The Mechanics' Register.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1851.

"The Labourer.

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God.—Who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as human breast e'er wore.

What then?—thou art as true a MAN
As moves the human mass along:
As much a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began
As any of the prouder throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay, nurse not any such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
Severs the light leaf from the tree.

'Tis uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect—
The death of those expiring fires
Whose smouldering ashes still aspires
For ever, till thus rudely checked.

These are thine enemies—thy worst—
They chain thee to thy humble lot—
Thy labour and thy life accurst,—
Oh, stand erect and from them burst!
And longer weakly suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great! what better they than thou?
As theirs is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favours thee
Neglected richly to endow?

No!—wealth thou hast not; 'tis but dust!
Nor place;—uncertain as the wind!
But thou hast that, which with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—an independent mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man;
Look up then that thy little span
Of fitful life may well be trod.

We are very much gratified to find that the new feature which we have lately introduced into the *Courier* is becoming every day more appreciated by those to whom our labours in this department of our paper are more particularly addressed. It has been scoffingly said that our Conservative propensities are inconsistent with the sentiments and general object of these preliminary columns of the *Courier*; but a little reflection will shew the fallacy, if it be not the malignity, of any such insinuation. Let the Mechanic reflect for a moment and then say candidly what Whigs and Whiggery, in all its various grades and phases, from treason up to the very borders of patriotism, has ever done for the real relief and benefit of the working classes. Clap-trap speeches we have in abundance; the statute book is filled with so-called popular Acts of Parliament, which the Mechanic first hailed with enthusiasm, then became silent upon, then forgot, and then — he awoke from his idle dream of felicity to find that he was no better, and blessing God that he was no worse than he was before! And this is the whole history of Whig legislation. Every real benefit, every permanent advantage, that has ever flowed in upon, or tended to promote the prosperity of, the working classes, has sprung either directly or indirectly from the privileged orders of society. And if English history is ransacked ever so jealously, from the calling of the first Parliament which was summoned by the then most powerful Nobleman in the land unto the present time, it will be found that the Noblemen and Gentlemen Commoners of England have been the great patrons of the Arts and the munificent supporters of the Artisan. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in our advocacy of the claims of the working classes upon public attention and support; and when we say support, we only mean countenance. The man who has health and strength, and skill in his right hand, does not require the *support* of any one, in the usual sense of the word. But still the Artisan, after his daily toil has ceased, may, in a certain sense, benefit by the Literary or Artistic skill of those to whom opulence, leisure, or predilection, may have imparted superior theoretical knowledge in any of the Arts or Sciences; and, therefore, as the winter is fast sealing us up, and in a great measure insulating us from distant intercourse, we do hope that the more educated of the citizens of Montreal will be found ready to impart to others less gifted or less happily circumstanced the fruits of their solitude. There are many gentlemen in this city, the very sweepings of whose study would have a tendency to enlighten. And, therefore, we call upon them, and we hope that the Mechanics in the course of this winter will profit by the stores of information which these persons have accumulated. It is not so much the acquiring knowledge as the imparting of it that gives lustre to character and sends the names of men down the stream of time like a golden thread woven into the coarse tissue of every-day existence.

We are very much disposed this afternoon to faultfinding, and our readers will no doubt declare that this is no very unusual case. Well, be it so; we take to it for its easiness, as we are tired, and as Mr. Lucuis O'Trigger, our *Gazette* correspondent, says "It will fill up."

Now, what were we about to say? Oh! it is this:—Let no Artisan or Mechanic, however prosperous or rich he may become, ever think of over-educating his daughters. A piano is a very pretty piece of furniture, and it would be a pity to dispense with it; but beyond "di tanti palpiti" let no respectable girl go. Even that will be found superfluous when she becomes a wife, and "the Battle of Prague" will be an absolute nuisance when there is a sleeping infant in the cradle, even although it is played on two flats. We met with an amusing illustration of this over-education lately, but no matter where.

Miss Isabella Maria Matilda (all her names would exhaust the fount) Crambo was educated at Philadelphia, and of course, she was highly accomplished, had not her mother the school-mistress's accounts to shew amounting to three figures,—in dollars. Well, Miss A. B. C. D., &c., Crambo went to a party, and after the most anxious solicitations on the one side, and the most heart rending apologies on the other, Miss Alphabet Crambo seated herself at the piano. She first rocked herself to the right, and then to the left, as if the stool had been covered with anything but velvet. She then threw herself backward majestically, and leaning forward, with a condescending jerk, began. She placed her right hand about midway upon the keys, and her left about two octaves below. The right hand then went off in a brisk canter up the treble, and the left, like a well-bred filly in a ring fence, followed after. The left then led the way back, and the right reluctantly followed. The latter then turned, and repeated its first gallop; but this time the left out-ran it, hopped over it, and flung it completely off the track. The light came in again, however, behind the left on its return, and passed it in the same style. The two hands now seemed to become highly incensed at each other, and a battle royal ensued on the middle ground. Here a most awful and astounding—so far as noise was concerned—conflict took place for about ten seconds, when *presto* the right hand whipped off seemingly vanquished, but—no—it had only fallen back on a stronger position, and having mounted upon two black keys, it sung out like a rattle-snake. This alarm had a considerable effect upon the left hand, and placed the doctrine of snake-charming beyond dispute. The sinister power, however, did not immediately give in, but rushed towards its dexter opponent with terrible force, seeming pain-struck when it came within six keys, and it retired with a tremendous roar down the bass. It continued its assaults, sometimes by sharps, sometimes by flats, oftener by naturals, and not unfrequently by all three; when its attempts to dislodge its adversary being apparently ineffectual, it gave up the contest, came close to its adversary, and quietly expired.

During all this time, the poor piano gave forth the most unequivocal symptoms of the most intense suffering.

This bloody battle having ended, Miss Isabella moved as if she would have risen, though evidently certain that the insufferable creature Henry would not let her. "Do give us one song, dear Isabella: you must sing that dear little French *Chansonnette*, which Madame Squallequiki taught you." Miss Isabella looked piteously at "dear Henry," and dear Henry looked "sing" at "enchanting Isabella"—so she turned once more and squared herself for a song.

Both hands fell upon the keys this time in fine style, and apparently perfectly reconciled. Then commenced a kind of colloquy. The right whispered softly, and the left replied gruffly in bass. This amicable conference continued so long that the listener began to tire, when the ear might detect an indistinct, but very curious sound, which was, after some doubt, found to proceed from the ruby lips of Miss Isabella. They seemed to be a sort of compromise between a cough, a grunt, and a whisper, meant to interpret between the right and left hand, and keep them, if possible, in amity. This continued for about five minutes, to the manifest delight of "dear Henry," who, with half-shut eyes and head reclined, seemed "good" all over, when Miss Isabella suddenly made a fly-catching grab at half-a-dozen keys in a row, and at the same time fetched a long and most unearthly cock-crow noise from her throat, at the conclusion of which she grasped as many keys with her left. This was repeated three times, ending the third time with something like the desperate squall of a tom-cat that had burnt its paw. There was then a third grasp of the keys with the right hand, and the faces of six or seven more boxed with the left, in the middle of which arose one of the most unearthly howls that ever burst from the throat of a hyæna. This seemed to be the signal for universal uproar and distraction. "Dear Isabella" now threw all reserve to the winds, or to "the dogs," whichever party might like it best, and charged the piano with horse and foot. She boxed it, she clawed it, she raked it, she scraped it, she tore it, she thundered on it, and grappled with it, until the veins of her neck swelled, her chin flew up to the ceiling, her face became flushed, her eyes glared as if she had seen a ghost, and her bosom heaved as if she had been running from a wild beast ready to devour her. She screamed, she howled, she yelled, she rackled and brayed, and in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech-owl, she suddenly sunk into silence, sitting upon the stool for several minutes with her mouth and eyes wide open, and her legs and arms stretched out, like a child's doll pulled behind with a string. "Goodness gracious!" thought we, "if this be her *singing*, what must her *crying* be."

Ye men of sense, confine your daughters' singing and playing to simple melody.

Morsels of Knowledge.

In England, a male of 12 may take the oath of allegiance—at 14, may consent to marriage, or choose a guardian, or make a will; at 17, may be an executor; and at 21, is of age.

Harmonic strings, it is said, were invented in consequence of hearing four blacksmiths working with hammers in harmony, whose weights were found to be 6, 8, 9 and 12 lbs., respectively.

The hardness of precious stones is in the following order:—Diamond, ruby, sapphire, topaz, hyacinth, emerald, garnet, amethyst, agate, turquoise, and opal.

Forests of standing trees have been discovered in England, many feet below the surface of the earth, and completely embedded in stone.

The general tint of sea-water is a bluish green; yet it assumes different colors in different places, which has probably given rise to the name—White, Black, Red, and Yellow Seas.

The most intense cold ever known in London was Dec. 25, 1796. The hottest day was in July, 1808.

The crier's "O Yes! O Yes!" is a corruption of the French *Oyez*—listen.

The *eau de vie* of the French is common white brandy, distilled from wine.

The Hindoos cool water by mixing one part of nitre with two of water.

The Saxons were so called from their battle-axes, or *saxis*.

In New South Wales it rains 100 days in the year.

Charcoal restores putrid water and tainted meat.

The term "gas," is German for ghost.—*Boston True Flag.*

Brief Facts in American History.

1616. Tobacco first cultivated in Virginia.
1635. First cultivation of Rice in S. Carolina.
1710. First Post-Office in America, at N. York.
1719. First Philadelphia newspaper published.
1725. First New York newspaper.
1764. First Medical School, at Philadelphia.
1770. Boston Massacre—three citizens killed.
1773. British Tea thrown into Boston Harbor.
1775. 37 newspapers in the Colonies.
1790. First Catholic Bishop in the U. S.
1794. Cotton-Gin invented by Whitney.
1797. Constitution Frigate launched at Boston.
1804. Alex. Hamilton shot by Aaron Burr.—*Boston True Flag.*

Pleasant Employment.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Another beautiful harvest has been gathered up, and the season for moral and intellectual culture approaches. All our schools and institutions of learning will soon open, to quicken and develope the MIND. This is well. But, says one, "I am a poor mechanic, and must work for the support of myself and dependent friends. How am I to cultivate my mind?"

By reading, attending lectures, and by conversing with those better informed than yourself. Books are cheap. By economy, a few dollars may be saved yearly, and paid out for such works as will feed the mind, and keep it in a *growing* condition. When too tired to read, let a sister or young brother read aloud for an hour. In this way, you may acquire a knowledge of all the great leading subjects now engaging the attention of the learned and scientific men of the world. Many of our greatest, most brilliant and successful men are SELF EDUCATED. In fact, we have come to regard this HIGH EDUCATION far better than the most fashionable *college* education. It is estimated, that out of every *hundred* college graduates in this country, *forty-five* die prematurely, or retire to private life without being able to make any public use of their professions. The reasons are obvious. While keeping the youthful *brain* on a stretch for years, the *body* is permitted, for want of *physical exercise*, to decline and become so debilitated, that when the diploma has been obtained, the student is a "used up man," the hopes of ambitious parents are for ever blasted, and the doomed invalid drags out a short life of pain and anguish.

Not so with those who *work* their way up in the world. The *brain* is relieved while the body is active and growing, and the body is resting while the brain is expanding. Thus, the *whole* man of the worker is well developed.

In most Colleges, the habit of smoking or chewing tobacco is exceedingly prevalent, and most destructive it is to these young men. Digestion becomes impaired, the appetite is lost, medicines are swallowed, no mother or sister at hand to watch over him, and he sinks away before the morning's sun opened or illumined his youthful mind. Then "small wise Providence" is charged with his early death, while these causes are overlooked. The same indulgence in the use of tobacco by the laboring man, though *always* pernicious, is less injurious than to the student, whose habits are sedentary, and who breathes only vitiated confined air.

In view of these truths, is it not better to obtain a small library of choice books, at a small expense, and read and study them at home?

With a library at home, every member of the family may be benefited, while the student in college is alone benefited or injured. Look at Elihu Burritt, the learned Blacksmith, master of more languages than any college educated man in America. He read and studied books at home. The same is true of thousands of others who now fill the most important places in life.

Then buy books—work and study—study and work—work at your trade, on the farm, on lake, river or sea. Work and study—study and work, and your body and brain will become developed and enlarged, and your mind cultivated and expanded. Now is the time to begin.

SCELLANEOUS.

MRS. PARTINGTON IN POLITICS.—"As regards these electrical matters," said Mrs. Partington, just before election—she lived on a main street, and the cheering and noise of parties passing her door kept her awake o' nights—"I don't see the use of making so much fuss about it. Why don't they take some one and give him their sufferings, if he hasn't got any of his own, and let him be governor till he dies, just as they do the judges, and afterwards too, as the law sometimes do them, for they might as well be dead, a good many of 'em. Oh, this confusion of noise and hubbub! my poor head aches o' hearing of it, and Isaac has got sick a cold, looking out of the window at the possessions without nothing on the head. And then what critters they all be, to be sure!—their newspapers are brim full of good resolutions, but nev'ar one o''em did I ever know 'em to keep. They are always resolving like Whipple's resolving views, and one resolution fades away jes as quick as another comes. If I could have my way, I would"—"Hooray! here they come!" cried Ike, breaking upon the old lady's remarks, and banging his slate on the floor, and throwing up the window with a venemence that broke two squares of glass, and "Hooray!" came up in a big chorus from the street, filling Mrs. Partington's little chamber, to its utmost capacity with "hooray," the great element of political life. "There they go agin," cried she, "with their drums and horses, like crazy critters, and keeping folks awake when they ought to be in the arms of Murphy!" Ike pulled in his head and dropped the window, and the good old lady mended the fracture of the glass by a hat and a pair of pants of Ike's, with the threat of severe punishment if he ever did so again. But do you suppose she would have kept it? Ike knew better. When Mr. Green came in the next day to mend the window she had to tell him the story of how it was broke, but all the blame was on the politicians.—*Boston Carpet Bag.*

Punch calls the performances of the Bateman girls in London, mere child's play.

A Scotch paper relates that a newspaper was posted on the 15th May last, to a lady living at Sanquhar; but as the address was not very legibly written, the paper was sent to Shanghae, and has recently reached the lady at Sanquhar, after having performed the voyage to China and back.

One of the heaviest things to be on the human mind, is a late supper of cold potatoes. A murder don't begin with it.

A traveller, among narrations of wonders of foreign parts, declared he knew a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even if it should have been a sugar cane. "Pray what kind of a cane was it?" asked a gentleman, sneeringly. "It was a lariccne," replied the traveller.

IDLE GENTLEMEN.—Dr. Franklin, when in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the Doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, &c:—

"Every thing, massa, work in this country, water work, wind work, fire work, smoke work, dog work, man work, bullock work, everything work here but the frog; he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day—he walk about like a gentleman."

The best mode of suicide for ladies, is to wear thin shoes, and lace with a bedwrench and rope; by this means they may kill themselves without being suspected.

A Western man says that on hearing Yankee Doodle performed on an organ in the Crystal Palace, he felt the Declaration of Independence and a couple of Bunker Hills rising up in his bosom.

"Pa," said a little fellow the other day, "wasn't Job an editor?" "Why, Sammy?" "Because the Bible says that he had much trouble, and was a man of sorrow all the days of his life."

The pleasure of change is opposed by that of habit, and if we love best that to which we are accustomed, we like best that which is new.

Nothing is more odious than the face which smiles sheekly, but flashes fury amidst the caresses of a tender wife and children.

In a late work on suicide, it is said that marriage is to a certain extent a prevention of suicide. It has been satisfactorily established that, among men, *two thirds who destroy themselves are bachelors!*

A great lie (says Crabbe) is like a great fish on dry land. It may fret, and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself.

Dean Swift says he never knew a man to rise to eminence who lay in bed of a morning; and Dr. Franklin says, "he who rises late may trot all day but never overtake his business."

One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to woman insinuation and persuasion in order to be superior; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending *their own* bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.

MORALS IN CALIFORNIA.—A letter, addressed to a gentleman in Philadelphia, states that there are but four Presbyterian Clergymen in the State of California, and that a considerable portion of the population is formed of Presbyterians. In one town—not named—of 5000 inhabitants, there is not a preacher of *any* denomination. In San Francisco, the French theatre, the circus, and the gaming houses, reap their richest harvest on Sunday evenings, while during the day the attractions of the race course, sparring matches, etc., employ the attention of thousands.

A WORD FOR FAULT FINDERS.—Clewline has been round some in the last six months, and at a moderate calculation he has seen 113 notes, addressed to publishers by newspaper writers, blaming editors and cursing compositors, because, forsooth, a word or letter happened to get changed, and made them say something *better* than they intended.

Now Clewline doesn't write the worst manuscript of the whole fraternity of scribblers, and getting in a pet one day with the Carpet-Bag makers, he begged permission to set up a single paragraph of his own "ologiphies." Well, they told him YES!!! and he did it, and here it is:—"If it hed been intended by Natur, or designed by an ale wife creature (all wise Creator), that man Kind should subsist on such dirt (diet) as grows spontaneous from the earth? or in Other words (words) vegetable Clewline; would Enquire of the lammed (learned) Dr. Digg, why beef streaks (steaks). And oyster stoves (stews) were invented?"

Clewline's private opinion is, that if thirty-nine twentieths of writers will try the experiment of putting their own manuscripts in type, they'll succeed about as well as he did, and stop their growling at editors for ever after.—*Carpet Bag.*

THE MONTREAL COURIER is published daily during the six business months of the year, viz., from the 1st of May to the 1st of November, and the other six months tri-weekly, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Subscription, six dollars ($6) per annum, payable in advance.

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All LETTERS must be post-paid, or else the postage will be deducted from the amount sent.

VOLUNTARY CORRESPONDENCE solicited from all parts of the Continent of America. If made use of, the person transmitting the information will be liberally remunerated.

THE COURIER.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1851.

We perceive that we have supplied several of our cotemporaries with fuel for their slender fires in reference to the Mayor and his gold chain. That the *Pilot* and *La Minerve* should attack us is but natural, and indeed is expected by us; they could not consistently do otherwise, more particularly as we are ready enough to put spear in rest, when they presume to intrude hostility upon any of our favorite dogmas. But in this case we have also the *Gazette* to deal with, who, we presume, with an eye to his subscription list, puts in a very feeble oar in aid of the Mayor's boat, which, if it were really in danger of sinking, would find the *Courier* in the very front of its defenders, and the first to lend a hand in *piloting* it into harbour. Were we disposed to be very savage upon the *Gazette* we would join the *Pilot* and flog him into consistency for his strange support of the claims of Mr. Papineau. Really the latter paper had some reason on his side when he penned the following the other day—(the Italics are ours):—

"The *Gazette* prophesies the ruin of the country if Messrs. Young and LaRocque are returned; the *Herald* has no objection to see the country *half* ruined, by returning Mr. LaRocque, but is doubtful about Mr. Young! *Is it not as evident as the sun at noon-day that these men do not know what they mean?—that they have no common object? mouthing but will speculations, vague hopes, and most unintelligible fears?*"

But it is not with such inconsistencies we have to do at present. We are accused of a wanton and illiberal attack upon the Mayor, and which *La Minerve* tells us arises from fanaticism—(*La fanatisme du Courier.*) We shall soon see where the fanaticism lies, and we challenge *La Minerve*, the *Pilot*, and the *Gazette* also, if it chooses, to reply to or refute what we say.

On assuming the editorial chair of the *Courier* we found it languishing and dying—at the very last gasp in fact—and on looking around—not in despair, because we happen to have been cradled in a little corner of Scotland where despair is unknown—we found we had many difficulties to contend with, out of which nothing but stern resolution and determined honesty of purpose would extricate us. Considering ourself a British subject, located in a British colony, resident in a *therefore British* and consequently PROTESTANT city, we were amazed to find a paper called the *True Witness*, pouring out, week after week, the most infamous, violent and treasonable language against the Queen's person, her government, and her religion,—and all this was apparently listened to with the most perfect and comfortable quiescence. Conductors of newspapers when interrogated and remonstrated with emphatically shrugged their shoulders and threw a significant eye over their left shoulder towards their subscription list and their fat columns of advertisements. This was however no argument to us. We had been always accustomed to see Canterbury or the General Assembly, with the Bible in their right hands, triumph over Rome and all her scarlet host; and however feeble might be our pen, or weak our influence, we were determined to exert both in the cause of evangelical truth and true patriotism. And the extensive increase of our subscription list of late, fully proves that our labours have been appreciated.

In the course of our observations, we found that the Protestant principle was everywhere at a discount. The *Gazette*, for some fanciful cause of its own, called Romanism the *State Religion*—a religion which had cost Great Britain oceans of of blood and millions of treasure to expel, and the expulsion of which has created an expansion of mind and intellect among her sons, which the world itself is becoming too small to contain. From such a *State Church*, from such a *state* of mental bondage, from such a *state* of superstitious vassalage, we say, upon our knees, and in the language of our Liturgy, "good Lord deliver us."

The *True Witness*, with a purpose as deadly, and a determination as *fel*, as ever actuated the malignant breast of a torturing and burning Inquisitor, continued to pour out its impure anathemas, its black sanctuses, against us, with a wantonness that struck the Editor of the *Courier* at least with perfect astonishment, and which no one seemed inclined to check. It is very true that the low-minded, vulgar, and abusive tirades of this scandalous publication, might have been supposed to carry its own antidote along with it, and so it has ever done among the educated of both Churches; but when it is considered that its inflammatory effusions are industriously circulated and read by the ignorant and unreflecting, the amount of disloyal and treasonable spirit which it is capable of disseminating is incalculable, as well as most mischievous; in fact, so long as such language is tolerated in any newspaper, the Colony must be in a continual blaze of exasperation.

We pass to the question of the Protestant Hospital, about which there has been so much said of late, and one feature only of the misunderstanding about which we at present touch—namely, the unblushingly expressed determination of priest and layman to sweep the Word of God out of it. With all these incidents and circumstances before his eyes, what was an honest journalist to do? Was he to wink at the blazonry of the Corporation regalia being exhibited at blessing corner-stones of buildings raised to afford a refuge and protection to the inveterate and uncompromising enemies of the British Crown? No! certainly. We speak now, as we have always spoken, on public grounds. We have neither enemity nor grudge against Mr. Wilson; on the contrary, we have the highest respect for him as a citizen. So far as we are concerned, he is at perfect liberty to enjoy the fruits of his creed in the most profound tranquillity that such a creed will permit; but neither must he, in his *public* capacity, offend or disturb *us*. The *Gazette* says that "the laying of corner-stones is an evidence of city improvement:" his plea of civic ornaments may do very well for a *toady*; but all those who remember the traditional magnificence of Babylon will not hold it of much beyond its real value.

In Montreal we have bells enew, processions enew, and Romish emblems enew, to remind us of, and put us on our guard against, the proverbially perseverying qualities of Romish usurpation, and until we can find that the acts of Corporation, the spirit of the Press, the conduct of Magistrates and Members of Parliament, are assuming a more Protestant, and therefore a more Christian, temper, they may all be assured of the determined and most persevering hostility of *The Montreal Courier*.

MR. OLIVER'S CONCERT.—We remind our readers that Mr. Oliver's Concert takes place this evening, on which occasion he will be assisted by the Band of the XXth Regiment, of which he has for a considerable time been the efficient leader. This musical entertainment is understood to be a farewell Concert, previous to Mr. Oliver and his family leaving Canada on a professional tour through the States, Mexico, and Havana. Mr. O.'s musical capabilities are too well known here to require any very lengthened commentary from us. We only remind our readers of the pleasant promenades enjoyed by them on the Champ-de-Mars during the last summer, the happiness of which was greatly enhanced, if not actually constituted, by the Band over which Mr. Oliver has so long and so scientifically presided. We confidently expect a crowded audience on this occasion, and we may remark, *en passant*, that the Hall of the Hays' House is the best adapted of any in Montreal for the display of musical ability, whether vocal or instrumental.

The ship *Toronto*, Capt. Ballantine, arrived at Liverpool on the 3d instant, and the ship *Canada*, Capt. Wylie, at the Clyde, on the 5th inst.—both vessels are of Messrs. Edmonstone, Allan & Co.'s line of traders to this port.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LONDON, November 7, 1851.

Kossuth is yet the lion of the day. However his enemies may reproach him with the plastic subserviency which can accommodate itself to every shade of political opinion—certain it is, that in the brief period of his career in England he has made many friends amongst the middle and lower classes. On Monday we had another grand demonstration. Some 20,000 persons assembled in Russell Square, and marched in procession with banners and all the ensigns which distinguish the extreme Radical party in London. The *Times* was not forgotten, that favourite broadsheet being gibbetted in the most approved manner. There was also some emblem which was said to be Marshal Haynau's hat, with the feathers turned downwards, as a mark of contempt. Kossuth made a speech to the people, similar in tone to those which he had previously delivered in the city, and at Southampton. Every thing passed off well. The best thing which has been yet done, was the exclusion of Feargus O'Connor, M. P., and Reynolds, the chartist, from all participation in the day's proceedings. They were both resolutely refused admission to the hotel, and were kept outside in the cold, vapouring in vain that they were to be the heros of the scene. In vain they implored to be admitted, the orders of the committee were rigorously obeyed, and these two pestilent men were left to chew the cud of disappointment, and form various schemes of revenge in the best way they may. Kossuth's address to the people of the United States, written at Broussa, in Asia Minor, in March, 1850, and published at Washington last month, has just reached us. It is generally considered a finished composition. In the spirit-stirring passages which pervade this remarkable document throughout, we recognise at once the master genius which could fire a whole nation with the sacred flame of liberty. No wonder Kossuth desired his agents in the United States to suppress the publication of this daring onslaught against the absolutist princes of Europe, until he was fairly "out of the wood." If this terrible denunciation of Austrian tyranny had been sent forth to the world previous to his liberation, it requires no great sagacity to say that Russia and Austria would have moved not only heaven and earth, but hell itself, to have prevented such an enemy to go forth to the nations of the world to hurl defiance at them, and shake the very foundations of their Empires. All the censorships in the world will never be able to suppress this able document, or prevent its circulation throughout Hungary and Germany. It is impossible to read the accounts from Italy and Lombardy without being satisfied that an outburst of some kind is approaching with accelerated rapidity. All Europe is for the moment watching the contest which threatens to involve France in some serious commotion; and the majority there only tolerate Louis Napoleon a single day, because he is at all times the too ready instrument to stifle the cry of liberty, whether it springs from the banks of the Tiber, the Seine, or the Danube. Whatever may be the progress of events in France, the liberal party in Germany, at present disunited and discomfited, only require some great leader whom they can trust to step forward, and the diaversified races scattered between the Adriatic and the Baltic seas, now groaning under absolutism, will rise as one man against the treacherous princes who now keep them downtrodden under the galling yoke of oppression. Kossuth seems destined yet to play a leading part in the mighty struggles for constitutional liberty which Germany must soon pass through. We have the example in our own annals, that, just previously to the downfall of the Stuarts, at a period when all "good men" despaired, the Revolution suddenly came, and then at once sprung up the most glorious period of English history. It is understood that Kossuth had an interview with Mazzini on Tuesday last.

There are symptoms of an approaching agitation in the metropolis on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. Lord John Russell's promised measure is not thought large enough for the democratic desires of the people, and they seek to bring his Lordship and the House of Commons under the influence of the mob. The opportunity is considered a good one to go the whole hog of Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, and Annual Parliaments—the Radicals are getting quite cock-a-hoop on the subject. By the Manchester School the matter is taken up in rather a more temperate light, though they are determined to push the "progress" much further and more rapidly than Lord John Russell will approve of. It is understood that large meetings will shortly be held in London, as well as in the manufacturing districts.

Altogether, what with our promised Reform Bill and the promised Socialist rising throughout Europe, the year 1852 bids fair to teem with momentous events.

People are asking, what has become of Lord John Russell's "sound Protestantism?" It is just twelve months since he electrified the country by the publication of his Durham Manifesto, and soothed the apprehensions of the timid by his bold and manly declaration, that "no Foreign Prince or Potentate will be permitted to fasten fetters upon a nation which has so long and so nobly vindicated its right to freedom of opinion, civil, political, and religious." Where is the action that ought to follow such an avowal? We have an Act of Parliament to support the Protestant valour of the noble Premier, if he will only bring it into play. Is the teeth of that Act, the Pope has created his Bishops,—and those worthies have usurped Prelatical functions; the Act says they shall not—yet they have; Lord John says that if they do they shall be visited with fine, or imprisonment, or both,—yet they care not for Lord John, they snap their fingers at his Act of Parliament, and, with most bare-faced effrontery, assume the titles which the Legislature has prohibited. The question is asked, where is the Government? —was the two-thirds of the time of the last Session consumed for no other purpose than to give the Roman Catholics an opportunity of setting the laws of England at defiance?—was Lord John's vehement denunciation of the "insolent and insidious" aggression nothing but sound and fury—and, was the Act but a blind to pacify the people, without there existing the slightest intention of affording them redress? The Romanists, having violated the law with impunity in Ireland, are trying it on in this country, and, apparently, with success. I observe that "the Catholic Church of St. John the Evangelist" is to be solemnly opened by "the Lord Bishop of Southwark." Now, no one can object to the opening of St. John's Chapel or Church with as great an extent of "solemn" mummeries as the Romanists choose to indulge in upon the occasion; and the ceremony may be performed by a "Bishop," if such be their desire; but an Act of Parliament states that it is illegal to assume any territorial title in this country; and those who violate the Act, as has been done in this instance, ought to be made to pay the penalty of their temerity. Law making will become a mere farce, and the observance of the law will be reduced to a matter of taste and convenience, if these flagrant outrages are to be tolerated. We see the spirit of Popery in this defiance of the law,—the utmost exertions ought to be used to check its progress, ere the power so to do be removed from us.

Captain Warner—the projectile warrior—has just made his dying speech and confession, and announces in a lugubrious epistle to the *Morning Herald*, that he is about to quit his ungrateful country, and sell his inventions to some Foreign Government. He would have taken this step, he says, twenty years ago, and was on the point of embarking to visit Mehemet Ali, when William 4th begged him as a personal favour to remain in England. According to him, Lord John Russell is favourable to him, but the Ordnance declare that if his inventions are adopted "it will be virtually cutting up both services." His offer, so he says, to go out to the Kaffir war, was declined in toto.

Earl Fitzwilliam was duly installed a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter by Her Majesty in full Chapter on Tuesday.

The Legislative Assembly of France re-assembled on Tuesday, after the autumnal recess; the President's long-talked-of Message was delivered. After dwelling upon the fact that a democratic conspiracy exists in France and throughout Europe, and referring to the state of siege in which the Departments of the Nierre and the Cher had been placed about a month ago, the Message passes on to the state of the Finances, and the subject of the Great Exhibition in London. The generous reception given by Prince Albert and the English nation to the representatives of French Industry, is alluded to in suitable terms. The President then recommends the Repeal of the law of May, as the only means of obtaining a legal solution of the difficulties which beset the future of France. Immediately after the Message was delivered, the new Ministers submitted a Bill prepared to carry out the recommendation of the President, and the immediate discussion was demanded. The feeling of the Conservative party was at once disclosed by M. Berryer, the leader of the Legitimist party, refusing to accede to the "urgency," and, finally, the proposal for the immediate discussion of the Bill was rejected by the Assembly. This step is totally at variance with the expectations held out by the Organs of the Elysee during the last few days. The refusal of the "urgence" is plainly indicative of the intentions of the majority, and, however a large party, perhaps a majority of the Assembly may be disposed to agree to important modifications of the law of the 31st May. I think still, as I have repeatedly said, that a total repeal is out of the question. A few days will disclose fully the position and intentions of the various parties in the Assembly, and all Europe is attentive to the great struggle which is about to take place.

Pending the developement of events in France, all European politics are at a stand still, and the destiny of Germany and Italy seems to hang upon the solution of the Presidential question in France.

The news from the Cape of Good Hope is disastrous in the extreme. The British arms had made no progress, and in two instances had suffered heavily by surprise.

A letter signed by a large number of distinguished merchants and others, has been presented to the Executive Committee of the great Exhibition, representing the advantages which will result from the exhibition and collection of the rare produce of the different countries, shown in the exhibition, as the formation of a great trade museum, or collection, in which specimens of the natural productions, or exports of all countries, should be deposited, together with such scientific, practical, and commercial information relative thereto, as can be obtained. They suggest that for rendering such be formed in the city of London, and so arranged as to be conveniently accessible to those who want to refer to it.

THE KAFFIR WAR.—By the arrival of the steamer *Bonphonne* at Southampton, we have news from Cape Town to the 1st of October, and from Graham's Town to the 20th of October. No important events have occurred in the war. Col. Mackinnon and Col. Eyre had received from patrols in the Fish River bush, having suffered severe loss, without anything done. The official account of losses in the Fish River bush, a summary of which reached us by last mail, is more dismal than it was even supposed to be. The return shows the serious total of seventy-eight casualties, of which no fewer than twenty-nine men are killed on the spot, two have since died of their wounds, and eight are unaccounted for, but have, there is a little doubt, fallen by the hand of the enemy; thus making the loss in killed thirty-nine, and exactly the same number wounded. These casualties include six officers, being eight per cent of the total number. It is affirmed that a great many of the enemy were killed in these severe combats, and we can hardly suppose that such severe loss could have been sustained on our side without inflicting equal chastisement upon the savage foe. The body of one soldier of the 'Queen's' was found surrounded by five Kaffirs, who had fallen with him in that mortal strife.

Colonel Mackinnon and Colonel Eyre's patrols came into head quarters on the 17th Sept., the latter 73rd looking ragged enough, the Fingos singing their war song. They were halted opposite the governor's quarters, and his excellency addressed them.

It was thought that the next movement of the troops would be to throw supplies into Fort White and Cox, by which time the arrival of the rifles and lancers might be expected, enabling the commander-in-chief to perfect his arrangements and to enter upon future operations upon a more extended scale, and with more decisive effect. There was, at latest, the appearance of not recklessness amongst the Kaffir tribes. Some profession was expressed for Mount Coke and Fort Murray—Sypolo hovering in their vicinity, and seeming to threaten an attack upon one or other of the points. In consequence of this, the mounted men at King William's Town had been directed to hold themselves in readiness at a minute's warning. Other reports say that the design of the chief was to attack Fort Peddie, which was quite prepared to give him a warm reception.

The way in which the country even between Graham's Town and Fort Beaufort is beset, is evidenced by the fact that a train of about seventy waggons was attacked midway between these two places, and robbed. The train, escorted by Fingoes, and refter levies, was a party of Hottentots, was on the road between Fort Brown and Fort Beaufort. Impudently enough, twenty of the waggons went on in advance of the escort, and when passing through the drift of the Kook river, four or five of them were attacked by Hottentot deserters from the Cape Corps, armed with rifles. A panic seized the drivers and leaders, and the waggons and passengers remained full half an hour in possession of the rebels, who plundered them. The escort coming up, drove the Hottentots away; they were pursued, the property all found, and two Hottentots and one Kaffir were killed. It is evident that the rebels be about in small parties in all directions. If a large force appears, they lie still, and the road is reported clear. But if a small party come within reach, they pounce upon it, and plunder or destroy it.

There has been a rather desperate engagement with the enemy by the troops under the command of Lieut. Col. Fordyce, 74th Highlanders, on the Kromme heights.

PROVINCIAL.

It is with the deepest regret that we announce, in the usual department of this paper, the decease of Mr. Roch Rolland. The personal acquaintance and esteem of the writer for the deceased, is but a part of the very general feeling of sorrow for his loss and of sympathy for his friends. The circumstances of his death were particularly calculated to give rise to these sentiments. After a sojourn of nearly two years in California, and a dangerous voyage, whose length had excited great apprehensions on the part of his friends, he returned about a fortnight ago, apparently labouring under only a slight attack brought on by fatigue. At first the disease showed signs of speedily leaving him; but day after day it continued to linger, till, at length, the fatal symptoms of typhoid fever were manifested, and it became too evident that he had returned only to die. His parents had only that mournful satisfaction. Mr. Rolland was a remarkably fine young man, excelling in personal appearance as well as in amiability of disposition, and in the very prime of life.—*Herald.*

The *Quebec Gazette* has been authorised by Mr. Dubord to state, that it is determined to go on with the contest at the ensuing election for the city, and that he has full confidence in the men composing the administration.

THE GREAT RAILWAY MEASURE SUPPORTED IN NOVA SCOTIA.—Telegraphic advices from Halifax inform us of the Nova Scotian legislature having carried the bill in favour of the Quebec and Halifax Railroad.

The debate was opened on Saturday last, by two members who were opposed to the grant, but they were succeeded by seven other speakers in favour of it, the last being Mr. Howe, who closed in a humorous and good natured running fire on the objections urged against his measure; and the debate closed by a *triumphant* vote of 37 to 13 in favor of the Railroad