☞ 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.

☞ THE EVENING COURIER (bi-weekly) is published on Monday and Thursday evenings, in time for the Mails, at the low price of three dollars ($3) per annum, payable in advance.

☞ 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, JULY 7, 1851.

Ministerial Patronage.

We elsewhere copy an article from the Kingston *British Whig*, from which it appears that, in consequence of the extraordinary activity of Mr. George Brown, the Penitentiary is in a state of the most disgraceful insubordination. It appears that not one of the officers of this establishment, including the Warden, can do any thing without first asking, and obtaining, the consent of the ubiquitous and all-powerful Mr. George Brown. Mr. Brown, like many other half-bred persons, seems to take it for granted that all subordinates are rogues, and that no confidence can be, or ought to be, placed in any one; hence the whole house is divided against itself, and placed in a state of the most demoralizing antagonism. The Warden, and other officers, are denuded of their natural and proper authority, and the convicts are encouraged to make complaints against them, and to harrass them with continual fault-finding, which is listened to, by this everlasting Mr. Brown, with all the avidity of a petty tyrant "dressed in a little brief authority." Without stopping to advert to the well-known, inevitable, and proven commentary, which every one puts upon a suspicious temper, we cannot be blind to the disastrous consequences which must necessarily follow "*the encouragement given to convicts to make complaints, on every frivolous pretext, against their officers*;" nor can we reasonably expect that these officers will be able to do their duty fully and effectively when the whole power is placed in the hands of a Mr. George Brown, and when they are never for a moment "*safe from the trumped-up charges of the vilest criminals.*"

Without entering into the merits or the demerits—we mean the necessity or uncalled-for character of the late investigation—but assuming that a reform was necessary within the walls of the Penitentiary, no one can doubt but that such inquiry was the more readily entered into because the then Warden and his friends were opponents of the present Ministry. We will even go further, and declare it to be our conviction, having the case of the Quebec Marine Hospital before our eyes, that had the then officers of the Penitentiary been nominees or otherwise creatures of the Government, no investigation would have taken place at all. A Committee was however formed, who, at so much per day, were sent to Kingston to sit, like a Coroner's Jury, upon the rotten carcase of the Penitentiary, the officers of which they were previously determined to bury in a cross road. We say nothing of the guilt or innocence of the accused farther than this, that if the Warden was really so gross a delinquent, where was the necessity for garbling the evidence? Why was every extenuating circumstance left out of the report? And wherefore was every witness who said one word, or was even suspected of intending to say one word, in favor of the accused, instantly dismissed from the establishment? Well, the Penitentiary Commission, after a *deliberate* investigation—their deliberations not by any means hastened to a conclusion by the comfortable receipt of eight dollars a-day—found every Conservative guilty of conservatism at the least, and every relation or friend of an Opposition member of the Provincial Parliament quite as guilty of the heinous and deadly sin of not believing in Mr. George Brown, or Mr. Adam Ferguson of Woodhill. Of course a clean sweep was made, and the consequence now is, that the Establishment is popularly and currently reported to be in a state of anarchy and confusion; so that murder has been attempted several times, and once actually perpetrated, within the last few months. Mr. Brown, who has the whole weight of the House upon his own shoulders, is found to be manifestly unfit for the duties he has assumed, and the convicts, so far from becoming more subordinate and orderly, are said to be in a state of rebellion against their keepers, who are too few in number to have any authority over them. Mr. Brown's ignorant religious prejudices are also complained of as interfering with the due, proper, and impartial government of the convicts. It would appear that a Free Kirk thief is, according to him, a suffering saint, a Church of England delinquent is an unmitigated vagabond, but a Roman Catholic offender is the very quintessence of blackguardism, who does not deserve to live in the pure air of the immaculate Mr. Brown's pet Penitentiary. We should like to know in what category these unfortunates are put who have no religion at all. Here then is a grave charge of mal-administration brought against the authorities of this prison, and we shall see whether an investigation will be as promptly and readily gone into as it was when a Conservative Warden was to be got quit of.

There certainly cannot be any thing more absurd than to encourage the complaints of convicts against their keepers. It is but natural that men who have been placed under salutary restraint for their transgression against the law should have something to complain of; indeed it is not only natural for them, but necessary for the conservation of society that they should. The Penitentiary is a place of punishment of more kinds than that of mere confinement; and he is but a very bungling reformer who would listen to the complaints of such persons, and try to render the prison a place to which convicts, when dismissed, would wish to return,—rather than a scene of discipline they would in future, by good behaviour, desire by all means to avoid: and the proof of the truth of this is, that Mr. Brown has listened to and encouraged their complaints, until the shoemakers, who have necessarily knives in their hands, have been for some time back ready to cut his throat, as a due, proper, or at least characteristic return for the countenance he has been bestowing upon the aforesaid "suffering saints."

Our esteemed cotemporary, the *Cornwall Constitutional*, remarks, that as the daily expense of Parliament is about £500, he thinks, in the plenitude of his simplicity, that "fewer Saints' days ought to be attended to by our Legislative sages," or, if they do observe them, they ought not "to take any pay for those days on which they do not work for the country." Oh! fy, most unconstitutional *Cornwall Constitutional*, would you really deprive honorable gentlemen of combining pleasure—we don't speak of religion, mind you—and profit at the same time, since, long ere this, you must have known perfectly well, the pleasure has been so often turned into profit, and profit into pleasure, that the honorables have entirely forgotten which is which? We have a very peculiar feeling upon this point, and we don't care who knows it: it is this, that we have no objections to a Saint's day when it chronologically comes round, provided always that it be kept in a saintly and canonical manner. But we seriously protest against Saints' days being dedicated, as they often are, and by professing Christians, too, to the service of one whom no one mentions to ears polite. Saints of old, each of them, in their lives, were celebrated for some particular Christian virtue; and they were canonized, and placed on the calendar by the Church, as beacon lights to guide the *religieux*—sorry we have no proper English word for this—in his works of piety to his Creator and good will to man. But in these degenerate times, Saints' days are observed in a very unsaintly manner, indeed; and how can it be otherwise, when even the very Sabbath itself—a day consecrated, by every Denomination of Christians, to profound thought and religious exercise, is profaned and abused, and turned into a day of revelry, worldly pleasure, and secular pursuit? This, in itself, is by no means a light evil, not so much in its immediate effects as in the bias which it gives to character. In the words of the Scottish poet, than whom none has expressed it better, and which words we put into an English dress:—

"I wave the quantum of the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, Oh! it hardens all within,
And petrifies the feeling."

THE HERON FAMILY.—There are few Companies of Vocalists or Comedians who have hitherto visited Montreal with stronger recommendations to public favor than this accomplished Family, and their several appearances have fully borne out the encomiums which the newspaper Press elsewhere have bestowed upon them. The versatility of their powers, both in singing and acting, is really astonishing, and is the true secret of their extended popularity. This evening Mr. T. B. Bennard, Lessee of the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, makes his first appearance as a Comedian in Montreal, so that, in conjunction with the Misses Heron, a very rich treat awaits the play-going part of the community of this city. Mr. Bennard's masterly delineations of Irish character are well known, and he is fast becoming no less celebrated in genteel comedy, and broad humour. We anticipate a full house on this evening.

The Annual Examination of the High School of Montreal will take place on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 7th, 8th, and 9th instant, in the different Class-Rooms of the School, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock. The Distribution of Prizes will be made on Thursday, the 10th July.

"MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP."—This saying was supposed to take its origin from one of Poniatowski's wounds being shot as he was going to drink. But it arose, as Ainsworth had it, thus:—"A king of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, born bed had