Vol. VI.

THE GREEK ADVENTURER

THE SOLDIER AND THE SPY. A Tale of the Siege of Sebastopol. BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

(Continued.) The Camp.

The Camp.

The battle of Inkermann had been nobly fought and won by the heroic soldiers of the invading army. New glories had been heaped upon the arms of England, and new lustre added to those of France, though at fearful cost; and now the soldiers, seeking for some repose after so awful a combat, sought but found it not. Two weeks had passed away. The Russian winter had begun. It had come with many warnings; had come announced by many legible signs; but still it came to those who were unprepared to meet it. Snow bemany legible signs; but still it came to those who were unprepared to meet it. Snow began to fall, but it fell on soldiers who were destitute of clothing and of shelter. Frost came, and it found men half-naked, working in the trenches, a ready prey for hardship and calamity. Already want and cold had taken the lives of many whom the dreadful storm of Inkermann's bullets had spared. The soldiers were astounded at so much misery, and dreaded the future. They knew that Balaklava, such a little way off, was crowded with prosuch a little way off, was crowded with pro-visions, and that the government were sending out clothing and ammunition, yet still it seemed as though every man was doomed to perish from want of the commonest necessaries of life. Suffering and misery began to rule unique that

the battle, A thin covering of snow lay upon the ground, and served to array guns, and siege works, and soil, in one mono-c robe. It was a gloomy sight to glance around upon the wide extended plains, where snow, the companion and dreadful forerunner of winter, already began its temporary sway, and showed that the severities of a Russian winter would soon afflict the wretched soldiers.

There was a tent in that division of the army near the valley of Inkermann, whence, early in the morning, a thin cloud of smoke from the fire within began to ascend. It was a singular tent, and, from its shape and situation, promised much more comfort and shelter than the thin canvass tents which ha, around it. It was the tent of Lionel D'Arces. it. It was the tent of Lionel D'Arcey. It was formed by excavating a place in the ground six feet deep, and forming over it a thick roof of tarred canvass, laths and mud. A strong stone fire-place took up a large part of one end of this comfortable tent, and bright fire blazed merrily up the wide chimney. The enterone was by a channel due relationship. downward toward the tent. A thick curtain, arrived. continent, formed the covering for the door-way. Upon a rude bed at one end of the hut lay Captain D'Arcey. His head was bound in cloths, and rested upon his saddle bags. His face was pale as marble, and disfigured in one place by a streak of blood, which had by some means trickled down from underneath some means trickled down from underneath the bandages. It was yet quite early, and D'Arcey had not waked. He still slept, but his sleep was disturbed and broken. At times his would start, and half mutter some proken words; and again he would rance is hand tremulously, as though he would avert some impending danger. Dreams distracted the mind of the sleeper, and kept him nervously agitated. The brain, weakened and fevered, caused the magination to conjure up never-

caused the magination to conjure up never-ceasing successions of troublesome visions. Still D'Arcey slept. He heard not the noise which at times arose without; he heard neither the thunder of occasionally exploding mines, nor the roar of cannon, which at time mines, nor the roar of cannon, which at times awoke the echoes. The shouting of men without came not to his ears. The tent-door was suddenly but softly lifted as he thus slept. A cautious head peered into the tent, and a noiseless step advanced forward. A man entered by slow degrees, quietly and stealthily, making no noise to alarm the sleeper. It was Philippo.

He advanced to the bedside of the sleeper, and bent over him. A sinister expression

He advanced to the bedside of the sleeper, and bent over him. A sinister expression shot over his countenance as he gazed upon Lionel, who slept on and saw him not.

Slowly the Greek stooped, and came nearer to Lionel. Passing a stealthy hand over the hed, he gently touched the hand of the sleeper. For a moment Lionel started, and seemed on the point of awakening; but at last subsiding into slumber, he permitted his arm to be slowly moved over toward Philippo. The Greek took his hand, and endeavored gently to relax the stiffness of its clench. Gradually the fingers, which similar had stiffened, yielded to the persevering efforts of Philippo, and in a short time the open hand of Lionel lay within his. Then there remained the last effort. The Greek began, with unremitting cautiousness and stealthiness, to draw from Lionel's third finger a massive ring, on which was deeply cut the arms of the D'Arcey family. It was no easy task, for the ring fitted closely, and a sudden motion, on the part of Philippo, might waken his master, and defeat his design. But patiently and stealthily he worked, and at last he secured the ring, which he secreted in his bosom, and stole quietly away from his

When the Greek left the tent, D'Arcey still slept on, unheeding either the treacherous which increased every moment. At last the sudden shock created by a heavy falling body, and a commotion ensuing roused the sleeping

ollower pushed the curtain aside, and en-

'How is this? How have I been faring How long have I been sleeping?'
'About forty-eight hours.'
'Ah, yes,' said Lionel, musingly. 'I've been sick, I remember now. I have been lying here for some time ?

About a fortnight, sir.'
Yes, it seems so. I have been alternately sleeping and dozing. That was a terrificable with the pressed his hand to his forehead.

Pretty bad, sir; but it's all right now.
You will soon be restored. You are getting

'Yes, I hope so. What's the news?'

Has anything further been done?

Nothing?

Any more guns up from Balaklava?

None!

What! Why, what in Heaven's name

Dying?

Lionel started, started at the Gr x, and and he had mounted his horse, and was furious-

'Yes, sir; they are working hard

But they have reinforcements ? 'No, not any.'
'No reinforcements! Good H and must our 30,000 work in this way the work of 60,000 men? However, be better shortly. Poor fellows! I they have warm clothes though. Of they have come?

'No, sir. They have their old 'rag 'What! Furies! Are our ressed in their thin summer clothes

are all right—are they not ?'
The men, Captain D'Arcey, are

Famishing!
Even so. The smallest possible are given to them. But they get en the of that they call their grog. In a fierce state of excitement

leaped from his couch. He paced down his narrow tent, quickly and fu Philippo shood looked at his master, a peared to enjoy his perturbation.

'O, by the way, Philippo,' cried I suddenly, and throwing off his thoughts soldiers' misery, 'has any mail arrive

'This morning? Did you go and ee there were letters for me?' said on

· None! Are you sure? 'There were no letters' or anythic else

early dawn this morning, as soon as th

fully upon the floor. The Greek stoo azing at him, with a baleful leer of his eye and

'Are you sure that you had the searched narrowly?' said De Arcey.

ly? Be sure there is none for you. there is another mail expected at Bala

'Is there? I will go in.' Let me go, sir; I can go, said the el

'No, no; I must go myself.

But you are sick.'
Pooh! I am well now.' 'I tell you, sir,' said Philippo, implori and falling on one knee before Lionel, you sir, you'll kill yourself.'
'Pooh! Am I a child? Rise, Phil I am thankful for your faithful affection.

will do this myself. · It is against orders for any officer t

into Balaklava to-day.'
'I'll run the risk, then. But stop will not have any more words.' The Greek was silent. Lionel seize clothes hurriedly, and slipped into them. a short period he had mounted his horse.

was on his way to Balaklava. The camp was wild and forlorn. The covered everything except the deep cut r where nothing but sloughs, and horrible p of apparently unfathomable depth, and s and mud, all seemed mingled together in describable confusion. Here the snow we not remain, for the moist mud would cause to melt immediately upon its fall, and into water for the benefit of the road.

Along this road Captain D'Arcey spu

the mud. There was no line of soldiers ing at the guns now. It had been given for a time. But men were there, ban

for a time. But men were there, han shot to one another, and transporting t through this horrible mud to certain place deposit. In his burning impatience, Licould scarcely endure the slowness of progress. Now he would dart up the deity, on the side of the road, and trotting a the field for a short distance, and now tercepted by brushwood and by rocks, would be compelled to seek the muddy ragain. An hour passed, and he was more than half-way to Balaklava. Spurpushing, struggling on; passing at times grofmen, who were busily engaged on Sysiphonian task of extricating huge signs from the mud; and at times himself most getting into the forlorn condition of nost getting into the forlorn condition of

Thus Lionel rode on to Balaklava. Thus Lionel rode on the crowded and encumbers the crow siege guns.
Thus Lionel rode on to Balaklava. were dying of pestilence and wounds. I node furiously to the post office, and bursti through the crowd around, he called out

His heart beat suffocatingly, and his han trembled, as he extended it and grasped the welcome letter. But it was not the welcome letter. But it was not the welcome letter. But it was not the welcome and beloved hand-writing. It was plain, humble superscription. Lionel against the bitterness of disappointment. It tore it open. He read.

'DEAR YOUNG MASTER,—The Hall going down if you don't come home, Youncle is plotting against you, and your fath is sick by your uncle's poison. Come hon or you will be killed not by the Russians, by your uncle. The ladies have run away, fear of your uncle. They have written fear of your uncle. They have written you. Come home at once, and save your father.

RICHARD?

CARLETON-PLACE, CANADA WEST, AUGUST 7, 1856.

th he ly riding back to the camp.

Head-quarters of the British general. It was a strange place which was dignified with so lofty a title. It was a low, rude cottage, so lofty a title. It was a low, rude cottage, with rough stone walls, and thatched roof, standing in the middle of a field which was trodden down, and cut up, and trampled into deep mud in every direction. From the corner of the roof a flag-staff ascended, from which floated the British ensign, matched

pround as could be had any where in the vicinity.

It was the morning after the day of the mail's arrival and the weather was, as usual, raw, bleak and gusty. A crowd of men of various grades and occupations in the army, stood without the door of Lord Raglan's quarters waiting for admission. There was a subcommissariat clerk, who was waiting here, till the next clerk above him should arrive, to whom he wished to state that two transports, laden with ammunition had been lost. This superior clerk would inform his superior who superior clerk would inform his superior, who would acquaint the commissary-general with would acquaint the commissary general with the fact, expecting the commissary general to make it known in due time to Lord Raglan. Here, too, were various officers, waiting to give in various reports; and aides-de-camp waiting for orders. It was necessary to wait some time, however, for reception, for the British commander-in-chief was by no means inclined to break through those admirable conventional rules which pervaded the society of the camp. Nine o'clock was near at hand, and still the imhospitable doors were closed. At last the reception began, the various reports were made, the orders were issued, the immediate business was attended to.

them with impatient haste. He came to one, which attracted particular attention, and

peculiar displeasure.

'Pooh!' he cried, flinging it down. There is no end to those cowardly requests of absence. By Jove, if this were permitted, every man would be off on leave. This D'Arcey now, what in the world is the matter with him-' severe contusion on the brain

'D'Arcey?' asked the Greek, inquiringly.
'Yes,' said Raglan, in a half-confidential way. 'Captain Lionel D'Arcey requests leave of immediate absence. He received, he says, a severe blow on the head at Inkermann. The poltroon! By Jove! I have no less than one hundred and twenty of such written requests before me at this very

'One hundred and twenty!' cried the secre tary in amazement. Yes, Galeron, one hundred and twenty, repeated Lord Raglan; 'and here is the last one-which came this morning, the request of

'D'Arcey, humph!'
'Why, what of him?'

'he wants to go, and tells your lordship that he has contusion of the brain. I think (begging your lordship's pardon), that the severe blow which he received at Inkerman has quickened his imagination. Why ? How ?'

Why, I saw Captain D'Arcey riding at full speed up from Balalava vesterday. He made his horse go at a rate which astonished the miserable horseless soldiers about here Why, your lordship, he made quite a stir

the camp.'

'And this fellow requests leave of absence!

But, what—do you mean to say that you saw him coming up from Balaklava yesterday ?'

'It was against orders.' Against express orders.

What has become of him since the battle

'Why the scoundrel has not stirred from his tent,' cried Raglan, indignantly.
'No, my lord; he was severely wounded,' replied the Greek, with a sneer. 'A wretched state of things, Raglan, throwing his pen angrily upon the table 'A wretched state of things, when so many officers, shrinking from exposure, should

set so shameful an example to the men. As to this D'Arcey, I feel a dislike to him above all. I know an uncle of his, Henry D'Arcey, in England, who is a perfect scoundrel. He is suspected also of being a Russian

' Ha!' said the Greek, starting. But how did you find out anything about D'Arcey? asked Raglan.

I am a relative to his valet, Philippo, an old and trustworthy countryman of mine, with whom I have been frequently united in various

'And you found this out through him?'
'Yes my lord, and worse things by far than Worse! what now ?

ssian agent, or rather is suspected !

'I do my lord,' replied the Greek, with a semblance of honest firmness in his tone; 'I do, my lord, and I hope he may be discovered before it is too late.' Be careful, Galeron. Be carful how you utter such a charge against a gentleman, and a British officer.

Philippo had found some pieces of paste-board card, covered with strange characters,

and in his restless black eyes, his agile form, his varying and various expressions, displayed not do so. Ah, no! I fear all this is too

his varying and various expression, displayed all the subtlety, the slipperiness and the versatility of the Greek.

A large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the table before Lord Raglan, and he had been reading the large pile of letters lay upon the la 'I fear they are too true,' said Lord Rag-lan, as he bent his head downward in the epest thought.
'Galeron,' said he, after a pause, 'was

Captain D'Arcey ever seen away from his "DEAR LORD,—I send you His Excellenfor when he would leave the tent, he would be
invissible sometimes for a whole night. Phillippo never knew where his master went. Indeed, he never thought much about it, until
this discovery of those traitorous documents."

"DEAR LORD,—I send you His Excellency's answer to the letter we addressed to him
conjointly. It is difficult to forsee its result;
at least the government will know that we do
not approve of a school system conductive
to indifferentism and often to aversion to re-

But was he never tracked. 'Never, my lord, for who would suspect 'Galeron, this is a terrible thing. If all which you have told me be true, then there

winch you have told me be true, then there will be fearful disclosures beyond it. You must be prepared, Galeron, with all the proofs which you can muster to bring home guilt to this man; so that, if he be indeed guilty, he may die; and if innocent, he may have the advantage of triumphing over every charge which can be urged. Do you hear, Galeron? There must be a court-martial. But we want

D'Arcey did not think so, my lord. What do you mean? Do you not suspect the cause of this sudden request of absence?'
'I do not.'

the man

'I do not.'

'Pardon me, then, my lord, if I say that I think the reason of this request was—because he has found that his manuscripts had been discovered. Fearing lest his guilt might thus become known he decided to fly.'

'Very probable; very much so, indeed. All this adds to the weight of evidence against this guilty or unfortunate young man. On you, Galeron, depends the burden of proof; or rather on your friend Philippo. He must be ready.'

'I do not.'

"Kingston, Jan. 10, 1853.

"Hon. Sir,—We in Kingston assembled beg to know from yourself, before we adopt any other course, whether the Ministry intend to introduce into the new school Bill the clause indispensible for securing the rights of the Catholics.

"† A. F. M.

"† P.

"† J. E."

"A. F. M.

"† P.

"† J. E."

be ready.'
Will you hold the court-martial immedi-

ately?'
'No. Leave D'Arcey for a few days at No. Leave D'Arcey for a few days at liberty, and in ignorance. But to you I commit the charge of watching him. I'hilippo would be a good man to take charge of him. If he stray beyond the limits of the camp, and begin his dealings with the enemy, he must at all hazards be pursued and taken, and it shall go hard with me if I do not make him an example to all tries to in this army.

'My lord, your orders shall be punctually and thoroughly obeyed. To Philippo I can safely confide this delicate business. Trust him, my lord; he has a watchful eye, and a faithful inhope will be satisfactory.

'Then see that you attend to this at once, as soon as your day's work is finished.'

Lord Raglan and Galeron then returned to their work, and continued till late in the day

I have. Well? 'Then I am yours eternally. You Galeron will have no reason to complain of spoil. I believe we both fight on the same side. Ehem. Did his lordship swallow the bait,

easily?'
'Without a struggle. Your transcendent genus has arranged it well, Philippo. I presented it. He seized it. You know his

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

yet there must be some traitors in this camp.
The enemy have found out some secrets of ours which seemed impossible to have been discovered. How it could be known even to many of our own soldiers seems a mystery. It must have been divulged traitor-ously to the enemy, and the traitor must have been divulged traitor-ously to the enemy, and the traitor must have been of high rank, and deep in the confidence of the superior generals. Do you hear, Galcron, cunning Greek; can you unravel the confidence the party politics of this country for several forms.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

We take from the Toronto Metror, a jour-sections of the Canadas. At the head of these petitioners were the Archbishop of Quebec, bounced because of the clergy and laity of the city of Montreal, and M. Cauchon, the present Commissioner of Crown Lands, as leader of the famous Cathcron of Bishop de Charbonnel of Toronto. The whole disentangles the ravelled skein of the superior generals. Do you hear, Galcron, cunning Greek; can you unravel the confidence of the superior generals. Do you hear, Galcron, cunning Greek; can you unravel the party politics of this country for several forms.

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No. 10.

During this session also, the Separate School Question coming before Parliament, the Hon. F. Whole disentangles the ravelled skein of Question coming before Parliament, the Hon. F. Hincks to Bishop De Charbonnel of Foronto. The whole disentangles the ravelled skein of Question coming before Parliament, the Hon. F. Header of the Reform Government, gave the following brilliant testimony to the moderation which Bishop De Charbonnel of Foronto. The whole disentangles the ravelled skein of Question coming before Parliament, the Hon. F. Header of the Reform Government, gave the following brilliant testimony to the moderation which Bishop De Charbonnel of Foronto.

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The whole disentangles the ravelled skein of Question coming before Parliament, the Hon. F. Header of the Reform Government, gave the following brilliant testimony to the moderation which Bishop De Charbonnel of Foronton that has been long suspected, but never before fully exposed. The length of the Reform Government in June 1855.

The part of our Responsible Ministers on this vexed question that has been long suspected, but never before fully exposed. The length of the part of touching on the subject to which they refer

touching on the subject to which they refer this day:

CORRESPONDENCE

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

It is time we should publish an outline of our conduct in the School question. When, in May 1851, we solicited a law intended to differ the separate schools from some of the fetters in which we found them shackled in 1850, the Hon. A. N. Moran, then in Toronto with the Government, found us so moderate in our demands, that he expressed his astonishment at it, adding that himself would not be satisfied with so little; but we were newly arrived and we wanted to proceed slow and sure.

We pleaded the same excuse before the Fathers of the first Council of Quebec when they asked us why and how we dared to assist in the laying of the corner stone of the Normal through the Chapters made in it because the support of others."

1808.

"I do not believe but that if there had been anything like fair play, and what I know of the venerable prelate of the Church at Torontout, Unimory De Charbon anything like fair play, and what I know of the venerable prelate of the Church at Torontout, Unimory De Charbon A. N. Moran to Bishop De Charbon A. N. Moran, then in Toronto with the support of the venerable prelate of the Church at Torontout, Unimory De Charbon A. N. Moran to Bishop De Charbon A. N. Moran to Bishop De Charbon A. N. Moran, then in Toronto with the support of the venerable prelate of the Church at Torontout, Unimory De Charbon A. N. Moran to Bishop in the laying of the corner stone of the Normal School in Toronto; nevertheless that apology of ours did not prevent the Fathers from declosed. At last the reception began, the various reports were made, the orders were issued, the immediate business was attended to, and the crowd began to disperse. By noon but a few stragglers remained, and the semined, and the semined, and the semined, and the semined but a few stragglers remained, and the semined, and the supposed was secret cypher. Of course act.'

Lord Raglan sat in the front parlor of this small house, and was engaged in examining papers. His secretary, or valet de chambre, who performed the duties of a secretary occasionally, was writing at the other end of the table. It was interesting to see the contrast presented by the two men.

Lord Raglan was portly in figure, with a fine, open English countenance, upon which a good-humored smile generally rested. His argod-humored smile generally rested. His argod-humored smile generally rested. His parted lips, when he smiled, displayed a row of whitest teeth. The other was a Greek, and in his restless black eyes, his agile form, in the second of the second

"F HINCKS." No. 2.

Letter of the Bishop of Bytown to Bishop " Bytown 22nd June, 1852,

Telegraphic Despatch of the Hon. A. N. Morin, to Bishop De Charbonnel.

No. 4.

Telegraphic Despatch of the three Bishops of Upper Canada to the Hon. W. B. Richards.

"Quebec, Jan. 10, 1853.

"We intend introducing a School Bill when Parliament re-assembles, containing the clause

" W. B. RICHARDS." No. 6.
Telegraphic Despatch of the Hon. A. N.
Morin, to Bishop De Charbonnel.
"My Lord,—Since my last telegraph, your letter has been received. Mr. Richards just

alluded to by you, which we believe will be

Letter of the Archbishop of Quebec to Bishop

absorbed in this task.

It was sunset as Galeron approached the tent of D'Arcey. Philippo came toward him, and the two men stood apart, unseen amid the gloom, and unheard as they conversed.

'Have you done it?' said Philippo.

'I have?'

Lordship, in answer to your letter of the 1st inst., that Mr. Morin who has taken the trouble to come and see me, with your Lordship's letter to him. assured me that himself. trouble to come and see me, with your Lordship's letter to him, assured me that himself and his hon. colleagues were in the firm resolution to give to the Catholics of Upper Canada the same advantage which the Protestants enjoy in our part of the Province. The Vicar General, Cazeau, and Rev. H. Arkin, who since my interview with the Hon. Provincial Secretary, reported that your Lordship can be easy, and hope with all confidence that the matter which interests you so closely and with so much reason, will be conducted well, and come to a happy issue.

Letter of Hon. W. B. Richards to Bishop De Charbonnel.

A few moments more they stood conversing and then separated. Philippo descended into the tent. Pulling aside the heavy curtain he entered.

Lionel sat beside his couch, heeding not the last the dissentient schools in Lower Canada

A Bill passed this session, usually called the Separate School Act of '53, which, through the changes made in it, became partially inoperative. This Bill was denounced by the Montreal True Witness as a "mock-"

Schools will not be taxed for the support of others."

No. 22.

Letter of J. G. Bowes, Esq., to Bishop De Charbonnel. of ours did not prevent the Fathers from de-claring conciliariter in June 1851, that mixed schools are altogether dangerous to fath and innocent lountains of poisonous doctrines, sources of the plague called indifferentism; and sources of the plague called indifferentism; and of the Act, and the question of its amendment document will introduce a bill on the subbecame a necessity.

Letter of Mr. Hincks to Bishop De Char-

bonnel. "Quebec, Aug. 3rd, 1853.

"My Dear Lord Bishop,—I have learned with much regret from your letter "My Lord,—I have had a letter from our letter "My Lord,—I have had a letter from our letter "My Lord,—I have had a letter from our letter "My Lord,—I have had a letter from our letter "My Lord,—I have had a letter from our letter "My Lord,—I have had a letter from our letter "My Lord,—I have had a letter from our letter "My Lord,—I have had a letter from our letter "My Lord,—I have had a letter from our letter "My Lord,—I have had a letter from our letter" learned with much regret from your letter of yesterday that a fresh difficulty has arisen regarding your schools in Toronto. Believe me, my attention shall be promptly given to the subject of the grant with a view to find a remedy, if there be any attempt to obstruct the working of a law honestly intended by the Government to heal up wounds with were mend the matter to the prayers of our faithful people.

"My Lord,—I have had a letter from our Attorney General, in which he promises that he will pass a Bill that will be satisfactory to us all. Notwithstanding all his promises, I still feel anxious to see that some action would be taken on our school bill. I recommend the matter to the prayers of our faithful people.

"PATRICK, My Dear Lord Bishop,—The important subject of your letter is one which must engage the early attention of the Govern-

Mr. Lord,—I have seen Mr. Hincks. Your school question vexes him very much. He will write strongly to Mr. to make him interpret the law in such a way as to do justice to Catholics. If the law is not interpreted, it is necessary a new one shall be enacted in order to require imperiously that the Catholics of Upper Canada whould be treated with the same liberality as Protestants are in Lower Canada, and thus justice shall be obtained. It is a life or death question. Mr. Hincks understands it very well."

No. 25.

Letter of Bishop Phelan to Bishop De Charbonnel.

"Kingston, Jan. 8, 1855.

"I have deferred answering you until I had an interview with the Attorney General, who assures me that he has a second bill prepared for us in Upper Canada. He says that he gave it to the Hon. Mr. Morin, as a Catholic in communication with the Rt. Rev. De Charbonnel.

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"Kingston, Jan. 8, 1855.

"I have deferred answering you until I had an interview with the Attorney General, who assures me that he has a second bill prepared for us in Upper Canada. He says that he gave it to the Hon. Mr. Morin, as a Catholic in communication with the Rt. Rev. De Charbonnel.

"A chief The Attorney General, who assures me that he has a second bill prepared for us in Upper Canada. He says that he gave it to the Hon. Mr. Says that he gave it to the Hon. Mr. Says that he gave it to the Hon. Mr. Says that he gave it t

Letter of Mr. Hincks to Bishop De Char-

"Quebec, Aug. 27, 1853.

"My Dear Lord Bishop,—I am of coarse most anxious, if possible that the matter should be satisfactorily adjusted by the Department, and I therefore trust that you will

" F. HINCKS."

No. 15. Letter of Mr. Hincks to Bishop De Char-

"My DEAR LORD BISHOP,—In reply to your enquiry, I beg to say that I would would like very much to see precisely the nature of the proposed amendment to the present law. When received, it shall receive the prompt attention of the Government, and we shall be able to inform you whether we will bring it forward as a Government mea-

No. 16.

tion I have taken the liberty of transmitting tion I have taken the liberty of transmitting your letter to my friend, Mr. —, who is in my entire confidence, and who is as free as I trust I am myself from any feeling of bigotry and intolerance, such as is, I regret to say, entertained by too many Protestants towards our brethern of the Catholic persuation. My object in sending the letter to Mr.

give my cordial support to any mea
new, is, because it is so much easier to disure which the Government many agree cuss such questions in conversation than by letter. Mr. — will see you on the subject, and after we fully understand one another's views, we shall be able to state to

you what we can do as a Government. "F. HINCKS." No. 17. Letter of the Archbishop and the Bishops of the Province, to His Excellency

"Your Excellency will not be surprised that Bishops, seeing with the deepest grief, evils which are the ordinary consequence of mixed schools, presume to ask aid and protection to obtain a just and equitable law on behalf of the Separate Schools. They do not ask exclusive privileges; they demand simply and solely that the law which regulates Separate Schools in behalf of Protestants in Lower Canada should be extended to the Catholics of Upper Canada. It is a right which we trust they will not ask in vain from your Excellency."

Letter from Vicar General Cazeau to Bishop Charbonnel.

No. 47.

bonnel.

"Quebec, July 12, 1854.

"My Dear Lord Bishop,—I can assure your Lordship that I shall seize the earliest moment of giving my best attention to the subject, and I hope that you will believe that I am most anxious to meet your views."

received your Lordship's note, but I have not seen the paper handed to Mr. Morin, and cannot therefore, speak with confidence as to what we may be able to do.

"J.G. Bowes,"

No. 23. Letter of Bishop Phelan, to Bishop De Char-bonnel.

bonnel.

"Kingston, Jan. 16, 1855.

"I assure you that I have my misgivings about the new school bill as unobjectionable to _____, and therefore I earnestly requested of the Attorney General to send us a copy of it, that we might send back to him our remarks on the margin of it. He promises to send it. He seems to have great confluence that the Hon. Mr. Morin, as a Catholic, will make the suitable amendments that may be necessary in this bill. Henry Smith, the Solicitor General, has given me the most Solicitor General, has given me the most solemn promises that our school bill will be

Letter of Hon. Wm. Cayley to Bishop De

My Lord,-I hasten to answer you Lordship, that the matter referred to without loss of time, be submitted for the consideration of the Government." move for the petitions which were sent from the three Dioceses, of 1,000.)

Letter of Bishop Phelan to Bishop De Char "Kingston, Feb. 2, 1855.
"I do not see in what the Bishops do not agree, for as far as I am concerned, I have not to my knowledge, yet disagreed with any Bishop on the School question. I do not see how members can know that which does

as to the School Bill? I cannot say what Mr.

exist, i. e., disagreement among Bishops. am determined not to let it go with them with-

Letter of Mr. Hincks to Bishop De Charbonnel. 3

Letter of the Hon. J. Cauchon to Bishop De Charbonnel. " Quebec 1st March, 1855.