

It has afforded us much satisfaction, to have learnt from a communication, addressed to the Corresponding Secretary of the St. Patrick's Society, of this city, published below, that the Peace Societies—for the suppression of the riots which take place upon Public Works,—are fully organized, and in full operation throughout the United States; much good, will, no doubt, arise from these novel and truly charitable associations. We hope that the Irishmen of Canada, and of Montreal in particular, will, in view of the many Public Works about to be commenced in this province, make timely preparation to prevent a recurrence of the disgraceful scenes of violence, which have already taken place upon the Public Works in this vicinity, and that they will be in a position to avail themselves of the knowledge and experience which, in this respect, will have already been acquired by their fellow-countrymen, on the other side of line 45:—

New York, Dec. 29, 1851.

DEAR SIR.—Your communication to the Convention of the Irish Societies of this city, was duly received, and being the first they were favored with, from the other side of the line which separates us as fellow-citizens, renders it the more valuable. Its reception gave great satisfaction, and has given us additional stimulus for action.

There should not, there must not, be any lines allowed to be drawn between the friendship and love that should always exist in the hearts of all good and true Irishmen, wherever their lot is cast—or whatever clime or country they may be destined to dwell in; they should be affectionate towards each other—no governmental partition should make any difference in that respect. "In weal or in woe—in sunshine and in clouds" they should be united.

It was cheering to find that the efforts, making by humble and hard-working men, as we are composed of, to remove that foul stain from our name and character, which was attached to it against our will, by the misrule of our native country, and to which circumstance this odious and crying evil of faction-fighting entirely owes its origin, receive the sanction and approval of the Irishmen of the city of Montreal.

I have the pleasure of stating to our Canada friends that, from information received, which can be relied upon, a vast deal of good has been effected for our poor countrymen, both in a moral and a religious point of view, since the first meeting of the Convention, took place in this city. To the Reverend—the Catholic Clergy—however, is mainly to be attributed this good and blessed change, and without whose pious and zealous aid and assistance, our labors would be fruitless and unavailing.

In order to obtain the objects desired, it is most important that a combination of all the influences which can be obtained, friendly to the movement, should unite from every quarter, in removing the unfortunate evil which we are so solicitous to remedy.

Firstly—Our countrymen must be prevailed upon to cease fighting and quarrelling amongst themselves.

Secondly—Some mode or plan of educating them must be adopted, and established for the benefit of those who are employed on the public works.

Thirdly—They must be protected from the imposition and fraud, so commonly practised upon them by dishonest and heartless contractors, in cheating them out of their hard-earned wages; and laws should be enacted for their protection, as well as for the punishment of such outrages.

The Convention is doing every thing in its power to accomplish these objects, and we entertain the strongest hopes, with the divine assistance of the Almighty God, together with the co-operation of all good and true friends, that in a short time they shall witness the realization of their most cherished and fond wishes.

Hoping that other patriotic bodies of Irishmen will take the initiative from your example, in leading their efforts to the good cause,

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
JOHN McGRATH, Cor. Sec.

I. Mallon, Esq., Cor. Sec.
St. Patrick's Society,
Montreal.

As a specimen of the absurdities to which Popery editors are reduced in default of argument, we copy the following account of a priest publicly flogging a Sister of Charity by way of a religious ceremony; our readers must not suppose that we are laughing them, we assure them the story has been going the rounds of the Protestant journals of Canada for some time. The *Globe*, and the *Montreal Witness*, as well as the *C. C. Advocate*, have reproduced it:—

ROMANISM—DOING PENANCE.

"It is an incontrovertible fact that Popery is the same cruel, avaricious, blood-thirsty despotism in this age, that it was when Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, and thousands of other noble martyrs were sacrificed on its unholy shrine. It is the same in Canada, in the United States, as it is in Italy, and other Roman Catholic countries; and if it could, it would again kindle the flames, erect the scaffold, and establish the bloody inquisition, and we be unto those who would incur its displeasure. As a specimen of the cruelties practised by this 'Mother of Harlots,' we give the following from the *Western Recorder*, a Baptist paper, published at Louisville, Kentucky:—

"Rather a novel scene transpired in our city one day last week. We say novel, for if such scenes are of frequent occurrence, they are seldom made so public. On the day afore mentioned, a lusty, masculine looking biped, was seen laying the lash on a frail, care-worn female, with a heavy hand. We say the lash—it was an instrument of torture with three lusty thongs. They were applied seemingly without mercy, to the person of a female. The patience manifested by the victim under the lash, as she stood in the open yard, attracted the attention of a number of spectators, ready to fly to the rescue. They mistook the patient endurance of the female, for abject fear of the monster, who applied the scourge with such a merciless hand. But as the spectators drew near, their good intentions were soon thwarted, when one of the inmates of the establishment informed them, that nothing wrong was transpiring—but it was a religious ceremony.

"The female, the supposed victim, was a sister of charity. And the supposed monster incarnate, was a priest, who applied the knout. The sister of charity

was doing penance. This scene transpired in open day-light, in our city, and in view of numerous spectators.

"This took place in Protestant America. These are some of the 'tender mercies' of Romanism, as administered in a Protestant country. What must their enormity be, where popular feelings favors the cruel and merciless rites practised by the Catholic Church."—*C. C. Advocate*.

What must be the intellectual state of a community, amongst whose members such a story can find credence? Fools there are in the world we know; dolts and blockheads many, but we did not believe that there were beings, breathing God's air, and basking in the light of His blessed sun, who could believe or publish such a barefaced lie.

CHEAP MARRIAGES.

The Clergy,—or rather large numbers of that body—seem at present under the influence of a strange excitement, which drives them to fling themselves frantically upon synodically hobby-horses. We sincerely trust that the result of their riding will not be such as is usually anticipated from the equitation of beggars—a class as unaccustomed to real as our clerical friends are to metaphorical equestrianism, though we scarcely expect that our hopes will be realized.

Wherever those sham synods have been held, the result, if of any positive nature, has been detrimental to the clergy; and it is only when the sum and substance of what has been accomplished is nil, as in the case of the Exeter synod, that the clergy have come off unscathed. The latest phenomenon of the kind is to be found in the transactions of a parochial synod which has been held in the parish of St. Matthew's, Bethnal-Green. The facts are derived from a statement made by the senior curate of St. Matthew's, with the intention to explain away an imputation, cast upon him, of an endeavor to undersell his clerical brethren in the article of "marriages."

Bethnal-Green, is a district which excited the compassion of the Bishop of London many years back. His Lordship has been indefatigable in his labors and profuse in his own pecuniary contributions to give the benighted population of that district the benefit of an enlarged system of religious instruction. His Lordship's efforts in this direction form a portion of his active life, which has attracted more unqualified admiration than any other. We know as a fact that even conscientious dissenters responded to the Bishop's appeal for assistance to erect new churches. Ten new churches were the reward of his lordship's activity. But our feelings of delight at its accomplishment receive considerable qualification, when we learn that while the public has been thus profuse in showering money into the treasury of the church-building fund, the rector resides at a parish some hundreds of miles distant. Look at this degraded, vicious, ill-taught population, says the highest spiritual authority of the Diocese. Will not your laymen come forward to help us, the clergy, with your pecuniary assistance? What would the laymen have said, if the Bishop had added to the force of his argument by telling them the rector was non-resident? and how is the existence of this gentleman, who has no hesitation in becoming responsible for the spiritual superintendence of some thousand souls in London, while he resides near Liverpool, at last discovered by his parishioners?—Is it from some pastoral letter, where he laments his constrained absence from his beloved flock? Also the reverend gentleman, emerges from his obscurity not to make diligent inquiries into the condition of the sheep, but to be set right on the question, what is the worth of their wool? He adopts summary measures when rival clergymen offer the same article at a cheaper rate than he himself sells it. We must leave Mr. Timothy Gibson, the curate of this non-resident rector, to narrate the fact.

"Since the consecration of St. Phillips, one of the ten new churches in Bethnal-Green, nine years ago, the incumbent the Rev. George Alston, has solemnized marriages up to a very recent period at the charge of ten shillings for each, whilst the charge at the old church was thirteen shillings, and at all the new churches, except St. Phillips, was ten shillings and six pence."

The consequence of the entrance of this freetrader into the old protectionist district was a great increase of business to the practical clerical reformer. Mr. Gibson goes on:

"The result was a large influx of marriages at Mr. Alston's church, and a great falling off from all the others. The number of marriages during the last year at St. Phillips amounted to more than 500, producing upwards of £175."

Who can wonder at the discontent of the old established hands? The business-like men yielded to the "pressure of the times" and lowered their terms. Mr. Gibson informs us:

"During the present year the Rev. Allen T. Edwards, incumbent of another of the new churches, St. Matthias, Hare-street, Bethnal-green, in self-defence, reduced his fees for marriage, and published throughout his district and in some others a placard announcing the items of his reduced scale of charges."

The reader has no doubt witnessed transactions of a similar nature amongst rival tea-dealers in Holborn. The tea-dealers' placards were, doubtless, more varied than those of the competing clergymen. The former would have much to say on the subject of "first-rate quality," &c., whereas every one knows that there is no difference in the quality of a marriage,—the article at seven and sixpence being every whit as good as that at thirteen shillings.

"In consequence of the system of undercharging, the whole church suffered to a still greater extent. The rector who resides at his other living, near Liverpool, wrote to me to inquire the reason of the great falling off at the mother church, and I replied by informing him of the undercharging system that had obtained in Bethnal-Green, and assigned that as the reason of the great decrease in the number of marriages at the old church. On the receipt of this information, the rector directed me to publish the following reduced scale of fees for marriages at St. Matthew's, namely: Publication of banns, 1s.; minister's fees, 2s. 6d.; clerk's fees, 9d.; sexton's fees, 9d.; certificate, 1s.; total, 6s."

"Whether, during the progress of the affair, these clerical reformers headed their placards with the usual phrases, "Down with monopoly," "no fees to servants"—cheap marriages for ever," &c., we know not. Mr. Alston, on hearing of the alteration at the mother church, made another reduction to five shillings, and shortly afterwards "went down," to use Mr. Gibson's

business-like phrase "to half-a-crown," stating as his reason for the last reduction that he had heard that the latter had commenced marrying at St. Matthew's at the charge of 4s. 9d. Thus the case stands at present.

In the mean time, we must observe one of the chief features of the case, and which mainly originated our remarks upon the subject. Mr. Gibson tells us, that before he introduced his "reduced scale of prices, he called a council or synod of the clergy of the district."—The majority of this synod, we suppose to have been favorable to the primitive rates, as he tells us that their deliberations on the subject came to naught on account of Mr. Alston's natural and proper determination not to consent to the assimilation of the charges at his church to those of any other church. But if the clergy cannot agree upon the subject of their fees, have we any right to expect their agreement upon the subject of doctrine? Then how absurd are synods.—*London Daily News*.

PROSPECTUS OF A WORN-OUT DRAMA. ENTITLED HUMBUG, OR THE HUNGRY HEROES.

Dramatis Personæ.

GIANT, (in miniature,) Louis Kossuth.
JOHN BULL, (as large as life,) Lord Palmerston.
RED REPUBLICAN, (with a long face and moustache,) Mazzini.

JONATHAN, (for particulars see small bills,) Gen. Cass.
JACK THE GIANT KILLER, (by the above personages hidden from view,) Truth.

SUPERNUMERARIES ALMOST SUPERNUMERARY.—Consisting of a motley crowd of various nations and languages.

Their parts consist in hissing at Jack the Giant Killer whenever he appears—of cracking the skulls, and when opportunity offers, assassinating Jack's friends and supporters—shouting and screaming for liberty and dimes, attending public dinners to do the drinking part, while the leaders are spouting; in a word, the supernumeraries have to make the most of everything—to make hay while the sun shines.

The dresses are left optional with the actors. Kossuth has chosen a splendid garment that changes color and even shape with the place and people. Lord Palmerston wears one of his most winning smiles. General Cass is personated in tights that threaten a rupture should he exert himself overmuch. Mazzini wears a dagger in one pocket and nothing in the other.

(The scenery changes with the acts.)

ACT FIRST.

Represents the miniature giant with a small number of friends (hungry heroes) hastening away after the battle, in which none of them took any prominent part; as their lives were too precious to be exposed to the dangers of a stray shot. Their pockets are filled with the crown jewels of Hungary, with the nine clusters of diamonds and jeweled spurs of Count Eugene Zichy, whom they killed. The Giant has, moreover, the widow's trust fund in his wife's reticelle. The scene is laid in Hungary with a distant view of Turkey.

(Not a word spoken.)

ACT SECOND.

The Giant at Marseilles.—He shakes hands with all the Reds. Writes an address to them, and attempts to excite a tumult, when a policeman tips him on the shoulders and tells him to clear out. The Giant becomes very indignant, but takes the hint in the same pocket with the jewelled spurs, bottles his wrath, puts a cork in the bottle, and sails for "Merry England."

The scene—a very dull one.

ACT THIRD.

Opens with supper scene at Southampton. The small Giant is there in his glory. Several of the guests are likewise glorious. The Giant makes a long speech in praise of monarchy in England, English justice, English greatness, English liberty. It was not his purpose to illustrate these several characteristics by referring to Ireland, India, or any or all the English possessions and usurpations. Accordingly he prudently left them out. He disowns the Socialists and Reds in public, but explains the matter in private to his friend Mazzini—giving him a very intelligent wink with his left eye, and significantly slapping his pockets. "O. K.," says Mazzini—"go ahead."

The scene afterwards changes to Birmingham, where he sounds the people's purses by talking of getting them to supply the hungry people with knives and forks. Next comes a back stair scene between John Bull and the Giant. Mutually pleased with each other, they call the Pope hard names. He leaves England amid loud cheers—"great cry, but little wool." The adagio originated by shearing a pig.

ACT FOURTH.

"Hail Columbia happy land,"—the Giant enters New York harbor, whistling this favorite air a little out of tune, occasionally mixing it up with an obsolete Irish song, called "Croppies lie down." The Mayor and other notables greet him and fete him until he is tired and wants to lie, which he does by wholesale and retail. But there is no rest for certain classes of people. The Giant is no exception—deputation upon deputation, dinner upon supper, addresses and cannon balls, honors without glory arouse the Giant, who styles himself Governor, and whom others call "the man of the times," from his repose—hurrah! shoot the supernumeraries, until the welkin rings with their noise, "let us hear the Vice-President of the Bible Society." Here Jack the Giant Killer makes an attempt to offer a few remarks, but so terrific is the outcry against him that he is glad to get out of the crowd with whole bones. The Giant gets displeased with Jonathan's friends at Washington, and tells them very plainly they will lose his patronage. A hiss for Webster, another for the President, is the response of the supporters. The shouting now becomes almost deafening. The great braised teaches American citizens the meaning of their constitutional rights. He proves that Washington was behind the times, an old dotard; that the American government must kick and cudgel, or at least hold every King in the world, until he and his heroes pick their pockets and trip them up—form an alliance offensive and defensive, particularly very offensive with England, for this object.—Hurrah for liberty and Kossuth! cry out the Socialists and Bible men who are most prominent at this stage among the suppers. "The government that will not interfere in this manner, is only as a dead worm, and the people should bring it to life." He next asks them for their dollars, when a general buttoning up of pockets takes place, as if thieves were about. One generous hearted deputy from the west now comes

nobly forward and presents the big beggar with an entire gold dollar, and a speech, *Cock a doodle do.*—Jonathan during all this time is trying how his tights fit before grasping the nation's guest by the hand, and exhibiting the hero, not of a hundred fights, for the admiration of voters. His tights pinch him, however, so awfully, that he waits to feel a little more. The scene now begins to change, almost imperceptibly—the tables are turning—who is doing this?—Jack the Giant Killer, who has got behind the curtain, and is collecting all the scraps of humping in a heap to throw out of the windows. Who thus engaged he is humping in a lively strain "there's a good time coming, boys."

ACT FIFTH.

Will appear shortly.—*Crusader*.

EXECUTIONS IN CANTON.—At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society the secretary read a paper of great interest, by Mr. T. T. Meadows, translator to her Britannic Majesty's Consulate in China, descriptive of the execution of 34 rebels, or bandits, which took place in Canton on the 30th of July last. After a description of the place of execution, which was secured by a strongly guarded door, and after stating that more than 400 human beings have been put to death in the same place within the past eight months, Mr. Meadows states that he entered the place accompanied by two English residents at Canton, and found there a few of the lower officials. The only preparation visible was a cross, fixed up for the infliction of the highest legal punishment practised in China,—cutting up alive. There was a fire of fragrant sandalwood burning before the shed where the Mandarins sit to superintend the executions, in order to conceal the horrid stench arising from the decomposed heads remaining there. After waiting a considerable time, all the criminals were introduced, most of them walking to their places, but many carried in baskets, and tumbled out on the spot appointed for them, where they lay powerless, either from excess of fear or from treatment inflicted during the trial and imprisonment. A man stood behind each criminal, and placed him in a kneeling position, with his face towards the ground, holding him in this position by grasping his hands, which were bound behind his back. In case of resistance, which happens very rarely, the criminal's queue is held by a second assistant, and dragged forward by force, so as to keep the neck extended. When all the criminals were placed in the required positions, the executioner seized a sabre with both hands, and proceeded to his work. In the present instance the man was a mild-looking soldier, selected from the ranks of the army. The sword was a common sabre of three feet in length, and one of those employed on the occasion was laid on the society's table. It appears that there is no official weapon required, for the officers of the army, anxious to "flesh their swords," send them for the purpose to the executioner, who has thus a sufficient supply for his most extensive operations. The number decapitated on the occasion described was 33; and the executioner took up a fresh sword as soon as he felt the edge of the one employed becoming dull, which was usually the case after cutting off two or three heads. When all was ready the man stood firm, with his legs some what apart. On hearing the word "Pan" pronounced by the officer superintending, and after a sharp order to the criminal, "Don't move?" he raised his sword straight up, and brought it rapidly down with the full strength of both arms, giving additional force to the blow by dropping his body perpendicularly to a sitting posture. The horrid task was soon done; after cutting off the head of one victim the man threw himself, by a bound, into position by the side of the next; and, in somewhat less than three minutes, the whole 33 were headless—the head in every case but the first being completely severed at one blow. In three or four cases, where the criminals retained their full strength, the bodies, after decapitation, rose quite upright; and Mr. Meadows is satisfied that unless restrained by the man behind they would have sprung into the air. When this part of the tragedy was over, the more horrible work of slow death was carried into effect upon the remaining criminal, who was bound to the cross mentioned above. He was a strongly-built man, apparently 40 years old, who had escaped in the first instance, but who had voluntarily surrendered himself to certain death in order to save from torture his wife and family, who had been seized by the Chinese Government, with the cruel policy usual on such occasions. In this instance the flesh was cut from the forehead, breast, and extremities of the sufferer with a short knife, which was on the table before the man; the body was immediately taken from the cross, and the head cut off. The duration of the punishment was about four or five minutes. The bodies were then packed up in coffins and carried away.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.—The Protestant bishopric, which was founded ten years since at Jerusalem under the protection of England and of Prussia, having become vacant, will be now filled by a prelate chosen by the King of Prussia. M. Valentiner, a Schleswig ecclesiastic, who had been obliged to quit his country in consequence of political events, has been selected for the post.—*Dublin Freeman*.

"Upon the whole, I am firmly of opinion," says Sir Francis Head, "that under a mild exterior, with gentle manners, and a benevolent heart, Louis Napoleon is an honest, bold, high-minded statesman, whose object is to maintain the peace of Europe, and the real glory and honor of France."

At a parish examination, a clergyman asked a charity boy if he had ever been baptised. "No, sir," was the reply, "not as I know of, but I've been waxinated."

TO CLERGYMEN.

JUST RECEIVED, from DUBLIN, the following WORKS.

Haydock's Folio Bible, with notes to every verse, in 2 vols., beautifully illustrated, for the low price of 50s currency—the publisher's price being £3 3s sterling.

Archer's Sermon's 7 6
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