three's' to which English soldiers are subject, but in the ordinary carrying, and shouldering, and grounding their arms they seem to be admirably trained. They are, as I have already said, muscular, strong-boned men, and approach more to the Russian than to the French type of a soldier. They seem to pay the greatest deference to their officers, who themselves are profusely courteous to each other. The amount of bowing which a military man here has to undergo in a single day is something dreadful to contemplate; and, indeed, if you are not a military man, you are expected to bow on entering a room in which officers, of however petty a grade, are seated. When two officers are introduced to each other they jump each bow across the table until their heads are in danger of collision. If an officer enters a room in which privates are seated, the latter jump to their feet and remain standing until motioned to sit down. When he leaves they also jump up. When two officers of different grades meet in the street they not only salute each other, but keep their hand to the cap all the time they are speaking.

THE BATTLE OF SADOWA.

The special correspondent of the London Times with the Prussian army gives a graphic description of the great battle at Sadowa, one of the most terrible encounters on record—from which we make the following extracts:

THE FIGHT COMMENCES.

The first shot was fired about half-past seven. The Prussian horse artillery, close down to the river, replied to the Austrian guns, but neither side fired heavily, and for half an hour the exchange consisted of but little more than single shots. At a quarter before eight the King of Prussia arrived on the field, and very soon after the horse artillery were reinforced by other field batteries, and the Prussian guns began firing their shells quickly into the Austrian position. But as soon as the Prussian fire actively commenced, Austrian guns seemed to appear as if by magic at every point of the position; from every grove, from every village, from the orchard of Mockrowens, on the Prussian right, to the orchard of Benatek, on their left, came flashes of fire and whizzing rifle shells, which bursting with a sharp crack, sent their splinters whistling among the guns, gunners, carriages and horses, often killing a man or horse, sometimes disconcerting a gun, but always ploughing up the earth and scattering the mud in the men's faces. But the Austrians did not confine themselves to firing in the artillery, for they threw their shells up the slopes opposite to them toward Dub, and one shell came slap into a squadron of Uhlans, who were close beside the King. Bursting itself with a heavy thud in the ground, it blew up columns of mud some twenty feet in the air, and, bursting a moment after, reduced the squadron by four files. As soon as the cannonade in Dubl became serious, the guns of the 7th division began to bombart the village of Benatek on the Austrian right. The Austrians returned shot for shot, and neither side either gained or lost ground. In the centre, too, the battle was very even; the Prussians plied battery after battery into action, and kept up a tremendous fire on the Austrian guns, but these returned it, and sometimes with interest, for the Austrian artillery officers knew their ground, and every shell fell true; many officers and men fell, and many horses were killed or wounded. More Krankentragers were sent down to the batteries, and always returned carrying on stretchers men whose wounds had been hastily bound up under fire, but who seemed too much stunned to suffer much from pain. Gradually the Prussian batteries appeared to get stronger, and the Austrian batteries between Dohelitz and Dohalicka retired higher on the hill, but the guns at Mokrowens still stood fast, and the Prussians had not yet crossed the Bistritz; but many guns were now turned on Mockrowens, and at ten o'clock the battery there was obliged to retire a little. Whilst this cannonade had been going on, some of the infantry had been moved down the river, undulation of ground. The 8th division came down on the left-hand side of the causeway, and, under cover of the rising in the ground, formed in columns for the attack on the village of Sadowa, while the 3d and 4th divisions on the right-hand side of the road prepared to storm Dohalitz and Mockrowens.

INFANTRY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING.

But a little before these preparations were complete, the village of Sonnick on the Austrian right caught fire, and the 7th division made a dash to secure it; the Austrians were not driven out by the flames, and here, for the first time in the battle, was there hand-to-hand fighting. The 52d regiment left the attack, and rushed into the orchards of the village. The burning houses separating the combatants, they poured volley after volley at each other through the flames; but the Prussians found means to get round the burning houses, and, taking the defenders in reverse, forced them to retire with the loss of many prisoners. It was 10 o'clock when Prince Frederick Charles sent General Stulnagel to order the attack on Sadowa, Dohelitz and Mockrowens. The columns advanced covered by skirmishers, and reached the river bank without much loss, but from there they had to fight every inch of their way. The Austrian infantry held the bridges and villages in force, and fired fast upon them as they approached. The Prussians could advance but slowly along the narrow ways and against the defences of the houses, and the volleys sweeping through the ranks seemed to tear the soldiers down. The Prussians fired much more quickly than their opponents, but they could but see to take their aim; the houses, trees, and smoke from the Austrian discharges shrouded the villages. Sheltered by this, the Austrian Jagers fired blindly where they could tell by hearing that the attacking columns were, and the shots told tremendously on the Prussians in their close formations; but the latter improved their positions, although slowly, and by dint of sheer courage and perseverance, for they lost men at every pace of their advance, and in some places almost paved the way with wounded. Then, to help the infantry, the Prussian artillery turned its fire, regardless of the enemy's batteries, on the village, and made tremendous havoc among the houses. Mokrowens and Dohelitz both caught fire, and the shells fell quickly and with fearful effect among the defenders of the flaming hamlets; the Austrian guns also played upon the attacking infantry, but at this time they were sheltered from their fire by the houses and trees between.

In and around the village the fighting continued for nearly an hour; then the Austrian infantry, who had been there, driven out by a rush of the Prussians, retired, but only a little way up the slope into a line with their batteries. The wood above Sadowa was strongly held, and that between Sadowa and Benatek, touching with redoubts, stood to bar the way of the 7th division. But General Fransky, who commanded the division, was not to be easily stopped, and he sent his infantry at the wood, and turned his artillery on the Austrian batteries. The 7th Division began firing into the trees, but found they could not make any impression, for the defenders were concealed, and musketry fire was useless against them. Then Fransky let them go, and they dashed in with the bayonet. The Austrians would not retire, but waited for the struggle, and in the wood above Benatek was fought out one of the fiercest combats which the war has seen.

A PRUSSIAN REGIMENT NEARLY ANNIHILATED.

The 27th Prussian regiment went in, nearly 3,000 strong, with 90 officers, and came out on the further side with only 1,000 officers and between 900 and 400 men standing; all the others were killed or wounded. The other regiments of the division also suffered much, but not in the same proportion; but the wood was carried. The Austrian line was now driven in on both flanks, but its commander formed a new line of battle a little higher up the hill, around Lipa, still holding the wood which lies above Sadowa.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

The first army was certainly checked in its advance, if not actually pushed back. Then the Prussian commanders began to look anxiously to the left for the coming of the Crown Prince. But soon the intelligence came that the Crown Prince was forming his attack on Lipa, and that the guns of the Austrian right had been firing against his troops. Then the First Army took heart again. The Sadowa wood was cleared, and the battery beyond it was stormed by the Jagers. At half-past three the Crown Prince's columns came down sloping across the slope against Lipa, for his artillery had silenced the Austrian guns, and Herwarth was again pressing forward against the Austrian left. In a quarter of an hour, the Crown Prince's infantry was engaged at Lipa, and their quick volleys of musketry, rapidly advancing, told that the Austrians were in full retreat. The First Army pushed forward at once, the artillery limbered up, and galloped up the slope, coming into action on every opportunity to fire on their fugitive retreating battalions, the infantry emerging from the woods, formed at the double. Prince Frederick Charles put himself at the head of his regiment and dashed over the Sadowa bridge and up the road, followed by all his light cavalry.

THE AUSTRIAN RETREAT.

On gaining the top of the Lipa slopes, the battalions of the Austrians were seen running across a hollow in the ground which lies between Lipa and the village of Stresetitz, which lies about two miles further north. The Prussian artillery halted on the summit of the Lipa hill, and fired shells rapidly, which burst with terrible precision over the heads of the fugitives. The cavalry led forward in pursuit, but the Prince, after leading a short way, had to go to superintend the general movement, for the Austrian battalion had taken post in the Streselitz ridge, and were firing heavily against the pursuing Prussians. Then the cavalry got out of hand, and by small detachments rushed on the Austrian battalions; but these, though retreating fast, were not routed, and in many instances beat off the cavalry, who also suffered much from the Austrian artillery, for the shells burst repeatedly among the squadrons, and killed many men and horses. But the Austrian guns were driven off the ridge by the heavier fire of the more numerous batteries, and then the pursuit was renewed. Some of the retreating Austrians made for the fortress of Koniggratz, others for Pardubitz, and troops were sent in pursuit along both roads. The wounded, who were lying on the ground, shrieked with fear when they saw the cavalry galloping down towards them, but Prince Frederick Charles took care that they should be avoided, and at one time checked the pursuit in order to move his squadrons around, and not go through a patch of standing corn where several wounded Austrians had taken refuge. These, when they saw the Lancers coming, thought that they were going to be massacred, and cried piteously, waving white handkerchiefs as a sign of truce; but they had no cause of fear.

The battle of Sadowa has been a great victory for the Prussian army; the troops fought with the most determined courage. They stood for hours under a terrible fire, for there are supposed to have been nearly 1,500 guns in action, of which 750 were Prussian. The immediate cause of the victory was the Crown Prince's attack on the Austrian left flank, which turned the position; but the attack in front had a great effect on the issue, as unless it had been steadily maintained, the Austrians might have repulsed the attack in front. It is the opinion of the Prussian generals that the Austrian retreat was most skilful, and that their artillery was excellently handled. The number of troops engaged on the Prussian side was about 250,000. The Austrians are supposed to have had almost equal numbers. No details have yet been received of the number of killed, wounded or prisoners.

THE WAR.

Seldom, indeed, has human foresight been more terribly baffled, or human expectations more woefully disappointed, than in this war between Austria and Prussia. Before hostilities broke out, not only was public sympathy strongly manifested in favor of the Austrian cause, but also the public expectation was unmistakeably expressed in favor of the Austrian chances of victory. Her army was known to be well disciplined, to have seen service, and to be in good heart and spirits. It had passed with credit through a great war, in which it had so impressed the victor with its prowess, that he was glad to pause in the middle of his career, and conclude a peace alike honorable to both. In cavalry and artillery it was esteemed to be peerless; its cuirasses of soldiers, whence an unlimited supply of invincible battalions could be drawn. To crown their advantages, the commander-in-chief was a general who was considered to have approved himself as perfect in the art of war. On the contrary, the Prussians were inferior in numbers; they were believed to be less accomplished as soldiers, because disciplined for a shorter period; in cavalry, they were no match for the Austrians, and in artillery, they were at least considered not to excel them. Although Prussia was the country of the Great Frederick, somehow an opinion prevailed that generalship was not to be reckoned among qualities of native growth; and so far as strategy was concerned, they were certainly thought to be at a disadvantage. The only point of superiority was the "needle-gun," with which the Prussian infantry was armed; but the belief had been gradually growing that masses of infantry would no longer play the part they had formerly filled, and that battles would be fought mainly by artillery. How wonderfully have all these speculations been cheated. The bravery of the Austrian army, the excellence of its artillery, the superiority of its cavalry, have all been borne out. But the single point on which the Prussians had the advantage has almost immeasurably outbalanced everything else. The needle-gun has been for them a far more powerful agent of victory than were the rifled cannon at Solferino; and the serried ranks of the infantry which wielded it, as in all former wars, proved themselves chief among the combatants. The result has been a series of victories unparalleled since the days of Napoleon, unequalled even among his triumphs for their rapidity and the utter disorganization which they have entailed. It is not too much to say that at this time Germany lies at the mercy of Prussia, and, owing to her alliance with the Italians, she has it in her power to ravage almost with impunity the non-German Provinces of the Imperial Crown. Day by day her pretensions increase. Proposal after proposal, for even a temporary accommodation, has been rejected, until it becomes doubtful whether the ambitious man who directs her councils will content himself with any acquisition or increase of authority, however great. Europe looks on with mingled indignation, pity and dismay, almost fearing to give utterance to her feelings lest she may be called upon to confront this new arbiter in his haughtiest and most vindictive mood.

The French had been mediating between the belligerents, and had been endeavoring to bring about an armistice between them. It is known that all his efforts for this purpose have completely failed, chiefly owing to the exorbitant pretensions of Prussia. At the time of the declaration of war by Italy, King Victor Emanuel openly avowed in his manifesto that the object of the war was the complete prostration of the House of Hapsburg, its exclusion, at any cost, from Germany, and the disintegration of the Empire, if possible. This was a very frank avowal, and at the time was considered an impossible programme. Unfortunately, events have led men to look on it now as not very far off what may be realised. Elated by her unbroken succession of great victories, Prussia has refused to consent to any armistice, unless the preliminaries of peace shall have been arranged beforehand. One of the conditions which she has laid down is, that Austria shall be excluded from the Germanic Confederation. There are between 12 and 15,000,000 of German subjects of the House of Hapsburg, an amount not very considerably inferior to the entire population of the Prussian dominions before the war. It is an amount equal to the aggregate of the four minor German kingdoms together. The proposal to form a Confederation without Austria might be fair enough, as between the parties themselves, who might wish to negotiate such a Confederation. But the demand that Austria shall voluntarily exclude herself from Germany; that a new association of German States should be formed with the constitution and solemn co-operation of all Europe, out of which Austria shall be forcibly thrust; and over which Prussia shall exercise an exclusive authority far greater than that of the German Emperors of old, and more minute than the Kings of Prussia wielded over their estates—this is certainly pushing might against right to its uttermost limits. The proposal attributed to the French Emperor was far more reasonable, and ought to have contented any ordinary ambition, increasing the territory and subject population of Prussia by nearly half again its present extent. But this plan was to be completed by the formation of a new Confederation confined exclusively to the minor German States, and excluding both Prussia and Austria. But Count Bismark considered himself strong enough to dictate his own terms, and he declined to accept the French proposals. Day by day the demands have increased, and a semi-official Prussian paper tells us that they will increase, with the exigencies of position which Prussia is compelled to make. She now requires, in addition to the permanent exclusion of Austria from Germany, that the Dutchies are to be given over to her; that the States which lay between her Eastern and Western provinces are to be absorbed by her, and that she shall have the exclusive control of the military, commercial and foreign affairs of all the remaining States north of the Maine.

While these negotiations were being carried on—and indeed there is still some show of carrying them on—the Prussian armies never halted in their advance. Having rested for a few days to close up their ranks, and repair the breeches made in their organization by the Austrian artillery at the battle of Koniggratz, they debouched from the defiles of the Sudetic Alps into Moravia. For a short time they loitered near Olmutz, a most strongly fortified position, the garrison of which might seriously endanger their communications, and in whose neighborhood the remains of the Austrian Grand Army had been grouped. But they speedily determined on a most daring course, and leaving a large army under the Crown Prince to watch Olmutz, they hurried forward to Bruun, on the road to Vienna. This decided the Austrian course. They had already resolved to withdraw all the troops that could be spared from Vienna; they now determined to withdraw the Northern army also, and concentrate all their forces around Vienna. Not that they intend to defend Vienna itself, which is only protected by field-works, but to protect the passage of the Danube, without which the Prussians cannot get to Vienna; and so, instead of the Austrians occupying Berlin, they are now driven to protect their own capital, if they can, from the advance of their victorious enemies. The interest of these few days is, then, concentrated on the Austrian capital, towards which, according to all accounts, close upon 600,000 men are converging. In Italy, the Italians occupy each position according as the Austrians retire—an inglorious mode of possessing themselves of Venetia. In Western Germany, the Prussians, having out-manœuvred the Federal and Bavarian generals, and beaten them in detail, have invaded Bavaria, occupied Frankfort, and are said to be marching upon Ratisbon and Munich. Thus, everywhere might is stronger than right. It is clear that we are approaching some of the last scenes of the conflict, for the tremendous struggles of the past month cannot be indefinitely repeated. It remains to be seen whether the other Powers will consent to see the name of Austria wiped out from the map of Europe, merely for the sake of consolidating the despotism, misnamed "liberalism," of Prussia, and of gratifying the hatred and ambition of a flagitious Statesman.—*Dublin Nation.*

INSANITY.

Insanity, we believe, is for the most part the result of brooding over one idea till it becomes dominant. When the reason consequently gives way, this idea becomes the tyrant of the mind, monopolizing all the thoughts and excluding everything else. There is one object ever before the eyes seen in a magnifying haze and assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes. As the art of preserving mental health consists very much in breaking up this monotony, in diverting the attention from the object of morbid regard by all sorts of variety, so the recovery of mental health must be sought by the skilful cultivation of the same means. If possible the patients should not be allowed to feel that they are in prison, and that they are haunted by keepers, they should not be obliged to gaze upon the same unvarying objects, the same faces, the same walls, day after day. They should be allowed to live much in the open air, to be conversant with nature as she puts forth her beauty and clothes herself in brilliant tints, in gardens, fields and woods. They should inhale the fragrance of opening flowers, and listen to the humming of bees, and the singing of birds, and the purling of streams.—As the harp of David charmed the demon of melancholy from the mind of Saul, and soothed his troubled spirit, the blessed influence of music should be brought to bear upon the insane. It has a power of awakening dormant memories of opening visions through the gloom in which reason has been enveloped, of revealing sunny landscapes far away in the past, when the mind was sound and the feelings were happy. Some once familiar melody, some strain of sacred music, or snatch of a song, may revive a world of thought and lost consciousness; lost trains of ideas may come into view like the variegated landscape of a well cultivated hillside, as a freshening breeze gradually rolls away the clouds and the sun sheds its gladdening light upon the scene.—*Catholic Standard.*

A HAPPY HOME.

In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, overbearing spirit; there will be no peevishness or fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be found on the tongue. Oh, the tears, the sighs, the wasting of life and health and strength, and of all that is most to be desired in a happy home, occasioned by unkind words! A celebrated writer remarks to this effect, namely, that fretting and scolding seem like tearing the flesh from the bones, and that we have no more right to be guilty of this sin, than we have to curse and swear, and steal. In a perfectly happy home all selfishness will be removed. Even as "Christ pleased not himself," so the members of a happy home will not seek first *to* please themselves, but will seek to please each other. Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweet smile, emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to render a home happy. At evening, how soothing is that sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother! How do parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and servant dwell with delight upon those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles that beam from the eye and burst from the inmost soul of those who are dear and near! How it hastens the return of the father, lightens the cares of the mother, renders it more easy for youth to resist temptation, and drawn by the chords of affection, how it induces them with lowly hearts to return to the paternal roof! Oh! that parents would lay this subject to heart, that by untiring efforts they should so far render home more happy, that their children and domestics shall not seek for happiness in forbidden paths.—*Catholic Standard.*

The Herald.

Wednesday, August 15, 1866.

FROM EUROPE.

Our despatches of yesterday's date inform us that the Imperial Parliament was prorogued on the 10th. There is an ominous silence in regard to Confederation. If the scheme had been passed, we would no doubt, have been made acquainted with the fact before this. From this silence, as well as from the declarations of the Attorney General for Canada West, made a few days ago in the Canadian Parliament, that Confederation could not be entertained in the Imperial Parliament until next January, we think we may safely conclude that the Great Scheme has been shelved for some months to come at least, and probably, in the course of events, forever. The schemers who are willing to betray this country must make up their minds to face the people and give an account of their stewardship. The Nova Scotia traitors, especially, we hope soon to see overtaken in their sins. How cheap they must feel after spending thousands of the peoples' money in a pleasure excursion to London, to come back with their fingers in their mouths, and with Confederation and Ottawa, its court and fat offices, as far removed as ever from their longing grasp. There is an over-ruling Providence even in things political—a truth which we hope to see realized ere long in the case of ex-Secretary Pope and his fellow-plotters, who have been praying and working to deprive the people of this Colony, who have fed and pampered him, of their rights, privileges and liberty. To secure Confederation at all hazards, and their own promotion to life offices, Messrs. Pope & Co. stop at nothing. Every art has been tried to dupe the people, and they may rest assured, now that Confederation is shelved, that no device will be left untried to raise new issues, to create new religious and political bugbears, to serve for the coming inevitable elections. Let the people beware of these dodges, however plausible and insidious, and remember the men who were willing to sell the Colony for eighty cents ahead. Even now we notice a disposition on the part of these gentlemen to turn every circumstance to account, and to raise religious excitement. The attempts at incendiarism in our midst are eagerly seized hold of by knaves and fanatics for purely political purposes, and the supposition is zealously propagated, that Catholics (who are said to be all Fenians) are at the bottom of this. As the time of election draws nigh, every circumstance, whether foreign or local, that can at all serve to inflame the prejudices of sects, and make them forget their political grievances, and the sins and extravagance of their rulers, will be eagerly seized and pressed into service; but we trust that past experience in this way will have infused something like common sense even into the most credulous, and teach them to act in a rational manner, when they will have the privilege of recording their votes and deciding the fate of the Colony—its liberty and privileges—for another four years.

From the Continent comes the thrilling intelligence that France has demanded from Prussia an extension of territory to the Rhine—a demand which Prussia not only refuses, but insists in return for a curtailment of French territory to the limits laid down by the treaty of 1814. We may judge from the history of Napoleon and of Bismark what the result of these irreconcilable claims will be. Europe will presently be in a blaze, and if France possesses sufficient power, the Rhine will soon be recognised as her natural boundary. Might is the great law-giver now-a-days, and Prussia cannot complain if she witnesses her own ethics enforced against herself one of these days. We live in exciting times, and the Atlantic cable may bring to us at any moment, news of the commencement of hostilities in Europe, and of the formation of alliances and the accomplishment of achievements not hitherto dreamed of. We await the next news with interest.

FROM OHIO.

We have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following waif from the Great West, and we shall be at all times happy to hear from our correspondent, "Argo," how the "world" wags in that fine country whence he dates his letter.

Ohio Gossiping.

Mount Gilead, Ohio, July 24, 1866.

To the Editor of the Herald.

As I notice no correspondence from this portion of the globe, I am induced to sit down and pen you a few paragraphs on Catholic affairs, etc., in "The Great West." It may be that in your "island greatness" you have forgotten that the world is *not altogether* embraced in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Ohio, like most of the Western States, had a very small Catholic population as recently as thirty years ago. The money-making and "enlightened" Protestant monopolized about all the sweets this promising country then afforded. What few Catholics were here found themselves regarded as beings of a degraded caste—they were "poor disciples of ignorance and superstition." Their rights, if they had any, were not *at all times* considered by the more "progressive" class. The majority of the people who first emigrated to this State—especially the northern part, which is known as the Western Reserve—were New England Puritans—descendants of men who left the Old World in order to escape persecution, and came to this side of the Atlantic to *burn and hang* those who might not think just as they did,—and, of course, Catholics could not expect a great deal of fair play from such people. But the servitude to which the Catholics of this country were so long subjected is no more. By their good behaviour they have shown themselves to be other than enemies of civil and religious liberty, as their *reverend* enemies labored determinedly to prove. Their number has so meredibly augmented that they now command no small influence throughout the whole Western States. Scarcely a town of four or five hundred inhabitants can be found in the Western States, on this side of the Mississippi, that is unable to boast of a Catholic Church, and a goodly number of edifying attenders. The Puritan preachers who influenced the masses of the people with impunity for so many years, are witnessing their adherents deserting them by the thousand. The eyes of the American people are almost opened to the vagaries of these Sunday declaimers. It is not without a good deal of difficulty that a committee could now be formed for the purpose of going to a Catholic Church *to search the organ for guns and other munitions of war!* This they once succeeded in doing in the city of Cincinnatti, but that time is past. A civil war, followed by an enormous national debt, is more of the doings of these gentlemen. Sunday they pretended to devote to preaching the Gospel; but too often they could be seen in the pulpit delivering a political harangue to an excited audience. "The slave-holder" and "the poor slave" were continually in their mouths, until they brought about most effectually the terrible struggle through which the nation has just passed. But their career is fast ending. Well may they exclaim with Pyrrhus of old, "Another such victory and we are all lost."

The weather is remarkably fine here, and, with the exception of the wheat, the farmers are anticipating a good crop. They are expecting a good price for what little flour they will have to spare this season in consequence of the European war.

Yours truly, ARGO.

FATHER CHINIQUY.

The notorious apostate Priest, Father Chiniquy, who was suspended from his functions in the Catholic Church for his turbulence and immorality, has turned up in Prince Edward Island as a Reformer. He is being trotted around by his bottle-holder, the Rev. George Sutherland, and probably political capital is intended to be made out of him. At all events the Padre himself is most earnest in his appeals for *re monies* for his "college" in Kankakee. Ben. Christmas made a good thing out of such appeals, and so, probably will Father Chiniquy. We wish men of the Rev. Mr Sutherland's stamp much joy of their protege, but, before making such a noise over him, they ought first to learn his true history from reliable sources. They should also, for their own satisfaction, endeavor, if possible, to ascertain where all the money subscribed to this humbug has gone and is going. We know what became of the sums subscribed for Ben. Christmas, and so probably do his confiding patrons. The credulous admirers of Father Chiniquy will, in all likelihood, be astonished one of these days, to learn how he has managed to be on the charity of the world for nearly thirty years. Of course this hint will be regarded by some sensitive people as an outpouring of bigotry and spite, but time will tell. Having been kicked from the Catholic Church, he will prove a good Protestant, so long as he is well supported. When the purse-strings begin to tighten there will be a back-sliding from grace, and the pious old ladies who have been contributing to this "brand snatched from the burning," will get their eyes opened. One Manning, or Newman, a Wilberforce, Ives or Brownson, in moral worth, self-denial, and intellect, would weigh down a million of such mercenary hypocrites as Father Chiniquy. The parading of poor Ben. Christmas was a good farce, but this new light, who laughs at his dupes in their very faces by his monstrous lies, is the best, as well as most expensive, comedy yet.

"Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven."—*Par. Lost, Book 1.*

The pious old ladies, however, will probably hug their delusion for some time longer, until the padre, who is now a martyr and a shining light, develops himself in a new character,—an event that cannot be far distant,—and until then we bid him adieu. In doing so, however, we must do the leading Protestants of Charlottetown the justice to say that not one of them patronised Father Chiniquy's lectures. Whilst willing, doubtlessly, like ourselves, to accord due credit to sincerity and honest convictions, they are not prepared to encourage a mountebank and a hypocrite, who makes a parade and a mere money speculation of his religion.

Incendiarism.—Since our last issue some two or three attempts have been made to set fire to various houses in the city. On Tuesday the dwelling of Messrs. John and Patrick Power, in Cumberland Street, was attempted to be fired. The facts of this case have been attested to before the Mayor. On the night following, it is said that the new Building of Mr. Doane, corner of Pownal and Sydney Streets, was also attempted to be set on fire; and on Saturday night, about 11 o'clock, the whole town was alarmed by the ringing of bells and the cries of fire. On investigation it was found that some shavings in the workshop of Mr. John Stewart, Carriage-builder, Upper Queen Street, were wilfully ignited, and the presumed incendiary was seen by two persons making his escape from the rear of the building, and gave the alarm. On Wednesday night an attempt at burglary was made. Mr. Deuis's Warehouse on Water Street, was broken open, but the night watch for that block soon detected what was up, and the burglars made off in different directions. Although immediately pursued by the watch, they succeeded in making good their escape. Now, all these cases ought to be thoroughly investigated before the Mayor's Court, so that facts may be separated from rumors, and the truth arrived at. While on this subject, we would warn those who are disposed to play tricks upon the night-watch, by running away when called upon to stand still, that they incur a good deal of risk, and may lead to some serious accidents. Another evil connected with the night-watch system is, that many young men, apprentices and others, who have no stake in the community, get placed on the watch, and so far from doing any good, they get drunk, and hoot and yell about the streets to the disgust of respectable persons, and to the frustration of the object of watching. If men of property will not themselves watch in turn, they ought to provide suitable substitutes, or none at all. This must be put a stop to if night watches are to be of any service at all, and not a nuisance, as they threaten to become. We hope the City Fathers and others interested will take the hint, and introduce, without delay, something like order and supervision in the present voluntary movement.

Sudden Death.—On Saturday night, about half-past ten o'clock, Mr. William Reid, Wheelwright, fell dead near Government House, from disease of the heart. He had been to hear the lecture of the notorious apostate priest, Father Chiniquy, who has visited this Island to dupe all he can out of their money, and after the lecture on the abominations of Popery, Mr. Reid accompanied some female friends home. Just as he was leaving them, he fell down dead. Mr. Reid has the name of a sober, industrious, honest man.

Owen Hamill, Esq., Architect, whose card will be found in our paper, is at present in Charlottetown, and persons in need of his services will find him at the North American Hotel. Mr. Hamill is the architect of the Catholic Church at Tignish in this Island, and also of the Presbyterian Church now in course of erection in Pictou, N. S. He is a thorough master of his profession, having been educated under the celebrated New York Architect, P. C. Kielly. He has had an extensive experience throughout the United States, as well as the British Provinces.

Mr. Galt, Finance Minister of Canada, has resigned on some difficulty about the School Bill for Lower Canada. We hope all the "rogues" will soon "fall out" that the Maritime Provinces may retain their own.

The Gathering of the Clans.—To-day the Caledonia Club hold their Third Annual Gathering on Government House Grounds. It is a general holiday, and every one seems bent on pleasure, except the poor printer.

Next week, our travelling Agent will start on a tour through Prince County. We hope our subscribers will be prepared to receive him.

A portion of the Militia for the City and Royalty of Charlottetown turned out on Monday evening last on Rochfort Square, for the purpose of being enrolled and organized preparatory to receiving drill instructions. The muster was pretty strong, and, as a consequence, it may be supposed the noise and confusion were all the greater.