

gunboat, which accompanied the expedition as closely as possible, but was still a long way from the shore. The rafts are all safe off Kinburn, and they are no insignificant prizes just at this moment, when such efforts are being made to put the Bug in a state of defence.

(From the Times.)

How far may we count on the speedy exhaustion of the Russian empire? It is evident that the power of our adversary is a question second only in importance to that which regards our own resources. The levies of men in the depths of the Muscovite territory; the marching of barbarous and even pagan tribes from beyond the Ural range and from the frontiers of the Chinese empire; the stores of corn in the provinces of the south, the currency of the State; the feeling of pride, nobles, and people, are all matters which should interest Englishmen almost as much as their own recruiting system or income-tax. But mystery seems to envelope the land on many points of which the allied expeditions have descended.

Men, money, provisions, and transport are said to be wanting in Russia. As yet, however, those brought into contact with the Russian armies have observed no deficiency that may not possibly be only temporary. As other opponents have said before, the allies may say now that the Russian hosts are like swarms of insects, which, when brushed away, return as numerous and obstinate as ever. But we believe that it is in men that the strain will chiefly be felt. The Russians probably lost in the Crimea alone nearly 200,000 men, and the total number dead or invalided since the beginning of the war cannot fall short of the third of a million. These were mostly old and seasoned soldiers; whole regiments wore the medal for the Hungarian campaign; the average age of the men was about 25 years, their discipline was exact, and their manœuvres like a machine. It will be difficult for the Czar to replace such men. The new levies will many of them be below or above the proper fighting age. It is impossible for a boy of 17 to stand the shock of battle, or the fatigues of the bivouac and march, as it is for a man of 40 to commence with willingness and aptitude the private's drill. After the losses of the present year there must be one thing that the Czar chiefly hopes. It is that no serious operations will take place during the coming summer, and that at least a twelvemonth will be given him to refill his exhausted ranks and to turn into good soldiers the young and sullen serfs whom he has enrolled. With regard to the deficiency of food, we cannot fully agree with the opinion which many persons have expressed. It has been said that the enemy's country is desolated by being forced to supply the wants of an immense army. In one article it is, indeed, very probable that scarcity prevails. Horses and oxen fit for draught have been employed for nearly 15 months in conveying the products of the corn-growing provinces into the Crimean peninsula. In some places it cannot be doubted that the supply of animals must be exhausted. They will have to be sought for over a large and continually increasing radius. But of corn and forage there will, doubtless, be an abundance.

Financial embarrassments must, after a time, hamper the Russian Monarch, but it is likely that his empire will be able to maintain the contest longer than those expect who argue that poverty must lead to weakness and submission. Russia, though poor in realized wealth, is rich in almost all the materials of war. Her territory, extending from the extreme north to a climate which in summer is almost tropical, produces all that a nation can need in war or peace. The country is, above every other, sufficient in itself, and may be isolated without feeling the want of anything but luxuries. For the purposes of internal trade paper may be largely substituted for the precious metals without distress to the people; and it is evident that the more they are disconnected from foreign countries the more they are independent of the metallic currency which is necessary for international dealings. It is dangerous to argue that the want of capital will insure the submission of an enemy. Where a people wishes to fight, and has corn, cattle, and every material resource in abundance, it is hardly probable that they will give up the contest merely from a deficiency of those metals which have been adopted as a standard for measuring other values. Poor nations have fought in every age of the world, and the prophecies of Russian bankruptcy and concession are probably as over-confident as those which told of the inevitable and speedy submission of the French Republic at the outset of a war which lasted 22 years. It is therefore from a wish to see the real state of things rightly contemplated that we speak of this subject. The approaching ruin and exhaustion of Russia enter more or less into the calculations of every politician. There is some fear that both the people and their rulers may be led to depend too much on these supposed embarrassments. If so, it is possible that they may relax from the labours and sacrifices which alone can insure success. Now is the time of preparation for the deeds of next year; it is within the present and the next month that the Cabinet must decide if operations commensurate with those against Sebastopol shall be directed against any other stronghold of the enemy. In a few months the English people will have the choice between premature inaction or greater sacrifices than before. At such a moment an idea that time, without exertion on their part, will vanquish the Czar would possibly find no unwilling acceptance. But there can be no more dangerous delusion. We have stated some things in which the enemy are likely to be deficient—their men will be inferior to those who fought at Sebastopol, the difficulty of transporting food and the munitions of war is likely to be increased; but that the actual supply of food will fail, or that want of money will compel an abandonment of the struggle, we do not believe. At any rate, it is better to dismiss from the mind all such expectations. It is enough that they may be false. Let us believe that the only victories are to be won by toil and valor. Should fortune in addition throw in any gifts of her own there will be so much gained.

THE AMERICAN ALADDIN.

From a recent lecture by G. W. Curtis.

When we go out on Saturday afternoon to moralise and see new houses, we usually take our young ones by Aladdin's palace. Aladdin was a Yankee. He started life by swapping jackknives, then putting the halves of broken marbles together, and passing them off as whole ones. When he had gathered some brass

he went to school all the summer to learn the golden rule of arithmetic—addition for himself and subtraction for his neighbor.

At an early age Aladdin was considered to be good at a bargain—which meant that he could always succeed in changing a worse for a better—always keeping the blind side of a horse to the wall when he had to sell it; and the village said that certainly Aladdin would succeed. When he left, "he will be rich," said the village, with more approval than it would say "he will be generous and true." To Aladdin the world was but a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. For him there was no beauty, no history, no piety, no heroism. Vainly the stars shone over him—vainly the south wind blew. In the wake of the great ship Arago, in which Jason and his companions sailed for the Golden Fleece, over the gleaming Mediterranean—where the ships of Tyre, Rome, and of the Crusaders had been before him—through the Pillars of Hercules, through which Columbus sailed to find a fame in a new world—now sails Aladdin to find fortune. To him all lands are alike. No Homer sang for him in the Ægean; he only curses the wind that will not blow him into Odessa. No syrens sing for him, but he loves the huge oar of the lively boat-swain. With the Bible in his hand and a quid of tobacco in his mouth, he goes about the holy places in Jerusalem, and "calculates" their exact site. He sees the land of the Ramesses and the Ptolemies; and the reverend records of the Libyan desert, whose echoes have slumbered since they were trumped over by Alexander's army, are now awakened by the shrill whistle of Old Dan Tucker. He insults the Grand Lama, hobnobs with the Grand Mogul, turns his back upon emperors, and takes a pinch out of the Pope's snuff box. He chews with the Arabs, smokes opium with the Turks, and rides for a bride with the Calmuck Tartars.

Aladdin comes home again, and the admiring village points him out to the younger generation as a successful man: "My son, look at him; he began with nothing—now see." "My son" does see, and beholds him owning a million of dollars—of all societies of which he is not president, a director. His name is as good as gold—he has bought pictures and statues—he has also bought a Mrs. Aladdin and housed her in luxury; but he picks his mouth with a silver fork. He has a home for a poet, but he makes it his boast that he reads nothing but his newspaper. He goes to church twice on Sundays, and only wakes up when the preacher denounces the sinner of Sodom and Gomorrah, and those "tough old Jews" of Jerusalem. His head is bald and shiny with the sermons which have hit and glanced off. He claps his hands in prayer, but forgets to open them when the poor box is passed around; and he goes home like a successful man, thanking God that he is not as other men are. And after dinner he sits before the fire in his easy chair, lights a large cigar, and looks languidly at Mrs. Aladdin through the thick smoke.

By and by old Aladdin dies. The conventional virtues are told over as the mourning carriages are called out. The papers regret they are called upon to deplore the loss of a revered parent, generous friend, public-spirited citizen, and pious man; and the precocious swapper of jackknives, and the model set up to the young generation is laid in the dust. Above his grave the stars he never saw now burn with a soft lustre which no lamps about a king's tomb can emulate; and the south wind for whose breath upon his brow he was never grateful, strews his lonely last bed with anemones and violets that his heel crushed when living; and we who are to be formed upon that model, carelessly remark, as we stir our toddies, "So old Aladdin is gone at last; and, by the way, how much did he leave?"

A WICTIM.

Mr. Russell formerly residing in Schobaire. He now lives in Albany. Russell appears to be the victim of unpropitious circumstances. Having an unhappy faculty of doing business contrary to law. On Tuesday, Mr. Russell was arrested for the eleventh time since autumn set in. We give his examination. "Well, Russell, you are here again, I perceive." "Yes, sir. The fact is, squire, I'm a victim. Blow me if I care what Bobby Russell does, he is sure to violate some law or other. When I comes to Albany, I says to myself, Russell, my boy, we'll take a hunt to-morrow, and try them four hounds. Well, sir, out I goes, and what do you thing? Before I got to the next corner, Barney Whalen tapped me on the shoulder, and says, 'old feller, that's agin the law.' What's agin the law, I replies; and he says, 'having dogs in the street without muzzles.' He accordingly arrested me and brought me to the police court. The result of that piece of fun was a fine of five dollars. Well, what did I do then?"

"Can't say." "Well, listen; and I'll tell you. I sold the fox hounds to one of 'Aunt Pat's' friends for twenty dollars. With the proceeds, I bought a sow and five pigs. I took them home, built a pen in the back yard, and thought all my troubles were at an end; but I was mistaken. Officer Bradwell called upon me the very next morning, and says: 'Russell, keeping hogs in the yard is agin the law.' I doubted it. This riled Officer Bradwell, who had me arrested again. This time I was fined five dollars."

"Well, what did you do then?" "I sold my sow and pigs, and bought a horse and cart, and undertook to draw wood. The very first load I put on drew the attention of Policeman Sickles, who said that driving a cart without license was agin the law. He arrested me for that offence, which caused me another fine of five dollars."

"Well, what did you do next?" "I sold the horse and cart, and bought the half of a charcoal wagon."

"Well, what success did you meet with after that?" "The same old luck, sir. The first day I commenced peddling Policeman Snooks took me by the collar, and says: 'Russell, that's agin the law, old feller.' What's agin the law, I said. He replied, 'selling charcoal in a wooden measure.' That cost me a fine of three dollars."

"Did that drive you out of the charcoal business?" "Yes, sir. I sold out, and thought I would try my fortune in carrying baggage between the steamboats and railroads. But what's the use? I only commenced work to-day and yet here I am again."

"What for now?" "For soliciting baggage without a permit from the mayor. As I said before, I'm a victim. If I should save a man from drowning by jumping into a whirlpool, dash my vig if I don't believe the first police-

man I met in coming ashore would up and say: 'It's agin the law, Russell, to go overboard without a license from coroner.'"

The justice having heard Mr. Russell to the end, admitted that he was a "victim," and let him off this time without paying a fine. Russell left the office, saying that he would go and kill himself "if it were not for one thing." On being asked what that was, he replied that some policeman would discover it was "agin the law to commit suicide," and undertake to collect the fine from his "misfortunin' children." Russell's case calls for sympathy. We hope it will meet with it.—*Albany Police Gazette.*

DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE. ALWAYS RESORTED TO WHEN EVERY OTHER REMEDY FAILS.

New York, September 15, 1852.
This is to certify that my child, three years old, was troubled with worms some six months. I had tried several kinds of medicine, but none of them done any good; and it was not until I tried Dr. McLane's celebrated Vermifuge that she found any relief. I gave her the contents of one bottle, which brought from her a very large quantity of worms, but they were so completely cut to pieces it was impossible to count them. My daughter is now doing well; indeed she is completely restored to health. I therefore take pleasure in recommending it to parents. I would say, by all means keep a supply of this valuable medicine constantly in your houses. I have known many children to die suddenly from the effects of worms. It also unfrequently happens that children are treated for croup, when the choking and coughing is caused altogether by the irritation of worms. Therefore, we say again, keep it always in the house; it costs but little, and may be the means of saving life; and at any rate it will save physicians' bills.
MRS. LANE, No. 333 Eighth street.

P. S. The above valuable preparation, also Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in this city.

Purchasers will please be careful to ask for, and take none but DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE. All others, in comparison, are worthless.
LYNANS, SAVAGE & Co., St. Paul Street, Wholesale Agents for Montreal.



AN ADJOURNED MEETING of the Association will be held on TUESDAY EVENING next, 11th instant, at half-past seven o'clock precisely, in the Room adjoining the Recollet Church.

By Order, P. J. FOGARTY, Secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY'S COURSE OF LECTURES.



THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY beg to announce that they have made arrangements for a Course of POPULAR LECTURES, the first of which will be delivered by

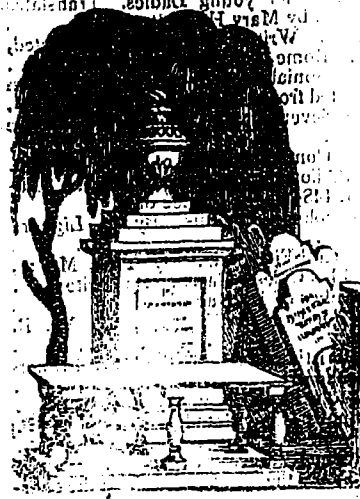
MR. H. J. CLARKE,
AT THE ST. PATRICK'S HALL,
On Monday Evening, the 10th of December,

Subject:—"PAST HISTORY, PRESENT POSITION and FUTURE PROSPECTS OF CANADA."

Admission—Single Tickets, 1s 3d; Season do., 5s. Tickets may be had at the Book Store of Messrs. Sadlier & Co., Notre Dame Street; P. Ronayne's, McGill Street; J. Phelan's, Dalhousie Square; or of members of the Committee, and at the door on the evenings of lectures.

Doors open at 7 o'clock, Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock precisely.
Nov. 29.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY, BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)



WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above-mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition.

N.B.—W. C. manufactures the Montreal Stone, if any person prefers them.
A great assortment of White and Colored MARBLE just arrived for Mr. Cunningham, Marble Manufacturer, Bleury Street, near Hanover Terrace.

Second Nature.—Physical force, moral force, and the police force, are all very powerful things, and so is the force of habit. It killed a young gentleman, last month, at Bunbury Academy. He was the only boy left at school in the holidays, and the very first walk he took he split himself, poor fellow, in trying to walk two and two.

NEW BOOKS JUST RECEIVED,

By the Subscribers.

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|---|---------|
| Lives of Modern Saints. By the Fathers of the Oratory. 32 vols., 12mo., with an engraving in each. (London Edition). | £10 0 0 |
| Meditations on the Mysteries of our Holy Faith. By the Venerable Father Louis de Ponte, S.J. 6 vols. 2 5 0 | |
| Life of the Rev. Aloysius Gentili. By the Very Rev. Father Pagan. | 0 10 0 |
| Henry Suso's Little Book of Eternal Wisdom.—Translated from the German, by Richard Raby. | 0 6 3 |
| The Old Village Church. By M. A. Moller. | 0 7 6 |
| The Life of Sister Camilla, the Carmelite. By Very Rev. E. J. Sourin, V.G. | 0 2 6 |
| The Life of the Blessed Mary Ann of Jesus, called the Lily of Quito. By Father Joseph Boero, S.J. | 0 2 6 |
| The Complete Gregorian Plain Chant Manual.—Compiled by the Rev. William Kelly. 2 vols. | 1 17 6 |
| Lippincott's Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary, of the world. Edited by J. Thomas, M.D., and J. Baldwin. 1 vol., large, Svo. | 1 0 0 |
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| "Cyclopedia of English Literature 2 vols., illustrated. | 1 2 6 |
| "Miscellany. 10 vols. | 1 7 6 |
| Waverley Novels. Abbotsford Ed. 12 vols., cloth, illustrated. | 3 0 0 |
| " " half Morocco. | 5 0 0 |
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ALSO, JUST PUBLISHED,

An Elementary History of the United States. By John G. Shea. Price only 1s 3d; or, 10s per dozen. The First Book of Universal History. By John G. Shea.—12mo., illustrated with 40 engravings and 6 maps. Price only 2s 6d; or, 20s per dozen.

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Xavier Streets.
Montreal, Nov. 23, 1852.

A NEW WORK

BY MRS. SADLER.

JUST PUBLISHED—"THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS," a Tale for the Times; by Mrs. J. SADLER, author of "Willy Burke," "Alice Riordan," "New Lights, or Life in Galway," &c. &c.; 12 mo., 400 pages, with a fine engraving; muslin, 3s 9d; gilt, 5s 7d.

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FASHIONABLE READY-MADE CLOTHING,

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