

proscribed race. Take for instance the following paragraph which we clip from the *Buffalo Catholic Sentinel*, a paper which by no means countenances the stamped scheme. The first we light upon is headed:

**"KNOW-NOTHING PROSCRIPTION IN LOUISVILLE."**

"The Know-Nothings of Louisville have carried out their midnight sworn doctrines of proscription to the letter, sparing neither sex. An American Catholic lady shared their ruffianly treatment, and without a moment's notice was dismissed, with worse than half civilised rudeness, from the situation which she held with credit to herself, and usefulness to public education. But she was a Catholic—and although she was born entitled to all the immunities of a daughter of our ever Star-Spangled Bannered Country, and to the civility and protection due to women, that august conclave, the Board of Trustees of the public schools, have decided that no one exercising the right of a free conscience shall be retained as a teacher. We have just read a letter from a Catholic lady to her friends in this city, who was dismissed by these fellows. We have been permitted to make the following extract:—

"I must inform you of the fact that the august body, the Trustees of the public schools, have at last decided my fate, and now no doubt think they have killed the power of the Pope in this city by perpetrating a piece of such gross injustice, which deprives me of that support which rendered me independent."

"Out of about eighty teachers, there were only seven Catholics, all of whom were turned out except one, who was left through mistake."—*Buffalo Sentinel*.

In the same number of the same paper we find the following:—

"A Mr. Henshaw, an Irishman, has been removed from the place of Principal of one of the public schools in Baltimore. The *Patriot* says Mr. H. was an 'able teacher, and the condition of his scholars showed that he possessed every qualification but one.' It adds, that, although he has not been in the habit of obtruding his peculiar opinions, 'it is sufficient to know that he entertains them.' If there has been any more exquisite exhibition of narrow bigotry in any part of Christendom for a twelve month, than this, we have not heard of it. YET THIS IS AMERICANISM."—*Buffalo Sentinel*.

If this be "Americanism" we can only repeat that we thank God that we are not American citizens; and that we by no means recommend any Irish Catholic to become one.

The *Commercial Advertiser* quotes, rather injudiciously, a passage from the last number of the *Dublin Review*; in which that Catholic periodical alludes to the Anglican translation of the Bible in very eulogistic terms, in so far only, however, as the "beauty of the language" is concerned. This the *Commercial Advertiser* construes into "a singularly emphatic commendation to the authorised translation of the Sacred Scriptures." We would set him right on this point.

The *Dublin Reviewer*, we would hint to our contemporary, says not a word about the accuracy of the Anglican translation; a point far more important than that on which alone he dwells, viz., "the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible." In this commendation all men, Catholics as well as Protestants, will agree; nor will any one, competent to judge of the language of Shakespeare, and of the writers of the Elizabethan era—the age in which the English language attained its highest development—hesitate to admit the aesthetic superiority of the Protestant translations of the Bible, and of those parts of the Catholic Breviary which the Anglican Liturgy still retains, over the Douay version, or any of our more modern and Catholic translations of the same services. The Protestant translations, in so far as elegance of language is concerned, are master pieces; and, as the *Dublin Reviewer* observes, their magic beauty, which lingers on the ear like the faint exquisite music of a dream that can never be forgotten, is one of the great strongholds of the Anglican heresy.

In this, there is nothing to wonder at; nothing of which Catholics need be ashamed, or Protestants boast. The translators of the authorised Protestant version of the Bible, and of their Book of Common Prayer—which, as every body knows, is, with the exception of the "Gunpowder Plot," and one or two other services by no means remarkable for anything except their mawkish drivelling, merely a translation of the Latin prayers of the Catholic Church—were Englishmen, English scholars, and thorough masters of their mother tongue, at the time when it was spoken in its greatest perfection; and when the very atmosphere must have been, as it were, impregnated with the rich poetry which the bards of the Elizabethan age scattered in such rare profusion around them. In those days, when a Shakespeare, a rare Ben Jonson, or a Raleigh sang, the ordinary conversation, even of the bores, must have been more exalted than the highest poetry of our dull XIX. century; nor is it any great marvel that their contemporaries and fellow-countrymen should have written good English.

How faded it however with our Catholic translators? or how can we expect that these men should ever have attained to a mastery of the English language? Owing to the Protestant penal laws, it was, until very lately, impossible for a Catholic ecclesiastic to receive his education in any part of the United Kingdom. Our translators therefore were men who had been compelled to make their studies on the Continent; where they rarely heard, and most likely never spoke, a word of English. To them, English was a foreign tongue; and consequently their translations of the Bible into English—though unsurpassed for their truthfulness—though evincing a far higher order of scholarship, and a far more intimate acquaintance with Oriental literature and Oriental philosophy than does the authorised Anglican version—fall far below the latter, if viewed only as specimens of English composition. The Anglican translators, translated from languages with which they were not remarkably well versed, into one of which they were

perfectly masters; hence they produced a very beautiful, but a very inaccurate translation. The Catholic version, on the contrary, was the work of men, masters indeed of the languages from which, though not of that into which they translated; hence their translation is very often wanting in the grace, and poetic diction which distinguishes the Anglican version, which it far surpasses however for its fidelity and correct rendering of the sense of the original. So undeniable is this, and so convinced are all learned Protestants of the gross corruptions of their version, that, in spite of the many important alterations which it has already undergone, the Protestant world is still loudly clamoring for a new and more faithful, even though less poetically beautiful, version of the Sacred Scriptures.

"THE UNGODLINESS OF THE PRESS."—The *Montreal Witness*, as becometh a watchman on the towers of our Zion, gives the alarm, and takes up his parable against "the general godlessness of the secular press of Montreal." All, without even excepting the *Montreal Transcript*, have gone astray; there is none that followeth the gospel according to the conventicle, no, not one; and of the editors, without exception, it may confidently be predicted that they are all booked for something especially uncomfortable, by express train, and no "return tickets" issued. The cause of this general defection our righteous and vigilant cotemporary does not assign; but of the falling away there can be no doubt, and the soul of the good man is exceeding vexed. Amongst the most prominent of the signs of this "general godlessness," we must however notice one, which—though he does not allude to it—has evidently compelled the *Montreal Witness* to break silence, and to cry aloud, sparing not—"My bowels, Oh, my bowels!"

A truly evangelical work—a *réchauffé* of the famous book of the evangelical Protestant prostitute Maria Monk, has lately issued from the Protestant press of the United States; professing to give certain authentic revelations of Conventual life, and Conventual morality, in Montreal particularly. This work has been received most coldly, not to say scornfully, by the "ungodly secular press of Montreal." One editor declares himself not to be "impressed in its favor;" whilst another—Oh, the ungodliness of these secular editors! profanely denounces it, as an—"unholy and transparent slander."

Yet, we would pray our dear brother to be comforted, and to take no heed of the sneers of an ungodly press. There are still many, very many, in his Israel, who have not bowed the knee to Baal, who care not for truth or decency; many by whom the "Confessions of a Sister of Charity" will be received as gospel truth; and on whose ears, this voice as of one crying from a brothel, will fall as sweetly as doth the gentle dew from heaven upon the parched earth. The book is full of obscenity, and is suggestive of all manner of impurities. Shall not then the young men of our Zion receive it with shouts, and the maidens thereof, cherish it as a pearl of great price?

Besides, is it not enough that we have ONE godly editor in our midst—that the press of Montreal can count one righteous member—even the *Montreal Witness*? Only think—what a world it would be, if we were all in the "pious" line of business—if all men were to cut their coats according to the pattern of the conventicle—if all were to cultivate the orthodox snuffle—if we were all to take to "sanding the sugar!" Where, in such a state things would be the merit of being pious? what would become of the *Montreal Witness*? or with what face could he any longer address his brother—"Stand aside, for I am more righteous than thou?" Nay, our cotemporary should be content with things as they are.—"The general godlessness of the secular press of Montreal" serves but to make the "godliness" of the *Montreal Witness* the more admirable, the more conspicuous.

Our Irish readers will regret to hear that, owing to circumstances which call for his immediate presence at New York, their talented countryman, Mr. D. McGee, will not be able to pay them a visit during the present month; we may however hope to see him during the course of the autumn. Mr. McGee has been lecturing to crowded audiences at Toronto—"On the Present Condition of Ireland," and on the changes which the events of late years have worked upon the material condition of its people.—The Ireland of '55 is not the Ireland with which Irishmen in this country are familiar, as the home of their youth. Great revolutions have occurred since they left Ireland. The soil has changed its owners; the Celtic peasantry have been in a great measure swept away; and the old Celtic language is no longer heard save from the lips of old, or at least middle aged men. Ireland has become to a great extent Anglo-Saxonised, in speech and outward appearance. But, at heart, it is sound as ever—old Catholic Ireland still. Owing to the diminution of population, there is a fine market for labor; and the working man receives money-wages to the amount of from 1s 6d to 2s a-day. The face of the country is intersected with railroads; communications betwixt all parts of Ireland are becoming frequent; and thus the old feuds which prevailed between North and South, East and West, have become matters of history.—With these improvements in the material condition of the people, it is to be hoped that the Irish Exodus is coming to an end; and that instead of going forth as wanderers on the face of the earth, the people of Ireland will now remain at home, to build up the waste places, to restore the broken altars, to maintain their ancient faith, and will be prepared—when the day comes, as come it must—to assert the right of Ireland to a place amongst the nations of Europe.

On Friday last Captain Belveze of the French Imperial Corvette *Capricieuse*, together with several of his officers, arrived at our wharves; where they were warmly received by our Mayor and a large body of citizens, all anxious to do honor to our gallant guests. At noon on Saturday, in spite of the heat of the weather, Captain Belveze underwent the process of receiving and replying to addresses—a relic of barbarism, which should at once be abolished, or at all events never tolerated when the thermometer is above 70° Fahr. Some of these addresses were rather long, and perhaps our readers will excuse us for not inserting them. Now the rest of the festivities, and how our guests dined, and driven round the mountain, how they danced, and were danced unto, how they went to the Theatre, and to the Lachine Rapids, how they saw all the lions of Montreal, and were seen and praised of all men, and how finally they started for Upper Canada in the steamboat, are not all these things written in these morning papers of the city of Montreal?

We regret to learn that Captain Belveze, during his stay at the St. Lawrence Hotel, was robbed of a small sum of money, and some valuable papers. It is rumored that the latter were stolen by some one in search of papers which might be of use to the Russian government, and that the money was only taken as a blind.

ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.—The managers of this institution acknowledge thankfully the receipt of the sum of £54; being the net proceeds of the Pic-Nic to Lavaltrie under the Patronage of the St. Patrick's Societies.

Harvesting operations have already commenced in several parts of the country. The accounts of the crops are good.

Yesterday, at noon, a large company of visitors from the United States arrived in town. They were received by our citizens with loud acclamations; and marched up from the Depot, Bonaventure Street, preceded by bands of music, with colors flying, and other public demonstrations of welcome.

A correspondent informs us that on the 12th ult. the Catholic church at St. Sophie, Terrebonne, was fired into by a parcel of ruffian Orangemen. These gentry, however, who are generally as cowardly as they are brutal, scampered off double-quick, as soon as they had accomplished their gallant feat; and very prudently did not show their faces again near the spot, or they would, in all probability, have been treated to a sound drubbing. Fortunately, no injury was inflicted on the church, the shot having taken effect in the door.

The *Montreal Witness* complains of the increase of drunkenness amongst all classes of society in Upper Canada, especially amongst the "higher classes." A New York paper states that, in that section of the Province, intoxicating liquors, to the amount of four millions per annum, are consumed: which gives an allowance of about four pounds' worth of liquor to every man, woman, and child.

FIRE.—On Wednesday afternoon, at about half-past two o'clock, five wooden houses in Dubord Street, the property of Mr. John Greaves of this city, were entirely destroyed by fire. The firemen were promptly on the spot, but the fire spread so rapidly, the wooden walls and roofs being excessively dry, that they had to be satisfied with saving the surrounding buildings and a large pile of firewood. The houses, we are told, were fully insured. A considerable quantity of furniture was saved.—*Herald*.

ACCIDENT.—As the "Queen" fire-engine was proceeding to the fire on Wednesday, a boy who acted as driver, fell off the shaft and the engine passed over his body, dreadfully mutilating him. He was taken to the Hospital, and hopes are entertained that he will recover.—*Id.*

SOMETHING NEW.—A Quebec correspondent of the *Toronto Colonist*, says that since the arrival of M. De Belveze at Quebec, he has received orders to send the "Capricieuse" to Balaklava; and that the Quebec Cavalry are to be conveyed by her to the East. "Daily Drills," he continues, "are fast bringing the gallant corps to the necessary degree of discipline."

HOTEL ROBBERIES.—The following is from the *Toronto Globe* of Monday last:—"We regret to say that several robberies have been committed in some of our first class hotels within the past week, by persons entering the sleeping apartments, and abstracting from the clothes of individuals, money and other valuables. On Sunday night last a gentleman stopping at Russell's Hotel, whose name we were unable to learn, was relieved of a considerable sum of money and several valuable articles of jewellery. On a night or two after, an attempt was made to enter the room of a gentleman stopping at the American, but, fortunately, the robber did not succeed. On Friday evening last, Mr. Armstrong, formerly of Port Credit, while stopping at the Wellington, was robbed of upwards of \$70, by an individual entering his bedroom, the door of which he averts he locked previous to retiring. And on Wednesday night last a gentleman named Mr. Mark Samuel, a resident of Montreal, while sleeping at the International, had \$38 abstracted from his pocket. During the same night, three other persons at the same place were also robbed, but to what extent we could not ascertain. Mr. Samuel has written us a letter, detailing the circumstances, and complaining of want of proper attention on the part of the police. He says that he left information at the police office at seven o'clock on the morning after the robbery, and that no steps were taken in the matter until two o'clock that afternoon, thus giving seven hours for the escape of the thief. If Mr. Samuel's statement as to this is correct, it is not surprising that, with an inefficient police, robberies should be so rife. We learn, also, that a few nights ago a sum of money,

amounting to about \$200, was abstracted from the warehouse of one of our largest mercantile establishments. Our citizens had better be on their guard. A week or two ago a gang of burglars was broken up at Detroit, where they had committed a series of most daring robberies. Some of them were apprehended, and we would not be surprised to learn that it is the portion of the gang that effected their escape whom we now have in Toronto.

"THE PARADISE OF FOOLS!"—Our complimentary co-religionist of the New York *Freeman's Journal* has conferred upon it, in the plenitude of his knowledge of this Province, the style, title and dignity of "Paradise of Fools."

And all about what? Why is Canada pronounced "the Paradise of Fools" by our New York Solon? All because of a little romance, founded on a very scanty basis of fact, lately given to the public by a city cotemporary. A stray schoolmaster, not very remarkable for common prudence, hearing of our new separate school law, (as he admitted to us, in presence of three gentlemen the other day,) wandered over here from New York, without testimonials or introductions. We ourselves had applications at the time for two or three male teachers, but we had heard nothing of this hero of romance; and when we did hear of and see him, he was just after obtaining a testimonial as to fitness, from one of our clergymen, on which testimonial he was immediately tendered an engagement in the country.

On how slim a foundation can ingenious prejudice construct its batteries! Hereafter, when men praise the wonderful exercise of the inventive faculty in Shakespeare, Cervantes, Scott and Manzoni, let them not close the list without honorable mention of those imaginative Editors, who, because we have got one more greenhorn from New York among us, can see in Canada only "the Paradise of Fools."—*Toronto Citizen*.

WRECKERS IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.—We perceive by sworn documents in the possession of the Messrs. Berry, whose letter appears in another column, that there has been something mysterious concerning the wreck of the ship *Lochmaben Castle*, by which a grievous loss falls on her passengers. It is to be regretted that so much delay has been caused in the despatch of the Government Cutter with authority to save the effects of the unfortunate emigrants by this ill-fated vessel, especially as we see by an article in the last *Halifax Novascotian*, that two schooners, the *Concordia* and *Princeton*, laden with the baggage and cargo of *Lochmaben Castle*, to be landed on Brion Island, after coming to anchor off the Island in the evening, apparently with the intention of landing the goods saved, disappeared during the night, and were not afterward seen.—*Quebec Colonist*.

With regard to the Expedition to the Arctic Coast, we learn that all the arrangements for it, in accordance with Sir George Simpson's instructions, forwarded from Lachine in November last, have been strictly carried out. The object of this expedition, it will be remembered, is to visit the locality where, according to Dr. Rae's information from the Esquimaux, Sir John Franklin and his brave companions so miserably perished, and to obtain every information procurable respecting their sad fate. It is also to be hoped that they may succeed in relieving, or ascertaining the fate of the American Expedition, under Dr. Kane, which was despatched in search of Sir John Franklin and concerning which so much anxiety is now felt, throughout the whole civilized world. The departure of the Expedition from Great Slave Lake, the point of their rendezvous, had not yet been heard of; but as the supplies and servants had been forwarded from the various posts, whence they were ordered, in ample time to reach their destination before the opening of the navigation, there is every reason to believe that the party, whose leaders are Messrs. Anderson and Stewart, of the Hudson Bay Company's service—the latter gentleman being a son of the Hon. John Stewart, of Quebec—would be prepared to start for the Arctic coast, via Back's Great Fish River, with the first open water.—*Montreal Herald*.

A very pretty piece of assumption is contained in the following, which we copy from the correspondence of the N. Y. *Courier*:—"The extension of our commercial relations with Canada suggests the propriety of an application of the Monroe doctrine not hitherto contended for. A very interesting case has arisen, of threatened imprisonment for debt, in the province, of an American citizen. The American flag should protect our country in very part of the Continent, and we ought not to look upon the incarceration of one of them on a beggarly matter of dollars and cents, without the liveliest concern. It is enough that an European flag should wave over our frontiers; it is certainly too much that one of our citizens should be restrained of his personal liberty under a foreign jurisdiction, upon a pecuniary pretext. If not a violation of the letter, it is a clear case of infringement upon the spirit of the Monroe interdiction, and the question I refer to will doubtless engage the attention of the statesmen who have figured with so much distinction in the Cuban and Central American questions." The American flag may cover, as it has done, filibusters and other kindred spirits, but it won't save a Yankee, who, becoming indebted to one of our citizens, fraudulently attempts to evade payment.—*Kingston News*.

# RAFFLE.

AN ancient and respectable Canadian Family, having for many years in their possession a RING, set with MAGNIFICENT DIAMONDS, of the purest water, the value of which, according to the best Jewellers in the City, is from FOUR HUNDRED to FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, have generously given it for a CHARITABLE purpose.

This Splendid Ring will be RAFFLED so soon as the list of Tickets (\$2 each), shall have been completed.

Persons residing either in the City or in the country, who would be willing to take one or several tickets, should send, together with their address, the specified amount in letters, pre-paid, to the Rev. Mr. Pelissier, Bonsecours Church, or to the Rev. P. Leonard, O.M.I., St. Peter's Church, Montreal.

Testimony to the value of the abovementioned Diamond Ring:—

Montreal, July 10, 1855.  
I, the undersigned, L. P. Boivin, a Jeweller and Lapidary, do declare and certify that the GOLD RING shown to me by the Rev. P. Leonard, O.M.I., which bears the following inscription: "Témoignage d'amitié," is set with precious stones, namely, eleven diamonds of very pure water, the value of which may be considered from \$400 to \$500.

L. P. BOIVIN.  
Montreal, July 27, 1855.