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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1862.

No. 26

AN ACT OF DISOBEDIENCE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

A NARRATIVE OF REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

I cannot account for the fact, but the news of my arrival had preceded me; for, on entering the priest's little parlor, the good man got up from his slender-repast, and without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction, advanced to meet me, and said, with broken voice and streaming eye—

Welcome, Edward Cahill! Thrice welcome to my almost nerveless arms! and warmly embracing me, he pressed his marble lips affectionately to my cheek. 'May Divine Providence be praised for His countless mercies, but especially for permitting me to meet again on earth one of the nearest objects of my early love.—Yes, my son, a good priest loves his people with a tenderness that laymen cannot understand. Sit down—sit down beside me.'

I did sit down—my heart was too full for speech—I wept in silence.

'Edward,' said Father O'Donovan to my uncle, 'send for his sisters, their husbands, and their families. Let a jubilee be held in my house this day. But first, where is my curate?'

'He's coming, your reverence,' said my uncle, pointing to the window, while a look of triumph, which I did not understand, gave an added flush to his usually ruddy cheek. The curate entered—a tall, fine looking young man—in whom I recognized the priest who read the morning prayers. Father O'Donovan raised his fingers in warning to my uncle.

'Come hither my good son!' The curate approached his superior. 'Give me your hand; it has long been my support. There!' said he, placing the young priest's hand in mine—'embrace this gentleman, your namesake—your cousin, Edward Cahill, from America!'

The curate, to my surprise, my cousin flew into my ready embrace. I now understood the feelings which called up my uncle's look of triumph—he was his only son.

'Sit down, my children,' said the old priest.—'What a day of delight to my aged heart! But it has become young again, and garrulity, that silly weakness of old age, has come upon me in full current. Well, I can afford to run riot in joy, for have I not three Edward Cahills before me? But how shall I distinguish between you, all equally dear to me—all the objects of my respect and my esteem—the very pillars of my life—the chief promoters of virtue in my humble, but privileged district? My aged friend's liberality and example have done much, and in times when they were much needed. The zeal, and energy, and patient labors of his son, I will not speak of; his God is his approving witness. But to you,' said he, again grasping my hand, 'who, living in a distant land, so kindly and so generously remembered the poverty of your brethren, to you, myself and my congregation owe an everlasting debt of gratitude. That substantial and commodious temple—my own sweet little dwelling—our noble schools, and the provision for the priest's personal comforts, are your enduring monuments, and tell the tale of your surpassing benevolence—your princely munificence. The spirit of Joseph is within you; the blessing with which he was blessed, has also been poured upon you.'

'Oh! speak not thus, my over-partial father,' replied I; 'call the little I have been enabled to do, the work of restitution, an act of reparation, a sin offering, to atone for the scandal and the affliction my early disobedience occasioned; or let it be known by any other name, through which my ingratitude and my humiliations may be best transmitted to posterity. Believe me, sir, the very abundance that has been heaped upon me—yes, every fresh bounty that flowed in upon me, was received as a humiliation; would, I could say it was received in the spirit of true humility.'

'Well, my dear son, we will not discuss that point at present. Believe me; however, I am not the man to lay a flattering unction to your soul; though I do delight in applying a soothing balm to a wounded spirit. But we must give over, for I perceive we shall have carnal feelings to deal with presently, and feelings such as may be safely indulged without the dread of sin.—Look! Edward Cahill, senior,' said he, smiling, and pointing to the window, 'you have been a laggard; good news, as well as bad, travels rapidly, you perceive; you have lost the gratification and the éclat of the announcement—there they come by scores!'

The old man's finger directed our attention to the window, and there, crowding round the house, we saw not scores alone, but hundreds of the congregation, with pleasure beaming in every countenance; anxious, I could not doubt, to get a glance at the Returned Prodigal. I felt the surging of wounded pride for a moment, but it did not last. Other feelings came, and my soul sunk within me—my father was not there; my

mother!—my mother's mild and gentle presence did not grace the rejoicings. Father O'Donovan perceived my depression, and, laying his hand upon my shoulder, said, in a tone of assumed banter, but true sympathy:

'Come, come, my dear son! a truce to gloomy thoughts. I can read the workings of your spirit; they, whom your eyes seek in vain, may not be pleased spectators. It is not for blind humanity to pierce the inscrutable ways of Omniscience. But soon, very soon, it may be my privilege to carry them the tidings of this happy re-union. Cheer up, I say! Why, man, listen! That hearty, honest, generous, spontaneous *Ce ad milli fallthes* might create a heart under the ribs of death.'

It was no doubt a hearty welcome, and no doubt perfectly sincere. The cheers were repeated and repeated, and the old priest and my good uncle shook with mingled feelings of sympathy and glee. My cousin seemed to watch the scene intently, but without apparent emotion. At length, starting abruptly from his seat, he sprung to the door, and exclaimed to the vociferous crowd:

'Make way there, boys! make way! see who are coming!'

In another minute I found myself encircled by the contending arms of my three sisters, while their husbands and two dozen of their descendants had to wait in patience till the earlier and the stronger claims of nature had been fully satisfied. What a moment of excitement was that! Every scene through which I had gone that day was oppressive. This was the climax. I was worn out; my nervous system completely shattered, and borne down by tender emotions. Father O'Donovan at length interposed, and procured a few minutes' relaxation for my wearied spirit, while a glass of wine and a crust somewhat braced me for further exertion. It may be easily conceived that I had many a question to answer, many an inquirer to satisfy, during my first half-hour among my dear sisters and their promising families. Our epistolary correspondence had given me much information respecting them all, but now I had the loved beings before me, and more than fancy had painted was realized by their presence. The young ones, undeterred by awkward shyness, affectionately clustered round me, and I perceived, with delight, that the countenances of my nephews and nieces, one and all, exhibited some trait, some expression, some little air or manner, that brought to my memory those of my deceased parents. I freely yielded myself up to the inquiry; my heart enjoyed a luxury in the investigation. Father O'Donovan, as every Catholic priest does, knew all the windings and turnings of the human heart. He could read mine perfectly; observing how I was engaged, and wishing to interrupt my train of thought, he broke in upon me with his usual fascinating smile, saying:

'Well, Edward, among all your studies I perceive you have not neglected that of physiognomy. You are familiar with Lavater, no doubt, and you have excellent subjects here for testing the correctness of his principles, or fancies, which you please. Are you speculating on the dispositions of your young friends?'

'Simply tracing likenesses, sir. But I have read the lubrications of that amiable man. He was an acute observer and a pleasing reasoner, yet I am not prepared to admit all his conclusions. I was, however, long before I had heard of his name, a student in that science, if science it be; I found it an amusing and not an unprofitable method of spending a leisure hour and latterly I have indulged my taste in tracing the lineaments of my own family, many of which I find strikingly reproduced (if I may use the expression) in these countenances around me. Formerly, the exercise of this bent, acting perhaps on a warm fancy, threw me upon early reminiscences. Now it casts me across the Atlantic once more, and surrounds me with later, and I may be permitted to say, still dearer associations!'

'My good son,' replied the priest, 'there is a tone of melancholy perceptible in your every word, which I do not like. At present it may have its origin in fatigue, in nervous excitement, or in those softer, conjugal and parental emotions which I cannot pretend to understand. The habitual indulgence of melancholy feelings would be, however, a great crime, and were I your confessor, I should take particular good care to stir you up, and drive that prowling, lurking, insidious, and most subtle tormentor from your mind. I would keep you in constant and energetic action, and deprive him of any, even the slightest peg, on which to hang his sombre cowl.'

'Well, I believe you would be right. Your opinion perfectly coincides with that of my own confessor. I believe, indeed, I am satisfied that my safety lies in action; you should, therefore, find me an obedient penitent. But, dear me, why do these people remain congregated here—and why do they keep vociferating in so uproarious a manner?—they must surely be of very idle habits.'

'Remember, this is a holiday, cousin Edward,' replied the young priest, 'and I can vouch for their habits of industry, sobriety, and, indeed, their practice of every social virtue.'

'Never mind them, my son,' said Father O'Donovan. 'Let them stay there and enjoy themselves—you seem to have forgotten the nature of your warm-hearted, grateful, and, perhaps, I may add with truth, your volatile countrymen. I say with Father Edward, they are not habitually idlers! Indeed, he takes good care that none of them are so. But they believe themselves in the discharge of a duty just now, and would not be easily turned aside from their purpose. They are not all gathered yet, so you must expect to hear a little more from them—rely upon it; continued he, with a droil expression; 'they will not part till they have seen you, till they have a speech from you; don't be shrugging your shoulders, and, (if I must out with it) till they have expressed their gratitude for your various bounties. Ah! look there, Reverend Edward Cahill—look there!—just as it should be, holiday though it is, the school-master and school-mistress have collected their pupils, and there they come, marshalling their army of innocents—there they come, with that true, ready, national feeling, so closely allied to virtue, (in their case the very offspring of virtue) to thank their generous benefactor for the blessings they enjoy from his liberality. Listen to that shout! How quickly do the people perceive, and how justly do they appreciate the grace, and the beauty, and the holiness of that offering, whose odoriferous incense pierces the heavens, and floats to the very throne of the Eternal.—My poor, pious, kind flock.'

The old man's tears stopped his utterance, nor was there one in the room unaffected by his fervor and love. I felt, however, that I was placed in an awkward position, and somehow, as if faith had been broken with me. In a tone of remonstrance, I said:

'Reverend Father—I did not expect this. You know it was my ardent wish that my name should never be connected with these circumstances. In doing these little acts of duty, I did not desire to deprive myself of whatever merit might attach to them; impressed with the sentiments of the poet, I feel that,

'Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name!'

and here I find all my wishes thwarted.'

'Well, my son, I believe we must plead guilty—but in crying *'peccavi'*, I have some little apology to offer. At times,' said he, with an expressive smile, 'I am affected with deafness; again, I have to complain of a treacherous memory; but whatever my weakness or failings may be, I pray that I may never be cursed with an ungrateful heart. Besides, my dear, how should I have been able to teach the poor children to pray for a shadowy patron? They couldn't understand the thing. But hush, do you understand that shout? Isn't that an Irish hurra?—Hush!—another! I'll translate that one if you please; prepare the heads of your discourse, Mr. Cahill; we all know that you can do the thing nate—we have read your speeches before now. There again—they are becoming impatient; they'll take the house by storm. Go, Father Edward—pacify them as best you may;—tell them your cousin and I will be with them immediately. No remonstrance, my son, you can't get over it.'

My cousin proceeded as directed, made the welcome announcement in due form, and received for his trouble another cheer.

'Come, my children,' said Father O'Donovan, rising, 'let us all go together, and get over this affair as soon as possible. Give me your arm, my old friend, and yours, my son. I go well supported, and I shall be well received. Now, my dear, Edward, give us none of your Yankee twaddle; let us have a genuine Irish speech, warm, boiling, gushing from the heart's deepest recesses. Believe me, rude though they may appear, you have an audience that understands what true eloquence means. Come now.'

And so we proceeded. Our appearance at the door elicited three long rounds of applause, and as many *'cead mille fallthes'*. During the continuance of this vociferous expression of feeling, I had time sufficient to survey the assembly;—dressed in their holiday attire, they presented an appearance suggestive of comfort and respectability. With a ready tact, better say good taste, they had arranged themselves in circles round the steps that led to the door; the children of the female schools, with their teachers, formed the inner circle; those of the male school, headed by their master, stood next in order; after that came the elder females, and behind, in strict regularity, stood the men.

When silence had become partially restored, Father O'Donovan raised his hand.—In a moment every head was uncovered—not a sound was to be heard, but all stood waiting like obedient children, anxious to catch the words of a kind and tender father. The good old priest

felt the compliment and proceeded—

'I thank you, my dear friends, for this mark of your kindness—you are ever considerate.—You know my physical energies are sadly on the decline; my voice is now weak, and cannot fill a great compass; so if you wish to catch the meaning of the few words I have to say, you will preserve the silence which now prevails, and do, I pray you, listen to me without either remark or applause. When younger speakers address you, why then give scope to your honest feelings. My friends, to say nothing of the battles that poor Ireland has had to fight for her religion, we ourselves have had many troubles; even in this humble and retired district, persecution sought and found us out—but she found us, though a very insignificant portion, yet a perfect emblem of God's Church. She found us a united body, that bribes could not tempt, nor poverty separate. Many a time and oft have the clouds of misfortune lowered upon us, but still Divine Providence always raised some means to extricate us from the threatened danger. We have not wanted our days of rejoicing, and we rejoiced together. The day on which our chapel was consecrated, was indeed a day of holy triumph. The first feast we held in my sweet little parochial dwelling was a feast of love, and a source of gratitude and thanksgiving. The day on which our splendid schools were opened, formed an era in our history, from which a succession of blessings may be dated. Then what must this day be to you, and to me, when the Author of all Good puts it in my power to present to you his worthy and unselfish agent who has wrought for you, and me, and our successors, those great and special blessings! Yes, the unostentatious author under God, of nameless benefits, both spiritual and temporal; the humble Christian, who lets not the left hand know what the right hand doeth, who would have concealed from you for ever the name of your benefactor, had it not been for my weak old heart, and garrulous old tongue, that could not keep such a secret.'

'Small blame to your Reverence,' exclaimed a loud voice, 'such a secret isn't given under the seal of confession!'

'Be quiet, Tim Dooley,' said the priest, smiling, 'you have broken the thread of my discourse. May be I have another and a greater secret yet; but *vido hocht* is the word—so you shan't hear it at present, and that is the punishment I inflict for your interruption: I have done. Here is your benefactor; receive him as you think he merits.'

A cheer, which continued for several seconds, followed the priest's sly hint; and when silence was obtained, I said:

'My good friends your kindness to-day has put me into rather an awkward position. Little fitted for addressing a popular at any time, I feel quite incapable for the task to-day. Fatigued with a long voyage, and oppressed by tender emotions, which, in part, you may understand, but which I pray none of you may ever experience, in all the acuteness which my cruel and unnatural act of disobedience entailed upon me—'

'*Bido hocht, avick!*' exclaimed an old man. 'Our God's no tyrant; if He's offended by sin, He's pacified by penance; and you, 'no seacht n'amun asthee tu,' (seven times as dear as the soul within me—)'

'Hould your whisht, Barney Farrell,' said another, 'the gentleman'll have forgot the Irish tongue afore now, an' small blame to him for that same.'

I felt obliged for this interruption. It gave me time to recall my fluttered spirits, and to correct the bad taste which permitted me to yield to my habitual tendency to melancholy. Assuming something like gaiety, I replied:

'My old friend is right; our good God does forgive, and more readily than we seek for pardon; but you, my friend, pointing to the last speaker, 'have fallen into a mistake; I have not forgotten my mother tongue—my beautiful and most expressive vernacular—but I have added to my early knowledge, have studied it grammatically, and have read many of the best books that have been written in that language; will that please you, boys?'

'Hurra! hurra! Augh, isn't he is a darlin'—Irish in heart and soul, by the powers.'

These and similar exclamations rung out from all points for some seconds; I continued:—

'Yes, you are right; I am Irish in heart and soul. Thirty years' absence from my native land has not been able to deaden even one particle of that Irish feeling given to me at my birth nurtured into a holy flame by my admirable parents, and cherished with a fond and yearning love as my chief enjoyment in the land of the stranger.—Anxiously did I trace the fortunes of my country, and sympathise with her in all her hopes and in all her disappointments. Oh, how I gloried in the proud, unyielding faithfulness of my Celtic brethren, who loved Ireland for her tears and sufferings; but who loved her imperishable faith still better. Yes, an unwavering and generous attachment to his 'creed' is the prevail-

ing trait in the character of an Irishman; every other feeling, passion, or emotion, every temporal interest, dwindles into insignificance before the one governing principle of his mind.

'Oh, yes, all patriotic though he is, an Irishman can be induced to leave the land of his birth he can bid adieu to the scenes of his infancy, however endeared to his heart, however hallowed by early recollections, or engraven on his soul by the tenderest of human passions. In pursuit of either liberty or fortune, he could wander houseless through the wilds of America, could brave the severest toils, and with patient and undaunted spirit, could deny himself rest, food and clothing. But there is one comfort, one solace, one blessing, he cannot bear to want; he cannot want his priest. He cannot live without religion. Earth has no sufficiency for his longings. He aspires to the joy of supernatural communion, to the fellowship of saints and angels. With them he must pour out, at the blessed sacrifice, his heart's warm, deep adoration. He must have the consolation and the sustaining grace of the holy sacraments, he must be permitted to shed tears of contrition at the foot of the cross, or life has no solid charm for him. Here are the principles which tied me to my people! How could I not admire and glory in the contemplation of the magnanimous, enduring, self-denying, devoted Catholic heart of Ireland, that neither persecution, nor bribery, nor famine, nor pestilence, nor death, can turn from the path of duty; whose firm adherence to the faith of Christ is heaven's own gift, and the world's great boast; whose allegiance to the Church is unconditional, whose obedience to her ministers is the strongest principle of the heard, and the warmest sentiment of the Celtic heart!'

'Augh, where would be the use of commissioned teachers, if we didn't obey them?' exclaimed a grey-haired sire.

'And, may be, we wouldn't know how to die for the *sogath*, (priest) if there was any sharp call, rejoined a burly, stout man, with rather a determined air.

'Well my friend,' replied I, 'that is an oblation which I trust you will never be called on to make. But there is another offering greater still—more gratifying to the priest, more pleasing at the throne of grace, and which you may present every hour of your life, with full assurance of a ready acceptance; I mean the sacrifice of your own will. Do that, and you shall know peace.'

'A nate hit, an' well deserved, Jerry!' exclaimed a third; 'by the powers, Father Edward, wid all his knowledge av ye, could hardly plant it wid more skill.'

Jerry hung his head in shame, and I continued:—

'But, my friends, while my spirit revelled with delight in national manifestations, which proudly told the story of my oppressed but unshrinking country, my heart's keenest emotions, my regrets, my hopes and wishes, still hovered round the scenes of my boyhood, which a faithful memory re-painted in all the glowing colors with which my spirit in the days of my innocence had depicted them; but my soul clung to them more tenaciously, because they were further hallowed by the cherished remembrance of those whose parental feelings I had engaged, but whose loved images have never been for a single day absent from my heart.'

'*Bido hocht avick!*' interrupted my former censor, who seemed the respected patriarch of the party, 'Did't I remind you already that our God was no tyrant?'

'Augh, I wish in my soul,' said a young man, 'we had fifty thousand sinners in all respects like yourself! Would't it be a glorious sight for old Ireland! An' then what a comfortable thought that not a man of them could be lost, as they have the promise, *'Blessed are the merciful.'*

'Well,' said I, 'we will not discuss that point of theology just now, nor shall I at present trespass further on your patience, so—'

'Augh, wait till we complain of your taidousness,' said an old and respectable looking woman, 'and in thrath you'll wait awhile, a *hiskey!*'

'True for you, Mrs. Maguire!' chimed in another speaker; 'it was well said of you; we could listen with delight to his mother's son till the hour av midnigh, an' niver weary!'

'Well, my friends, you will please excuse me at present; I am much fatigued, and require rest; I have some weeks to remain among you yet, and I purpose being a frequent visitor to you all. Father Edward, in his leisure hours, will make me acquainted with you. Accept my best thanks for the proofs you have given me of your kind feelings; carry home with you my sincere wishes for your temporal and eternal welfare, and remember that before I quit my native shore, I promise myself the pleasure of seeing you all at a public meeting in the future. Farewell for the present.'

I was greeted with three cheers, and after a few words of counsel from Father Edward, the

People departed for their respective homes in the most orderly manner possible. A dinner was served at the priest's house...

Erer averse to notoriety, now most anxious to enjoy privacy, and as much as possible to escape the prying curiosity of the servants...

(To be Continued.)

LAWyer. JUSTICE.—There is a very remarkable decision of the Assistant-Barrister for the County of Mayo, reported in the last number of the Connaught Patriot...

One of the heaviest charges brought against the Irish peasantry is, that they assume the right to sit in judgment upon the conduct of their landlords...

and properly so, as a malefactor whose offence calls for the severest punishment. And yet when, as in this Partry case, he takes the right course...

We have not overlooked the observation of the Assistant Barrister, that "had it been proved that the defendant knew Costello to have been there for the purpose of serving a writ...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate of all Ireland, has published the following letter, condemning secret societies, and especially the Riband Confederacy.

"My dear Father Belaney, I am anxious to reply without delay to your esteemed favour of the 26th inst. Nothing could give me a higher idea of the powers for evil possessed by the leaders of the wicked Riband combination...

Archbishop of Armagh.

ARCHDEACON O'SULLIVAN ON SECRET SOCIETIES.—The Freeman's Journal of Tuesday publishes the following which it states was supplied to the Tralee Chronicle by a Kenmare correspondent...

the lads who got up this room, who have registered in Dublin, who correspond with the leaders of this wild movement, while the poor thoughtless lads who fancy that because they look no other way...

fact looked down upon them until I went among them and saw in a few days how they were really misled and mistaken. Their attention to your wants, their readiness to relieve them, and their generosity...

SECRET SOCIETIES.—From various sources we learn that agents, employed for the purpose, are going through the country, swearing in young men in a "brotherhood" for some political and illegal object.

There is no safety, and no advantage, in secret confederation in Ireland. We know no land in which it is beneficial in a political or national sense.

And yet, they would invite enthusiastic if gifted young men to conspire, without the chance of accomplishing any thing worth the indignity of a handcuff and the atrocity of a halter, the notoriety of a state dock, or the severe perhaps fatal afflictions of a penal settlement.

The Kerry Post, in a recent number, states that the Secret Society, which has been banished from Kenmare, has found its way into, and made some lodgments in this town. We do not share in the apprehensions of our cotemporary on the subject...

FATHER DALY'S SUSPENSION.—As several conflicting rumors are afloat respecting this unpleasant event, we have been requested by some of the townspeople to forward you a full and circumstantial and truthful account of the whole affair.

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE... GEORGE S. OLBRE... Montreal, Friday, Feb. 7, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

The tone of the press, both in France and Great Britain, would seem to indicate that, unless the Northern States are prepared to assert, very decidedly and very speedily, their power to crush the Southern Confederacy...

We are now getting well on into the second month of the year, and yet no decided advantages have been gained by the North over the "rebels," although in December it was confidently asserted that the rebellion would be put down, crushed, and trampled under foot before the end of January.

Carried into execution, they would be a source of retributive, and was intended not to protect the coast of the loyal States from invasion, but to cripple the war resources of the enemy...

The affairs of Italy remain unchanged; but so violent are the disputes in the Italian Parliament, that the attempt to construct a United Italy must be abandoned as hopeless.

CANADA AND IRELAND.—The British press recognises, and with justice, and with good reason congratulates itself upon, the loyalty of the Catholics of Lower Canada.

This is all very true, and very well. The Catholics of Canada are loyal, and have abundant reason to be, loyal to Great Britain, and to shrink with feelings stronger than mere loathing, from the prospect of annexation to the United States.

The Catholics of Ireland, the people of Ireland, have not thus been dealt with by their rulers. They have been virtually treated, until of late years, as a conquered and subject people.

But had Catholic Ireland been treated as Catholic Lower Canada has been treated by Great Britain; had she, like Canada, been allowed her own Legislature, her own Church, and the control over her own internal affairs—Ireland would be to-day, what Lower Canada is; and it is to the gross injustice of Great Britain towards Ireland, and not to any inherent defect in the Irish character, that writers who comment upon the contrast between Ireland and Lower Canada should, and if they were honest would, attribute the want of affection on the part of the former towards British rule.

Naturally there are not men more loyal and true to their plighted faith than are the Irish. Witness their fidelity during the last century to the Continental sovereigns under whom they took service, and whose armies they so often led to victory; witness the loyalty of the great mass of the Irish Catholics in the Northern States, despite of the usage that they have therein received; and we may be sure that, if they are not enthusiastically loyal in Ireland towards British rule, it is the fault of the latter, and not of the Irish heart, or of the religion which the people of Ireland cling to with a martyr's faith.

These are truisms, we shall be told—facts so patent to the most superficial observer that it is idle to insist upon them. And yet, self-evident and patent as are these facts, British statesmen will persist in ignoring them, and in treating those who insist upon them, as agitators, as visionaries, as disaffected, and foolish dreamers.

Oh Jerusalem! wept Our Lord over the doomed City, "if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." So too a thick darkness seems, whenever the question of Ireland is mooted, to descend upon the best and wisest of British statesmen.

As British statesmen have sown, so have they reaped. In Ireland a bitter, a most bitter harvest; but in Canada a rich and plentiful crop of loyalty and good will.

PROTESTANTISM IN GERM.—There has been—as our readers will perceive by referring to our Irish items of intelligence—an unpleasant altercation between His Lordship the Bishop of Galway, and one of the parochial clergy—the Rev. Mr. Daly. The latter having persisted, in spite of the kindly admonitions, remonstrances, and positive injunctions of the Bishop, in taking an active and prominent part in secular politics, had been suspended from the exercise of his sacred functions.

We allude to this painful transaction, not in order to criticise either the action of the Bishop, or the conduct of the suspended priest—for it is not for us to sit in judgment upon our ecclesiastical superiors; but merely for the sake of showing how conclusively and unconsciously our definition of Protestantism, as implying merely revolt against, or negation of, ecclesiastical authority, is confirmed by Protestants.

In the opposition offered by the Rev. Mr. Daly's friends to the act of the Bishop, there cannot be detected the faintest trace of Lutheranism or Calvinism or any other Protestantism considered as a phase of Christianity, but simply an act of revolt against ecclesiastical authority; and yet in that simple act of revolt, which does not imply any belief either in the sole authority of Scripture, or in the doctrine of justification by faith only—in which, according to the Christian Guardian, Protestantism consists—our Protestant contemporaries above cited, find, and with good reason, "the germs of a Protestant spirit." Not of a Christian, but simply of a "Protestant spirit"—that is to say, a spirit of revolt against ecclesiastical authority—in which, according to the TRUE WITNESS, all Protestantism essentially consists.

derived or proceeds, as from its first or formal principle. They germinate as Protestantism, and contain in embryo the whole of Protestantism, and is the first or formal principle from whence it proceeds. But upon Protestant testimony, resistance to the authority of a Catholic Bishop, though not grounded upon any distinctive views of the doctrines of Christianity, and in which Unitarians and infidels might as consistently take part as evangelicals and orthodox Calvinists—is satisfactory evidence of the existence of the "germs of a Protestant spirit." What then must that spirit be when fully developed?

Thus we see that Protestants confound Protestantism and infidelity; and tacitly admit that in "germ" the two things are identical. "The people"—says the writer quoted by the Montreal Witness—"have revolted against this mandate of the Bishop;" and it is in this revolt itself—not in the motives to, or the results of the revolt—that our Protestant contemporaries find the "germs of a Protestant spirit."

All Protestants know that this is strictly true, though few have the honesty to admit it. By them, revolt against episcopal mandates, no matter what may be the purport of the mandates revolted against, is always accepted, and gladly hailed as a sign of a "Protestant spirit."

THE CENSUS.—The several journals of the Province give an analysis of the late census, which discloses some features very acceptable to Catholics, and to the friends of French Canadian nationality.

The total population of the Province is 2,506,755. Of these, very nearly one half, or 1,200,870, are Catholics, and the remainder, 1,305,885 are Protestants, or non-Catholics, of various denominations.

If numbers alone constituted political strength, we should find in the above figures a full assurance, both for the preservation of our civil and religious liberties in the Lower Province, and for the triumph of Freedom of Education in the Upper. But numbers without union profit little; and it is because Catholics, unfortunately, have not been united, that the minority of Western Canada have still to complain of vexatious restraints upon their schools; and that the majority of Eastern Canada find themselves constantly menaced by the Clear Grits with constitutional changes, which by altering the relative strength of the two sections of the Province in the Legislature, would have the effect of placing the civil and religious liberties, the ecclesiastical, charitable, and educational endowments, of Lower Canada at the mercy of their unscrupulous enemies.

treat every man, every party, who or which takes up the cry for "Representation by Population" as a political enemy, as it is the duty of the latter to insist upon "Freedom of Education" for the Catholic minority of the West. These truths are so self-evident, that it would seem as if it were a work of supererogation to insist upon them; and yet they have been so often shamefully neglected, that it is equally evident that either they are not believed, or that they are deemed of less importance than the paltry interests of place and party.

The Canadian however recognises the truth, and we are delighted to place it on record:—"So long as the Union of the Canadian subsists, the Catholics of Upper Canada will stand in need of us to resist the efforts of a fanatical Protestantism, as we stand in need of them to resist the efforts of Upper Canadian Clear-Gritism. A common danger should make but one single cause, of the cause of the Catholics of Upper Canada, and that of the French Canadians of the Lower Province."—Canadian.

These are words of truth and wisdom; and if there be still amongst us aught of capacity for ether, we shall lay them to heart: There has not hitherto prevailed that union betwixt the Catholics of the two sections of the Province which the common interests of Catholicity require. There have been faults on both sides. Some have been too intent, on one side, upon propping up a Ministry, to note its faults and shortcomings on the School Question—and to insist upon justice to the Catholic minority of Upper Canada. Others, on the other side, have been equally culpable in preferring their particular or merely local interests to the general interests of the Church; and neither the one nor the other has the right to launch out into accusations or reproaches, as if the fault were entirely on one side.

Instead, therefore, of indulging in mutual recriminations, let us seek rather to avoid in the future, those errors which have done so much injury to the common cause, in the past. On many minor points we may well, indeed must, be permitted to differ; but there are two, upon which there should, there can, be no difference of opinion amongst the Catholics of Canada. One—that it is the right of Catholic parents to educate their children as they please without interference from the State; and that every restriction upon the exercise of this right, is a monstrous injustice.—The other, that the people of Catholic Lower Canada—having, when immensely the superior, in point of numbers of the people of Upper Canada, been restricted to an equal number of representatives in Parliament with the latter—have the right to insist that now, that the population of Upper Canada is slightly in excess of that of the Catholic section of the Province, an equality of representatives in Parliament still be allotted to them.

Every man who adopts these two points in his confession of political faith is our friend; every man who opposes them, or who refuses to adopt both, is, and ever shall be treated by us as our enemy.

Thus for years has been the political platform of the TRUE WITNESS, and nothing shall ever persuade us to make any the slightest modification therein. Earnestly do we request the concurrence therein if our co-religionists of Upper Canada; to whom the maintenance of Equality of Representation in a United Legislature is of vital importance—since upon it their Separate Schools and their civil and religious liberties depend; earnestly do we invite the co-operation of our Catholic contemporaries;—and we do so with the more confidence because we have before our eyes an article from the Toronto Mirror, wherein that journal clearly exposes and strongly denounces the anti-Catholic policy of the Reform party; and makes profession of the same political principles as those of which the TRUE WITNESS ever has been, and ever will be, the uncompromising advocate. We make some extracts from the article in the Toronto Mirror by us alluded to:—

"We deal with an energetic antagonist, backed by a strong and united body, who will fight against us with the virulence of men who feel that it is their last struggle for the cause of Protestant ascendancy. It will require our whole strength and ability to make headway against such spirits. The moment we exhibit weakness or cowardice, we are beaten. The enemy has entered the field in truth and in earnest; and the men or body of men who stand parleying with him, and who would talk of conciliation at the expense of any portion of our rights or liberties, is his best and most effective ally. We can only preserve ourselves from the hopeless and subordinate lot which has fallen to the lot of the Catholic minorities of New Hampshire and Vermont, (perhaps under Providence as a warning to us) by standing shoulder to shoulder, and uniting ourselves with the enlightened and liberal portion of our Protestant fellow citizens who are in favour of maintaining intact the constitution of the country." On this subject, we find in the last issue of the True Witness (the well-known and esteemed organ of the Irish Catholics of Montreal) a few remarks so noble and patriotic that we cannot forbear quoting them for the benefit of our readers:—

"Catholics of all origins, whether residents of Eastern or Western Canada, are immediately interested in one another's welfare. A blow dealt to religious liberty in Toronto, or on the shores of the Lakes, must be felt in Quebec, and along the banks of the St. Lawrence; and if one portion of the body Catholic suffers, all the other members of the body must needs suffer with it. Our common enemy, but our common cause, has persuaded us that, betwixt the Catholics of the Western Province, and those of the Lower, there should be no sympathy or feeling, no unity of action. They seek to exaggerate and perpetuate jealousies of race; and by all means in their power, strive to possess themselves of the reins of the government of the Province, which alone can check the free trade in intolerance and Protestant fanaticism."—True Witness.

Nothing could be more certain than that any attempt to cordially unite the Catholics of the West with the well known and proved enemies of the Catholics of Lower Canada...

The most extraordinary circumstance connected with Mr. Brown's new move to upset the Constitution, and either to pass Representation by Population or Repeal of the Union...

To all which we heartily respond—Amen.

We have heard a great deal in our day about Austrian tyranny and Russian autocracy, about French espionage and Neapolitan police systems; but for genuine, unadulterated espionage and police polity...

In the first place, had this happened to an Englishman on the Boulevards of Paris, with the slight exchange of the words Napoleon for The Queen...

He feels himself secure in his strength—it is only the weaker cur that feels it an insult. A single spark is then only dangerous when it is surrounded by combustibles...

Mr. Gladstone has told us strange and romantic tales of the doings of the Bourbon police in Naples; but the continental reader of Galvani when he finds this Queenstown case recorded therein...

SACERDOS.

IRISH RELIEF MEETING IN QUEBEC.

We are indebted to the Quebec Chronicle for the following report:—

On Sunday, the 2nd instant, a meeting of the congregation of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, was held in the Hall of the St. Patrick's Catholic and Literary Institute...

The chair was taken by the Rev. B. McGarran, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, who explained the objects of the meeting at some length.

The following resolutions were adopted unanimously. Moved by the Hon. O. Alley, M. P. P., Provincial Secretary...

Resolved,—That we learn with pain that in some of the agricultural districts of Ireland, distress now prevails to an alarming extent...

Resolved,—That whilst deeply regretting the absence of institutions adequate to the maintenance of the poorer classes in Ireland...

Resolved,—That a subscription list be opened forthwith and an appeal made to the citizens generally...

Resolved,—That to carry out the foregoing resolutions the following gentlemen be appointed collectors to wait upon the citizens...

St. Lewis Ward—Messrs. E. G. O'Connell, M. A. Hearn, P. Henchey, Edward O'Leary, B. Hartigan, John Lilly, Hugh O'Neill, R. W. Behan, and E. Duggan.

St. Peter's Ward—H. O'Connell, J. C. Nolan, P. Whitty, Thomas Burns, Wm. Conroy, T. M. O'Connell, P. Shee, Frs. Waters, Wm. Quinn, and L. Stafford.

St. Roch's Ward—Charles Peters, Joseph Archer, John O'Leary, John Lane, P. Lawlor, Robert Gamble, Denis Goveaney, Robert McGreevey, Thomas McLaughlan, Alex. Leonard, Thomas Delaney, M. Cullen, John Dunn, and W. Russell.

St. John's Ward—J. T. G. Murphy, P. O'Regan, John Gray, John Brophy, John Jordan, J. A. Green, and Stephen Lambert.

That this Committee meet again on Saturday evening, at seven o'clock. Signed, J. NOLAN, Secretaries. D. O'CONNOR.

A RELIEF MEETING AT ST. COLOMBE.

A meeting of the parishioners of St. Colombe de Sillery was also held after Divine Service on Sunday morning last. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. P. H. Harkin, cura, and a series of resolutions were adopted...

IRISH RELIEF MEETING IN BROCKVILLE.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Brookville, Feb. 2, 1862. Sir—On Saturday evening last, a Special Meeting of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Association of this town was held in the Separate School House...

The President of the Society, Mr. C. F. Fraser, took the Chair; and in eloquent and pathetic language explained the objects of the meeting. He said—Although but a brief and hasty warning for this meeting has been given...

Moved by Mr. John Brady, and seconded by Mr. Joseph McGraw, and

Resolved,—That, as Irishmen and descendants of Irishmen, we claim it to be our first and dearest duty to extend to our suffering countrymen every possible assistance...

Moved by N. J. Agnen, and seconded by W. Manly, and

Resolved,—That the President be and is hereby authorised to draw upon the Treasurer of this Society for the sum of one hundred dollars...

THE IRISH RELIEF MEETING IN COBOURG.

On Thursday evening, the 30th ult., a meeting was held in the R. C. Separate School room, Cobourg, for the purpose of taking into consideration the suffering condition of the famine-stricken in Ireland...

On motion of Mr. T. Duigan, seconded by Dr. Fergus, the Rev. M. Timlin was called to the chair, and Mr. M. Cunningham was requested to act as Secretary.

The Rev. gentleman, on taking the chair, explained the object of the meeting in a brief but feeling address. In the course of his remarks he said, that considering the suffering and privations prevalent in many parts of Ireland...

These facts, he said, we have learned from the most authentic sources, and alas! for our poor bleeding and suffering country, the reality is beyond the reach of cavil.

The following Resolutions were then proposed and unanimously adopted:— Moved by Mr. John Marron, and seconded by Mr. Thos. Braniff, and

Resolved,—That it is with the most profound sorrow this Society has learned from a quarter not to be discredited, that the Western districts of Ireland are again visited with the terrible scourge of famine...

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—Comparatively speaking I am a stranger amongst you. As I am, as you know, but a very short time a member of your truly benevolent Society...

Moved by Mr. D. McAllister, seconded by Doctor P. G. Fergus, and

God! Ireland again visited with the awful scourge of famine! "She that was great among the nations of the earth, all her people sigh; they seek bread, and it is nothing to ruin all ye that pass her by?"

Resolved,—That the following gentlemen be a Committee to carry out the objects of the foregoing resolutions, and to solicit subscriptions and donations from their fellow citizens generally...

Moved by Mr. J. Pidgeon, seconded by Mr. P. O'Flynn. Resolved,—That as soon as the several Collectors shall have made their returns to the Rev. Mr. Timlin, the amount be forwarded to our beloved Bishop...

On the motion of Mr. John J. Fegan, seconded by Mr. Peter Cummins, Rev. Mr. Timlin, was moved from the chair, and the same was taken by Dr. Fergus.

A vote of thanks was then passed to the Rev. gentleman for his dignified conduct in the chair, and for the christian spirit and genuine charity manifested by him in pleading the cause of our indigent and famine-stricken fellow-countrymen.

The meeting was addressed by most of the movers and seconders of the above resolutions, and many heart-rending scenes portrayed, by individual witnesses, of the dreadful carnage made by the famine in '46 and '47.

Such meetings prove the generosity of the Irish, and the obedience and fidelity with which they cling to their Bishops and Pastors. Will Sir Robert Peel learn from the action which is being taken in Canada, and all over this continent, in behalf of the starving Irish...

MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM, Secretary. Cobourg, Feb. 1st, 1862.

MONTRÉAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

[It is to be borne in mind that the following quotations, unless otherwise specified, are for round lots sold to shippers or produce dealers, and that the latter as a matter of course, must charge higher rates to their customers.]

Flour—Pollards, \$2.25 to \$2.75; Middings, \$2.90 to \$3.25; Fine, \$3.80 to \$4.00; Superfine, No. 2, \$4.00 to \$4.70; Superfine, \$4.85 to \$4.90; Fancy, \$5 to \$5.15; Extra, \$5.30 to \$5.50; Double Extra, \$5.50 to \$6; Bags, \$2.00 to \$2.70 per 112 lbs.

Wheat—In good demand at \$1.05 extra for U. C. Spring;—probably \$1.00 or more would be paid for a large lot. No sale for Winter Wheat.

Oatmeal per bbl. of 200 lbs \$4 to \$4.20; per bag of 112 lbs, 10s to 10s 6d.

Butter—The range is about 11 to 14 cents. The market is bare.

Pork—Prime, \$9; Prime Mess, \$12; Mess \$12.50 to \$13.—Montreal Witness.

HIS R. R. BISHOP TACHE.

A BAZAAR in aid of the Mission of the RBD RIVER will be opened at LONGUEUIL, in the College Hall, on MONDAY the 17th FEBRUARY. At this Bazaar, which will be continued till Saturday night...

TO SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

WANTED A Situation by a young man as a First or Second Class TEACHER, in either town or country. Testimonials and References unexceptionable.

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, MONTREAL. AN ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY will be held at the St. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING next, 10th inst. The Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock. P. O'MEARA, Assistant Sec. Sec. Feb. 6, 1862.

WINTER GOODS,

AT TWENTY PER CENT. DISCOUNT, (One Shilling Off each Dollar) FOR CASH, AT M'DUNNOUGH, MUIR & CO.'S, 185 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. Jan. 23.

NOTICE.

Newspapers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Stationery; School Books, Children's Books, Song Books, Almanacs, Diaries and Postage Stamps, for sale at DALTON'S News Depot, Corner of Craig and St. Lawrence Streets, Montreal. Jan. 17, 1862.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR.

160 DOZEN LUBIN'S PERFUMERY, JUST RECEIVED; Winter Blossom, Jockey Club, Millefleur, Kiss-me-Quick, &c., &c.,—25 6d per Bottle. A large and choice assortment of Scented-Capped and other Fancy Smelling Bottles, Vases, &c., of every description and price; Fancy Soaps in boxes, for presents. SYRUPS: Ginger, Lemon, Pineapple, Orange, Sarsaparilla, &c., in Bottles; 1s 3d; Quarts, Bottles, 1s 6d; equal in quality superior to any in the city. R. J. DEVINS, OHRMIST, Next the Court-House, Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

PARIS, Jan. 13. (The Journal des Debats) will not easily give up the Emperor Napoleon for his support to England in the African Mission...

The Constitutional remarks as follows on the article of the Debats of the 11th, from which I gave a few extracts:—

The Washington Cabinet has done itself honor in the eyes of the civilized world by giving to England the satisfaction which was due to her.

As that the Washington Cabinet has adopted the only line of conduct which could save its country from the calamities of a disastrous war...

Paris, Jan. 12.—The Moniteur of this morning says:—“The Emperor having taken into consideration the wish of the Masonic Order in France to maintain a central representation...

An esteemed correspondent writes to us (Tablet) from Paris.—The anxiety created throughout the whole Catholic world in consequence of the late measures adopted by M. de Persigny in regard to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul...

In 1856 the States which signed the Treaty of Paris came to a resolution that in cases of international dispute the parties should, as far as circumstances permit, have recourse to the good offices of a third Power.

M. ABOUT AND PLOU-PLOU.—Our readers are doubtless too familiar with the name of M. Edmond About and his antecedents to require any further information on that point from us.

A Paris letter on this subject says:—“M. About's new play, ‘Gastana,’ has disappeared from the Odeon playbill. Last night, the fourth representation, the row was so great that the Manager let the curtain fall before the third act was over...

The following report has been addressed to the Emperor by the Minister of the Interior on the census of the empire:—“I have the honor of laying before your Majesty the tables of computation of the population of the empire, prepared in virtue of your decree of the 2nd of March, 1861. The last census, that of 1856, gave as the population of the 86 departments the number of 28,939,364. On the 1st of January, 1862, the population of the 89 departments amounted to 37,382,225 souls...

Italy.—The true situation of the Kingdom of Italy is not as bright as it appears. The population is increasing, but the resources are not keeping pace with the needs of the state.

FRANCE.—The Emperor's recent actions have caused a great deal of discussion in the press and among the public. Some praise his energy, while others criticize his policies.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.—The Roman question remains a complex and contentious issue. The interests of the Italian people and the papacy are often in conflict.

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Admiral Milne's fleet has been ordered to the North Atlantic. The fleet consists of several powerful ships, including the Admiral's flagship, the Hood, and several other vessels.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—We extract the following Statistical Summary from the Catholic Directory for 1862:—

Table showing Catholic statistics in Great Britain for 1862, including columns for Priests, Churches, Chapels, and Stations, Communities of Men, and Colleges. Data is provided for England and Scotland.

The numbers slightly vary from those given in the Dioceses, in consequence of the Communities being here included.

The Catholic Directory of 1859 gave the following figures:

Table showing Catholic statistics in Great Britain for 1859, including columns for Priests, Churches, Chapels, and Stations, Communities of Men, and Colleges. Data is provided for England and Scotland.

The progress made in the last three years is more clearly shown in the following table:—

Table comparing Catholic statistics between 1859 and 1862, showing increases in Priests, Churches, and Communities of Men.

The increase in the three years is: of Bishops and Priests, 165; of Churches, chapels, and stations, 93; of communities; 16; of convents; 52; of colleges, 1.

It is an increase of 134 per cent on the numbers of the Bishops of Clergy, an increase of 10 per cent on the number of churches and chapels; an increase of 47 per cent on the number of communities of men; and an increase of 9 per cent on the number of colleges.

The Times gives some statements showing the recent rapid and energetic action of the Admiralty. Five weeks ago Admiral Milne had in North America a squadron of line of battle ships, ten first class frigates, and seventeen powerful armed corvettes and sloops, all steamers, and mounting in all 850 guns.

000 guns. Some of those vessels have sailed, and are already on the station. Others are on their way out, and others only await their sailing orders to start at a moment's notice.

When the Duke of Wellington was asked whether he was not surprised beyond Waterloo, he is said to have replied, “No; but I am now.”

Professing to be exhaustive, it leaves untouched three-fourths of the whole field of argument already familiar to the readers of this journal. Professing to be logical, it quietly “assumes” the most material of all the points that it is to be proved—viz., that the circumstance that the Trent was proceeding from a neutral port to another neutral port does not modify the rights of the belligerent Power.

In another article on the same subject, and alluding to Mr. Seward's despatch, the Times says:—“We are told that in the same breath that the claim is just, but that if the safety of the Union required the detention of the captured prisoners it would be the right and duty of the Government to detain them.”

FAILURE OF A SAVINGS BANK.—SERIOUS DEPARTURES.—A PROSPERANT CLEVELANDIAN.—The Bilton Savings Bank has suspended payment in consequence of serious default on the part of the manager, who is a person of high standing.

other savings banks, who, as we have been informed, have already been alarmed by the failure of the Bank of Deposit and other notorious savings banks.

MASSACHUSETTS AND PURITAN JUSTICE - Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, recently addressed to the Legislature of that State a very interesting and somewhat unique message. Among the measures which his Excellency recommended was a repeal of all laws discriminating between and foreign born citizens.

An amusing sword presentation was made on the 17th ult. by the officers of the 78th Pennsylvania to their Colonel, Wm. Sirwell.

MASSON COLLEGE, AT TERREBONNE, NEAR MONTREAL. THE object of this splendid institution, is to give to the youth of this country a practical education in both languages - French and English.

BOARD. THREE or FOUR GENTLEMEN can be accommodated with BOARD at 354 LAGAUCHETIERE STREET, four doors from St. Urbain Street.

ARCHBISHOP KENRICK'S THEOLOGY. Complete in 5 vols. 8vo. Reduced in Price from \$16 to \$10.

THEOLOGIA MORALIS. quam concinnavit Franciscus Patricius Kenrick, Archiepiscopus Baltimorensis, Secundum Curis Auctoris. We are happy in being able to announce, that we are now ready to furnish the complete body of MORAL THEOLOGY, prepared by our Most Rev. Archbishop.

NEW BOOKS, PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY D. & J. SADLER & CO., MONTREAL.

NEW SERIES OF CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOOKS. THE METROPOLITAN ILLUSTRATED READERS. Compiled by a Member of the Order of the Holy Cross. The Metropolitan Series of Readers, although only a short time published, have been introduced into a large number of our Schools and Colleges.

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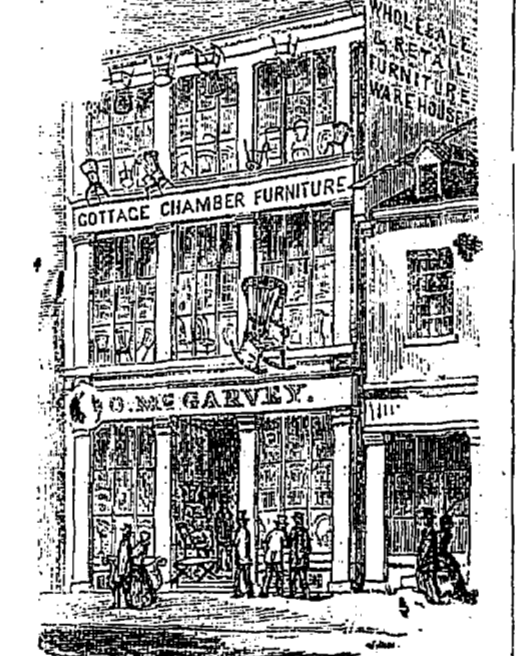
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FATHER OSWALD, O. S. B., President. Assumption College, Sandwich, C. W. Sept. 14, 1861.



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