

(Continued from second page.)

not ceased to make a marvellous progress in the city of Glasgow, once the foremost stronghold of intolerance. Again, in the army to be a Catholic was a crime, which nothing could palliate, and which, if persevered in, condemned the offender to be expelled from the ranks; yet here also even the rules of military discipline were made to relax their severity in favor of a Catholic and a Priest! Hitherto Father Macdonell had made many sacrifices; but something more was necessary, in order to satisfy the demands of Christian patriotism. It is true, he had raised his countrymen from the last ebb of destitution; had procured them honorable employment, and at length enabled them to enter the British service without compromising the sacred claims of conscience. Most persons, after effecting so much, would have retired from the scene of labor, content to end their days in quiet and seclusion, with the consolation of having performed a work of charity, which would justify an honorable pride. But Father Macdonell was not a man of half measures. He knew well the precarious condition of the soldier—especially at a time of unprecedented public embarrassment—and awaiting the day when his countrymen should be disbanded, he matured a plan for procuring them a permanent and happy home. After a period of eight years' service, that day arrived; and immediately he made application to the Prime Minister for obtaining them a grant of land in this Province. About the same time, the Island of Trinidad had come into the possession of England, and with the design of rendering its tenure more secure, the Prime Minister held out to Father Macdonell the most flattering prospects of wealth and honor, if instead of taking his men to Canada, he would lead them to the newly acquired island. Here again his patriotism and disinterestedness interfered with his own prosperity. Consulting for their health and welfare, he declined the offer of the Minister; and after repeated negotiations, he obtained for the officers of his regiment, grants of land in this country in proportion to their rank; and for each private soldier a grant of 200 acres. The greater number willingly accepted these advantageous terms, and settled in the counties of Glenagarry, Stormont, and Prescott, where many of their descendants are to be found at the present day in the enjoyment of an easy competency. My brethren, the review of these strange events, and this Catholic patriotism by which they were encountered or brought about—so admirably, so devoted—I might almost add, so unexampled, and yet so modest and unpretending—fills my mind and agitates my heart with thoughts and feelings too deep for utterance; and in contemplating, on the one hand, these many vicissitudes, these extremities of distress, these anxious wanderings, and this final prosperous settlement of a suffering and abandoned people; and on the other, those generous sacrifices, those humble and praiseworthy efforts, those interfering exertions of the holy Priest who spent his life in alleviating so many woes—in pouring balm upon so many wounds—in binding up so many broken hearts, I can discover no human motive which could prompt and sustain to the end, efforts so generous and unexampled; and in the absence of that boasting parade and ostentation which usually accompany the patriotism and philanthropy of worldly men, I can recognise in Father Macdonell none other than a Priest of God, moved by a spring of action not earth-born, but come down from Heaven, inspired by the teaching and example of the Mac-God who gave his life for the lost sheep of Israel, and nourished and strengthened by communion with that One, Holy, Apostolic Church, through which the Almighty has been pleased to work his greatest wonders of sacrifice, devotedness and love.

"This man was the High Priest, who in his days took care of his nation, and delivered it from destruction."

While engaged in those patriotic efforts, while thus devoting his life to the temporal well being of his countrymen, Father Macdonell avoided a danger to which a Priest, earnestly laboring to advance the temporal concerns of a people, is inevitably exposed; a fatal error in which not a few have insensibly suffered themselves to be entangled. While proving himself an active patriot, he never forgot the sacred obligations of his calling—the heavy responsibilities of the ministry; and though seemingly absorbed in the interests of time, he never for a moment lost sight of the momentous and abiding interests of eternity. He was not only a loyal and patriotic citizen, he was moreover a zealous Priest and Pontiff. Undoubtedly every Christian virtue, suitable to this condition, should ornament the Priest; and to the faithful, he should be able, in some measure at least, to address these astounding words of the Apostle: "Be ye imitators of me, as I am a faithful imitator of Christ."—1 Cor. ix. 16. His life should be for his flock, the exemplar, the loving model of Christian morality; his faith should be more deep and active than theirs; his hope more unwavering; his charity more burning; his detachment from the fascinations of this fleeting world more complete; his meekness more forbearing; his prudence more consummate; his humility more profound! But if I were desired to mention a virtue pre-eminently characteristic of the Priest—a virtue which pre-supposes every other virtue, or which is rather the impulse which hollies necessarily inspires—the laud which it sheds around; in a word, if I were to designate the virtue which I might call with emphasis the sacerdotal virtue, I would mention zeal for the salvation of souls—an heroic, self-sacrificing zeal, guided indeed and tempered by prudence and confining itself to its allotted sphere and manner of working, but which within that sphere neither knows of difficulties, nor admits impossibilities, which makes no distinction of Greek or Barbarian, of wealthy or indigent—of learned or ignorant;—yes, such is the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the perfection of the priestly character;—at once the essence, the ornamental and aliment of the sacerdotal spirit! This is that heaven-born flame which the eternal word came down on earth to kindle—the life giving conflagration which it was his longing desire to spread throughout the world.—"I am come to cast fire on the earth, said he, and what will I, but that it be kindled."—Luke xii. 49. This is the sacred fire of the martyr's constancy, of the Apostles' endless labors, of the hermits' watchful prayers; and as I can find no other which resumes so perfectly the character of the Priest, so I can find none which reveals more fully the life and character of Bishop Macdonell. He was emphatically a Priest and Pontiff, consumed with Apostolic zeal! The first place where he exercised the ministry was the Braes of Badnock, one of the poorest districts in the Highlands; and although we have no record of his labor there, yet we may affirm, judging from his after life, that the first fervor of ordination was not inactive; and though vice was rare among that primitive community, yet since where ever man sets his foot, whether it be amid the peaceful silence of sequestered valleys, or amid the temptations or allurements of cities, he bears his weakness with him, we may assert, that his zeal discovered abuses to be remedied, wounds to be healed, or virtues to be cultivated and cherished. But we witness no ordinary zeal and devotedness in his stay at Glasgow; and I do not hesitate to affirm that none but a true Apostle, thirsting for the salvation of souls would have left scenes of peaceful and consoling labor as he did for others of inevitable suffering, would have abandoned the fold to follow after sheep compelled to wander in the desert. None would have made the sacrifices he made, nor have faced the dangers he dared to encounter, were not heaven-born zeal burning deep and ardently within his breast.—"When negotiating with the manufacturers of Glasgow, one of his first enquiries was, if the Catholic Highlanders should be unmolested in the exercise of their religion?" To this question he received the frank but disheartening reply that no guarantee to that effect could be given; that only a few years before, a Priest officiating there had with difficulty escaped with his life; that the penal statutes were

not a dead letter; and that most probably a Catholic clergyman would not be suffered in that city. Nevertheless, he recoiled not from the dangers, which menaced him; and placing his confidence in Him Who promised to be with His Church till the end of ages, Who gives victory even to the weak when the glory of His name requires it, and when the time preordained by His eternal counsel has arrived, and Who rewards life's fleeting pains and struggles, when endured for Him with unimagined and never-fading glory of eternity—at the head of his suffering flock he set out for the intolerant city, rejoicing, as the Apostles of old did, in the prospect of enduring persecution for the sake of Christ.—Acts v. 14. Before the lapse of many days, his worst misgivings, or rather his fondest aspirations were all but realized, and Heaven soon witnessed one of those perilous encounters in which interior combat is no longer sufficient, but in which the soul must go forth from the sanctuary of conscience, and is called on to wrestle in bodily conflict with the spirit of the evil one. Yes, hell was on the alert, and saw in the arrival of that young Priest, with his few hundred of Catholic peasants, a seed of truth and justice—a germ of salvation—a handful of terrible warriors whose advance could be rendered fruitless only by being effectually prevented. Accordingly, no sooner did Father Macdonell seek to procure a place of worship in the city or suburbs of Glasgow, than every door was rudely closed against him—a common spirit of hostility met him at every threshold; for a loud and wide-spread cry of fanaticism and intolerance was raised against the Popish Priest, and it was deemed neither safe nor prudent even to hire the poorest garret in which to adore God according to his convictions! It is painful, my brethren, to be obliged to relate such unreasonable conduct; unreasonable, I call it, and to the last degree, inconsistent in the mouth of those who lay special claim to be the sole friends of religious toleration, and whose specious motto is perfect freedom for the exercise of private judgment in matters of faith; and I would pass over in silence, and seek rather to bury the painful record of these events in the common tomb which has taken to its hallowed and mysterious depths all those concerned therein—the persecutors and the persecuted—were it not necessary for our edification, and (for the glory of God's name) for the instruction of our separated brethren, who have not yet completely bid farewell to principles of fanaticism and violence—to show once more how Heaven is stronger than Hell; and how in this instance, as in the first ages—when suffering was her daily bread—the Church has triumphed over persecution and calumny, not by retaliation, not by the sword, not by falsehood—but by calm endurance, by patience, by charity, by truth. I will therefore conclude what I have begun to narrate. At length, after many useless efforts, the undaunted Priest found means to assemble his little flock in a small unfurnished garret, and there to offer the atoning Victim of Calvary. But no sooner did the Presbyterians discover their place of retreat, than their fury knew no bounds; and with axe and brand, they assembled in large numbers to demolish the dwelling in which such superstitions should be tolerated. What was to be done in this trying emergency? Here were seven hundred men deprived of the exercise of their inalienable right, goaded to retaliation by unprovoked attacks, and characterised by epithets most opprobrious. Others less Christian, or guided by a Minister in whose breast the maxims of the Gospel had struck a less firm root, would either have fled the city, or feeling themselves able to do so, would have sallied forth against their aggressors, and have washed out in blood insults beyond human endurance. But Father Macdonell and his flock were Christians in spirit as in name: they called to mind that in every age it had been the privilege of the Church to suffer; that Christ had promised no other portion to his chosen servants; and that since it was their privilege to be persecuted, it was their duty not to retaliate. By the advice, therefore, of their Pastor, they neither fled nor did they dream of revenge; but obliterating from their memories the outrages inflicted on them, they contented themselves with forgiving their persecutors, firmly determined, however, to defend against aggression their rights if necessary, even by armed resistance, without avenging the injuries they had sustained.

Such was the unpromising beginning of the restoration of Catholicity in Glasgow. That zealous Priest could not for an instant harbour the thought of abandoning his flock; for he should thus expose them to the danger of perversion; and therefore, he resolved to rule the storm rather than fly before it or abandon himself to its violence. Although exposed, as often as he appeared in the streets, to the insults of the populace, he continued to toil on in patience, neither daunted by threats, nor down-cast by misfortune. When a few years later it pleased God to call him elsewhere, the work which he so nobly commenced was continued by others; and the Catholic religion, when seen face to face, when once fairly examined, and no longer studied only through the misrepresentations of ignorance or malice, gradually dispelled the principle which opposed her progress, and is now thriving in that great city. Father Macdonell is not forgotten there; and the lonely place of worship in which he was accustomed to sacrifice is still pointed out to the stranger; and is held in merited veneration by the Catholic citizens of Glasgow. Whithersoever the zeal of this Apostolic Priest directed his steps new victories crowned his efforts; and gaining in the first place a victory over himself—over that weakness for good, that proclivity towards evil which is the common patrimony of the fallen race of Adam. Hell and its thousands of emissaries, the world and its thousands of prejudices, degenerate tendencies, and deceptive maxims, yielding before him a ready conquest.

We next find him chaplain in the British army, opening to himself and the Catholic clergy, a new field of action, which blind bigotry had cautiously closed against him—attacking the reign of Satan in his very stronghold—cheerfully enduring the privations of military life in the island of Guernsey—foregoing the consolation of communion with his brethren in the ministry—prepared at a moment's notice to follow his regiment to the battle-field, and at every sacrifice watching over the interests of God in circumstances the most difficult and trying. In 1798 his men were despatched to Ireland to quell the rebellion which then distracted that unfortunate island. They sympathized deeply with the suffering of their brethren in religion—as indeed, who that has a human heart could refuse his sympathy to those down-trodden victims of misgovernment, bigotry, and tyranny. Happily they were spared the painful duty of taking part in that brutal warfare. They arrived in Wexford after the final defeat of the insurgents, and appeared on the scene of strife, rather like heralds of peace than like legions of war. Father Macdonell found here an ample scope for the exercise of zeal. He was the only priest who could appear in public with safety, and by the services he rendered, he endeared his name to the grateful people of Wexford. In every direction he was found fortifying and consoling the dying with the last rites of religion, reconciling sinners with their Maker, and preparing them for the dreadful passage of eternity; restoring to the sacred uses the chavels, which had been shamefully desecrated; and in fine, by his influence, preventing to a great extent, those atrocities and brutal excesses which the victorious yeomanry inflicted elsewhere on the helpless peasantry. After this he resumed his duties as chaplain to the Glenagarry fencibles, and never quitted them till he had procured them a settled home in the rising province of British America. Surely this was enough to satisfy the aspirations of the most zealous. Might he not now retire to some quiet mission once again to enjoy the calm retreat in which from the beginning he might have remained, and to which he was now doubly entitled.

It would surely have been sweet to tend in peace the wants of piety in some poor village, or lonely glen. Sweet to enjoy this little gift of life in quiet retirement to cultivate those facilities and talents

which had given an early and brilliant promise, and most undoubtedly the privations, the dangers, and labors of a missionary life amid the foreign and untrodden forests of the north, were enough to deter the most zealous and intrepid. But not as with St. Paul the charity of Christ burned within him; a mysterious voice called him elsewhere and like the Macedonian in the vision of the Apostle, the spiritual desolation of his countrymen stood up before him and with irresistible supplications urged him to still more heroic exertions. He resolved to bid farewell to relatives and friends, to home and country to retirement and ease, that he might save souls to Christ, lest one of those who had been entrusted to his care should perish. Moreover, it was at his own suggestion that the greater number of the regiment he had called together, set out for the new world, and he resolved to follow them, lest worldly prosperity should blind them to their true, their only solid interests. Oh! Church of Christ! it is thus that thy tread is ever forward—it is thus thou dost accomplish and continue the work of the Redeemer—it is thus thou preachest the gospel to every age and every nation, and enlightenest those who sit in darkness and are drifted towards perdition, dost snatch them from ruin and place them securely within the bark of salvation! Hunger and thirst—heat and cold—the forgetfulness of friends and the hate of enemies—the weakness and the passion of the flesh—the temptations of hell—the attractions of fascinating allurements of the world—all these may rise up, and like a formidable phalanx, advance against the Apostle who would give his life for his brethren; but the charity of Christ burns within them—the spirit of God moves these children to deeds of courage which confound the world; and the Confessors, virgins, martyrs and Apostles of former days, are never without numerous and worthy successors! But I am delaying where our zealous Priest knew no delay. In 1803, he first set foot on the land of his future labors, and commenced at once that life of privations, toils, and fatigues to which his sufferings in Europe were but the prelude.

I shall not attempt to describe the scene which now presents itself to my view; my inability compels me to renounce the task. Return in spirit to the midst of those uncultivated forests, in which civilisation had made as yet but a few infant strides; call to mind the peculiar circumstances of the time, the country, the climate, the extent of territory, which met Father Macdonell on his arrival—and then you may form some judgment of the labors and privations which awaited that solitary apostle. Well might he have trembled—well might he have turned back from difficulties which no human strength could surmount, and from a responsibility in presence of which the bravest, the holiest, and wisest might faint away. For what did he meet on every side? An immense and unknown territory encountered his gaze, which has since been given in charge to several Bishops—a population widely scattered, who even had they been assembled together in a single city, would still have been more than sufficient to exercise the zeal of many Pastors—dangers of every kind and degree, from the animosities of the Indian and the prejudices of the European—from the brutal propensities of the beasts of the forests in search of prey—from the rude assaults of nature herself, whose harsh climate, at one time chilling the members beyond endurance, and at another weakening them by the extreme heat of a burning sun, held in store innumerable privations for him whose duties exposed him at all times to the inclemency of the seasons, and, in fine, to great spiritual destitution, with few resources for the maintenance of Priest or the erection of churches, except what could be afforded by the stunted means and extreme poverty of men struggling for existence, and exposed themselves to all the hardships of pioneers in a new and uncivilized country! In the midst of dangers and of privations such as these, did Father Macdonell commence his missionary career, with a courage which divine grace alone could have inspired. During sixteen years, he continued to labor with a patience, self-denial, and zeal worthy of the most flourishing ages of Christianity, when it pleased God to call him to the dignity of the Episcopate. In this new character we have now to consider him.

He did not refuse this weighty charge; he had not sought it, for his sole ambition had ever been to remain unknown to men, and to await his reward from the "Heavenly Father Who seeth in secret."—MATTH. vi. But now, because the welfare and advancement of the Church seemed to require it, he obediently submitted to the desire of the Sovereign Pontiff. Hitherto he had been free to leave the country, and to retire whithersoever zeal or inclination might lead; but henceforth, after his Episcopal consecration, he was invariably attached to his See, and necessarily bound to share its prosperity or its reverses, to be a partner in its progress or decline. Ah! the world little dreams of the sacrifices made by every Pastor of souls, but especially by him who undertakes to watch over and direct both Priest and people. Too often, alas! men look on a Bishop as on one who has reached the summit of his aspirations—who sought for distinctions, and has attained them;—longed for riches and comfort, and at length enjoys them in abundance;—aspired after a higher place in which the government of others was his greatest ambition, and has attained the full accomplishment of his desires! God forbid that this should be a true portrait of the Catholic Bishop. In our times, perhaps, more than ever, what St. Paul wrote to his disciples is literally true: "Who desireth the office of a Bishop, desireth a good work."—1 Tim. iii. 1. "A good work" indeed; full of fatigues, and surrounded by dangers, in which no honors impose new and awful charges, for the least of which a rigorous account shall be exacted. "A good work" truly, in which riches are the patrimony of the indigent, which none but a mercenary would dare devote to his own emolument; in fine, a good and laborious work, in which a more elevated rank in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, only bears with a stricter obligation of relieving every want, of watching over every danger, and of applying a remedy to every disorder which might compromise the eternal interests of his flock. Hence the apostle of the Gentiles writes to the faithful: "Obey your Prelates and be subject to them; for they watch over you as having to render an account of your souls." (Eph. xiv. 17.)

Bishop Macdonell understood the full import of that duty and account, and therefore he redoubled his efforts, and labored if possible with still greater zeal than hitherto for the salvation of his brethren. He continued his missionary labors as before; but this was no longer enough, and it became necessary to organize his new diocese, and provide for its numerous deficiencies. He availed himself, therefore, of every opportunity; he seized with avidity, and turned to the best account, his vast influence with the Ministers of Government at home and in the Colony, not through the sordid motive of gaining distinctions or wealth either for himself or his relatives, but solely with the desire to advance the cause of religion, and that he might bequeath to her whom he had chosen for his spouse—to the Catholic Church in Western Canada—the means of taking possession of the entire country, and reducing it to the yoke of Christ. The limits of the town in which he fixed his residence, or even the necessities of the widely scattered flock with which he was more especially charged, afforded too narrow a scope for his broad and comprehensive zeal; his view extended beyond his own age, and fixing before him that rare sagacity for which he was distinguished, the principal centres of colonisation, he obtained grants of land for the erection of Churches and Schools in those different positions, which then scarcely arrested the eye of the traveller, but have since become populous cities; so much so that the greater portion of landed property now in possession of the Church in this Province, is due to his influence, and remains at once a glorious trophy and an imperishable monument to his generosity and zeal. I shall enlarge no further on the zeal of this Bishop, truly worthy of his high and arduous calling;

the subject would take me too far, and I have already trespassed on your attention more than it was my design. I shall content myself with laying before you a few statistics concerning the diocese of Upper Canada, which will speak more eloquently than the highest eulogism. On the arrival of Father Macdonell in this Province, the Catholic population amounted to about 5,000 souls, spiritually attended by two Priests; of whom, however, one left the country a little later, and the other was totally unacquainted with the English language; thus during six years Father Macdonell was charged with a Catholic population numbering nearly 5,000 souls, and scattered over a large tract of country, through which neither roads nor canals had been constructed. There were then but two small Churches in the whole Province, and one of these was in an unfinished state. At the close of his administration—that is to say, 37 years later—the Catholic population had increased to 150,000, and the Churches, many of which were handsome and spacious edifices, numbered 46, served by 36 clergymen. I doubt if the annals of Christianity afford another example of such rapid progress, with such meagre resources, and in circumstances so difficult and discouraging.

The close of this long and useful career corresponded admirably with the tenor of its antecedents. For many years our zealous Bishop had been struggling to found an educational establishment where classical and theological studies might be pursued, principally with the intention of furnishing clergymen to the diocese. Already he had imposed upon himself innumerable sacrifices for this purpose, but the daily increasing want of his flock demanded that something should be done more permanent and more effective. He therefore resolved to make a last effort, and finding that the resources of his own diocese were utterly inadequate, and that the generosity of his flock, principally composed of Irish emigrants, had already been severely taxed for the erection of Churches; after laying the foundation stone of the present "Reginella College," he set out for Europe, at the advanced age of seventy-seven years, in order to collect the necessary funds to complete the undertaking. Already he had visited the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, and the North and South of Ireland, where, in the beginning of the year 1840, the Almighty was pleased to call him, to receive the reward promised to the faithful steward. He died as he had lived, a martyr to apostolic zeal. "This was the High Priest, who in his day fortified the temple." As the sun when it is bright did he shine in the temple of God.

My brethren, I have done, and without further delay I leave you to the contemplation of this amiable life which I have so inadequately portrayed. To each of us, Pontiff or Priest, or layman, it affords memorable examples which it behooves us to imitate. But methinks, there is one lesson in particular, which our incomparable Bishop was accustomed to inculcate to his flock, and to address to himself also when duty became burdensome, or despondency threatened to take possession of his soul, and which now from his throne of glory, and perhaps still more forcibly, from these cold and inanimate ashes, he continues to proclaim. It is in this that life is but a pilgrimage and earth a place of sojourn and of trial—that our true home is beyond the skies; and that according to the exhortation of the prince of the Apostles, we should "strive by good works to make sure our vocation and election, that so we may prepare for ourselves a glorious entrance into the everlasting Kingdom."—(1 Pet. iv.) Yes, my dear brethren, this mortal life, or rather this lingering death, shall soon become extinct; the pomps of the earth shall perish—its glories fade away—its pleasures fall, and its honors, vanities and fascinations, unmasking themselves to view, reveal to us their true nature, their brittleness, their inconsistency, their nothingness. And if when that solemn moment arrives we have spent life in pursuit of that inestimable jewel of great price, and in diligent search after those riches which neither rust shall consume nor robber steal, nor any vicissitudes reverse then indeed the day of our demise shall be to us a day of rejoicing, a day of deliverance, a day of triumph; for then we shall have prepared for ourselves a glorious entrance into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

**THE STOPPAGE OF THE PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS.**—On Monday last, the workmen employed on the Departmental Buildings, were all discharged; and on the evening following those engaged on the House of Assembly received the like order. This sudden stoppage is attributed to many causes, concerning which, at the present, we wish not to speak. The most probable cause is that which has long been anticipated—the lack of funds. It is to be regretted that such should be the case at the present, seeing the very precarious state in which the buildings will be allowed to remain during the approaching winter. Should the roofing of the Departmental Buildings not be completed before the winter season sets in, it must necessarily sustain much damage. The large number of workmen who have been thrown out of employment has cast a gloom over our gay little city; and if the works continue to remain at a stand, there is every probability of its becoming as inanimate as the ambitious city of Hamilton is now reported to be.—*Ottawa Gazette.*

**HOW TO MEASURE COAL.**—As the time has now come for laying in the winter supply of coal, the following rule for verifying the weight of Pennsylvania coal will prove of interest to consumers. Coal put into bins and levelled can be measured, from one to a thousand tons, with as much accuracy as it can be weighed on scales. For instance, Lehigh white-ash coal, per ton of 2000 pounds, of the egg or stove size, will uniformly measure 341-2 feet cubical; white-ash Schuylkill coal will measure 35; and the pink-gray and red-ash will reach 36 cubical feet per ton of 2000 pounds, or 40 feet for 2240 pounds, the difference of cubical contents between the net and gross ton being exactly four feet. If the length, breadth, and height of the bin be multiplied together, and the product divided by the aforesaid contents of a ton, the quotient must show the number of tons therein.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

**AN EARLY WINTER.**—Farmers and other wise people in the rural districts, predict an early winter, a long one, and a strong one. One of the signs is, that the birds are already preparing for a flight southward, and another, that the husk of the growing corn is very thick and close, and covers the ears to the very ends, a never failing proof that overcasts and fuel will be in great demand.

**LOSS OF THE PROPELLER "OSHAWA."**—We regret to learn that the propeller *Oshawa*, of the Beaver line, was driven ashore at South Bay Point, 30 or 40 miles above Kingston, during the gale on Friday night, and will prove a total loss. All hands were saved. The *Oshawa* was on her way to this port from St. Catharines, and was laden with 2,700 barrels of flour, consigned to Messrs. McDougall & Budden and Messrs. McLennan & Co. of this city. She was built in 1845 at Cautin's Marine Works in this city, and was reckoned to be the fastest propeller on the Canadian inland waters. She was fully insured in the Upper Province.

Mr. Rankin was arrested in Toronto on the 6th inst., for infringing the Neutrality Law. The *Leader's* Hamilton correspondent says:—"On Monday, some eight or ten young men, will leave this city, for Detroit to join Col. Rankin's Lancers. There is a party here who pays their fare by the Great Western Railroad, and gives each recruit \$10 bounty money. The bounty is paid before they leave the city, a transaction which if not a breach of the neutrality laws, is at least a transparent evasion."

**DESERTER CAPTURED.**—The *Niagara Mail* says:—"On Saturday last one of our Rifle Company captured a deserter from the 35th regiment disembarking from the steamer *Zimmerman*, on her arrival here. He was lodged in the barracks awaiting the action of the proper authorities."

**A DESERTER.**—We learn from the *Niagara Mail* that color sergeant Underwood, of the Royal Canadian Rifle—(well known in this city)—deserted from the Company stationed in Niagara on Saturday morning, 28th ult. He had in his possession £100, with which he was intrusted to pay the men of the company that day. It is said he left about four o'clock in the morning under pretext of "going out mushrooming." He leaves a wife and five children behind. No reason can be assigned for thus leaving his regiment, his time being up in about five or six months, and having always conducted himself in an upright, gentlemanly manner. The prevailing opinion seems to be that great inducements were offered him "on the other side."

**SHOT FOR DESERTING.**—From the *Hamilton Times* we learn a young man, a native of Hamilton, named Sherry, who was foolish enough to join the American army, was shot for desertion. It seems he became discontented with the life of an American soldier, and deserted three times, being re-taken as often, and the third time was condemned and shot. This says the *Hamilton Times* should prove a warning to Canadians desirous of entering the American service, and participating in a quarrel in which they do not feel interested, for there are many in that army at this moment who devoutly desire, as poor Sherry did, to return to their quiet and peaceable Canadian homes; but they discover their error when it is too late.

**SOUR FLOUR.**—We lately noticed the fact that much of this season's shipment of Canada flour had arrived in the home market in an unsound condition. An experienced miller has explained to us the reason of this souring, which he accounts for by the wetness of the two past seasons. The wheat may be ground over so cool, and even be extra cooled, but the flour cannot be kept long without souring. Our friend suggests that either we should kiln dry our wheat, or, what would be better, have a class of competent judges of wet and dry wheat for wheat buyers. It is a positive fact that wheat growers are not so careful in having their wheat dry as they used to be when the millers brought the wheat to be ground at their mills. Now a days wheat is almost wholly bought by commission agents, who gets as much commission upon a bushel of wet wheat as they do upon a bushel of dry, and are not always capable of detecting the difference between the two.—*Kingston News.*

**MONTREAL WHOLESALE MARKETS.**  
Flour.—Fine \$4 to \$4.35; Super. No. 2. \$5 to \$5.20; Superfine No. 1, \$5.60; Fancy \$5.75 to \$5.85 Extra \$5.85 to \$6; Superior Extra \$6 to \$6.50.  
Bag-Flour per 112 lbs.—Common Spring Wheat Flour \$2.65 to \$2.75; Fyle Wheat, or Black Sea Wheat Flour \$2.80 to \$2.90.

Sales were made of choice brands yesterday at \$5.70 at the sheds; and for one brand that rate was refused, \$5.75 being asked; but these were brands which are not only very good in themselves, but have a well established reputation, so that they will commonly sell from 5 to 10 cents more than other brands perhaps nearly as good. The current price yesterday was \$5.60 for car loads at Point St. Charles; and 25 cents more at the Canal sheds. The news by steamer shows a slight decline in Liverpool, which has had a depressing effect on the market, so that sales can hardly be effected at yesterday's currency.

Oatmeal per bbl. of 200 lbs.—\$4 to \$4.10.  
Wheat.—U. C. ex cars, \$1.10 to \$1.12 per 60 lbs. for good; afloat \$1.16; Chicago \$1.16 to \$1.18; Milwaukee \$1.18 to \$1.20; Red Winter \$1.25 to \$1.30 White, \$1.30 to \$1.35.

Wheat is beginning to arrive pretty freely by car loads and barges, and meets with a ready demand, many vessels being lying ready to receive it. The price from cars yesterday was \$1.12 to \$1.13 for fair to good samples, and \$1.16 afloat. There are no transactions this forenoon.

Barley.—55c. per 50 lbs.  
Corn per 56 lbs.—54 to 55c.  
Oats.—No wholesale transactions.  
Peas per 60 lbs.—74 to 76c; scarce and in demand.

Asbes.—Per 112 lbs., Pots, \$5.90 to \$5.95; Pearls, \$6.40 to \$6.45.  
Firmers since the news by telegraph.  
Pork.—Mess \$15.50. The other grades are in small supply, and nominal.

Butter.—Sales at 9 1/2 to 12 cents for ordinary to good; sales Dairy at 13c.  
Tea.—Continues firm here since the Tea sale, and the New York papers report a slight advance.

Sugar.—A considerable parcel imported from Antigua by steamer was sold on the wharf yesterday at \$8.20 to \$8.60 for fair to bright. The price, it is thought, must go still higher, unless the Mississippi be speedily opened so as to allow the crop of Louisiana to be thrown on the market, in which case prices would doubtless fall considerably.

Salt.—There have been sales at 5 1/2 cents cash in small lots ex ship. The price from store is 5 1/2 to 60 cents.—*Montreal Witness.*



## ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM ANNUAL BAZAAR.

THE ANNUAL CHARITABLE BAZAAR for the Maintenance of the ORPHANS of ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM will OPEN on

Tuesday Evening Next, 8th Oct.,

IN THE LARGE HALL OF THE

## SEMINARY BUILDINGS,

NOTRE DAME STREET.

The Members of the Ladies' Charitable Society of St. Patrick's Congregation have made every exertion to render this BAZAAR attractive to all; and the cause for which it is held is expected, of itself, to attract the patronage of all the friends of the fatherless inmates of the Asylum.

By Order of the

DIRECTOR.

October 3, 1861.

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