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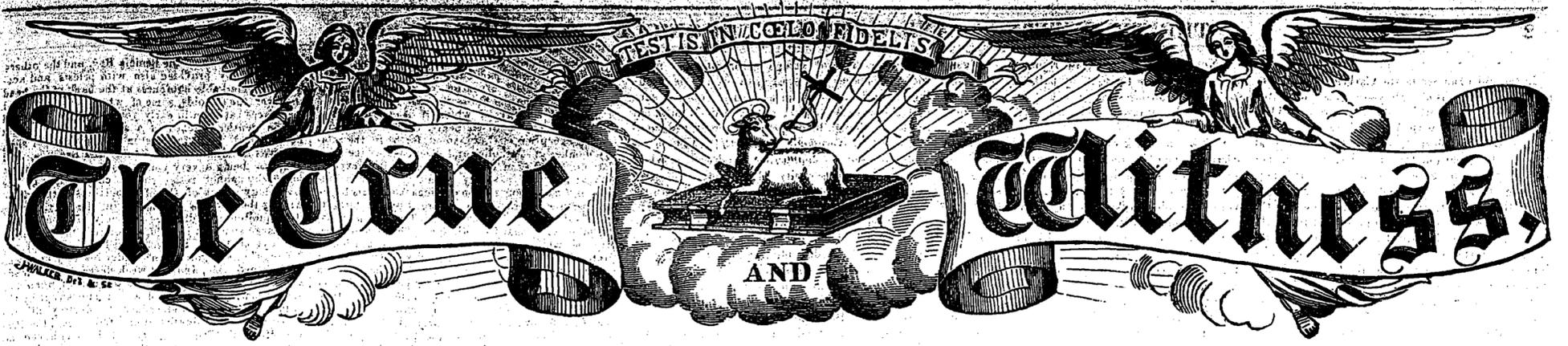
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No. 10.

TURLOGH O'BRIEN;

OR,
THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER.
CHAPTER XXVIII.—TYRCONNEL.

A considerable time elapsed, and found Garrett still alone, in the stately apartment in which our last chapter left him.

'It's two-and-forty minutes past the hour,' he muttered, as he glanced at his watch; 'I fear he has forgotten it, or, perhaps, the insolence which they say has grown upon him, prompts him to treat poor gentlemen, as I am, like lack-boys, or lackeys—as fit only to wait his pleasure, and dance attendance upon his caprice. S'life, but it's growing bitter cold,' he added, with a shudder, and, acquiring courage with the irritation of disappointment and discomfort, he ventured to take the embers of the fire together, and to throw on a fragment or two of wood;—how far this new accession of hardship might have carried him, it were not easy to say; his next proceeding would have probably essayed the darling sacrifice of seating himself at his ease, in one of the rich, luxurious chairs, which seemed made to receive a ducal, or a royal pressure only; he was, however, effectually startled, and recalled alike from his meditated enormity, and from his mutinous temper, by the opening of a door in the further end of the chamber, and the entrance of the Duke of Tyrconnel.

Few forms could be more imposing; his stature was commanding, exceeding six feet in height, and, at the time of which we write, though not actually unwieldy through corpulence, as he afterwards became, he was full and large in proportion which gave majestic effect to his towering figure; his complexion was a ruddy brown—his eyes of the darkest grey, and his features, though not prominent, were eminently masculine and handsome, and overclouded by a prodigious flowing periwig, of sombre brown. The expression of the countenance was grave, haughty, and even insolent—and there was a sternness in the compressed and down-drawn mouth, and a certain inflexibility and domineering pride in the whole character of the lace which, accompanied with the grand and massive proportions of his figure, and the gorgeous accessories of his splendid attire, rendered the *coup d'œil* absolutely overawing.

As Garrett, standing with his hat in his hand, watched the stately and measured approach of the new-made duke, he marked with wonder the change which a very few years had wrought in his face and form, and thought he could read at a glance in the impressive countenance before him, alike the man of action, of passion, and of policy; he saw the arrogance, the ambition, the arch-dissimulation, and the cruelty of that intemperate and wily spirit, as he bowed and cringed before him, with all the servile idolatry due to so portentous an incarnation of successful scheming and daring.

The Duke advanced gravely, and somewhat slowly, some way into the room, before he addressed his visitor, who stood before him in an attitude of awkward subservency, and with an expression, half uneasy, and half sycophantic, his whole bearing contrasting strikingly enough with the lofty carriage and perfect breeding of the haughty favorite.

'Mr. Garrett, of Lisnamoe?' said Tyrconnel, inquiringly.

'The same, my lord duke,' replied Garrett, again bowing profoundly.

The duke seated himself, but without inviting Garrett to do so; and affecting to be dazzled by the light which fell full upon his face, he carelessly drew the table on which the candles stood, backward, until his features were in shadow;—and then crossing one leg over the other, he leaned back in his seat, and once more fixed his eyes upon his visitor.

'Mr. Garrett,' he at last said, in a cold and laughty tone, 'you have a request to make, if I have rightly understood your purpose from my brother; you solicit a grant of land, is it not so?'

'The same estate, your grace,' said Garrett, 'about which I applied to you, my lord duke, when the court of claims was sitting.'

'Willoughby's property—I know it,' said Tyrconnel.

'A great estate—a considerable property—your grace,' said Garrett.

'A very great estate, sir—I know it,' repeated Tyrconnel, with deliberate emphasis, and a pause of some two or three minutes ensued, during which Garrett in vain strove to read the dark, bold, inscrutable countenance of the dangerous man before him.

'You have got some securities of mine in your hands,' said Tyrconnel, abruptly.

'Two bonds, your grace, for three thousand pounds, and a heavy accumulation of interest,' said Garrett, while a faint hope of settlement began to glimmer upon his face.

gravely, fixing his eyes once more upon the applicant.

Garrett was astonished—a faint incredulous smile, hovered in his look of amazement—he hardly knew in what spirit his patron spoke, and he hesitated in some confusion.

'I say, sir,' repeated Tyrconnel, with a stern voice, and a menacing look—'I think I am sure, those bonds are paid; bethink you, sir—for I must know how this matter stands, before I enter upon that other business in which you are so nearly concerned; my belief, sir, is, that the bonds are paid.'

Garrett looked in the speaker's face, for some peculiar significance to guide him in this strait, but he saw nothing there but the insolent sternness of one who suspects the honesty of the man he looks on, and cares not to disguise, or qualify that suspicion. Tyrconnel looked as if he actually believed what he said.

'Your grace must pardon me,' said Garrett, with an air at once cringing and deprecatory, 'if I cannot immediately—just at this moment, call to mind—'

'Speak,' said the duke, in a peremptory tone, 'if you admit this settlement, why, then, in God's name, dispute and so we part as litigants—for I promise you I'll not pay money twice over; your memory may serve you better than mine does me, sir—you have a perfect right to trust it, but I'll not be bamboozled into paying my debts twice over, as I've said.'

Thoroughly alarmed for the fate of his application, Garrett now lost not an instant in recalling his false step.

'I crave your pardon, my lord duke,' he said, with eager submission; 'your grace has misunderstood me—I have misconveyed myself.'

'I thought your memory might have served you so far,' said Tyrconnel, with the haughty displeasure of an injured man.

'My lord, I am far from disputing the settlement of which your grace has spoken,' urged Garrett.

'So you do remember it?' persisted he.

'Yes, I remember it—quite recollect it all, most clearly, your grace,' replied Garrett, who would have sworn he remembered the conquest, or the flood at that moment, if only he could, by doing so, have restored the all-powerful favorite to good humor.

'Then bring the bonds and receipts for the consideration, sir, to-morrow morning, hither, and deal like an honest man,' said Tyrconnel, with extreme sternness. 'You have done strangely, methinks, in retaining them in your possession for so long; let this be mended, sir, and promptly—to-morrow morning, before ten o'clock you hear me, sir?'

Garrett protested that he would be punctual, and inwardly thought that the duke must possess either the most treacherous memory, or the most matchless impudence in all Ireland.

'You have made sacrifices for the king, Mr. Garrett,' resumed Tyrconnel, with haughty condescension, after a brief pause; 'you have zealously attached yourself to his cause, and have, moreover, relinquished your heresy, and become, I understand, a Catholic. I am acquainted with your claims—and you may reckon upon my interest with the king in your behalf, should this Willoughby be convicted; his estate cannot better be bestowed; nay, sir, there is no need of formal speeches, I'm pressed for time; remember ten o'clock to-morrow morning.'

With a low and grateful reverence, and a countenance glowing with the irrepressible exultation of gratified avarice, Garrett, who, thro' this somewhat singular interview, had continued standing, withdrew, but ere he disappeared Tyrconnel on a sudden recalled him.

'Another word, Mr. Garrett,' he said, in a low tone, glancing almost unconsciously in turn at the two doors of the chamber.

Garrett returned, and stood once more hat in hand before the unprincipled great man. Tyrconnel looked at him thoughtfully, and, it seemed, with embarrassment. He then averted his gaze to the hearth—then, again, glanced rapidly toward the doors of the apartment—and pushing the small table on which the candles stood still further back, he said—

'It is some years since I last saw you. Mr. Garrett, in London: I need not remind you of the nature of the commission you then undertook; you have, I presume, sir, fulfilled it faithfully?'

'Faithfully, your grace, most faithfully,' replied Garrett, with more assurance; for he felt that upon this topic, at least, he had the duke at some advantage; 'in strict accordance, in every tittle, with your grace's wishes.'

'And—and—the person—the lady—Lady Willoughby, herself,' said Tyrconnel, with an effort; 'does she still live?'

'Faith she does,' replied Garrett—with an ungainly shrug, and a shake of the head; 'and I was well nigh adding—if it be no harm—I grieve to say it.'

'How does she?' pursued Tyrconnel, curiously.

—for he obviously resented the growing familiarity of Garrett's manner.

'Why, about as well, I suppose, as a cast-off lady-love generally does,' rejoined Garrett, carelessly; 'a good deal down in the mouth, sallow, and hippish—always dying, but still alive.'

Tyrconnel looked down suddenly down the floor, and then as suddenly shot a black and frowning glance upon the speaker. He paused, however, and raising his jewelled hand for a few seconds to his forehead, recovered his calmness, to all appearance, except that his face was still a little flushed.

And gossip (scandal) has it grown silent? he asked, in a low tone; and, fixing his eyes once more upon Garrett—'or is it, at all events, still at fault—still on the wrong scent?'

'That it is, by my troth,' said Garrett, with a chuckle, which had in it a mixture of familiarity and glee, indescribably villainous and offensive; half the world, the old gentleman included, make me a present of the sin, as your grace did of the mistress.'

'Keep your own place, sir—be advised, keep your own place,' interrupted Tyrconnel, in a tone so peremptory that Garrett almost started; and still more hotly and arrogantly, he continued—

'you are disposed, methinks, to forget yourself, and your position, and whom you are speaking to. S'death, sir, you shall know where you stand, and how you stand. You presume, sir—presume, because I have employed you,' he continued with increasing intemperance—for when his passion once broke bounds, its course was headlong and torrentuous beyond all parallel—and the suspicion, however faint, that Garrett imagined that he stood within his power, incensed his pride almost to madness; 'you presume, because I have used you—used you like the scoundrel pander you are willing to make yourself. By—, if I thought you dared presume upon your fancied usefulness, I'd teach you to know and remember me, while life is left you.'

It was hard to determine whether, in this sudden explosion of invective, there was more of passion or of policy; his face, indeed, was charged with the blackest tempest of ire—but at the same time, the faintest approximation to a smile curled his lip, as his eye rested upon Garrett, with a glance half intimidating, half obsequious. If the display were premeditated, however, it was well judged; for though Garrett manifested, at first, alike by his attitude and his countenance, the impulse of that physical courage in which he was by no means deficient—yet a moment sufficed to extinguish its angry fires, and to leave him cowed and submissive before the domineering duke; and with an air so meekly cringing and humble, that it seemed ready to fall down and worship before the great man's shoetie, in all the profoundest abasement and idolatry of sycophantic awe.

He stammered—he pleaded—he retracted—he explained; in short, he apologised, and that so humbly, that Tyrconnel at length condescended to nod his satisfaction, and to tell him haughtily that he might withdraw, under the assurance of his renewed favor.

With many a profound and ceremonious bow, Garrett retired through the door by which he had entered.

Tyrconnel rose with a gloomy look, and leaning upon the mantel-piece, rested his forehead upon his hand for a time, in anxious abstraction.

'Ill-fated, unhappy—most unhappy woman?' he muttered slowly and sullenly. 'The thought of her has troubled me sorely—more than once; but what need to vex one's self about the past?'

Such follies—affairs of the heart, and ah that—are pretty well over with me; and by my faith, were I to turn monk for my sins, I have weightier matters than a foolish intrigue to think of.'

He sank again into silence, and his thoughts shifted gradually to other and more practical matters. He walked moodily to the window, drew the rich damask curtains, and looked forth upon the stormy skies, across which the black scud was drifting.

'Threatening—changing; now the stars peep out; and now they're wrapt in storm and vapor; he muttered in gloomy abstraction, and slow and broken sentences. 'Now the happy lights of heaven appear; and now all's lost in murky tempest. Just so—just so; a chequered, almost cheerless struggle; a day's despair for every hour of hope. How will this end—how will it all end? Oh, God! that I could see two years onward to the unrolled book of fate! Where will be all this state and ceremony then!—this goodly pomp and order, where will be the aspirants and favorite?—where these portly priests, and gilded soldiers, and all the scheming and the splendor of this court!—and the king himself? Aye, aye, well-a-day; and I—what are these orders, and these baubles, and this dukedom? While I walk among these peers, and bishops, and judges; and generals, and all the rest, and see the poor king smiling, I behold ruin through all this frippery and state. 'Tis horrible mas-

querade. Fools—fools! a week may turn this pomp to beggary—this music and jollity into howling and gnashing of teeth; away with this hollow mummery; off with your disguises; fly to your prayer books and confession. We tread a stage, God knows, crazed and rotten in every plank; and, heavens! what an abyss beneath! Yet see how they tread it!—as if it were rock—living rock—adamant; down to the earth's centre and foundation, adamant. Even that scheming rascal, Garrett; I dare swear he would think himself sorely wronged were we to limit his grant to one for life or a term of years.'

He turned from the window, 'And yet,' he added bitterly, after a pause, 'these are the men who call me rash, headlong, violent, impolitic.—Idiot! had it not been for my rashness, where would all this and they have been now? Where would the army, the militia have been, all Protestant as they were? In open mutiny. For these creatures of court favor—of my favor—indeed, there is but one chance; but I—I have another and a deeper game to play; I bide my time. Would to God the king were back again in France, and I once more the pilot of affairs! Well, well; all in good time.'

The duke stood for a moment before the full length mirror, to re-arrange the equipments of his stately dress. The anxious disquietude was smoothed athwart his features, and all their bold haughty gravity returned, as he quitted the room to take his place once more among the splendid and stately groups which filled the great saloon of the castle with all the gorgeous gaiety of courtly pageantry and mirth.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE VERDICT.

The courts of law, at the time of which we write, were held in an old and gloomy building adjoining Christ Church; so crazy and decayed, indeed, that it was found necessary, a very few years later, to take down and rebuild the whole structure.

A strong guard of musketeers occupied the entrance; barristers, in their gowns and falling collars, and solemn black perukes, flitted back and forward through the dark passages, like ill-omened apparitions—the sable familiars of the place. The body of the Court of King's Bench was crowded. The entrance and mustering of the jurymen, the fussy arrangements of the sheriff, the continual pressure of the crowd, and the occasional interference of the guard or the tipstaff filled the old chamber up to its very roof with din and uproar.

Miles Garrett, his eye unusually bright and restless, and his face pale and clammy with anxiety, stood in one of the less-frequented passages of the building, his elbows leaning upon a high window-sill, and one hand shading his brows.—He turned quickly about as a step approached: it was that of Thomas Talbot.

'So,' said the latter, coolly, with a sort of sneer, 'early upon the ground, Garrett! You're a keen sportsman, by my faith! Is the quarry yet in sight?'

'It's hardly yet time,' said Garrett, consulting his ponderous gold watch. You can see for yourself, a few steps further on, through the arch into the court.'

'What of the witnesses?' asked Talbot, with a cautious glance down the passage; 'what of the dragoon, O'Brien?'

'Safe, waiting in Londonderry for despatches,' answered Garrett.

'Keep your eye on the Roundhead rascal—where have you got him?'

'There,' replied Garrett, pointing to a small door opening off the lobby.

'Don't let him falter. If need be, give him some brandy; he must be kept up,' said Talbot. A step approaching warned him to be gone.

'We must not be seen together—I'll go into the court,' he said, hastily, and strode down the passage, humming a song as he went.

Meanwhile, in the court itself, the bar had mustered. The attorney-general, Sir Richard Neagle, and the solicitor-general, had unfolded their ponderous briefs, and fussily began to look through them, whispering from time to time in question or consultation together, and sometimes referring, in short decisive whispers, to the juniors behind them, who instantly dived into text-books or reports of state trials, and in eager, half-frightened whispers, communicated the results to their leaders.

The crowd every moment grew denser—many a richly-dressed gentleman, in plumed hat and gold-laced suit, standing among the ignoble throng; and here and there some Protestant merchant, anxious and frightened, but too curious to leave the scene unsatisfied; and in the background, over the grim expanse of heads, gleaned the balderds and muskets of the militia who kept guard. All was expectation, fuss, and bustle, squeezing, and jostling. Men gaped, and gossiped, and fawned, and fidgeted, and consulted their watches in restless impatience; and there was such to-ing and fro-ing, such chatting, and laughing, and uproar, that the very cobwebs, depending from the oaken roof, shivered and trem-

bled in the clack and buzz.

In the midst of all this weary waiting, and noise, and clatter, was heard, at length, the entrance of the court official, settling the cushions, and arranging the pens and paper for the bench; and at last the loud cry of 'Silence in the court!' announced the approach of the judges; and, in all pomp of scarlet and ermine, with collar, and ruffles of lace, and a portentous flowing black wig, Chief Justice Nugent, now Lord Riverston, with his sharp-hooked nose, severe eye, and thin ascetic lip, sailed awfully in, and, bowing to the bar, sat silently upon the bench.

Mr. Justice O'Neile followed. As this was what is called a trial at bar, all the judges sate, and as three judges then formed the full bench, in each of the law courts in Ireland, and as it happened that one of these three seats had been suffered to remain vacant, the full court included but the two judges we have named. Sir Hugh Willoughby was now called in due form, and a hushed silence of breathless expectation awaited his appearance.

There came the venerable old man, slowly pressing through the crowd, accompanied by a friend, and a guard of two men. A low hiss followed him as he advanced, but this insult was but a partial demonstration, for those immediately about him pressed back and made way for him, as he moved onward for his trial.

When he took his place at the bar, and looked calmly round him, it were hard to say whether the lines of nobleness or affliction most prevailed in his faded features.

'Where is Tisdal?' whispered old Sir Hugh, somewhat anxiously, in the ear of Caleb Crooke, his solicitor.

'I know not,' answered he, glancing inquiringly around. 'Would he were here;' and he whispered to a messenger, who bustled away to find him.

Aye, where was Tisdal! Soon enough is old Sir Hugh to see and to hear that trusted villain, though he may not; yet, reader, if you glance with us into the dark, mildewed closet, not twenty yards away, what see you there? Tisdal! aye, Tisdal—though you scarce know him in his desperate solicitude. See his arm extended on the table—the fingers clutched together as in a death spasm; see the elbow of the other arm upon his knee—his head thus propped, and his hand locked in the shaggy hair, as though he would wring and wrench the very scalp off; see the terrors of his death-like face—mark how he shakes, how the strained sinews vibrate—bear those sobs and shudders; and then turn back your gaze from that lost demoniac being, to the high, serene aspect of the forsaken old man, and say which is the happier of the two.

The jury are sworn—Mr. Attorney-General Neagle rises grimly to his stern duty, with a rustling of silk, and a crumpling of papers—the crowded court becomes hushed, the clear voice of the advocate alone is heard, and the work of law begins.

The speech of an attorney-general, in those days, if he did his duty, was expected to be a very different thing from the address of the same functionary in modern times. It was, from beginning to end, a piece of coarse invective and impetuous railing, in which the guilt of the accused was not only taken for granted, but heightened and exaggerated by the fiercest and darkest coloring. Sir Hugh was often on the very point of yielding to the impulses of the wrath and scorn inspired by this unmeasured oratorical discipline, and interrupting the prosecutor in his harangue, by indignant recriminations, which would have opened a new field for the rhetoric of the advocate; and in all probability seriously diminished whatever chance Sir Hugh might still have had of escape.

The urgencies of his friends, however, were seconded by the feelings of astonishment and perplexity with which other portions of the speech filled the mind of the old knight; and he was forced to listen, with breathless wonder, which hovered between horror and incredulity, as the florid barrister informed the jury that he would prove the prisoner to have been in the constant and daily habit of holding treasonable language with his friends and followers—and that too, of the most atrocious kind; and that, moreover, he had declared to one much in his confidence, but who, prompted by the compunction of his wounded conscience, had since confessed the conversation that had the castle of Ghindarragh been tenable when the king's troops arrived, on the night of the affray, he would have held it against them, 'in life name of that unnatural prodigy—that viper—that, in a measure, paricidal usurper, William of Orange—wbc, gentlemen of the jury, were he, through the peridy of the disaffected English colonists, in this ancient kingdom, to force an entrance, and establish his wicked authority here, would, so help me heaven as I believe it, pour out his wrath and vengeance upon the head of every loyal man in the kingdom; may I punish you, gentlemen; and myself, for calling to account this hoary rebel.'

In the old chamber in the Corbie, meanwhile, safe poor Grace Willoughby—a glass of water on the table, from which she swallowed a little from time to time, with pale and trembling lips, and a sobbing effort to relieve the choking at her throat—

The jury has returned—the judge has charged unfavorably—it is all Tisdal's evidence—a villain. We have hopes, notwithstanding, don't despond, darling. God bless you.

It was now nearly dusk, and still the poor girl gazed from the window; then starting, ran to the door, and held it open, listening in vain for a repetition of the sound which fancy alone had heard; then returning, wringing her hands the while, to the table and reading again the little note, already a thousand times coned over, in the desperate endeavor to extract from its laconic intimation, some clearer light into the horrible obscurity of her suspense.

At last a stop was heard upon the stairs. She ran to the door; a servant, pale and haggard, hurried across the lobby; she strove to speak—one word—gracious God! but one—Guilty! For a few dizzy seconds her eye remained fixed upon the terrible word; and then, clapping her hands together, with one wild scream, she fell senseless to the ground.

It was night, and two gentlemen, in unbounded exultation, were seated at supper in a handsome room in the Corbie; they were Miles Garrett and Thomas Talbot; they had drunk deeply, and were both somewhat flushed and excited.

My brother knows how to play his cards, that's all, said Talbot, filling his glass with claret, and fortune has dealt him a pretty strong hand of trumps, it must be allowed; knowledge, sir, is necessary—granted, but knowledge without opportunity avails nought. Here, for instance, am I, he continued, recklessly—I dare swear there is not a poor gentleman in Christendom better understood the hard and soft points of human character—from the court to the cabaret; but what avails it, my friends—or the devil made me a priest, *evales mortuus*, and for a good my skill can bring me, I might as well be as great a fool as old Willoughby, or as great a brute as yourself.

Garrett knew his companion's rough way, and in a moment of success like this he could not resist it.

Look me in the face, man, and say how a cardinal's hat would sit upon me, said Talbot, scornfully. Some attributes for Church preferment I do possess—I allow it. I could drink you, for instance, under the table. I know what's good, and how to help myself, but as there's no promotion to be had without talents of the sort, so there's none to be had either without the talent of hiding these gifts from all but the Church itself; speak plainly, such is my temper, I would not be pious, and practise so much restraint. I'm out of my element in my present calling; had they made me, instead, a captain of dragoons, I'd have stood as high as my brother by this time, and on far firmer ground to boot; but somehow, when a man gets a title—he wants an heir, and the mischief of it is, an heir must be legitimate, and so, to beget him, you must take a wife—and thus there's an end of your fun for trust me, I've seen many a gay fellow married, and though they may grin, they seldom smile again! Thus am I better content to live as I do, than if I took a dukedom with all the appurtenances. Fill your glass Garrett; I've a toast to give you.

They each filled, and Talbot resumed—Come, Garrett, let us drink to the fair lady to whom you owe more than to all the sex besides; let's drink, I say, to Lady Willoughby?

Garrett laughed and shrugged, and said—She has been, after all, worth something to me, and to you too, for that matter; but there's a knocking at the door—eh?

No—is there? said Talbot, well, what are you afraid of?

Come in—who's there—come, I say, said Garrett.

The door opened, and Garvey, with his usual cringing, villainous smile, sneaked in inch by inch.

Who is that? asked Talbot drily, after treating Garvey to a stare of some seconds.

He's an attorney fellow, and a scrivener, answered Garrett in a stage whisper.

Heep and nasty, I dare affirm, said Talbot, carelessly filling his glass once more, and well worthy of his client?

Well, Garvey, said Garrett, somewhat ungraciously, don't you see, sir, I'm engaged.

Well, I was not aware, Mr. Garrett; I beg pardon, sir—I crave your pardon, gentlemen, both.

As Garvey spoke thus, he stood a little behind Talbot, and unobserved by him, he looked in Garrett's eye with a look of impatient significance, and beckoned over his shoulder, toward the door, with his thumb.

I thought you were alone, Mr. Garrett, he continued, in the same humble tone, and it was my own little account I wanted to say a word about—and if it would not be too bold, I'll ask you, Mr. Garrett, just for a minute to come out to me on the lobby?

Never mind me, ye fool; go with him to the lobby, or to the—, or where you list, only shut the door, said Talbot, and don't bring that respectable grinning cut-throat-looking gentleman back again with you—that's all.

Without more ado, Garrett followed Garvey from the apartment, and closing the door, he continued to follow him into another chamber.

Well, exclaimed Garrett, looking with inquiring anxiety into the little man's face, which he knew not exactly how, boded something disastrous.

No, well, I'm afraid, he rejoined, at least not so well as we thought, by half—by no means so smooth a business as we took it for; but who knows—who knows—and all's well that ends well.

Will you speak out and leave your riddles; what's wrong? said Garrett, with an oath and an impatient stamp upon the floor.

The whole of it is just this, then, said Garvey—the old knight, Sir Hugh Willoughby, has but a life interest in his property.

A little interest! impossible! cried Garrett, aghast, and thoroughly sobered in an instant by the announcement; do you mean to say that he has no more than a life estate in Glinjarragh—Zounds! do you mean to say that?

By my troth, I do, rejoined Garvey, and so it is; if the knight were hanged to-morrow, his daughter has the fee-simple of Glinjarragh, and all the rest by marriage settlement, charged with a jointure to the old lady, so unless you can attain the woman too, you're as far as ever from the old gentleman's acres.

Why—curse me, it's incredible! ejaculated Garrett, more appalled and bewildered than ever.

I never heard of this settlement, though his wife, to be sure, had a fortune, and true enough, there must have been some settlement in her favor; but, hell and death, man! how did you know this—how have you heard it—how do you know it's true?

Croke's confidential clerk has a sneaking regard for me, for one reason or another, no matter, replied Garvey, and he told me all about it; there is not a doubt of it; the fact is so—I thought it best, Mr. Garrett, not to mention it before your guest.

You were right—quite right, said Garrett, hastily, and then he paused for two or three minutes.

It won't do—I'm afraid it won't do, he added, anxiously, but it shall be tried. Garvey, I'll see you in the morning, at my lodgings—I must back again to my friend.

And so saying, with a changed mien, and a fallen countenance, he retraced his steps; he paused on the lobby for a minute, to recover his looks, which he felt were troubled and disconcerted.

I've one shot left in the locker, at all events, he muttered, and if it tells, why then, what care I. I have all I want, without their help; and as for Talbot—why, in that case I can whistle him off to the devil, who owes him, and dare his worst. Come, come, all is not lost yet.

He placed his hand upon the latch, and in another moment he and Talbot were once more seated together as we found them.

(To be Continued.)

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

St. Jarlath's, Tuam, Sept. 16, 1861.

MY LORD.—It is now near seven years since the disasters of the Crimea, occasioned by incapacity, placed you in your present responsible position. Were the vigour of the head to furnish a sure augury of the longevity of Governments, your friends could predict for your Ministry a still longer duration. But, besides the energy of the chief, the cohesion of the subordinate members is essential to stability, and in the falling away of its old supporters, there are evident symptoms of the early doom of your Lordship's Administration. The reaction that has already set in is now beyond controversy, and if any doubts could be entertained of the precarious tenure by which your colleagues feel that they hold office, they are dissipated by the recent fact of one of the staunchest supporters of your policy retiring before the coming of the evil day, and taking refuge in the bosom of that order, whose anti-popular prejudices it was the boast of his life to combat and denounce. No doubt, his fiery spirit will soon subside to the placid level of that assembly; nor will he deem it politic to ruffle its temper by frequent and unseasonable exhibitions of revolutionary eloquence.

Independently of the weakness brought on by the desertion of its old members, there is about your Ministry a constitutional debility which forbids the hope or the fear of its lasting much longer. The source of that debility is found in the fact of its being one of the most inert and stationary administrations, by which the country has been ruled for several years. For its utter inattention to salutary measures of home legislation, it had, at its commencement, the usual apology with which a foreign war is sure to furnish statesmen. But though that war has been brought to a close for some time past there has been no effort made to legislate on those grave subjects of internal policy which so long agitated Ireland, and which now more than ever demand the serious consideration of the Government and the Legislature.

The evils of the Established Church, so often and so eloquently denounced in Parliament by some of your former colleagues, as incompatible with peace and justice, are not only unabated, but considerably aggravated by the attitude of gratuitous hostility assumed by several of its members towards the Catholic population.—These are matters of sad notoriety, and if they required a remedy from former Governments, there is no reason why their more active virulence should now be overlooked. Our people, entirely at the mercy of irresponsible proprietors, are disposed of as the humanity or the caprice of the same landlords may suggest; and the consequence is that the exercise of great cruelty is now made manifest to the whole world, in the diminished population, ever since the famine which the recent Census has revealed. It is not enough that the tenantry should be thus systematically harassed, and evicted, and driven out of the land by the unchecked cruelty of some landlords, and the faith of their children assailed by the bigotry of others; there is further activity at work a system of Government education, from which the recognition of all legitimate Catholic authority is jealously excluded, adapting itself, with the progress of time, to every form of hostility to the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church; which Protestant proprietors and patrons love to exhibit in schools, though exclusively frequented by Catholic children, which are placed under their control.

Now a state of things embracing so many social anomalies and most grievous and persecuting character, is not in any other country, save in Ireland; to be found; not even in Naples, nor in Rome, though held up by British statesmen as the worst Government on earth! Yet in the midst of such a deplorable social evil, in which there is no legal security whatever for the existence of the inhabitants, we are stunned with the hollow repetition of the prosperity of Ireland! Should we inquire (as we will not fail to inquire) where the evidence of this prosperity is to be found, it will be difficult to afford a satisfactory reply. Ireland's prosperity may be wafted through the venal journals that are become so generally the indiscriminate vehicles of truth or falsehood. But those who attach its proper meaning to a word, and are anxious that it should be realised, must feel the additional insult that is involved in the continual repetition of Ireland's prosperity. If instead of such ambiguous language, the prosperity writers and speakers were, in precise words, to specify the prosperity of its cattle rather than of its people, which no doubt is their real meaning, then would the parrot phrase of Ireland's present prosperity be intelligible. They would then furnish clear ground for canvassing the assumption that a nation is prospering in proportion as its people are diminished, its agriculture contracted, and its cattle multiplied. Nor would the flippant and heartless propounders of such desolating theories, fail to find themselves at issue with every sound writer that ever discussed the principles on which the wealth of nations reposes, from the days of Augustus, who identified the growing prosperity of the empire with the increasing number of its people.

This is said to be the age of progress, and no doubt we have progressed so far as to alter the nature of things and change the meaning of language, by calling that a period of prosperity, which the future historian, more discriminating and impartial, will exhibit as an epoch so destructive to our people, as to rank it with periods of national desolation. If such a code of ethics be industriously circulated, as has been put forth these years past even in high places, now that the potato disease is so general, it is frightful to contemplate the amount of misery which our people are still fated to endure. If Ireland's prosperity be deemed to increase in the inverse ratio of the number of its inhabitants, the Exodus of the coming season will assuredly, in the number of the evicted and the severity of their sufferings, exceed whatever has been witnessed in the way of extermination. Nor will there be any check to this ruthless system until, as in '47 and the following years, the cruelty of the unfeeling proprietors recoil upon themselves, and their lands again pass away. Such shall ever be the retribution of injustice.

In the midst of this prosperity of Ireland, the condition of our people is far below what it was when, towards the close of the last century, they were allowed a respite from the pressure of the penal laws. With the concession of the franchise to tenants was associated a legal right, for a certain term, to the possession of their farms, and as Parliamentary influence became an object of ambition with proprietors, they could not hope to obtain it on any account without first protecting the people by a legal instrument against the oppressiveness of arbitrary evictions. Compare the security which those covenants afforded with the harassing condition of notices to quit now become so general; and the result would be that they now stand agitated with the fears inspired by an enemy compared with the tranquillity of former times. Then the franchise was a shield for their protection. Now the same franchise is turned into an instrument of persecution. Connected with the payment of an odious tax—a source of corruption and immorality, as well as of the physical relief of the poor, the franchise is perverted, and the rate of the tenant is inexorably extorted without his having, as formerly, any security against the tyranny of capricious and unjust evictions. Yet those are the people whose condition is pronounced prosperous by Your Lordship's well-known disposition to continue this state of things, gives your Government little claim to the people's favour.

It is not alone its inattention to their grievous wrongs that has caused this alienation of the people. They are likewise much grieved at the systematic hostility which the foreign policy of your Cabinet exhibits towards the rights of the Pope, and surprised beyond measure, at the strange support which that policy has been sustained by a number of the Catholic representatives of Ireland. Their sympathy with a policy so obnoxious to Catholic interests is not shared by their constituents, who deeply lament that for the miserable crumbs of ministerial patronage which you dole out to the Irish members, they should become parties to stripping the Holy Father of his rightful dominions.

In thus condemning the concurrence of Catholic members in measures so iniquitous, your Lordship is too sagacious to infer that I must on that account advocate the ascendancy of the Old Tory party. If there is aught more deserving of condemnation than either of the Whig or Tory factions, it is the affectation of a disinterested respect for either, that strives to conceal its selfish aims in a pretended admiration of the public policy of those by whom alone such aims are expected to be realised. It is not by a subserviency to either, but by an independence of both that our interest can best be promoted. We may again be betrayed by faithless men as we have been already betrayed, but the treachery of individuals can no more depreciate an honest policy, than the valour and fidelity of an army can be compromised by the cowardice of a few deserters. Though broken up by the temptations of the Minister and the corruption of some of its members, the Parliamentary party of 1852 achieved enough to show the value and the power of such constitutional combinations, and to secure their efficiency the honest and the faithful should continue to be the objects of merited commendation or reproach. Though the abhorrence of the pervicaciousness of '52 is not loudly echoed, it is deeply felt and resented throughout the country, so much so that were a candidate for Parliament ever so popular, he is sure to be irretrievably damaged by any official connection with those who had any share in dissolving an association which would have saved Ireland from being depopulated, and Italy from being torn by foreign and domestic factions let loose to rob the Pope of his legitimate rights.

Amidst all the evils to which such defection has doomed our people, it is a cheering reflection that their attachment to the faith has never been more conspicuous. Not only have the malignant efforts of its enemies been baffled, and their predictions of its extinction been falsified, but the recent Census has set an authentic seal on the falsehood which Irish knaves and English fanatics so long succeeded in swindling their credulous dupes out of their money. It is high time for the Government to discountenance such scandalous breaches of the public peace as were suffered these years past to disgrace Limerick, Belfast, Kilkenny, and other places, under the false pretence of converting the Catholic people! It is high time also to put an end to the wasteful and insulting scheme of subsidising a whole troop of Protestant inspectors, and sub-inspectors, and clerks and officers of every description, to regulate the education of thousands among whom a Protestant or Presbyterian is not to be found. What becomes of the hollow pretence of a mixed population, especially in those of our provinces? In most of our schools in Connaught a Protestant child would be

as great a curiosity as a foreigner; and though this disease has been in particular manifest, it is a continuous flood of calumny, representing it as falling away from the faith, the two great counties of Mayo and Galway, of which it is composed, not only continue to be pre-eminently Catholic, but with the one exception of Clare, stood forth in the relative number of Catholics and Protestants as the most Catholic counties in Ireland. And yet it is expected that we will patiently submit to the continuance of a dangerous system of education, in its higher department practically managed by Protestants and Presbyterians, because founded on the false assumption of a mixed population. These gentlemen may be well qualified to conduct education in Protestant localities, but assuredly they will not continue to regulate the education of the young in our Catholic provinces. A greater insult was never offered to the people of an old Catholic nation, than to place at the head of its educational department one of the followers of John Calvin; and were it not for the fidelity of the same people, the injury resulting from such a scheme would not have been hitherto confined to any one province. It is in vain that you multiply the Commissioners and associate to the body an equal number of Catholic members. Not appointed by us, not even fortified by our recommendation, they are still the agents of an anti-Catholic Government rather than the representatives of the Catholic Hierarchy and people, and as such possess no share of confidence, incapable as they are of correcting the inherent evils of the Government system of education.

I have the honor to be your Lordship's obedient servant, JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

EXTRACTS FROM RUSSELL'S LETTERS ON THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

Washington, Sept. 10.

It may be the influence of the climate, affecting the operations of reasoning; but I really do think that "something will turn up" very speedily. When a man lives in an atmosphere, into which a sort of myth-making gas has been pumped by a million horse-power press he must eventually succumb to the agency and lapse into a state very similar to that which a mesmeric patient experiences in the attempt to discriminate between reality and illusion. It has not yet been made a punishable offence to doubt that Mr. Jefferson Davis is dead, and therefore, we may take it for granted that the man who saw Gen. Beauregard lying in state in Charleston after he was killed in Fort Moultrie; and beheld the numerous boxes of dead Confederates taken out of the works after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, is the same "reliable" person who announced positively that President Davis died on Monday night last at 7.30 o'clock. How this gentleman obtains credence, except the gas is omnipotent, and can never be resisted, though the utter worthlessness of such reports has been proved by the events of each succeeding day, is not easy to comprehend. But at the Commander-in-Chief's quarters the story was fully credited last Saturday afternoon. "There has been a terrible fight to-day at the other side," said an Englishman to me last week. "The Federals have lost 1,000 men, and have taken 25 pieces of cannon." "Why I have been examining the whole position, and saw nothing of the kind. Who told you so?" "Oh, there can be no doubt of it. A friend of mine connected with the principal hospital told me he saw 90 wounded men brought in from the other side in less than an hour." And so on.

But these remarks are true of other places as well. New York was moved to indignation a few days ago by the story of 30 soldiers being poisoned on their march in Maryland by a woman who gave them water. On investigation it turns that the men had helped themselves to buttermilk at a farmhouse, and that the fluid would not rest on their unaccustomed stomachs.

Having thus cautioned my readers not to trust too much to me if I venture upon prophecy, I proceed to state the grounds of my belief that we are on the eve of witnessing a warlike operation of magnitude.

It is obviously the interest of Beauregard to strike a great blow before the winter sets in, and thus strengthen the base for negotiations; but General McClellan, I am satisfied, will not move a man if he can help it until about the very end of this month or the beginning of October. About that time there will be kind enquiries about the second fifty million loan, and no doubt increased vigour on the part of those who are opposed to the war. But if General McClellan obtains any very considerable victory, and is able at the first stroke to break through the shell with which the Confederates have covered their soft parts in the interior of the States, some measure short of Secession and independence may satisfy them; and when they are menaced with destruction they may put up with an offer to live on fair terms with the conquerors. It is to be seen whether the latter will then offer them what they might have easily obtained at an earlier stage of hostility. Of the ultimate power of the Northern and Western States to subjugate the seceded States in the South, if they put forth their strength and means by sea and land, I have no doubt whatever. The South must die of atrophy after a while, if every channel of life is shut to it. By the end of this month the United States will have a large fleet on the coasts and on the rivers, and I have reason to think that an expedition will be organised also to attack the Texas Secessionists from the West for as that is away. A naval officer said to me the other day, it seems as if that the moment an American sees an Englishman he thinks the latter is going to say something about cotton. "You need not be afraid of any want of cotton in England. By October we will have a few good ports down South, and plenty of cotton for all the world." Fernandina may possibly go soon; there is an eye on Pensacola also, and New Orleans is by no means safe. The condition to which the blockade has reduced many classes in the South is bad enough; it will become still worse. Tea, coffee, and clothing are nearly exhausted; or here, as the American phrase has it, "given out," because there is none to give out at all. Lead, sulphur, and salt are very scarce. Shoes, flannel, quinine, beef and butter, cloth, tin and leather are in the same category. If the blockade be enforced, the distress and want of all things, save natural produce, will be intense.

And what is the end to be? There is a notion in some men's minds that there will be a compromise—a strong democratic reaction and a great Peace party will arise which will out the present Administration, and carry some measures on which North and South will find a base to rest propositions for mutual agreement. To my limited vision the idea seems quite illusory. The South, if not beaten, will be content with no terms short of "independence" or "domination." The North is now irritated; pride and passion are aroused, and the Peace party is losing, instead of gaining ground, owing to the action of the Government and to the violence of the populations, which have resulted in something very like terrorism.

The American papers contain details of obscure skirmishes and purposeless marches and of the astonishing atrocity at the railway bridge in Missouri. I can add nothing to them. Although martial law has not been formally proclaimed in the city and district around it, it exists in full force, and for one, contrasting the perfect quietude and order in the streets by day, am not disposed to quarrel with the means by which the change has been produced. At midnight you can hear a pin drop in the streets. Milan, at the small hours, in the days of the Austrian patriots was not more profoundly lifeless. Even the men who swore and stamped over the stones are gone. They were mostly of a sporting turn of mind and devoted themselves to the study of games of chance in connexion with certain cubes of ivory, packs of cards and teetotums. In one of these temples to the God-

des Fortunopresided the Benicia Boy, and the others were generally provided also with priests and acolytes of remarkable humpness at the back of the head, and over the deltoids, some of whom must have had their faces set upon in early youth, been subjected to the gentler touches of a steam hammer. But Fortune had not only Mars in training by her side, but Venus in alliance with Venus and Bacchus, and America being a very young country has many sons who cannot resist such a combination of the mythology as any of the older portions of the globe. Among these was a play-master in his own way, who in the equal contest dropped not only his own money but large sums, it is said, belonging to the State. The eye of Uncle Samuel, closed before to all the "doings" and "goings on" under his very nose, was now opened wide, and last week desecrated were made a la Hailas were opened on the houses, numerous arrests made, money realized, and rooms swept by the authorities, and determined to destroy all the pleasures of Washington at one fell swoop, the Provost-Marshal (Brigadier-General Porter) issued orders, about the same time that all the "bars" in the city and Georgetown should be shut up at 9 o'clock, the penalties being complete suppression of the bar, and the arrest of those found in front and behind it. The selling of liquor to soldiers is made highly penal also, and if repression and coercion can do it, the vast collection of armed men here, will speedily be licked enough to shape with a rough tongue. But they kick against the pricks. A young man was found guilty the other day of sleeping on his post in the face of the enemy, and at night he was sentenced to be shot, and General McClellan issued orders for the execution. I never, for a moment, believed it would be carried out. Some time ago I heard General McDowell say that, riding over the long bridge at night, with some of his staff, he found the sentry at the Virginia end asleep; he dismounted, took away the sleeper's musket, called the sergeant of the guard; the sergeant was asleep too; next the general summoned the officer, and he was not forthcoming at all till the whole post had been aroused. The commonest thing in the world is to see the sentries sitting down on stones and blocks of wood reading their newspapers with their firelocks across their knees. If a man sits down at night it is hard for him to keep awake, and I doubt if the temper of the people, judging from what I heard, would have permitted the execution of this young man without condemnation of all concerned in it. Representations were made to the President, who expressed a wish that the man might be reprieved; as it was the first case of capital condemnation; and, yielding to the intercession of his officers, General McClellan not only remitted the sentence; but ordered the man to be released and to return to his duty, giving at the same time, due warning to sleepers to come that they need expect no such clemency in future.

Slovenliness of dress and gait when off duty, mark many of the men, and the practice of saluting officers, even of high rank, is rather exceptional. The mass of the South are fighting for a Union of their own, to which they have sensibly transferred their loyalty, and their national feeling which unquestionably is great, in the old flag, and believe they are fighting against an alien enemy—one Abraham Lincoln, who is aided and abetted by the powers of darkness and their Yankee co-efficient. And yet I have reason to believe Mr. Lincoln is one of the most moderate men in the section of his own Cabinet which looks to internal politics, and that in the present distracting discussions he generally inclines to the view that the North is not making war against slavery; and that the result of her success need not be the liberation of the Negro. Mr. Blair, who is a downright door Covenanter of the American sort, and with whom the Southern slaveholders are sons of Belial—a sword of the Lord and Gideon man, who could smite philistines hip and thigh, from the rising to the going down of the sun—and several hours after—with a grim satisfaction in being a chosen instrument—I speak of course, metaphorically, and not physically—has a great influence, derived from the clearness of his head, his persistency, and the rigidity of his principles, among his party; but his doctrines would most likely end in confining the United States to the original New England settlements or in establishing a dictatorship resting on bayonets. What prelate, Popery, and monarchy were to the men of the first Covenant, Southern rights, slaveholding included, are to Mr. Blair.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ST. PATRICK'S BATTALION.—Major O'Reilly writes as follows:—"Your readers will be glad to learn that I have received a communication from Lieutenant D'Arcy, stating that he is now on his road and may be expected in Ireland in a few days, and that he brings with him the brevets and campaign medals for the soldiers who served in Italy last year. Also thirty-three special decorations for distinguished services; these latter (the list of which will soon be published) are chiefly for men who distinguished themselves at Perugia and Castelfidardo who were overlooked in the first instance, from not having been under a senior officer of their own corps, but whose claims to reward I forwarded through Mr. D'Arcy as soon as I obtained the details from the officers who were present. This pleasing result is due, in great part, to the zeal and perseverance of Mr. D'Arcy, whose exertions for the whole corps, and especially for the men of the company who fought with him at Castelfidardo, have been untiring. To him I was indebted for the detail of the services of that company, which I laid before the Minister of Arms of His Holiness, and which has led to this recognition of their services.

The Commissioners of Irish National Education have published their 27th annual report, from which it appears that on the 31st of December, 1860, there had 6,496 schools in operation, which had on the rolls for the year then ended 806,510 children, with an average daily attendance of 269,203. There was an increase of 136 schools for the year 1860 as compared with 1859. There was an average daily attendance of 46 children in each school, which was about 1 per cent. less than the attendance of the previous year, which may be accounted for by the severity of the weather. The children belonging to the Established Church are 563 per cent. on the total; Catholics, 83-11; and Presbyterians, 10-78. The percentage varies in the different provinces. In Ulster the Catholics are 54-20, in Munster 99-30, in Leinster 97-32, in Connaught 96-88. The children of the Established Church are 12-64 per cent. in Ulster, about 14 in Munster, 24 in Leinster, and about 3 per cent. in Connaught. Out of Ulster the Presbyterians are but a small fraction. The total numbers of the several denominations stand thus:—Established Church, 45,269; Catholic, 668,243; Presbyterians, 86,886; others, 3,822. Total on the rolls, 804,000—that is, Protestants of all denominations, 135,757; Catholics, 668,243. The schools are distributed in the four provinces thus:—Ulster, 2,064; Munster, 1,405; Leinster, 1,925; Connaught, 838. The following is the number of patrons:—Protestants of all denominations, clerical and lay, 85; total Catholic, clerical and lay, 101.

The 'Prentice Boys of Derry, 20 in number, were summoned by order of the Government, for violating the Party Emblems Act while celebrating the anniversary of the relief of Derry on the 12th of August last. Yesterday the case was heard at petty sessions when the magistrates unanimously decided that the evidence produced was insufficient to justify the bench in receiving information. The case was accordingly dismissed. The Rev. Mr. Scott, of this city, has issued a printed address to the 'Prentice Boys, exhorting them to celebrate the anniversary henceforth by holding a union prayer meeting under Walker's pillar. He is quite serious, but the 'Prentice Boys will probably treat the advice as a good joke. —Times Correspondent.

THE PROTESTANT ESTABLISHMENT.—The following correspondence has been published: To His Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. &c. 9th September, 1861. My Lord.—The momentous nature of the subject on which I have the honor of addressing your Excellency, will, I hope, be my apology for so doing. My Lord's meeting of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," held in the Rotundo, on the 3d instant, the Most Rev. Dr. Wheatley the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, in the chair, one of the speakers, the Right Hon. Mr. Whiteside, Q.C., made the following strange assertion:—"It is not possible for the antiquarian, the lawyer, or the statesman, to define when the Church grew up in this country (hear) Ignorant men talk something of the act of parliament that gave the property to the Church. There is no act of parliament giving property to the Church. Those who founded the state under which we live, had no conception of a state, unassisted and unsupported by a Christian Church. From the very beginning, therefore, the state and church grew and flourished together." My Lord, the palpable inference of this most extraordinary statement would appear to be that, the learned gentleman attempted to insinuate, in glaring opposition to every page of the sad history of this most wretched country for the last three hundred years, that the Protestant Church of England, was not forced upon the Catholics of Ireland, in flagrant opposition to every principle of natural justice and right, and established in this country by various acts of parliament. I, therefore, my Lord, most respectfully appeal to your Excellency, as the representative of our most gracious Queen, the supreme Head, in spirituals as in temporal, of the Protestant Church, as by law established, in Ireland, and beg to know whether the statement of the Right Hon. Mr. Whiteside be true or not?

I have the honor to be my Lord, your Excellency's most humble servant, JOHN MAC HUGH, Chaplain to the Hospital of Jervis-street, Dublin. Viceregal Lodge, Sept. 10th. Rev. Sir.—I am desired by the Lord Lieutenant to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, and to state in reply that his Excellency does not feel at liberty to express an opinion on the subject of which it treats.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obt. servt., Rev. J. MacHugh. J. HATCHELL.

TWO FIRST "CHURCH-MISSIONS."—When I wrote my first letter, the census pointing out the religious denominations in Ireland was not published. That publication has done my work, and given the lie completely to all that has been stated about the converts made by the Irish Church Mission. Let me here state for the information of those who may not have seen my first letter, why it was that I first entertained the idea of exposing the sham called the Irish Church Missions. When travelling from Galway to Clifden, in company with three English ladies (one of them a lady of large fortune), going down to ascertain the progress made in the west by the missionaries, while changing horses at a place called the Twelve Pins, this wealthy and pious lady asked a boy, who with others had assembled round the car, if he had ever read the Bible; another boy shouted out to him, "tell her you did, and she will give you something." He said he did, and she accordingly gave him money. It appeared to me that this was a fair specimen of the falsehood upon which the whole mission is based. I explained this circumstance to the lady as we went on to Clifden, and this with other facts which I stated seemed to make an impression on her, and in my opinion she will cease to be a subscriber to the mission. Before I proceed to deal with the census, let me here refer to some facts connected with this monstrous sham, and here again repeat what I stated in my first letter—namely, that not one single convert ever went over from Popery to Protestantism through the medium of missionaries except for pay or gain of some sort—that not one of them ever died a Protestant—that at the hour of death, when hope opens a vista beyond the grave, the priest was sent for! No doubt, want and famine, and a love of idleness, brought them some pretended converts, who came back again when their condition improved, or when overcome by shame and remorse. Still, in the awful years of famine hundreds of unfortunate beings perished sooner than be the recipients of meal and money, on condition of renouncing their faith. There is still near Clifden a good and benevolent man, Mr. James Casey, who helped to convey with one coffin 150 famine-stricken creatures to their last resting place; and he will be able to bear witness to the fact that many of these unfortunate beings preferred death from famine and pestilence sooner than take relief from the proselytisers, on the condition of renouncing their faith. There were, however, many who joined the mission, to save their lives, (not their souls), and we will see presently what has become of those people, again asserting that not one of them has ever been known to die a Protestant. But let us first deal with the tremendous boasters of the mission-men with regard to the number of their converts. If we were to go back to a period before the famine years, it might be somewhat difficult to contradict them, when there was a dense population in the country; but we will come to the year 1853, when the famine was over and vast numbers of the people had disappeared. In the report for that year they state that from the 9th to the 16th of January the average daily attendance at their schools in the parish of Clifden and the neighboring parishes were eleven thousand and forty-two and that five hundred happened to be sick that week, and were consequently absent! Perhaps they meant to cover the lie by referring to some parish in America which in point of territory is next in the west to Clifden, 11,542. Children attending the mission schools in the parish of Clifden and the neighboring parish! Why there are hardly two thousand Protestant children in the whole country Galway. Is it not surprising that these men could have the hardihood to put forward such statements! Ah, the census, the labors of the Catholic Priests, and purchases made in the west by Wilberforce, Eyre, and Pocher Magee, three Catholic proprietors, have given the death-blow to the Irish Church Missionary Society. We come to the next year, 1854, when the effects of the famine had in a great degree disappeared, when a sensation was created by twenty-seven young women and eight young men, who had been employed as Irish teachers and readers at from one pound ten to two pound ten a month, came to the parish Priest of Clifden, and expressed their wish to give up their employment, lucrative as it was to them, and imploring to be admitted back to the Catholic Church. They did come back, but before doing so they made declarations before Mr. Shaw, R.M., and Messrs. Jones and Sully, J.P.s, that the Church Mission men had not the true faith, but that a desire for dress and easy living brought them over to them, and that to reconcile them to what they were doing, they used to say the Catholic prayers in the Protestant Church, and some of them were actually found using beads in the Church. Converts from Popery indeed—what a mockery! From time to time the converts have been coming back, and the history of some of them is instructive. In the parish of a blacksmith joined them on condition of getting some iron, coal, and a pair of bellows to set him going. He represented that a forge (how appropriate to the species of converts), where country people meet, would be an excellent place to make converts and work the mission; and if they stood to him as they ought he would work as zealous, and with as much vigor at the mission as at the mill, and that he would be one of the most useful auxiliaries they ever had. The fellow was intelligent, could speak English and Irish, and it is said he got a few sentences from the Bible by heart, so that, on the whole, the mission men thought they had in him a trump card. All his wants were supplied—he got iron, and a new bellows fit for a blast furnace. After using it for

some time he got another. He got coal, money, meal, &c. and when he thought he could get no more, he went with his three sons, in the month of March last, and received back to the Catholic faith by the Rev. Thomas Ronayne. It is said that the man, instead of working the mission in the forge, as his patrons intended, had put some of his friends up to the trick he intended in the long run to play, and several cases of imposition like his were practised on the mission men. I have before me a long list of those who went over to the Gospel-teachers for purposes something like the blacksmith, and who have since come back and been received publicly in the respective chapels of those pious and zealous men the Rev. Canon M'Manus, Clifden; the Rev. Thomas Ronayne, C.C.; the Rev. Thomas M'Walters, new Curate of Ballinrobe; the Rev. P. Flatley, C.C. Rev. Wm Flannery; Rev. Joseph M'Guinness, Rev. P. Ryan, C.C. and others, but I might create an unpleasant reminiscence in the minds of the poor people to have their names again brought before the public. The case of the blacksmith, however, is a fair specimen of the character of the whole of the converts. There are two other remarkable cases, proving the truth of my proposition, that not one of the alleged converts ever died in the Protestant faith; and secondly, that whenever the unfortunate people could better their condition, or were overtaken by remorse, they abandoned the mission men. A rather respectable man, who was a reader and teacher for twelve years, and as he said, made a good living by them, a few months ago became dangerously ill; the person heard it and came to him, but he implored of his friends and relatives to put the person out by force, and to bring in the priest. The other case was that of a man who was a leader amongst the Party proselytisers, and was generally a kind of public prosecutor at the Castlebar assizes. He was twelve or thirteen years in the employment of the mission men. His friends in America gave him encouragement to go there, but before he went the pious convert went through the form of giving the mission men his seven curses, and declared that he stuck to them merely for the purpose of making a living.—Now, a few words about the Census, by way of a snifter to the mission men. Some of the preachers before the publication of the Census declared that they had ten thousand converts in Conemara.—Now, according to the Census returns, the entire population of the county of Galway is 7,534; that of Galway, 786; thus making 8,320 for all Galway, county and town. Oh, but there are 562 Presbyterians, and let us throw them in as a tilly, and you have in all Galway, Protestants and Presbyterians, men and women, 8,881! Take my word for it there is an end of the proselytisers in the west, and it is a satisfaction to me to think that I had a hand in showing up the falsehood upon which the whole system has been based, and in endeavoring to put a stop to the raising of money in England under false pretences. There will be fierce yells against the writer of this letter, who, they will say, has absurdly connected a history of electricity with an attack on the proselytisers in the West; but, by the way, there is connected between them, for the mission will require the application of a galvanic battery to enable them to make a convulsive struggle before the grave of time closes over it. I trust the reader will pardon me for inflicting on him the task of reading this long and rambling production. I promise him that although he may sometimes hear of me in connection with other proceedings, I shall not say another word about the Irish Church missions until the month of June, 1862, when, if alive and well, I shall pay another visit to the West, by which time the mission men may, with Lord Elgin, adopt for their motto, "Fumus."—*Corr. of Dublin Freeman.*

In Tipperary county, tenants are turned out for non-payment of rent and for other reasons; but, as a matter of fact, agents and succeeding tenants are not shot off, and danger is incurred only in the case either of a desperate character of tenant, or of gross unfairness or hard dealing on the part of the owner, his agent, or the agent's "driver." The title of a tenant to his holding beyond the term of occupancy agreed on is never admitted; still, on those estates where the farms are held simply from year to year, a tenant is paid a money compensation if discharged, so that the custom or sentiment of the country is thus really bowed to. The northern parts of Tipperary, King's County, and some other districts, notorious not many years ago for their family feuds and deadly faction fights, are now as peaceful, safe, and honest as any regions in Her Majesty's empire. You may see in a country town (as we have just done) a large funeral, a little whisky-drinking, a row, and a broken head; at a fair, the shopkeepers may close their shutters against the big stones which Tipperary roughs cast with such power and precision; occasionally a belated car has been assailed by an unexpected volley of these missiles; now and then a free-and-easy young fellow may get a knock down blow in the street after dark; and in going through the country you are shown the village where Mr. So-and-so was shot; you see another place where a few months ago a man, when going homeward at night, fell dead with a blow from a stone, yet was left unrobbed of his cash; an agent, again, is pointed out, who has been fired at several times, and so on. But, as far as we can learn, much exaggeration exists in the statements often made about this part of Ireland—there being a foundation, however, upon which the reports are based. An English settler will tell you that he finds the Tipperary people the most offensive possible, and that he has never been molested in any way but, at the same time, produces the double-barrel and revolver which he keeps for his defence, with the caution that "they are loaded." It is not true that there are agents who dare not stir out of doors at night, or that a farmer taking a holding after an evicted tenant is sure to be popped off. But now and then agrarian murders have taken place, and may happen again, the victims having possibly been men of bad character, or who have been hard upon a poor man, perhaps for political remissness rather than for breach of duty as an occupier of land. In the neighborhood of Tipperary a man's wages are 6s. a week in winter, and up to 9s. in summer; otherwise, 7s. a week all the year round. Odd hands in harvest time, 6s. or 7s. and their board. The labourer pays rent out of this, and is not allowed a plot of ground for potato-growing, except on the estate of improving landowners. In the northern part of Tipperary county wages are 1s. a day, and up to 2s. 6d. sometimes for mowing corn, so that a farmer gets his corn cut and stooked for 6s., when in England we pay 8s. or 10s. Most men have potato plots;—potatoes, in fact, form the main diet of the poor people, and with the addition of a little Indian-corn salsabout, perhaps a herring on Sundays, and a pipe of tobacco now and then, they seem lighthearted enough. The coming winter, however, is likely to witness much distress, owing to the virulence of the potato murrain and the wet season that has to a great extent hindered the cutting and drying of peat in the bogs.—*Times Cor.*

PLUNKET AND HIS PIGS.—"An' it please the pigs" appears to be one of the conditions upon which the Right Rev. Lord Plunket, Bishop of Tuam, is willing that the Catholic parishioners of the Rev. Patrick Lavelle shall be permitted to worship God in peace. Only one of them, however; for the cows, the ponies, and the geese are also allowed a voice in the matter; and may low, and bray, and cackle, as to render divine service inaudible, even if the more considerate pigs decline to squeak. The baronial prelate, who has such a propensity to keep himself in hot water by perpetual aggression, that it is less appropriate to style him a soldier of the Church Militant than a warrior of the Church Piratical certainly deserves credit for the ingenuity which he has displayed in the invention of this new polemical weapon. It is quite true that theological controversies has in all ages exhibited a strong tendency to pass out of what might be regarded as its legitimate field

of argumentative dispute. The secular arm has in various ways striven to mould the popular conscience into a shape deemed goodly by the executive. Small arms and artillery have more than once been employed to impress upon the heathen mind the beauties of the Gospel dispensation. All manner of civil disabilities have been devised as a means of inducing those who do not accept, the creed approved by the ruling powers to feel that they really ought to be ashamed of themselves. Lord Plunket has before now given us abundant evidence of his firm belief in the theory that physical force is an admirable agency for working out moral results. He has turned the bull's head into a missionary, and visited the penalty of eviction upon those hardened tenants who stubbornly refused to allow their children to be indoctrinated into the Thirty-nine Articles in his schools. But it was decidedly a novel and brilliant idea to employ the brute creation for the advancement of the interests of the Church by law established.—Everyone who is in the habit of frequenting political meetings must be aware that drowning the voice of a speaker by uproar is the next best thing to answering him. Lord Plunket has striven in vain to lure to his own church the flock of the Rev. Patrick Lavelle. Thus discomfited, he has apparently resolved that if they will not listen to his preaching they shall not hear that of their own pastor. The facts disclosed in some cases recently heard at the Ballinrobe petty sessions seem to show that for the attainment of this end he has adopted means at once simple and efficacious. If we may believe the reported evidence, his lordship has caused a pound for the imprisonment of stray cattle and poultry to be built within a few yards of the Catholic Chapel at Cappaduff. It is even stated that he caused part of the cemetery wall to be taken down, in order to make room for this structure, part of which consequently stands on the graves of the dead. The main allegation does not seem to have been denied. In the first case heard, the Rev. Patrick Lavelle was summoned with others to answer a charge of riotously assembling and injuring the pound. In the course of the inquiry, Mr. Blake, who appeared for the accused, urged that "Mr. Lavelle had a perfect right to knock down that intolerable nuisance; for Lord Plunket had no right to build that disgraceful thing there, up to the teeth of the priest and flock;" upon which Mr. Moore, the resident stipendiary magistrate, who presided, contented himself with remarking: "The question now is, not whether Lord Plunket should have built the pound there or not, but whether there was a riot." Again, Mr. Griffin, who was also engaged for the defence, said, "Sure Lord Plunket should not build his pound on the graves of the dead. He had plenty of places to build it on. This chapel and chapel ground are specially exempted in the deed of sale." To which Mr. Burke, the sessional Crown solicitor, who conducted the case for the prosecution, made no reply. It is not easy to imagine what he could have said in face of the evidence adduced. For example, Constable Edward Bruen, the first witness for the Crown, said of the pound, "part of it is built on the boundary wall of the grave-yard," and he added, that when he was in the chapel on the Sunday on which the offence was alleged to have been committed, he "could hear the braying of asses in the pound, and the cackling of geese." Sub-constable Lerner, another Crown witness, said, "I could hear the bellowing of cattle in the chapel," and constable M'Carthy, also examined for the prosecution, said, "the cattle could be heard bellowing from the pound in the chapel." The same witness deposed that the old pound was about half-a-mile distant, and it was also shown that the new one which the Rev. Patrick Lavelle and his flock complained of as a nuisance was erected only about two months ago. The leading facts of the case seem to admit of no doubt whatever, and our faith in the statement of the witnesses is very greatly strengthened by the absence of Lord Plunket, who, though he had been personally served with a summons against him, did not appear when called. If his reputation suffers from his silence, he has himself alone to blame. Of course the summons against the Rev. Patrick Lavelle was dismissed, the magistrates evidently feeling that if, in undertaking to abate the detestable nuisance with his own hand, he was not acting strictly in accordance with the letter of the law, the case was one in which it would have been absurd to inflict the slightest punishment. A similar fate befel a second prosecution—or, as it might more properly be termed, persecution—springing out of the same affair. It appears that in the natural confusion attending this dismantling of the pound, the Reverend Patrick Lavelle accidentally jostled Ellen Walsh, one of his flock, who happens to be a tenant of the Hon. Miss Plunket, whose name has become unpleasantly familiar to the public in connection with the measures which have been adopted to coerce the peasants into sending their children to his lordship's schools. The aggrieved party made no complaint, but the police of Cappaduff and the sub-inspector of Ballinrobe having heard of the affair, extorted from her a statement of the facts, and forthwith issued a summons in the name of the Queen against the Rev. Patrick Lavelle. When the case came on for hearing the nominal complainant refused to be sworn, or to have anything to do with the prosecution, which of course at once fell to the ground. This new engine of proselytism which Lord Plunket has called into operation certainly shows that he is endowed with a very creative fancy. He is evidently quite able to appreciate the gravity of the nuisance which he has fastened upon the congregation of Cappaduff Chapel, for we are informed that when a new Protestant church was built in the parish some years since, this pound, which was then contiguous to its site, was removed to a considerable distance, in order that it might not cause annoyance to true believers; and there it remained until two months ago, when the happy idea seems to have struck the bishop that it might be made instrumental to winning Papias from the error of their ways. Comment on this transaction is needless; but it is well that Englishmen should be made aware of the latest offspring of episcopal ingenuity, which enrols the beasts of the field and the tenants of the poultry yard in the ranks of the missionary army, and converts pigs and cows and geese and donkeys into labourers for the advancement of the Established Church in—but decidedly not of—Ireland.—*Star.*

Between the great live-stock centre of Ballinlisc, to which we shall hereafter recur, and the bogs, small farming, and interminable stony walls of Galway, with occasional spots of pleasant cultivation, as about Athenry, much that is agriculturally interesting might be found. In Conemara and among the Mayo mountains we may see a scanty population on dreary moors, beside innumerable lakes, or in secluded valleys often at a high altitude, existing in wretched huts or congregating in decent villages, cheering the bare rocky solitudes with oases of yellow corn and sweet hay, milking their hardy kine and goats, or watching flocks of small adventurous sheep upon crags that have their summits to the clouds. Killarney, unsurpassed for its lake views, has nothing equal in grandeur to the brilliant green mountains of Kilmaree, the snow-white quartz precipices of the Mam-turk range, the peaks of the Twelve Pins, or the black perpendicular faces and stupendous slopes which threaten with an awful beauty the valleys about Killala Bay. But, passing by this district, which, thanks to good roads and tolerable hotels, is becoming a favourite resort of tourists as well as of anglers in its well-stocked waters, we light upon the more agricultural yet poorer country of the plains of Mayo. Here are some very large properties, and many "gentlemen-farmers" of 400 or 500 acres each, mainly practising grazing and breeding upon pasture and hay, with a small proportion of tillage; the enclosures on such farms being rather largely grazed by short-horn cattle and Irish crosses of a good sort and by large-famed heavy sheep—too frequently, however, pricking their noses amid whole forests of

timber. But small holdings are the most prevalent characteristic of this county, from which come a large proportion of the ragged sickle-men who annually migrate to our English harvest-fields for the sake of a few pounds hard earnings—miserably deficient for them this year. Of the total area of Ireland (20,800,000 acres), no less than 9 per cent. is occupied by farms averaging 10j acres in size, and one-fourth of the arable is in holdings less than 20 acres; and it is here, in Connaught and in Ulster, that this subdivision of land is most minute. In Mayo they commonly run from eight to 30 acres, the latter being a considerable farm. It is a common practice to let a tract of ground to a whole village of people, every household being responsible for the rent. The old, and perhaps the most prevalent custom, leaves the apportionment into plots to be settled by the villagers between themselves, their bits being scattered about in all parts of the land.—But by "the stripe" system the ground is laid out by a surveyor, and fenced in stripes, one for each tenant, valued according to its quality. In cases where each stripe has its cottage, instead of these being collected into a village, each tenant holds separately. The land is commonly let on lease for 21 years, or for a life, but yearly tenancy is not unfrequent. The landlord treats directly with the tenant, very little sub-letting being now tolerated.—No compensation is paid to an outgoing tenant who may have erected a house, or in many ways augmented the value of the fee-simple; and there can be no inducement to improve land merely for the pleasure of being at once obliged to pay a rent equal to the enhanced yearly value. It is not customary here to give a sum for the goodwill of a farm, but a claim is made for compensation for the "soil," or potato piece, though not acknowledged by landowners. And there is no difficulty connected with the dismissal of a tenant. From the wretched style of husbandry prevalent here, one would suppose this the last country in the world to trouble itself about compensation for "improvements;" you would rather expect an agitation for indemnity for dilapidations. But, mean as are the habits and tastes of a vast proportion of the small cultivators, it is a fact that one great reason for their stationary condition is the absence of incentive to exertion and advance.—Many of the poorest-looking tenants are worth several hundred pounds, living in the barest style, and managing their ground in slovenliness and beggary, to prevent a dreaded raising of rent; and many men in any district would undoubtedly lead off with all sorts of improvements were they only secure of the enjoyment of, or recompense for, labour and expense. Notwithstanding all disadvantages, however, a great demand exists for land, many applications being always made for vacant small holdings. The average rent is about 10s per statute acre, and bog land for fuel commonly allowed at a cheap rate.—*Cor. Times.*

How imprudent in the abettors of the established Anglican Church to make a fuss about the sale of £20,000 a year to the Catholics of Ireland, by whom titles to the amount of several hundred thousands of pounds sterling are paid annually to the clergy of scarcely one-sixth of the population for teaching an alien creed! We have heard the Mayoorth Grant called the sheet anchor of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, and we are quite sure that the withdrawal of that grant would embitter the national animosity in that country against the Establishment and hasten its demolition. But that is a matter for the consideration of those whom it most concerns. The Catholics will, there can be no doubt, be always ready to strike a bargain with their adversaries on this question. Let the latter consent to the removal of that greatest curse and nuisance that ever afflicted any country—the Irish Protestant Establishment—and we undertake to promise them that the Catholics will cheerfully surrender all right and title to the Mayoorth endowment. The Catholics of Ireland do not desire any exclusive connection with the State. All they ask is perfect freedom in the exercise of their religion, and a release from the intolerable yoke of Protestant ascendancy imposed upon them by the legal obligation to maintain in splendour an ecclesiastical establishment from which they do not add cannot derive any temporal or spiritual advantage, which has for centuries blighted their social happiness and marred their industrial prosperity, which has deluged the land with the best blood of its people, loosened the ties and perverted the instincts of nature, introduced perfidions into the domestic circle by rewarding a treacherous apostate son with the escheated estate of his Catholic father, made the head of a priest and a wolf of equal value to the exterminator, and reduced one of the finest islands in the world to the deplorable and disgraceful condition in which the guilty authors of the catastrophe were wont with shameless effrontery to depict it. Relieve the Irish Catholics from this loathsome burden, and be assured they will not ask any aid from the State for the education of their clergy. To be at all decently consistent, the sticklers for the withdrawal of the Mayoorth Grant, who profess to be friends of civil and religious liberty, must close with these terms; otherwise, they proclaim themselves hypocrites and impostors.—*Weekly Register.*

IRISH EMIGRATION.—A proof of the disproportionate emigration from Ireland may be seen in the first of emigrants sent to Australia by the Emigration Commissioners during the last three years. The rule which they have been desired to keep in view in the emigration carried on at the expense of the colonial funds is to draw the emigrants from each of the three great divisions of the United Kingdom, as far as practicable, in the ratio of their respective populations. If they had been able to do so the numbers sent out would have been—English, 20,362; Scotch, 3,255; Irish, 7,384. But the numbers sent, in fact, have been—English, 13,591; Scotch, 4,616; Irish, 12, 804. The reason of this has been the difficulty sometimes of obtaining a sufficient number of English, especially single women, and the great number of Irish nominated by their friends in the colonies for passages under certain colonial regulations termed "remittance regulations." In the present year—by far the least busy the Commissioners have had since 1847—up to the end of August the numbers sent have been—English, 769; Scotch, 537; Irish, 923; whereas the number of Irish should have been only 443, if calculated on the census of 1861, and only 531 if on the census of 1851.

The Dublin Evening Post has ascertained that Mr. R. Guinness Hill is not related to Mr. Benjamin Lee Guinness, and states that Mr. Hill, who bears the Christian name of Guinness, was a relative of the late Mr. Darley, head of the brewery firm of Messrs. Darley and Nicholson at Stillorgan. For some years after the death of Mr. Darley and the cessation of the brewery establishment Mr. Hill carried on a malting establishment there. Some years since, as stated in the report of the proceedings, Mr. Hill married, in Brussels, Miss Burdett, a young lady of great personal attractions and large fortune, the granddaughter of the late Sir Francis Burdett, and niece of many member for Westminster, and has taken a great interest in her welfare. For some time after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Hill resided in Stephen's-green-west, in this city, and Mr. Hill carried on the business of a malster making sales occasionally at the Corn-Exchange.

PURCHASE OF ENGLISH WHEAT FOR FRANCE.—The present advance in the price of wheat, and the demand for French wheat, has given an impetus to the corn trade in Wisbeach, which reminds us of former prosperity. 20,000 quarters of wheat are now waiting to be shipped on French account. The river is well filled with ships from the Baltic and other parts, amongst them are Russian, Danish, Norwegian, and other vessels.—*Cambridge Independent.*

It is reported on good authority that the Great Eastern, notwithstanding all the tossing and tumbling she has sustained, has not given indications of the slightest strain in her hull. Every door continues on its hinges, and works as freely as the day she started on her voyage. She is, it is understood, to be immediately taken to Milford for refitting, and will, as soon as these are completed, resume her position between this country and America. The Great Eastern must, for the present, be considered a fair-weather ship, or a "floating hotel," as her passengers proudly call her. She rolls; in fact she does roll to an angle of 45 degrees, under sufficient provocation. By all rules she ought to roll, for she is nothing more than a flat-bottomed barge, lying on the mud, with a breadth of forty feet. It was hoped that the very great fineness of her lines, and her sharp bows and stern would make up for the absence of keel. That hope has been disappointed,—at least, it has not stood the test of a disabled ship in the trough of the sea. With full power, and going a-head, a keel may be displaced with; but when the vessel has to be brought round, and wanted to obey the helm under difficulties, then the fresh-water form of the ship told its tale in the results.—*Times.*

IRON DWELLING-HOUSES.—An iron house is now being built on the London-road, at Leicester. The building is entirely made of iron, with the exception of the foundation.—*Builder.*

THE ARMSTRONG GUNS AT FAULT.—The experiments on Captain Cole's cupola shield have been brought to a sudden stop by the successive smashing of no less than six vent-pieces in one day from the Armstrong guns in use on board the Trusty. This really is a most serious matter, the more so as it is not exceptional, having occurred in various other pieces; and it mainly destroys our confidence in the present rifled guns adopted for the use of the British Artillery. Nor is the matter ameliorated by the reflection that the vent-piece occasionally jams in the chamber, so as to prevent its replacement with another and similar substitute. It is clear that as we stand at present no dependence can be placed on the continuous firing from the Armstrong artillery; and it is of the very utmost importance that the attention of the Ordnance Select Committee should be thoroughly awakened, either to the complete remedy of the failure, or the abandonment of the present system of breech-loading for a better one.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

The chief phenomena in the commercial world at present are—First. There has been a wonderful rise in the price of cotton owing to purchases by those who mean to sell again at an advanced price. They are making fortunes out of the public calamity and if cotton comes from South America, would be ruined. Secondly. There is already a partial suspension of labour in the cotton districts. Many mills are closed, many are working short time, and therefore the people are earning less money for wages. One consequence is a great fall in the railway traffic in the north, and another consequence will be a great decrease in the consumption of taxed commodities, from which will ensue a deficit in the revenue. Third. There has been a reduction in the Bank's rate of discount, showing that there is plenty of money and little demand for it. But the reason is, because money cannot be employed profitably, and therefore men do not try to borrow it. As the Times says, less cotton, less trade, less profit, more idle money, are the salient features at the present moment. As the same authority expresses it, America is sitting on her cottons and England is sitting on her bullion.—*London Tablet.*

A young man in an English town who had recently commenced business, was green enough to be sold by an advertiser who professed to give information "How to succeed in business." To obtain the secret he remitted half a crown's worth of postage stamps, and received in reply the advice to "Turn Methodist."

A CANADIAN CONTRACTOR IN AN ENGLISH JAIL.—J. Dole, formerly a contractor on the Brockville and Ottawa Railway, says the Brockville Monitor, is now a prisoner in Newgate, London, for obtaining goods under false pretences. He got parties to trust him in England for large amounts, on representation that the B. & O. Railway Co. owed him £300,000, which statement it is almost needless to say was utterly untrue.

UNITED STATES.

Citizens of Cincinnati are growing apprehensive in regard to the safety of that city. The Gazette says the possibility of an attack, felt there for some time past, is now "a very imminent probability," and calls on all capable of bearing arms to prepare themselves.

YANKEE OFFICERS.—The New York correspondent of the Boston Post sends the following to that paper: "In Col. ———'s regiment of volunteers there is a certain captain who has been systematically plundering his command and the whole regiment by various schemes which it would be an abuse of English to call swindles. This miscreant was in a store in this city last week and boastfully stated, in the presence of witnesses within my reach, that he had made several hundred dollars 'out of the boys' in the following manner:—He bought a barrel of gin (1) at forty-five cents a gallon, got it to the camp, called out a corporal in citizen's dress, induced him to retail the vile stuff at a dollar a canteen (more than two dollars a gallon); the captain would then go into the camp and tell 'the boys' where they could buy gin at a dollar a canteen, and the result would be an empty barrel and a full pocket in less than an hour. This same wretch, when officer of the day, would on agreement to divide profits, pass within the lines pedlars of shirts, stockings, caps, &c., and in one instance the pedlar and the captain made three hundred dollars apiece in three days. Another barefaced swindle boasted of by this model robber was the selling of a lot of pistols to the soldiers at from ten to sixteen dollars each—almost double their cost—and, after collecting the money assisting to enforce the order for their delivery to the officer of the regiment as not allowable weapons for privates to wear. Thus the men were deluded out of both money and pistols. One could almost advise this captain's vice duo to appoint their officer's funeral and use due care that he should be got really punctured."

THE RANKIN ARREST.—The N. Y. Times writes as follows concerning this affair:—"The Toronto Leader has not labored in vain. Col. Rankin has been arrested, and the work of existing soldiers for the Federal Army in Canada has been suspended. Col. Rankin, it will be remembered, is a member of the Provincial Legislature, who has lent himself earnestly to the business of mastering a company of Lancers for service in a regiment of that description of troops now organizing at Detroit. The Leader, as the Government organ, has followed his labors with the utmost impatience. It has called attention to the patent violation of the Neutrality laws involved in the enterprise, and is now rewarded with the spectacle of his arrest and the cessation of the work. In all this we do not distinctly see the right of anybody to complain. Rankin must have been aware of the illegality of such enlistments, and can hardly resent the imposition of a penalty clearly stated in the Queen's Proclamation."

PLONK AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—I have heard some curious anecdotes of his visit to Washington, and his gigging at the reception he met. It is well known that the Prince, though politically a strong Liberal, is personally the last man in the world to dispense with any attentions which are due to his position, and that he is peculiarly sensitive to the want of respect shown among those with whom he may be thrown in contact. It is no wonder, therefore, that he was extremely disgusted with his dinner-party at Mr. Seward's. When the Prince was announced, the Secretary did not think

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 18, 1861.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

THE "Italian Question" is apparently entering upon an entirely new phase. Hitherto the struggle has been betwixt the advocates of a United Italian monarchy under Victor Emmanuel, and the partisans of the ancient monarchical order. To-day, the cry of the "actionists" or revolutionary party, is still for a United Italy, but united as a republic, not as a monarchy. Garibaldi, not the King of Piedmont, is the hero of the hour, and the idol of the revolutionists; and it is the spirit of Mazzini, rather than that of either the deceased Cavour, or the living Risorgimento, that presides over, and inspires the counsels of the liberals. The "reactionists" may triumph; the "brigands" of Naples may succeed in purging their native land of its foreign invaders, and the expelled dynasties may be restored; or, on the other hand, the cause of revolution, of demagoguism, of Italian Jacobinism may win the day, and for the time present us with another Republic One and Indivisible.—Of either of these solutions, the Italian problem is susceptible; but that which now, seems evidently impossible—no matter what the result of the pending conflict—is the establishment of a Kingdom of Italy. The Naples correspondent of the London Times is very explicit, and very desponding, on this point. He admits that a "constitutional monarchy" under Victor Emmanuel is now almost as impossible for Italy, as was the "constitutional monarchy" of Louis XVI, in which some silly theorists believed even to the Tenth of August. In a revolution the "moderates" the men of half measures, go always to the wall, and the victory remains invariably to those who most consistently and boldly carry out its formal principle. Thus the Jacobins triumphed over the Girondists as well as over the "constitutional monarchists, and the believers in Lafayette; so also in all probability must the Mazzinians and Garibaldians triumph over the partisans of the Kingdom of Italy.

The Protestant press reiterates its statements respecting the serious sickness of Pius IX. In the Catholic journals, on the other hand, and particularly in the Weekly Register of the 28th ult, we find it asserted that, although the Holy Father had indeed suffered from a severe indisposition, which lasted for several days, his health was perfectly restored. So little reliance is there to be placed upon the representations of "Our Own Correspondents" of the Protestant press who write upon Catholic subjects, that we feel inclined to attach little importance to their bulletins from Rome; and we treat them as we do those other silly stories which for some time past they have industriously circulated, to the effect that the armed insurrection of the Neapolitans against the Piedmontese soldiery was subsidised by the Pope. The truth is, that the latter has but little cash to spare, and that what little he has, is being expended—in direct violation of the laws of political economy—in the purchase of "breadstuffs" to be retailed at low prices to the poor, during the coming winter and the anticipated famine. By our last accounts we see it reported that the Holy Father had just laid out Two Hundred Thousand dollars in the purchase of wheat for this purpose.

Another story got up by the revolutionary press—to bring discredit upon the Papal Government—is going the round of the Protestant press. A ruffian of the name of Lucatelli, was arrested almost in the very act of murdering one of the Pontifical Guard, on the 29th of June. Of his guilt there was, and could be no doubt, for he was taken "red-handed," or with the dagger still dripping with the blood of his victim in his possession. Tried, and convicted of the crime of murder, he was sentenced to death, and was guillotined on the 21st ult.; but by way of making political capital against the Papal Government, the lie was industriously circulated that the convict was innocent; and that the authorities who executed him, were actually cognisant of his innocence—the real murderer having confessed his guilt! These are the means by which Italian liberals seek to promote their holy cause.

We have all heard of the "guarantees" said to be offered to the Sovereign Pontiff by Victor Emmanuel, as the price or conditions for the renunciation of the Temporal Sovereignty, and as

an inducement to the Pope to give up his throne, and to accept the position of a subject of the King of Italy. These "guarantees" have been published; and consist of a promise on the part of the so-called King of Italy to respect the independence and ecclesiastical authority of the Pope—expressed in the following terms:—

"The first and most important point is a free Church in a free State, and interpreted in a manner as it has been nowhere else.

"Direct nomination of the Bishops by ecclesiastical authority, without the intervention of the State, the right of Synods and Councils, free correspondence with the Pope, and complete latitude for the publication of Pontifical bulls and charges.

"The pamphlet explains that all these restrictions were made against the encroachments of a foreign Sovereign, and fall away with the temporal power.

"The personal security of the Pope intrusted to the filial loyalty of the King of Italy, and the independence of the Holy See placed under the guarantee of the Powers. The person of the Pope inviolable as well as that of the members of the conclave.

"The countries which formed the States of the Church and the patrimony of St. Peter will be according to the wishes of the populations united to the kingdom of Italy.

"Rome, capital of Italy, remains the seat of the Sovereign Pontiff.

"His Holiness will exercise the Pontificate while conserving all the honours which he has enjoyed.

"The Ambassadors, Ministers, &c., of the Powers sent to the Holy Father, as well as the Ambassadors, &c., of the Pope to the Foreign Powers, will enjoy all the immunities and privileges of the Corps Diplomatique.

"The Pope to conserve his propaganda, his penitentiary, and his archives.

"The landed property and palaces of the Pope, both in town and country, will be exempt from all taxes, jurisdiction, and domiciliary visits.

"The Church of St. Peter and the Palace of the Vatican, with all its dependencies, belong to the Pope and his successors.

"The Holy See will receive, as a sort of tithe, public revenues from his former States. For this purpose a perpetual rent of—will be placed on the Grand Livre of the public debt of Italy.

"Each Power is invited to contribute an annual income proportionate to the Catholic population of the country.

"The Pope will be allowed to choose as much as possible his Cardinals from among the different nations, according to the proportion of Catholics.

"A rent of—will be given by each nation to the Cardinals belonging to that nation.

"Each Catholic nation to give a certain number of guards of honour, chosen by the Legate of the Pope, and kept at the expense of each country.

"During the election of the Pope no crowd or troops other than the Pontifical Guards to approach the palace of the Conclave within a distance of—

"The King of Italy to take the solemn engagement towards the Governments and people to protect the person of the Pope and the independence of the Holy See."

But—and here is the very question at issue—what "guarantee" has the Pope, or can he have, that the King of Italy would faithfully fulfil these "engagements"? that he would not treat a subject Pope, as he has already treated the subject Bishops of the Two Sicilies, of whom he has already imprisoned or driven into exile no less than sixty-seven, out of a Hierarchy of about eighty members. To talk of "guarantees" from a king to a subject is either folly or knavery. An "independent subject" involves a contradiction in terms, unless we mean the freedom which the first Popes enjoyed in the Catacombs, in virtue of the constant persecutions waged against them by the heathen Emperors. This last kind of independence, which is the only independence possible or conceivable even for a subject Pope, we by no means covet for our Pastors, although if it be God's will we are prepared to accept it. In the present state of society there are but two kinds of Papal independence conceivable even—the independence of the sovereign, or the independence of the martyr.

Neither from France nor Great Britain is there much of general interest to report. After many troubles the Great Eastern had been taken in safety into Cork harbour, in which it was found that there was ample depth of water for the modern Leviathan. The discovery has brought to light the capabilities of Cork as a naval depot, and has much gratified the people of that ancient and beautiful city.

From the seat of war in the United States, there is really nothing new to report. There has been, as usual, a good amount of "talk talking" and there have also been some petty skirmishes; but there has been nothing on either side decisive of the fate of the campaign.

The North American and Arabia have both arrived, but by neither is Lord Monck a passenger. The reason for this delay in his coming is not known.

The European political news is of little interest. In France there have been bread riots, and there is much anxiety upon matters of finance.

We recognise the blessed privileges of the saints, and are not so unreasonable as to expect truth or justice, charity or courtesy from the generality of the Protestant press, when treating of the Pope, or the affairs of the Catholic community. Like the eels to their flaying alive, so have Papists become "used" or accustomed, and—shall we say—callous to the obscenities, the scurrilities and mendacities of which they are the continual objects. We look for these things from our Protestant cotemporaries; we are surprised, and an evangelical public is disappointed, if their columns are wanting in smutty stories about impure nuns, and lewd Romish priests; and to the credit of the consistency of our cotemporaries aforesaid, we must admit that the perusal of their columns rarely surprises us, or disappoints the expectations of the most foul-minded frequenter of the Conventicle.

We are of course aware also, that in the eyes

of the Protestant world, is a very grave offence for a Papist to reply, or raise objections, to any of those obscene and infamous calumnies with which their press incessantly teems; that when an Achilli, or a Gavazzi takes up his parable against the Church, it is the duty of the Catholic to hold his peace, and by default to allow judgment to be given against his mother; and that when the Protestant press reproduces the hostile testimony of a Maria Monk, or a Leahy, the Romish journalist may not, under the penalty of being branded as a disturber of the public peace, and as a libeller of the Holy Protestant Faith, undertake to show that the witnesses are unworthy of credit; that the press which so readily retails their obscenities and lying testimony, is vile and unprincipled; and that the evangelical public which greedily swallows all their unclean mendacities, thereby degrades itself to the moral level of the apostates who cater to its beastly appetites.

Yet though we know all these things—though we know from long experience that it is vain to expect that our Protestant cotemporaries shall—upon Catholic topics—keep their tongues from evil speaking, lying and slandering; and though for our occasional exposure of their scurrility, their astounding ignorance, and unscrupulous mendacity, we have been repeatedly reproached with stirring up strife betwixt Catholics and Protestants—in spite of all these things we must again expose ourselves to a repetition of that reproach, by replying to the false and filthy libels against the Pope, against the Bishops and Religious of the Catholic Church, circulated by the Montreal Herald and the Montreal Gazette, upon the authority of one whom, with a glaring manifestation of their gross ignorance, or utter contempt for, facts and truth, they style "A CATHOLIC BISHOP."

The substance of these libels—which respect or decency and our readers, prevents us from giving in full—is this. That the Pope contributes out of his private purse to the support of brothels; that Romish Bishops are, from fear of causing scandal, allowed to commit rape with impunity; that the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, amongst members of Religious Communities after their devotions, is also, and for the same reason, a practice winked at by the authorities of the Romish Church; that at High Mass at Rome, the "Pater Noster" which is chanted aloud, is chanted "farcically," and that the Holy Sacrifice is also accompanied with other blasphemous indecencies which it is impossible to "describe." All these, and other abominations which have not even the merit of novelty, or originality of invention to recommend them, which are as old as the days of Luther and of the obscene author of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum"—all these falsehoods and obscenities, we say, are to be found in the columns of our above named Protestant cotemporaries, and recommended to the belief of their intelligent, discriminating, and chaste-minded readers, male and female, upon the authority of "A CATHOLIC BISHOP"—a Monsignor Liverani! The object of this is plain enough. The falsehoods of the "converted Romish priest" have been so frequently exposed by the press, and in the Courts of Law, that the testimony against Romanism of the Achillis, the Gavazzis, the Leahys—the proteges of the "Priests' Protection Society, and of all that unclean brood, is looked upon with feelings far stronger than doubt by all really intelligent and honest Protestants. No one with the feelings of a lady or gentleman would allow one of these wretches to her or his presence; no one, morally superior to the inmates of the brothel, could even listen, or attach any importance, to the testimony of one of these impure outcasts from the Church of Christ. The "converted priest" dodge being thus no longer practicable, "A ROMISH BISHOP" must be called into Court, as an incontrovertible witness against the "Scarlet Woman," and that "Man of Sin," Pius IX.;—and for this purpose Monsignor Liverani is for the nonce raised by the Protestant press to the dignity of "A CATHOLIC BISHOP," and the rabid abuse of the disappointed place-hunter, is quoted as the calm and convincing testimony of a virtuous Romish Prelate.

We will not attempt to disprove the obscene stories circulated by our Protestant cotemporaries; for no one can be called upon to prove a negative, and he who makes the charge is bound in law and in reason to prove the truth of his assertions. But with respect to their witness, we tell our Protestant cotemporaries that Monsignor Liverani is no more a Bishop than is the writer of this article; that though styled from the Government situation which he once held "Monsignor"—a form of address applied it is true to Bishops as well as to other officials at Rome—this Mgr. Liverani has never been consecrated a Bishop; and that the prefix to his name no more implies the possession of any Episcopal character, than does the title "Excellency" commonly applied to certain officials of the British Empire, imply the possession, on the part of the gentlemen so addressed, of any excellencies, moral, physical, or intellectual.

The story of Monsignor Liverani is shortly this. He held for some time a situation at

Rome, as Prothotary, and being a man of some talent and much ambition, he looked forward to promotion in the Government. This was refused; his application for the office of Auditor was not complied with; and to crown all, the post which he actually held, was, for some reason or another which we cannot assign, taken from him, and he was dismissed somewhat unceremoniously apparently, from all offices of honor and emolument under the Pontifical Government. Hence the anger, or rather rancor of the ejected and disgraced placeman, which is natural, and the characteristic of all disappointed place-beggars, and office-hunters, whether in Europe or in America, in the Papal States, or in the Province of Canada. In the latter we have George Brown and the "Clear-Grits," and just as no man would think of quoting their diatribes against the Ministry and actual possessors of office, as valid testimony against the latter—so no honest man, acquainted with facts, would presume to cite the angry libels of the dismissed Liverani against his former employers, as fair or impartial testimony, conclusive as to the corruption and immorality of the Government by which he, the witness, had been employed and dismissed. As a general rule, Protestants are very careful how they give credit to the complaints of discharged servants against their former masters and mistresses; why then do they not employ the same discrimination in the case of witnesses against Popery—especially when the latter come before them in the guise of bogus Bishops?

Another consideration should have weight with the candid and intelligent reader. The infamies pointed out by Mgr. Liverani if they ever existed at all, existed during his tenure of office, and by his own showing were known to him. How came it then that he waited until he had been turned out of office, to denounce those infamies, those subsidizing of brothels, those outrages upon female virtue by Bishops, those foul orgies of Religious after their devotions—those blasphemous indecencies which he tells us he himself has witnessed at High Mass? Ah! Mgr. Liverani, you betray yourself! You know that you are lying; but then you know that there is no lie so gross, so palpable, that it will not find circulation if not credence amongst Protestants, provided only that it involve an attack upon the Pope or the Catholic Church, and be plentifully seasoned with obscenity to suit the Protestant palate.

If Mr. George Brown had, at any time, manifested a disposition, however slight, to abandon his old habit of insulting Catholics, we might apply to him to-day, the well-known adage of the "dog returning to its vomit;" if the Globe had ever purged its columns of its venomous stuff—of its abuse of Priests, Bishops, and Popery, of French Canadians, and of Irish "Dogans"—we might be tempted to make unsavory allusions to the "sow that had been washed and had returned to her wallowings in the mire." Under actual circumstances however—seeing that neither George Brown, nor the Globe, has ever given Irishmen or Catholics any, the slightest, reason for suspecting one or the other of any intention to abstain from insult and abuse for the future, or to make amends for the past, we can only say that the great Corypheus of the "Protestant Reform" party is still at his dirty tricks; and that he is therein ably and eloquently seconded by his natural mouthpiece, the Toronto Globe.

Our cotemporary treats us to a dissertation on Puritanism; he exultingly foretells its triumph over Popery on this Continent; and in a kind of holy rapture, he anticipates the rapid diffusion of Puritan principles, and Puritan morality amongst all the nations of the earth. The mantle of the prophet descends upon him, and in a moment of inspiration he breaks out:—

"It is Puritanism which will govern America, in spite of the Catholic hierarchy and slave power."

Not having studied ourselves in the schools of the prophets, and having passed no examination as a seer or soothsayer, we will not presume to call in question the truth of Mr. George Brown's prediction; but will content ourselves with asking, what is this "Puritanism" with which we are threatened, and which is to bear rule over us? That it is not Christianity, that it is not morality, is all that we can presume to predicate of it, if we may be permitted to judge of it by its fruits there where it has been most rampant.

Upon this point we know that there is much difference of opinion, arising from an unfortunate confusion of ideas. So long as men will be stupid enough to confound austerity of manners, with purity of morals—to accept a sour face as the index of a sound heart—and to believe that a man's acceptability with God depends upon his making himself particularly unpleasant and repulsive to all his neighbors—so long will the error prevail of confounding Puritanism and Christianity; and so long will ignorant and half-educated persons hold up to us, as worthy of our admiration and imitation, what they are pleased to call the "stern morality" of the Puritans.—That the latter had, and have a code of ethics peculiarly their own, we of course admit; but as that code is not based, as is the code of Chris-

tian morals, upon the love of God; but upon the love of mammon, we deny to it the name of Christianity; to which it bears not even the most superficial resemblance. "The good," according to the Puritan code, is simply that which pays—"the bad" that which entails loss, or at best yields no profit. In Puritan phraseology, "thrift" and "morality" are synonyms.

It was from this purely mercantile consideration that the entire system of Puritan ethics originated; and to the same consideration it owes the hold which it still retains over the affections of a large section of the money-making classes, both in Great Britain and the United States. According to this system, fast horses, fast young men, steeple-chases, the "pet of the ballet"—et hoc genus omne—are decidedly immoral; not because of the relation in which these things stand to the law of God, but because they are ruinous to the purse; and pocket. On the other hand—lying and stealing (in the way of business, be it understood)—adulterating goods, and falsifying trade marks—usury, cent. per cent.—the use of false weights and measures—and in a word, all the tricks of trade—are by the same code set down as perfectly lawful; and, so long as they escape detection, and lead not to collision with the law of the land, as estimable, because lucrative practices. The Puritans, in a word, heartily damned those "sins they had no mind to"—such as the money-wasting excesses of the aristocracy and the Cavalier; but in return approved themselves most lenient towards the grosser, but more respectable and more lucrative vices which they themselves "felt inclined to," and by means of which they make the daily bread for which, in public, they profess to return God thanks—doing the devil's work in the livery of the servants of the Holy One.

Not that all, or even the majority of, Protestants are Puritans; for thank God amongst the former are to be found men whom Catholics might well adopt as models of every natural virtue; men who by their honesty, love of truth, and exemplary conduct in every relation of life are an ornament to society. Of such men there is no scarcity in the Protestant world; and therefore we hope that we shall not be so misunderstood as to be deemed guilty of an attack upon the morality of Protestants, because we frankly express our opinion of, and contempt for, the code of ethics which governs the actions of the Puritans, and has justly rendered their name odious to all who detest cant and hypocrisy.

THE "TIMES" ON ITALIAN LIBERALS.—For a friend, the London Times gives the Liberals of Italy some very hard rubs; or, not to put too fine a point on it, the organ of public opinion in England tells us in plain language, that the popular party in Italy is but a gang of assassins and cut-throats, of whom Pianori and Orsini were the fitting representatives. Here are the very words of the Times upon the subject, in an editorial of the 25th ult.:

"The crimes of Pianori and Orsini were the work of men who represented the popular party in Italy. It is beyond a doubt that there were others ready to follow in their steps, even to the guillotine, provided they could remove the mask who was supposed to stand between the Italians and their freedom."—London Times, 25th Sept.

When we call to mind the oration lately given to the assassin Rudio, by the people of Manchester, and ponder upon the fact that the Italian party whom Pianori and Orsini represented, are the objects of British Protestant sympathy; we find it hard to believe that assassination is looked upon as a very serious crime in England; and we are forced to the conclusion that, in practice, it is held by modern Protestants "that the end justifies the means." For amongst a people by whom assassination was generally executed, a Rudio would never have been received with cheers, and plaudits; and a party, of whom assassins such as Pianori and Orsini, were the acknowledged representatives would not be held in honor. From the "popular party in Italy," whom the above named cut-throats, according to the Times, represent, all Catholics, all honest men of all persuasions must recoil with loathing and disgust. This is the reason why we hold in abhorrence, those whom the London Times speaks of as "the popular party in Italy," not because we love Austrian tyranny, or are indifferent to the blessings of national independence; but because we hate cut-throats, and because our religion teaches us to hold in abhorrence the maxim that any end, however desirable in itself, justifies the adoption of evil means to secure it.

The Church Chronicle, a Protestant paper of the Anglican denomination, assigns, or pretends to assign, the reason why the Protestant minister who attends the Montreal jail, refused to baptise the convict Burns. It seems, according to this account, that the latter repeatedly and strongly urged upon the Rev. Mr. Irwin, the Protestant minister in question, his demand for baptism; adding that, so that he could only be baptised, "it was no matter to him whether he was baptised by a Methodist, Presbyterian, or Roman Catholic; and using language in relation to it which plainly showed that he had a very inadequate notion of the real nature of the sacrament."—Church Chronicle.

Our Protestant cotemporary will we hope pardon us if we take the liberty of expressing our doubts of the truth of the above story; for,

until the moment when he (Burns) expressed his desire to see a Catholic priest, he had constantly manifested the utmost indifference to all religious considerations; and had treated the exhortations of the Protestant ministers who approached him, with such coldness, not to say contempt, as to obtain from the latter an expression of opinion to the effect that he was actually incapable of receiving religious instruction. It is not likely therefore that he (Burns) should have entertained such perfectly correct notions of the Sacrament of Baptism and its effects, as those which the Church Chronicle attributes to him— notions which would show that in his knowledge of theology, the criminal was far more advanced than his Protestant instructor. For, in fact, Burns was perfectly correct; and, if baptised, it was of no matter to him "whether he was baptised by a Methodist, Presbyterian, or Roman Catholic," seeing that the effect of the Sacrament upon the recipient would not thereby be in any degree affected. The language therefore of the convict, if he really made use of it, which we doubt, only shows that he had conceived a perfectly correct notion of the Sacrament and its effects; and that the Protestant minister who availed himself of the employment of that language as a pretext for not administering to him the desired Sacrament, was grossly ignorant of the very elements of that religion which he professed himself a minister, and a teacher.

A ROW IN THE HOUSE.—About the beginning of last month, there was a meeting of the saints and lights of Evangelical Protestantism at Geneva, under the name of the "Evangelical Alliance." The Montreal Witness of the 9th instant, copies from the Boston Recorder, some facts concerning this great event, to which we refer, because illustrative of the harmony that obtains betwixt the Protestant sects.

The gathering designated itself "The Fourth General Conference of Evangelical Christians of all Countries." It was in short intended as a kind of "Religious Exhibition;" valuable to Catholics chiefly because of its giving additional prominence to the fact that it is impossible, even upon a particular occasion, for Protestants to agree upon any common basis of truth, whereon to take their stand; or in the words of the writer in the Boston Recorder—

"The gentlemen who have been charged with making the necessary arrangements have found no small difficulty in the way of forming a satisfactory basis of meeting; 'a platform' as you would say, on which all true Christians might mingle with comfort, and feel themselves to be one family with a common Head."

That this was so, and ever must be so, no one who has any acquaintance, however superficial, with the tendencies of Protestant thought in the XIX century, can doubt. But this being so, is it not monstrous that Protestants, who, by their own confession, cannot, even as a preliminary to a few days social gathering, agree amongst themselves upon any common platform, or satisfactory basis, should presume to interfere with the religious opinions of others, and should attempt to make proselytes from amongst Catholics? Is it not natural that the latter should reply to the earnest exhortations addressed to them by the Swaddlers to "come out of Babylon," by a modest request to be informed as to whether it was expected that they should go upon leaving the city doomed to destruction? Is it not to be expected that Catholics should receive with mistrust, or something worse than mere mistrust, the profers of religious truth that are made to them by men who confess that, amongst themselves, they have not as yet agreed as to what is truth?

On the Continent of Europe, the Protestants are generally of a higher order, intellectually, than are the Protestants of England and Scotland, who form the bulk of the middle classes, and who alone take part in these Evangelical Exhibitions. The consequence is that, as the Boston Recorder recognises:—

"There is a degree of laxity in respect of doctrine amongst the French and German Protestant churches, whether State or Non conforming, which makes it very difficult for Evangelicalists to unite with Rationalistic teachers as Christian brethren. But to this sort of proceeding there is a very strong aversion in the British churches."

For this reason, the representatives of the latter drew up a formula of doctrine, which it was attempted to impose upon the representatives of the French and German Protestant churches, at Geneva assembled. This formula was couched in the following terms:—

"That they were all assembled in the name of Jesus Christ, as their Divine Redeemer, and as believers in that Atonement by which all who come to Him are washed from their sins in His own precious blood."

Vague, and susceptible of any amount of stretching as the above given formula was— seeing that it in no wise attempted to define in what sense Christ is our Redeemer—what the meaning of the words "Divine" and "Atonement"—or how, or in what sense, the figurative expressions "washed from their sins in His blood" were to be accepted—it was altogether too rigid or "sectarian" for the "Evangelical Alliance at Geneva." It was, so the Boston Recorder tells us, "repulsive to a large portion of the National Church of this city" (Geneva), the birthplace and stronghold of Calvinism—"and commune which is Unitarian and Rationalist to the core." Shade of Servetus! if you are occasionally permitted to revisit this upper earth, with what feelings must you contemplate the

spot of your martyrdom; and with what exultation must you exult over your former persecutor and murderer John Calvin, and his wretched tools, the magistrates of Geneva!

"And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." Protestant Geneva, which burnt Servetus at the instigation of the blood-thirsty Calvin, now finds a formula in which Christ is named as a divine redeemer, all too narrow and illiberal for its acceptance; although in the mouth of a liberal Christian, the word "divine" is applicable to Dante, Shakespeare, and Plato, as well as to Christ, and the word Redeemer has no meaning at all.

"Twenty-two pastors of the National Church accordingly issued a protest against the exclusiveness of the Alliance platform, and called upon the people of their congregations to take 'neither part nor interest' in the then forthcoming proceedings. Several of the pastors also discoursed upon the subject from their pulpits."

To what then is Protestantism coming; or rather to what has it not already come, when in its stronghold, in the very Jerusalem of the Reformed Faith, the bare recognition of Christ as a divine redeemer in the vaguest terms, provokes the indignant protest of the ministers of the Protestant Faith; and an allusion to an Atonement, and the sin purging efficacy of Christ's blood, is responded to by a general outburst of vituperation from Protestant pulpits!

With aged Simeon, the Catholic may well thank God that to his eyes it has been granted to see such things.

His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal arrived in town on Monday morning last, after his long tour through the different parishes of his extensive Diocese; his return was announced by the pealing of the bells from the different churches of the City, and was hailed with delight by his faithful and affectionate people. His Lordship's health is, we are happy to say, pretty good, in spite of the many and great fatigues to which of late he has been exposed.

ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

It affords us peculiar pleasure to mark the triumphant progress of this admirable Society, which we can now safely set down as the most respectable, influential, and effective Temperance organisation upon this Continent; and so indeed it ought to be, for without doubt, it is the most beneficial, as it certainly is the best conducted, Society we have ever known in Canada.

Established more than twenty years ago, for the special benefit of the children of St. Patrick, its march is still onward; neither stayed by difficulty nor deterred by prejudice, its career of usefulness and benevolence recognises no obstacle. Step by step it moves along, quietly, steadily, and unostentatiously in the plain path of duty, and ever and always signalling the course it pursues by the splendour of its victories over the demon of drunkenness. Now it numbers several thousands of members, and yet it would seem that this Society had been but called into existence yesterday, if we were to judge of its enthusiasm in the cause by the hundreds whom we see month after month attracted by its influence to the Altar, there to take the pledge of Temperance.

Heretofore, however, the Society confined their meetings strictly to the St. Patrick's Church—and it was only last Sunday that for the first time they held a meeting in any other place. It was in the St. Ann's Church, Griffintown, upon which occasion we had the happiness of being present, and of hearing as eloquent and practical an instruction by the Rev. Father Hogan, the beloved President of the Society, upon the advantages of Teetotalism, as we ever remember to have heard upon the subject. The sin of drunkenness, and its fatal effects on soul and body, were pointed out with a feeling and power which must have touched the heart of every one who had the good fortune of hearing the rev. gentleman, contrasting the position of the Teetotaler with that of the tippler and patron of grog shops. He spoke with great effect, and for a considerable time, of the happiness which is now, and will be hereafter, the reward of a life of temperance; and the degrading effects of drunkenness, which entails, not only a curse upon its victim in this world, but eternal ruin in the next. He concluded by calling upon one and all to become members of the Society, through whose beneficent operations, so many had already been rescued from the foul and noxious atmosphere of intemperance.

The rev. gentleman then descended from the pulpit, and took his place inside the railing, before the Grand Altar, where he was immediately joined by the officers of the Society. At this moment the scene within this beautiful temple was highly imposing and exceedingly animating. Old and young, married and single, advanced to the railing, and there, upon bended knees, and in a loud and distinct tone of voice, repeated the words of the pledge as they fell from the lips of Father Hogan—thereby promising before the Altar of God, Whose divine assistance they solemnly invoked, to abstain during the remainder of their lives from the use of all intoxicating liquors. After which each one in turn kissed the crucifix, had his name recorded in the books of the Society, receiving at the same time a very beautiful and appropriate Temperance Card from the hands of the officers. And thus terminated last Sunday in the St. Ann's Church—a day which will not soon be forgotten. It therefore only remains for us to say that we owe a lasting debt of gratitude to those who are laboring so strenuously for the common benefit of all; and for our part we can only say—God bless the good work, and the good men who are so heartily engaged in it.

ST. PATRICK'S BAZAAR.—We are not able to give the exact particulars of the result of this charitable work; but we can say with confidence that, thanks to the untiring zeal of the Reverend Director of the Asylum, ably seconded by the ladies of the Committee and the generosity of our fellow-citizens, the proceeds will be found to be betwixt Two and Three Thousand dollars. In our next, we hope to be able to furnish full details.

DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.—On Wednesday last His Lordship the Bishop of Bytown passed through this city on his way to Quebec, where in company with Mgr. Tache he was about to embark on board the Steamer Norwegian for Europe. We wish there Prelate a safe and speedy voyage.

His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto is also on a visit to Quebec.

ORDINATIONS.—On Sunday last the Order of Priesthood was conferred upon M. O. Guy, and that of Deacon upon M. V. Gatinneau, by His Lordship the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe.

CONFIRMATION IN COBOURG.

To the Editor of the True Witness. SIR—In compliance with a Resolution, passed at a meeting of the Catholics of this mission, held in Cobourg on the 9th instant, I beg leave to forward for insertion in your earliest issue a copy of the Address adopted at that meeting, and presented to His Lordship the Bishop of Kingston on his arrival.

"TO THE RIGHT REVEREND EDWARD JOHN, BISHOP OF KINGSTON.

"May it please Your Lordship—We, the Catholics of the mission of Cobourg, beg most humbly to approach your Lordship upon this first Episcopal visit to us since your appointment as our Chief Pastor.

"Under ordinary circumstances, it is an event of great happiness and consolation to the faithful to be visited by their Bishop; but with how much more delight must your Lordship's presence be hailed on this occasion, after a protracted and hazardous journey.

"We are aware that your Lordship's visit to the Holy Father was undertaken for the sole benefit of your people and your Lordship's successors; and if further proof were needed of the devoted attachment you bear them, it would be found in this—that on your return to Canada you were the means, under Almighty God, of consigning to their final resting place the mortal remains of that pious, zealous, and distinguished Prelate, the late Bishop Macdonell, the first Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada.

"We fondly hope that your Lordship's present visit may be productive of the most happy results, and that health and all blessings may continue to be your portion; and in conclusion, we beg your Lordship may be pleased to accept our most hearty 'Credite mille Jactis!'"

Signed, on behalf of the congregation of Cobourg, this 12th day of October, 1861, T. Duignan, James Pidgeon, M. Cunningham, J. Hutton, Thomas Heenan, D. C. Fealy, James Kevin, D. Donegan, John Kewin, Thomas Walsh, P. O'Flynn, P. Cummins, P. Kewin, J. Murphy, P. Murray, P. Carroll, Thomas McGuire, O. McDonald, and John McGuire.

The Address was presented at the Rectory, in presence of a large assembly of the parishioners, by T. Duignan, Esq., to which His Lordship, after having given them his solemn benediction, replied in appropriate and eloquent language.

Your readers may be gratified to learn that over 200 children received the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of His Lordship on last Sunday; a fact which is entirely attributable to the zeal and perseverance of our beloved Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Timlin, and to the influence of the Catholic Separate School which he has established in Cobourg.—I have the honor to remain, Sir, Your obedient servant, D. C. FEALY.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Howe Island, Gananoque, Oct. 12, 1861.

SIR—As you always take a deep interest in the welfare of the Church, both at home and abroad, I wish to inform you and the readers of the True Witness of the progress of Catholicity in this locality. About eleven years ago, our present Pastor was appointed to take charge of the missions, comprising Gananoque, Howe Island, and Brewer's Mills. As might have been expected in such large and unconnected missions, the young priest had a weighty responsibility; but zealous and patient, he persevered, and has done much. This good priest has superintended the erection of two handsome stone churches—one on Howe Island, and the other in the village of Gananoque.

The church on this island is a credit to the inhabitants, there being but sixty Catholic families, who contributed for its erection; they are French and Irish, in about equal numbers; and some have contributed a hundred dollars each. There are four acres of land attached to it—the gift of two liberal members of the congregation. This handsome church presents a beautiful front, with its tall tower and its conspicuous spire, upon which is inscribed the following—"Deo Verbo, 1858—Rev. J. R. R."—with a cross on top. It is capable of accommodating twice the number of persons who at present frequent it. His Lordship, Bishop Horan, of Kingston, laid the corner stone on the 3rd June, 1858. He was accompanied by the Very Rev. A. Macdonell, V.G., the Rev. Mr. Roster, and another priest whose name I forget, as well as by a large number of the Catholics of the City of Kingston. A good number of Catholics from Gananoque also attended.

His Lordship, after the ceremony, recommended all present to contribute towards the good work, which was readily done, he himself first setting the example, when about One hundred dollars were collected. With this exception, and that of the hundred dollars more collected by a respectable resident of the Island, the whole expense, exceeding Two Thousand Dollars, has been defrayed by the good inhabitants themselves. But this cost would have been much greater had it not been for the vigilance and exertions of Father Roster, who, disregarding all trouble and inconvenience, procured every material necessary for the building, with much advantage to the people. His intention was—his church being completed, to build another in Brewer's Mills, where the people are more numerous, and where materials for building are more accessible; but the old church at Gananoque was found, upon examination, to be in a very fair way of coming down; so then he had to put all his energies to work, in order to effect the rebuilding of that church first, and under adverse circumstances. Placing his hopes, however, in God, and trusting in the piety and benevolence of his people, he proceeded; and he has not been disappointed. These churches are to be consecrated as soon as possible.

COMMUTATION OF SENTENCE.—Patterson, the Abortionist and murderer of the unfortunate Olive Savarrit, has, thanks to the efforts of his numerous friends, and the patrons of his noble art, obtained a remission of the sentence of death pronounced upon him, although the learned and upright Judge who sentenced him, could not conceive of any reason "on which an application to the Government for mercy could be founded." His Honor forgot apparently how extensively the art of procuring abortion is practised in Canada, and how actively it is encouraged by the Protestant press, which generously lends the use of its columns to the dissemination of information upon the subject. It is to be regretted however, for the cause of morality, that the Governor should have betrayed such pitiful weakness; and that, having on several occasions resisted the efforts made to procure immunity for the criminal, he should at last have allowed himself to be bullied into the performance of an act which his judgment and his conscience, his head and his heart, must both condemn. He has inaugurated a new era even in Canada; and by his last official act has virtually proclaimed immunity for the future, to abortionists and child-murderers. No longer under the gloomy shade of the gallows, but in the full blaze of the rays of popular sympathy may they henceforward be expected to ply their cruel but lucrative trade.

MR. RANKIN.—This now somewhat notorious person has been committed by the magistrates of Toronto, to take his trial at the next Assizes, on the charge of inciting Her Majesty's subjects to enlist in the service of the Northern States. He has been admitted to bail, with two securities of \$300 each.

As the occasional prefix of "Colonel" to Mr. Rankin's name, has given rise to considerable misapprehension as to his real social position, it may be as well to mention that he never was in the army; that he consequently never held a commission in Her Majesty's service; and that the title "Colonel" applied to him, is as gross a burlesque as can well be imagined. His real position is, or was, that of an itinerant showman, or Canadian Barnum; and a short time ago he acquired a good deal of notoriety by his exhibition of Ojibway Indians—whether real, or merely sham Indians we have no means of knowing, and after all it is a matter of little consequence. For the rest, we know what kind of stuff Upper Canadian "Reform" members of Parliament are made of; any log will furnish timber good enough for such an object; and we need not therefore be surprised that, out of an itinerant showman even of bogus Indians, an Upper Canadian "Reform" constituency has manufactured a very adequate representative.

The following beautiful lines have been handed to us for publication; they are a just tribute to the Appeal for the Orphans' Bazaar, by "Marye," which appeared in our last:—

"Have ye heard the glad voices of childhood at play,
"Have ye heard the sad moanings of childhood in grief,
"Sons of Ireland! hark!

TO MARYE.
Should an angel of light, full of innocent glee,
Glide down from above to that group on the sea,
In their wild gambols mix, fill their hearts with delight,
How the soul would bless God for that angel of light.

Should an angel of God, winged with hope and relief,
From realms unseen haste, to soothe childhood in grief,
Their naked limbs cover, their wants to supply,
For love of that angel we mortals could die.

In "Marye" far more than that angel is seen,—
She sports like a spirit of joy on the green;
Is a tear on their cheek, is there want at their door,
One dash of her pen will peace, comfort, restore:

Ev'ry thought, ev'ry word, goes direct to the heart;
Does the feelings of self from their dark chambers start,
Fills the void thus created with the love of its kind,
Does, in childhood returning, true happiness find.

Then "Marye" we bless thee, sweet angel of love,
For your message of peace, and of hope, like the dove;
May all join in that blessing, "from near and from far."

For the crowds you have drawn to the Orphans' Bazaar.
Montreal, 15th Oct., 1861.

FEDERALISTS IN CANADA—GREAT EXCITEMENT.

To the Editor of the Windsor Herald. MAIDSTONE, Sunday Morning. SIR—Since I left home this morning I was informed that about four o'clock last evening a team with six men, some of them very large and powerful, arrived at Mr. Windle Wigle's tavern, Sandwich street Gosford, and put up their team. They said that they were from the other side and were going into the bush for four deserters, and that they would have them dead or alive. They were all armed with revolvers and dirks. The men were hired to work one for J. Wolf, one for McClusky and two for Hamilton, all of Maidstone, on the township line.

As soon as they left for the bush the persons present took off one of the wheels, the whippetrees and one set of harness, and carried them to the bush, while others went to raise the neighbors, and by the time they came back there were between thirty and forty present, with about twelve guns and rifles. When they got into the woods Mr. Hamilton wanted to know where their authority was? One said they had authority from both sides, and he produced his revolver, and said that was his authority from the other side and he would have the deserters dead or alive. They took the men and started back through the woods. When they got to Sandwich street and saw the crowd they said they would have to get their shooting irons ready, and so they prepared for a fight. The "deserters," when they saw the crowd, thought there was some chance for them now, for they were very down-hearted before. They were all Canadians, and said they were forced to enlist in the Federal Army, and also that they got no pay and were half starved. The people told them not to be afraid, they should never be taken from that spot. One man, as soon as the kidnappers came in sight, cocked his rifle, and would have fired if he had not been stopped. The Yankees were determined to carry the men off, but the people were as determined they should not, and the people conquered. After the men were released, the harness, &c., was brought to light, and the Yankees started about

their business. They declared, when they left, that they would have them yet. I only hope they may come, and that I may know it in time.

I am informed that the party stopped at Maidstone Cross Roads until about four the next morning, where they were joined by about sixty of the biggest men ever seen in these parts.

JOHN H. JONES, J. P.

THE CANADIAN FRIENDLY BROTHERHOOD OR DARK LANTERN SOCIETY.—The British Central Canadian paper published at Brockville, C. W., asserts that a secret political association, under the above name, exists in Prescott, Maitland, Kemprille, and Merrickville; that the members are principally Clear Grits, and that in their lodge-rooms they wear masks and cloaks, in order that they may not be discovered or known. It adds, that a candidate for admission, upon one or more occasions, has refused to take the oath or obligation proffered him, because of its disloyal nature, and says the following is, substantially, the vow administered:

"I, ———, as I value my life, and hope to escape the fires of Hell after death, do hereby promise, vow and swear, that I will never in any way divulge any of the secrets of this association.—That I will strictly live up to all its rules and regulations—obey all its orders, and do all things which I am required to do.—That I will be true to the Reform party, and never vote for any one for any office whatsoever, who is not a Reformer, unless I am required to do otherwise by vote of the brethren of this Association. That I will do all that lies in my power to weaken the British authority in America, more especially Canada, and will be ever ready to join in any revolution to overthrow it. That I will never encourage the Roman Catholic Church in any way, nor any individual member of it, with my vote, my confidence, or my friendship. That I will never marry a Catholic woman, send my children to a Roman Catholic school, or employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity, even the most trivial. That I will do all things in my power to disqualify Roman Catholic voters. That I will treat Tories and Tory Orangemen in the same manner in every respect that I have sworn to treat Papists. That I will never employ any person outside of this Association, in any capacity whatever, when I can employ a brother. That I will never give any information touching the existence of this Association—nor, under any circumstance, will I acknowledge that I belong to it myself, nor give the name of any one who does. To all of which I solemnly swear, and if I violate any or either of the points may I be hung by the neck till I am dead, and my soul eternally damned in Hell.—Amen.

It is well known to the Police that there are parties in Montreal at the present moment, who have for some time past, and are still engaged in procuring men for the Northern Army. They supply them with tickets, and send them to Rousses' Point, where they are enlisted as above stated. These agents receive \$4 a head for every one they entrap. To evade suspicion they change their residence frequently, take short journeys from Canada to the American border and back.—Montreal Herald.

Died. Of consumption, at Port Credit, C. W., on the 25th September, Alexander M'Donnell, aged 22 years.—The deceased was the only son of Angus M'Donnell, of Port Credit, and has left behind him a large number of sorrowing friends to lament his untimely death.—R. I. P.

At Trenton, on the 6th instant, Denis Macanley, Esq., aged 67 years, a native of the county Atrim, Ireland, and one of the first Catholic settlers on the River Trent. His retiring manner and kind and generous disposition, had endeared him to all who knew him. Though always attached to his adopted country, still he dearly loved his native land, and clung most ardently to the faith of his fathers, in which he died, in the full hope of a glorious immortality. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

In this city, on the 11th instant, Margaret, second daughter of Mr. Patrick M'Keown, aged 64 years.

In this city, on the 15th instant, Patrick Fogarty, a native of Thurles, county Tipperary, Ireland, aged 66 years.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS. Flour.—Fine \$4 to \$4.30; Super No. 2, \$5 to \$5.25; Superfine No. 1, \$5.40 to \$5.52; Fancy \$5.75 to \$5.85; Extra \$5.85 to \$6; Superior Extra \$6 to \$6.25. Bag-Flour per 112 lbs.—Common Spring Wheat Flour \$2.80 to \$2.85; Fyfe Wheat, or Black Sea Wheat Flour \$2.90 to \$2.95. Market firmer since receipt of Steamer's news, and sales more easily effected, though we do not cite the range of prices. Oatmeal per bbl. of 200 lbs.—\$4. Wheat.—U. C. Spring or can, \$1.10 per 60 lbs. for good; about \$1.12; White, \$1.25 to \$1.30. Barley—55c. per 50 lbs. Corn per 50 lbs.—54 to 55c. Oats.—No wholesale transactions. Peas per 60 lbs.—75 to 80c.; the latter price about. Ashes.—Per 112 lbs., Pots, \$6.20 to \$6.25. Pearls, \$6.55 to \$6.60. Pork.—Mess \$15.75 to \$16. The other grades are in small supply, and nominal. Pork firmer. Butter.—Sales at 9 to 12 cents for ordinary to good; Dairy 12 1/2 to 13c. Active demand for good qualities. Cheese.—7 1/2 to 7 3/4 cents for good.—Montreal Witness.

COMPARISONS.—It is useless to deny that the masses of the people have a deep-seated and settled confidence in "Sarsaparilla," as an alternative remedy. Notwithstanding this confidence has of late years been abused by many preparations claiming to possess its virtues, but really with none at all, still the people believe in its intrinsic value as a remedy, because they have known of its cures. The rage for large bottles at low prices, has called into market many compounds of Sarsaparilla which contain scarcely any of it, or even any medicinal virtues whatever. Yet everybody knows that Sarsaparilla is the great staple antidote for Scrofula, Eruptions and cutaneous diseases, and for the purification of the blood, when they can get the real article, or an actual extract of it. Such we are now able to inform them they can obtain. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., the celebrated chemist of the East, whose reputation assures us they do well whatever they undertake, are selling a Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla which, although the bottles do not contain quarts, for a dollar, do contain more of actual curative power than whole gallons of the stuff which has been in use. It is asserted that one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains more than double the amount of medicinal virtue, which is afforded by any other. This fact is not only apparent to the taste, but its effects and cures afford incontestible proof that it is true. Such a remedy has been long sought for, and is everywhere needed by all classes of our community. ["Age," Cincinnati, Ky.]

EVENING SCHOOL. A. KEEGAN'S EVENING SCHOOL for Young Men is now OPEN in the Male School attached to the St. Ann's Church, Griffintown. Terms moderate. Hours of attendance, from SEVEN to NINE o'clock. A few boys, between the ages of ten and sixteen years, can be accommodated with board. Montreal, October 17.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 21.—The Opinions Nationale publishes the following:— "M. E. Dentu requests us to publish the following letter, which he has addressed to the editor of the Independance Belge:—

"Paris, Sept. 18. "In reply to the assertions contained in your journal with respect to the pamphlet L'Empereur; Rome, et le Roi d'Italie, assertions which I have reason to believe to be erroneous, I beg to assure you that I myself am in absolute ignorance as to the author of it.

"E. DENTU, Libraire-Editeur." Both before and after the disavowal by the Government of the pamphlet great pains have been taken to guess the author, and every day some new supposition was made, which, naturally, was faithfully chronicled in the Belgian paper. Every one had his pet theory, and one person spoke of the author as well known, but wisely abstained from naming him. Here comes now the publisher of the pamphlet, and confesses his ignorance; but mildly insinuates that the suppositions are erroneous. Is not this rather curious, especially if one remembers how bold the language of the pamphlet is, and that not very long ago an incautious publisher of pamphlets was deprived of his license?—Corr. of the Times.

Another oracular article in the Constitutionnel warns us to await patiently the solution of the Roman question. If Italy can make this effort of resignation, we ought to do so cheerfully enough; but, meanwhile, it is rather hard to chide us for indulging some remnants of those expectations which it has been the policy of the Imperial Government to foster and frustrate alternately. We are now told that "it is only Revolution and Reactionary parties that demand the immediate evacuation of Rome." This is really too bad. One day we have a slashing pamphlet—the author of which has such influence that M. Dentu, the publisher, is content to remain "in absolute ignorance" of him—recalling M. Merode's insult to the Emperor, which, it assures us, His Imperial Majesty has not forgotten; asserting roundly that "the greatest evils of Italy have proceeded from the temporal power of the Popes;" apologising for the original occupation of Rome, while it reminds that the Emperor of all men can afford to retrace a false step; threatening His Holiness with the loss even of his spiritual power if he should turn contumacious, and proving elaborately that an immediate evacuation is for the interest of all parties. The ruse, if it were a ruse, succeeds admirably; every friend of Italy rejoices to see the arguments which he had so often employed reproduced in so imposing a form, and no one doubts that the time for action has come. The next day we are rallied on our simplicity, while a new demand is made on our faith in the wisdom that keeps us all in suspense. "Everything will be unravelled in time."

Now that the 1st of October is approaching, the term at which the Treaty of Commerce with England is to be carried into full execution, the shop-keepers in Paris who deal in cotton goods are reducing their prices to a figure quite unprecedented. They fear, it is said, that the French market will be overstocked with British manufactures. Every Englishman they perceive in any public place they imagine to be a manufacturer come to compete with and undersell them.—Times.

The Allgemeine Zeitung cites the Floile Belge for its article, that between the Victor of Magenta, Napoleon III., and the Duke of Magenta, Marshal Patrice MacMahon, some very unpleasant discussions have taken place, respecting the organisation, equipment, and training of the army. This is a matter of some political importance, for on Louis Napoleon's position with regard to the army depends the continuance of the Empire. The Empire is a military despotism, and requires that the Emperor should be the head of the army, morally as well nominally, and that the army should have an unconditional confidence in his military capacity. In the Emperor's case, both the confidence of the troops and military capacity are wanting. According to the best and most reliable accounts it is a matter in which not the slightest doubt can exist, that Louis Napoleon is not a captain of even moderate capacity. The Italian war is said to have proved this, in so convincing a way, that the attitude of the generals, to whom in case of a great war Louis Napoleon would be obliged to entrust the conduct of it, has become very self-relying. Marshal MacMahon is said to be just the man to avail himself of the advantage of being indispensable, inasmuch as his personal sympathies for Louis Napoleon are extremely small. The second Empire has systematically contributed to give the army a position in the State which is in opposition to the development of the people's strength and dignity. It is some slight punishment for the author of the mischief, that he should be made to feel some of its inconveniences.

We are told by the same authority:—Count Vimercati, one of the most indefatigable and valuable agents of the Turin Government, "brought out," the pamphlet, "the Emperor, Rome, and the King of Italy," at Paris and in the Times with undeniable success. The main idea of it, the thought which he took as its key-note, was a phrase of the Emperor Napoleon's which may become as famous as his Empire c'est la paix. In his last conference with Count Arce, the Emperor said to him with his incomparable pith and with the drawl peculiar to him—"Oui, oui, mon cher. L'Italie jusqu'à l'Isone, et la France jusqu'aux embouchures du Rhin." For the development of this theme, Count Vimercati selected two most appropriate persons, M. Charles de la Vereneux and M. Leonce Duput. The former is one of the best known advocates of Italian annexation in the French press, and the latter, who was editor of the Precursur in Antwerp, was then, and is now, one of the most experienced agents for the annexation of Belgium and the Rhine. These two gentlemen together could invent nothing better than the fine phrase—"L'Italie sans la Venetie est comme la France sans la Belgique."

The attitude in which the Sovereign Pontiff and the French Emperor now stand towards one another makes the position of the Bishop of France, and instituted by the Pope, one of great delicacy, and the greatest possible interest is felt on each new appointment to hear any declaration which the new Prelate may deem it expedient to put forth, and which may at all indicate his sentiments on the present position of affairs between the Pope and the Emperor.

In the pastoral of Mgr. Cruice, the following passages attract attention:— "In these apostolic paths in which we enter, the last and least of all, we are marching before us, the august family of Bishops, who, with their eyes fixed on their divine model, endeavor to reproduce his

features) (At their heads we perceive the Venerable Successor of St. Peter, in whom is reflected with the greatest fidelity the holy image of the Eternal Pontiff. Behold, in effect, with what unshaken firmness he defends the sacred deposit of the truth which is confided to his custody. What indefatigable zeal to extend the kingdom of God! What tender charity to compassionate the weakness and woes of men! What gentle mildness in receiving sinners, and even the enemies of his authority! And so God has permitted to enhance the price of so many virtues, that he should receive here on earth that crown which shines on the brow of all the saints; a crown of sorrows and humiliations.

"But though our soul regards the future without fear, and though we rely with unshaken trust on the protection of God, persuaded that He will preserve to the Venerable Successor of St. Peter not only his spiritual supremacy, but also the temporal power necessary to the exercise of his sovereign authority (mais aussi le pouvoir temporel necessaire a l'exercice de sa souveraine autorite) would be more accurately rendered, 'but also such an amount of temporal power as may be necessary for the exercise of his sovereign authority' nevertheless we must unceasingly send up ardent prayers to Heaven in order to obtain from the Divine Mercy that it will soon make the day dawn of the peace and triumph of the Church.

"Let us hope also that France, the eldest daughter of the Church, will contribute to this great and new triumph of order and of peace. "And how not cherish such sweet hopes when we turn back our gaze on past years and see our holy religion, daily acquiring greater authority amongst us. In fact, at what time was the Holy See surrounded in France by homage more universal and more zealous, by devotion more generous and more persevering? At what time did our religious Orders with more freedom and more rapid action extend the frontiers of the kingdom of God? At what epoch did our youth show more faith and charity, more empire over itself, more courage in those manifestations of its piety which are the admirable fruits of a Christian education?"

"Finally, at what time did our French army move with a more generous elan towards everything great, holy, and sublime? Whether it marches against the most formidable powers of Europe; whether at the two extremities of Asia it defends persecuted Christians; whether it throngs around the throne of our Father and Sovereign Pontiff; everywhere its faith and its charity, as well as its invincible courage, inspire admiration. These, dear brethren, are incomparable benefits which our fathers knew not. These benefits, it is our sweet hope, bring down the Emperor to whom God has intrusted so many weighty interests, new graces, and will smooth the paths which are to lead back the triumph and the peace of the Church. [Où sont la, Nos tres chers Freres, des bienfaits incomparables que nos peres n'ont pas connus. Ces bienfaits, nous en avons la douce esperance, feront descendre sur l'Empereur, a qui Dieu a confié tant de graves interets, des graces nouvelles, et aplaineront les voies qui doivent ramener le triomphe et la paix de l'Eglise.]"

PASTORAL LETTER OF MGR. LE COURTIER BISHOP OF MONTPELLIER.—From the pastoral of Mgr. Le Courtier, on taking possession of his See, we take the following passage:—

"In spite of our weakness we come in the name of the Lord, we are yours by the grace of God. At the appointed moment this grace of God has been manifested by the choice and confidence of the Sovereign, a choice which undoubtedly was not yet the choice of the Church, but which appeared as the aurora of providential dispositions, since the privilege of nomination conceded to Catholic Princes has this of venerable, that their right is not a usurpation hazarded by them, but the legitimate exercise by a regular agreement of a concession transmitted to them even by the authority of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. And when this right, already legitimate in its application, is exercised by the eldest son of the Church, who glories in the title, who values so highly the respect and the honour belonging to the interests of religion, his wise and enlightened confidence already reveals some gleam of the Divine will."

"Still, the concurrence of the most religious circumstances may have its illusions. The choice of Prince could give no mission in the Church. But all is made light and all is filled with light by that word of power, the authority of the Apostolic See. Before this legitimate authority the gate opens—the entry is regular and sacred—the sheep recognise their Shepherd's voice. "Instituted and sent by the Angelic Chief of the Church, let us proclaim aloud—There is, there can be no Catholic Bishop unless he has been confirmed by the Successor of St. Peter. The Bishop of Rome is the chief and centre of the Episcopate. All the chairs of the particular churches must be united and fastened to the Chair of Rome. This doctrine is the bond of our unity, and we profess that the Successor of St. Peter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, has in the whole Church the primacy of honour, the primacy of jurisdiction."

"To him, then, who sends us, be given our sincere respect, our filial submission, our love, dictated by the most profound spirit of faith. To him be given our prayers in the painful circumstances in which he finds himself involved. To him our hopes better founded now than ever, that the cross of the Capitol will not cease to be sheltered when necessary by the flag of France—by that flag which has protected the Christian name in Syria, and still protects it there; by that flag which to-day floats over a cathedral in the heart of Pekin, by that flag which is never lowered but before God, which is folded only by the decrees of Providence, and by that flag which always precedes a great cause, and is always followed by a great people."

ITALY.

These are hard times; and hunger overrides sentiment. Bad harvests cause short supplies of food, and insufficient employment; and, at home and abroad, those who are complementarily called "the masses," complain that they are equally without food, and the money to buy it withal. Italy fares as badly as the rest of the world, perhaps worse; and the "sentiment of unity" does not stay the cravings of hungry stomachs. The Piedmontese statesman said the Romagna was cursed by the feeble temporal power of the Pope—it was always in a state of chronic insurrection, or chronic hunger, they said. They took possession of the Romagna themselves, and, of course, the world expected to find a wonderful improvement—no more hunger, no more insurrection; but peace and smiling plenty. But Piedmontese statesmanship has had its own way latterly in the Romagna—nevertheless, matters do not seem to improve. Under the "gentleman King," the poor Italians of that region are as hungry as ever; and their cry is loud for bread. Speaking of the condition of the city of Bologna, the telegraphic despatches say—"Yesterday and to-day some turbulent demonstrations took place in this city, caused by the high price of provisions. Several of the ringleaders were arrested. The authorities have taken precautionary measures. The streets are traversed by strong patrol, and tranquillity is now re-established."—Dublin Irishman.

CAVOUR'S LAST HOURS.—The Civiltà Cattolica states that when Father Giacomo, who gave the last consolations of the Catholic religion to Cavour, was summoned to Rome, the Pope informed him that he was not asked to give Cavour's Confession; but that, since he had administered the sacrament to the dying statesman, the latter must have entitled himself to receive it by some external act of retraction. It was with respect to this act that His Holiness desired Father Giacomo to give him information. The priest stated that he had not felt himself called upon to require any retraction, and thereupon he has been interdicted from administering the sacrament to others.

PARIS.—We make some extracts from the Times.

The new era has been distinguished by the keenness with which the Liberals have initiated after public offices. When Garibaldi entered Naples he received 7,000 applications on the 27th of September, and during the time he was here the same voracity continued. On his leaving Naples, the chambers of Ministers were so crowded and such disgraceful scenes ensued that a military guard was rendered necessary. Political martyrs, after taking good care to provide for themselves, were disgusted at the impertinacy of the small fry of applicants; and so the struggle has been going on from the days of Liborio Romano to those of Cialdini with unremitting energy. One of the most straightforward hunters after place—and I can guarantee the fact—lately made his appearance in the antechambers of the Lieutenantcy. "I am a thief by profession, Excellency," said the man, "my two brothers and myself are tired of prison; give us some office and make honest men of us. If you will not we must continue our calling, and the responsibility will rest on your Excellency."

The question of the occupation of Rome by the French becomes daily of so much importance, to the South of Italy especially that I think it desirable to put it before you in some of its principal bearings, as it is regarded by and as it affects the inhabitants of this province.

On that fact depends whether Italy is to be united or is to be divided into two separate kingdoms. It is useless to blink the question. Naples cannot be governed by or from Turin; experience has already shown this, and the Neapolitans will not be patient under such an arrangement. "Brigandage" may be put down; submission may be compelled by a superior force; but there will always be a passive resistance offered to a Government which will not cease to be called Piedmontese until Rome be the capital. It is the possession of the "Eternal City" alone which will destroy all jealousies and confer the name of "Italian on the government. I am not now considering the practical, the material difficulties of governing the South from the North, with a large and hostile Power intervening, but the yet stronger difficulties which are created by sentiment and prejudice, and by historical reminiscences. These continually present themselves in some form or other, unrecognized by many perhaps; yet, for all that, no less existing. We hear, for instance, the large party of action always declaiming against what they call the "Concertina," by which is meant those who, whether natives or Northerners, are supposed to consult Piedmontese interests. There are others whose pride is hurt by being governed by a much smaller Power at a distance from their own country, and who are greatly irritated by the rapid suppression of those institutions which are consecrated by history. And what for? they ask; not to constitute an united Italy, but to append another province to Piedmont. Even moderate men, good friends of Victor Emmanuel and his authority, shake their heads, and say they do not like the present state of things, and that so long as it continues all consolidation is as much a dream as unity. I am now stating facts, not justifying susceptibilities which it is to be regretted are so strong, and that such are the facts no impartial observer can deny. People may have a very loyal affection for Victor Emmanuel, but you scarcely ever hear his name in the theatres, and in the streets it is always Garibaldi's name which is shouted. A popular song has it, "Garibaldi nostro Re" and I was struck by a popular form of the secondary place which their Sovereign assumes in the estimation of the lieges by reading chalked on the walls "Viva Garibaldi!" "Viva Vittorio Emanuele!" These are unpleasant facts, and they show that national pride, prejudice, false views of interest and sentiment, are opposed to simply Piedmontese domination, and they are only to be subdued by Piedmontese rule becoming Italian; in one word, by Rome becoming the capital.

On the subject of "brigandage," the same authority says:—

"You must not imagine, however, that the evil is by any means destroyed, or that in a country where two great parties have been pitted against each other for a year, under the encouragement almost of the Imperial friend of Italy, things can return to their normal state in short time. Bitter hatred and vindictiveness will long divide the country, and if they do not desolate provinces, will ruin districts and families. Such will be some of the consequences of French assistance, for any man in his senses must know that had the Emperor given his loyal support to the Italian cause the civil war in the South would never have assumed such extensive proportions as it has done, even if it had burst out at all. The few brigands who have always infested the mountains would have taken advantage of the disorder which always follows revolution to ply their trade a little more extensively, and that is all. As it is, the very city which is under the especial protection of the French has been converted into a hot-bed of conspiracy against the quiet of the South; and when at last it was thought necessary that something should be done to save appearances, the reactionists had been arrested on the frontiers to be liberated in the Papal States, and enrolled by Merode, while French officers have been censured by their superior for interfering. France, in fact, while pretending to put down the brigands, has been acting as recruiting sergeant for the Pope."

A levy of 30,000 men has been ordered for the Neapolitan provinces,—a larger number than is necessary, 20,000 having been at first considered sufficient. The measure will, I dare say, create much opposition, and furnish political capital to the agents of sedition, but there can be no doubt that the discipline of military life would be the very best mode of demoralizing the population.

I confirm what I reported in my last,—that the Government is purchasing a large quantity of grain, so as to have a stock in hand in case of need in the winter.

The Gazette des Postes asserts that the disturbances in the Neapolitan provinces have caused a loss to the revenue in the last six months of 14 millions of ducats.

HUNGARY.

The Hungarians show not the slightest disposition to yield, and their opponents here seem to affect a belief that things will go on quite as well whether they be contented or not. The Centralist papers declare taxes are being collected in the most satisfactory manner, and indulge in sneers at the patriotism which abandons its opposition upon the slightest pressure. Meanwhile we still hear nothing of what is proposed to be done with respect to the financial debates in the Reichsrath. In the Imperial Rescript, when the Hungarian Diet was summoned to send its deputies to Vienna, it was very positively intimated that the budget would be brought forward in August. September is wearing away, and the opposition papers confidently predict that neither in this nor in the next month will the financial question be brought under the consideration of the Vienna Parliament. On the 1st of November the new financial year begins, and they ask what will be done? They suppose the Minister of Finance will impose the taxes on his own responsibility, and seek the approbation of the Reichsrath at a later date. But nobody knows what course will be adopted, and probably the Ministers themselves are still quite undecided upon the subject. The question, however, is too important and urgent for its solution to be very long deferred.

DENMARK.

A letter from Copenhagen says:— "The corn harvest, which is always late in the north of Europe, may be now considered as terminated. In general, the results exceed the expectations of the growers, and may be regarded as those of a good year. Denmark may, therefore, have a considerable quantity to export, particularly of barley

and oats, which is abundantly cultivated both on the mainland and in the Danish islands.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor and Empress have just returned from their tour in the present time that the Emperor and Empress of all the Russias. He is busied at this moment with a social revolution of such magnitude and of so critical a nature that his impetuous and impatient predecessor, the Emperor Nicholas, recoiled from the very idea of the change with dismay. The present frame of Russian society has been violently plucked asunder. The tenure of land is involved in the most harassing uncertainty, and the vast possessions of a wealthy and proud aristocracy and the liberties of twelve millions of the human race, are set upon the risk of a novel and most daring experiment. Whatever be the results the Emperor is responsible for all. He has set the tremendous machine in motion. He watches in unpeppable suspense and anxiety every movement, every irregularity of its working, with little sympathy to expect from those whom he has deprived of their human property, and with little gratitude to hope for from the ignorant masses whom he has emancipated. To this absolute Sovereign of dreary wastes and semi-barbarous serfs has been revealed a truth which the Southern States of America, with their Bible, their Press, their English literature, and English descent, have failed to appreciate—the truth that the property of man in his fellow-man is a thing accursed, which will surely draw after it a heavy retribution, and avenge on the third and fourth generation the wrongs afflicted by the cruelty of their forefathers. Therefore, he is manfully striving to undo the work of Boris Godunov, and to ennoble his Crown by making himself the first Emperor of his house who has reigned over a nation of freemen. The Emperor has, besides, no small trouble on his hands in the present state of Poland, which is as ready for secession as South Carolina itself, and is perpetually bringing her breast and desiring her Russian conquerors to strike. The Empire has not recovered from the fearful ravages of the Crimean War. The credit of the country is low, and the finances are in such a state as to excite the most reasonable apprehension.—Times.

POLAND.

M. de Montalembert has spent a considerable part of the summer of this year in visiting Poland, and in obtaining by personal inspection accurate knowledge of her present condition. For him this was a labour of love. M. de Montalembert does not appear now for the first time as the advocate of that unfortunate country, or as the avenger, in so far as the eloquent tongue and the eloquent pen can avenge, a great nation crushed by so cruel an oppression, and abandoned by those in whose cause it had so often given its best blood. His best speeches were delivered in the Chamber of Peers, while France could yet boast of a free Parliament, on behalf of Poland; and M. de Montalembert may indeed appeal to his long services in that glorious cause as his claim to be heard once more in its behalf as a writer. He has acquired a considerable mass of information during his late sojourn in Poland, and he has communicated it to the public in the last number of the Correspondant—a monthly periodical which, as you are aware, once celebrated prosecution and the menace of another have identified with his name. It would be difficult for such a man to treat any topic without adorning it, and even Poland acquires new interest from a pen like his.

Of the actual condition of the Polish people he draws the following picture:—

"Let the man who knows the Paris of 1861 figure to himself a whole nation which dreams neither of amusement nor of money-making. Poland thinks only of her past and her future. She is absorbed by her sorrows and her hopes. In presence of modern civilisation, which looks but to lucre and pleasure, which denies the existence of pain, and which exerts the will, she suffers and she wills. Her suffering is incurable; her will is invincible. With her all is grave, sad, and sombre. With her everything bears the impress of one inflexible determination—that of accepting neither peace, nor prosperity, nor security, and of never leaving either to her masters till justice is done her. That justice is a debt of God! It will be paid. Cost what it may it will be paid; and until it is paid we will protest, and none shall ever force us to a compromise with iniquity.—This is the dominant thought of Poland. It is this which speaks in her looks, in her words, even in every gesture of her children. It is the ever recurring theme in her conversation, in every prayer, in every hymn; it is found in the chorus of the famous canticle which is heard at this moment in every church and in every thoroughfare of Poland—'Lord God! restore to us our country; restore to us our liberty!'"

"Meanwhile her mourning is complete and universal. A people gay by temperament, aident for show and pleasure, now totally refrain from them. Theatres are abandoned, gardens deserted, public and private festivities suppressed. The dance, of all pastimes the most popular among the Poles, as among the Hungarians and the Spaniards, is strictly prohibited, even in the interior of families. Every woman dresses from head to foot in black. They who so much love ornament, and for which they are so well famed, have unanimously renounced every colour but that of mourning. For the last six months the practice has been adopted from one end of Poland to the other, in sign of reprobation and indignation, but also as a pledge of union and reconciliation. The parties which once divided Poland are now but one; all differences are suspended, forgotten, or lie hidden beneath the funeral habiliments of the common country. No prohibition, no violence, no cruelty even (and several acts of cruelty have been committed against persons wearing mourning met by the Russian soldiers in the streets) can put a stop to this terrible and mute declaration of war. The churches resound with the music of mournful chants, mingled with aspirations for a happy resurrection. The words of the verse of the old Litaney, 'From pestilence, fire, and war, deliver us, Lord,' have been changed; they are now, 'From pestilence, fire, and Muscovite servitude, deliver us, Lord.'"

"I have heard and admired," says M. de Montalembert,

"All the masterpieces of religious or profane music, ancient or modern, but neither the boasted marvels of the Sixtine Chapel nor the enchanting harmonies of Gluck or Beethoven have ever affected me so much as that chant inspired by the ardent inspirations of faith, of sorrow, and of patriotism, and which penetrates the deep mysterious of all. Every time those truly celestial sounds struck my ear, whether in the full choir, or in a modest village church, when the organ alternated with the voice of the peasant, or when the tremulous voice of childhood or the sweet accents of the youthful maiden were heard in a lone garden or by the hearthstone, that melody seemed to me like something superhuman. Never were imploring accents expressed in sweeter, more searching, and more passionate modulations. I pity the man who could hear them without his heart thrilling with anguish and his eyes being wet with tears as the plaintive notes rise and fall in a cadence each time more and more pathetic, until the closing invocation is heard in an irresistible burst of anguish and of love. But what must be the feelings of those who have heard it rush forth, like a torrent of fire, from the lips of twenty thousand of fifty thousand Christians at the same moment, standing up, unarméd, before their bewildered oppressors—of multitudes determined not to combat but to die, and breathing in the agony of death, and with their last sigh, a defiance and a protest—this irresistible appeal to the avenging Omnipotence of Heaven! It is at once the cry of a nation and a soul, both bowed down by the bitterness of grief, and both inflamed by the most fervent faith. It is the cry of anguish and of confidence of reproach and tenderness, which would force itself through the vault of Heaven for eternal justice and pity to descend."

"This," adds M. de Montalembert, after giving a

literal translation of the hymn, "Boze eos polskie" which now triumphs over all opposition, and which is heard in every church and every public place in Poland.

"This hymn is the Marcelline of these singular revolutionists; it shows in what the cause of Poland differs, and in what it has always differed, from the cause of revolution throughout the rest of Europe. M. de Montalembert affirms that Poland has never yet for one moment become reconciled to her servitude. What she demanded in 1830, in 1815, in 1791 she now demands; she is resolved to get it, and she is convinced that she will get it, doubtless by other means than at these periods; but with the same resolution and the same unanimity. "What other nation in the modern world," he asks:—

"Is in the same condition? What remains to the France of 1789: of her ideal of justice, of progress and liberty, of her generous aspirations, of her youthful and candid ardor in pursuit of good, of her simple confidence in right, in liberty, in reason, in Parliaments, in the all-sufficient force of reasoning? What remains to England of the grand and powerful policy which, with all her errors and all her selfishness, had so justly won the confident admiration of the world—which, with the inspired eloquence of Burke, and the firm and resistless hand of Pitt, seemed to have impanted for ever in every English heart the eternal distinction between revolution and liberty? What remains to Germany of the memorable union of her Princes and her people in 1813—of the immense and glorious movement which raised them up as one man against a foreign conqueror? What remains to North-America of the institutions and ideas which had so long accustomed us to seek on her soil the ideal of the future? Nothing, alas! or almost nothing."

"Casting a glance nearer home, M. Montalembert observes:—

"When one comes from a country where great minds exercise themselves, now in demonstrating that the right of force is identical with the force of right, and now in quoting from Tacitus and Cicerone the apology of Cæsarism, when we come from a country where such things find a public and official encouragement; where the litterateurs, decorated and undecorated, who direct the greater part of the press, where all those proud champions of the liberty of thought are unanimous in proclaiming, as a patriotic exploit, the act of the general whom they congratulate on having applied, morally, two slaps on the face to an ecclesiastic, when we get out of that fetid atmosphere into a pure air, we experience an unspeakable relief on finding honest people even in servitude to a despotism which they have neither created, nor accepted, nor merited."

"What revolts, discourages, and frightens the honest mind in the time we live in is not the triumph of roguery or violence; the history of the world is full of such pernicious lessons; but was there ever a period known in which the triumph of evil was more speedily and more easily accepted? Was there ever less sympathy for the victim of fortune, more indifference for unsuccessful courage or for right oppressed, or when the crushing of the weak by the strong was more quickly ranged among irrevocable judgments? Hence a doubt which seems legitimate. Assuredly, there have been worse miscreants, and, above all, worse tyrants than those of the present day; but for successful iniquity and plausible tyranny, have they ever met, with honest men, so much indifference, so much indulgence, and, not to misce the matter, so much apathy?"

SYRIA.

A despatch from Beyrout of the 15th inst. states that the claims of indemnity to the Christians for their losses during the massacre are being rapidly decided. The Turkish Commissioner, who at first estimated the compensation at 75,000,000 piastres, has consented to increase the sum to 100,000,000.

THE "TIMES" ON ORANGISM.—On Tuesday last

1200, "brothers" were marching in companies, at a very early hour, through the streets of Liverpool, with banners and decorations, sashes and rosettes. Crossing the Mersey, they mustered at the Birkenhead station, and by half-past 10 arrived in two special trains at Raubon. Here they formed a procession and marched to the seat of Mr. Whalley, the member for Peterborough, where they formed a semicircle before the house, and heard several speeches, particularly two by Mr. Whalley, the editor and proprietor of a metropolitan contemporary, whose name and existence we here learn for the first time. After the speeches the 1,200 "brothers" dined under two large tents, the expense of the "substantial fare" being "liberally defrayed by Mr. Whalley." By 3 o'clock the indefatigable brothers were again on their legs, and marched three miles into the "fair land of Wales," to a tower on a hill, where they halted, and for some hours listened to more speeches, prayers, professions of faith, exposition of principles, votes of thanks, and loud cheering. They then marched back to Mr. Whalley's seat, and after some hours dancing and other amusements, towards 10 o'clock they took the rail, and about the small hours, we will hope, were finding their way home in the streets of Liverpool. As a specimen of what English people can do, and will do, for amusement or any other purpose, this is a memorable feat. It is not easy to measure it by the religious processions and pilgrimages of mediæval times, occasionally revived in some foreign countries. In these processions it must be considered that when a man or a woman starts on foot to walk a hundred miles or more, and comes in with the crowd, all that is proved is the dogged industry and small strength necessary for a longish walk five or six days running, and a certain indifference to what we think comforts. On this occasion, the 1,200 brothers had to go through a variety of exercises, to be often mustered, to bear speeches and cheer, and otherwise keep up their interest and attention from 6 in the morning till 12 at night. This was a mass of brotherly feeling and a display of physical strength not to be despised, and it is natural to ask what was the object of so ardent and well-sustained a demonstration. Were they Testotolars, or Handloom Weavers, or Short-hours men, or Oddfellows, or Foresters, or Druids, or the employees of some great establishment, or Mormons, trying their wings for a longer flight? No; these were the Orangemen of Liverpool and the neighborhood, and the object of the movement was to overthrow the Church of Rome for which the present is thought a felicitous juncture, and this the best means to the end. The interest of the day culminated in the consecration of the tower, which was built for ornamental purposes, but which is henceforth to be set apart for lectures, or any other "steps that may be taken" for the furtherance of the cause of Protestantism. After "consulting with several gentlemen," Mr. Whalley has determined to give this tower to all good and true Protestants, and has delivered it into the hands of a committee of management for the purpose. So "generous a gift" was enthusiastically accepted, and the 1,200 Protestants were rejoiced to look on so handsome a property. We cannot sufficiently admire the liberality of a gentleman who builds a magnificent tower on the most commanding spot of a beautiful domain, and then gives it out and out to the Protestants of England and Wales. We must, however, be permitted to observe that, though there were speeches and prayers, and blessings and thanks, and cheers, a committee of management, and declarations of faith, and a great deal more, still we miss the essential item of a legal conveyance to a body of trustees, for special purposes described. There have been many agreements between parties who made speeches and professions and declarations, and vows of eternal constancy, and a good deal more, all quite satisfactory for the time to the parties themselves, but liable to come to nothing, and, indeed, generally coming to nothing, for want of a little legal formality. Are we to understand that any party of gentlemen and ladies may go down to Wales and occupy Trem Tower, or "King William Tower," as it is hence-

forth to be called, for a day, in the interchange of sound Protestant sentiments, or in any other steps they may take for the furtherance of their cause? However, let that pass—On this occasion King William Tower did its duty, and heard much Protestantism as would have blown up St. Peter's and the Vatican together, had it been fired under them. Mr. Whalley, who has seriously injured his health by the exertions in the Protestant cause, received on this day, upon his own lawn, his solemn consecration as the successor of Mr. Spooner. We were not before aware that the latter gentleman had resigned the post which he has occupied now for many years with such distinguished success. But henceforth we must look to the hon. member for Peterborough for those powerful protests which have been so often made in vain to a peace-loving Legislature. Mr. Whalley on this occasion showed himself worthy of his illustrious predecessor. He pronounced his *Delenda est Carthago* upon Maynooth with even more confidence. Sad experience has weakened Mr. Spooner's predictive power, but Mr. Whalley starts fresh, and is still young in hope. His chief source of encouragement is, not the rather serious "fix" of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, but the "infatuation" which has seized his emissaries. Popery used to be a tiger, thinking of nothing but massacres and murders. Lately it had hidden the "insatiable ferocity of its character and the vigour of its claws in the soft and steady step of the leopard." But, happily, ten years ago it again threw off the mask, and declared England under its jurisdiction. Since that it has multiplied its chapels tenfold, he says, boasted its converts by thousands, founded monasteries and nunneries without number, and obtained supporters, not only avowed, but "others far more numerous and dangerous, concealed from ordinary observation under the jesuitical smiles of some of the bishops and clergy of our own established Church." Nay, they now claim the Prince of Wales himself, as Mr. Whalley thinks with perfect right, the misguided youth having looked into Maynooth and received an address from a Roman Catholic Bishop "on the wide world platform of Canada." In Italy, Newfoundland, and everywhere else Mr. Whalley sees the same desperate and suicidal infatuation. In his opinion Popery is now running a muck, and must shortly collapse and expire from the violence of its own frenzy. Nevertheless, he thinks he ought to be prepared. So he proposes to consecrate an ornamental tower in his park to the perpetual discussion and advocacy of Protestantism. People who have an object in view, and who devote themselves to it must be considered the best authorities as to the wisdom of the means. Perhaps, therefore, we have no right to depreciate the application of a prospect tower to the defeat of the Newfoundland Jesuits, the shutting up of Maynooth, and the overthrow of the Papacy. It must, however, be admitted that the expedient is novel. Trem Tower is near Wrexham, nearly 200 miles from London, and we cannot see what purposes it will answer that are not fully answered by Exeter-hall. But what is the present object of the demonstration? All that Mr. Whalley can do is to give the present Administration a little passing inconvenience. Should he even succeed in putting it into a minority that would only be a step towards the return of Lord Derby, who Mr. Whalley knows to be on much better terms with the Papists than Lord Palmerston. There is not a single piece of evil toleration decreed by Mr. Whalley that Lord Derby would not connive at. As to the alleged Jesuits in the Established Church, Mr. Whalley knows that they have small chance under the present Administration, and that their only chance would be under Lord Derby. The condition of the Pope himself at Rome is past human conjecture, and certainly beyond the reach of British interference one way or the other. So we cannot consider Mr. Whalley has inaugurated his polemical reign under the wisest or best auspices. The strong and good-hearted Orangemen of Liverpool have had a good day outing. They must have enjoyed their journey out—the park, the substantial fare, the music, and the dancing; but when they got home at last, about 2 in the morning, it must have occurred to some to ask what they had been doing, and what was to come of it. This is not an age of miracles, and this is not the sort of operation to bring down the walls of Jericho. No abuse answers now. If these 1,200 Protestants will be good Churchmen, good Christians, good men, and so set an example to their superstitious brethren, they will do much more towards the overthrow of Rome than by an annual excursion to Plas Madoc and Trem Tower.

BAD SIGNS.—It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory of principles of true democracy to a lamp-post. It is also a bad sign to see a fellow lie down in the gutter supposing it to be his bed, and commence calling a poor innocent dog all sort of hard names, mistaking it for his wife.

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Montreal, August 8th, 1861.

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PROSPECTS OF THE ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, CANADA WEST;

Under the Patronage of their Lordships the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Sandwich, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Detroit, U. S.
THIS College is under the direction of the Rev. Fathers of the Order of St. Benedict, whose Mother-House is at St. Vincent, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, U. S. It is situated in the South-western part of Canada, in the town of Sandwich, only two miles from the town of Detroit, and can be most easily reached by land and water from every part of Canada and of the United States.
There is a *Classical* and a *Commercial* Course.—The *Classical* Course comprises the English, French, German, Latin and Greek languages, together with the other branches of literature which are usually taught in all great Colleges.
The *Commercial* Course comprises the English, French and German languages, Mathematics, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Geometry and Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy, &c., according to the capacity of the pupils. Vocal and Instrumental Music will also be taught, if desired.
Religion is the basis on which the whole plan of education will rest, and propriety of manners and correctness of deportment will be strictly enforced.
The *Scholastic* year commences on the first Monday of September, and ends about the middle of July.
The discipline is strict, but mild and parental. All letters must be submitted to the inspection of the President.
The use of tobacco is prohibited.
No student is permitted to leave the College, unless accompanied by his parents or guardians, and this will be allowed only on the first Monday of the month.
TERMS, (invariably in advance):
Board and Tuition, for quarter of 80 days, \$25 00
Washing, mending, and the use of Library, ditto, 3 00
Instrumental Music, ditto, 3 00
Spending vacation at the College, 20 00
No extra charge for Vocal Music.
School Books and Stationery will be furnished by the College at the usual prices.
No advancement in money will be made by the College to the students; it is therefore desirable that each student should deposit \$10 at least, for unforeseen expenses.
Every student must be provided, 1st, with three suits of clothes; 2d, six shirts and two flannel shirts; 3d, two long night gowns; 4th, eight pair of stockings; 5th, three pair of shoes; 6th, a white counterpane, two blankets and pillows; 7th, two cotton clothes bags; 8th, four napkins and four towels; 9th, three pair of sheets; 10th, all articles necessary for toilet; 11th, knife, fork, tea- and table-spoons, and a metal cup.
The College opens this year on the first Monday of October.
FATHER OSWALD, O. S. B., President.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES,
DIRECTED BY THE RELIGIOUS OF ST. ANN'S CONVENT, AT LACHINE, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL,
The opening of the Classes will take place on the 2nd of September next.

THIS Institution contains in its plan of Education, every thing required to form Young Girls to virtue, and the sciences becoming their condition. The diet is wholesome and abundant. In sickness as in health, their wants will be diligently supplied, and vigilant care will be taken of them at all time and in all places. Constant application will be given to habituate them to order and cleanliness; in a word, every thing that constitutes a good education, corresponding to the condition of the Pupils.
A magnificent Garden and the position of the Establishment on the borders of the St. Lawrence, opposite the Sault-St-Louis, and at only five or six acres from the first Railway Station at Lachine, contribute to offer to the Pupils a most agreeable abode.

COURSE OF EDUCATION.
The Course of instruction contains the study of Religion, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, House Economy, Sewing Embroidery, Music, &c.
The same Course of Education is followed in English by the Pupils who desire to learn but that tongue. The Pupils who follow the French Course will have an hour of English Class every day if their parents desire it.

CONDITIONS,
For the Scholar year, payable at the beginning of each Quarter.
Boarding entire, with Table Service, 18 0 0
Half-Boarding, 9 5 0
Washing, 2 0 0
Music Lessons (ordinary) per month, 0 10 0
Drawing, per month, 0 2 6
The Pupils of the Village, who do not board in the Convent, will pay yearly for their instruction, 3 0 0
The Convent will furnish Bedsteads, which the Pupils will hire at 2s 6d per year, 0 2 6
The Pupils who desire it will have a Bed complete for, 1 10 0
When the parents withdraw their children before the end of a quarter, nothing will be returned to them unless it be for superior reasons.

COSTUME.
The Pupils wear every day a Blue Dress with a Cape of the same colour, they should also have a White Dress.
OBSERVATIONS.
1st.—The Pupils generally receive no visits, except on Thursday.
2d.—Every year, there is vacation of six weeks; the Pupils who desire to do so can pass this time at the Convent.

COMMERCIAL ACADEMY,
Under the control of the Catholic Commissioners of Montreal.
No. 19, Cote Street, No. 19.
THE RE-OPENING of the Classes of this Institution is fixed for the SECOND OF SEPTEMBER.
In virtue of a Regulation passed by the Gentlemen, (the Commissioners) the Monthly Fee will henceforth be payable in Advance.
Music and Drawing will be taught at moderate rates.
For particulars, address the Principal at the Academy.
U. E. ARCHAMBAULT, Principal.
N. B.—Pupils living at a distance can have board at the Academy on reasonable terms.
3-m.

ST. LAWRENCE ACADEMY

THIS INSTITUTION, conducted by the Priests and Brothers of the Holy Cross, is agreeably situated in the beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence River, about five miles north of the City of Montreal. Removed from the City, it is particularly favorable to health and morals.
The Course includes Reading, Writing, Grammar, Composition, general Literature, Mental and Practical Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Ancient and Modern History, Geography, Book-keeping, Linear Drawing and Astronomy.
The French and English Languages are upon the same footing—both taught with equal care.
A Religious Course suitable to the age of the pupils, is included.
Pupils coming from other Colleges must produce a certificate of Good Conduct and Morals, signed by the President of that College.
TERMS:
Board and Tuition, in Primary and Commercial Course, \$66 00
(The house furnishes for the above a bedstead and straw mattress, and also takes charge of boots and shoes, of which each pupil must have two pairs.)
Full Board, including bed, bedding, washing, mending, and table service, 100 00
Classical Objects, including Books, Paper, &c., if furnished by the house, 24 00
Instrumental Music, per Month, 1 50
Doctor's Fees extra.
Half Boarders for Primary and Commercial Course, per Month, 1 50
Half Boarders sleep in the house, and are furnished with a bedstead and straw mattress.
REMARKS:
Every month already commenced must be paid in full, without any deduction. Each Quarter must be paid in advance, either in cash, or in notes of from thirty to sixty days.
Parents receive every Quarter, with the bill of expenses, a Certificate of the health, conduct, morals, and improvement of their children.
The Cleanliness of the younger pupils is attended to by the Sisters, who also have charge of the Infirmary.
August 8.

"THE LAMP,"
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL, of Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, &c.; devoted to the instruction and amusement of all classes. Containing sixteen pages in double columns Weekly.
Subscription only 7s 6d a year in advance. The Lamp contains a large quantity of instructive matter, deeply interesting Tales; with BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS, the Lives and CORRECT PORTRAITS of distinguished characters. Views of new Catholic Buildings; Essays by eminent Writers; Poetry of a high character; Reviews of extracts from the newest and most agreeable Books; Abstracts of important Lectures, entertaining varieties; Notes on leading events; Progress of Science, &c., published by the London Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company.
The very low price at which this most interesting publication is supplied, places it within the reach of all classes, and it is hoped that it will be found in every Catholic family as no better work can be put in the hands of children.
J. A. GRABAM, 19 Great St. James Street, Montreal, Agent for Canada.



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 1/2 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.

HORSE-SHOEING,
BY JAMES MALONEY,
No. 21 Craig Street, adjoining Gaven's Carriage Factory.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE,
NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA.

THIS Institution, placed under the benevolent patronage of His Lordship the Right Rev. Catholic Bishop of Montreal, and of the Provincial Government, is entrusted to the direction of the Clerics de St. Viateur.
The Classes will be RE-OPENED on the 16th of SEPTEMBER instant, at Contre St. Louis, or Mile End, near Montreal.
The Course of Studies will last generally from 5 to 6 years, but it may be abridged according to the intelligence of the pupils, or the intention of the parents.
The Deaf and Dumb, already advanced in years, or of a dull intellect, shall receive religious instruction only through the native language, and this in a few weeks.
CONDITIONS.—For Washing, Mending, Bonding and Tuition, \$7 50c. a month, or \$75 a year, in four terms, invariably paid in advance.
Parents or Wardens, willing to place their children in this Institution may receive all the information they may desire, by addressing themselves to the Institution.
Gentlemen of the Press, either in English or in French, are invited to advocate this charitable institution for the interest of the poor unfortunate Deaf and Dumb.

T. RIDDELL,
(LATE FROM MR. E. PICKUP.)
HAVING commenced Business on his own account in the Store lately occupied by Mr. Constant, No. 2, Great St. James Street, (Opposite B. Dawson & Son.)
Begg 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.

Ayer's Pills
Are particularly adapted to derangements of the digestive apparatus, and diseases arising from impurity of the blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in one of these, and consequently these Pills are found to cure many varieties of disease.
Subjoined are the statements from some eminent physicians, of their effects in their practice.
AS A FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, of New Orleans.
"Your PILLS are the prince of purgatives. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease."
FOR JAUNDICE AND ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS.
From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City.
"Not only are your PILLS admirably adapted to their purpose as aperients, but I find their beneficial effects, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease."
"Your PILLS have had a long trial in my practice, and I hold them in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alterative effect upon the liver makes them an excellent remedy, when given in small doses, for bilious dysentery and diarrhoea. Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of women and children."
INTERNAL OBSTRUCTION—WORMS—SUPPRESSION.
From Dr. E. Smart, who practices as a Physician and Midwife in Boston.
"I find one or two large doses of your PILLS, taken at the proper time, are excellent promoters of the natural secretions, when whole or partially suppressed, and also very effectual to cleanse the stomach and expel worms. They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients."
CONSTIPATION—COSTIVENESS.
From Dr. J. P. Vaughn, Montreal, Canada.
"Too much cannot be said of your PILLS for the cure of costiveness. If others of our fraternity have found them as efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the benefit of the multitudes who suffer from that complaint, which, although but a venial disease, is the precursor of others far more serious. I believe costiveness originates in the liver, but your PILLS affect that organ and cure the disease."
IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD—SCORFULA—ERYSIPELAS—SALT RHEUM—TETTER—TUMORS—RHEUMATISM—GOUT—NEURALGIA.
From Dr. E. H. Hunt, Philadelphia.
"You were right, Doctor, in saying that your PILLS purify the blood. They do that. I have used them of late years in my practice, and agree with your statements of their efficacy. They stimulate the excretories, and carry off the impurities that accumulate in the blood, engendering, and the very effect of them, is to cleanse the stomach and expel worms. They are so much the best physic we have that I recommend no other to my patients."
FOR HEADACHE—SICK HEADACHE—FOUL STOMACH—PILES—DROPSY—PLETHORA—PARALYSIS—FITS—&c.
From Dr. Edward Lloyd, Baltimore.
"DEAR DR. AYER: I cannot answer you what complaints I have cured with your PILLS better than to say all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on an effectual medicine in my practice, and with confidence, and believing as I do that your PILLS afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly."
"Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Has long been manufactured by a practical chemist, and every one of it under his own eye, with invariably accuracy and care. It is sealed and protected by law from counterfeits, and consequently can be relied on as genuine, without adulteration. It supplies the surest remedy the world has ever known for the cure of all pulmonary complaints; for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Gout, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease. As time makes these facts wider and better known, this medicine has gradually become the best and most efficacious remedy for the cure of the American peasant to the palace of European kings. Throughout this entire country, in every state and city, and indeed almost every hamlet it contains, GERRARD TROTTER is known as the best of all remedies for diseases of the throat and chest, and the unmistakable benefit conferred on thousands of sufferers, could originate and maintain the reputation it enjoys. While many inferior remedies have been thrust upon the community, have failed, and been discarded, this has never been the case with every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted that can never be forgotten, and produced cures too numerous and remarkable to be forgotten.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMIST, LOWELL, MASS.
AND SOLD BY
Lyman, Savage, & Co, at Wholesale and Retail; and by all the Druggists in Montreal, and throughout Upper and Lower Canada.

PHONOGRAPHY can be LEARNED in THREE easy LESSONS from a person now in this City, formerly a Reporter to the Press. This method of writing enables us to write as fast as speech by a little practice.
Inquire, and please leave address at this Office.

GUILBAULT'S BOTANIC & ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,
114 Sherbrooke Street,
IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC,
WHERE the largest collection of LIVING WILD ANIMALS, RARE BIRDS and MUSEUM CURIOUSITIES, can be seen; and all sorts of amusement is attached to the Establishment. Among the novelties, a
SPLENDID BABY LION,
Can be seen; also VENUS
With the three CUBS, whelped this winter in the Establishment. They are the first raised in confinement in America. Those who have seen them say it is worth a five dollar note to witness this beautiful group, wrestling and playing with the mother.
J. R. GUILBAULT, Manager.
August 2.

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 Trains 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.

BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

THE ORIGINAL MEDICINE ESTABLISHED IN 1737, and first article of the kind ever introduced under the name of "PULMONIC WAFERS," in this or any other country; all other Pulmonic Wafers are counterfeits. The genuine can be known by the name BRYAN being stamped on each WAFER.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Relieve Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Relieve Asthma, Bronchitis, Difficult Breathing.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Relieve Spitting of Blood, Pains in the Chest.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Relieve Incipient Consumption, Lung Diseases.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Relieve Irritation of the Urine and Testicles.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Relieve the above Complaints in Ten Minutes.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Are a Blessing to all Classes and Constitutions.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Are adapted for Vocalists and Public Speakers.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Are in simple form and pleasant to the taste.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Not only relieve, but effect rapid and lasting Cures.
BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS
Are warranted to give satisfaction to every one.
No family should be without a Box of BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS in the house.
No Traveller should be without a supply of BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS in his pocket.
No person will ever object to give for BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS Twenty-Five Cents.
JOB MOSES, Sole Proprietor, Rochester, N. Y.
Price 25 cents per box.
For sale in Montreal, by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Oure & 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.
Oct. 4. 4m.

PRIVATE TUITION.
J. M. ANDERSON,
Professor of Classics, Mathematics, and Commercial Science,
BEGS to notify the Gentry of Montreal and vicinity that he is prepared to qualify at his Classrooms,
No. 50, St. Joseph Street,
Young Gentlemen desirous of studying for direct Commissions in the British Army, of matriculating at McGill College, or of entering the Counting-house, on reasonable terms.
References.—Rev. Dr. Leach, LL.D.; Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Rector Howe, Captain McGill, Alex. Molson Esq., Hon. Messrs. Dorion and Holtou, and the Revd. the Clergy of St. Patrick's Church.
Montreal, August 22nd, 1861.
J. M. ANDERSON.

MRS. O'KEEFE'S ENGLISH AND FRENCH CLASSES,
No. 15 Constant Street,
WILL be RE-OPENED on MONDAY, 2nd SEPT. The approbation which this institution has met with from School Commissioners, and the parents and guardians of the children attending the Course of instruction, encourages the hope of a continuation of the usual liberal patronage granted it.
Montreal, August 14, 1861.

SHORT HAND.
PHONOGRAPHY can be LEARNED in THREE easy LESSONS from a person now in this City, formerly a Reporter to the Press. This method of writing enables us to write as fast as speech by a little practice.
Inquire, and please leave address at this Office.

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SPLENDID BABY LION,
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W. SHANLY, General Manager.
Montreal, 6th June, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Chisholm. Ajala—N. A. Coate. Aylmer—J. Doyle. Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron. Archaic—Rev. Mr. Girroir. Brockville—O. F. Fraser. Belleville—M. M. Mahon. Barrie—Rev. J. R. Lee. Brantford—W. M. Manamy. Burford and W. Riding, Co. Brant—Thos. Maginn. 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. Dewittville—J. M. Ver. Egansville—J. Bonfield. East Haverbury—Rev. J. J. Collins. Eastern Townships—P. Hackett. Ernsdale—P. Gafney. Frumpton—Rev. Mr. Paradis. Farmersville—J. Flood. Gananoque—Rev. J. Rosster. Guelp—J. Harris. Hamilton—P. S. M. Henry. Huntingdon—C. M. Faul. Ingersoll—W. Featherston. Kamptville—M. Heaphy. Kingston—P. Purcell. Lindsay—J. Kennedy. Lansdown—M. O'Connor. Long Island—Rev. Mr. Foley. London—Rev. E. Bayard. Lochiel—O. Quigley. Loderburgh—T. Daley. Lacolle—W. Hart. Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleber. Merrickville—M. Kelly. New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy. Ottawa City—J. Rowland. Oshawa—Richard Supple. Prescott—J. Ford. Perth—J. Doran. Peterboro—E. M. Oormick. Pictou—Rev. Mr. Lalor. Port Hope—J. Birmingham. Quebec—M. O'Leary. Rawdon—James Carroll. Russelltown—J. Oamplon. Richmondhill—M. Teffy. Sherbrooke—T. Griffith. Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton. South Gloucester—J. Daley. Summerstown—D. M. Donald. St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay. St. Athanasie—T. Dunn. St. Ann de la Pocatiere—Rev. Mr. Bourrett. St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey. St. Catherine, C. E.—J. Oaughlin. St. Raphael's—A. D. M. Donald. St. Romuald d'Etchemin—Rev. Mr. Sax. Starnesboro—C. M. Gill. Sydenham—M. Hayden. Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh. Thorold—John Heenan. Thorpville—J. Greene. Tingswick—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.

NEW FALL GOODS OPENING AT THE CLOTH HALL, Notre Dame Street. THE MERCHANT TAILORING AND CLOTHING DEPARTMENTS are Stocked with the Novelties of the present Season. Prices for Ordered Suits are extremely moderate. A very experienced CUTTER has charge of this department. J. IVERS, Proprietor.

R. J. DEVINS, DRUGGIST, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. TAKES pleasure in informing his Friends and the Public that he is now carrying on the DRUG BUSINESS, IN THE PREMISES ADJOINING THE COURT HOUSE, (Formerly occupied by Messrs. Alfred Savage & Co.) where he will have constantly on hand a general assortment of the very best English Drugs and Chemicals. He solicits an inspection of his Stock by Medical men and others requiring such articles.

Devins' Vegetable Worm Destroyer, A never-failing Remedy. In bringing these Powders to the notice of the public, he would beg to make mention that in them is contained the active principle of all vermifuges, thereby diminishing the unnecessary large doses hitherto administered, substituting one of a minimum character, by no way unpleasant to the taste, and which can with safety be given to an infant of the most tender years.

PURE MEDICINAL COD LIVER OIL, Direct from the Manufacturers, and prepared from the fresh livers immediately after the fish are taken. Recommended by the most eminent Physicians as the most valuable remedy in the world for Consumption and diseases of the Lungs. This remedy, so valuable when pure, becomes worthless or injurious when adulterated.

DEVINS' BAKING POWDER; A NEW ARTICLE, the best ever introduced, containing none of those ingredients which in other Baking Powders have proved so disastrous to the Teeth, and, in a great measure, the principal cause of offensive breath. Prepared only by R. J. DEVINS, Druggist, Next the Court House, Notre Dame Street, Montreal. August 29, 1861.

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.

O. J. DEVLIN, NOTARY PUBLIC, OFFICE, 32 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

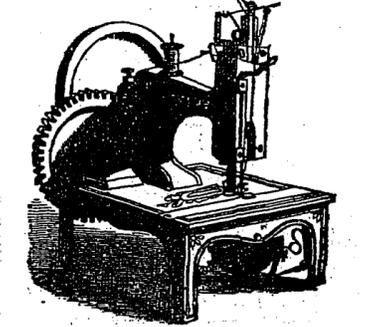
PIERRE R. FAUTEUX, IMPORTER OF DRY GOODS, No. 112, St. Paul Street.

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' Gendlemen's, and Children's Boots and Shoes—Wholesale and Retail. April 6, 1860. 12ms.

No. 19, Great St. James Street. THE Subscriber has received an assortment of Prayer Books, from London, in various elegant styles of Bindings, with Clasps, Rims, &c., bound in velvet, Morocco, and other handsome materials, at prices much below the usual cost of such elegant Bindings. A supply of Missals and Vesper Books. No. 19, Great St. James Street. J. ANDREW GRAHAM. Montreal, Aug. 23.

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

SEWING MACHINES.



E. J. NAGLE'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, 25 PER CENT. UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!! These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarria. THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

TESTIMONIALS have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:— Montreal, April, 1860. We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind. BROWN & CHILDS. Montreal, April, 1860. We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use. CHILDS, SCHOLLS & AMES. Toronto, April 21st, 1860. 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. E. J. NAGLE, Canadian Sewing Machine Depot, 265 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. Factory over Bartley & Gilbert's, Canal Basin, Montreal.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

T. C. DE LORMIER, 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.

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

M. F. COLOVIN, ADVOCATE, &c., No. 30, Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co., MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS, Successors to the late John M'Glosky, 38, Sanguiet 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, Woollens, &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 Rencvated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted. DEVLIN, MURPHY & CO. No. 19, Great St. James Street. THE CHEAPEST MUSIC.

THE Subscriber feels pleasure in announcing that he is Agent in Canada for the CHEAPEST MUSIC PUBLISHED. This Music, published in London, is distinguished for correctness beauty of Engraving, and superiority in every respect, while it is sold for only about ONE THIRD the price of other Music, viz. TEN CENTS (8d.), and larger pieces in proportion. Among others, the compositions of Ascher, Baumbach, Beyer, Beethoven, Cramer, Chopin, Grobe, Herz, Hunte, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Oesten, Plachy, Schallhoff, Thalberg, Weber, &c., &c.; besides, the popular and lighter compositions of the day. The Stock embraces Music of all kinds—English, French, German and Italian, Songs and Ballads, Dance Music, Piano-Forte arrangements, Duets, Solos, &c. Music for Beginners, and Instruction Books. Music for the Violin, Accordion, Concertina, Guitar, &c., &c.,—all distinguished for elegance of appearance, correctness, and WONDERFUL CHEAPNESS. Catalogues can be had on application at No. 19, Great Saint James Street, Montreal. A liberal reduction to Schools, Colleges, Professors, the Trade, or others buying in quantities. STATIONERY of all kinds, BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c., Wholesale or Retail, at Lowest Prices. J. ANDREW GRAHAM.

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. SCHOLASTIC YEAR. TERMS: Board and Tuition.....\$70 00 Use of Bed and Bedding.....7 00 Washing.....10 00 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: Board and Tuition, \$100 per Annum (pays'le half-yearly in Advance.) Use of Library during stay, \$2. The Annual Session commences on the 1st September, and ends on the First Thursday of July. July 21st, 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.

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, 1859.



The Montreal Gazette BOOK AND JOB STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, 36 Great St. James Street, SUPPLIES EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING WITH NEATNESS, ECONOMY AND DISPATCH. Being furnished with POWER PRINTING MACHINES, besides CARD and HAND PRESSES, we are enabled to execute large quantities of work, with great facility. BOOK PRINTING! Having the different sizes of the new SCOTCH CUT and other styles of TYPE, procured expressly for the various kinds of BOOK PRINTING, all CATALOGUES, BY-LAWS, REPORTS, SPEECHES, &c., &c., will be executed with neatness and dispatch, at moderate charges. FANCY PRINTING! Particular attention is paid to COLOURED and ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. The highest style of work, which it was at one time necessary to order from England or the United States, can be furnished at this Establishment, as good, and much cheaper than the imported article. CARDS Of all sizes and styles, can be supplied at all prices, from \$1 per thousand to \$1 for each copy. Particular attention given to BRIDAL CARDS. BILL-HEADS! The newest style of Bill-Heads supplied at a very low figure. SHOW-BILLS! Country Merchants supplied with SHOW-BILLS of the most STRIKING STYLES. BLANK AND RECEIPT BOOKS OF EVERY SIZE AND VARIETY. Jobs ordered by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by Parcel Post. A share of public patronage respectfully solicited. M. LONGMOORE & CO. MONTREAL GAZETTE BUILDINGS, 36 Great St. James Street.

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM-FITTING ESTABLISHMENT. THOMAS M'KENNA, WOULD beg to intimate to his Customers and the Public, that he has R. E. M. O'V. E. D. his Plumbing, Gas and Steam-fitting Establishment

Premises, 36 and 38 Henry Street, BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH AND ST. MAURICE 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. 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 Pimples He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face. Two to three bottles will clear the system of boils. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst cancer in the mouth and stomach. Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas. One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes. Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers. One bottle will cure scaly eruption of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism. Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula. DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adult, one table spoonful per day. Children over eight years, a dessert spoonful; children from five to eight years, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Mr. Kennedy gives personal attendance in bad cases of Scrofula. KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eyes, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a linen rag when going to bed. For Scald Head, you will cut the hair off the affected part, apply the Ointment freely, and you will see the improvement in a few days. For Salt Rheum, rub it well in as often as convenient. For Sores on an inflamed surface, you will rub it in to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in. For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color. This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass. For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces. Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the TRUE WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston.— ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1856. Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors. ST. ANN ALEXIS 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.]