

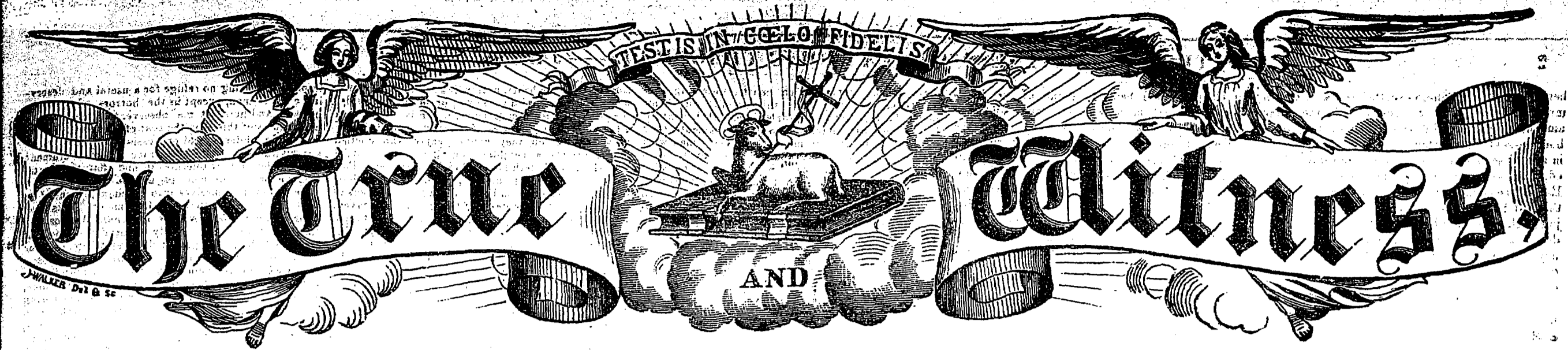
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No. 21.

THE DAUGHTER OF TYRCONNELL. A TALE OF THE REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST.

BY MRS. J. SADLER.

The insatiate cupidity of the first Stuart had at length attracted its darling object, that of making the entire Province of Ulster one continued plantation of English and Scotch settlers.

The truth was, however, that to those who had studied the singular character of James there was nothing in this adoption at all inconsistent—hypocrisy was here at work as in the former case avarice and cupidity had been.

Having seen with her own scrutinizing eyes that she might safely make her report concerning the birth of O'Donnell's daughter, the Lady Westhaven went herself to inform the king, who loved a bit of gossip as well as any young or old woman about the court.

At the moment when her ladyship was ushered into the royal presence the monarch was engaged with his favorite Buckingham in the unkingly game of pitch and toss—his heavy features lit up with as much animation as they ever could be, and his attention as much engrossed by the progress of the game—as though it were the sequestration of an Irish province.

The announcement of the visitor passed unnoticed, and Lady Westhaven took her station in the recess of a distant window awaiting the moment when the king might become aware of her presence.

'So please your highness,' he laughingly exclaimed, 'you seem utterly unconscious of a great, a stern reality. Now there is that ancient roll of buckram, the dowager Westhaven, with a face as sour as a crab-apple, and she hath been keeping guard in yonder window for the last hour or so.

'Body o' me, man!' exclaimed the sly little monarch, for on a overlooking the slipshod wit of Carr, and pocketing his copper with a sort of nervous tremor, 'body o' me! it was a good jest to make the belated wait, but thou knowest, Bobby lad, these cranky puritans are uncanny folks to deal with.

The Duke answered only by a light laugh, and, as the king hastened to where the dowager

stood, the incorrigible wag moved after him step for step, imitating so successfully his shuffling gait that any less grave spectator than Lady Westhaven must have laughed in the face of advancing majesty.

'Why, how is this, most worthy lady?' cried the deceitful monarch, 'his merry grace of Buckingham had succeeded in engaging us for the moment in a lightsome pastime, but we divined not, of a surety, that the Lady Westhaven, our very good friend, awaited us.

With a stiff apology for having so unwittingly interrupted his majesty's royal pastime (laying a marked, though, perhaps, unintentional stress on the adjective), Lady Westhaven briefly informed the king that the Countess of Tyrconnell had given birth to a daughter some few hours before.

'What said you?' cried James in unfeigned surprise, while Buckingham laughed derisively; 'does your ladyship mean to say that this Irish princess hath, of a verity, brought forth? The dowager bowed assent. 'Why, my saul!' turning to the duke, 'but this is great news! What think you, Bobby?'

'Your majesty, at least, seems to think more of the news than it is worth,' returned the favorite drily. 'But heard I your highness aright? methought you dignified this Irish lady (if lady she be) with the pompous title of princess?'

'And wherefore not, Robert? wherefore not, I ask you? Why, man, she is a princess, a veritable princess, so sure as my name is James Stuart. How can you controvert the fact?—tell me that now.'

'Oh! I beg at least a thousand pardons, my liege,' Carr rejoined maliciously, 'but I really had so often heard even royal lips speak of O'Donnell as an upstart Irish kern—nay, sometimes, a rude base-born churl, that it surpassed my poor understanding to hear the same honored lips endow his wife with the title of princess.—That is all, sire, I do assure you.'

'Pooh, pooh, man!' cried James, more than a little confused, 'when you heard us call our cousin of Tyrconnell by the ill-sounding names you speak of, it was because we found it useful so to do, and you know it, too, as well as we do.' The lowering his voice somewhat, he approached a step nearer to the duke—'nor do we take it well of thee, Bob, to speak in such wise. When in the plenitude of our royal wisdom, we saw it expedient to take unto ourselves the lands and territories of this earl, it behoved us to make the world believe him unworthy of holding them; but is that any reason why we should not pay some little attention to his wife and child? eh, Bobby, answer me that?'

But Bobby did not answer, save by a very obsequious bow, whereupon the king raised his voice to its wonted pitch, and turned once more to the lady.

'So now we have a mind to manifest our royal magnanimity in regard to this new-born infant.—Body o' me, it were a pity to leave her in obscurity, seeing that she is the last scion of a noble line, and of the feminine gender withal, so that we have nought to fear from her future ambition. By the soul of Robert Bruce! but we will take under our special protection this young princess, born in our good city of London. The world may never say that James of England had no compassion on those of his own blood. Before God, no—it shall not!' and he walked a step or two to one side in a towering passion, as though some one had opposed his design.

Buckingham, who had most disrespectfully thrown himself on a couch, went on picking his teeth with an air of perfect indifference, simply observing in an affected voice:

'I knew not before that your majesty claimed kindred with the wild Irishry. Truly you have acted with your usual prudence in concealing the fact from the cognizance of the king-at-arms.'

It was natural that the upstart Carr should at all times affect a supreme contempt for noble and ancient birth, but on the present occasion he happened to touch one of James's weakest points, and received in return a reprimand to which he was little accustomed. The King turned on the instant, and darted on the insolent speaker a look of angry reproof, while his usually rapid countenance assumed for the moment a look that was not deficient in dignity.

'You had better,' he said, 'betake yourself to study history ere you dare to speak of the genealogy of princes. We give you our right royal word, Robert Carr, that one of our proudest boasts is that of being descended from the princely Spaniard, Milesius, the direct progenitor of these Hy-Niall princes of northern Ireland.—Go, cleanse thy lips, audacious boy, ere thou

touchest upon so high a theme as the lineage of the royal Stuart. The subject, I tell thee, is far too lofty for thy discussion—thou whose nobility is of our own making. Go to, I say, and learn manners!'

To this characteristic valediction Buckingham only replied by a contemptuous smile which the more enraged James.

'Now, by our halidome,' he vehemently exclaimed, speaking with extreme difficulty, as was always the case when he spoke under strong excitement, 'by our halidome, but we shall indubitably adopt this princely child, and she shall be unto us as a daughter, to the exceeding detriment of some ungrateful upstarts whom we wot of!' And he sat down jabbering at the mouth after a fashion peculiar to himself.

Buckingham raised his large bright eyes and stared at the angry monarch, as though he scarce understood the cause of such unwonted passion. His fine face was, nevertheless, suffused with a tell-tale glow that belied his seeming unconsciousness.

'And who would dare oppose your majesty's gracious pleasure in this matter?' he asked with forced composure, while his thin lips trembled with suppressed anger. 'Of a truth your highness doth but conjure up phantoms to alarm yourself. No one doubts that it is in perfect accordance with your well-known magnanimity to bestow upon this child some mark of favor in token of your forgiveness of the crimes and misdemeanors of all her kin.'

'There now, that was well and wisely said, Bob Carr. 'Sdeath, man, but you can be civil when you are so minded, better than any man we know. Right, Bobby, right, it will be a proof of our kingly generosity. So, madam,' turning again to the silent and rigid dowager, 'you may say from us to this wife of O'Donnell that we do here formally receive her child under our royal protection, and, as proof of the same, she shall henceforth be known as Mary Stuart (rather than O'Donnell), in honor of the memory of our deceased royal mother of blessed and happy memory. We regret, my Lady Westhaven, that we cannot longer retain your agreeable presence, having matters of grave import to transact with our good lord of Buckingham.'

The lady curtsied a low curtsy, and James, with that affectation of excessive politeness which sat so awkwardly on him as the green jacket aforesaid, conducted her himself to the door, while Buckingham, eyed his motions with a strangely mingled expression of indignation and contempt.

Having carefully closed the door the king shuffled up hastily and took a seat near that occupied by the duke. He smiled an unmeaning smile—wriggled in his chair—rubbed his hands in a small ecstasy, and taking out a ponderous snuff-box, deducted a huge pinch of the favorite dust, and handed the box to Buckingham. The proffered favor was gracefully but coldly declined, an act which, coming from almost any other, would have mortally offended James; but Carr knew his power and took pleasure in exercising it freely.

'Now, Robert, what think you of that passage. Is it not a master-stroke of policy?'

'That your majesty's words and actions are ever governed by the laws of prudence no man or woman can deny,' said Buckingham with sly irony. 'But will your highness forgive the leaden dullness of mine understanding—if I own that I cannot penetrate the precise motives of this so exceeding great generosity.'

'Ha! ha! I knew it, man, I knew it!' cried James, highly flattered, as the other, doubtless, intended, 'I knew well that even you, with all your keenness of penetration, would scarce be able to unravel the mystery. And yet the meaning of my act lieth not far beneath the surface. You know as well as we do, Robert, that many of our royal brethren, the crowned heads of Europe (however policy may induce them to hide it from us), do, at least, sympathize with these runaway earls, and it suits not our further views that we should be considered by them as a cruel oppressor. The case as it stands, Bob, wearth an unsightly aspect, saul but it does; for it seemeth as though these lords were persecuted for their faith, the which cannot be agreeable to our royal confederates before alluded to, viz—those of Austria, France and Spain, not to speak of other sovereigns of lesser importance who abide in the Romish superstition. Dost thou yet comprehend?'

'I must confess myself still at loss, sire, even at the risk of being accounted an incurable blockhead,' returned Buckingham, who was not without some desire to unravel the whole silly web of James's self-lauded policy. 'But how is it that your majesty now speaks of these fugitives as lords—they were so lately turbulent and faction skera? why, one could almost believe that your majesty is at heart disposed to pity them as princes in distress.'

'And so they are, laddie! so they are undeniably. Of their distress I take no heed, they

deserve it all and more, too, but princes they are and must be, though in exile. Why, Robin, my good lad, there is not a man in these realms entertains a higher respect than we do ourselves, for the royal lineage of these O'Neils and O'Donnells, who are both the descendants in a straight line of the ancient monarchs of Ireland. Nay ourselves, as we have before indicated, deem it no small honor that we have the same blood to boast of. Verily, the royalty of the Plantagenets and the Tudors is but of yesterday when compared with that of the Hy-Niall. A fig for such mushroom kings, say we, and we cannot but marvel that nations will tolerate such rulers—men of straw—ay, straw, and nought else. It was, nevertheless, a grand stroke of policy that plot, to wit, which so soon sent them packing with their Popish royalty. True, it was the excellent device of our ancient plot-master, Cecil, but an' they had waited a day or two, we had ourselves furnished one as good. Furthermore, the merit lies all at our door, for Cecil is as prudent as he is ready-witted, and studies to please his master first of all, as a good courtier should. It was a most felicitous contrivance that, for it stamped these nobles at once as traitors—ha! ha! base-born traitors we have made free to call them, but all in the way of business, Bobby—all in the way of business—and to promote the establishment in Ireland of law and equity, and all civilization. Truly, my friend Bob, that game of hard words was exceedingly profitable unto us, seeing that it replenished our empty coffers, as no one knows better than thyself. But touching the matter now in hand, the birth of this child is a rare God-send unto us, as it will, of a surety, enable us at trifling cost to redeem somewhat of our lost reputation for clemency and justice. See you not that it will go far to propitiate, our Romish allies to hear that James of England has taken under his kingly protection the otherwise deserted daughter of O'Donnell?'

'I bow, as I never do, to your highness' superior wisdom,' said Buckingham, suiting the action to the word, though in his heart he despised and ridiculed the mean, shallow hypocrisy of the royal schemer. This matter once satisfactorily arranged, the interrupted game was renewed with increased interest, especially on the part of the king.

Let us now turn with willing heart from the unprofitable companionship of the unprincipled monarch and his profligate favorite to the fair but unfortunate Countess of Tyrconnell, where she sits within 'her gilded prison,' her infant in her arms. It was beautiful to see that pale young mourner bending day by day with ever-increasing love over the little tender flower whom Heaven had sent to cheer the desert of her sorrow. How earnestly she watched its progress, and marked with a mother's pardonable pride the gradual development of its young intelligence, and the opening beauties of its infant features. Nurses had been, indeed, provided for the highly-favored child, but their office was little less than a sinecure, for the countess was unwilling that those infantile caresses, those sunny smiles which could alone charm her heart should be wasted on a stranger, a mental. When in the bright days of summer she held her up to a window that she might catch the cheerful sunbeam, it was joy to look upon the dark eyes of the child as they reflected back the ray. Then her thoughts would revert to her absent lord, and the infant son who shared his exile. 'Surely,' she would inwardly ejaculate, 'surely my child is not destined to wear away her young years in captivity—oh no! no—even if I am never again to look upon the face of my husband, if Thou hast decreed that I shall never again clasp my little Hugh to this poor aching heart, oh! grant, at least, my God! that this precious child may live to console her father; deprive him not of both wife and child if it be Thy divine will.—Lands and rassals had he lost, country, home and wife—suffer, oh Lord, that his children remain to him that they may gladden his declining years. For myself I am resigned—do with me as Thou wilt—and even these, my treasures, of them, too, I would say in Thine own sacred words—'Not my will, oh Lord, but Thine be done.'

Many and anxious were her reflections as to the future fate of her child, particularly in the event of her own early death which seemed far from improbable, judging from the indifferent state of her health. If, on these occasions, the king's promised protection recurred to her mind, it served but to increase her apprehensions.

'I would have no fear,' she was wont to say within herself, 'were my orphan daughter to be thrown upon the charity of some pious Christian, even of the humblest grade in society, but to be brought up in the pestiferous atmosphere of a godless court, under the tutelage of the rankest heresy! oh Father of mercy! in such a case Thou, and Thou only, canst preserve within her soul the precious germ of faith. But why am I so fearful?' she would add, 'art not Thou the Father of the orphan, the protector of the

widow?—yes—yes—it is so, and on Thee will I rely.'

There were moments when the artless smiles of the little Mary enkindled in the forlorn heart of her mother a sweet and soothing hope, and she could almost realize to herself the delightful emotion with which she would place in Roderick's arms the child he had never seen. Ah, were that moment but arrived then could she die in the fulness of bliss.

Alas, for the fairy vistas through which the young heart beholds the future, and alas! for the high-ried hopes of Eveleen O'Donnell. Never again was she to hear the music of Roderick's voice; never again might her eyes behold that stately form which had been her pride—nor ever again was she to look upon the face of her first-born—her only boy! Scarcely had her daughter learned to lip the endearing name of father, when that noble father yielded up his broken spirit in the far-off land. He died amid the palaces of the Eternal City, surrounded, indeed, by dear and long-tried friends, and strengthened by the saving aids of religion, but far, far away from the young wife of his love, and cruelly anxious about her fate of which he knew nothing. Had not Rory O'Donnell possessed much of the fervid piety of his race, this harrowing uncertainty must have embittered his last hours. But for him, the trusting, hopeful Christian, there was no doubt, no fear. Relying on the ancient promises he knew that his gentle Eveleen was under the special protection of Heaven, and to the Omnipotent friend of the widow and the orphan he bequeathed both her and his children.

When these disastrous tidings at length reached Eveleen in her prison, she neither screamed nor wept. A paleness, like that of death, settled on her face—vainly did she try to articulate a prayer, for her tongue refused to utter a sound. She felt as though her heart were crushed by a heavy weight, and it was long ere she could raise her trembling frame from the couch on which she had fallen. She could not think, she could not weep, but she paced the room with a slow, unsteady step, ever and anon raising her eyes and her clasped hands to heaven, as though craving the gift of prayer for her dry and arid soul. Even her child was forgotten whilst this first ebullition lasted; but it soon passed away, for nature resumed the mastery, and the giant hand Despair could not long hold sway in a soul so good and pure as Eveleen's. She was first aroused from her lethargy of woe by the innocent prattle of her child, who, running to her, caught hold of her robe, crying 'Mother, mother.' It was almost the only word the child could say, and the mother, touched to the heart's core, caught the little creature in her arms, and the tears fell fast and heavy from her eyes, giving a momentary relief to her overcharged heart. But as Eveleen clasped to her bosom the child who was now her all, she suddenly remembered that she had a son, and a thrill of anguish shot through her heart. What was to become of her boy, her first-born, so early bereft of paternal care? Who was to foster his helpless infancy?

True she had learned that her husband's sister, the Lady Nolla O'Donnell had accompanied her brother in his flight—but might not that soft, woman's heart have broken under the pressure of affliction. 'Alas! my God? do Thou thyself vouchsafe to enlighten me on this head?'

She had scarcely uttered this brief ejaculation when, as it is answer, there flashed across her grief-darkened mind the recollection that Hugh O'Neil and his wife had both been of the party when her husband went into exile. In a moment Eveleen was on her knees before the crucifix that hung in her apartment, pouring out her grateful thanks for the consolation thus imparted.

'Great God! I thank thee for that Thou hast deigned to administer comfort to my distracted soul. I will, then, receive this token that in the noble daughter of Magennis—the Countess of Tyrone—my son will find a mother, and if so, from her humility, her lively faith, her tender charity, I may hope everything for Hugh, even though it please Heaven that his aunt should sink under the manifold afflictions which have fallen on her house.'

The fervent prayer of this pious mother was assuredly heard and accepted on high, for though she lived not to gather consolation from his virtues, yet was her son, the last Earl of Tyrconnell, the worthy inheritor of the faith and devotion of his parents.

When once death had removed from the eyes of James the fear of O'Donnell's return it was easy to obtain his consent that the widowed countess might retire with her child to Ireland. Her mother, the Countess of Kildare, was a staunch upholder of the doctrine of the Reformation, and she had never forgiven her daughter for having embraced the faith of O'Donnell, so that now, when appealed to by her widowed child, that she might receive her into her dwelling, she sternly answered, by letter, that she could not harbor a Papist, even though it were



Thank you, as I do most warmly, for your generous contributions to the Association of St. Peter's Peace, a work in which your zeal for the defence of your faith, and the welfare of the supreme Head of our Church has not been surpassed in any country.

It becomes our painful duty to record the demise of the Rev. Father Lavan, C.O., which occurred on last Monday, at his residence, in the parish of Drumcliff. Father Lavan's career, though short, for he had hardly completed his second year since his promotion to the Priesthood, yet was more than sufficient to afford abundantly convincing proofs of his kind and generous nature, of his gentle and unassuming manners, of his genuine piety, and of the charity and zeal, which will ever be the distinguished mark of the worthy Minister of the Altar.

The new church of St. Alphonsus, Limerick, erected by the Redemptorist Fathers, was solemnly dedicated on the 7th Dec. The ceremony was attended by the Archbishop of Cashel, Bishops Finnelly, of Killaloe; and Moriarty, of Kerry, in addition to the Venerable Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Ryan, and his Conductor, Dr. Butler. A large number of the clergy and laity of the different dioceses also attended.

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT.—IMPORTANT LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Hon. Secretaries of the O'Connell Memorial Committee.

St. Jarlath's, Tuam, Nov. 30, 1862.

My Lords and Gentlemen—Your circular letter, bearing date this month has duly come to hand, which I beg respectfully to acknowledge. Having cast my eye over the resolutions contained in it, I found to my surprise, that they were the identical resolutions of the 13th of October, adopted by the Dublin Conference.

You may, therefore, judge what was my surprise when, in your recent circular, I could discover no allusion to either of those subsequent resolutions of the 13th and 20th of this month, which many interpreted as superseding or, at least, so qualifying the first as to be no longer exclusive; and when, in their stead, I found only the original one, in all its inextinguishable integrity.

But if, on the other hand, it is declared that the statue will represent O'Connell in his majestic integrity, then you will have an amount of subscriptions worthy of the nation's generosity and of the nation's champion, in which the absence of the contributions of the stranger, or of the foe to Ireland's national independence, will not be missed.

These were the two great engines by which O'Connell himself achieved his triumphs—a popular press, and popular meetings—and it is remarkable that since the disse of these two engines, the condition of the people of Ireland is retrograding so as to be far worse than before this boasted Emancipation, so glorious to him who achieved it, but unfortunately, of so little benefit to the people whose happiness he had in view.

This is an important chapter in the eventful history of O'Connell's career which the committee will do well to ponder. Let them be assured, that it will be duly pondered by Catholic Ireland, when it shall give its decision on the O'Connell Monument. Nothing could be more grateful to the government than to justify the iniquitous proceedings of its predecessors, regarding the condemnation and imprisonment of O'Connell.

LETTER FROM THE O'DONOGHUE.

To the Editor of the Dublin Morning News.

Sir—The accompanying letter was addressed to the Editor of the Freeman's Journal, who has refused to publish it. Will you allow it to appear in the News? It was written for the purpose of correcting an erroneous interpretation given in the Freeman of the 30th inst., of my speech at Killarney.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, O'DONOGHUE.

Derryquin, Castle, Nov. 27, 1862.

To the Editor of the Freeman's Journal.

Sir—Judging from your article of the 20th, headed 'O'Connell,' I perceive you have misapprehended the tenor and object of my speech at the recent meeting in Killarney. You will, I am sure, allow me to set you right. From your article, I fear it might be supposed that I agree with you in thinking that the Irish people ought to erect a statue to O'Connell merely as the Emancipator; whereas, I distinctly stated at Killarney that, in contributing to the statue, it was my intention to honor him as the Emancipator of the Catholics—as the apostle of Irish legislative independence—and to pay him at least equal honor in both characters.

I am, sir, your obedient servant, O'DONOGHUE.

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT.—The sum lodged in bank to sustain this national undertaking, amounts at present to about £3,300, and the collections throughout the country are progressing very successfully.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—If the Irish Representatives and the Irish Catholic electors do their part firmly, the Charter—refused so flippantly and so peremptorily, and upon so false pretences, last spring,—will be soon granted.

THE LAND QUESTION.—Portlaw, December 1, 1862.—Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel.—Convinced that the land question was the one on which practical legislation for Ireland could be most usefully employed, I took the liberty before the commencement of the last session to draw your attention to the subject, and pointed out some of the injurious effects of the extraordinary powers which owners of land possess for recovering rents from their tenants.

I must on all sides farmers who tell me that, if they could be secured in their improvements, they could make their land much more productive—that they could use much more manure, mix more lime through their soils, drain, deepen, and improve their farms in various ways, if they were not afraid that their crops they could thus produce.

state of dissatisfaction pervading the farming class that the efforts of agricultural societies will cure. They see and feel that legislation gives to the landlord powers which, though they may be seldom exercised, nevertheless exist as a perpetual sword of Damocles over them. If they venture to improve their land, so as to enhance its acreable value, the whole community suffer, and will suffer, until the class-legislation is amended, and the tenant's improvements are as sacred in the eyes of the law as those hereditary rights by which only landowners hold their claims, and which it is, after all, only legislation has given to them.

Your father has immortalized the name of Sir Robert Peel by his free trade legislation. Our present Chancellor of the Exchequer is gathering fresh laurels by his continuing to free the mutual interchange of production between nations from the protective systems by which legislation has surrounded them.

WILLIAM MALCOMSON.

DEATH OF SIR TIMOTHY O'BRIEN, BART.—With feelings of sincere regret we have to record the removal from amongst us of one of the last of those men who, amid the earlier struggles for civil and religious freedom in this country, contributed to the raising of the social and political status of the Irish Catholic. Fifty years ago Sir Timothy O'Brien arrived in Dublin an unemancipated Catholic—on Wednesday he died in Merriion-square after vindicating in his own person, by an honorable, energetic, and patriotic life, the right of his co-religionists to stand on the same platform as their Protestant fellow-countrymen.

RAILWAY TO WEXFORD.—We have the pleasing duty to announce that the projected railway from Wexford to Enniscorthy is likely to be an accomplished fact ere many months pass over. The plans, which are lodged in proper departments, are prepared with much care and scientific accuracy, and are of a very plain and simple character, and from all we can learn, the works will be fully constructed for the estimate. This is good news for Wexford; and we trust that its citizens and those who desire to see our great resources properly developed, will urge the project their heartiest co-operation.

SKEKDARLE.—The word is said to be pure Irish. Perhaps Dr. Elliott can inform us if it is so. The Irish *sgéadail* means scattered; *sgéadail* means all scattered. An old version of the Irish New Testament contains this passage:—'For it is written, I am the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be *sgéadail*.' The word was probably first used in the army by an Irishman, and, being looked upon as particularly felicitous, was at once adopted.

A dispatch dated Ralbriggan, county Meath, Dec. 4, says:—'A few nights ago a desperate encounter took place between William Walsh, Esq., J. P., of Steadit House, county Meath, and a returned convict who effected an entrance into the mansion about midnight. Mr. Walsh had his brother on a visit with him at the time, and when the latter had retired to bed, Mr. Walsh proceeded to his own bed. Shortly afterwards, and before retiring to rest, he heard some noise in the house, which appeared to have proceeded from the drawing-room. Mr. Walsh, therefore, walked cautiously to the drawing-room door, which he opened, and to his utter astonishment observed a man with a dark lantern, the light in which was at once extinguished. The key was fortunately in the drawing-room door, and the proprietor locked the burglar inside. Mr. Walsh next called his servant man, and finding that the desperado was in the act of making his escape through the drawing-room window, he fled with haste to the outside of the house, where he grappled with the burglar, when a desperate struggle ensued.

The investigation into the charges brought by the Police against the officers of the South Dublin Workhouse continues to reveal the horrible atrocities committed by the officials against the wretched inmates.

CORK.—On Saturday, two Sicilian sailors belonging to the barque Biggio, of Palermo, lying in Passage Reach, got ashore accompanied by a comrade who acted as second to both, and fought a duel with long knives in a field adjacent to the town. Both combatants striped and fought with great fury. In a short time one was stabbed to the heart, and his successful enemy fell on the ground covered with wounds. The survivor who is in a dangerous state, is in custody, but the third is at large. The name of the murderer is Thomas Pajicico.—Cork Examiner, Dec. 13.

A most influential meeting, announced by the High Sheriff of the county Limerick, Captain Croker, for the relief of the distressed Limerick, was held this day in the county courthouse, the Right Hon. Lord Montagu in the chair. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were passed, and a committee of noblemen and gentlemen appointed to collect subscriptions. About £300 was subscribed before the meeting separated.—Munster News.

THREATENING NOTICES.—Longford, Dec. 2nd.—A threatening notice was posted on the house of Thomas Lyons, farmer, of Torgney, threatening him and his brother-in-law with death, if they attempted to have anything to say to a farm about to be let. Lyons's brother-in-law is from the county Westmeath, and intended, on the suggestion of Lyons, to bid for the land in question, for which it is expected there will be many competitors.—16.

MIDNIGHT OUTRAGE.—Carrick-on-Shannon, 2nd Dec.—On the night of the 1st instant a party of about nine men, some of whom were armed, went to the house of Pat Baban, a bailiff, residing at Lisduffy, and having knocked at the door, demanded admittance to light their pipes, which Baban's wife refused. Her husband went to a small window and told them they would not be admitted, whereupon they broke it in, and thrust a gun under it, and fired, lodging a large charge of heavy shot in the opposite wall, but inflicting no injury on any of the inmates. Baban, his wife, and children commenced shouting out murder and robbery, which was heard by some of their neighbors, who at once came to the scene, and saw the attacking party leaving whom they pursued without coming up with any of them. Baban informed the police that he could identify two notorious characters as being of the party. They were immediately arrested, and brought before H. O'Beirne, Esq., J. P., but Baban having failed to identify them they were discharged.—16.

INFORMATION WANTED.—The whereabouts of John Brogan, who left the parish of Roslea, county Monaghan, Ireland, soon after the famine. The last time he was heard of was in January, 1853. His address was, Commonwealth Post-office, Cincinnati, State of Ohio, United States of America.

GREAT BRITAIN.

BRITISH CIVILIZATION.—We boast of our education, as they do in America, and with as good reason. 'The only really useful and corrective education in America,' says a well-known Protestant writer, 'is that of the Catholic schools and colleges.' 'It is now half a century,' said the Times of the 15th October in the present year—and it is notorious that one of the chief authorities of the Government Education Committee contributes to its pages—'since education became one of the great objects of social and political enterprise in this country. What is the result? Our agricultural population are still generally so ignorant that no reasonable being, for pity's sake, would ask them a question of history or geography out of their own village, or more than fifty years back.' They are still a prey to the first fanatic or impostor that chooses to work upon them.

We are really astonished at the earnestness with which the distress in Lancashire and Cheshire is deplored by men who will neither support mediation in America nor an immediate appeal for relief to the Treasury. We cannot comprehend how any thoughtful man can be blind to the fact that an unappreciated misunderstanding with the Federal States, and no emptying of the Public Treasury, can operate so disastrously upon this country as the reducing millions of hardworking men and women to the position of paupers, by feeding them with the collected arms, and clothing them with the cast off raiments of their more fortunate neighbors.

THE MURDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—The martyr-like resignation of the cotton spinners of Lancashire is greatly extolled. But men who see their wives and children dying of cold and hunger may be too patient. We had rather hear of them holding public meetings, and making Lord Palmerston aware that the Premier has his duties in the presence of officially created, and officially-maintained famine. Napoleon has mercy upon the cotton spinners of France. Despot as he is, he is willing to expose himself to a rebuff from President Lincoln rather than that his subjects should be reduced to beggary and starvation.

The Times says, notification is advertised that the new undertaking for laying the cable has been formed with continental support and will shortly be introduced.

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 2, 1863.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

IN so far as Prince Alfred is concerned, the question of succession to the throne of Greece has been set at rest. The election, almost unanimous, of the English Prince will no doubt be gracefully acknowledged as a handsome compliment; but the three Powers have, mutually agreed to recommend to the Greeks as the future sovereign of the latter, Ferdinand, the husband of the late Queen of Portugal, and the father of the present King.

The opening of the Boulevard du Prince Eugene, which, on account of the many rumors respecting a design upon the life of the French Emperor, had been looked forward to with no little anxiety, passed off very quietly on the 7th ult. Every precaution had been taken to prevent an attack upon the person of Louis Napoleon. The soldiers, to the number of 50,000, exclusive of the National Guards, were under arms from an early hour in the morning, and so surrounded the Emperor that access to him seems to have been impossible.

After many delays and mishaps Victor Emmanuel has at last succeeded in patching together a Cabinet, vice that of Rattazzi, dismissed as incurably corrupt. The new Premier, or President of the Council, is Farini, an ancient colleague of Cavour, but moderate in his principles, anti-Rouge in his politics, and suspected of an aversion to centralisation. He will be assisted by somebody of the name of Pasolini, as Minister for Foreign Affairs; and both from the composition of the new Cabinet, and the disastrous failure of the aggressive policy of the Rattazzi Government, we may expect that for some time at least, the filibustering proclivities of the Piedmontese, as towards Rome, will be held in abeyance.

In his inaugural address to the Turin Parliament, Farini, with much good sense, told his audience, that his Ministry would abstain from making promises, which might not be followed by immediate effects, and would await the course of events without illusions. This means that he sees that to attack Rome means to attack France; and that Piedmont is not, as yet, prepared for the latter hazardous, or rather foolhardy undertaking. In the meantime, Liberal Piedmontese journalists seek solace for their wounded feelings in abusing the lately deceased mother of Cardinal Antonelli. To such an extent of indecent vituperation have these patriotic men proceeded, that even the Sardinian Government—not very scrupulous or delicate upon a point of honor—has felt itself called upon to disavow the malignant calumnies of its Liberal supporters.

Piedmontese rule. The Committee, as is the way of all Committees—recommend as the way for Neapolitan difficulties, the appointment of another and 'Special Committee,' to make another thorough investigation of the matter, and to present another Report to the Chambers. It is in Naples, as in this country. A Committee, with handsome allowances and abundance of perquisites for its members, is looked upon as a specific for all maladies with which the body politic may be afflicted. This singular delusion is more or less prevalent in all Liberal communities.

If there have been no great battles betwixt the belligerents on this Continent during the past week, it has not been altogether void of interesting events. In the first place, the President of the Confederate States has at last found himself compelled by the barbarities, and disregard for rules of civilized warfare, in which the Federals habitually indulge themselves, to issue a Proclamation threatening reprisals. The infamous Butler, who has been superseded by General Banks at New Orleans, is especially pointed out as one who, if captured, is to be treated not as a prisoner of war, but as an outlaw and a felon.

General Stuart has again distinguished himself by a splendid foray, in the course of which he actually rode round the Yankee army with his band of gallant horsemen, inflicting great loss of all kinds upon the enemy. In the West, the Confederates appear to have resumed the offensive, and last reports represent General Van Dorn as having driven General Grant from Corinth.

The year therefore closes with bright prospects for the cause of Southern independence. Its champions, against fearful odds, have discomfited their assailants in every encounter by land, with the solitary exception of that of Antietam; and only where the enormous preponderance of their naval power could make itself felt, have the Northerners gained the slightest advantage, or even escaped discomfiture. It is not wonderful therefore that the braggadocio tone of the Yankee press should have somewhat abated; and that amongst the leading journals of New York, a willingness to accept European mediation now manifests itself.

PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

INVITING CATHOLICS TO UNITE FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF THE CITY AND RURAL DISTRICTS.

"I RATIFY BROTHER, by the Grace of God, and Favor of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Montreal, &c., &c.

"To the Clergy, Secular and Regular, to the Religious Communities, and to all the Faithful of the Diocese.

"Health and Benediction in Our Lord Jesus Christ:—

"We esteem it, Our Dear Brethren, to be our duty to raise to-day Our voice in order to induce you to look upon our Catholic Institutions as Houses of Refuge, in which all the sufferings which afflict our poor humanity may find shelter. In so doing, it is our desire publicly to declare that, if we do not associate ourselves with our separated brethren in the project of forming one and the same House of Industry for all the poor of this city, it is not through an evil spirit of intolerance; but that it is by principles of duty, and by a sincere desire to avoid everything which might disturb that perfect harmony which should reign amongst us, that we are actuated.

You are no doubt aware, Dear Brethren, that our separated brethren have generously taxed themselves for the establishment of a House of Industry and of Refuge for the poor of this City; and that they are resolved not to recede from before the expenses of so great a work, should the cost of the required buildings amount to Forty thousand dollars, and its annual charges to the sum of Twelve thousand. It is in the hopes that this Institution may be soon in a flourishing condition that they have set to work. Every one of us, must of course, wish happiness and prosperity to an enterprise which has so praiseworthy an object, and which may assuredly be made highly beneficial.

"You know also, Dear Brethren, that it has been decided that this House of Industry and of Refuge shall be Protestant—that is to say, devoted to the relief of the poor of their religious opinions, and governed by a Board composed exclusively of Protestants. In their eyes this is the only means practicable for the good working of this new institution. For they consider that the Catholic and Protestant elements could not unite in such an establishment, in which religious instruction would be indispen-

able. There is no Catholic who will not admit that in this they are perfectly in the right. "No one therefore amongst us can censure the decision to which they have come, of making by themselves an establishment of whose need they are conscious. For they clearly perceive that they have no institutions wherein to succor in their several necessities, the unemployed, widows, and other women deprived of the assistance of their husbands—the blind, the aged, and the infirm who find themselves without means of support—the friendless emigrants, servants out of place, the sick, discharged indeed from the hospital, but still too weak to earn their bread, and the incurable.

"We cannot then, under such circumstances, but look with a favorable eye upon their laudable project to establish for their own special use, a work of which they alone stand in need. For the same reason we deem it strictly just that they alone should direct an institution founded expressly in the interests of their own poor. At the same time, they cannot but know that we, in as far as lies in our power, interest ourselves in those works which are designed for the common good of Protestants and of Catholics. The City Savings Bank is a striking proof of this—for that institution has always flourished; and nevertheless it has both Catholics and Protestants for its Directors; and one of its Patrons is, as you are aware, your own Bishop, who invites you to place confidence in a public Institution which offers you every possible guarantee.

"For all that, it is Our duty, Dear Brethren, here to bring before your notice the actual footing on which stand our several Catholic Institutions, so that you may know what to reply, should you be told that the Catholic religion did not provide for its poor. Some few figures will suffice to make you acquainted with what you all should know, respecting the work going on in your midst, without however specifying the particular Institutions which perform these acts of charity.

"In a few words then, let us say that the Catholic Church daily tends in her Hospital Two hundred sick; that she feeds every day during the winter Eight hundred and seventy-eight families, to whom she distributes victuals, fuel and clothing; that constantly she shelters in her Asylums, which are open to all kinds of distress, One thousand six hundred and seventy-eight persons, of both sexes, of all ages, and condition, who by old age, widowhood, or weakness of youth, have been reduced to a condition in which they cannot earn their daily bread; and to whom she ministers, either to lighten the sufferings of existence when these are incurable, or to instruct them how honorably to discharge the duties of their state in life when they return to society.—The Church also procures situations for about Seven hundred servants, annually, when these find themselves out of employment; she lavishes her tenderest cares upon some Eight hundred and fifty little children of both sexes in her Asylums, when they are old enough to walk and talk, so that their mothers may, whilst their children are receiving instruction in these pious schools, gain their daily food; she has already opened wards for the convalescent, wherein the sick whom the doctors judge to be no longer in need of their professional services, may recover that strength of which they stand so much in need to keep them from penury; and every evening she throws open an asylum to the most wretched outcasts, so that no one, no matter how criminal, may be exposed to the risk of perishing from cold or hunger—for she can never forget the words of mercy which fell from Him Who founded her, whilst dwelling with the unhappy children of Adam, "I am come to seek sinners."

"In order to ward off the incalculable evils inflicted by pauperism—that is to say, poverty the offspring of vice, which pretends, by fair means or foul, to enforce the assistance of the rich—the Catholic Church, like a good mother, employs all the means within her reach to make the poor good and virtuous. To second her in her maternal zeal, she has many charitable citizens who associate, not merely for the purpose of mutually helping one another in the days of misfortune, but also to shed the benedictions of charity in the bosom of want and sickness.

"These charitable citizens meet together every week to listen to the sighs of the widows and orphans, and to consult upon the best means of giving to these efficacious relief. We need not here enter into details, or say how many families the compassionate Conferences succor and console in their days of desolation; for the rule of the latter is that of the Gospel—not to let the left hand know what the right hand giveth. But we are authorized to say that by their domestic visits, by their vigilance over the moral conduct of their poor, they work efficaciously to preserve our young society from the horrors which menace the stability of the older societies of Europe, as the consequence of those detestable principles which pauperism has engendered. "Of a truth, we do not put our poor under lock and key, in order to prevent them from knocking at the doors of the wealthy,—and for this we have many excellent reasons. We believe that the poor man, as well as the rich, has

a right to the enjoyment of liberty, so long as he does not make himself injurious and dangerous to society by his violence, and other criminal excesses. We believe that we do but give occasion for immorality, when we forcibly compel men to live separate from their wives—which moreover is criminal in the eyes of God, Who forbids man to put asunder those whom He has joined together by a sacred bond, the bond of marriage. We hold as an immutable principle, that fathers and mothers are the rulers over their children, that they are charged with properly bringing them up; and that no one on earth has the right to deprive parents of this right, which nature and religion have given them over their offspring. We have also on our side the reason that, as every day's experience teaches, it is by means of the poor that countries are peopled, and that communities grow to great and powerful nations.

"In consequence, we favor numerous families, and seek not to reduce them to sterility, as in the former we find the elements of life and prosperity. Besides we revere our poor, because our common Master made Himself poor, and has declared to us that, whatever we do for the poor, who are His brethren and His suffering members, we do unto Him, with the full assurance that He also will repay us in giving to us eternal life.—For we know that in giving food to the hungry, we are feeding Jesus Christ Himself.

"Such, Dear Brethren, are the Catholic works of this City and of this Diocese, and such the principles upon which they are conducted. We deem it our duty to add that, if the Charitable Institutions therewith charged, had three thousand pounds more at their disposal, all the poor would be so effectually succored, that none would be seen knocking at your doors—except perhaps a few, who being idle would receive from you alms, only upon the condition of doing such work as that of which they might be adjudged capable.

"These two or three thousand pounds additional might easily be raised amongst us, if, for the love of the poor, we would but make the sacrifice of certain pleasures which entail excessive outlay. On this point every one should examine his daily expenses, for amusements, pleasure parties and other luxuries, which can so easily be dispensed with, and of which, for so many reasons, the sacrifice should be made in these days of hardship, and the severe winter which is before us.

"To raise this contribution we have the Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul, ready made Boards of Directors; and whose members—men devoted to good works, and well worthy of public confidence—would be ready to act as Treasurers for the poor.

"It is a pleasure to Us to be able to write to you on all these things from a House in which one has daily before his eyes the spectacle of so many and so great sufferings. For the hardest heart must needs be softened in seeing, on the one hand so much misery, and on the other hand so great a charity for its relief. It is after five or six months sickness that We address you these paternal recommendations. Besides—you cannot be ignorant of it, Dear Brethren—if in these days when one may expect to appear before the Sovereign Judge, anything can give consolation, it is assuredly the reflection that the poor whom we have relieved will be our advocates, our friends and our defenders in that great day.

"We feel ourselves animated by the just conviction that you will accept favorably the words which We have addressed to you—remembering that to-day is the day when that God Who holds all the treasures of Heaven and of earth, was born in a poor stable; and that in order the better to celebrate this joyous birth, the greater number amongst you have had the inestimable happiness of receiving Him at the Holy Table. Be inspired therefore with this sublime thought which vivifies the entire Catholic Faith:—Jesus has fed me in the Divine Eucharist; in my turn I will feed Him in the person of His poor.

"We cannot close this Letter without giving expression to that desire for your happiness, both in this world and in the next, which fathers never fail to entertain for their children at the commencement of a New Year, and without blessing you with the whole effusion of Our soul. Be blessed in your persons and in your families; in your enterprises and in your fortunes; in time and in eternity.

"The present Letter shall be read in all the Churches of our Episcopal City in which public Services are celebrated, on the first Sunday after its reception.

"Given at the Hotel Dieu of Montreal this Twenty-fifth of December, One Thousand, Eight Hundred, and Sixty-Two, under our Hand and Seal, and the counter Seal of our Secretary.

† G. Bishop of Montreal.

By command of His Lordship:—

JOS. OCT. PARE,

Chan-Secretaire.

\* His Lordship writes from the Hospital of the Hotel Dieu, of which he is an inmate for the present because of the state of his health.

FLUNKYISM AND BROWN-OLATRY.—Men, that is to say men of a certain stamp, who are by nature flunkies and by instinct snobs—must have some object, some fetich, no matter how vile, before which to prostrate themselves, and to make what the Chinese call Ko-tou. Such men are the Liberals of Toronto, who of the flunkie, want but the plush inexpressibles, or "rites" immortalized by Thackeray in his "Yellow-plush" correspondence: such a fetich, or idol have the said Toronto flunkies set up for themselves in the person of Mr George Brown and most abjectly have they prostrated themselves before it.

It—or shall we not rather say, he—arrived the other day at Toronto, from his trip to Europe. Instantly all Toronto flunkeydom was stirred to its uttermost depths. The snobs went before, and the toad-eaters followed after, accompanied by a promiscuous rabble of hungry expectants, anxious to bask themselves in the great man's smiles, and to make public and inconceivable profession of their servility. They bowed down before Mr. George Brown and worshipped: prostrating themselves, they made Ko-tou after the most approved rites of the Celestials,—and it was only by a special dispensation of providence that they were deterred from harnessing themselves like brute cattle to the chariot of their idol, and dragging it in ignominious procession through the streets of the enlightened capital of the West. A Mr. Mowatt officiated as High Priest, and solemnly recited the Liturgy, specially prepared for the occasion, and in honor of the great Liberal and anti Catholic divinity.

Whence this enthusiasm?—whence this superfluity of homage? and what is the meaning of this strange cultus of so ignoble a deity? One of whom the ancient Egyptians, who disdained not to admit dogs, cats, pigs and monkeys into their not very select pantheon, would have been ashamed. Allowing much for the natural security and inherent flunkeyism of the worshippers—much also to the desire so natural to the Liberal heart of currying favor with one who by the revolutions of the political wheel may perhaps ere long be raised to the surface, and become the dispenser of the public plunder—still there remains much not accounted for in this religious frenzy for an idol intrinsically so worthless as the chief of the No-Popery fanatics in Upper Canada—for so essentially common place, and unbecoming an individual as Mr. George Brown. The explanation of the phenomenon is to be found in the fact, that the glorified of Toronto is the unscrupulous slanderer, and the unprincipled antagonist of Catholicity, and of Irish Papists—whom Protestant Reformers likewise call "Dogans;" and that on a smaller theatre, and with less of pluck, talent, and originality of invention, though with the same moral qualifications, he, that is to say Mr. George Brown, is in his day, and in this Canada of ours, a shabby edition of Titus Oates—who also in his day was the adored idol of thousands of fervent English Protestants. It is as the incarnation of Upper Canadian Protestantism, and as the spirit of No-Popery made manifest in the flesh, that Mr. George Brown attracts, and receive the hosannas of the Liberals of Toronto.

Having been duly incensed—having listened with extreme condescension to the prayers or addresses offered to him by his votaries—having accepted benignantly the sacrifices and other rites performed in his honor, Mr. George Brown vouchsafed to make revelation of his will, and of his ulterior purposes with regard to the political destinies of the land which he sanctifies with his presence. He opened his mouth, and all were silent, stretching their ears to the very utmost limits of their assidue capacities, whilst their deity unburthened himself to the assembled multitudes of the Toronto Israel. "I have come back," so privileged men to whom it was given to see with their eyes, and to hear with their ears, have declared unto us through the columns of the press—"I have come back with new and enlarged views, and as determined as ever to assert the rights of Upper Canada, for which minor differences ought to be sunk." There were the words of wisdom, and truth and of grace spoken by the idol for the encouragement and the consolation of his worshippers; and though at first sight mysterious, ambiguous, and unfathomable as the Delphic oracles of old, the Brown-olaters on whose enraptured ears they fell, knew that therein were contained certain pledges that the speaker was the same George Brown who for years has been endeavoring to earn to himself public notoriety, Protestant popularity, political influence and public plunder by playing the No-Popery game in Upper Canada; and that he was determined, regardless of truth, honor, and decency, still to pursue the same ends, and by the same means.

For mark! when Mr. George Brown modestly announced that "he had come back with new and enlarged views," he did not so much as pretend that it had been given unto him to see the error of his former ways: that these "new and enlarged views" included a prospect, however slight, of the injustice of compelling Catholics to pay for the perversion and moral corruption of their children, through the instrumentality of State-Schoolism, or that it had been revealed to him that the people of the Western section of the Province can never have the right to disturb





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From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely-known firm of Gage, Murray & Co., manufacturers of mineral waters, Lowell, N. H. "I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction.

From Dr. Robt. Sartin, Houston St., N. Y. DE AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your SARSAPARILLA, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it.

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakeman, Ohio. "For twelve years I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated medical physicians and used all the best and most valuable medicines.

From Hon. Henry Moore, M. P. F., of Newcastle, C. W. "I have used your SARSAPARILLA in my family, for general debility, and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

From Harvey Sicker, Esq., the able editor of the "Punch" and "Democrat," Pennsylvania. "Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and almost blinded his eyes for several days.

From J. C. AYER, M. D. Dear Sir: I have a long time been afflicted with an eruption which covered my whole body, and suffered dreadfully with it.

From W. HALL, Esq., the eminent author of this city, states, 6th Jan., 1860: "My wife has been of late years afflicted with a humor which comes out upon her skin in the autumn and winter, with such insufferable itching as to render life almost insupportable.

From HANVY BIRCH & BRO., Druggists, Reading Pa. B. W. HALL, Esq., the eminent author of this city, states, 6th Jan., 1860: "My wife has been of late years afflicted with a humor which comes out upon her skin in the autumn and winter, with such insufferable itching as to render life almost insupportable.

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AYER'S PILLS, possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been, and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

CATHARTIC PILLS, possess so many advantages over the other purgatives in the market, and their superior virtues are so universally known, that we need not do more than to assure the public their quality is maintained equal to the best it ever has been, and that they may be depended on to do all that they have ever done.

or be an adequate punishment of this impetuosity. It must be a grand religion which shoots men with bullets instead of baptizing them, and the missionaries of which carry weapons of war instead of word of peace.

The Shipping Gazette says the Ariadne has been ordered to join Admiral Milne's squadron at Bermuda. This movement looks like a concentration of the disposable forces of Milne's squadron in the localities in which the recently reported outrages on British shipping by Federal cruisers have been perpetrated with a knowledge that there is no force at hand capable of protecting British vessels.

A general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was held in London on the 12th. Hon. James Stuart Wortley presided, and stated the terms on which it was proposed to raise £600,000 new capital as already published.

TO TEACHERS, A MALE and FEMALE TEACHER, holding First Class Certificates, are wanted in the Roman Catholic Separate School, PRESCOTT, to whom a competent salary will be paid.

PUBLIC NOTICE, IS HEREBY GIVEN that during the NEXT SESSION of the PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE, Application will be made by the SAINT PATRICK'S SOCIETY of MONTREAL for AN ACT of INCORPORATION.

CANADA HOTEL, 15 & 17 St. Gabriel Street.

INFORMATION WANTED, OF CHARLES KILLERER, otherwise CHARLES CAMP, Tinsmith. He is about twenty-three years of age, five feet eight inches in height, fair complexion, stoops a little when walking, and exhibits a medal said to have been received by one of his ancestors for distinguished services in the British army.

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THIS COLLEGE is under the direction of the Rev. Fathers of the Order of St. Benedict, whose Mother-house is at St. Vincent, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, U. S.

There is a Classical and a Commercial Course. The Classical Course comprises the English, French, German, Latin, and Greek languages, together with the other branches of literature which are usually taught in all great Colleges.

There is also a Philosophical and Theological department, in which are taught Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, Dogmatic and Moral Theology.

RELIGION is the basis on which the whole plan of education will rest, and propriety of manners and correctness of deportment will be strictly enforced.

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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...

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RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES! BRYAN'S PULMONIC WAFERS. THE most certain and speedy remedy ever discovered for all Diseases of the Chest and Lungs...

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McPHERSON'S COUGH LOZENGES. Are the only certain Remedy ever discovered for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, DIFFICULT BREATHING, INCIPENT CONSUMPTION...

McPHERSON'S Lozenges are the most convenient, pleasant, and efficacious remedy that can be employed for the removal of the above distressing, and if neglected, dangerous symptoms...

CATHOLIC COMMERCIAL ACADEMY, No. 19 Cote Street, No. 19. THE RE-OPENING of the Classes will take place on FIRST SEPTEMBER next.

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.

B. DEVLIN, ADVOCATE, Has Removed his Office to No. 32, Little St. James Street.

THOMAS J. WALSH, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, Has opened his office at No. 34 Little St. James St. P. J. KELLY, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, No. 38, Little St. James Street.



JUST RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBER, 120 DOZ. MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER! 100 DOZ. BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA.

R. J. DEVINS, CHEMIST, Next the Court House, Montreal. EVENING SCHOOL.

A KEEGAN'S EVENING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG MEN is now open in the Male School attached to the ST. ANN'S CHURCH, Griffintown.

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THE duties of this SCHOOL will be resumed on THURSDAY, the 14th instant, at NINE o'clock A.M. A thorough English, French, Commercial and Mathematical Education is imparted...

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

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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...

600,000 MALE or FEMALE AGENTS TO SELL LLOYD'S NEW STEEL PLATE COUNTY COLORED MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADAS, AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

FROM recent surveys, completed Aug. 10, 1862; cost \$20,000 to engrave it and one year's time. Superior to any \$10 map ever made by Colton or Mitchell, and sells at the low price of fifty cents; 370,000 names are engraved on this map.

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LLOYD'S GREAT MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER - From actual Surveys by Capt. Bart and Wm. Hwan, Mississippi River Pilots, of St. Louis, Mo., shows every man's plantation and owner's name from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico - 1,350 miles - every sand-bar, island, town, landing, and all places 20 miles back from the river - colored in counties and States. Price, \$1 in sheets. \$2, pocket-form, and \$2.50 on linen with rollers. Ready Sept 20.

Navy Department, Washington, Sept. 17, 1862. J. T. LLOYD - Sir - Send me your Map of the Mississippi River, with price per hundred copies. Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the Mississippi squadron, is authorized to purchase as many as required for use of that squadron. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

The Montreal Gazette BOOK AND JOB STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, 36 Great St. James Street, SUPPLIES EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING WITH NEATNESS, ECONOMY AND DISPATCH.

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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.

J. M'DONALD & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 36 M'GILL STREET, CONTINUE to SELL PRODUCE and Manufactures at the Lowest Rates of Commission.

THE GREAT 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 lightning mor.) 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 scalding rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

KENNEDY'S SALT RHEUM OINTMENT, TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL DISCOVERY. For Inflammation and Humor of the Eye, this gives immediate relief; you will apply it on a lined 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 Scules on an inflamed surface, you will rub it to your heart's content; it will give you such real comfort that you cannot help wishing well to the inventor. For Scabs: these commence by a thin, acrid fluid oozing through the skin, soon hardening on the surface; in a short time are full of yellow matter; some are on an inflamed surface, some are not; will apply the Ointment freely, but you do not rub it in.

For Sore Legs: this is a common disease, more so than is generally supposed; the skin turns purple, covered with scales, itches intolerably, sometimes forming running sores; by applying the Ointment, the itching and scales will disappear in a few days, but you must keep on with the Ointment until the skin gets its natural color. This Ointment agrees with every flesh, and gives immediate relief in every skin disease flesh is heir to. Price, 2s 6d per Box. Manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, 120 Warren Street, Roxbury Mass.

For Sale by every Druggist in the United States and British Provinces. Mr. Kennedy takes great pleasure in presenting the readers of the True Witness with the testimony of the Lady Superior of the St. Vincent Asylum, Boston: -

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, Superioress of St. Vincent's Asylum, ANOTHER. Dear Sir - We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphan 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.