

same year Bonnard, a young man, yielded up his soul under the most horrible tortures; and his body was cast into the depth of the sea.

"We have commended the zeal, the intelligence, the courage, and devotion of the Romish Missionaries. Even those who have differed from them on theological grounds have not refused them the meed of admiration. Mile, a Protestant Dissenter, speaks of them in a spirit of truth and charity:—

"Their learning, personal virtue, and ardent zeal deserve to be imitated by all future Missionaries," he says. "Their steadfastness and triumph in the midst of the persecutions, even to blood and death, in all imaginable forms of terror, show that the adulterated Christianity which they taught is to be ascribed to the effect of education, not to design; and also affords good reason to believe that they have long since joined the noble army of Martyrs."

"All who have read of their labors of love and mercy in China with unbiassed feelings must concur in the justice of this verdict. All the Sacraments of the Church of Rome were freely and fully dispensed. The child just entering into the world, and the hoary head passing out of it, had the services of the zealous Missionary. The wretch in the dungeon, the felon on the scaffold, or the victim of the plague, had his attention as readily, and his prayers as heartily, as would have had the emperor in his palace, or the mandarin in his hall.

"The risks he would run, and the dangers he would hazard, were greater than those which the Protestant Missionary feels himself called upon to encounter.—He had literally forsaken all—home, kindred, and friends—to perform what he believed to be his Master's work. The Church was his bride, and for her he did knight's service; wearing her colors wrought on his robes, bearing her image hidden in his bosom, having her smiles to lead him, her love to guide him, her honors to reward him, and her arms to embrace him, though all the world should scorn and reject him."

MEN OF THE TIME—ABDUL-MEDJID.

A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* describes the personal appearance of the Sultan. Abdul-Medjid had gone to Mosgi, and the correspondent awaited his return. A number of soldiers were in attendance. At the gate crouched fifty or sixty officers, smoking cigars or *tschubuks*, who politely made way for him:—

"After about half an hour great agitation commenced in the people and the soldiery. The former were pushed back against the walls by the *Kavasses*; the latter ranged themselves in order and line; the officers formed a lane as far as the pillars of the gateway, and the musicians played national airs. Eight or ten servants then ran along the road, and went over the stones of it with long brooms; others followed, who spread a green carpet up to the gate. Upon this green carpet rode the *padischah*, followed by the highest dignitaries of the empire, behind whom, as soon as they had passed, the ranks of the soldiery closed up, to follow them, with shouldered muskets, as far as the gate. The Sultan's horse, one of the most superb Arabians that ever existed, was led by a page at the bridle, and passed along with proud and slow action. The curb was quilt and beset with diamonds: the crimson housings bore gold embroidery, pearls, and jewels. The rider himself was dressed as simply as possible; dark blue pantaloons, a mantle of the same color, and a red fez cap, set with gold embroidery and diamonds. The people bowed their heads, the officers bowed their bodies as low as ever a man can bow without tumbling on his nose; only some Turks of the old school, after the ancient fashion, hid their faces in their hands. The Sultan sat motionless as a dead man upon his steed; he scarcely moved an eyelid. If he deigned to salute any man, he stared that man in the face, for such is the Sultan's salutation, and he almost always does greet the Franks, to whom he feels a partiality. But, oh! how sad an object he was! as sad as the monument of the departure of manly vigor. His face is deadly pale, and it looks, in the black frame of his whiskers and beard, even paler than it really is. In those cheeks not a vein seems to be full of the vital sap; about the white lips, and the gleaming teeth, plays a shadow of that graceful smile which is characteristic of the Osmanli race, and which might deceive us into forgetting the terrific instincts of the Turkish disposition. Only from his deep black eye comes a living beam, which speaks alike of good humor and passionate fire, so that one hesitates whether to liken him to the Oriental torrid sun, or to the gentle moonshine. But one ends with believing in his prevailing benevolence. I have beheld most of the princes of Europe, deposed and undeposed, but none looked so good-natured, so innocent, as Abdul-Medjid. . . . Abdul-Medjid rides by.—Silent is the step of his horse, silent the steps of his pages upon the green carpet; pale, and motionless, and stiff he sits in the saddle. Monotonously, mechanically, the soldiers follow him; the grand officials stand with deeply-bowed humility; the music reiterates a few plaintive notes; the trees are stirred with a slumbrous and dreamy rustle. One's eye closes; the actual world passes off into dream-world."

Intense flunkeyism is the special characteristic of the Russian people. The much-admired Nicholas himself, what is he but the beau ideal of a beef-eater, a cross betwixt the drill-sergeant and the footman, with his tall person, his capacious stomach pressed into his chest; his lavish attentions and fulsome compliments to those he would conciliate; his distasteful tolerance to the timid and the weak? As for the Russian nobles, gentry, and merchants, history furnishes no example of a race so degraded as they are. Long may they continue so. Russia would indeed be formidable, if in the present disorganisation of her nearest neighbors, she had a race of men and gentlemen to do the conquering work which it is pretended that destiny has cut out for her.—*Nation*.

JEZEBEL.—In March last, as I was repairing to the native village of Buston to survey a bridge to be thrown across the road, on my rout from the station of Jellessore, on crossing the Soubunreoka river, my attention was attracted to a number of human skeletons, which lay scattered in various directions upon the white sands adjacent to the course of the stream. Upon inquiry I learned that these unfortunate relics were the remains of pilgrims, who had been drowned, two evenings before, by means of a ferry-bow sinking with them during a severe north-wester. On my approaching, several of these sad vestiges of morality, I perceived that the flesh had been completely devoured from the bones by Pariah dogs, vultures and other

obscene animals. The only portion of the several corpses I noticed that remained entire and untouched, were the bottom of the feet and insides of the hand; and this extraordinary circumstance immediately brought to my mind that remarkable passage recorded in the second book of Kings, relating to the death of Jezebel, who was, as to her body, eaten of dogs, and nothing remained of her but the "palms of her hands and the soles of her feet." The former narrative may afford a corroborative proof of the antipathy that the dog has to prey upon the human hands and feet. Why such should be the case remains a mystery.—*Letters from India*.

IRISH DROLLERY.—An amusing story of Barrington, once Recorder of Bristol, is recorded by one of our British contemporaries:—Having to appear for the plaintiff, in a case at a winter assizes at Clonmel, he "let it into" the defendant in no measured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present, only heard of the invective. After Barrington, however, had got back to Dublin, the Tipperary man lost no time in paying his compliments to the Counsel. He rode all day and night, and covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence, in Harcourt Street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over, the railings of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock which nearly shook the street. Barrington's valet answered the summons, quickly enough, and on opening the street-door, beheld the apparition of a rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet, sticking in his bushy whiskers. "Is your master up?" demanded the vision, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey. "No," answered the man. "Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley (he'll know the name) will be glad to see him." The valet went up stairs and told his master, who was in bed the purport of this early call. "Then don't let Mr. Foley in, for your life," said Barrington, "for it's not a hare and a brace of ducks, he is come to town to present me with." The man was leaving the bedroom, when a rough wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, "by your leave and at the same moment Mr. Foley entered the bedroom. "You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington; "I have made a long journey to teach you manners, and it is not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body," and at the same time cut a figure of eight with his shillelah before the cheval glass. "You don't mean to say you would murder me in bed," exclaimed Daines, who had as much humour as cold courage. "No," exclaimed the other, "but get up as soon as you can." "Yes replied Daines, "that you might feel me the moment I put my body out of the blankets." "No," replied the other, "I pledge you my honor I will not touch you till you are out of bed." "You won't?" "I won't," Upon your honor?" "On my honor." "That is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself very comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep. "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and I may rest as safe as though I were under the Castle Guards." The Tipperary Salamander, looked marvellously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore. "Holloa?" says Mr. Foley, "arnt' you going to get up?" "No," said Daines, "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman that he would not strike me in bed, so I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken; I'll never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure to air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal," and Daines once more affected to go to sleep. The Tipperary fellow had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning drollery of the counsel, so laughing loud he exclaimed, "Get up Mr. Barrington, get up, for in bed or out of bed I have not the heart to hurt a hair of so droll a head." The result was that in less than an hour afterwards Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assulting the dish of smoking chops.

Punch publishes the following correspondence betwixt our gallant fellows on the Eastern Expedition, and their friends and sweethearts at home:—
"Isabella Atkinson to Henry Macfarlan (H.M.S. Smasher, Baltic).—Has cried ever since he went away. Has been to three balls, but would not dance at any of them. All her partners assured her that she is looking ill. Hopes he will be true to her as she to him. Should break her heart if anything happened to him, and begs him to keep down stairs out of the way of the guns. Has had a lovely bracelet from Captain V., but takes no pleasure in wearing it, and only puts it on because, being a cable in gold, it reminds her of Henry's ship. Captain V. has promised to take her to the opening of the Crystal Palace; but what does she care for palaces? If she goes, it will only be that she may have something to tell Henry in her next. Was at the Opera on Tuesday (Captain V. got them a box), but could think of nothing but the last time she was there with Henry. States that she encloses a violet, but if so, it must have dropped out, and was more probably forgotten."
"John Edward Rattleton to Charles Rattleton (Gallipoli). Urges him to go it, and thrust himself bravely forward, regardless of danger, and keep up the honor of England. Wishes to know, as Charles's cousin and heir, whether he can execute any business for him."
"Laura Pendletope to Horace Pendletope (Scutari Barracks, Asia). This letter is from a young wife to her husband, and is chiefly occupied with information regarding their child, who is coming on delightfully, and fell out of bed five times on Monday, but never cried, and takes the greatest notice of everything. It states that a *jee-jee* (so in original) went past the window on Tuesday or Wednesday, and the infant immediately clapped his hands. A very favorable opinion of the infant's fineness, from the family medical adviser, is given. There are also details of the impertinence of one Jane, who has been sent away, and of the characteristics of a new comer, Sarah, to whom the infant did not take at first, but now does. Kisses are sent in P.S."
"Moses Tobit to Frederick St. Pelagie Montagne (Scutari). Expresses great surprise that Mr. Montagne should have left England without taking up some of his excellencies (so in original) and I O U's.—He complains especially that he did not complete paying for the silver watch, for which he has as yet paid only £47 and some discounts. Threatens to outlaw him, 'without' he will tell the address of a Captain

Harleybuffer, against whom Mrs. Tobit breathes great wrath. Mentions in P.S. that he has got some studs, skeleton pattern, which would be just the thing for Mr. Montagne, and intends to keep them for him.—Thinks he has been treated very shabbily; and swears he never got a back of the original £50 lent last September, except the principal and a miserable £20 note, and some costs for his brother the attorney."

"Mary Brown to James Peters—(Seamen aboard H.M.S. Spankerboom, Black Sea.) Says she reads the papers in the hope of seeing that her Peters has performed some gallant action; but Plesseman Z. 9780, who is kind enough to come down most evenings and comfort her and Cook, laughs and says she may wait long enough, and that Lord Aberdeen will not allow the Admiral to do much. Thinks if she were James she would up and tell the Admiral out, there and then, that he had better not mind no sneaks. Says the half-sixpence is safe, and Misses is more cantankerous than ever; but she has a party next week, and Mary means to be ill in the middle of the preparations, to spite her."

"SAMUEL FLIMSEY to JACOB MANIFOLD (Reporter Omer Pacha's Army).—Advises him to cook up something more spicy for his next, or he may get recalled; for the editor has hinted that it would be cheaper to fudge up accounts of some startling and bloody battles, from the correspondence of the *Times*, *Chronicle*, &c., than to pay Mr. Manifold for his stupid descriptions. Asks him who is to contradict him, let him say what he likes, and recommends him to 'come out a little.'"

"Lord Aberdeen to Admiral Dundas (Varna).—Begg that he will strike as early and heavy a blow at Russia as he can, Lord Aberdeen's only object being to humble the haughty and deceitful tyrant, Nicholas. The postscript is underlined seven times. 'You understand.'"

"MORE SECTARIANISM."—The inevitable tendency of every Protestant sect is to split up into other sects. As of the fleas, of whom it is said:—

"Great fleas have little fleas, and lesser fleas to bite em; These fleas have lesser fleas, and so ad infinitum." So with the Protestant body; it is devoured by an infinity of sects. The latest schism of which we have heard is one amongst the "Spiritual Rappers." Already two parties have declared themselves: the "Sub-tabular" Rappers, and the "Supra-tabulars." With the one, the spirits come from below, with the others from above; as yet the "Sub-tabulars" claim for themselves the honors of Orthodoxy; but the "Supra-tabulars" are said to be the more numerous, and better mediums. The controversy hereupon promises to excite much interest in the Protestant world.

ANOTHER CASE OF FEVER AND AGUE CURED.

A few days ago we recorded an astonishing cure of Fever and Ague by the use of Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills. We have now another to mention, viz: that of Mr. James Sharpe, of Madisonburgh, who states that he had labored under a very severe attack of Ague and Fever, and was soon restored by the use of these Pills. Mr. Sharpe also expresses an opinion, founded on observation, that the Liver Pills are the best for bilious complaints ever offered in his section of country.

Although long known as a sovereign remedy for chronic cases of Hepatic derangement, or disease of the Liver, the proprietors of Dr. M'Lane's Pills were not prepared for the frequent, but gratifying evidences of its general utility and curative capacity. In this respect, this invaluable medicine has exceeded their most sanguine expectations, and induced them to hope that it will be introduced into every family in the United States.

Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, and take none else. There are other Pills purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.

WM. LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, Wholesale Agents for Montreal. 46

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF JOHANNA CONNOR, and MARY CONNOR, her daughter, who resided in Bytown from the Spring of 1850 to the Spring of 1853, both of whom left for Montreal last Spring. Any information respecting them would be thankfully received by their relative.

Bytown, May 13, 1854. JOHN CONNOR.

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE FIRST JULY NEXT.

A COMPETENT ENGLISH MASTER, and also an Assistant, who can Teach French, for the Sillery Academy.—Apply (post-paid) to the Rev. Mr. Harkin, or to E. B. Lindsay, N. P. Quebec, 13th June, 1854.

DR. MACKEON,

63, St. Lawrence Main Street, AND ST. PATRICK'S DISPENSARY, GRIFFINTOWN

NOW READY, THE POOR SCHOLAR, & OTHER TALES.

BY WILLIAM CARLTON, 18mo., with illustrations. Muslin; price only 2s 6d. The Story of the "Poor Scholar" is decidedly the best Carlton has written.

D. & J. SADLER & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets. Montreal, June 1, 1854.

WANTED,

A CATHOLIC TEACHER, who is well qualified to Teach, according to the Rules prescribed by the School Act. Wages Sixty Pounds per annum. Apply to Trustees, No. 4 School Section, Emily, County Victoria, C. W.

M. COLLINS, } Trustees. E. PIGUOTTE, } May 23, 1854.

WANTED,

500 ABLE-BODIED MEN, ON the Fourth Division of the GRAND-TRUNK RAILWAY, from Sherbrooke to Island Pond. On and after 15th MAY next, 1,000 men will be employed on the line from Longueuil to Island Pond, Montreal District. Conductors of Trains are authorized to pass the men, free of charge, to the works. Payments made fortnightly. DUNCAN MACDONALD. Sherbrooke, 17th April, 1854.

SOMETHING NEW!!

PATTON & CO., PROPRIETORS OF THE "NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE," WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, No. 42, McGill Street, nearly opposite St. Ann's Market,

WOULD most respectfully announce to their friends and the Public generally that they have LEASED and FITTED UP, in magnificent style, the above Establishment; and are now prepared to offer

Greater Bargains than any House in Canada. Their Purchases being made for CASH, they have determined to adopt the plan of LARGE SALES and SMALL PROFITS, thereby securing a Business that will enable them to Sell MUCH LOWER than any other Establishment.

READY-MADE CLOTHING. This Department is fully supplied with every article of READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, Furnishing and Outfitting Goods.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT. This Department will be always supplied with the most fashionable as well as durable Foreign and Domestic BROAD-CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doackins, Vestings, Tweeds, Satinets, &c., of every style and fabric; and will be under the superintendence of Mr. DRESSELI, (late Foreman to Mr. GISMILL, of the Boston Clothing Store.) Mr. D. will give his undivided attention to the Orders of those favoring this Establishment with their patronage.

N.B.—Remember the "North American Clothes Warehouse," 42 McGill Street. Give us a call. Examine Price and quality of Goods, as we intend to make it an object for Purchasers to buy.

PATTON & Co. Montreal, May 10, 1854.

GRAMMAR, COMMERCIAL AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL, No. 60, St. Bonaventure Street,

MR. DANIEL DAVIS RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Montreal and its vicinity that he is ready to receive a limited number of pupils both at his DAY and EVENING SCHOOLS, where they will be taught, (on moderate terms) Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-Keeping—by Single and Double Entry—Algebra, including the investigations of its different formulae, Geometry, with appropriate Exercises on each Book, Conic Sections, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Surveying, Navigation, Gauging, &c. &c. The Evening School (from 7 to 9) will be exclusively devoted to the teaching of Mercantile and Mathematical Branches. N. B.—In order, the more effectively, to advance his Commercial and Mathematical Students, Mr. D. intends keeping but a mere few in his junior class. Montreal, March 30, 1854.

Just Received, and for Sale, THE TRIALS OF A MIND, IN ITS PROGRESS TO CATHOLICISM. IN A LETTER TO HIS OLD FRIENDS, BY L. SILLIMAN IVES, L.L.D., Late Bishop of the Protestant Epis. Church, in N. Carolina. Price, 2s. 6d. D. & J. SADLER & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets. Montreal, May 4, 1854.

JUST PUBLISHED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS, THE HISTORY OF THE IRISH HIERARCHY, with the Monasteries of each County, Biographical Notices of the Irish Saints, Prelates, and Religious. By the Rev. Thomas Walsh. 8vo. of 869 pages; Illustrated with 13 engravings; muslin, 15s. IN PRESS: s. d. THE POOR SCHOLAR. By Wm. Carlton. 18mo., plates, 2 6 TUBBER DERG; or, the Red Wall. By William Carlton. 2 6 TALES of the FIVE SENSES. By Gerald Griffin, 2 6 The above will be printed on fine paper, and illustrated. D. & J. SADLER & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets, Montreal. For Sale by H. COSGROVE, 24 1/2 St. John Street, Quebec; also, by JOHN McDONALD, Alexandria, C.W. March 17, 1854.

CHEAP READING FOR THE MILLION. UPWARDS of NINE HUNDRED (old and new) Volumes on Religion, History, Biography, Voyages, Travels, Tales, and Novels, by Standard Authors, to which constant additions will be made, for FIVE SHILLINGS, YEARLY, payable in advance, at FLYNN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, 13, Alexander Street. Printed Catalogues may be had for threepence November 22.

NEW CANTON HOUSE, DALHOUSIE SQUARE. GROCERIES FOR ONE MILLION SUGARS—Loaf, Crushed, and Bright Muscovado. TEAS—Gunpowder, Old Hyson, Young Hyson, Imperial, and Fine Twankay. Fine Flavored Black Teas—Souchong, Congou, and Oolong. Rice, Flour, Oatmeal, Barley, Raisins, Currants, Figs, Almonds, Filberts, Pickles, Sauces, Mustard, White Pepper and Black Ground, Fine Old Java Coffee, roasted and ground daily; Cheese, Sugar Cured Hams, London Porter, White Wine Vinegar, Molasses, Salad Oil, Very Superior Port and Sherry Wine, Brandy, Gin, Jamaica Spirits, &c., &c., and all other Articles required for family use, which will be Sold at the Lowest Price. J. PHELAN. N.B.—The Teas are very superior, some of which were purchased at the great Sale of the "John Dugdale" Cargo, direct from China.

HONEY. Also, 300 lbs. of HONEY for Sale at the New Canton House, Dalhousie Square. J. PHELAN. Montreal, July 6, 1853.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, &c. &c. FRESH TEAS, very Superior JAVA COFFEE, PICKLES, SAUCES, HAMS, BACON, and a good assortment of other Articles, for sale at the New Canton House, Dalhousie Square. JOHN PHELAN. Montreal, August 20, 1852.

L. P. BOIVIN, Corner of Notre Dame and St. Vincent Street, opposite the old Court-House, HAS constantly on hand a LARGE ASSORTMENT of ENGLISH and FRENCH JEWELRY, WATCHES, &c.