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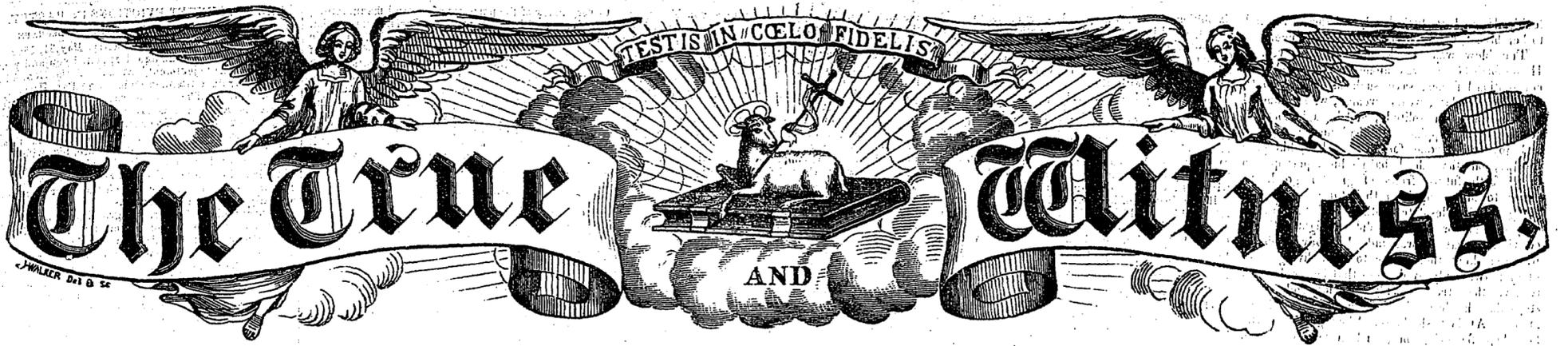
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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GRACE AYTON:

OR, THE YOUNG WIFE'S TRIALS.

Herbert was out one day when two men called. They were rough-looking men, familiar and uncouth in their manners, and asked insolently for the misses. One of them pulled out a paper that had an ominous look in it, even to the servant-maid, and began reading the heading. Grace came down stairs. 'What is it?' she said wonderingly.

'Sorry, misses—must do our duty—little matter left unsettled—master promised to pay, and hasn't—very sorry, missis; but must put an execution in.'

'An execution!' Grace started at the word. 'It was so sudden; could they not wait until Mr. Ayton came home?'

They laughed—the grim bailiff laugh. 'Why, bless ye, Mr. Ayton made no difference. They wanted his sticks, not himself.'

Grace, whose only ideas of an execution were inextricably involved with prisons and dungeons, had much ado to keep up her courage. 'At least you will wait,' she said, 'until I can send for Mr. Ayton? I do not understand these things, and it has taken me by surprise.'

They pulled out their watches, and consulted together; and finally agreed to give her two hours' delay, that she might send for her husband. Grace thanked them courteously, and gave them an extravagant sum for beer; they spent it in gin instead. She then called the servant, and sent her to the office; and if Mr. Ayton was not there, to Mr. Smith's, and Mr. Lawson's, and Miss Merriman's; to Mr. This, the actor, and That, the musician; and to all his favorite haunts, so far as she knew them. She wrote the names and addresses on one of her own cards, and hurried the girl off in a cab.

The minutes flew like wild fire. One hour passed in the apparent space of a quarter; the half of the second chimed, when the servant came back, bringing no tidings of Herbert. She had found traces of him at several places, but had finally lost sight of him at Miss Merriman's. He had been there in the morning, and had gone out with a large party in carriages, but no one knew where. They were a large party, and had gone out in three carriages, she said, down somewhere into the country for the day.

For a moment, Grace was overwhelmed, paralyzed, stricken, heart-wrung. She felt deserted by all the world, and insufficient for her trial.—The servants were more ignorant than herself, and with even more superstition about the matter. They could not therefore help her; unless indeed the sight of their ungoverned terror, by calling up her pride and self-command from the force of contrast, might be called an indirect aid.

'Missis, time's up,' said one of the men, bawling down the kitchen stairs. She had gone down as the girl came through the area.

'Can you not wait until to-morrow?' she asked, coming up.

'Impossible, missis; we've stayed too long already,' grumbled the men; and they began to talk with each other in an under tone.

'It must be done,' at last said the one who seemed to have the management of the affair.—'I'm very sorry, missis; but duty's duty, and must be done by them as is paid for it. Here, Jem, call a cab, and let's be done with the job.'

'What will you do?' said Grace. She was now trembling much.

'Take a few sticks away, missis; the bill's only a matter of fifteen pound, and we needn't take a vast deal. You'd better go up stairs, ma'am, out of the way of the door; you look cold, and maybe the draught will make you worse.'

There was a rough kindness in the man's manner that destroyed all Grace's stoicism. She thought nothing of the men—nothing of the knot of idlers gathering round the door, as the dining-room furniture was being carried out to a cab—she cared nothing for her dignity or ladylike composure; but, covering her face in her hands, with all its chestnut curls drooping over her fingers, she burst into such tears of speechless desolation and childish terror, that even the bailiffs were moved, and did their best, in their uncouth way, to comfort her.

Telling her between whiles to be of good heart, and not to take on so badly, the men went on removing the furniture; joking with the mob outside; thrusting into and upon the cab, chairs, and lamp, and clock, and sofa, and the dear old furniture brought from the country home; consoling Grace as they passed, and carrying on the work of demolition with business speed and alacrity.—At last all was done; the dining-room was completely stripped; the hall lamp was taken as well; and the hall chairs of carved oak, which Grace had hunted up in Wardour street, were first handled, then consulted over, and finally heaved into the second cab chartered for this melancholy work. And then the men, with fresh demands for drink, took their departure, leaving Grace in the deserted dining-room the most miserable creature under that beaming summer sun.

This would not do; this prostration was not the way by which to gather strength for the great trial of life; this weakness was not the appointed mode of bearing up against disaster. She must control herself—get patience, nerve, and trust, and go up to her God for consolation and support. She went into her own room, and flung herself on her knees by her baby's cot; and long prayers of passionate pleading for comfort went up through the stillness of her ruffled home, as symphonies of holy music in the service of the dead. And angels came down from the Mercy-seat above, and bent over her lovingly, receiving her as their sister, and carrying up her prayers, like the light of the morning sun borne upward by the white clouds.

Herbert returned late. He came in the most delightful spirits. He had passed a most delightful day down at Cheshurst, with a party of friends all life and spirit, and had never felt on such good terms with himself, or so charmed with his lot in life. The blank look of the hall struck him, but he did not stop to consider what it was that was so unfamiliar. Always glad to return home to his beautiful wife, though too easily lured away from her, he bounded joyously up stairs, calling her name in that quick, clear accent, and coupling it with precious words of fondest love, which always showed that he was happy.

Grace came out to meet him. Though she smiled, and held out her arms as of old, a strange atmosphere was round her, which Herbert could not choose but see.

'In the name of Heaven! my Grace, what has happened?—what have you heard?—where is the boy?'

'Don't tremble so, Herbert dear. Baby is quite well. Not much has gone wrong.'

'Not much, Grace?—what!—how! Quick, my darling! my brain is on fire.'

'Herbert, how wild you look! Come into the drawing-room, and sit down. Indeed, it is not much, dear! That bill you owe the livery-stables' man—don't you know? It is for fifteen pounds, and the man sent for it to-day. At least, he sent two men, who—'

She hesitated.

'Who were insolent to you, Grace?' cried Herbert, passionately clenching his fist.

'No, dear, quite the contrary; they were very civil, and only did their duty. But they were bailiffs, and took away the dining-room furniture, which they said was letting you off very easily.'

'Grace, an execution in my house!' cried Herbert, in a tone of agony.

'Yes, dear. I could not prevent it. I sent to several places for you, but you were not to be found; and as I had no money in the house, I was obliged to let the things go; for what could I do?'

Herbert felt something rise in his throat that choked him. The picture of his patient, girlish Grace left all alone to encounter such horrible degradation and sorrow, while he had been away in the midst of the most intoxicating gaiety, rose up vividly before him. He saw her terror and her shame; he counted the agonized tears in her downcast eyes, and heard her melancholy voice pleading for mercy and delay; while he who ought to have been her protector had deserted his post, and given to pleasure what belonged to virtue and love.

'And it was for this I brought my Grace away from her quiet home!' he cried, in a tone of despair, straining her to his breast. 'O Grace, what a villain thoughtlessness has made me! how folly has deepened into vice, and vice gone near to blacken into crime!'

Something overcame him; it might be the sudden transition from the day's excitement to such blank desolation. He could not hold up his head, but, kissing his wife's chestnut curl, she felt the hot tears stream down her throat like rain. All her love welled up afresh at the sound of those stifled sobs; all her woman's tenderness, and mercy, and sweet forgiveness of wrong; all her new-born strength and maternal courage. With arms pressing him to her, with a sad fondness that went to Herbert's very heart, she spoke high words that sank like gentle rain on the dry sand. There was a power in her he could not withstand: for with all his faults he was as impressionable for good as for evil. His error was his want of constancy in keeping, not his obtuseness in receiving, virtuous counsel. He kissed her hands with a reverential love that seemed to honor the worshipper as well as the worshipped, and made many and solemn promises for the future—which he kept for a time—living the quiet, orderly, sober life fitting to his profession and estate, and giving Grace a blessed shelter from the waste of her melancholy, wherein she might say with truth that she was happy.

Those quiet evenings, how peaceful and holy they were! Grace looked forward to them with an ardor of expectation more intense than any happiness which she had yet known in her married life; and under their influence she grew more beautiful—Herbert more noble—every day. But

they lasted only for a moment. The old spells were worn round that fickle heart again; the old way of life, which had been abandoned, was entered on with fresh vigor; the dropped acquaintances were renewed, the former habits re-adopted; and Grace had once more to mourn in solitude a husband who possessed every charm but the one of constancy to duty, and of truth to his nobler self.

Baby had been fretful all day, and Grace was tired. She went to bed early, leaving the door on the latch as usual, and lights and supper prepared for Herbert. He never came home, he the hour what it might, without finding all sorts of little luxuries for him, which Grace always took care of herself, decking the table with flowers, and placing a favorite book by the side of the plate, as it was one of his pleasures to read at meals.

It was a clear, still autumn night; the young moon was in her first quarter, and the stars were out in myriads. It was such a night as calls us back to the religion of our childhood, and seems to lift the soul nearer to Heaven. It was such a night as softens down the asperities of the world, and calms the spirit troubled with much serving in the courts of men. Even in the crowded city it spoke of good things to come, and of peace beyond the feverish temple of humanity; seeming to call men, with angels' voices, from the ranks of Mammon to the service of God.

Grace stood by the window, and sighed as she prayed for such influence as this on her husband; but sighs break no spells, and Herbert still sat in the room of tipsy mirth, and talked loud boisterous talk, and drank glass after glass of the rare old wines, all the same as if no stary sky preached eternal sermons to mankind, and sifted good from evil in their measures.

At last Herbert found himself at his own home, but in a state of intoxication so helpless and painful that Grace felt debased to be obliged to see him thus. She did her best for him though, attending to him and helping him; and at last he reeled into bed, where he was soon in the sound bestial sleep of a drunken man. Grace drew her child's cot from the side of the bed with a shudder. Her baby should not breathe the same air which her husband's fiery breath polluted.—She placed herself between the cradle and the bed, and sat—in nothing but her night-dress—till the clock struck two; and then she fell asleep, sitting where she was.

Something woke her; a cry, a noise, a strange sensation, an oppressive smell. She started up, bewildered at first, and unable to define anything that surrounded her; and then a loud knocking was heard at the door, and the terrible cry of—'Fire!' was raised through that sleeping street. She rushed to the window, and threw it up to look out. A broad glare of light was immediately below her, streaming from their house and reddening the deep sky.

The policeman, who had been trying to rouse the sleeping household for some time, shouted to her as she looked out, telling her to lose no time, that the house was all alight, the lower rooms blazing, and that they must escape while they might.

The mother's first thought was for her child. She snatched it from its cot, and then opened the door to call for help for Herbert, as he was incapable of action himself; but the flames burst inward from the staircase, and filled the whole place with smoke and sparks. She closed it, half suffocated, and endeavored to rouse her husband.—'In rain; the sleeping man only groaned. Once he opened his eyes, and swore a sullen oath; but his senses were closed for all rational understanding.'

'Fire!' cried Grace, her voice ringing through the room.

That terrible word startled even the drunkard. He made a clumsy attempt to rise, and at last succeeded.

'Fire?—fire?' he said. 'I see no fire—where is it?'

'Here—upon us!' said Grace, with frightful calmness, pointing to the door.

Part of the panel had caught, and small flames pierced through the openings by the hinges and the floor, while the loud crackling outside told of a worse enemy lurking behind. The sight sobered Herbert to knowledge, if not to power.—'The floor was getting hot; the boards immediately by the bed were beginning to give way. Death, hopeless and agonizing, awaited them if they lingered here much longer, and yet there seemed to be no way of escape. Grace went again to the window, and looked out. The street was alive with people gathered, though in the dead of the night, thick as swarming bees. They crowded in dense masses as far as the eye could reach; and pale faces looked out from the windows of the houses opposite, the light of the burning falling clear and sharp on every feature.

'Make haste, or you are lost,' came up the cry from the street.

'Is there a fire-escape?' asked Grace.

A moment's pause, and then a deep 'No!'

sounded like a funeral knell from the thousands standing there. Alas! alas! to be within the sight and sound of so many fellow-creatures—to be but a few feet parted—and yet to perish for lack of aid.

The bedroom door was now one mass of flame, the fire reaching its long tongues for some distance into the room. Herbert had sunk on the floor in drunken dismay, and his groans mingled painfully with the roaring of the flames.

'You must come with me,' said Grace, going to him, and speaking very calmly and distinctly.

'With you, Grace?—to death?' sobbed the unhappy man, shrinking from her.

'No, Herbert, to safety. Come, we must lose no time.'

He rose at her bidding, though mechanically, and followed her to the window. She had tied the child round her, slung at her back in a large woollen shawl; but, excepting this, neither she nor her husband wore any other clothing but the ordinary night-dress. She stepped on the window sill, then dropped down about two feet. She was holding Herbert's hand. 'Come,' she said, 'come with me.'

'Grace, you are mad!' he shrieked, seeing where she stood. It was a narrow wall-ornament about a foot wide, slanting outwards, and running across the house, as is often seen in London houses below the second floor windows.

'We can do it, Herbert, dear!' she said.—'Come—come! have faith in me, and courage. Come!'

But he struggled with her, and endeavored to force her back; and only by wonderful courage and strength was the girl enabled to resist him, and hold her perilous footing. The crowded street was hushed, as if the hand of death had passed over it. Not a breath, not a murmur, not the faintest whisper. The mass of upturned faces looked ghastly in the flaming light, as if a crowd of watching spectres had gathered there.

The flames were flashing nearer; the floor was hot to the foot. Should he stay where he was, death could not be fought off longer; the perilous way chosen by his wife at least held a chance of escape. Like one in a dream—safer because of his blunted senses—Herbert got out on to the wall-band, holding his wife's hand as she slowly led the way.

The crowd below swayed and moved, but still all was silent. Only one voice said, in a low whisper, heard through that awed stillness as distinctly as a trumpet would have been heard, 'God be with them!' That small low whisper shot the strength of a blessing in the heart of the young wife; it was like the voice of an angel sounding.

Slowly, painfully, their bare feet clasp the slanting band, and their hands against the wall steadying their frightful foothold, the two went on until they came to the window of the next house. It was shut, and the house deserted; the people had left it at the beginning of the fire. Grace was foremost, and must open that window. It was fastened within by a hasp, and she could not stir it. She dashed her hand through the glass, and undid the hasp. She threw it open, and entered with her husband. Oh, then the shout that burst from the swarming crowd!—Never, to their dying day, would Herbert or Grace forget it. It was as one large sob from an oppressed heart—a sudden relief from mad-dened anxiety. It claimed all who watched and they who strove in one band of brotherhood by sympathy, and greeted that escape from death as brothers only could greet. Grace felt her heart swell with gratitude for their sympathy, which seemed to remind her that they had not lost their all while earth held a human heart that could love or pity its kind.

And yet they had lost very nearly their all.—The house was unsecured. Herbert had been going to insure ever since they married, but it had never been done yet; and now the fire had settled the question for all parties. Their furniture, books, treasures, wardrobes—all were now a heap of charred rubbish; only each other and their precious youngling left. Herbert gave way to despair. He had a terrible recollection brought back on him with all the definiteness of a daguerreotype, of having left the candle, which he had lighted at the lamp, among a mass of papers and linen on the drawing room table. He had made a fire in the grate in his drunken, clumsy way; he remembered the merry blaze as it roared up the chimney, and he remembered seeing some sparks dancing like stars before him as he staggered out of the room. But he never confessed this to Grace, but bore about in silence the consciousness that he himself had been the sole cause of all this ruin. He had no need to confess it; Grace knew all, keeping her knowledge also in silence, lest its participation should grieve her husband.

This was the first secret that had sprung up between them. It was a strange feeling on both sides, that a truth was known, yet uncommunicated. With Grace, as the motive of her concealment was most worthy, so was the effect noblest,

leading her simply to greater tenderness, and a grave, sweet melancholy, that did not sadden so much as it sanctified. With Herbert it was far otherwise. Ashamed, sorrowed, disgusted at their dingy apartments and with the poverty of their arrangements—unable to front all the misery he had called up, he flung himself into the vortex of vice, with despair now added to weakness, and gave himself up to every species of dissipation he could gather round him. And of a lower character than anything he had before indulged in; losing gradually the acquaintance of his better friends, while retaining that of men unworthy in every way to be classed among his associates; exchanging the sparkling poetry of the champagne-feast for the coarse debauchery of the gin-palace; falling lower, learning baser lessons than ever, and losing all that he had of good and beautiful.

In the midst of all this the old partner died. He had long been failing and unable to attend actively to the office; and Herbert's idleness and indolence completed the ruin of a first-rate connection—to avert which ruin he had been expressly taken into partnership. However, all that had been lost as yet might easily be regained, for Herbert was a good man of business in all that regarded promptness of action, and a keen perception of weak points; and was personally beloved also—a great thing even in a legal office. And at first, as so many times before, Herbert applied himself to work manfully, meaning honestly though acting foolishly, and failing before he had well begun the initial chapter of his unwritten work of reformation. Failing utterly—sinking lower—more reckless as he was more poor—at last he was obliged to abandon even the dingy rooms he had hired, for cheaper lodgings in a worse neighborhood. Two small dirty rooms, for all purposes of household living, were the latest transition. How rapid, yet how inexorable had been that transition. First, the clean, fresh country cottage, emowered in roses and ivy, for her bright girlhood; next, the pretty London house, with its handsome stone facade and elegant furniture, in the beautiful dawning of her married life; then the dull rooms, still in a decent neighborhood; and now these small, stifling, unwholesome dens, with vile associations, all about, vile sights and sounds and smells, in a horrid neighborhood crowded with all impurity, and haunted by the lowest of the outcast population—such as these witnessed the ending of that bright marriage-day, the closing of the painted promise of the past.

Yet not a word of murmuring or impatience ever crossed Grace's lips. She bore all these painful conditions bravely like the heroine she was—received him with her old smile whenever he chose to catch it from her eyes, and her tender kiss whenever he cared to gather it from her lip; which was but seldom now. Only once Herbert saw her falter, when he abruptly remarked that the child looked ill, and asked what was the matter with him.

'He has been drooping for some time,' said Grace quietly.

'And you never told me, Grace?' he asked, with much bitterness.

'No, love. You could do no good; besides, he may recover. Then why should I give you needless sorrow?'

Herbert said no more, and did not again notice the pining looks of the little one, scarcely ever caressing it, and staying at home as little as possible; though Grace tried hard, by every woman's art and wifely tenderness, to make his squalid home pleasant to him. She had even hired a piano out of the proceeds of certain needlework done in the long day-light, and she would sing to him all his favorite songs—the songs he loved so much when they were only lovers; and she never failed in her supply of fresh flowers, and never suffered the worst side of their misery to be uppermost. But gentle lures failed, like rosy baits thrown out to a wandering kite; and high-souled words fell dead on the dulled heart that heard them; her manifold endeavors passed unnoticed; her angel's prayers died away unanswered; Herbert flung off all the sweet ties that love and virtue wove for them, and bound himself helplessly within the giant net of degradation and of evil. From morning to night he was away from his wife—deserting business as well as affection—leaving Grace entirely alone and in utter ignorance of his life, excepting what his haggard face and bloodshot eyes revealed; and these told sad tales of sufficient misery.

The baby began to pine more and more.—From a fine beautiful boy, such as all young wives dream of and expectant mothers pray for, it dwindled into a pale weakling, emaciated and fretful, with nothing but its big blue eyes left of all its former beauty. Day by day, slowly sinking like a flower, at whose root a worm is busy—lying now helpless on her arm, with its feeble breath fluttering round its lips as the spring air about a dead bird—scarce able to raise its tiny hand or open its glassing eyes, the baby at last

feebly-drooped, its little head, and turned inward to her breast, a waxen corpse upon her knee.

The blow was struck, and all was over. Henceforth Grace was alone in the world; no consolation left her, save such as religion could afford; a desolate, weary woman, whose counsel must be taken in solitude, and brought forth in courage; for happiness she had none; comfort and joy were gone for ever—laid, like pale flowers, on that dead baby's bier, perhaps to bring forth future fruits of greater good, but never to bloom again in their former shapes.

Her fingers were busy for a time, but her heart was away; and blinding tears obscured her hand, and blurred her work, so that often she had to do over again what she had already finished. This kept her up long past her usual hour, and to the time when Herbert returned.—Returned from whence, and what?

(To be Continued.)

LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

My Lord—If the slow tortures of hunger which the mass of the people throughout the famine districts are so patiently enduring, more not your compassion with a view towards their relief, it is high time, at least, that you should take precautions against the total disruption of society in Ireland. If you have no sympathy for one class of the population to which it has been hitherto an habitual stranger, do not refuse to extend it to another cherished portion of the community, to which such sympathy has been seldom denied.

Nay, more, so far from profiting by that bitter lesson, it would seem as if there was a desire to repeat the infamous policy of that period. The clearance of Ireland of what was assumed its superfluous population was then deemed the panacea for the entire tribe of its chronic distempers. And how eager was the desire to effect that political cure, and how keenly it was followed up to its supposed consummation is attested by the written record, 'the Celts are gone with a vengeance'—the ominous epithet with which the accredited organ of English policy hailed what he hoped to be the extinction of the Irish Catholic nation.

Why is it, I may be permitted to inquire, has the existence of Irish destitution hitherto, and now of an Irish famine within certain districts, been so stubbornly denied? Why have the verdicts of coroners in all other instances of inquests on the deaths of individuals so generally unimpeached, been so flippantly arraigned when recording deaths from starvation? And why, if Government was unwilling to give food to the famishing, check or diminish the supplies which the benevolence of the distant nations of America was ready to pour into Ireland to save the lives of thousands of their kindred? And as it is confessed that numbers of the people have no other food nor money to purchase it, nor employment to procure the most scanty wages, why not undertake, without half a week's delay, some public works of obvious local and national benefit, which would enable the destitute to procure wages, to live by their honest labour, and save themselves and the country from the reproach of mendicancy? Is it that no such works are yet wanted for the improvement of Ireland? It will hardly be asserted that its lands are sufficiently cleared, or its swamps sufficiently drained, or its long line of rocky coasts sufficiently supplied with the rudest harbours or jetties of any kind, to give the poor fisherman protection amidst the frequent storms, in one of which, within the last few days, some boatsmen of Boffin Island have perished, and they perished, too, in endeavouring to bring from Westport some food for their starving families. Not only are the great bulk of the small landholders without food, or money, or credit; they have parted, besides, with their most precious articles of raiment and of furniture, to ward off the dreadful approach of famine. The facts of this simple recital are beyond the reach of contradiction. The occupation of the village usurer has disappeared, in the apprehension of insolvency to which the poor are reduced, and hateful as was his calling, and exorbitant as were his exactions, they are now remembered with a kind of regret in comparison to the total want of accommodation which is now their lot. Then their wearing apparel and furniture were generally safe, but now those lending offices are absorbed by monstrous establishments, multiplying in every town, in which the night and day covering of the country people are deposited, and generally without redemption. Few have had, especially of late, more frequent or melancholy occasions than I have had, of ascertaining the ruinous condition of the people from the most trustworthy sources. It is all the same tale of unmitigated distress, expressed in the four significant words—no food, no money, no employment, and no credit, except by pawn—an office once but little known—and now, alas! the most frequented by the rural population. No more striking evidence could be furnished of the intensity of Irish distress, nor more incontestable witness could be brought to rebut the denial of its extent, than to transport an entire Irish pawnbroker's establishment to the London

Exhibition, with its variegated assortments, to enable the impartial judges from foreign nations, to contrast the value of British and Irish manufactures, and to feel how crying a must be the longer that would oblige respectable families to reveal in a public office such domestic destitution.

With such evidence of wide-spread distress, which no longer can be controverted or concealed, and with equal evidence of the necessity of works of improvement to afford the means of subsistence to the workmen, which only the resources of Government can carry on, the plain conclusion is, that the destructive policy is still paramount; and that there is no wish to save the people from starvation.

Hence, instead of loud and clamorous appeals for relief, which would have been sent forth from distress beyond the water, and which, as in the recent case of Lancashire, would have received, even from the peers of the realm, a ready and suitable response, it is now the sullen silence of a people resigning all hope but to Heaven alone, and brooding over the despair to which they have been consigned.

The question of famine has lately assumed a new and an alarming phase. The issue is not now the existence of famine, and the consequent necessity of saving the lives of the people; but the issue raised by political economists, is, whether it be not better for the interests of the British empire, and particularly for the comfort of the English and Scotch consumers, that the people of Ireland should be left to starve, and their places supplied with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen.

With such cruel theories propounded from high places, the denial of the famine, or rather the indifference to its effect, can no longer excite surprise. The effects may be hurtful to the Irish people, it is true, but they should be reconciled to the consoling consequence, that from the extinction of their race the English and Scotch people would derive a more plentiful supply of beef and mutton. The only question with those political economists seems to be, to which of the two foreign markets the Irish prefer being sacrificed. But as England is for the English, and Scotland is for the Scotch, our people as naturally think that Ireland should be for the Irish; and, therefore, leaving the large Scotch and English markets to provide for themselves out of the Cheviot flocks and herds of Durham, they prefer not being sacrificed or banished for the interests of the one or the other.

We have already too much of those desolating doctrines. Their propounders should pause ere exciting to phrensy a high-minded and excitable people by assuming that so many of them have no business in a land which Providence, in its wise decrees, has destined rather for the habitation of quadrupeds.

If so, it is obvious that the people are not to expect relief from their rulers. Nay, more, they should rather expect to be abandoned in accordance with an expression to which some are said to have given utterance, that in letting the people starve they are only co-operating with the designs of Providence! With such heartless maxims swaying the conduct of public men, whose whole code of moral duties consists of a vague notion of the interests of the British empire, it would, no doubt, appear to them excessively wrong to accuse them of cruelty. They may be mistaken in their calculation of the measures that will ultimately prove most beneficial in extending its sway. But with anything like cruelty to the poor and helpless Irish race, it would be most cruel to upbraid them. They are only doing them a service in ridding them of a vexatious train of misfortunes—the natural consequences of their imbecility—and as well might the kind-hearted Indian savage be charged with cruelty when he lets his aged parents die before their time, to relieve them from the infirmities of old age, as to accuse the benevolent baronet of cruelty, whose only ambition is to diminish the amount of the Irish people's sufferings by the diminution of their numbers, and to give a corresponding increase of numbers and enjoyment to the British people—I have the honor to be,

JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

LANDLORD AND TENANT IN IRELAND.

(From the London Spectator.)

The real obstacle to the fair consideration of this question is to be found in the inveterate application of English ideas to Irish facts—of rules deduced from the social condition of the one country and applied to the very different social condition of the other. Land, the most secure species of property, and desired for political and other reasons, pays a low rate of interest, and has, therefore, in this country long been the investment only of the very rich. Landlords are, as a rule, able, and, in order to keep complete power over their estates, are always willing to erect the requisite farm buildings and effect the necessary permanent improvements at their own expense. The cultivators, again, are men of capital and intelligence. Farming is to them only one of many means of subsistence—that, probably, which they prefer, but would, nevertheless, abandon if it would not yield them the ordinary rate of interest on their capital. Between men of this kind, who meet on equal terms, and interference of the law is always unnecessary and mostly mischievous. Their bargains are sufficiently regulated by their private interests and by the operation of the laws of supply and demand. The social condition of Ireland is altogether different. The cultivation of the soil is not one pursuit among many, but the only pursuit of the population. There are no manufactures. Capital has never accumulated in the hands of the middle classes.—What little there is, is required to carry on the retail trade of the country. There are practically no farmers in any sense in which Englishmen use the term—no middlemen between landlord and laborer, hiring land on the one hand and labor on the other, in order to make a profit by agriculture. The land is cultivated by the peasantry, who take a few acres directly from the landowner. In such a country the persons who want farms are necessarily very numerous; the landowners, of course, are comparatively few. The tenant must get a farm or starve; the landowner can wait and make his own terms. Landlord and tenant, therefore, do not in Ireland meet on equal terms.—Tenants must take such terms as they can get. They can neither enforce, nor, indeed, afford a lease. The landowners, on the other hand, are usually poor, and cling to the tenants' such duties which are in England always discharged by the farmer. 'It is admitted on all hands,' said the report of the Devon Commission in 1845, 'that according to the general practice, the landlord builds neither dwelling house, nor farm offices, nor puts fences, gates, &c., into good order before he lets land to a tenant.' Now, land cannot be cultivated without buildings, and the tenant, therefore, must erect them in the best way he can. Yet he may be ejected at a moment's notice, and lose the whole result of his labor; or what is more usual, the landowner may get into debt, and the mortgagee raise the tenant's rent in exact proportion to the improvements which he has effected in the property at his own expense. It is idle to tell the tenant he should make a bargain; he is in no position to do so. And the question is, whether under these circumstances there is anything unjust, anything contrary to principle, in the demand of the Irish people that the State should superintend the dealings of landlord and tenant and ensure justice to the weaker of the two? The real fact is, that in England the State has constantly interfered in similar cases. What else is the Factory Act, which limits the hours in which it is lawful for women and children to work? What else, indeed, is the Truck Act? Laborers were numerous; they were compelled to take any terms from their employers, who began to pay them in goods instead of money. The State, seeing this to be an engine of oppression, interfered and prohibited the practice. It did not pretend to raise the rate of wages, any more than in Ireland it could lower the rent of land, but it can and ought to see that justice is observed by the stronger party in his relation with the weaker. The demand has so often assumed in

the mouths of its supporters an unreasonable aspect, that it has been involved for the most part in odium or ridicule. Yet the position constantly assumed by the Times, for instance, that the tenant can obtain for himself, if he pleases, all that he asks from the law, is opposed to the plainest facts of the case. This was recognized seventeen years ago by the Devon Commission. At the head of it sat the late Lord Devon, a man by nature little inclined, even if his habits of thought as a successful lawyer and a position as a great peer had not forbidden him, to sympathise with extravagant ideas of any kind. His four colleagues were selected from the upper classes—They took an incredible mass of evidence in every county of Ireland from witnesses in every class of life. Yet while they expressed a preference for leaving the remuneration for improvements to private agreement wherever it was practicable, they declared that in Ireland a legislative measure was necessary to provide for cases in which the parties were unable to agree. They recommended that the tenant should have power to serve notice on his landlord of any proposed improvement in farm-buildings, offices, or exterior fences, the suitability thereof to be reported on by mutually chosen arbitrators, with power to the assistant-barrister on such report, and after examination to decide and certify, the maximum cost not exceeding three years' rent. If the tenant was ejected or his rent raised within thirty years the landlord to pay such sum, not exceeding the fixed maximum, as the work should then be valued at.' Is it uncharitable to ask whether in a House of Commons, which was less essentially a house of landlords, this recommendation would have been so long a dead letter? The necessity for such a measure is probably by no means as urgent now as it was then. The Incumbered Estates Court has transferred the land to a wealthier class of men, and emigration has somewhat diminished the numbers pressing on it for existence. But though diminished in severity, the old pressure still exists; and where injustice can be done with impunity, it would be a sentimental weakness to imagine that it will not be done. Nor could the landlord be really injured by such a bill. The moment the assistant-barrister has reported in favor of the improvement he can step in and carry it out himself. The effect of the bill in compelling the landowner to carry out desirable improvements would be the most valuable form of its operation. And where he cannot or will not, he ought not to be permitted to stand in the way of the public interest.—For the public is deeply interested in the efficient cultivation of the soil, and the possession of land has always been held to be subject to restraints such as it would be unjust to enforce on other kinds of property. The State has always exercised the right of resuming land which is required for public purposes on giving compensation to the owner, and it has equally the right to lay down the rules under which it must be held. The landowner's property is really rather in the value of his land than in the land itself. Besides, throughout the province of Ulster the system of tenant-right already prevails. The outgoing tenant sells the good will of his farm to the incoming tenant, even where he is a mere tenant-at-will. In Ulster, therefore, the law only would be altered, not the practice, and landlords would only do on compulsion of law what they now do voluntarily under the pressure of opinion. Nor is it reasonable to expect that the tenantry of the three other provinces will ever cease to demand what their countrymen practically enjoy—the benefits of a system which exists by their side, and which landlords and tenants alike are ready to uphold.

PROPERTY IN PEAT.

(From the Nation.)

What can you make out of your peat? asks the Englishman, travelling past the three million acres of "useless bog" with which nature has dotted this island, reflecting the while on the fact that Ireland has little or no coal, and that it is the possession of coal which has made England a manufacturing power. Science enables us to answer in a composed manner, that not only a great number of things have, and a still greater number can be made out of peat; but that under a process lately originated, the substance is likely to become a much more valuable manufacturing agent, and article of export, than coal itself. Already several of our towns are illuminated with gas made from peat, which has two advantages over that of coal—firstly, from its being cheaper; and, secondly, from its purity from sulphur, renders it less deleterious; its light is, indeed, fainter, but this proceeds from the rudimentary and imperfect method hitherto applied in making pressed peat, which consisted simply in compressing and drying the substance, so as to deprive it of water. It was found, however, that with the latter it lost several valuable elements held in solution, and that as the fibre with which it is integrated, from its cellular texture, retained a large proportion of moisture, it was necessary to get rid of the latter, in order to increase those qualities of density and dryness upon which its capabilities and value as a fuel, an illuminating element, and a charcoal—the most valuable that can be produced for smelting iron—depended. For some months past experiments have been in progress at the Ballymena station of the Northern Counties Railway, the object of which is to produce a superior description of Condensed Peat for household, manufacturing and general purposes; and those have already resulted in such complete success, that a Company has been formed for carrying on the process, which is as follows:—The machine which has been invented for the purpose consists of a conical receiver, in the centre of which works an Archimedean screw, which disintegrates the fibrous matter of the peat, whose larger undecomposed roots and fibres are rejected from a waste pipe, while the minutely triturated substance passes through a conical strainer, enclosed in a heated chamber, at the bottom of the machine—the substance falling on a moving band, by which it is transferred to a brick machine, where it is evaporated and formed into blocks, which—being then placed in a drying shed, through which a current of air, produced by a fan like apparatus, passes—are soon found, without any further compression, to become as hard as oak, and far denser than any peat found in the country. This machine makes some ten tons of peat per hour; four or five tons of wet bog peat are required for one of the manufactured article, and this is produced at a cost of about 3s 6d per ton. Very little power is necessary for the operation, which is carried on continuously, and with extreme rapidity. The substance, thus solidified, burns strongly, evolves great heat, and diffuses it more widely than coal, is impervious to water, smokeless, produces less ash than coal, wood or coke; it is incapable, also of self ignition, improves by keeping, and while the charcoal—a ton of which can be prepared from two and a half of the prepared substance, and which is, beyond comparison, the best that can be applied for smelting purposes, and for locomotive fuel—can be sold for 14s. per ton, the value of the oily extract, which can be applied to many uses, covers the entire cost of producing the charcoal. There is reason to believe that this peat is the purest fuel yet discovered for general purposes, in virtue of which property, its heating power lasts longer than any other. Experiment has shown its superior adaptability to every process of iron manufacture; and when we consider the small cost at which its charcoal is produced, and the fact, that the iron made by its application is treble the value of that formed by means of coal or coke, we may fairly conclude that its unrivalled properties will in a short time cause it to be largely used in all the departments of iron and steel manufacture—and no less as a generator of steam and gas, especially, as, in connexion with its superior value, in many ways, a considerable saving can be thus obtained by its use.

But it is not as a superior smelting substance, as a fuel, and a gas, that the "new compressed peat" can be made available; it is only necessary to subject it to a second straining, refining, and solidifying process to render it a material capable of being applied to very many of the purposes of art and manufacture, now subserved by clay, plaster of Paris, gutta-percha, wood, ivory, and bone, even—so great is its specific gravity, strength and density—to some of those of stone and iron. Implements and ornaments of the most delicate forms can be shaped and carved from this substance, which bears a close resemblance to ebony, and which, when polished, exhibits a fine lustre. But the objects to which a material possessing so many and valuable qualities can be turned are too obvious to need allusion; suffice it to say, that it may serve to originate what Ireland specially wants, new branches of industry; at the same time that, in its simple manufactured state, this substance promises, in no little time, to constitute no inconsiderable export trade, uniting, as it does cheapness of production with qualities which, as regards its manufacturing application, do not attach to either wood, coal, or coke. At present, however, we can but call attention to this new and improved process; and, while wishing the Company whose project tends to render available one of Ireland's greatest Resources, a deserved success, trust that the public mind will be generally directed to a subject which has so many and important aspects, commercial and industrial, as that of utilizing for both objects the vast and exhaustless mine of wealth which it is now ascertained is lying fallow in the three million acres of Irish Peat, which, as we now find, is a substance not only superior to, and cheaper than coal, regarded as a fuel or gas producing element, but capable, in the general uses to which it can be turned, of attaining a value compared with which that of England's coal fields sink into insignificance.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CONSECRATION OF A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT KILMURRY.—On yesterday one of the most important and most magnificent ceremonies of the Church took place in the consecration of the newly constructed Catholic Church of Kilmurry, a parish situated about nineteen miles to the west of this city. The Church is built on the side of a hill commanding a prospect of a fertile valley, bounded in the far distance by a range of mountains, which possessed yesterday in the bright sunlight a richness of purple beauty, that combined with the variegated hues of the nearer portion of the landscape, made a scene of the most delightful character. In the immediate neighborhood is the demesne of Warren's-court, than which none is more beautiful in this country, and the massive woods and thickets of which added a variety to the view to be had from the Church that was alone necessary to complete the perfection of the peaceful scene. It is built in the Romanesque style of architecture, and possesses the merit of being so admirably arranged in its various parts that from any seat in it a good view of the altar can be obtained, and every word delivered therefrom is distinctly audible in any portion of the building. The clear length of the Church is 108 feet; the breadth of the nave is 32 feet; and the two transepts, one at each side, are 28 feet in length, making with the breadth of the nave, a length of 88 feet from the end of one transept to the end of the other. It will thus be seen the building is large, and the arrangements as to seats, &c. are most commodious. A pretty stained glass window ornaments the altar end of the building. The altar is of veined marble polished most beautifully, and is surmounted by a tabernacle in pure white marble, of very handsome design and tasteful execution. The roof is of pine, and is supported by iron girders which, while giving strength, add grace to the building. Altogether the church is a model of neatness and good arrangement. The entire cost of the building, we believe, about £4,000, exclusive of the gratuitous labor furnished by the parishioners. The site of the building was granted for a lease of 900 years.—Cork Examiner.

MISSION OF CARRIGALLAN.—DIOCESE OF KILMORE.—On the 4th instant four of the Dominican Fathers, the Very Rev. Father Meadth, Drogheda, who conducted the mission; Father Lynch, Tralee; Prendergast, Dundalk; and Fitzgibbon, Cork; opened a mission, assisted by the local clergy, in the above-named parish, which they continued until Sunday, the 25th ult., when it closed with the solemn Papal Benediction. Never, for centuries past, was there anything in this part of the country to equal this grand religious demonstration. The labours of those good men were incessant. From half-past five in the morning until nine at night (excepting a very short time for refreshments) their time was continually devoted to the pulpit and confessional. The impressive discourses of the learned conductor, the profound theological knowledge of all, so eloquently and zealously poured forth, have made deep, and it is to be hoped, lasting impressions, on the minds of all who had the happiness to be in attendance. The crowds on the occasion were immense. It was computed that there could not be less than four to five thousand people present daily during the last week. The confessionals were crowded, and although on few days during this week were there present less than from twenty-six to thirty confessors, many of the applicants for sacraments were disappointed. The venerable and venerated Prelate of the diocese the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, attended on Wednesday of the last week; the Right Rev. Dr. Brady, Lord Bishop of Perth, during the whole week, adding by his presence grandeur and dignity to the sacred duties of the mission. Nor were the benefits conferred by this great mission, inferior to none held in Ireland for years past, the clergy, Rev. C. O'Reilly, P. P.; Dominic McBreen, C. C.; and people of the parish, are under everlasting obligations to the Father, God bless the Dominican Fathers, who so zealously worked this mission. They are a blessing to the people, an honor to their country, and a credit to their Order.—Correspondent.

NEW CHURCH AT KILLESHANDRA.—On Thursday, the 20th ult., the parishioners of Killeshandra were favored with the spectacle of a cherished work fairly launched. The first stone of the new church which is designed to supply the place of the present tottering and inconmodious edifice, was laid with all possible solemnity. To this end the worthy Pastor, Rev. J. O'Reilly, has labored with zeal, the operation of which no obstacle has or will impede. It was only in September last he made an appeal to this people, to which they responded with a noble and generous heart. He has, within the short period of a few months, collected a sum of money approximating to £1,000. This amount will fall far short of meeting the anticipated expenses, but, he expects, with the assistance of God, to get additional aid from the other good Catholic people of Ireland.—Meth People.

We are rejoiced to be able to state that the Most Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath, is, and has been for some time past, greatly improving in health. The illness which attacked this estimable and revered Prelate, at Navan, and which caused considerable anxiety in the diocese over which he presides, has now entirely passed away. Enjoying a tour through France at present, the change of air and scene has had a most invigorating effect upon his Lordship, and his constitution already shows the benefit of it, in throwing off any lingering signs of debility that remained after his illness. This announcement we make, knowing the high regard and affection in which the Bishop of Meath is held from end to end of the large and populous diocese committed to his pastoral charge, and which we trust he may long be spared to adorn with his virtues and patriotism.—Morning News.

Miss Ellen Casey, of Kilmacothomas, in whose Sister Mary Catherine, died in Lismore Convent, on the 15th ult., in the 30th year of her age. The death of this pious child of the Lord was deeply deplored by her holy Sisterhood, and by a large circle of affectionate friends, but by none more than the poor, to whose wants she was a ministering angel in sympathy as well as advice. After the High Mass and Office for her soul, her remains were interred in the neat little grave-yard adjoining.—R.I.P.—Waterford Citizen.

FRESH PLUNKET EVICTIONS IN PARTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH.

Mount Partry, May 31, 1862. Dear Sir—Some time ago I apprised you and Miss Plunket against Stephen Quinn and Pat Darmody, morris last month; this day has witnessed its heart-rending execution. The sheriff and his posse stole a march upon us all, and before Stephen could think twice he was flung out of the house, his wife in a swoon dragged out after him, his children taken out of their bed of measles, even in relapse, and all pitched on the very dungheap which the poor man was actually engaged in removing.

I witnessed the former, the grand three days' evictions by the meek and merciful 'bishop.' I saw John Prendergast and his wife and eight children by the ditch, but I must confess no scene ever wrung my heart like that presented to me two hours ago, at two o'clock this day, when I saw men, women, and dying children, chairs, boxes, beds, pots, &c., all flung pell-mell outside what was up to that the house of an honest, industrious, and solvent man. I could not stand it—my heart sickened—my blood boiled. The tears of the women and the woe-begone looks of the sick children flung thus on the straw, with no roof but the canopy of heaven, went to the inmost core of my heart, and I turned off, not in sorrow, but in rage, I avow, that the Irish people would, even for a day, tolerate such infamies. This unfortunate man would not one penny rent. His only crime was that he sold me the stones of some old walls for a school I was engaged in erecting, in opposition to her ladyship's proselytising establishment, and now for this enormous guilt is he, this last night of the blessed month of May, an outcast on the world, and an outcast at the hands of a lady—the daughter of William Cunningham Plunket. I confess, Sir, I do not wish to trust myself to reflection. I confess, Sir, I do not wish to trust myself to reflection on the matter of this proceeding. My feelings are so harrowed at the sight—my notions of right and justice are so outraged, that I could hardly write with due deliberation. It was scenes such as those of this day, with their causes and consequences, that first drove me into print. Godless Colleges, Church Establishments, ruined industry, national contempt—these are bad enough; but, Sir, extermination, according to law, whether in Kerry or Erisk—whether in Gweedore or Partry—is what my soul of souls rises up in rebellion against. Special commissions are issued to convict, without loss of time, the murderer of a landlord in Tipperary. Will there be a word for ever about the wrong committed yesterday in Cappaduff? Is the life of poor Stephen Quinn and Pat Darmody, with their helpless families, of no account before the Maker of us all. It was a crime to take the life of Mr. Theibault—is there nothing wrong in despoiling and slowly destroying entire peasant families? The Recording Angel was there when the 'officer of the law' entered the house. Think you, did he note down that swoon of the delicate mother, when her wail and agonising cries, her streaming tears, feebly echoed to the plaint of the sick and bedridden children? Did he record that despairing struggle between the husband and the sheriff's men? Did he draw a picture of the scene outside, where men, women, and dying children were flung among beds, boxes, and furniture? Or did the Almighty from above view the revolting scene with the same solemn approval as did English law and as do English legislators? I do not say one word about the immediate cause of all this misery. She is only asserting her rights; as her brother and herself have done often already. The English Government, the English garrison, I look upon as the real culprit in legally sanctioning such deeds; and the people themselves next in guilt, for allowing their perpetration.—I remain yours, &c.

PATRICK LAVELLE.

THE RECENT PLUNKET EVICTIONS IN PARTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH.

Dear Sir—I hope my letter to you on the late harrowing extermination of poor Quinn and Darmody arrived safe. I have now merely to add that up to this moment the unfortunate creatures have been under the wide vault of Heaven, day and night, in sun and cold, rain and storm. Last night and this morning, and at this moment, twelve o'clock, the very flood-gates above seemed, and seem still, open. Yet there are the unfortunate people crouched under a garden wall, beside a few coals, and guarded by her Majesty's constabulary! One of the sick children was taken in last night by a humane neighbor; but the terror of the Hon. Catherine would not allow any one to take in the poor wife or husband, who awoke this morning literally steeped in wet beside the wall. It is awful, Sir, I am after seeing Mrs. Quinn a few minutes ago, and I fear very much for her mind. For God's sake make the case known as widely as you can. Let the world be made aware of the doings of our Irish landlords of the Plunket type under the sanction of English law. Never blame me, my friend, for my hatred of English rule. The sight of Mrs. Quinn and her dying child, flung out there under rain and storm would of itself give me enough of our rulers.—Yours, &c.

PATRICK LAVELLE.

Mount Partry, 4th June, 1862.

DESTITUTION AND STARVATION.—The Rev. A. O'Dwyer, P. P. Killeen, county Galway, writing to the Dublin Mansion House Relief Committee, says:—"Will you believe it, when I state it as a fact, that I don't think there are 20 families out of 800, in this district, who at this moment are not suffering hunger? Some of them, and I believe the greater part, are subsisting on one meal of Indian meal straight in the day, and some more that have not meal at all. It would, indeed, grieve you to see all the poor creatures suffering. They are without food, they are without clothes, they are without any earthly comforts whatever, and this they are bearing with the most extraordinary patience and resignation to the Divine will."

Mr. Wm. V. P. Hickman, speaking of the distress existing in the parish of Atheryn, says:—"There is, to my own knowledge, deep and dire distress existing among the people for want of employment; this is a fact—the poorest living on half-boiled Indian meal—bad substitute for food, only able to keep life and body together, and, constantly used, producing dysentery and death. Such have I seen, and many, which is known to the people's own clergyman and God alone. What is the remedy applicable? Follow Lord George Bentinck's plan—advance money to the Atheryn and Erisk line—make it in sections—get rid of tape, and save the people to reap the prospective, plentiful harvest, I hope of God."

The Rev. Thomas O'Connor, writing to the Mansion House Committee of the distress prevailing in Loughglin, county Roscommon, says:—"It is growing too great for the efforts of our local committee, although very hardworking and painstaking. They are giving weekly relief to about five hundred persons, and we are obliged to refuse relief to applicants whose distress we know to be very great, but we give only a little to those in extreme want. If we put all who apply on our relief list, our little funds would disappear immediately. It is painful to have nothing for poor creatures whose contentances indicate hunger and want. It is painful to hear the accounts of the misery in the houses of small farmers. Many of them have nothing whatever but the few eggs which they convert as soon as laid into Indian meal; many of them have now nothing to pawn, and as distress progresses the pawn offices are no resource. Notices from pawn offices in the neighboring towns are posted up, stating that they will receive no more pledges; they are already full of clothes and other effects of the poor. A beggar now calls at many a cabin door, and calls in vain—the best proof of the distress that prevails."

Since the famine years of 1846-7, there has not been so much deep distress and misery felt as at present in Shrule, in the county Mayo.

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1862.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Etna and Arabia have both arrived, but their budget of news is very meagre. The affairs of this Continent have been the subject of warm discussion in both Houses of the British Parliament...

According to the Constitutionnel, the French army in Mexico is to be reinforced, and the honor of its flag is engaged in obtaining from the Mexican Government full satisfaction for past offences...

We have as yet but a bare announcement that the great Fete at Rome upon the occasion of the canonisation of the Japanese martyrs was most magnificent, and successful in all its details.

In an Allocution delivered by the Pope His Holiness laments the spread of the revolutionary spirit, the oppression of the Church, and the attacks upon the temporal power of the Holy See...

The war still rages but with no decided results to either side. Before Richmond the hostile forces are ranged ready for the fray; but as yet the Northerners have obtained no success to boast of...

PROTESTANT MISSIONS.—DO THEY PAY?—If not the most reliable, still very good accounts of Protestant Missions and their results are to be obtained from Protestant Missionaries themselves.

by which the Missionaries are actuated, and the methods which they employ. He tells us:—'In South Africa such an experiment could not be made, for such a variety of Christian sects have followed the footsteps of the London Missionary Society's successful career...

That is to say, the agents of the different sects, each eager to raise the reputation of their several Mother Societies—just as Commission Merchants puff the merits of their respective employers' goods—are naturally jealous of one another, and outbid one another in the purchase of converts.

'Another element of weakness in this part of the Missionary field is the fact of the Missionary Societies considering the Cape Colony itself as a proper sphere for their peculiar operations. In addition to a well organized and efficient Dutch Reformed Established Church, and schools for secular instruction, maintained by Government, in every village of any extent in the Colony, we have a number of other sects, as the Wesleyans, Episcopalians, Moravians, all piously laboring at the same good work.

And again Dr. Livingstone asks:—'Can our wise men tell us why the former Mission Stations (primitive monasteries) were self-supporting, rich and flourishing as pioneers of civilization and agriculture from which we even now reap benefits; and modern mission stations are mere pauper establishments without that permanence or ability to be self-supporting which they possessed?'

The answer is very simple. The 'former mission stations' the 'primitive monasteries' were peopled by Catholics, who had no objects in view except the glory of God. The 'modern mission stations' are peopled by men to whom the preaching of the Gospel is a mere commercial transaction—who care nothing for the souls of the heathen, but who care a good deal for their own bellies; and who are more intent upon occupying some comfortable 'nook,' lest others should be before them—than upon extending the Redeemer's Kingdom.

We will conclude this portion of our subject with one more extract from Dr. Livingstone, illustrative of the effects of Protestant teaching, and of the spiritual condition of the taught:—

'It is, however, difficult to give an idea to a European of the little effect teaching produces, because no one can realize the degradation to which their minds have been sunk by centuries of barbarism and hard struggling for the necessities of life; like most others, they listen with respect and attention, but when we kneel down and address an unseen Being, the position and the act often appear to them so ridiculous that they cannot refrain from bursting into uncontrollable laughter.'

After this confession of the 'little effect,' or failure, of Protestant Missionary teaching to the heathen of Southern Africa, we part company with Dr. Livingstone, and turn to Australia and Dr. Laing—a well-known Presbyterian Minister and political agitator in that quarter of the globe.

Speaking of Australia, Dr. Laing then himself in 1852 confessed that:—'There is no well authenticated case of the conversion of a black native to Christianity.'

And this evidence is confirmed by Mr. Minturn, who, in 1853, sorrowfully admitted that:—'All Missionary efforts among them—the native blacks—have failed.'

In New Zealand which has been a great and most lucrative 'field,' matters are still worse. In 1851, Mr. Fox testified that:—

'With most of the natives Christianity is a mere name entirely inoperative in practice.'

Writing in 1859, Dr. Thomson told us that the Christianity of the New Zealand converts was but,—

'A rude mixture of paganism and the cross.'

And finally, Mr. Wakefield sums up by assuring us that the converted natives,—

'Are distinctly inferior in point of moral character to the unconverted heathen.'

amusing are its revelations. It appears that these apostolic men were an unprincipled set of 'land sharks' intent only upon enriching themselves at the expense of the natives. By a series of rascally transactions they, the Missionaries, have become nominally masters of the greater part of the soil. Thus it turned out that the very founder of the Mission, the Rev. Mr. Marsden, had purchased Two Hundred choice acres of land for twelve axes.

Among the claims brought to light by the Commission were the following:— Rev. J. Matthews..... 2,503 acres. Rev. R. Matthews..... 3,000 do. Rev. T. Aitken..... 7,870 do. Rev. Mr. Clarke..... 18,000 do. Rev. R. Williams..... 22,000 do.

These claims were all prior to 1841, and were surpassed by another, put forward by the Rev. Richard Taylor for fifty thousand acres! and yet this 'man of God' only reached the Colony in 1858—so well did he know how to make use of his time, and the blessed privileges of his holy office.

'The first head of the New Zealand Mission was dismissed for adultery; the second for drunkenness; and the third, so late as the year 1836, for a crime still more enormous than either.'

And in short, in the words of Mr. Chas. Buller writing officially to Lord Stanley:—'The Missionaries are not in a state to encounter public discussion of their past proceedings, and would entertain any terms offered to them in a very mitigated spirit.'

Such then, and by Protestant testimony, are Protestant Foreign Missions, such their results, their methods and their agents. We might add indeed to what we have already adduced, the evidence of recent Protestant travellers in Oceania, who all agree with the opinion expressed in 1832 by a writer in the Asiatic Journal that,--

'The presence of the Missionaries has been productive of more mischief than good.'

and that their converts are the most degraded and abandoned of the human race—the male converts without exception being liars, thieves, and drunkards; the female converts, liars, thieves, drunkards and prostitutes. But we have said enough to establish the truth of our thesis—that:—

Viewed as agencies for civilising and Christianising the heathen, Protestant Foreign Missions do not pay.

Viewed as agencies for putting money into the pockets of the Missionaries, they have paid, and paid abundantly.

POACHING EXTRAORDINARY.—If there be one crime more atrocious than another, and one which all men agree in denouncing and in holding up to execration, it is that of poaching. All men, we say, hold the poacher in abomination; but above all does this hatred of poaching display itself most strongly against the intruders upon 'spiritual covers,' and those who hunt for souls in other men's preserves.

Lower Canada has long been looked upon by the French Canadian Missionary Society as its own particular ground; as a 'preserve' upon which no other evangelical Missionaries have the right to fire a shot, or draw a trigger. The Society aforesaid has long watched over it as carefully and as jealously as does any English squire over his pheasant covers, or the keen angler over his favorite cast for a salmon.

We are requested to state that the travelling agent of the French Canadian Missionary Society found, in visiting a number of places in Western Canada, that subscriptions had already been taken up for French Canadian Missions by a Mr. Papin, of Detroit, formerly of Quebec.

of the French Canadian Missionary Society found, in visiting a number of places in Western Canada, that subscriptions had already been taken up for French Canadian Missions by a Mr. Papin, of Detroit, formerly of Quebec. Mr. Papin, although he usually obtained subscriptions without question, was at one place required to show his credentials, and exhibited an authorization from the American & Foreign Christian Union to collect in Canada so long as he is not a burden to them.

Really this is most atrocious, and invokes the action of the Legislature to put a stop to such depredations, and to protect the French Canadian Missionary Society against poaching rascals like this M. Papin; who, to make matters worse, is, if we mistake not, a babe of grace of the French Canadian Missionary Society's own begetting—a brand snatched from the burning by the hands of those upon whose preserves he is now sacrilegiously intruding, and whose game he is heartlessly appropriating to his own use.

The Lenten Conferences of Notre Dame de Paris—already rendered famous by the eloquence of a Lacordaire and a De Ravignan—have been continued, as our readers are aware, for several years back by the Rev. Father Felix of the Society of Jesus.

In the meantime, we think it will not be without interest for our readers should we offer them a sketch, however imperfect, of the last series which have not yet appeared in English, but which were listened to by a Parisian auditory, it is said, even yet more numerous than that of any former year.

The immense affluence drawn together by the Conferences of Notre Dame does not merely consist of the faithful, but includes vast numbers of the intelligent curious, who, weary of the barren speculations of a sceptical philosophy which can neither satisfy the intellect nor the heart, come at last to drink of the pure stream of Christian truth, and many of whom have, by the Grace of God, gone away cured of the moral leprosy.

The Conferences are specially intended to meet the objections of modern philosophy against that divine revelation which was to the Greeks as folly, and to the Jews a stumbling block.

In the former Conferences of the Rev. Father, he shows that Christianity, far from being opposed to progress, the great idea of our age, as reform was of the 16th, and liberty of the 18th century, is the true cause of that moral, social, and domestic advancement for which the Christian nations are pre-eminent.

votes his last Conferences, of which we shall endeavor to give a sketch which, though necessarily brief, we trust may not prove altogether incomplete.

'Between reason and faith there is no necessary contradiction, any more than in the physical order there is between that universe with which we are acquainted, and those worlds which lie beyond the range of our material vision. If in the physical order it is admitted there can exist suns, stars, and systems which the eye of man cannot discover, why should there not also in the intellectual order be truths inaccessible, except to the eye of God. What is there in this hypothesis so lowering or degrading to the reason of man? How much, gentlemen, do you ask that I shall accord to proud reason, for I am ready to accede to it everything it can possibly attain? Do you demand of me to admit that reason built on experience, can go on increasing still further the already vast field of scientific discovery; that it can discern in man a spiritual soul, free will, and that moral law which the finger of God has written on the tablets of conscience, and obedience to whose decrees is called duty; do you ask me to admit that in social order it can discover certain comparative principles of justice and order; that it can arrive at a certain knowledge of the first cause, that is, of God—of His unity, personality, liberty and infinity in all His perfections; that this God has, as his Creator, an absolute dominion over him, and that man has essential obligations towards God? All this I most readily grant. I do not indeed say that human reason will infallibly conduct every man to those truths, but I hold nevertheless that they are within the reach of human reason; I do not believe that in saying so I oppose any teaching of the Church. But I shall go further than this: I shall grant you even more than you ask. I shall go the length of supposing your reason in full possession of all the Creator is able to manifest of nature, of man, and of Himself. I shall suppose the creation before you as an open book, and that you have read on its illumined pages the secret of every enigma. Your genius has unravelled not only the mysteries of exterior nature, but has penetrated man himself, that greatest wonder of the creation. The soul has discovered to you all its faculties, the body all its organs; you have seized the mysterious relation subsisting between mind and matter, and even the vital principle, vainly sought during so many ages, has not escaped you. The Deity, interrogated by you, has manifested His perfections and His rights as Creator; He has shown you in the resplendent depth of reason, which is His Own image in man, the ensemble of your duties towards Him, towards others, and towards yourself. In a word, I shall suppose you to have conquered by its aid alone a system of natural science, of philosophical, of natural morality, and of natural religion, all as complete as possible. Well, gentlemen, is this enough; have I accorded to reason sufficient to satisfy you? You will say it is too much, and that I flatter that human intellect already too proud of its conquests. You will perhaps reply with Bossuet: 'Human wisdom is always short on one side; and with Fenelon: 'That that system of philosophy is a romance, which should seek to attain the limits of purely human reason.' But let us suppose it not a romance, but the sober history of philosophy; let us suppose for a moment that human reason is perfect on every side, and let us consider this imaginary pinnacle of these fantastic heights not to be a flight of the fancy, but a sober reality; and I would ask, arrived at this point, should you be justified in denying beforehand every truth which should not come within the sphere thus embraced? After all, what would you know of God, of man, and of their mutual relations? You would know that God is; but what He is you would entirely ignore. You would indeed know God such as He reveals Himself in the grandeur of His works; but that which He is in Himself, as he contemplates the splendors of His Own essence, is what you can never know or behold. Man also, with his faculties, his desires, his duties, corresponding to his natural end you know, but man, with his duties and exigencies, corresponding to his supernatural end, you entirely ignore. The hypothesis I have just made in favor of reason surpasses, you admit, the reality; the hypothesis I am about to give you in favor of the faith is no more than the reality. Suppose God, after regarding all He has accomplished for man in the creation, should judge He had not yet done enough, and that He should say to you, who are in possession of all that reason can attain: 'I shall make thee yet a more splendid gift; thou hast beheld My image as displayed in My works, and by it thou hast known who I am: I will now reveal My essence, and thou shalt know what I am. Thou hast seen Me as reflected in these and in the universe; thou shalt now behold Me in the light of My Own glory.—Heretofore I have only asked you to know Me as the Creator of the universe; I now impose on thee as a duty to know Me as thy end, and as the Author of grace on the earth, and of glory in the heavens; I offer to thee the unrivalled honor, the ineffable joy, of beholding Me one day, and possessing Me, such as I behold and possess Myself in that sanctuary inaccessible to every created faculty and to all human reason: nor shall I omit to give harmony to this My work of predilection; in placing before thee a supernatural term, I have also predestined that thou shouldst be guided by a light superior to reason, and sustained by a force far above that of nature. While on the earth, I shall make to descend on thee a commencement of My divine light which is called faith; and its rays shall reveal to thee darkly in thy exile the substance of those things which thou shalt see plainly when thou beholdest them in the clear noonday of My glory; and that thou mayest pursue and attain that goal which thou shalt have seen from afar by the light of faith, I shall also bestow on thee a commencement of My life which is called grace, to be completed by the entire possession and the full enjoyment of My glory; and because nothing that exists either in nature or in reason can teach thee this mystery, I have Myself spoken to thee by the 'Word'—the Word consubstantial to Me, Who alone can

teach thee who I am, and how I can be known and possessed in My essence." I would ask thee, if God has really held such language to man, who can assert, that beyond what reason discovers, there is nothing further to be known? Who can fail to perceive that to that order of knowledge resulting from the creation there must be added a supernatural order of knowledge resulting from that intercourse between God and man called revelation? And if these two spheres of truth have an identical principle and centre, who would sustain that between these harmonies is impossible? The learned Father goes on to show that the point at which these two orders of truth touch and embrace one another is in the bosom of the infallible Word alone—God and man, Who is Father of philosophy and of theology; for by the Creation He brought forth reason, and by His Incarnation He engendered faith. "Allow me to say," the Rev. Father, "with that pious enthusiasm continues which the thought inspires me, that this luminous centre in which the intelligence of man and the intelligence of God touch and embrace one another, exists in the bosom of the infallible Word—Jesus Christ Our Lord, at once God and Man, source of all truth, author of reason and author of faith,—He Who has Himself said: *Ego sum lumen mundi*—I am the light of the world."

Did our space permit it, we should gladly enter on the sublime and pious considerations which close this very masterly conference; but we fear we have already extended our article beyond the limits marked out for us. If however we succeed in inducing some of our readers to pursue for themselves the valuable addition made during last Lent by Father Felix to sound philosophy, we shall have accomplished the object in view, in offering to the public this imperfect synopsis of the first of the Conferences of 1862—which may be considered not only as the introduction to the five which follow it and complete the series; but also in some degree as the base of which the others are the superstructure, and at the same time the completion.

(Continued.)

We have said that we would endeavour to show from historical testimony that, after all, the Catholics of the "Middle Ages" had at least a certain love and reverence for the Bible, or as they more reverently called it "the Sacred Scriptures;" and that perhaps they were not in this respect as lethargic and enslaved as some well pampered officials would have us believe.

Before doing so however, and in order to clear our subject, it were well to go back a little and consider some few of the difficulties under which "the printers and publishers" of these dark ages had to labour in the production of their books. It is all very good for chief superintendents who have all their printing done at the public expense, to turn up their eyes, and with sanctimonious twang to "thank God that they are not as other men—lethargic enslaved and lazy monks"—as is also this (dark ages) amanuensis. We would ask this self sufficient educational Pharisee, whether if his books had now-a-days each to be copied by hand instead of printed, how many primers for our schools, he, with his abundant salary, could get through in the year. This is an important question, because, if he with his ample remuneration would find it irksome to devote some ten or twelve hours a day to such work, he should at least not expect any more from the poor ill-fed, ill-paid monk; unless indeed the monk was working for a motive, which the well paid salary of the official would forbid us attributing to him—that is the holy motive of the love of God. It is too bad to blame these poor monks for having so few bibles when every one of those few bibles took years on years to "manufacture" as Warton calls it. These poor (lazy?) monks, let it be remembered had many duties to perform. They had to meet in choir to sing the holy offices at least seven times a day—they had the provisions to procure—the land to till and crop—the meat to cook—the ale to brew—the faggots to collect—their cells to clean—their garments to make and mend—their sandals to sew; and if we are to believe Warton, they had to ride a horse-back and hunt the deer before they could get binding for their books or girdles to their waist!—and all this before they could find a moment to devote to the copying with a pen word for word, and letter for letter, (and such letters!) the whole of the books of the Old and New Testament. Now let those that prate so flippantly about "lethargy and enslavement"—and those who blame the poor monks for having produced so few bibles, just compare all this work with what they themselves perform, and let them learn to distrust themselves and their performances somewhat, and to grant to the humble Publican standing afar off behind them some little credit for the goodness of his intentions and endeavours at least, if not for the greatness of his performances. And there is another consideration, and one which with poor men like the monks must have been an important one—namely that of *expense*. We do not pretend to speak accurately, but we are inclined to suppose that at this day a copy of our English Bible, paid for at the rate at which law stationers pay their writers for common fair copy on paper, would cost between sixty or seventy pounds for the writing alone; and further that the scribe must be both expert and industrious to perform the task in much less than ten months. But this, let it be remembered is for fair round hand—not the slow process of black letter, each letter of which would require as

much time in its formation as would be required in writing an ordinary word in our modern penmanship. But in order to make as close an approximation to the real value of these dark-age Bibles, it were well perhaps to consider the state of things at present existing in those countries somewhat similarly circumstanced, that is to say, in countries where the art of printing is at present unknown or little practised. Speaking of Persia, Morier says:—"The art of printing is unknown in Persia, and beautiful writing therefore is considered a high accomplishment. It is carefully taught in the schools, and those who excel in it are almost classed with literary men. They are employed to copy books, and some have attained to such eminence in this art, that a few lines written by some of these celebrated penmen are often sold for a considerable sum. I have known seven pounds given for four lines written by Dervish Muljeed, a celebrated penman who has been dead some time, and whose specimens of writing are now scarce. [Hist. of Persia, Vol. ii. p. 582.]

Now really if the state of affairs in the Ryzsonian dark ages was anything to be compared to those as here stated to exist in Persia, we shall be inclined to believe that even the enlightened and non-lethargic Educational office of Upper Canada is sadly behind the age even in the sole item of penmanship.

Whilst speaking however of the expense of these manuscripts, it would be well to recall to memory as throwing some light upon the subject, the celebrated case of the Countess of Anjou, who paid so high a price for a single volume of Homilies, which Robertson quotes with his usual bias as a convincing proof of the great scarcity of books in those ages, but which any same man knowing the case in our own days must deem a most fallacious argument; as well were it to argue that in the nineteenth century books were scarce in England, because in the year of grace 1854 a certain English nobleman with more money than wit gave £2050 for a single volume. This Countess, it appears, bought a copy of Bishop Haimon's Homilies, and gave therefor 200 sheep, 5 quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye and millet. Now this Robertson thinks is a convincing proof of the scarcity of books, and with Dr. Ryzerson would wish us to infer thence the lethargy and enslavement of those dark ages. Now really for our own part, we can admire men struggling against fearful odds, and we ever deem that knowledge the most praiseworthy that is obtained under the greatest difficulties; and to our mind if books were really as scarce as some people would have us believe, this enormous price paid by this good Countess, if it proves anything, proves her great and almost insatiable thirst for knowledge. Really it is too bad to call those people ignorant, who were willing and actually did give 200 sheep, horns, fleeces and all, together with wheat rye and millet by the bushel, for one book of Homilies. This good lady at least did her shopping at the Book store rather than amongst the silks and laces of the Mercers Company. As the letter of a certain good friar to his abbot relating to this affair is somewhat unique, and as it proves that after all there were some idle and ignorant monks in those days who were not too fat or too ignorant to write letters, and those letters beautiful from their touching simplicity—it were perhaps as well to quote it. It runs thus, and we would wish our readers to note it particularly for its delightful freshness.

"To his Lord the abbot O brother R. offers his prayers in Christ. Most dear Father, I would have you to know that the Countess bought the book of which you have heard [how anxious these ignorant Abbots and monks were about books] for a great price of Martin, who is now a bishop. On one occasion she gave him a hundred sheep on account of that book; at another time on account of that book a modulus of wheat, another of rye and a third of millet, again on the same account a hundred sheep; at another time some martin skins. And when she separated herself (?) from the Count, he received from her four pound to buy sheep. But afterwards, when she asked him for change he began to complain about the book. She immediately gave up to him, what he owed her." So far the good brother; and it is worthy of note, *en passant* that haggling for prices" is evidently not a modern invention.

But this case of the Countess is not the only one going to prove the value of some of the books of the Middle Ages. There is another case extant where even a higher price was given or rather offered for a single volume; where the Elector of Bavaria offered a town with its dependencies for a single copy of the Gospels. In a letter dated 3rd Oct. 1717 a writer says—"The Book of the Gospels which I saw at the Abbey of St Emeram is indeed a rare and rich antique, and is the gift of the Emperor Henry 4th. They say that Maximilien grand father of the present Duke of Bavaria could not sufficiently admire it, and offered for it (obtain) his city of Straubingen and its dependencies; but the good monks (knowing fellows!) being persuaded that the Duke would take it, the city, back again when he wanted it, thought it best to refuse the splendid offer.

Now let no one run away with the false impression that we are foolishly like Robertson arguing from these isolated cases, that all the books of the (Ryzsonian dark) ages were as costly as these; we merely mention them as extreme cases of their class, to shew that after all there must be something in the way of beauty of penmanship and ornamentation, that made them so valuable. And we would further deduce by way of corollary to the above, that at least these Scriptures were held in somewhat of reverence, when so much expense and so great pains were bestowed on their publication.

SACERDOS.

PROCESSION OF THE FETE DIEU.—Sunday last being the Sunday within the octave of the Festival of Corpus Christi was celebrated with the customary Procession of the B. Sacrament. Everything, we are happy to say, passed off in admirable order.

RECEPTION.—On Thursday, the 26th instant, Miss Margaret Mulvena, of Richmond, C.E., daughter of John Mulvena, Esq., and sister-in-law of A. Donnelly, Esq., J.P., Richmond, took the final vows as one of the Sisters of the Congregation, assuming the name of Sister St. Wolfred.

THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.—Tuesday last was the Anniversary of Canada's Patron Saint, and as such was duly celebrated by our fellow-citizens of French origin with a magnificent Procession, and a solemn High Mass at the Parish Church. In the evening there was a Promenade Concert at the City Hall, which was well and numerously attended.

THE GRAND PIC-NIC.

We again call the attention of our readers to the Pic-Nic of the St. Patrick's Society to be held on Wednesday, the 2nd of July next, at the Victoria Gardens (formerly Guilbault's). Already on a former occasion we mentioned the object of the Pic-Nic—the building of a Saint Patrick's Hall—and no doubt its importance is perfectly understood by all. The Pic-Nic itself cannot fail to afford satisfaction, as no pains have been spared to render it an attractive affair. To all those who admire manly sports and athletic games, the programme will certainly prove interesting, and we expect to see great competition for the prizes. The Society has engaged two splendid Quadrille Bands, and the proprietor of the Garden has erected a manohed to accommodate all who may desire to participate in the exercises of the day; but the most interesting item in the programme is the prize-dancing. Three gentlemen thoroughly competent to decide on the merits of the champions have been requested to act as judges; and we are sure the whole affair will be the greatest treat of the season. Go on—go on!

THE WEATHER.—Some slight showers of rain have fallen since our last, which have a little revived the pastures, and give hopes that the grain crops, though necessarily very light, may not be altogether a failure. As for the hay crop it is to be feared that it is less beyond the possibility of redemption.

Should the present state of things continue, it is not improbable that escape may be sought from the difficulty by a resort to the voluntary principle. The contest which has been going on in England for years, between the advocates of State education and the friends of voluntarism, may be transplanted to Canada, and a compromise may then be arrived at adapted to the circumstances of the country. The standing argument against the voluntary system in Upper Canada has been its alleged unfitness for the imperfectly settled districts. In the cities, towns, and larger villages—objectors have said—voluntarism may be relied upon to meet educational wants; but in the rural districts it would fail. Dr. Ryzerson seems to have kept the distinction in view; for we gather from the proceedings of the Anglican Synod, that he favors separate schools, which are a phase of the voluntary system, only in localities where voluntarism, pure and simple, must be expected to succeed. And we apprehend that when the question reached its crisis—when Upper Canada as a whole comprehend the fact that its school system, despite the praise of charlatans, is really and truly a failure, the voluntary side of the controversy will not suffer for any lack of champions.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

The above is from the *Quebec Chronicle*, which is now, as it was in the days when Cartier, instead of Sicotte, reigned, a Government back. Without attaching too high importance to the authority of the *Chronicle*, we think that we may congratulate ourselves upon the new phase upon which the School question seems about to enter, and the prominence which is now given to the Voluntary principle in education as well as in religion. If it be good for the one, it must be good for the other; and though we do not advocate it for either, we would gladly accept it, as a far less evil than the system of "State-Schoolism" which the "Reformers" of Upper Canada have hitherto endeavored to impose upon us.

A QUEER COMPLIMENT.—The *British Whig* of Kingston pays the following singular compliment to Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, the new Premier:—

"The twelfth member of the Cabinet is the Premier, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, of whom few men know whether he be Protestant or Catholic."

Remittances in our next.

AN ATTEMPT TO DECEASE AN EMIGRANT IN OTTAWA.—*Tobac. & Maguire*.—This case excited considerable interest, as the facts disclosed a base conspiracy to defraud the plaintiff, an Irish emigrant, of forty-nine sovereigns, being the whole amount of the poor Irishman's capital, who he brought to this country to purchase a piece of land to be a home for himself and little family. The plaintiff came to Ottawa last fall, with the intention of settling in the country. He stopped at the defendant's house, who quickly found out he had some money. Tobac having told him that he was desirous of purchasing land, the defendant said that he had a good piece of land across the Ottawa in Lower Canada, which he would sell him cheap, and that the land was well situated. Tobac as length intended to go and see the place, which proved in every way what defendant had described it. He also showed him the patent from the crown for a lot of land which he alleged was the land shown to him. Tobac thereupon purchased it, and went to Aylmer and had the deed drawn and the money paid; but, in a few days afterwards, the unfortunate Tobac found that he was cheated, and that the land for which he had got the deed was worthless, being but rocks on the top of a rugged mountain, and not the land shown to him and for which the poor dupe paid his money. The affair having got wind in Ottawa, some benevolent persons there took up the Irishman's cause, and sent to Kingston for an able counsel, a countryman of his, to plead on his behalf. After a full and patient investigation of the facts, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with full costs of suit. Never did a verdict give greater satisfaction, for the people of Ottawa felt, and very justly, that if emigrants were allowed to be fleeced in this way by sharpers, and the guilty ones escape punishment, the worst consequences might ensue.—*Kingston Whig*, 17th.

ADDRESS TO THE 'MAY QUEEN'
OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE 'MAY QUEEN.'
(Written for the Young Ladies of the 1st class.)
Midst the gladsome sound of music, oh youthful Queen of May,
We come, with merry words of song our homage deep to pay;
We come, the chosen messengers of Spring's sweet buds and flowers,
To bring their perfumed greeting, from the dells and mossy bowers.

As hitherwards we bent our steps through grounds of cultured care,
We saw a rose of beauteous form, of colors rich and rare;
And as we passed, it hailed us, and the proud young head was bent,
And its vivid blush was deepened, as love to thee it went.

Near by the little *Crocus* with a bright and sunny smile,
That cheers full many a passer by cottage door and stile,
Gave us a friendly nod for thee, and with the blue bell sweet
Asked that we tendered for them both, rejoicings, glad and meet.

Onward we passed;—a tulip raised aloft its haughty head,
And bowed, in loyalty we knew, but not a word it said;
Geraniums in their gorgeous robes, those friends so staunch and true,
Have sent their royal greetings, and welcomes not a few.

Meanwhile, as time was fleeting soon we left those gardens gay,
And hurried o'er the grassy fields while longing there to stay;
Swift through a wooded scene we sped, a scene for fairies meet
While flowers will around us played and e'en to our feet.

Each had a word, a look for thee, and we had high passed by,
When lo! a lady o'er we sped where violets did lie;
With the sweet shrinking modesty that makes them loved I ween,
They sent this humble message, to their young and loved May Queen.

That she must ever shun the light, and seek to dwell in shade,
For sheltered from the noon day's sun, her virtues will not fade;
Then the dear drooping snow-drop, that little trembling flower,
Soft pleaded that thy heart be kept free from the world's cold power.

Such are the welcomes that we bring from field and glen and dell,
From leafy bowers and mossy roots, and from the woodland well,
And as we lay them at thy feet, our too our homage give
Singing with merry voices loud—*Long let the May Queen live!*

MAY.

Montreal, May 17th, 1862.

DEATHS.—The Rev. Mr. McGowan, President of the St. Basil's Asylum Association, acknowledges with many thanks the receipt of seventy-five dollars from the Directors of the *Caisse d'Économie Notre-Dame* towards the above named institution.—*Quebec Daily News*.

Mr. Tessier has been re-elected by acclamation. The Bank of Ottawa and the Western Bank of Canada are reported to be insolvent. Our readers should be careful not to receive the notes of these banks.—*Ottawa Union*.

WANT OF FODDER.—The *Montreal Gazette* says:—"The late rains will probably, in some parts of the country, give the grass a start; but in the West it came, we understand, quite too late. The question of providing fodder is unquestionably of the greatest importance. It has occurred to us there hints in the subjoined letter, which we find in the *Ontario Episcopal Gazette*, which may be serviceable:—

Ottawa City, June 18, 1862.
Mr. BAYLOR.—The impending dearth of fodder must, unless averted, entail the destruction of the greater part of the stock next winter, I therefore crave a small space in your journal to point out some remedies. First, I recommend that Hungarian grass be planted largely, as it presents the following advantages:—It may be sown till the 10th July; it requires only three weeks to the acre for seed; it is fit to cut in two months, for although the seed is in the milk, it will ripen in the barn. Horses fed on it require no oats, except those that are driven fast on the road, and they only need a fourth of the quantity. The yield is from three to five tons per acre. Next I advise the planting of spring tares; this may be done till the 25th July, and in six weeks it may be cut for soft feed or dried hay. Again, it is of great importance that a plentiful crop of turnips should be sown. Aberdeens will do well if sown before the 15th July and in most years will globe up to the first August. A light dressing of unleached wood ashes increases the size of the turnips very much. Turnips will be required next winter to replace the potatoes, which threaten to be a total failure. Wheat, barley, oats, and Pease straw, all make good fodder, if cut and steamed, and cattle will fatten on any of them if a little bran or molasses be added. The nutritive power of oats, beans, &c., are augmented one-fifth by being cracked or bruised; by attending to this a considerable economy of food may be effected. Lastly, animals that are housed in warm stables keep fat on very much less food than those that are not. Hoping that these suggestions may be useful, I remain your obedient servant,
S. O. SEWELL.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Montreal, June 25th, 1862.
Flour—Pollards, \$3 to \$3 40; Middlings, \$3 50 to \$3 75; Fine, \$3 90 to \$4 15; Super, No 2, \$4 10 to \$4 25; Super \$4 45 to \$4 55, from American Wheat, \$4 55 to \$4 85; Fancy, \$4 75 to \$4 85; Extra, \$5 10 to \$5 20; Superior Extra, \$5 25 to \$5 80. Bag Flour, per 112 lbs., \$2 50 to \$2 60. A slight rise in Britain and New York has stiffened prices here, and we advance our quotations of No 1 about 5 cents.
Oatmeal per 60 lbs.—U.C. Spring, ex-car, 88c to 94c float, 93c to 98c; Western Spring, \$1 to \$1 04; White Winter, \$1 05 to \$1 12. A good deal of the U.O. Spring Wheat is damp and heating; but sound parcels are in demand at our outside figures.
Corn per 56 lbs, 47c to 48c.
Oats per 40 lbs 44c to 45c.
Peas per 66 lbs, 75c to 77c.
Ashes, per 112 lbs, Pots \$6.87 to \$6.92; (Inferiors 20c more, subject to the legal scale of deduction); Pearls, \$7.10.
Pork Dull; Mess, \$11 to \$11.50; Thin Mess, \$9.50 to \$10; Prime Mess, \$9.50; Prime, \$3 37 to \$3.50. Hams Smoked, 5c to 6c; Sugar-Cured, canvassed do 7c to 8c; Shoulders, 2 1/2c to 3c. All very dull. Butter in fair supply; prices about the same; the finer grades of Butter are in demand; we quote old Butter, 9c to 10c; medium, 11c to 12c; Fine Dairy, 12c to 14c.
Eggs 9c to 10c.
Lard dull, 7c to 8c.
Tallow dull, 7 1/2c to 8c.

MORE DEATHS BY DROWNING.—On Sunday an Indian woman, wife of Francis White, who lives on a farm on the York Branch, while passing into the head of Long Rapids in a dark canoe with her son, a lad of twenty years, and three young daughters, the canoe upset. The mother caught one of the girls and held on to the canoe as far as she could be seen. Seymour, the son, caught the other two, and got near the shore when they all disappeared. The mother was found near the mouth of the river, having floated over twenty miles. The unfortunate woman was going to visit a son, who is at school at Aylmer, having had the misfortune to lose his arm last summer by a gunshot. A huntsman named Brown, in the employment of Daniel McLachlin, Esq., got drowned on Wednesday, in the Long Rapids, by his canoe upsetting at the Ice Chute.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

A party of Englishmen, thirty in number, have reached Quebec en route for British Columbia, under the auspices of a swindling company in London, which advertised to carry them across the continent in comfortable carriages. They paid forty guineas each for their passage.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

THE BRIGHTEST JEWEL IN THE SPANISH CROWN.—No one will fail to acknowledge the beautiful island of Cuba is the brightest jewel of Spain. Its climate is the most healthy in the world, and thousands are restored by its genial influences. Yet greater, far greater is the healing power and restoring influence of Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers on the health of our citizens. They will, if taken early, cure your cold and prevent consumption, and Cuba may be left unvisited, and long life enjoyed. 25 cents a box. Sold in Montreal by J. M. Henry & Sons; Lyman, Clark & Co., Carter, Kerry & Co., S. J. Lyman & Co., Lamplough & Campbell, and at the Medical Hall, and all Medicine Dealers.

Died.
In this city, on the 18th instant, John Joseph Ignatius, youngest child of M. Bergin, Merchant Tailor, aged 1 year and 11 months.
In this city, on the 10th instant, Edmund Felix Byrne, a native of the County Carlow, Ireland.

SAUVAGEAU & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
165 St. Paul Street.
REFERREES:
HENRY THOMAS, Esq., J. HON. LOUIS RENAUD, VICTOR HUDON, Esq., JOSEPH TIFFIN, Esq., Montreal, June 26, 1862. Ct.

ICED SODA WATER,
FROM THE FOUNTAIN,
WITH
CREAM NECTAR AND FRUIT-FLAVORED SYRUPS.

The CYLINDERS used are NEW and COATED with PORCELAIN: hence are perfectly free from any metallic contamination. Finest Syrups of all kinds by the bottle or gallon.

SHERBET, or EFFERVESCING POWDER, for making cheap and refreshing Summer Drinks, 1s 3d and 2s 6d a bottle.

ABBERNETHY'S TONIC APERIENT, universally celebrated for restoring tone to the Stomach, whether arising from indigestion, bile, constipation, or partaking too freely at the table—2s a bottle.

DEVINS' CITRATE OF MAGNESIA—A very mild and pleasant Effervescing Aperient.
R. J. DEVINS,
CHEMIST,
Next the Court House, Montreal.



THE
ANNUAL GRAND PIC-NIC
OF THE
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY,
IN AID OF THE BUILDING

OF A
ST. PATRICK'S HALL,
WILL BE HELD
ON WEDNESDAY, 2nd JULY NEXT,
IN THE
VICTORIA GARDENS,
(Formerly Guilbault's)

The usual games of Lacrosse, Racing, Leaping, Dancing Hornpipes and Irish Jigs, and throwing the heavy stone, will be carried on during the day and prizes awarded to the victors.

For further particulars, see hand-bills. Refreshments will be supplied by Mr. B. Tansley, at City prices.

Gates open from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Tickets to be had from the members of the Committee, at Sadlier's, Dalton's, and Riddle's, also at the principal shops and stores and at the gate on the day of the Pic-Nic.
Adults' Tickets 25 cts., Children's 12c.
P. O'MEARA,
Rec. Sec.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned EMIGRATION COMMITTEE of the Society will meet in their New Hall, BONAVENTURE BUILDING, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, from SIX till EIGHT o'clock P.M., to give ADVICE and ASSISTANCE to EMIGRANTS: it is need, and endeavor to procure employment for those of them who wish to remain among us.

Parties, in town or country, who may be in want of Servants, male or female, or who can, in any way, give employment to the Emigrants now arriving on our shores, are earnestly requested to communicate with this Committee.

PATRICK WOODS,
BERNARD TANSLEY,
W. P. MCGUIRE,
PATRICK JORDAN,
DANIEL LYONS,
JOHN MURPHY.

June 5.

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.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

A farewell dinner was given on Wednesday week to General Montebello by Marshal Bandon, minister of war, at which Mgr. Chigi, the apostolic nuncio, assisted.

A letter from Paris says:—"The Count de Montebello will in all probability be well received by the Pope. His family are in high favor with the Emperor, for reasons not difficult to guess, and he has the reputation of being a good Catholic—a thing difficult to be found in Paris or the French army outside a very narrow and exclusive circle."

Another letter from Paris, dated Saturday, says:—"The Viceroy of Egypt, who is still the lion here, will the day after to-morrow, leave for Brussels, attended by a suite which includes seventy-five persons. Before leaving the Continent for England he will pass some days at the Hague. The reported *bons mots* of Said Pasha are very good and very numerous. But the probability is that he was only made to stand sponsor for them by this *canard*-loving people. But what M. Thiers said to the Queen of Holland deserves more publicity than what the Egyptian Viceroy said to the Empress, although it does not say much for the political enlightenment of the historian. The Dutch Queen would not leave Paris without seeing M. Thiers and shaking hands with him. She therefore set off one morning in a *coupe de rente* to the house at the corner of the Rues de Lille and Belle Chasse. On entering the house, which wore a severe and sad aspect, her Majesty was shown into a room where M.M. Thiers and Mignet were conversing. After the Queen joined them a great many topics were discussed, and European politics led to that of the Papacy. 'Decidedly,' explained the royal visitor, rising suddenly to go away, 'the temporal is a bad thing; is it not, M. Thiers?' 'Yes, madame,' was the reply; 'and so had that it kills all those who eat it.' 'Then,' returned the Queen, 'the best thing the Pope can do is to let Victor Emmanuel take a meal of it, and thus save himself the trouble and expense of a regular or irregular army to get rid of him.' But the Pope is far too charitable to do anything of the kind. He prefers, if the Paris journals are well informed, to have recourse to the major form of excommunication, and only waits for the decision of the hosts of Bishops assembled at the Vatican to issue it against the recalcitrant king."

The Count de Montebello who has just been appointed to command the army of occupation at Rome, is the second son of Marshal Lannes; he has been in the army since 1830, and was made General of Division in December, 1855.

The *Patrie* states that it is the intention of the Emperor to cause the remains of King Joseph Bonaparte, which are interred in the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, to be brought to Paris, and deposited in the Hotel des Invalides. That removal would, it observes, respond to the wish expressed by that monarch, in his will made at London in 1840, and which says:—"The injustice of those who have exercised power since 1815 has only increased in me my love for my absent country. As soon as my family shall be free to return to France by the will of the French nation, my desire is that my remains shall rest in that free country." The following are the places at which the mortal remains of the different members of the Bonaparte family are now deposited:—"The Emperor Napoleon I. and his brother Jerome, at the Invalides; Joseph, at Florence; Louis, at Saint Leu (France); Lucien, at Canino, (Italy); Cardinal Fesch, in the Basilica of St. Lawrence, in Lucina (Rome); Madame Mere, at Corneto, (Italy); the Empress Josephine and her daughter, the Queen Hortense, at Reuil (France); the Princess Elisa, at Trieste (Austria); Queen Caroline, at Florence; the Princess Pauline, at Florence; Napoleon II., in Austria."

PARIS, June 1.—The *Moniteur* of this morning says:—"By an Imperial decision of the 28th May, the corps of occupation at Rome is reduced to a single division, consisting of three divisional brigades placed under the command of General de Montebello."

A strange report has reached us from Paris, that the New Prussian Envoy to that Court is charged to negotiate with the Emperor Napoleon for the recognition of Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, by the Czar and the King of Prussia, and for the concurrence of the two Northern Powers in the transfer of Sardinia and even Genoa to France, on the condition that Russia and Prussia obtain the support of France in their own plans of aggrandisement in Germany and on the Danube. The idea is monstrous, and we do not feel justified in believing anything so base of either the Emperor Alexander or his uncle—but, really, such astounding things have happened of late, and monarchs and great ministers at home and abroad have shown so lamentable a disregard of truth, honour, and principle, that we cannot refuse credence to any thing we hear, merely because it ought to be incredible. If the report be true, England must prepare to face the formidable coalition against her.—*Weekly Register*.

The recall of General Goyon from Rome is an accomplished fact; and so far M. Lavalette has succeeded in the object which he had in view in leaving his Embassy and returning to France.—But the Marquis unslipped himself while endeavouring to overthrow the General. He goes not back to Rome. This retribution for his villany has been brought about by the firmness of the Holy Father, who caused it to be intimated to the Emperor Napoleon that if General Goyon should be recalled because of his supposed sympathy with the Supreme Pontiff in his troubles, the removal of the French Ambassador, who made himself notorious for his hostility to the Holy See, would also become an absolute necessity.—Whether or not the Emperor encouraged the

Ambassador in his petulance at Rome, at all events he had no alternative but to put an end to his diplomatic career in the Eternal City when Goyon's recall was determined upon; and now the General is a Senator for his services, and the ex-Ambassador is—the Marquis de Lavalette. It is not, it seems, intended to fill up the two vacant French posts in Rome, and the Count Montebello is at once Ambassador of France to the Holy See and Commander-in-Chief of the French army in Rome. In the meantime the Emperor appears more solicitous than ever to impress upon the Pope's mind the conviction that he means well by the Church, and that there is no intention to deviate from the *status quo*. Has the Red-republican feeling that now prevails in Lombardy and Tuscany, and even Genoa, anything to do with the motives that have prompted these assurances? Is Napoleon afraid of Garibaldi and of the infernal spirit which the red-shirted buccaneer has aroused?—Surely it is time to take warning from the precipitate flight of Victor Emmanuel from Naples, if it be not resolved to give up Europe to the horrors of a sanguinary anarchy. The profligate anti-Catholic and revolutionary press of this country, especially the infamous *Times*, and the seditious Jews who own and control the telegraphs, of course make light of the anti-Piedmontese demonstration in Naples the other night but the truth finds its way to England in spite of the knives, and our readers may now know how serious the *emette* was which obliged the excommunicated Robber King to fly from the ballroom by a circuitous route to the sea-shore and to take shelter from his adoring Neapolitan subjects on board his Sardinian steam frigate.—Some brazen writers will stoutly deny the fact altogether; others, less hardened, will try to gloss it over,—and it is very probable that Lords Palmerston and Russell, if questioned in Parliament, will profess utter ignorance on the subject in the Lords, as the Foreign Secretary did in regard to Fanti's atrocious proclamation, or slur it over in the Commons by the aid of some state joke, but of the circumstances circumstantially narrated by our Neapolitan correspondent we have not the smallest doubt, and our readers may safely give the narrative implicit credit.

NAPOLEON AND THE EMPRESS.—The *Armonia* of the 29th ult., says:—"Napoleon finds himself in a painful dilemma, into which he has imprudently and voluntarily thrown himself. His sad position was lately described by the Empress Eugenie to a high personage. The Empress' words were as near as possible the following:—"We are approaching an evil end, and I fear much for my husband, and still more so for my son. If we abandon Rome and the Pope, a European war will burst forth: and who knows the result? And then, how can this abandonment be reconciled with our promises and our preceding policy? What would France say of it, where we see, daily increasing and displaying itself, the warmest affection for the Sovereign Pontiff? But if we remain at Rome we are exposed to other dangers. The Orsini bombs are suspended over our heads; the vengeance of the secret societies pursues us day and night; England, that sworn enemy of the Bonapartes, entwines and stiles us. On both sides, therefore, there are the greatest perils. Oh, my son! my son! exclaimed the Empress and wept!"

ITALY.

ROME.—The eyes of Christendom are directed to Rome to the magnificent spectacle there presented to the contemplation of the Faithful. The machinations of the enemies of the Holy See only enhance its glory and strengthen its hold upon our love and veneration. As the great day approaches for the solemn Festival, the proofs multiply of the mysterious power indwelling in the Successor of St. Peter, and which shines by far most conspicuous when the fraud and violence of his enemies have done their worst against him. All the accounts from Rome in the Continental journals confirm the impression made by the letter of our Roman Correspondent, of the enthusiasm and veneration of the Sovereign Pontiff is the object in his own capital. There are in Rome between two hundred and three hundred Bishops, and the number of Priests who have flocked thither from all parts to share in the demonstration of fidelity to the Holy See, is computed at two thousand. On Ascension Day, the 29th, when, after the Papal Chapel held at St. John Lateran, the Pope ascended the loggia of the Clementine Portico to give his Benediction, *Urbi et Orbi*, thirty thousand of the Faithful knelt with bent heads to receive his blessing. An indescribable emotion seized the multitude. The correspondent of the *Union* says:—"I know not what passed in the secret soul of those present, but yielding to one sentiment, under the empire of one emotion and of one sentiment, under the empire of one emotion and one thought, all rose at the same moment, and relieved their overcharged hearts by the most enthusiastic acclamations of gratitude and love."

"No description of the scene is possible when that multitude of every age, of every rank, of all countries, and of all tongues, mingled their shouts and their applause in ineffable transport before the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and saluted in His August Person the Pontiff and King." This was on the 29th; and on the 26th when the Pope went from the Vatican to the Church of St. Philip Neri, there had been another oration, affording an equally convincing proof, not only of the fervour of the Catholic Pilgrims but of the loyalty and attachment of the Roman people. For this is to be noted, that now there are in Rome some thousands of Bishops, Priests, and Laymen from all countries, all of whom have opportunities of ascertaining for themselves whether Pius IX. is really an object of the aversion or of the love of his people, there is a concurrence of testimony to their loyalty and attachment. Everybody's correspondence tells of the wonder and disgust felt at those lying bulletins of the Liberal press, and of those cynical sneers of Liberal orators, which had represented the Pope as living among a population which regarded him with coldness and aversion, and against whom every hand would be raised if the bayonets of the French garrison were withdrawn for a single day.

While Pius IX. at Rome is receiving proofs of fidelity and love, such as have never yet been recorded by history, as falling to the share of any of his predecessors, the situation of his enemies becomes from day to day less enviable.—*Tablet*. The *Standardo Cattolico* of Genoa states that the municipality of Rome, desirous of testifying their gratitude to the bishops for their visit to Rome, has resolved to confer upon each of them the title of Roman

nobles, and to perpetuate the remembrance of their stay by engraving their names on a marble slab to be placed in the Capitol. The Emperor of Austria is reported to have addressed an autograph letter to the Pope, in which his Majesty declares that he cannot offer his Holiness an asylum at Venice, that city being too near the Quadrilateral. His Majesty also frankly advises his Holiness not to leave Rome, whatever may happen.

Rome, June 3.—Yesterday Dr. Manning delivered a long address, in the presence of fifteen cardinals and many of the clergy, on the subject of the relations of England with the Catholic Church. He compared the former persecutions of Catholics by the English Government with the moderation which is now shown towards them, and said that a happy destiny was reserved for Catholicism in England. There are at present 200 foreign Bishops in Rome, all of whom are signing an address to the Pope in favor of the temporal power of the Holy See.

PARIS, June 1.—The *Moniteur* of this morning says:—"By an Imperial decision of the 28th May, the corps of occupation at Rome is reduced to a single division, consisting of three divisional brigades, placed under the command of General Montebello." We read in the *Giornale di Roma* that Mehemet Said Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, not satisfied with having expressed, while in Rome, his gratitude for the kindly reception the Holy Father gave him, wrote from Leghorn to Cardinal Antonelli, begging him to present to the Holy Father his sincere thanks for the hospitality and attention shown him in Rome, and to express to His Holiness how sensible he was of the favor, assuring His Holiness that he will feel himself happy in retaining the kind opinion of the Holy Father."

M. Lambert, envoy in Europe of the new King of Madagascar, has proceeded to Rome to be present at the Canonisation of the Japanese Martyrs, and to obtain from the Holy See a Concordat to regulate the intercourse of the new King's government with the Catholic Church in Madagascar. One of our correspondents from Rome, writing on the 30th ult., relates the following:—"The Bishop of Orleans, wishing to see the Pope pass from the Vatican to the Church of St. Philip Neri, took his stand on the walls of the Castle of Saint Angelo, and on his return was cheered by the French soldiers and the people, who recognised the eloquent defender of the Church and the Holy Father. At his private interview with the Holy Father he was at first so much moved on coming into the Pope's presence that he could not utter a word. But the Holy Father ran towards him to embrace him, and then the courageous Prelate recovered his voice and self-possession."

Letters from Rome in the *Times*, the *Monde*, and the *Gazette de France*, give details, which in the main agree with each other of what took place at the Consistory on the 22nd. The telegraphic account of which turns out as usual to have been very imperfect. According to the *Times*:—"In the midst of his allocution the feelings of the Pope gave way, and he sobbed out, rather than spoke, the following words:—"I have the more cause for congratulating myself in seeing you all assembled around me, as circumstances may become such as to make it impossible for me to correspond with you in future." The mysterious sense of these words, and the emotion of the Holy Father produced a profound sensation in the assembled Prelates. Many began to weep like the Pope, and his Holiness having withdrawn, the Bishops proceeded to the Salle Royale, and pressing around Cardinal Antonelli, inquired if important news had been received. The Cardinal replied that there was nothing that could exactly be called news; on the contrary, a recent communication from M. de Bellune, the Secretary of the French embassy, would lead to suppose that the French Government intended to retain the *status quo*. But that, moreover, the uneasiness of the Holy Father was amply justified by the general aspect of affairs. I think that I can vouch for the correctness of the last sentence."

According to the *Monde*, the Pope addressed the Bishops in Latin to the following effect:—"It is to confer the supreme honours of the Church on blessed Martyrs that you are united around me. How could we at such a moment forget those of our brothers who at this very time, on Italian soil, are suffering persecution for the cause of justice? Let us pray that the Lord may support them in the combat they have to go through, and that the Clergy will follow their lead with so much courage and devotion. Let us also pray for that small number of misguided Priests, who separating from their flocks, take part with the persecutors. Let us above all pray for the wretched man, who alone in the whole Episcopal body, has betrayed the holy cause. Let us implore the Almighty to open the eyes of our enemies, to touch their hearts, and bring them back to the path of truth and justice. The circumstances were serious; times may come when I may not be able, like today, to unite you around me and make my voice heard among you, when even it will be impossible for me to forward you my teachings and instructions. Let us, therefore, pray that the dangers which threaten the Holy Church, may be averted."

The *Monde* adds:—"It is said that his allocution was delivered with an accent which penetrated every heart. Tears were in every eye. All understood however, that the Supreme Pontiff only alluded to comparatively distant dangers, and that for the present there is no subject for alarm."

The *Gazette de France* reports the incident as follows:—"Pius IX. stated that this was probably the last time that he would see the Episcopacy of the Catholic universe united around him; that he was profoundly touched with the mark of affection which has been given him by his venerable brethren, many of whom had come so far. Nevertheless his joy was changed to bitterness by the compulsory absence of the Italian Bishops, whom he felt it his duty to recommend, from prudential considerations, not to leave their several sees. The conduct of the Italian Episcopacy had been generally what it should be, with the exception of one of its members. The Holy Father pointed out the schismatic Bishop of Arriano, Caputo, whom he described as the modern Judas. Then alluding to possible contingencies that might deprive him of his freedom, the Pope said:—"I leave you my last will and testament." He then stopped his voice failed him, and tears flowed from his eyes. A solemn emotion pervaded the auditory, and none of the Bishops were able to refrain from tears. Resuming his speech, the Pope developed the text which embodies his testament, his last counsels, his supreme wishes. Be courageous—*Fortes estote*."

The *Nationalities* of Turin has the following:—"According to information received, and which we have reason to believe correct, the Pope will put the four following questions to the Bishops assembled at Rome:—"First, is the Catholic Church interested in the Italian movement—that is to say, does not the tendency and direction of that movement constitute a menace and a danger to Catholicism? Secondly, Does the conduct held by the Pontifical Government relative to the Italian movement, its constant resistance, and its attitude, merit approbation? Thirdly, must the same line of conduct be followed out to the end against the usurpers of the domains of the Church and their accomplices, and the major excommunication be issued? Fourthly, In the latter case, would it be suitable to cause that excommunication to be preceded by a proclamation to Catholics, explaining to them the conduct of the Sovereign Pontiff, and exhorting them to persist in their desire to assist him?"

PARIS.—The King of Sardinia's Government is in extreme difficulties. It has been compelled to oppose the daring enterprises of the Mazzinian and Garibaldi faction, and it finds itself insulted, threatened, and defied on all sides. Among the multitude of rumours and anecdotes of all kinds concerning the recent visit of Victor Emmanuel to Naples, the Garibaldi movement in Lombardy, the arrest of the Re-

volutionary conspirators, Garibaldi's protest, the King's precipitate departure from Naples, and the demonstrations of the Garibaldians in that city, we have no means of distinguishing the true from the false. We think, however, that it may be taken as proved, that the King's excursion to Naples, the visit of Prince Napoleon; the intended Garibaldi outbreak, the recall of General Goyon, and the diminution of the French garrison, were all parts of a plot which has failed for the present. We believe that Napoleon III. really intended that the Italian movement should make another step in advance, provided only that terms could be extorted from the King of Sardinia sufficiently favourable to his Imperial cupidity. But his demands were such as neither Victor Emmanuel nor his Ministers dared to accede to, and the consequence has been that the Emperor has returned to his temporising policy, and that the outbreak which was to have been the signal for a general conflagration has been countermanded.—*Tablet*.

KINROSS OF THE TWO SICILIES.—News has been received at Turin from Naples that the canon of the Cathedral of Naples has been condemned to lose his prebendary for showing disrespect towards King Victor Emmanuel. A Turin letter of the 26th inst., in the *Pays*, says:—"The King yesterday presided at the weekly Council of Ministers, and an important resolution was come to. The official mission, which brought Garibaldi to the continent has been terminated, or at least suspended. That mission, as you are well aware, consisted in instituting national rifle clubs in all the towns of Italy. Garibaldi was the vice-president of the commission which Baron Ricasoli, when in office, had appointed *ad hoc*. The presidency was to be conferred on Prince Humbert. In his quality of vice-president, Garibaldi undertook, at the request of the Baron, his visit to Lombardy, which was the occasion of such serious agitation, and in that quality he intended to start to-morrow for Como, to establish a fresh club there, and at the same time excite the popular passions by speeches, the meaning of which may be readily understood. To prevent such inconveniences, it was yesterday decided that the institution of those rifle clubs should be suspended for the present. Garibaldi may still proceed to Como, where he is expected, in order to celebrate the anniversary of one of his victories over the Austrians in 1859; but he will not be authorised to open the club, and if he attempts such a proceeding, it will be prevented by force."

AUSTRIA.—CONCENTRATION OF AUSTRIAN TROOPS AT VENETIA.—TURIN, June 5.—The formation of six new brigades of infantry have been resolved upon. Austria continues to despatch troops from the Tyrol into Venetia. The report that the Austrian army was being reduced is unfounded. Some furloughs only have been granted. A great military force has been concentrated in Venetia.

RUSSIA.—BERLIN, June 3.—Letters received here from St. Petersburg state that in the last sitting of the Council of the Empire the proposed new fundamental regulations for the administration of justice were unanimously adopted. Henceforth no one is to be condemned except by the proper tribunals. All judicial proceedings are to be conducted publicly, and trial by jury is to be introduced. PORTUGAL.—BRESLAU, June 5.—The *Schlesische Zeitung* of today contains news from Warsaw, according to which the publication of the appointment of the Grand Duke Constantine as Viceroy of Poland may be shortly expected. The Marquis de Wielopolski will assume the civil administration as Adlatus of the Grand Duke, and will be appointed President of the Council of State. Privy Councillor Walujew will be appointed Imperial Commissioner for Poland. This news has been most favorably received in Warsaw.

LISBON, May 27.—The disturbances in the Minho still continue, and the Government are about to call out the reserves. At Amare, Guimaraens, and Braga, conflicts have occurred, and in the firing that took place several lives have been lost. It is thought religious questions have had much to do with the disturbances in the Minho; also that the friends of the late Portuguese Consul at Rio, the Baron Moreira, have been instigating the people against the Government. Braga and Guimaraens are the headquarters of the disaffected. The Infante Donna Isabel Maria has sailed en route to Rome in the Portuguese corvette Bartholomew Dios. The law against the Sisters of Charity has passed the Deputies. LISBON, May 31.—The Sisters of Charity embark tomorrow in the frigate *Oreogues*. Those sisters attacked to the hospitals remain. It is asserted that the King of Portugal has written to the Emperor Napoleon on the subject of the Sisters of Charity.—The chiefs of the order in France have recalled them on account of the opposition shown by the dominant political party in Lisbon to their stay. The last news from the Minho states that the people are much quieter.

INSULT TO THE BISHOP OF MALTA.—We regret to learn that the Roman Catholic Bishop of Malta on arriving at Messina in the steamer *Quirinal*, was grossly insulted by the inhabitants of that city, who swarmed in boats with Italian flags round the vessel, shouting "Porco il Vesuvio di Malta!" "Spia dei Borboni!" "Maledetta l'anima sua!" "Porci Maltesi!" and other expressions of similar nature. They even, it is said went so far as to attempt to board the steamer, on seeing which the crew were placed under arms. The captain of an Italian frigate in the harbour is reported to have shot her guns, and warned the people that he would fire on the boats if they did not disperse. It is, moreover, rumored that the supreme local authority, who expressed every desire to protect the Bishop as far as the circumstances of an excited rabble would permit, advised him and the Maltese on board not to land. The French Consul, it is also stated, protested against the insult to individuals enjoying the protection of the French flag, and it is added that such was the panic on board that the packet steamed out of harbour, picking up some passengers in the Straits, without even landing her goods deliverable at Messina, or transhipping that part of her cargo destined for the Levant.—*Malta Times*.

NOVA SCOTIA.—The Halifax papers furnish the following interesting items:—"The *Ovens*."—The *Ovens* gold diggings are still being worked by large numbers of men, who are represented as being orderly and well behaved. Everybody is waiting for the crusher to go into operation, and large quantities of quartz are barrelled up ready for it. New shops are springing up on every side, and in them are piled stores of everything that can make the miners comfortable. Numbers of hotels with high sounding names are there, and are well filled with persons employed in mining operation. To see life at the diggings, the shanties must be visited, and here you will observe men who formerly served in all stations in life, now cooking, washing, &c. Daguerreotype saloons, jewellers' shops, scittle alleys, &c. find plenty of employment, and on the whole, we think the *Ovens* can compare favourably with any gold diggings in the province. GOLD.—A young man arrived in town on Saturday evening, from Wine Harbor, with 144 ounces of clean gold, which he states is a little over on third of the proceeds of the winter's work on one claim at that place. This amount has been realized by workmen while digging, and the whole of the quartz still remains to be crushed. NEW GOLD DIGGINGS AT LUNENBURGH.—New diggings which promise to be the richest yet, have been

discovered near the town of Lunenburg, and considerable excitement is manifested with regard to the discovery.

OPERA.—S. Caldwell and two other gentlemen, who have lately arrived from the westward, have discovered copper in considerable quantities. Several very fine specimens have been brought to the city.

THE ARMS OF IRELAND.

We have much pleasure in giving insertion to the following, copied from the *Dublin Nation*. As it is from the pen of our much respected fellow-citizen, Edward Murphy, Esq.—a good and patriotic Irishman—we are sure it will be read with interest:—

Mr. Edward Murphy, of Montreal, Canada, has shown to us a design for the National Arms of Ireland, which he sketched some time since. The sketch was very handsomely executed, and the composition appeared very effective. The following is the heraldic description, which may interest many of our readers:—

The Arms of the four Ancient Kingdoms, now Provinces, of Ireland, with other appropriate emblems, marshalled in heraldic order, by Edward Murphy, of Montreal, Canada.

Description of Design.

THE SHIELD. Quarterly—First vert, an harp ore stringed argent for Leinster, the arms of the ancient kingdom, now Province of Leinster. Second azure, three Irish crowns proper for Munster, ditto. Third argent, a dexter hand, couped at the wrist gules, for Ulster, ditto. Fourth ore, a rod (of Moses), entwined with a dead serpent proper, for Connaught, ditto. The shield encircled with a collar of gold representing the ancient royal order of "Niag Nace," or knights of the "Golden Collar," and is inscribed with the motto "United we stand—divided we fall." On the collar is a royal helmet surmounted by the Irish crown, the mantling, &c. proper for a king. Pendant from the collar by a link is a star of eight points, in the centre thereof, the date, B.C. 1264, to commemorate the landing of the Milesians in Ireland.

CREST.

On a wreath ore and vert, a castle, triple towered gold, a bart arg, springing from the gate, wounded with an arrow.

SUPPORTERS.

Dexter—A moose deer, attired ore, supporting a staff proper, surmounted by an ancient bronze spearhead, and bearing a banner vert fringed ore, displaying a harp ensigned with the Irish crown ppr [the Ensign of Ireland].

Sinister—A wolf dog ore, crowned as on the shield, supporting a staff proper, surmounted by an ancient bronze spearhead bearing a banner vert fringed ore, displaying the Sunburst in glory ppr [the ancient standard of Erin].

MOTTO.

On a ribbon vert, in old Irish letters ore, the motto—*Eirin go bragh*, the scroll work, &c., in gold, entwined with shamrock proper.

EXPLANATIONS AND NOTES ON THE FOREGOING.

On the first quarter of shield I have placed the harp, which was, according to O'Halloran's History of Ireland [1st chap., 5th book], the ancient arms of Leinster. Pepper says, in his History of Ireland [chap. 10] the King of Munster's banner before the reign of Brian Boru, displayed on "a field azure three Eastern diadems ppr." For Ulster O'Halloran gives the "Red Hand" as its ancient arms. The arms of Connaught I have adopted from Dr. Warner, who says that a yellow banner, emblazoned with the "dead serpent and Rod of Moses," was borne by the standard bearer of Roderick O'Connor [King of Connaught] when he had an interview with Henry with Henry II.; this, I believe, was also the banner of the Gadilians, a race who inhabited Ireland previous to Milesian colonisation. The shield is encircled with a golden collar representing the "Niag Nace," or Knights of the "Golden Collar," an order which O'Halloran says was peculiar to the blood royal—it was instituted by the illustrious Mamhambon who ascended the throne as Monarch of Ireland, A.V. 3070.—[See O'Halloran, chap. I. 5th book]. By the motto inscribed on the collar, "United we stand, divided we fall," it is meant that the four provinces should be as united as they are represented by their arms on the shield. Haating from the collar is a star of gold, and in the centre thereof is the date B.C. 1274, to commemorate the colonising of Ireland by the Milesian race. On the collar is placed a royal golden helmet, surmounted with the Irish Crown. The crest is taken from "Burke's Heraldry," which is good authority.

The supporters—the deer and wolf dog—I selected as being animals celebrated in the natural history of Ireland for size, strength, and beauty, and also for their being peculiar to Ireland. Sir James Ware ("Antiquities of Ireland") says:—"I must here take notice of those hounds which, from their hunting wolves, are commonly called wolf dogs, being creatures of great strength and size, and a fine shape; and of the moose deer he says:—"There was anciently another stately animal in Ireland of the deer kind; and he closes an interesting article on these two animals by the following query:—"Whether, from observing the strength and size of the Irish grey hound, commonly called the wolf dog, it may not be conjectured that the said grey hound was intended and used for hunting the moose deer?"

On the banner, supported by the moose deer, I have placed a harp ensigned with a crown, one of the ensigns of Ireland according to Burke's Heraldry.—The banner supported by the wolf dog is the "Sunburst," the ancient royal banner of Ireland, and may serve to represent Ancient Ireland. The banner-staffs are tasselled and are surmounted with our ancient spearheads. The motto on the ribbon, at the bottom, "Eirin go bragh," I think, appropriate, as its meaning is almost universally known. The whole design is resting on scroll-work of gold entwined with shamrock. It will be observed that the harp, known as Brian Boru's Harp, preserved in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, is the shape I have adopted for the design, and the crown, that of five points, usually called the "Irish Crown."

N.B.—I send herewith enclosed additional designs for the banners supported by the "moose deer" and "wolf dog." Banner No. 1 is the Red Cross of St. Patrick on a white field, bearing a shamrock leaf of gold ensigned with a crown, which is similar to the badges worn by the Knights of St. Patrick representing Christian Ireland. No. 2 is another of the two ensigns of Ireland (see Burke). I send these in addition, thinking, perhaps, that you would consider it more appropriate to display some of them instead of the banners on the design, for instance No. 1 (the Red Cross of St. Patrick) instead of the Sunburst banner, or No. 2 instead of the same; but probably the substitution of the Red Cross Banner of St. Patrick for the Sunburst Banner would be the most appropriate, and would serve to represent Christian Ireland.

EDWARD MURPHY, Montreal, Canada.

LORD JOHN'S MPROPRIETY.

Sent to Uncle Sam in reply to the demand for the Emily St. Pierre.

My first word's my last, You'd Miss Emily fast, And you might have looked after her better; But now she's eloped, Or, as you would say, 'sloped,' Pray, Sam, don't you wish you may get her?—Punch.

Michelet, the French author says:—"England was always a mystery to me until I visited it. I found it a great sand bank enveloped in fog. The fog fed the grass; the grass fed the sheep; the sheep fed the men."

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. Alexandria—Rev. J. J. Chisholm. Adala—N. A. Costa. Almagre—J. Doyle. Antigonish—Rev. J. Cameron. Arichat—Rev. Mr. Girouard. Arthurville—M. Moran. Brockville—C. F. Fraser. Bulleville—P. P. Lynch. Burrie—Rev. J. R. Lee. Braatford—W. M. Manamy. Burford and W. Riding, Co. Brant—Thos. Magin. Chambly—J. Hackett. Cobourg—P. Maguire. Cornwall—Rev. J. S. O'Connor. Carabrook—Patrick Corcoran. Compton—Mr. W. Daly. Carleton, N. B.—Rev. E. Dunphy. Dalhousie Mills—Wm. Chisholm. Devittville—J. M'Yer. Dunville—J. B. Looney. Egauville—J. Bonfield. East Hawesbury—Rev. J. J. Collins. Eastern Township—P. Hackett. Erinsville—P. Gaffney. Frampton—Rev. Mr. Paradis. Furnessville—J. Flood. Gannaque—Rev. J. Rossiter. Guelph—J. Harris. Goderich—Dr. M'Dougall. Hamilton—J. M'Carthy. Huntingdon—G. M'Faul. Ingersoll—W. Featherston. Kemptonville—H. Heaphy. Kingston—P. Purcell. Lindsay—J. Kennedy. Lansdown—M. O'Connor. London—B. Henry. Lochiel—O. Quigley. Laborough—T. Daley. Lucolle—W. Hart. Maidstone—Rev. R. Keleher. Merrickville—M. Kelly. New Market—Rev. Mr. Wardy. Ottawa City—J. J. Murphy. Oshawa—Richard Supple. Paris and Gall—Rev. Nicholas M'Kee. Prescott—J. Ford. Perth—J. Doran. Peterboro—E. M'Comick. Pictou—Rev. Mr. Lalor. Port Hope—J. Birmingham. Port-Dalhousie—O. M'Sabon. Pembroke—P. Fallon. Quebec—M. O'Leary. Rawdon—James Carroll. Russelltown—J. Campion. Richmond Hill—M. Teffy. Sarnia—P. M'Dermott. Sandwich—H. Morin, P. M. Sherbrooke—T. Griffith. Sherrington—Rev. J. Graton. South Gloucester—J. Daley. Summerstown—D. M'Donald. St. Andrews—Rev. G. A. Hay. St. Athanasie—T. Duon. St. Anna de la Pocaliere—Rev. Mr. Bourreit. St. Columban—Rev. Mr. Falvey. St. Catharines, C. E.—J. Coughlin. St. Raphael's—A. D. M'Donald. St. Romuald d'Etchenin—Rev. Mr. Sax. St. Mary's—H. O'C. Trainor. Starnesboro—C. M'Gill. Sydenham—M. Hayden. Trenton—Rev. Mr. Brettargh. Thorold—John Heenan. Thorpville—J. Greene. Tinsnick—T. Donegan. Toronto—P. F. J. Mullen, 33 Shuter Street. Templeton—J. Hagan. West Ossoda—M. M'Evoy. West Port—James Keboe. Williamsstown—Rev. Mr. M'Carthy. Wallaceburg—Thomas Jarmy. Windsor—D. Lamylor.

R. J. DEVINS, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, NEXT THE COURT-HOUSE, MONTREAL. (Premises formerly occupied by Alfred Savage & Co.) HAS now on hand, imported from London and Paris this Spring, a FULL SUPPLY of SELECT DRUGS, CHEMICALS, Choice Perfumes, Toilet Vinegar, Hair, Tooth, Nail, and Cloth Brushes, Combs of all kinds, and a General Assortment of DRUGGISTS' Sundries, Soda Water from the Fountain, Cylinders Coated with or without; with Cream Nectar and other Syrups. Choice Syrups in every variety, by the Bottle or Gallon. Effervescent Powder in bottles—1s 3d to 2s 6d. Feb. 17.

L. DEVANY, AUCTIONEER. (Late of Hamilton, Canada West.) THE subscriber, having leased for a term of years that large and commodious three-story cut-stone building—five-proof roof, plate-glass front, with three flats and cellar, each 100 feet—No. 159 Notre Dame Street, Cathedral Block, and in the most central and fashionable part of the city, purposes to carry on the GENERAL AUCTION AND COMMISSION BUSINESS.

Having been an Auctioneer for the last twelve years, and having sold in every city and town in Lower and Upper Canada, of any importance, he flatters himself that he knows how to treat consignees and purchasers, and, therefore, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. I will hold THREE SALES weekly. On Tuesday and Saturday Mornings, for GENERAL HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, PIANO-FORTES, &c. &c., AND THURSDAYS for DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, GLASSWARE, CROCKERY, &c. &c. &c. Cash at the rate of 50 cents on the dollar will be advanced on all goods sent in for prompt sale. Returns will be made immediately after each sale and proceeds handed over. The charges for selling will be one-half what has been usually charged by other auctioneers in this city—five per cent. commission on all goods sold either by auction or private sale. Will be glad to attend out-door sales in any part of the city where required. Cash advanced on Gold and Silver Watches, Jewellery, Plated Ware, Diamond or other precious stones. L. DEVANY, Auctioneer. March 27.

INFORMATION WANTED, OF MICHAEL HENNESSY. When last heard from, in 1858, he was in Ogle County, Illinois. Any information concerning him will be most thankfully received by his wife, MARY HENNESSY, St. Rochs, Quebec.

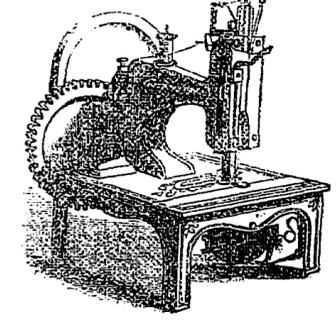
O. J. DEVLIN, NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE: 32 Little St. James Street, MONTREAL.

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

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 MENNELY'S SONS, West Troy, N. Y.

H. BRENNAN, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, 195 Notre Dame Street, (Opposite the Seminary Clock), AND NO. 3 CRAIG STREET.

SEWING MACHINES. E. J. NAGLE'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, 25 PER CENT. UNDER NEW YORK PRICES!! These really excellent Machines are used in all the principal Towns and Cities from Quebec to Port Sarnia. THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED TO GIVE SATISFACTION. TESTIMONIALS have been received from different parts of Canada. The following are from the largest Firms in the Boot and Shoe Trade:— Montreal, April, 1860. We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the complete working of the Machines manufactured by Mr. E. J. Nagle, having had 3 in use for the last twelve months. They are of Singer's Pattern, and equal to any of our acquaintance of the kind. BROWN & CHILDS. Montreal, April, 1860. We have used Eight of E. J. Nagle's Sewing Machines in our Factory for the past twelve months, and have no hesitation in saying that they are in every respect equal to the most approved American Machines,—of which we have several in use. CHILDS, SCHOLDS & 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.



W. F. MONAGAN M.D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR, Physician to St. Patrick's Society, &c. OFFICE: No. 55 WELLINGTON STREET, Near Corner of George Street.

T. C. DE LORIMIER, Advocate, 31 LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, Will attend Circuits at Beauharnois Huntingdon and Soulanges.

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.

P. J. KELLY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, No. 38, Little St. James Street, Montreal, June 12.

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

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

DEVLIN, MURPHY & Co. No. 163, Notre Dame Street (Cathedral Block.)

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, (6d.), and larger pieces in proportion. Among others, the compositions of Ascher, Baumbach, Beyer, Beethoven, Cramer, Chopin, Grobe, Herz, Hunte, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Oesten, Plachy, Schulhoff, 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. 163, Notre Dame Street (Cathedral Block.) 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 (payable 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.

TO SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS. THE undersigned will be at liberty, after the 15th of July next, to Re-engage as a Teacher in an Academy, Model School, or in an Elementary School, provided the Salary be liberal: Qualifications—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, (Theoretical, Practical and Mental), English Grammar, Geography, the Use of the Globes, Book-Keeping (by Single and Double Entry), Mensuration, Plane and Solid Geometry, Algebra, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, &c., &c. Testimonials, respectable and satisfactory as to moral conduct and assiduity and attention to business. He has also a Diploma for a Model School from the Board of Catholic Examiners, Montreal. Address, by letter post-paid, to "M. H. O'R., Borther en haut," or to this Office. June 5, 1862.

WANTED, A SCHOOLMISTRESS, who can Teach French and English. Salary moderate. For particulars, apply at this Office. May 8.

REMEMBER THAT GUILBAULT'S BOTANICAL & ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN HAS BEEN REMOVED TO HIS SPLENDID NEW GROUNDS, Entrance by Upper St. Lawrence Main Street, or St. Urban Street, near the Nunnery. OPEN EVERY DAY—ADMISSION, 12 1/2 CENTS CANADA HOTEL, 15 & 17 St. Gabriel Street.

THE Undersigned informs his Friends and the Public in general that he has made GREAT IMPROVEMENTS in the above-named Hotel. Visitors will always find his Omnibus in waiting on the arrival of Steamboats and Cars. The Table is always well furnished. Prices extremely moderate. SERAFINO GIRALDI. 5m. May 28.

MR. CUSACK, PROFESSOR OF FRENCH, 71 German Street.

FRENCH TAUGHT by the easiest and most rapid methods, on moderate terms, at Pupils' or Professor's residence.

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

M. 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 relief comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in. For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color. This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass. For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces. Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the TRUE WITNESS with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston:—

ST. VINCENT'S ASYLUM, Boston, May 26, 1856. Mr. Kennedy—Dear Sir—Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children, of that class so neglected before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you, it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted by scrofula and other humors. ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE, Superiress 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.