administration would have been able to silence the clamors of both parties, without coming to an open rupture with either. To the Catholics calling for a reform in the existing school laws, it would have replied—"Wait for the Report of our travelling commissioner; you cannot expect us to stultify ourselves by taking any action in the premises until we shall have received that Report;" and the same answer would have sufficed to silence the clamors of Mr. George Brown's Protestant Reform friends, calling for the immediate fulfillment of his oft reiterated pledges to put down "sectarian education."

Fortunately this treacherous plot was defeated by the untimely political death of its concocters. The expectant Commissioner, who was to play the part of jackal, or political scavenger, was disappointed of his salary and government situation; and the honest Catholics of Toronto have by their votes at the last election testified to their appreciation of the merits of the man from whose fertile brain the scheme originated. Yes! We look upon the defeat of Mr. George Brown as the work of the Catholic electors generally, and of the Toronto *Freeman* in particular, to both of whom, for their conduct in this respect, the gratitude of the Catholic body throughout the Province is due. Not only have they inflicted well-merited punishment upon the incessant reviler of their creed, and the inveterate slanderer of all that as Catholics they should most hold dear, and venerate; but they have given a deadly blow to the political influence of the bitterest foe of Lower Canada, to the foremost amongst the assailants of the "laws, the language and the religion" of those whom in their insouciance the "Protestant Reformers" taunt as an "inferior race." This calls for active gratitude from the Catholics of Lower Canada, whose battle the Catholics of the West have well and gallantly fought. The least that we, of this section of the Province can do in return for their good offices, is strenuously to aid them in their struggles for complete "Freedom of Education." They have established a claim on our good offices; and we should be foolish as well as most ungrateful, were we not thankfully to acknowledge that claim, and energetically to enforce those their reasonable and well-founded demands for such reforms in their School Laws as they shall agree to.

The Clear-Grit alliance is at an end, even if it ever had any solid, tangible existence. With a frankness which does it credit, and makes atonement for its past, the *Toronto Freeman* acknowledges its error in once advocating that course, and in almost the very words of the TRUE WITNESS of '59, repudiates an alliance with men all whose antecedents betoken the rabid enemies of Catholicity, and whose actual conduct in no manner belies those antecedents. As the TRUE WITNESS argued against that alliance when it was first mooted, and propounded to the acceptance of the Catholic body, so in the same terms does the Toronto *Freeman* argue against it to-day; thus fully justifying our policy with regard to that hideous alliance, and effectually removing the barriers that unfortunately, for some time have interposed betwixt us and our Toronto cotemporary. The latter, speaking of his departure from the policy of independence

of all parties which the TRUE WITNESS has always advocated, and "to which the Toronto *Freeman* pledged itself in its prospectus—thus makes the *amende honorable* for his deviation from that truly Catholic policy, and his encouragement of the "Clear-Grit alliance"—

"On the score of policy, we are free to admit a deviation from the strict line of neutrality or independence, which we originally intended to pursue. If we swerved in this respect, it was because we felt desirous to lend as much support to the views and policy of our highly-gifted and talented countryman, Mr. McGee, as our judgment and conscience approved of."—*Toronto Freeman*, June 28.

And in this lies the secret of the several controversies which have arisen on the subject of the "Protestant Reformers" as our "natural allies," betwixt the Toronto *Freeman* and the TRUE WITNESS. From the day on which that monstrous alliance was first proposed, it was to us a self-evident proposition, that the policy into which, for a short time, our cotemporary unfortunately swerved, was dishonorable, and injurious to Catholic interests; because, betwixt the honest Catholic and the Protestant Reformer there was, and could be, no one principle in common; and because, therefore, any political alliance betwixt them necessarily implied a flagrant dereliction of principle upon one side or the other. That policy we could not consent to follow, because the TRUE WITNESS never would, and, please God, never will, "swerve" one hair's breadth from the path in which it originally started, to please any man that ever breathed, no matter what his race, creed, talents or popularity. If any we have offended by our obstinate or stubborn adherence to the same course wherein we started, herein lies the cause. We would not play Sir Sycophant to any man; we would not sacrifice one grain of truth for a ton of popularity; we could not cease to believe that two and two make four; and therefore we could not but condemn, too harshly perhaps, an alliance and a course of policy, whose opposition to all Catholic interests, and all political morality, was as easily demonstrable as the simplest proposition in the first book of Euclid. The very head and front of our offending hath this extent—no more.

But as all cause of controversy betwixt us and the *Freeman* is now removed by the latter's ample retraction, and acknowledgment of its motives—so we may be permitted, as Catholic journalists, to hope that in the future, nothing shall occur to sow again the seeds of strife. The *Freeman* has, and we cannot too often repeat it, done right good service to the Catholic cause, by its instrumentality in procuring the defeat of Mr. George Brown; and the "Dogans;" as the defeated candidate was in the habit of styling the Irish Catholics of Upper Canada, have given their Protestant neighbors a lesson which the latter will do well to lay to heart. They have shown that they know how to discriminate betwixt their natural enemies, and their "natural allies;" that they have the power, as well as the inclination, to avenge an insult upon themselves and their religion; and that though only a minority of the population, they do when united, hold the balance of power betwixt the contending parties in Upper Canada, of whom neither can in the future expect to insult, or injure them with impunity. For this valuable lesson, and the manner in which it has been inculcated, all honor to the Catholics of Toronto, and all thanks to the *Toronto Freeman*.

THE LOGICIAN OF THE "TRUE WITNESS."—The last number of the *True Witness* has an article on the death of Cavour, in which that event is spoken of as the punishment of the Almighty on his political course. It begins thus:—

"Cavour is dead—gone to his last account! The prayers of the Catholic world have reached the throne of the just and eternal God, and one by one in His own good time, is He striking down the enemies of His holy Church."

One would think this writer who signs himself "Sacerdos" expects to be immortal. Otherwise sooner or later the event will happen which will prove by the like reasoning that he was an enemy of God's Holy Church, and that he has been struck down in God's own good time. For men who know that they must all die, the righteous as well as the wicked—Plus ça change, plus ça change—*is a little too absurd to talk of death as a punishment for individual misdoers.*—*Montreal Herald*.

Is the editor of the *Herald* an imbecile or an infidel? One of the two we fear he is who wrote the above extract. An imbecile, if believing the Scripture he cannot read it—an infidel if reading it, he refuses to believe it.

If we attribute Count Cavour's death to the hand of Providence watching over Holy Church, it must be attributed to our Popish education which has (unfortunately it appears for us) taught us to revere the Bible as the inspired word of God, and forbids us to interpret it with a false philosophy. It may be all very good for the editor of the *Montreal Herald*, imbecile or infidel whether he be, to look upon a consignation of Bibles very much in the same light as a bale of French goods—as a good speculation in a community of fools; but, Catholic as we are, we cannot divest ourselves of a certain deep reverence for that Holy Book, and an unshaken belief in its narrative. Hence when we read of the death of Core, Dathan and Abiron, we understand it to mean—(the editor of the *Herald* to the contrary notwithstanding) that *it is* (NOT) *at all absurd to talk of death as a punishment for individual misdoers.* If the *Montreal Herald* has any lingering sparks of faith yet

left in the teachings of the Holy Writings, or even if he look upon them only as ordinary narratives of events, we would recommend to his careful perusal, the XVI. chap. of the Book of Numbers, where the Sacred Scriptures recount the swallowing up into the bowels of the earth of Dathan, and Abiron, (vs. 21, 32, 33), because they refused to obey Moses; and the destroying of the 250 under Core (v. 35), who offered incense on unhallowed fire, as well as the destruction of the 14,700 (v. 49), who murmured against Moses and Aaron. The editor of the *Herald* may look upon all this as a mere myth or romance of priestcraft to frighten naughty children, and his Protestant readers may applaud his discovery; but we as Catholics, must beg leave to look upon it as an instance of God's providence against offending man, and as a most decided and striking instance of "the punishment of death inflicted upon individual misdoers." Again, in that magnificent description of the events of that abominable feast of King Baltassar (cap. v., Daniel), wherein the king in his drunken madness "commanded that they should bring the vessels of gold and silver which Nabuchodonosor, his father, had brought away out of the temple that was in Jerusalem—that the king and his nobles, and his wives, and his concubines might drink in them"—we remember the fear that smote the king—how his "countenance changed and his thoughts troubled him: and the joints of his loins were loosed and his knees struck one against the other:" for "in the same hour there had appeared fingers as it were of the hand of a man, writing over against the candlestick upon the surface of the wall of the king's palace; and the king beheld the joints of the hands that wrote." We remember also how that the Prophet Daniel was sent for into the king's presence, to interpret the words traced by the mysterious fingers—Mane, Thecel, Phares—and how that interpretation ran thus: "Mane: God has numbered thy kingdom and hath finished it. Thecel, thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting. Phares, thy kingdom is divided and is given to the Medes and Persians." And Daniel was honored with purple and a chain of gold, and was proclaimed as the third man in the kingdom. *And the same night Baltassar the Chaldean king was slain.*

Surely the editor of the *Herald* need not be a Daniel, a second Daniel, to behold in this the hand of God.

Again, the worthy editor has doubtless read in the Acts of the Apostles of the death of Ananias and Sapphira, for "agreeing together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord." How Ananias first, and then Sapphira, were stricken dead in the presence of the Apostles, and were carried out by the young men, and buried immediately. These at least had no doubt of their death, or of its cause, whatever "liberal" opinions the editor of the *Herald* may entertain on that head.

SACERDOS.

If there is in these our days a living and continual proof of the divine mission of the Catholic Church, it is certainly to be found in the fact of the unrelenting persecution that she has to undergo on all sides. Her divine founder bequeathed her His sufferings as a perpetual legacy, and as a proof of her lineal descent from Him. Those remarkable words—"If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated Me before you"—are at once the preamble, the body, and the codicil of this sorrowful bequest; and Pagans, infidels, heretics, false brethren—the powers of darkness in high places—the arrogance of bigotry and a false philosophy—all attack her on every side in fulfillment thereof; and divine indeed must be the protection that saves her from their incessant unwearying assaults. To attempt an analysis of these attacks would be beyond the labor of man. They are embodied in the history of all the nations of the earth from the foundation of the Christian era to the present moment. But if they have at all times been vigorous, never in the history of Christianity have they been conducted with a persistency, a tenacity of purpose, and a bloodthirstiness equal to that of the present moment. The attack upon her made at the Reformation may have been great; but *then* (in the person of the English and German churches) it was directed against her external members only; *now* (in the person of the Sovereign Pontiff) it is directed against her very heart. *Then* it was sought only to loosen a little the ties that bound so fast the passions of men; *now* it is sought to sever those ties altogether, and to substitute the unbridled licentiousness of infidelity.

The assault that is being made against her at present in Italy, though to the superficial and unthinking it may appear but as a question of temporalities, is in reality a most desperate struggle. In its political aspect, it is a struggle between conservatism and socialism; whilst in its religious aspect, it is the death-struggle of infidelity against the only barrier offered to it—viz., the teachings of the Catholic Church; and unfortunately the Church finds arrayed against in this struggle not only her natural enemies—the Victor Hugos, the Eugène Sues, the Mazzinis, and the Garibaldi, of the infidel and socialistic world—but alas! also those unnatural enemies—the quasi-Christians of

English Protestantism. We say English Protestantism; for we do not find this insane war carried on by the Lutheran Protestants of Germany; on the contrary, one of the most eloquent and conclusive defences of Catholicity in the present contest has emanated from the pen of an eminent Lutheran divine. How suicidal this policy will prove, English Protestantism will discover probably when it is too late. Protestantism being but a negation of Catholicity, is dependant upon Catholicity for its very existence: as the negative is dependant upon the positive. Catholicity therefore once destroyed, Protestantism must fall with it. Protestant England, through her insane hatred of Catholicity, fosters the existence in London of all the revolutionary societies of Europe, and London is the "point d'appui," the "dos moi pou" of Mazzinism and Red Republicanism. This she does under the shallow pretext, that she cannot expel them until they are guilty of a breach of British law. But surely British law must be very defective, and much in need of revision, if secret societies, dangerous to the peace and existence of neighboring and friendly nations, be allowed at any and every moment an asylum under its wings. But this same British law that is so indulgent in the case of Italian and anti-Catholic refugees, is sensitive enough, when a society of beardless boys, under the name of the Phoenix Society, springs up in Ireland; or when an assault is made upon a Protestant Bishop, or for the matter of that upon a prince. Then she is all alert. Secret societies are then all at once discovered to be dangerous and contrary to this same indulgent British law. They may plot for the overthrow of Catholic dynasties, and the slaughter by thousands of Catholic people;—they may sap the foundations of revealed religion, and yet be in accordance with British law; but let a whisper but come across the Irish channel, that Irish youths are imitating their Italian confederates, and immediately this British law arouses from its slumber, shakes itself, and finds out in a moment that all this is very reprehensible in these Irish youths, and must be put down with a firm, nay a severe hand. And all this time she is fostering the viper. Slowly, but by sure degrees, secret societies are disseminating the abominable poison of socialism and infidelity. It has already spread through London like a moral nuisance more deadly than the stench of her filthy Thames. It has been carried on the secret wings of the winds throughout the kingdom, until not a workshop, not a factory, but has some taint of its abominable venom. Her operative population, whether of the manufacturing or mining districts, is as fully imbued with the false philosophy of communism, as are the dens of London, where the Mazzini clubs hold their nightly sittings. There is a retribution in all evil, and sooner or later it will fall upon England for her fostering care of these assassins. It is true that England has in the immense riches of her aristocracy, and merchant princes a stronger barrier against these of things than her poorer neighbors; but this will not avail her always, but may even prove her ruin, as offering so rich a spoil to the revolutionist adventurer.

The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole Continent round them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise" (McAuley's Hist. of Eng, cap. I vol. I.)

Had these words been written in any other cause than that of bigotry, they would have been sufficient in themselves to have utterly ruined the reputation of the most learned and captivating writer, even though that writer were Thomas Babington McAuley, and a baron withal. But bigotry is at all times a rampant feeder, and not over discriminating in its food; and the writer who is despicable enough to pander to its taste, need not be over particular in his points, or in the manipulation of his facts. Conclusions the most illogical, perversion of facts the most palpable, will be gulped down for sound arguments and conclusive proofs. In a very truth it is humiliating to the sensible portion of mankind, to think that human reason can become so perverted as to render such slipshod logic simply bearable. Public taste must be at a low ebb, when such wares are vendible. It will surely be that in years to come Englishmen will blush for their forefathers, who could tolerate such abominable twaddle and bosh from any writer—much less endorse it with the sign manuals of a "peerage."

Baron McAuley would have us believe—1st that the people of Lower Canada are in a lower scale of civilization than the dwellers of the United States; and 2ly that this inferiority is attributable to their religion (Catholicism). Had it been that fabulous and exceedingly facetious but by no means veracious individual of our younger days—Baron Mauchausen—who had told us this, and not the staid Scotchman, and would he historico-philosophical (Baron) McAuley, we should have known exactly how much credence was to be given to this monstrous assertion. But as we said before, when bigotry is concerned, all the ordinary laws of hermeneutics will be found at fault. But truly the Baron's case is a strong one. The peaceful calm, the very personification of the "otium cum dignitate" of the Latin poet, of Lower Canada, in contrast with Yankee grasping and roodden nutmegs is

really, too much. Truly Protestantism is a great institution when it can produce such activity as this. To talk of enterprise amongst Catholic nations in the face of bass-wood hams and wooden nutmegs is sheer folly and madness.

But to return to the Baron. We have always been taught to consider labour as one of the curses entailed upon man at the fall—that with the sweat of his brow he should earn his bread.

But admitting for a moment that this superiority claimed by my Lord McAulay for Protestant America does exist, can bigotry find no other solution of the difficulty than a religious one?

What the Protestant United States have increased more rapidly, than Catholic Lower Canada must be admitted, but surely it is rather too far-fetched for aught else but the most stupid bigotry to assign this greater increase to the influence of religion?

And connected with this physical cause the great historian ought to have discovered an historical one. It requires surely no very recedite knowledge of the philosophy of history to discover, that Catholic France, whence is sprung the sturdy habitant of Lower Canada, has always with the single exception of the Huguenot wars, been too contented at home to oblige her inhabitants to flee for refuge into a far off country;

And in these our days what an accession has this same bigotry and oppression afforded the United States from Scotland and Ireland? Where are the descendants, pray you, of those clans whose names are becoming almost forgotten in the Highlands of Scotland?

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A good deal; many an ecclesiastical question, of doctrine and discipline, depends upon a name, and may be solved by the due employment of the proper terms.

Our Protestant friends feel this; and so to evade the doctrinal difficulties in which the use of old ecclesiastical words would involve them, they coin new words as they require them, and set them in circulation without a word of explanation.

The Rev. M. Lewis is a gentleman whom the Anglican clergymen of Toronto have lately recommended to Her Majesty as a proper and fitting person to be appointed to the government situation of Anglican Bishop of Ontario.

“He was ordained Deacon by the Lord Bishop of Chester in 1848, was priested by the Lord Bishop of Down.” &c.

The reader will look in vain in the Dictionary for the verb “to priest”; it is not there, and yet uncouth and barbarous as is the word, and in violation of all philological laws; it does yeoman’s service in the evangelical cause. It is a useful

word, though a vile one; and with its employment in the above paragraph is mixed up an entire folio of controversy amongst the Protestant sects, as to the question of ecclesiastical “Orders.”

In opposition to the Anglicans, the other sectaries assert that there is but one Order, properly so called; and that there is no more virtue in a Bishop, than in a duly ordained Minister of their own particular sects.

Thus they will say Mr. Lewis was ordained Deacon; but as it would not do to say that at some subsequent period he was ordained priest, as that would be virtually to recognise at least two Orders—Protestants coin the barbarous verb “to priest,” and say the unhappy man “was priested.”

A correspondent of the Montreal Herald, writing from Lindsay, U.C., under date 6th inst., mentions the almost total destruction by fire of that flourishing village on the previous day.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—An event of a very interesting nature took place amongst the Catholics here, on the 19th inst. On that day our esteemed and respected pastor, the Rev. Mr. Schneider, completed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his having been raised to the dignity of the Priesthood.

After High Mass at the Church, where the priest was received by a deputation of the children who presented flowers, the Trustees adjourned to the Rev. gentleman’s house where two addresses were read, one from the general congregation and the other from the young men.

During the many years they have enjoyed the advantages of your spiritual care, it has been seen and remembered by them all how freely, in those times of trial, you exposed yourself to what ever hardships and perils lay in the way of your sacred duty.

THE REPLY. Your noble address, Gentleman, overpowers me, and makes me somewhat unable to answer it. Your magnificence present, alone, without praise and compliments, would be enough to show me your esteem and attachment to me. I am far ever thankful.

I always considered the instructions given to a congregation, to guide it in temporal and spiritual welfare, as the chief act on earth. Nothing could give me greater consolation, than to see the members of my congregation well instructed in the principles of our holy religion.

Reverend and dear pastor:—Permit me, on behalf of the young men of this congregation, on this the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination, to express our sincere gratitude to you for your untiring zeal and perseverance in our religious instruction and edification, and to assure you that your protracted and energetic labours, on our behalf, are deeply felt and most cordially acknowledged by us all.

THE READER WILL LOOK IN VAIN IN THE DICTIONARY FOR THE VERB “TO PRIEST”; IT IS NOT THERE, AND YET UNCOUTH AND BARBAROUS AS IS THE WORD, AND IN VIOLATION OF ALL PHILOLOGICAL LAWS; IT DOES YEOMAN’S SERVICE IN THE EVANGELICAL CAUSE.

word, though a vile one; and with its employment in the above paragraph is mixed up an entire folio of controversy amongst the Protestant sects, as to the question of ecclesiastical “Orders.”

In opposition to the Anglicans, the other sectaries assert that there is but one Order, properly so called; and that there is no more virtue in a Bishop, than in a duly ordained Minister of their own particular sects.

Thus they will say Mr. Lewis was ordained Deacon; but as it would not do to say that at some subsequent period he was ordained priest, as that would be virtually to recognise at least two Orders—Protestants coin the barbarous verb “to priest,” and say the unhappy man “was priested.”

A correspondent of the Montreal Herald, writing from Lindsay, U.C., under date 6th inst., mentions the almost total destruction by fire of that flourishing village on the previous day.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—An event of a very interesting nature took place amongst the Catholics here, on the 19th inst. On that day our esteemed and respected pastor, the Rev. Mr. Schneider, completed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his having been raised to the dignity of the Priesthood.

After High Mass at the Church, where the priest was received by a deputation of the children who presented flowers, the Trustees adjourned to the Rev. gentleman’s house where two addresses were read, one from the general congregation and the other from the young men.

During the many years they have enjoyed the advantages of your spiritual care, it has been seen and remembered by them all how freely, in those times of trial, you exposed yourself to what ever hardships and perils lay in the way of your sacred duty.

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retours of this joyful day. My Dear Young Friends—Had any foundation of pride been laid in my mind, your address, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of my priesthood, would have finished the building. But it is to your parents after God that you owe your religious instructions; they, by sending you to me, on the one side, and your zeal and docility on the other, gave me the opportunity of instructing you.

I feel particularly grateful to the Young Ladies for the beautiful and delicate manner they adopted to express their esteem for me. May the flowers they scattered to-day to me on entering the church, be ever an emblem of their innocence, and bear for them ample fruits in Heaven.

It is with sentiments of grief that we have heard of the death of the Rev. Sister Valade, Sister of Charity of the General Hospital, Montreal; Fondress and first Superior of the St. Boniface Hospital, Red River.

“Marie Louise Valade was born on the 27th of Dec., 1808, in the parish of Ste. Anne des Plaines, Diocese of Montreal, Canada. In her early years she was noted for her piety, and the generous qualities of her heart; and had hardly completed her seventeenth year when she began to labour the design of joining one of the numerous sisterhoods existing in her native land.

“Now, for the first time, nuns leave Canada for remote lands. Severing forever, the ties which bind them to home, yet strong in their confidence in God, they set out on the 24th of April, 1844, for this Terra Ignota, with no other companions than the ‘Voyageurs des pays d’en haut.’ They reached St. Boniface on the 21st of June, 1844. Strangers in a strange land, they trod for the first time, the soil of their new country, where they were henceforth to live, work, struggle on—and finally to die.

“The existence of so large an institution in our midst—with such scanty means, can be accounted for only by the zeal, charity and untiring industry of its inmates—and the sixteen years economical administration of Sister Valade. To her also belongs the merit of founding five missions of her order in different parts of the diocese—thus placing the benefits awarded by charity within the reach of the children of the forest. Years of trials and toil, threw her into a poor state of health, yet she travelled twice, to and from Montreal, in the interest of her convent. When fears were expressed that she might succumb under the fatigue of the journey, she replied—‘If the Almighty will that I should die on the way, willingly and without a murmur I will give up my life. I will even find death sweet and consoling—by the thought of having performed my duty to the last.’ Her strength rapidly declined after her last trip, and it was then that the cancer, which made the two last years of her life, a cruel martyrdom, first appeared.

“But it was more particularly at the supreme hour when receiving the last rites of the Church, that her hope and confidence in God, shone forth. Death had no terrors for her. Peace be to her ashes, and may her memory be cherished by the people she loved.”

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—More favorable weather than we are enjoying we could not have; but we regret to learn that the prospects of the crops are less promising than we anticipated. We bear most unfavorable accounts from the surrounding neighborhood, and greatly fear there is too much reason to believe that the wheat destroyer is again doing serious damage.

THE GALT REFORMER, speaking of the wheat crop in Waterloo, says: “We learn from Mr. T. T. Oliver, of South Dumfries, that the wheat crop around St. George and Harrisburg, and in the south part of Belleville, never looked better than at present. Very little has been winter-killed, and the farmers are rejoicing in the hope of a better yield than for several years past.”

A correspondent says of the crops in Kent:—“It may not be uninteresting to the numerous readers of your valuable paper, to hear of the prospects of the farmer in this locality. The crops as a general thing look remarkably well. The fall wheat (of which large quantities were sown last season) is now shot out, and promises fair to yield an abundant return. The grain is thick and regular, (it being generally very little winter-killed) and the straw long. The late frosts have done no injury except to the orchards. In some fields I have observed slight traces of the weevil, but the ravages are not to such an extent as to cause alarm as yet, and the farmers to whom I have spoken on the subject, think the same.”

THE PUBLIC EXAMINATION, and the distribution of prizes will take place on the 10th inst. The examination will commence at 8 o’clock in the morning precisely; the distribution will be made in the afternoon.

THE PUBLIC EXAMINATION, and the distribution of prizes will take place on the 11th inst. The examination will commence at 8 o’clock in the morning precisely; the distribution will be made in the afternoon.

THE ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES in this Academy is fixed for the eleventh of July, at 10 o’clock, A.M.

O. J. DEVLIN, NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE: Union Buildings, 28 St. Francois Xavier St. MONTREAL.

GRAND TRUNK AND GREAT EASTERN.—The Grand Trunk offer tickets to enable persons to see the Great Eastern, to Quebec and back, for \$3 for first class passengers and \$2 for second class, leaving at 6.30 a.m. from Point St. Charles and returning from Quebec at 6.30 p.m.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Flour continues inactive, except for fresh-ground, which is scarce. We quote Extras at \$5.60 to \$6, but very slow of sale. Double Extras are in better demand at \$6.50 to \$7. Fancy maintains its price, but only sells in retail parcels at \$4.75 to \$5. No. 1 fresh-ground is \$4.20 to \$4.40,—the higher price being for lots which can be thoroughly relied upon.

Out Meats.—Hams 8 to 9c.; ditto, canvassed, 9c. to 10c.; Shoulders, 6c. to 7c.; Sides, 6 to 8c. Butter—Very choice bring 12c. The price for ordinary to good new is 10c. to 11c., but dull and nominal.

Married. In the R. C. Parish Church, on the 8th instant, by the Very Rev. Mr. A. Trépanier, Canon and Vicar General of the Diocese of Montreal, Geo. J. Burch, Esq., Advocate, and proprietor of the Soleil Canadien, to Miss Josephine Charlotte Meilleur, third daughter of J. B. Meilleur, Esq., M.D., LL.D., of Montreal.

Died. In this City, on the 11th inst., Michael Morrissey, eldest son of Mr. Lawrence Morrissey, aged 21 years. Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend the funeral, from his Father’s residence, No. 81 St. Charles Barrowme Street, at half-past eight o’clock, to-morrow morning, Saturday.

At Rawdon, on the 18th June, Mr. James Cahill, aged 73 years, a native of County Longford, Ireland; one of the first settlers of the Township of Rawdon.

THE ST. PATRICK’S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY beg to announce that they will hold a GRAND TEMPERANCE PIC-NIC, at GUILBAULT’S GARDENS, on WEDNESDAY, the 24th instant. Particulars will be given hereafter. July 11.

THE “GREAT EASTERN,” FOR LIVERPOOL.

THE “GREAT EASTERN,” JAS. KENNEDY, Commander, will sail from QUEBEC for LIVERPOOL, weather permitting, on TUESDAY, the 6th of AUGUST, proximo. Passengers to be on board on the evening of the 5th.

RATES OF PASSAGE. Cabin.....Sixty-five Dollars. Steerage.....Thirty Dollars. Passengers occupying the Grand Saloon Berths will be charged FIFTY DOLLARS EXTRA.

For further particulars apply to the Consignees, ALLAN GILMOUR & Co., Quebec; Or GILMOUR & Co., Montreal. The Great Ship will be exhibited from WEDNESDAY, 17th until WEDNESDAY, the 31st instant, both days inclusive.

WANTED.—For the RAWDON VILLAGE MODEL SCHOOL.—A TEACHER, who can procure a Model School Diploma. Salary £80 per annum. Apply to R. E. CORCORAN, S. T. S. C., Rawdon. Rawdon, July 8, 1861.

ST. LAURENT ACADEMY. THE PUBLIC EXAMINATION, and the distribution of prizes will take place on the 10th inst. The examination will commence at 8 o’clock in the morning precisely; the distribution will be made in the afternoon.

CONVENT OF ST. LAURENT. THE PUBLIC EXAMINATION, and the distribution of prizes will take place on the 11th inst. The examination will commence at 8 o’clock in the morning precisely; the distribution will be made in the afternoon.

LONGUEUIL CONVENT. THE ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES in this Academy is fixed for the eleventh of July, at 10 o’clock, A.M.

O. J. DEVLIN, NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE: Union Buildings, 28 St. Francois Xavier St. MONTREAL. M. F. COLOVIN, ADVOCATE, &c., No. 30, Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

PARIS, June 19.—The Moniteur of this morning announces that the session of the Corps Legislatif is prolonged until the 27th inst. In yesterday's sitting of the Corps Legislatif the new law on the press was discussed. M. Jules Favre demanded the suppression of the administrative regime of the press, and the re-establishment of the law of 1819. M. Billault, Minister without Portfolio, refuted the arguments of M. Favre, and the Government bill was adopted.

Galignani asserts that the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy has already taken place, and that on Saturday, 14th June, the necessary documents were despatched to Turin. Judgment had been given in the affair of the Monde newspaper. The charges of insult and libel brought against the proprietors were admitted by the Tribunal. M. Tacino was fined one hundred francs; Crampon was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment, and five hundred francs fine.

M. Pichon, who took a decided part in favor of the temporal power of the Pope in the Legislative Chambers, and who had not the benefit of even the "benevolent neutrality" of the Minister, has beaten the Prefect's candidate in the Nord; and M. de Morny, whose circulars the Minister would not for a long time allow any one to print, has performed the same exploit in his department. The unhappy prefects who have not succeeded in excluding them will very likely pay for it.

The rumor that the annexation of the Island of Sardinia to France, in return for France's recognition of the Italian kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, is decided on, is current in the Ministerial departments. —Times.

The Emperor will leave on the 1st of July for Vichy, whither the Marquis de Lavalette, the Duke de Gramont, M. Barrot, and M. Latorou will also proceed.

La Patrie has the following important statement, which has been since repeated in the Moniteur:—"It is stated that negotiations will shortly be opened to effect the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between France and the Court of Turin.—Should those negotiations take place the result will be the recognition of facto of the Italian kingdom, composed of the provinces and of the States which have been placed under the sceptre of his Majesty King Victor Emmanuel consequent upon events on which France has now no opinion to express, but which have been accomplished under favor of the principle of non-intervention recognised by Europe. The renewal of diplomatic relations with Turin would not imply, on the part of France, as regards the policy of the Italian Kingdom, and judgment on the past, or any responsibility for the future. It would show that the de facto Government of this new State is sufficiently established for it to be possible to entertain international relations with it, which the interest of the two countries imperiously demand. France, by her new attitude, would not pretend to interfere in any manner in the internal or external affairs of its conduct, as it is master of its future and of its destinies. It would act towards it as one day the great European Powers will act in the American question, by recognizing the new republic of the Southern States when that republic shall have constituted a government on a basis which will allow international relations to be entertained with it of advantage to general interests."

The new treaty of Fontainebleau is—Alliance, offensive and defensive, between France and Italy, especially against the German Confederation; Sardinia to be given up to France. The next war will see Napoleon, with the help of Victor Emmanuel, making a dash at the Rhine; and, at the same time, trying to upset the English influence in the Mediterranean. The English trust to Ricasoli, because he is a Protestant: he will only show that the man who can betray the religion of his fathers, can betray his country also.

The editor of the Courrier du Dimanche, who, if you remember, was expelled from France a few months back, by order of M. de Persigny, has been allowed to return to Paris.

The once famous Bianqui had been just condemned by the Paris Police Court, on a charge of organizing secret societies, to four years' imprisonment, 5000 francs fine, and five years' deprivation of civil rights. Two of his accomplices are sentenced to a year's imprisonment each, and another to six months', 500 francs fine, and two years' deprivation of civil rights.

Contradictory rumours are in circulation relative to Syria. Letters which I am disposed to rely upon speak of the tranquillity of the country, with the exception of parties of Christians moving down to Beyrout who have abandoned Deir-el-Kazbar and Kubli Blyas on the French garrisons retiring. It is, however, reported here that the Druses have already begun to take possession of villages. General de Beaufort d'Hautpoul, it is said, is to proceed as temporary Ambassador to Constantinople, M. de Lavalette having declined to be present at investiture of Daoud Effendi as Governor of the Lebanon, considering the appointment a check to French policy after he had advocated the claims of a Shehab whose religion according to the Ami de la Religion, has been alternately that of Hakim, Mohammed and John Maron.

TOULON, June 19.—Admiral Chappaz has arrived here in order to form a new naval division. Admiral Reynaud is about to sail. His division will visit New York, Charleston, and other American ports.

PARIS, June 17.—The Opinions Nationale has triumphed! It has proved itself more worthy of credit than the Moniteur. I had formed too high an opinion of the Emperor's wisdom, when I supposed that Cavour's death would make him put off the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy. You will probably receive the official announcement of that recognition before this letter is published, for M. Thouvenel is no longer on the look-out for a pretext to justify this monstrous act, but only for the grammatical terms necessary to mask it. It tears the treaty of Zurich, restores full liberty of action to Austria, consummates the crimes of our Government towards the Holy See, and prepares for the complete destruction of the temporal power. Plus IX. will once more protest; Francis Joseph, kept back by England far more than by his financial difficulties will not dare to draw his sword. But all efforts to maintain the status quo will be henceforward useless; the revolution and the reaction will be both emboldened by Cavour's death; violent acts are therefore to be expected immediately; and the hour is coming when you will be obliged to confess that Lord Derby was right, at the beginning of the Italian war, in making your Queen say that it would have disastrous consequences, would develop the most violent passions, and would plunge Europe into a general conflagration. In union with Prussia Russia has just made a last effort to put off the recognition of the kingdom of Italy; but Napoleon only laughs at Alexander; he knows thoroughly the internal disorganization of Russia, and the lack of means to set it right. England is the only Power which is really fears, for he thinks that, without her, no coalition is possible; whereas, if she once really declared against him, a coalition would be then and there in existence. But is it not great blindness in England to make such unscrupulous use of this feeling of Napoleon and Persigny? By wearing the great Powers, when her hour of danger comes, she will find them either bitterly hostile, or indifferent, or weak; and then she will repent of having so long mocked at the principles of reason and justice.

The Government—or, rather—governed press, as the Ami de la Religion wittily calls it, pretends that there is to be an interview between the Emperors of Russia and of the French, and the King of Prussia.

It is certain that Alexander is going to visit his uncle; but I don't think he will get so far as the camp of Obolons. The relations of the Russian and French Cabinets have been growing sensibly cooler lately, as may be seen by the tone of the Warsaw correspondence, (fabricated in Paris) published in the Patrie.

Besides the never-failing subject of Italy, our salons have been full of the speech of M. Keller, and the work of the Duke de Broglie, seized before it was published. The cries of the servile papers will inform you how hard Keller has hit. I heard his charming speech; it might, perhaps, have been more eloquent, but it could not have been more precise and true. The revolutionary papers reproach him for his sovereign disdain for annexation. If Keller was right, they say, Alsace might demand its restoration to Germany. It does not seem very patriotic to compare the conquests of the French Crown with the thefts of Piedmont. With regard to the Duke de Broglie, the lying papers announced that an action was pending against him; on the contrary, he has brought his action against the Prefect of Police! As I told you it would be, the elections were greatly animated. The triumph of Government will not be nearly so complete as it was nine years ago; the public, once habituated to the ballot-box, will sometimes rather surprise its master. No one can count on the French: to-day, reposing under the corrupting shadow of absolute power; to-morrow, furiously breaking with the present which it had so calmly accepted, in order to reach the future more quickly.

I have spoken to a French officer from Syria. There is some chance that the attitude of Barbier-Tinan may for the present oblige Fuad-Pasha to rein in his Turks, but sooner or later their fanaticism must break out anew.

I should like to console myself for the dryness of politics by making sometimes an excursion into literature. "But all that we can get from French modern literature is an empty smoke, only competent to obscure honest minds. All this scribbling, which we think so pretty, when examined closely, is enough to give us either the head or heart-ache. It is but vain babbling, emptiness, falsehood; and when we have read it nothing remains but a deep disgust, a painful weariness, a vast disdain for ourselves and for everybody else. Then, mind not to fall into this ditch; don't read our modern literature; I only know two books which deserve to be read by a young man who would preserve his religion, and his modesty." It is Jules Janin that traced this picture of the literature of the day, in a letter to a Seminarist at Evreux, who, being a namesake of the author, sent him an inflated copy of verses. Instead of accepting his compliments, the eminent critic of the Debats answered him—"You have chosen a beautiful and holy profession; make yourself worthy of it;—don't be ashamed of your habit; with its modern nations have been civilized." This is very different language from that lately heard in the lobby of the Senate: "When," said M. Dupin, "shall we be rid of these red-stocks?" "The day that you mount the red-cap," answered Larochejacquein. "The red stockings of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin are no stain on our history; the red cap of Danton is enough of itself to infect a whole epoch." But, to return to literature: there are on the Paris streets two writers, brothers, named Gocourt, poor as Job, but very clever, who, indeed, furnished Arsene Houssaye with all the materials for his book on Murat. A short time since, they were invited to the office of Rouland, who asked them to write a cantata for the Emperor "You are mistaken," said they, "we have no occasion to write for money." In a week they were both taken up on some trumpety charge, and would have lain long in prison had it not been for Jules Janin, who was an old friend of Rouland. This is justice in France!—Cor. of the Weekly Register.

It was a stormy meeting at the Council of State when the Emperor announced his intention to recognize the new kingdom of Italy. The Emperor was present. The Times remarks that the recognition of the new kingdom of Italy will put an end to the hopes of the Reactionists, and now that two Western powers are favourable, there is no reason why all difficulty in the way of its establishment should not be removed in the course of a few years.

ITALY

Accounts from Rome mention that the Holy Father has personally offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of the soul of Cavour, and that all the Masses in St. Peter's have been offered for the same intention. It would seem that this, coupled with the fact that the Priest by whom he was attended in his last hours went immediately afterwards to Rome, as it seemed, on some secret mission, sufficiently refute the confident assertion of the Turin papers in the interest of the Sardinian Government, that Cavour had expressed no contrition for his attacks on the Holy See.—Weekly Register.

TURIN, June 12.—This afternoon, at half-past 3, the members of the New Cabinet walked into the House of Deputies, and took their places on the Ministerial benches. The business of the chamber was interrupted, and Baron Ricasoli rose to introduce himself and his colleagues.

He bore himself with an easy dignity, and spoke with great self-composure. He said, in a few impressive words, that the men who had taken on themselves the task of governing the country under present circumstances had given proof of no little devotion. He alluded to the grievous loss the Italian cause had sustained, but expressed his conviction that no man in Italy was borne down by it. He felt sure that Cavour's great conception had not been buried with him,—that Italy would both constitute and complete itself. Europe would feel the necessity of putting an end to uncertainties. There were many reasons why the great liberal Powers should find their own interest in a united and strong Italy. The rights of the Italian nation would soon be recognized. It nevertheless behoved the country to hold itself in readiness, and the first care of the Government would be turned to the national armament. Their attention would also be directed to the completion and extension of great public works. The expenses necessary for the furtherance of these and other objects could not be met by ordinary means, and the Government would have to press on the Bill for a public loan. It was, however, the intention of Government to provide for the re-establishment of the balance of accounts, both by a reduction of expenditure and a fair and equal distribution of taxes.

The Baron next alluded to the projects of administrative unification which had been presented by the late Government, and said that a compromise had been come to between the Home Minister and the Commission of the Chamber for the adjournment of legislative labours on the subject, and the adoption by mutual agreement of temporary measures, which might enable the administrative power to carry on the government in the newly-annexed provinces. The object of the Government would always be decentralization and the utmost development of municipal and provincial liberties.

He wound up by an assurance that government would be based on the Constitution, and that the best means for the maintenance of order would be the Statute itself. He insisted on the necessity of maintaining the due limits between the different powers of the State. He said that order was the basis of all freedom, and the Constitution the foundation of both. He asked for the support of the Parliament, reminding the House that in great decisive crises it was only concord that could save nations.

TURIN, June 17.—The Gazzetta di Torino says—"It is asserted that the Government, has received a despatch from Paris announcing that France recognizes the Kingdom of Italy." The Opinion of to-day says—"The diplomatic relations between France and Italy will shortly be resumed. It is asserted that M. de Lavalette will proceed to Turin as Minis-

ter Plenipotentiary of France, and that the Commander-di-Nigra will go to Paris in a similar quality."

Information has been received by the authorities that Austrian emissaries would attempt to blow up the powder magazines. The guards stationed near them have in consequence been tripled for the last few days, and all access to the magazines has been prohibited. Up to the present no attempt has been made. Perfect tranquillity prevails in Turin. A bill for levying 24,000 men in the old Milan provinces, the Marches, Umbria, and Sicily, was to-day laid on the table in the Chamber of Deputies. Parliament will continue sitting throughout July.

TURIN, June 18.—The journal *Unita Italiana* has been seized for the publication of a Mazzinian article entitled "The Pope and Religion."

TURIN, June 19.—The Turin papers of to-day publish despatches from Florence dated the 18th inst., stating that on the previous day some journeyman bakers attempted to get up a manifestation, with the object of obtaining an increase of wages. The coalition did not however, succeed.

It is said that the Pontifical Treasury now contains 13,000,000 francs in money.

Francis II. has proposed to the French Government the sale of the Farnese, Farnesina, and Caprivi Palaces. This alienation has been sanctioned by a Pontifical rescript.

TURIN, June 20.—The Chamber of Deputies, in its sitting to-day, adopted the Bill for the Consolidation of the different Public Debts of Italy, by 229 against 9 votes.

On Sunday next the King will receive Prince Piombino, who was exiled from Rome for having refused to withdraw his signature from the petition for the withdrawal of the French troops.

The Turin correspondent of the *Daily News* says there is to be an experimental withdrawal of the French troops from Rome. They will return in about a month, making a halt of observation at Geriva Vecchia.

A sanguinary collision has taken place between the Pontifical Gendarmes and the workmen employed on the railway near Velletri, caused by the latter shouting "Viva Garibaldi."

Rome, June 14, 1861.—In my letter of the 1st inst., I mentioned that the Pope's triumph, on the 27th ult., had excited the rage of the Revolutionists; that they sought to diminish its importance, and that they would do everything to counterbalance its effect. That party could not bear that this great demonstration of the Romans, in favor of the Pope, should be announced out of Italy, and that it should be said in the French papers that more than 50,000 persons had taken part in that demonstration. An opposite demonstration was attempted a few evenings ago. The place selected for it was the Alberti Theatre. It was the benefit night of the chief dancer, and it is the custom on such nights for theatrical dilettanti to throw bouquets to the actresses who have met with their approval. Flowers were accordingly thrown, among which lilies had been innocently brought by some young men. The dancer picked up these flowers, and was hissed by the greater part of the pit (lilies representing the Papal colors); when a large tri-color bouquet with a cross was thrown on the stage. The dancer picked this up also; and then began a noisy riot, with cries of "Viva Italia! Viva Vittorio Emanuele!" General de Goyon was present at the performance, and he did not withdraw, as he certainly ought to have done, but remained in his box, enjoying the sight of such a demonstration. This has given rise to a well-grounded suspicion that there was an understanding between the French General and the promoters and actors of this manifestation. After these gentlemen (?) had given vent to their feelings for about ten minutes, with all these cries and riot, a voice was heard to say, "All away! and then all those who had vociferated went off without hindrance, there being but a few gendarmi at the theatre. As soon as the performance was over, the General having returned home, sent a picket of hussars to patrol in the neighborhood of the theatre. It is always so. Insult is necessarily added to injury. Of course we shall hear magnified and puffed off in the revolutionary papers, this great demonstration. But, if it is compared with the demonstration made for the Pope on the 27th of May, it will be clearly seen that it was the effect of a secret conspiracy among a few persons whom it would dignify to call rebels, while the demonstration in favor of the Pope was the spontaneous enthusiasm of a whole people. As I said to you in my letter of the 1st inst., the latter is a giant, the former a dwarf, like the famous address of which so much has been said. Talking of the address, Prince Piombino has asked for his passport. Not only was it granted, but he was told he need not return. The Prince's departure was also the occasion for an abortive demonstration. It was so microscopic that it is not even worth while to speak of it. Much has been said, within the last few days in the papers, about a Brief asked of the Pope by Russia, so as to make the Poles remain quiet; about a negative answer, and a fulminating letter from the Pope, and the recall of the Ambassador. I am in a position to tell you all this is completely false. The Brief has not been asked for, either officially or officiously. There has simply been, as is now the fashion, in a diplomatic conversation, some allusion was thrown out, as if by chance, insinuating that perhaps, if the movement increased, the Pope could do much to tranquillize it by writing a Brief. This attempt at a demand was immediately laid by by answering that the conditions of things, at the present day, differed much from those in Gregory XVI's time, when he wrote such a Brief to the Polish Bishops. Then the motive of the Polish movement might have been attributed to religion. Now the cause is too clear; and the Pope has nothing to do in merely political questions. The demand for a Brief is then false, so is the Pope's letter, and so is the recall of the Ambassador, whom I had even occasion to see yesterday. Nor are the relations of Russia with the Pontifical Court in any way altered. Nay, the Emperor having wished that a certain Polish priest, whose name I do not know, should be appointed Bishop for a vacant see in Poland, the Pope opposed it, not believing the subject worthy of such a dignity; and the Emperor has declared that he left it to the Pope's conscience. With regard to the Bourbon committee established in Rome under the presidency of the Count di Trapani, you may read in the *Armonia* the denial given by the Count himself, which is nobly written. The day before yesterday, Count di Traai, brother of the King of Naples, returned with his new bride, who is the Queen's younger sister. The Pope within the last few days has much improved in health, but, yesterday, he was again seized with other feverish fits occasioned, as before, by erysipelas, which, I informed you in my last letter, had shown itself in his leg. It seems that the medical men have advised him a change of air, and that, to-morrow or next week, he is going to Castle Gandolfo, the Pope's country palace, in the neighborhood of Albano.—Cor. of Weekly Register.

AUSTRIA

VIENNA, June 15.—The official *Wiener Zeitung* of to-day contains an ordinance of Herr Von Pleur, Minister of Finance, ordering the resumption of the payment of the interest of the national loan in specie.

FUME, June 15.—A third attempt to elect members in the district of Fiume to the Croatian Diet took place yesterday, but without any result, not a single elector having been present.

PASTRY, June 17.—The address voted by the Chamber of Deputies was discussed in the Upper House. It was supported by nearly all the members who spoke. Bishop Haynald declared himself in favour of a union of Hungary and Transylvania, and the maintenance of the connection between Hungary and Austria.

PASTRY, June 18.—The discussion on the address was continued to-day in the Upper House. The Primate of Hungary, in his speech, laid stress on the necessity for a reconciliation between Hungary and

the Emperor, and for a revision of the laws of 1848. All the members who spoke were in favour of sending an address to the Emperor in the form proposed by M. Deak in the Lower House.

PHAROS, June 19.—The Emperor has promised to grant an amnesty to those persons committed for political crimes in Bohemia who should request his Majesty's pardon.

VIENNA, June 21.—The Emperor will leave to-morrow for Corfu. Her Majesty's health is becoming more impaired.

PASTRY, June 20.—The discussion on the address terminated to-day in the Upper House. The address was unanimously agreed to.

In the Lower House of Council of Empire the Minister of State announced that the Emperor declares the bill proposed in the Diet of Tyrol against the Emancipation of Protestants to be inadmissible.

Vienna papers assert that the Council of Empire are resolved not to accept the Hungarian Diet address, and that the Municipality of Pesth shall be dissolved.

RUSSIA

ST. PETERSBURG, June 19.—The *Northern Bee* of to-day says, up to the end of May last, insurrections of peasants had taken place in one hundred and forty-one villages of Podolia, containing a population of 71,000. These disturbances arose from a wrong interpretation of the Imperial ordinances. Order has now been re-established.

The Emperor has appointed Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to be President of the Commission entrusted with drawing up new laws for the Kingdom of Poland.

POLAND

WARSAW, June 20.—The Imperial decree relative to the organization of the Council of State for Poland has been published. The new Council is to be composed of the members of the Council of Administration, of members appointed by the Emperor, of the members of the superior clergy, the Governors of the provinces, and the President of the Agricultural Association. Its functions are to examine and give a deliberate vote on new laws, on the Budget for the year, and on all charges brought against public functionaries. The sittings of the Council will be secret, and its resolutions are not to be published before having been approved by the Emperor.

TURIN, June 18.—It is stated that a courier arrived yesterday at Warsaw bearer of the Imperial decrees, granting reforms to Poland. These reforms are said to make satisfactory concessions to the country. Their publication is expected very shortly.

TURIN, June 19.—The statutes of the future Council of State for Poland were published yesterday at Warsaw. The military have been withdrawn from the streets and public squares.

SPAIN

MADRID, June 14.—The Madrid journals contain news from Havannah of the 27th ult., according to which money matters were in a satisfactory condition.

The same journals publish news from St. Domingo to the 18th ult., asserting that tranquillity and enthusiasm for the Spanish Government reigned throughout the island. General Santana was travelling in the provinces. The work of organizing the Administration was progressing.

MADRID, June 14.—According to advices received here, revolutionary proclamations are circulating in Portugal accusing the Government of intending to weaken the army with the object of betraying the national independence. These proclamations conclude with the words "Saldanha for ever!"

MADRID, June 17.—Experiments have been made at Cadiz with the view of testing the effect of shot on the iron plated planks made at Toulon for armoured vessels. The result of the trial was unsatisfactory.

MADRID, June 17.—The *Correspondencia Autografa* of to-day says—"Spain demands the solemn promises of Mexico to execute the treaties, before she entertains her proposition with regard to reparation on account of the late differences with the Spanish Ambassador in Mexico."

DADEIN, June 19.—Spain will preserve a strict neutrality in the civil war in America. The Bank of Madrid has afforded assistance in several mercantile houses whose affairs were embarrassed. The *Foudre* has quitted Cadiz.

HOW CATHOLIC SOLDIERS ARE TREATED IN INDIA BY THE PROSELYTIZERS.

Possibly the Provincial Commander-in-Chief may not be aware of the fact, although fact it is, that a certain major, who happens just now to command the 44th Native Infantry, has turned tract distributor—colporteur, we believe, is the word—and that the said major thinks himself especially called to labor for the benefit of the detachment of European veterans now doing duty at Vellore. Major Dobbie's zeal is unbounded, and he finds it necessary to engage with those old sinners the Catholic soldiers of the Artillery Veteran Company, who, unfortunately for themselves, just now happen to be under the pious major's command. Major Dobbie not only provides the tracts, and takes them to the barracks, he entreats people to read them, and he has even gone so far as to convert the sergeant in charge of the artillery into a receiver of tracts for the purpose of distributing them. We have not heard that the sergeant, who is a Catholic, took any steps to carry out the promise made to Major Dobbie, but we have heard, and we believe it too, that the major's interference has created no small amount of dissatisfaction among the European soldiers, at least the Catholic portion of them, at present in Vellore. But Major Dobbie is not content with distributing tracts to Catholic soldiers, he must also release them for forced attention upon what he considers idolatrous worship, and accordingly the church-parade on Sundays for Catholics has been given up, in defiance of military regulations. We must protest most strongly against abuse of authority such as that of which Major Dobbie has been guilty if the complaints which have reached us are well founded. The men complain bitterly to one another of any annoyance to which they have been subjected, or imagine they have been subjected, on the score of religion; they fret and chafe and quarrel over it, to the prejudice of military discipline and to the destruction of all good feeling. But if a casual remark by an officer is calculated to do mischief, it is not hard to imagine the injury which is caused by a preaching colonel or a tract-distributing major. We are induced to notice the subject in the expectation that the military authorities, will take it up. The Catholic soldiers at Vellore, few though they be, have a right to have their feelings respected, and naturally claim to be protected from intrusions such as those of Colporteur Dobbie.—*Madras Examiner*.

UNITED STATES

COME BACK TO THE FOLD.—Last Sunday, 23rd ult., a family named Worth, consisting of eight persons—father, mother, and six children—were reconciled to the Church, at St. Joseph's, in this city. Eleven years ago, the father, mother, and three children, were seduced to join the Methodists. Since then three more children were born and baptised in heresy. The parents and eldest children, having lighted tapers in their hands, made public reparation and their profession of faith, and were absolved from excommunication by the Most Rev. Archbishop, who also preached at the affecting ceremony, and baptized conditionally the three youngest children. The scene was exceedingly impressive, and one that consoled and edified all the congregation, but especially the worthy Pastor, Rev. Mr. Stehle, and his Rev. assistant, M. Maulere.—*Catholic Telegraph*.

Last Friday, 21st ult., the Most Rev. Archbishop received into the Church Doctor R.R. McMeens, a native of Pennsylvania, resident at Sandusky city, when at home, but recently Post Surgeon of the

Ohio Volunteers at Camp Dennison. An hour after the reception of holy rites, Dr. McMeens proceeded with two of the regiments to the expected battle field in Western Virginia.—*Id.*

DEATH OF A NUN.—The *Propagateur Catholique* of June 22nd, gives an account of the death of a Sister of the Ursuline Convent of New Orleans.—This Sister, in the Convent, Sister St. Jean, and in the world, Marie Theron, was, at the time of her death, ninety-two years of age, having come from France in the forty-first year of her age, and three years afterwards making her religious profession, thus numbering forty-eight years of convent life. During this long period, her life has been devoted to the duties devolving upon her, without the loss of a single day by ill health until the eight or ten days preceding her death. The *Propagateur Catholique* also notices the remarkable fact that at her great age she could both read and sew without the aid of glasses. It concludes its account of her death by saying that "fortified by the conclusions of religion, she peacefully departed this life to go, we hope, to receive the recompense promised to those who persevere until the end."

FATAL ACCIDENT AT MOUNT ST. MARY'S.—We have this week, says the *Cincinnati Telegraph* of June 22, the melancholy duty of chronicling a fatal and most mournful accident. Two of the students of Mount St. Mary's were drowned while bathing in the Ohio on Saturday night, June 15. They were Richard Clement Spalding, Esq., Lebanon, Ky., and nephew of the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville, and Maurice Garde, of Gloyne, near Cork, Ireland. The former received his Bachelor's diploma on Thursday, and was preparing to go home for vacation, before deciding on his pursuit for life; the other was a seminarian, a subject of the diocese of Mobile, and only a little over six months in America. The unfortunate young men had gone down to the river between 7 and 8 o'clock P.M., with some companions, who, however finished bathing before them, and returned home leaving them on the bank. Nothing more was heard of them until the watch and beads of poor Garde were brought early in the morning to the Seminary door. Between eight and nine o'clock on Sunday morning they were found nearly together, in fourteen feet water, where they had lain dead and cold, all night. The people who gathered about the place, some hundred yards below the Two Mile House, were very kind, and searched carefully until the bodies were found. They were brought to the College, where an inquest was held, and where they were prepared for their final resting-place.

LECTURE BY A LATE PROTESTANT MINISTER.—The Rochester (N.Y.) *Union and Advocate* gives a notice of a lecture delivered in that city last week, by Mr. Whitcher, in which he gave his reason for becoming a Catholic. It was attended by a very fair audience as to numbers, and one composed of intelligent professors of all creeds. The lecturer's voice and delivery are very fine, and the matter of his discourse was highly interesting. He first reviewed briefly the popular notions and prejudices which he, in common with all Protestants, acquired by education and association, and at one time entertained towards the Catholic Church. He then proceeded to narrate the circumstances, progress and consummation of his conversion which embraced the period of collegiate studies, and ten years of labor as a minister of the Episcopal Church. From the narrative frequent digressions were made, treating upon the subject of worship as understood by Protestants and Catholics, various features of the Catholic creed and discipline, etc. Throughout the lecture, Mr. Whitcher, unlike converts generally of every class, exhibited none but the kindest feelings towards those from whose communion he had separated. In the course of his remarks he stated that, after fully arriving at his conclusions with respect to a change of faith, the Priest whom he first approached was the Rev. Clarence Walworth, son of Ex-Chancellor Walworth. Years before he had endeavored to dissuade Mr. Whitcher from becoming a Catholic. Mr. Whitcher was received into the Catholic Church at Utica by the Rev. E. P. McFarland—now Bishop of Hartford.—Among the Protestants who heard him were some who belonged to his charge when he was an Episcopal Minister.

DISSTITUTION IN PHILADELPHIA.—A meeting of unemployed citizens was recently held in Philadelphia, at which a petition to the Common Council was adopted asking that body to adopt some measures by which those out of employment might obtain work. One of the speakers stated that there were men in the city who had not tasted meat for months; men who had not two meals a day for months; others who have lived on but one meal a day; and the speaker pretended to have known one man who actually died from starvation.

DEMAND FOR TOBACCO.—The Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch* says that tobacco is going up higher every day. Mr. Luel, the agent of the Messrs. Huffer & Co., who are the French contractors, is now in Richmond superintending the purchase of tobacco for the French Empire, and this, of itself, is sufficient to give a great stimulus to trade. We may state that tobacco ranged higher on Wednesday and Thursday than at any time this year, and as high as at any time last. It ranged in prices on Wednesday from \$1.50 to \$10.00.

A MODEL WOMAN.—A woman was arrested at Syracuse recently, for minding her own business. She walked Genesee street daily, back and forth, saying nothing to anybody, taking no interest in the display of goods; and this continued until the citizens got so anxious and excited that the mysterious promiscuous was taken to the police office and interrogated. It then transpired that she was a resident of Syracuse whose husband had volunteered for the war. She is somewhat out of health, and takes a promenade whenever the weather permits, with a view to its recovery. Her only offence is ignorance of the fact that in this free country she has no business to attend closely to her own business. Every one here must be busy in regard to the affairs of others, in order to maintain a respectable standing.

GREAT BRITAIN

Breadstuffs of every description had declined in Liverpool.

COST OF ALDERSHOT.—No less a sum than £1,421,153 has been expended at Aldershot. Further works have been approved by the Government which will cost £21,663.

REMOVAL OF INSURE POOR.—A bill has been prepared by Mr. Villiers and Mr. Gilpin to provide better means for the conveyance of poor persons from England to their proper places of destination, and to obviate the hardships and injuries to which they are now exposed. It is intended for the benefit of Scotch and Irish poor. It provides first that no application for a warrant to remove any pauper shall be decided upon unless by two or more magistrates at petty sessions, or a stipendiary, or metropolitan police magistrate, who shall have an opportunity of seeing the person sought to be removed, or the family whose removal is applied for, and shall be satisfied that the deportation may be effected without danger to their health. In the second section provision is made that the warrant shall be granted only on the application of the relieving officer, and shall contain the name and age of every party to be removed, and the name of the place in Ireland where the person was born or last resided for the space of three years. The warrant shall contain a statement of inquiry having been made as to the state of health, and a copy of it is to be given to the party to be removed. Any Irish pauper, however, who has been sent from Ireland for less than twelve months, may be removed to any other place with his consent; and when satisfactory information cannot be obtained as to the place of birth or continued residence, the magistrates may send the party to such port as under the circumstances, they think convenient. A copy of the warrant is to be sent to the poor law inspector of the dis-

Not to which the pauper is transmitted; and also a copy of the depositions taken in the case. The warrant will empower and require the guardians of what-ever union in Ireland the pauper is sent to in the first instance, if it be not the place of ultimate destination, to send him forward; and the guardians in England are to be reimbursed for the cost of the pauper's maintenance and removal, at the rate of 6d. a day for the former, and 1d. a mile for the latter. From the 1st of October to the 31st of March, no woman, or child under 14, shall be conveyed as a deck passenger.

ELVEN LONDON FIRES.—During Sunday morning and Saturday night the firemen of the brigade and those belonging to the parishes were summoned to attend not fewer than eleven fires that had occurred in different parts of the metropolitan district.

A fire of a most disastrous character occurred on Friday night, in Manchester, by which the extensive India-rubber manufactory of Messrs. Hammer and Nephew was totally destroyed, and, through the falling of a gable, one fireman was killed and three others injured. The loss of the property is estimated at nearly £14,000.—On Saturday evening another fire broke out, which, although fortunately not attended with consequences fatal to life has effected the destruction of property to a much greater amount. The scene of the second conflagration was the machine factory of Messrs. Parr, Curtis, and Madeley, at Ancoats, the loss being calculated at upwards of £100,000. By this misfortune 1,500 men will be thrown out of employment.

ENGLISH CIVILISATION.—The Times and other papers report the "fight for the championship," which took place on Tuesday, on an island in the Mersey, the combatants being two men, named Hurst and Mace, the former of gigantic frame, and the latter a very small man. Hurst's advantage in size and weight appears to have been counterbalanced by the superior agility of Mace. The Times says, "Mace began the fight with a terrific blow, which completely closed Hurst's eyes, and seemed to make his bulky frame tremble to his very feet. Before the first round, which lasted nearly twelve minutes, was over, Hurst was half smothered in his own blood, which poured over his huge figure in such streams that Mace himself was covered with it, and the clothes of Hurst's two seconds almost saturated. But, though now utterly blind, his features smashed out of all recognition almost as a human being, and reeling from his fearful loss of blood, the gory, disfigured giant still tottered for his corner, only to be sent staggering back by an antagonist that he seemed capable of annihilating." And so the fight went on, the blind, fainting, and helpless Hurst being unwilling to discontinue till the seconds interposed their veto. "The spectacle which Hurst presented is too horrible for description. Even the oldest champions of the ring were aghast at the fearful punishment inflicted in fifty minutes." Mace had not a single mark on him. We are told that the Chatham Dockyard police arrived just as the fight was over. Great sympathy was expressed for Hurst, and Mace went about and collected £35 for him!

ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—A correspondent of the Stourbridge Times states that three children living in the parish of Oley, had been suffering from what is called "chin-cough." The usual remedies had been resorted to, but without effect. To bring about a cure, therefore, the parents took the children to the finger-post near the village. After placing each child barebacked upon the cross on the donkey's neck, they rode them round the finger-post nine times. In order that no obstacle should be offered to the donkey's progress, the parents had cut away part of a hedge, and having gone round the finger-post the mystic number of times, they returned home. The correspondent adds, "The mother told me that the children had not coughed since, and wished that every mother knew the remedy."

In addressing a jury upon one occasion, the celebrated Lord Jeffrey found it necessary to make free with the character of a military officer who was present. Upon hearing him several times contemptuously spoken of as the "soldier" the son of Mrs. A. boiling with indignation, interrupted the pleader:—"Don't call me a soldier, sir; I'm an officer!" Lord Jeffrey immediately went on: "Well, gentlemen, this officer, who is no soldier, was the sole cause of all the mischief that had occurred!" Religion of the heart may truly and justly be called the heart of religion. Books are embossed minds. Fame is a flower upon a dead man's heart. Peace is the evening star of the soul, and virtue is its sun; the two are never far apart.

MONTREAL SELECT MODEL SCHOOL, No. 2, St. Constant Street.

OWING to a great many Pupils of the Higher Classes of the above Establishment having gone to business, and some of the Preparatory Pupils having been promoted, there are vacancies for more in both Classes. Parents, desirous of availing themselves of the many superior advantages derivable from a Select School, will do well, on account of the number being limited, to apply without delay. A thorough English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education is imparted on moderate Terms. For particulars, apply at the School. WM. DORAN, Principal. May 23.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

HIPPOTAMUS! HIPPOTAMUS!! HIPPOTAMUS!!! FROM ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, LONDON.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

M. GUILBAULT, Proprietor of the ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Montreal, has the honor to announce to Public that he has succeeded in consummating such negotiations will enable him, in the course of a few days, to add to the attractions of the Zoological Gardens, the renowned

HIPPOTAMUS From the Royal Zoological Gardens, London, this rare and wonderful specimen of Natural History having been purchased by G. C. Quich, Esq., and brought to this country at an expense of over THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. It is the first and only specimen of its kind which has ever been exhibited in America, and is the only one seen in Europe since A. D. 318. It was captured in Nubia, on the Nile, a distance of over fifteen hundred miles above Cairo, by order of Abba Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, and presented to the British Zoological Society, where he monopolized public attention for a long time, and achieved a reputation for himself and the Society which has reached to most remote nooks of the civilized world. The number of visitors to the Zoological Gardens during the first year of the exhibition in London amounted to 360,402, being an excess of 291,507 persons over any preceding year.

MAYORS OF THE GREAT CITIES.

We, the undersigned Mayors, hereby certify that the Druggists, Apothecaries, and Physicians of our several cities have signed a document of assurance to us that the remedies of DR. J. C. AYER & CO., of Lowell, (Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Pills, Acute Cure, and Cherry Pectoral), have been found to be medicines of great excellence, and worthy the confidence of the community.

- HON. JAMES COOK, Mayor of LOWELL, MASS.
HON. ALBIN BEARD, Mayor of NASHUA, N. H.
HON. E. W. HARRINGTON, Mayor of MANCHESTER, N. H.
HON. JOHN ABBOTT, Mayor of CONCORD, N. H.
HON. A. H. BULLOCK, Mayor of WORCESTER, MASS.
HON. NATH'L SILSBEE, Mayor of SALEM, MASS.
HON. F. W. LINCOLN, Mayor of BOSTON, MASS.
HON. WM. M. RODMAN, Mayor of PROVIDENCE, R. I.
HON. AMOS W. PRENTICE, Mayor of NORWICH, CONN.
HON. J. N. HARRIS, Mayor of NEW LONDON, CONN.
HON. CHAS. S. RODIER, Mayor of MONTREAL, C. E.
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HON. JAMES S. BEEK, Mayor of FREDERICTON, N. B.
HON. WILLARD NYE, Mayor of NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
HON. J. BLAISDELL, Mayor of FALL RIVER, MASS.
HON. W. H. CRANSTON, Mayor of NEWPORT, R. I.
HON. FRED STAHL, Mayor of GALENA, ILL.
HON. JOHN HOGDEN, Mayor of DUBUQUE, IOWA.
HON. THOMAS CRUTCHFIELD, Mayor of CHA TANOOGA, TENN.
HON. ROBERT BLAIR, Mayor of TUSCALOOSA, ALA.
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Is an excellent remedy, and worthy the confidence of the community.
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AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. For Spring Diseases. For Purifying the Blood. For Scrofula or King's Evil. For Tumors, Ulcers, and Sores. For Eruptions and Pimples. For Blotches, Blisters, and Boils. For St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas. For Tetter or Salt Rheum. For Scald Head and Ringworm. For Cancer and Cancerous Sores. For Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, and Humors. For Female Diseases. For Suppression and Irregularity. For Syphilis or Venereal Diseases. For Liver Complaints. For Diseases of the Heart.

The Mayors of the chief cities of the United States, Canada, and British Provinces, Chili, Peru, Brazil, Mexico, and in fact almost all the cities on this continent, have signed this document, to assure their people what remedies they may use with safety and confidence. But our space will only admit a portion of them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Ayer's Pills, and Ayer's Acute Cure, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., LOWELL, MASS. And sold by Druggists every where. Lyman, Savage, & Co., at Wholesale and Retail; and by all the Druggists in Montreal, and throughout Upper and Lower Canada.

FOR SALE, THE LARGE STONE BUILDING, situated on the Old LACHINE CANAL, formerly belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, and now the property of the Sisters of Ste. Anne. For terms of Sale, apply on the premises. June 6. The Sisters avail themselves of this opportunity to inform the public that towards the end of SEPTEMBER next, they will OPEN their BOARDING SCHOOL for young Ladies.

WANTED, A SITUATION as FEMALE TEACHER, by a person qualified to give instruction in the FRENCH and ENGLISH LANGUAGES, in MUSIC, DRAWING, and NEEDLEWORK of every description. The highest Testimonials can be produced. For particulars, apply at this Office. May 16, 1861.

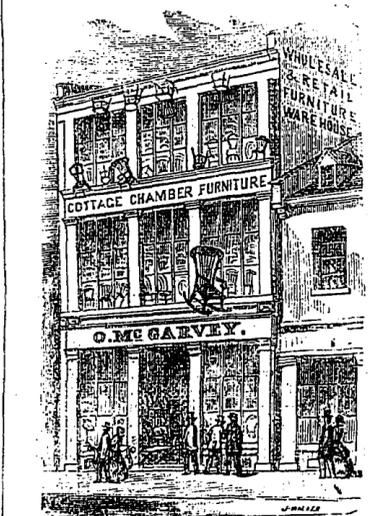
T. RIDDELL, (LATE FROM MR. E. PICKUP,) HAVING commenced Business on his own account, in the Store lately occupied by Mr. Constant, No. 22, Great St. James Street, (Opposite B. Dawson & Son.)

Begs leave to inform the Public that he will keep on hand a Large Assortment of NEWSPAPERS and MAGAZINES. Newspapers Neatly put up for the Mail.

Also, a Large Assortment of STATIONERY, PENS, INK, BLANK CHECKS, &c. &c. A Large Assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS. POSTAGE STAMPS FOR THE MILLION. Montreal, May 4, 1861.

DIRECT STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH GLASGOW. ANCHOR LINE OF STEAM JACKET SHIPS.

PARTIES wishing to bring out their friends, can procure TICKETS at the following Rates:— INTERMEDIATE.....\$30 STEERAGE..... 25 available for any Steamer of the Line during the season. Apply to G. & D. SHAW, 10 Common Street, Montreal, 30th April, 1861.



SPECIAL NOTICE. THE Subscriber, in returning thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal support extended to him during the past twelve years, would announce to them that he has just completed a most extensive and varied Stock of PLAIN and FANCY FURNITURE,—the largest ever on view in this city. It comprises every article in the Furniture line. He would call special attention to his stock of first class Furniture, such as Rosewood, Mahogany, Black Walnut, Oak, Chessnut, and enamelled Chamber Sets, varying in price from \$20 to \$225. Also to his Mahogany, Walnut and Oak Parlour, Dining, Library and Hall Furniture, of various styles and prices, together with 2000 Cane and 3000 Wood Seat Chairs, of thirty-five different patterns, and varying from 40c. to \$18 each. The whole have been manufactured for cash during the winter, and in such large quantities as to insure a saving of 10 per cent to purchasers. Goods packed for shipping and delivered on board the Boats or Car, or at the residences of buyers residing within the city limits, free of charge.

Also, on hand a large assortment of the following Goods:—Solid Mahogany and Veneers, Varnish, Turpentine, Glue, Sand Paper, Mahogany and other Nobs, Curled Hair, Hair Cloth, Moss, Excelsior and all other Goods in the Upholstery line, all of which will be sold low for Cash, or exchanged.

All Goods warranted to be as represented, or will be taken back and the money returned within one month. All sales under \$100 strictly cash; from \$100 to \$1000, three or six months, with satisfactory endorsed notes if required. A discount of 12 per cent to trade, but no deduction from the marked price of retail goods, the motto of the house being large sales and small profits.

The above list is but an outline of the Stock on hand, and the proprietor respectfully solicits a visit which is all that is necessary to establish the fact that this is the largest, best assorted and cheapest Stock of Goods in this city.

OWEN MCGARVEY, Wholesale and Retail Furniture Warehouse, 244 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. April 19, 1861.

ANGUS & LOGAN, WHOLESALE PAPER & STATIONERY IMPORTERS, No. 206, Saint Paul Street, MONTREAL.

A large supply of Printing and Mapping Paper always on hand. WILLIAM ANGUS. THOMAS LOGAN Oct. 19. 6ms

Ayer's Acute Cure.

CARD OF THANKS. H. BRENNAN would respectfully return thanks to his friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage during the past three years and hopes to merit a continuance of the same. He has also to inform them that he intends to REMOVE to the East wing of the shop at present occupied by D. & J. Sadlier, corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier streets, where he will manufacture Boots and Shoes of the best material and to order as heretofore.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES. BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

The most certain and speedy remedy ever discovered for all Diseases of the Chest and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, Sore Throat, &c. &c.

THESE WAFERS give the most instantaneous and perfect relief, and when persevered with according to directions, never fail to effect a rapid and lasting cure. Thousands have been restored to perfect health who have tried other means in vain. To all classes and all constitutions they are equally a blessing and a cure—none need despair, no matter how long the disease may have existed, or however severe it may be, provided the organic structure of the vital organs is not hopelessly decayed. Every one afflicted should give them an impartial trial. To VOCALISTS and PUBLIC SPEAKERS, these Wafers are peculiarly valuable; they will in one day remove the most severe occasional hoarseness; and their regular use for a few days will, at all times, increase the power and flexibility of the voice, greatly improving its tone, compass and clearness, for which purpose they are regularly used by many professional vocalists.

JOH MOSES, Sole Proprietor, Rochester, N. Y. Price 25 cents per box. For sale in Montreal, by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clare & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Newcastle, C. W., General Agents for the Canadas. May 30

The following remedies are offered to the public as the best, most perfect, which medical science can afford. AYER'S CATARRHIC PILLS have been prepared with the utmost skill which the medical profession of this age possesses, and their effects show they have virtues which surpass any combination of medicines hitherto known. Other preparations do more or less good; but this cures such dangerous complaints, so quick and so surely, as to prove an efficacy and power to uproot disease beyond anything which men have known before. By removing the obstructions of the internal organs and stimulating them into healthy action, they renovate the fountains of life and vigor,—health courses anew through the body, and the sick man is well again. They are adapted to disease, and disease cured, for when taken by one in health they produce but little effect. This is the perfection of medicine. It is antagonistic to disease, and no more. Tender children may take them with impunity. If they are sick they will cure them, if they are well they will do them no harm.

Give them to some patient who has been prostrated with bilious complaint: see his bent-up, tottering form straighten with strength again; see his long-lost appetite return; see his clammy features blossom into health. Give them to some sufferer whose soul blood has burst out in scrofula till his skin is covered with sores; who stands, or sits, or lies in anguish. He has been drenched inside and out with every potion which ingenuity could suggest. Give him these PILLS, and mark the effect; see the sores fall from his body; see the new, fair skin that has grown under them; see the latterer that is clean. Give them to him whose angry humors have planted rheumatism in his joints and bones; move him, and he screeches with pain; he too has been soaked through every muscle of his body with liniments and salves; give him these PILLS to purify his blood; they may not cure him, for alas! there are cases when the cure can never be reached; but mark, he walks with crutches now, and now he walks alone; they have cured him. Give them to the lean, sour, haggard dyspeptic, whose gnawing stomach has long ago eaten every smile from his face and every muscle from his body. See his appetite return, and with it his health; see the new man—see her that was radiant with health and loveliness blasted and too early withering away; want of exercise or mental anguish, or some lurking disease, has deranged the internal organs of digestion, assimilation or secretion, till they do their office ill. Her blood is vitiated, her health is gone. Give her these PILLS to stimulate the vital principle into renewed vigor, to cast out the obstructions, and infuse a new vitality into the blood. Now look again—the roses blossom on her cheek, and where lately sorrow sat joy bursts from every feature. See the sweet infant wasted with worms. Its vain, sickly features tell you without disguise, and painfully distinct, that they are eating its life away. Its pinched-up nose and care, and restless sleepings, tell the dreadful truth in language which every mother knows. Give it the PILLS in large doses to sweep these vile parasites from the body. Now turn again and see the ruddy bloom of childhood. Is it nothing to do these things? Nay, are they not the marvel of this age? And yet they are done around you every day.

Have you the less serious symptoms of these distempers, they are the easier cured. Jaundice, Costiveness, Headache, Sickness, Heartburn, Foul Stomach, Nausea, Pain in the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, King's Evil, Neuralgia, Gout, and kindred complaints all arise from the derangements which these PILLS rapidly cure. Take them perseveringly, and under the counsel of a good Physician if you can; if not, take them judiciously by such advice as we give you, and the distressing, dangerous diseases they cure, which afflict so many millions of the human race, are cast out like the devils of old—they must burrow in the brutes and in the sea. Price 25 cents per box—5 boxes for \$1.

Through a trial of many years and through every nation of civilized men, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has been found to afford more relief and to cure more cases of cough and croup than any other remedy known to mankind. Cases of apparently settled consumption have been cured by it, and thousands of sufferers who were deemed beyond the reach of human aid have been restored to their friends and usefulness, to sound health and the enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to diseases of the lungs and throat. Here a cold had settled on the lungs, the dry, hacking cough, the glassy eye, and the pale, thin features of him who was lately lusty and strong, whisper to all but him CONSUMPTION. He tries every thing; but the disease is gnawing at his vitals, and shows its fatal symptoms more and more over all his frame. He is taking the CHERRY PECTORAL now; it has stopped his cough and made his breathing easy; his sleep is sound at night; his appetite returns, and with it his strength. The dart which pierced his side is broken. Scarcely any neighborhood can be found which has not some living trophy like this to shadow forth the virtues which have won for the CHERRY PECTORAL an imperishable renown. But its usefulness does not end here. Nay, it accomplishes more by prevention than cure. The countless colds and coughs which it cures are the seeds which would have ripened into a dreadful harvest of incurable diseases. Influenza, Croup, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Pleurisy, Whooping Cough, and all irritations of the throat and lungs are easily cured by the CHERRY PECTORAL if taken in season. Every family should have it by them, and they will find it an invaluable protection from the insidious prowler which carries off the parent sheep from many a flock, the darling lamb from many a home.

Authenticated evidence of these facts, with directions for the treatment of each complaint, may be found in Ayer's American Almanac, of which we publish three millions, and scatter them broadcast over the earth, in order that the sick every where may have the benefit of the information it contains. Druggists and dealers in medicine generally have them for distribution gratis, and also for sale these remedies, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass. SOLD BY Lyman, Savage, & Co., at Wholesale and Retail; and by all the Druggists in Montreal, and throughout Upper and Lower Canada.

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. No medicine is more prompt in its action in cases of Cholera, Cholera Morbus, &c., than Perry Davis' Pain Killer. It is the acknowledged antidote which seldom fails if applied in its early symptoms. No family should be without a bottle of it always on hand. The stain on linen from the use of the Pain Killer is easily removed by washing it in alcohol. Davis' Pain Killer seems particularly efficacious in cholera morbus, bowel complaints, and other diseases to which the natives of Burmah, from their unwholesome style of living, are peculiarly exposed. It is a valuable antidote to the poison of Centipedes, Scorpions, hornets, &c. Rev. J. Benjamin, late Missionary in Burmah. Sold by druggists and all dealers in family medicines. For Sale, at Wholesale, by Lyman, Savage & Co.; Carter, Kerry & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, Wholesale agents for Montreal.

A NEW AND ELEGANT PRAYER-BOOK. ST. JOHN'S MANUAL, A GUIDE TO THE PUBLIC WORSHIP AND SERVICES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, AND A COLLECTION OF DEVOTIONS FOR THE PRIVATE USE OF THE FAITHFUL, Illustrated with fifteen Steel Engravings, after new and exquisite designs.

A new Catholic Prayer-book, 1201 pages, got up expressly for the wants of the present time, and adapted to the use of the faithful in this country. ABRIDGMENT OF CONTENTS. Meditation or Mental Prayer. Family Prayers for Morning and Evening. Morning and Evening Prayers for every day in the week. Instructions on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; Prayers before Mass; the Ordinary of the Mass, with full explanations. Devotions for Mass, by way of Meditation on the Passion. Mass, in Union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Prayers at Mass for the Dead. Method of Hearing Mass spiritually, for those who cannot attend actually. Collects, Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holidays, including the Ceremonies of Holy Week, with explanations of the Festivals and Seasons.

Yespers, with full explanation. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with Instructions. The Office of Tenebrae. An ample Instruction on the Sacrament of Penance. Instructions and Devotion for Holy Communion—Prayers for Mass before Communion—Mass of Thanksgiving after Communion. GENERAL DEVOTIONS. Devotions to the Holy Trinity... to the Holy Ghost... to the Sacred Humanity of our Lord... the Passion... the Holy Eucharist... the Sacred Heart... Devotions to the Blessed Virgin; Little Office... Office of the Immaculate Conception... Rosary. Devotions to the Holy Angels... to the Saints, general and particular. Devotions for particular seasons and circumstances, &c., &c. Prayers for various states of life. DEVOTIONS FOR THE USE OF THE SICK. Order of the Visitation of the Sick... Prayers before and after Confession and Communion... Order of administering the Holy Viaticum... Instruction on Extreme Unction... Order of administering it... Last Blessing and Plenary Indulgence... Order of commending the departing Soul. The Office of the Dead... the Burial Service for Adults and Infants... Prayers for the Faithful Departed. Manner of receiving Profession from a Convert. Litanies of the Saints... of the Most Holy Trinity... Infant Jesus, Life of Christ... Passion... Cross... Blessed Sacrament... Sacred Heart of Jesus... Sacred Heart of Mary... Immaculate Conception... Holy Name of Mary... St. Joseph... St. Mary Magdalen... St. Patrick... St. Bridget... St. Francis... St. Ignatius... St. Francis Xavier... St. Aloisius... St. Stanislaus... St. Teresa... St. Francis de Sales... St. Vincent de Paul... St. Alphonsus Liguori... Litany of Providence... of the Faithful Departed... of a good intention... of the Will of God... Golden Litany, &c., &c. No Prayer-book in the language contains a greater number of Prayers, drawn from the works of Canonized Saints and Ascetical Writers, approved by the Church. Various Styles of Binding, price \$1 and upwards. Wholesale and Retail, at No. 19, Great Saint James Street. J. A. GRAHAM.

PROSPECTUS OF A LARGE AND ELABORATE MAP OF CANADA WEST. MESSRS. GEO. R. & G. M. TREMAINE, OF TORONTO.

PROPOSE to publish an entirely new and very Comprehensive Map of Upper Canada, drawn upon a large scale, making the Map about five feet nine inches by seven feet in size, and showing the County and Township Boundaries, Concessions, Side Lines and Lot Lines, Railways, Canals, and all Public Highways open for travel; also distinguishing those which are Thoroughfares or Main Trunked Roads between Towns, Villages, &c., and the Planked, Gravelled, and Macadamised Roads; showing the Capital of each County, and all Cities, Towns, and Villages, these with Post-Offices distinguished from others. Also, all Lakes and Harbours; the correct courses of all Rivers and Mill Streams; the location of Mills the location and denomination of Country Churches; the location of Country School-houses and Township Halls. Also, complete Meteorological Tables; a Chart showing the Geological Formation of the Province; Time Tables; Table of Distances; and the Returns of the New Census, or so much of them as relate to the Population, &c. The Names of Subscribers, in Cities, Towns, and Villages, will be published; also, if furnished by the Canvasser, the Title, Profession, Trade, &c., of each making a concise Directory for each City, Town, and Village, which will be neatly engraved upon the Margin of the Map. It is also intended to exhibit a History of the Province, showing the First Settlements throughout the Country, with the dates thereof; the exact place where Battles have been fought; or where other remarkable events have occurred, &c., &c. The Map will be published in the best style, with Plans upon the margin of the Cities and principal Towns, on an enlarged scale. It will be furnished to Subscribers on Canvas handsomely Colored, Varnished, and Mounted for Six Dollars per Copy; which sum we, the Subscribers, agree to pay to the Publishers, or Bearer, on delivery of the Map above referred to, in good order and condition. ROBERT KELLY, Agent for Montreal.

INFORMATION WANTED. OF ELLENOR and SARAH MOORE, natives of the County Donegal, Ireland. Three years ago, when last heard from, they were living in New York; and where, if it is supposed, they are residing still. Any information, concerning them, would be thankfully received by their brother, James Moore, care of John Reilly, Aylmer Street, Montreal.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS:
 Adolphus—Rev. J. J. O'Connell.
 Aylmer—J. Doyle.
 Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron.
 Arichat—Rev. Mr. Girroir.
 Brockville—O. S. Fraser.
 Belleville—M. Mahon.
 Barrie—Rev. J. B. Lee.
 Brantford—W. M. Manamy.
 Burford and W. Riding, Co. Brant—Thos. Magin.
 Chambly—J. Hackett.
 Cobourg—P. Maguire.
 Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor.
 Compton—Mr. W. Daly.
 Carleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy.
 Dalhousie Mills—Wm. Chisholm.
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 Kempsville—M. Heahy.
 Kingston—P. Purcell.
 Lindsay—J. Kennedy.
 Lansdown—M. O'Connor.
 Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley.
 London—Rev. E. Bayard.
 Lochiel—O. Quigley.
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 Lacolle—W. Harty.
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 Picton—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
 Port Hope—J. Birmingham.
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 Rawdon—James Carroll.
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 South Gloucester—J. Daley.
 Summerstown—D. M'Donald.
 St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay.
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 St. Ann de la Poutiere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett.
 St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Silvay.
 St. Catherine, C. E.—J. Cugulin.
 St. Raphael—A. D. M'Donald.
 St. Ronsard d'Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax.
 Starnesboro—C. M'Gill.
 Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh.
 Thorold—John Heenan.
 Thorpeville—J. Greene.
 Tinwick—T. Donegan.
 Toronto—P. F. J. Mullen, 23 Shuter Street.
 Templeton—J. Hagan.
 West Osgoode—M. M'Evoy.
 West Port—James Kehoe.
 Williamstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy.
 Wallaceburg—Thomas Jarmy.

A. CARD.
DR. R. GAREPY,
 Licentiate in Medicine of the Lawd University, Quebec.
 OFFICE—No. 6, ST. LAMBERT STREET,
 Near St. Lawrence Street,
 MONTREAL.
 May be Consulted at all hours. Advice to the
 poor gratuitous. 3m.

L'UNIVERSEL.
 THIS is the title of a daily paper published at Brussels, Belgium, and devoted to the defence of Catholic interests, of Order and of Liberty.
 The terms of subscription are 32 francs, or about \$5.33, per annum—for six months \$2.85, and for three months \$1.50—not counting the price of postage, which must be prepaid. Subscriptions must be paid in advance.
 Subscriptions can be received at the office of L'Universel at Brussels. At Paris at M. M. Lagrange and Cerf, and at London, Burns & Lambert, 17 Portman Square.
 All letters to the editor must be post-paid, and remittances must be made in bills negotiable at Brussels, Paris or London.
 March 28, 1861.

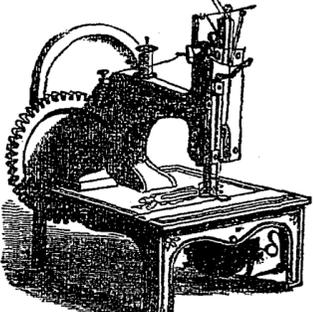
M. P. RYAN,
 No. 119, COMMISSIONER STREET,
 (Opposite St. Ann's Market.)
WHOLESALE DEALER IN PRODUCE,
 PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, &c.,
 TAKES this opportunity of informing his many friends in Canada West and East, that he has opened the above Store, and will be prepared to attend to the sale of all kinds 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 Cigars
 Hams B. Wheat Flour Soap & Candles
 Fish Split Peas Pails
 Salt Corn Meal Brooms, &c.
 June 6, 1860.

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.
COOMAN & SHURLEFF,
 No. 13 TREMONT ST, BOSTON.
 Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Surgical Dental Instruments.
 September 21. 3m.

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, inobedience, 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, 8.00 " "
 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. 3ms.

H. BRENNAN,
 BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
 No. 3 Craig Street. (West End.)
 NEAR A. WALKER'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 Sarnia.
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, SCHOLES & AMES.
 Toronto, April 21st, 1860.
 E. G. NAGLE, Esq.
 Dear Sir,
 The three Machines you sent us some short time ago we 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 Bosom 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.
R. J. NAGLE,
 Canadian Sewing Machine Depot,
 265 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
 Factory of Bartley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.
 THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages.
 A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils.
TERMS:
 Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (pays' la half-year in Advance.)
 Use of Library during stay, \$2.
 The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July.
 July 21st, 1861.

T. C. DE LORIMIER,
 Advocate,
 31 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. 71, WELLINGTON STREET,
 Being No. 8 Raglan Terrace,
 MONTREAL, C.E.

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L.,
 ADVOCATE,
 Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St.
B. DEVLIN,
 ADVOCATE,
 Has Removed his Office to No. 32, 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.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co.,
 MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS.
 Successors to the late John M'Cloosky,
 38, Sanguinet Street,
 North corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

THE above Establishment will be continued, in all its branches, as formerly by the undersigned. As this establishment is one of the oldest in Montreal, and the largest of the kind in Canada, being fitted up by Steam in the very best plan, and is capable of doing any amount of business with despatch—we pledge ourselves to have every article done in the very best manner, and at moderate charges.
 We will DYE all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woolens, &c., as also SCOURING all kinds of Silk and Woolen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.
DEVLIN, MURPHY & CO.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT,
 CONDUCTED BY THE
SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME,
 MOUNT ST. MARY, CORNER GUY AND DORCHESTER STREETS, MONTREAL.
CONDITIONS:

	Pupils of 12 years and upwards.	Pupils under 12 yrs.
Board and Tuition, embracing all the branches in the French & English languages, with Writing and Arithmetic.	\$ 80.00	\$ 70.00
Half Boarders.	36.00	30.00
Classes of Three hours a-day.	25.00	20.00
Music Lessons—Piano-Forte, per Annum.	30.00	30.00
Music Lessons, Do., by a Profess.	44.00	44.00
Drawing, Painting, Embroidery.	20.00	20.00
Laundress.	12.00	12.00
Bed and Bedding.	12.00	12.00

Gymnastics, (Course of 20 Lessons) Charge of the Professor.
 Lessons in German, Italian, Latin, Harp, Guitar, Singing and other accomplishments not specified here, according to the charges of the several Professors.
 It is highly desirable that the Pupils be in attendance at the commencement of each Term.
 No Deduction will be made from the above charges for Pupils that enter later, nor for Pupils withdrawn before the expiration of the Quarter.
 Terms of Payment: 6th Sept., 25th Nov., 10th Feb., 1st May, or Semi-Annually.

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

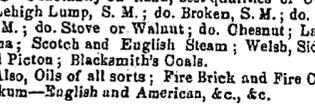
Board and Tuition.	\$70 00
Use of Bed and Bedding.	7 00
Washing.	10 50
Drawing and Painting.	7 00
Music Lessons—Piano.	28 00

Payment is required Quarterly in advance.
 October 29.

COLLEGE OF REGIOPOLIS, KINGSTON, C. W.
 Under the Immediate Supervision of the Right Rev. E. J. Horan, Bishop of Kingston.
 THE above Institution, situated in one of the most agreeable and healthful parts of Kingston, is now completely organized. Able Teachers have been provided for the various departments. The object of the Institution is to impart a good and solid education in the fullest sense of the word. The health, morals, and manners of the pupils will be an object of constant attention. The Course of instruction will include a complete Classical and Commercial Education. Particular attention will be given to the French and English languages.
 A large and well selected Library will be Open to the Pupils.
TERMS:
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 July 21st, 1861.

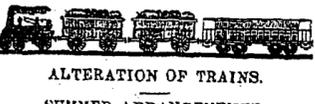
NEW CLOTHING STORE.
BERGIN AND CLARKE,
 (Lately in the employment of Donnelly & O'Brien.)
 Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters,
 No. 48, M'GILL STREET,
 (Nearly Opposite Saint Ann's Market.)
 MONTREAL.
 HAVING commenced BUSINESS on their own account, beg leave to inform their numerous friends, and the Public in general, that they intend to carry on the CLOTHING Business in all its branches.
READY-MADE CLOTHING
 CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
 All Orders punctually attended to.
 May 16, 1861.
J. O. MILLER, WOODS & CO.,
 GENERAL & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
 AND
 DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COAL,
 &c., &c., &c.
 OFFICE:
 Corner of Youville and Grey Nun Streets.
 (Foot of M'Gill Street.)
 MONTREAL.
 Constantly on hand, best qualities of COAL—Lehigh Lump, S. M.; do. Broken, S. M.; do. Egg, S. M.; do. Stove or Walnut; do. Chesnut; Lackawanna; Scotch and English Steam; Welsh, Sidney, and Picton; Blacksmith's Coals.
 Also, Oils of all sorts; Fire Brick and Fire Clay; Oakum—English and American, &c., &c.
 Orders promptly executed.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM-FITTING ESTABLISHMENT.
THOMAS M'KENNA
 WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has
REMOVED
 his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment TO THE
 Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street,
 BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MARGUERITE STREETS,
 (Formerly occupied by Mitchell & Co.)
 where he is now prepared to execute all Orders in his line with promptness and despatch, and at most reasonable prices.
 Baths, Hydrants, Water Closets, Beer Pumps, Force and Lift Pumps, Malleable Iron Tubing for Gas and Steam-fitting purposes, Galvanized Iron Pipe, &c., &c., constantly on hand, and fitted up in a workmanlike manner.
 The trade supplied with all kinds of Iron Tubing on most reasonable terms.
 Thomas M'Kenna is also prepared to heat churches, hospitals, and all kinds of public and private buildings with a new "Steam Heater," which he has already fitted up in some buildings in the City, and which has given complete satisfaction.
 Montreal, May 2, 1861. 12m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

ALTERATION OF TRAINS.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.
 ON and after MONDAY, the 10th of JUNE, Trains will leave Pointe St. Charles Station as follows:—

EASTERN TRAINS.
 Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Island Pond and all Intermediate Stations at 9.30 A.M.
 Express Train to Quebec, (arriving at Quebec at 10 P.M.), at 4.00 P.M.
 Mail Train for Portland and Boston (stopping over night at Island Pond) at 5.00 P.M.
 Mixed Train for Island Pond and Way Stations, at 8.00 P.M.
 A Special Train, conveying the Mails, and connecting with the Montreal Ocean Steamers at Quebec, will leave the Point St. Charles Station every Friday Evening, at 10.30 P.M.

WESTERN TRAINS.
 Day Mail Train for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit and the West, at 8.45 A.M.
 Accommodation Train (Mixed) for Brockville and Intermediate Stations at 5.30 P.M.
 Night Express, with Sleeping Car attached, for Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, at 11.30 P.M.
 These Train connect at Detroit Junction with the Trains of the Michigan Central, Michigan Southern, and Detroit and Milwaukee Railroads for all points West.
W. SHANLY,
 General Manager.
 Montreal, 6th June, 1861.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S

MARBLE FACTORY,
 BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)
 WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c.; begs to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that the largest and the finest assortment of MANUFACTURED WORK, of different designs in Canada, is at present to be seen by any person wanting anything in the above line, and at a reduction of twenty per cent from the former prices.
 N.B.—There is no Marble Factory in Canada has so much Marble on hand.
 June 9, 1860.

MEMORY

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM,
 Boston, May 26, 1866.
 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 SHORB,
 Superioress 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.
SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
 Hamilton, C. W.

GOOD SAMARITAN COOKING STOVES.
 THE most economical Stove known. We have a large variety of other patterns; also a good assortment of
MANTLE PIECES AND GRATES,
IRON BEDSTEADS,
IRON RAILING, &c.
RODDE & MEILLEUR,
 71 Great Saint James Street,
 Montreal, March 28.

PIERRE R. FAUTEUX,
 IMPORTER OF
DRY GOODS,
 No. 112, St. Paul Street,
 HAS constantly on hand grand assortment of Merchandise, French and English, Carpets for Saloons, &c., &c.
 P. F. has also on hand a choice selection of Dry Goods and READY-MADE CLOTHING, which he will sell, at very low prices, Wholesale and Retail.
 Also, on hand, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS, to be Sold WHOLESALE only.
 Mr. F. has made great improvements in his Establishment and is receiving NEW GOODS every week from Europe, per steamer. He has also on hand a large assortment of Ladies' Gownstems, and Children's Boots and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail.
 April 6, 1860. 12ms.

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

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

 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 Pimple. 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, 1866.
 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.
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