

From the days of the Pharaohs downwards, human ingenuity has done little or nothing towards improving the art of tilling the soil; and it remains to be seen whether our steam-ploughs and reaping machines are really boons to the agriculturist. Many are, however, sanguine as to the success of Mr. Romaine's ingenious mechanism. With the labor of the needle, modern skill has been more successful, as several most ingenious sewing-machines in the collection bore witness; while the balances, weighing machines, &c., of Rodden, showed a high degree of mechanical excellence.

The piano-forte, manufactured by Hood, and selected to be sent to Paris, was an instrument which, both as to tone and workmanship, may be well compared with the same instruments from New York or Boston; and the meubles of Hilton and others would not suffer by comparison with any foreign workmanship. We noticed with much pleasure two chairs of black walnut, in the backs of which were carved, the imperial eagle of Napoleon, and the beaver and maple-leaf of Canada. The cushions were of black moose-leather, beautifully embroidered with colored monse-lair. We learn that these chairs are sent by Captain Rhodes of Quebec as a present to Napoleon III.

The specimens of woollen and linen goods from the manufactories of Mesdames Bouchard and Lacombe of the district of Quebec, included not only flannels, but fine shawls; and linens, from the coarse fabrics fitted for every day use, down to laces of rare beauty; but even these were surpassed by the straw bonnets of Mme. Contant, which attracted universal attention from their fineness and delicacy of finish. The carriage of Leduc was judged to be a piece of workmanship in all respects worthy to be sent to Paris; and the same is to be said of the harnesses of Courrette, Morris and others.

Among the raw materials, the collection of economic minerals contributed by Mr. Logan, the Director of the geological survey, attracted great attention; systematically made, and complete of its kind, it was every way calculated to give a high idea of the mineral riches of Canada. It might there be seen that we have in great abundance, deposits of iron ores of the richest quality and of great extent—ores of chrome, copper, lead and silver, and even mines of gold. The large and well-dressed blocks of building materials, included not only limestones in great variety, but beautiful freestones, and granites, rivaling those of Aberdeen; while the marbles were so rich in color and variety as to excite general surprise. Roofing slates from many lately opened quarries, soap-stones, ochres, water-cements, and stones for lithography, still farther augmented the collection; nor should we forget to mention the beautiful polished agates from Lake Superior, worthy to be reckoned as gems.

Mr. Dickson of Kingston, contributed a collection of some sixty small specimens of native Canadian woods; and from Mr. Sharples of Quebec were received a large number of planks and timbers of the woods used in commerce, well fitted to illustrate this important branch of our industry. Time would fail us to speak of all the objects worthy of notice which met our eyes at the Bonsecours Hall; but we can assure our readers that Canada will not appear least among the nations that will be represented in the new Palace of the Champs Elysées.

"A TRUE AMERICAN PROTESTANT."

"Oh! weep for Adonais, he is dead."—Shelley.

The champion of the Know-Nothings, Billy Poole—a low bar-room bully, a notorious blackguard, and pugilist of New York, whose only recommendation was his ardent attachment to Protestant and American principles—was mortally wounded some short time ago, in a drunken squabble in one of those haunts of infamy, which are as common in New York as in the large cities of the Old World. During the interval that elapsed before his death, the greatest interest in his fate was manifested by the Protestant press. Bulletins were daily published; his blasphemous ravings were duly chronicled; and every artifice was employed to make it appear that Billy Poole was the victim of a blood-thirsty conspiracy of Irish Papists—the real assassin being a Yankee, another rowdy ruffian like himself. At length Billy Poole gave out; and his last words, his dying bequest to the American Protestant people, were repeated in every brothel and gambling house in New York.

"Bury me above ground"—said this holy Protestant confessor—"let me rot in patent leather boots and a black suit. But above all things remember I die a TRUE AMERICAN, and never held truce with any bloody Papist who didn't eat meat on a Friday."

These were the last words of Billy Poole; his dying confession of faith, in keeping with his whole life—that of an abandoned blackguard. Great was the affliction in the "Know-Nothing" world, when it was announced that St. Billy was no more. By public acclamation funeral honors were decreed to him; and on Sunday, the 11th inst., his remains—as those of one who had died for the holy Protestant faith—were followed to the grave by a train of upwards of 80,000 persons, comprising the "Know-Nothings," the most notorious pick-pockets, the leading Protestant Societies, and the prostitutes of New York. There was mourning for Billy Poole; and from many a conventicle, and many a brothel, the voice of lamentation was heard—for one, mighty in the Protestant Israel, had gone to his own place. So they buried him at Greenwood; and are now about to erect a monument over his grave, that the memory of the great Protestant martyr, and Yankee patriot, may be handed down to the latest posterity. This is the history of Billy Poole. Now the rest of his acts, and how he was a bully by trade, and a blackguard by profession, are they not written in the records of the Police Court of New York?

And is there not a great moral lesson to be derived

from this history? Do not the "patent leather boots," and the "True Americanism" of their wearer—his legacy of hatred to "any bloody Papist who does not eat meat on a Friday," and the eighty thousand—pickpockets, "Know-Nothings," prostitutes, Protestant Societies, and brothel-bullies," who walked in procession behind his corpse, and made moan over him, saying—"Alas our brother"—do not these things furnish strange materials for a chapter on the "Protestant History of America?" Here we have a man, a bully and blackguard by profession, notoriously one of the vilest of the ruffians that hang on the outskirts of society, elevated to the dignity of a martyr, and patriot, and his death made the occasion for a great national and religious celebration by the Protestants of New York, simply because, he "hated Irishmen and Papists." In this hatred consisted his one, his only virtue; and this, in the eyes of his coreligionists and fellow countrymen was enough, and more than enough, to cover all his sins. Billy Poole, the hero of a hundred turpitudes, boasted that he "died a True American," and this boast has now been ratified by the verdict of his Protestant fellow citizens of New York.

The lesson we thence deduce, is, that Protestant America is not the fitting home for the "true Irishman" or the "true Catholic." Would that the history of Billy Poole, the "True American," were published from one end of Ireland to the other; so that it might warn Irishmen and Catholics, against the folly of leaving their own dear native land for the "model republic" of the West; so that it might teach them, that—if they must abandon Ireland, to seek elsewhere for a home and shelter, for peace, and religious liberty—republican and Protestant America, is the last country to which they should bend their steps. If, indeed, the social persecution against Catholics, now raging in the United States, shall have the effect of checking emigration from Ireland, or diverting it to any other country, we shall have many reasons to be thankful, even to the "Know-Nothings," and their champion, Billy Poole.

Lest we should be suspected of exaggeration or misrepresentation, we subjoin the following extracts from the N. Y. Times, a Protestant paper:—

"Poole was an American, and had taken an active part in the crusade against foreigners, which still engenders so much of public favor. This crusade, powerful as it is in religious and conservative circles, is still stronger and more determined and earnest in the class to which Poole belonged. He has been regarded very generally as a 'martyr' to the Native American cause—and consequently the most conspicuous among the organisations that attended his funeral were, the Chapters of the Order of United Americans, to which he belonged, and the Protestant associations which act in sympathy and in harmony with them. And to this feeling, more than any other, are we inclined to attribute the immense popular demonstration of yesterday afternoon."

The following is a description of the funeral procession, from the same source:—

"As the hour advanced, the throng in the street kept increasing in numbers. The various companies and associations who were to join in the obsequies, having previously formed at their respective head quarters, were gradually being added to the swelling numbers. By one o'clock Christopher street, from West street to Hudson, was a perfect mass of human beings. Windows, iron railings, branches of trees, the roofs of houses, and every available standing place, were brought in requisition. It was almost impossible for carriages to get near the place. They finally had to pass through Barrow-street, and reach Christopher-street by West-street. It was an utter impossibility to get within the house. Many made the effort, but gave it up as hopeless. The utmost propriety of conduct, however, prevailed without. An efficient police force, under Sergeant Richhardt, was in attendance to preserve order should any disturbance manifest itself.

"The hearse was drawn by four horses. Over the coffin was placed the American flag. On each side of the hearse were four laurel wreaths, looped with black. On either side appeared the words—'I die a true American.'"

"As the procession commenced its line of march, the utmost order prevailed. It was about half-past three o'clock. The crowd in the immediate vicinity could not have increased, for, as before stated, not a possible foothold or hanging place was left unused.—The Sixth and Eighth-avenue Railroads were so long obstructed in waiting for the procession to pass, that on either side, above and below, extended a line of cars reaching nearly a quarter of a mile. The procession passed up Christopher to Blecker street, and thence through to Broadway. The number of eager spectators were not in the least diminished. Windows and stoops and tops of fences were alive with earnest lookers-on. In Broadway the number of spectators were vastly increased. On each side, from Blecker street nearly to the Battery, the walk and street having just room enough for the procession to move, was a compact mass of human beings; windows likewise, and railings and the tops of buildings were brought in use. The Exchange Coffee House, corner of Howard and Broadway, which was owned by Poole at the time of his death, was draped in mourning. Along the line were stationed a police force, but their services, as far as we could learn, were not brought into requisition. Upon reaching South Ferry a large portion of the carriages with some of the companies and citizens forming the rear line, left the procession."

Thus, in America, the honors which in other lands are tendered only, and on rare occasions, to the best and noblest, are lavished upon the vilest of the vile, on the low prize-fighter and common bully, provided only he be a "true American" and a staunch Protestant, "who never held truce with a bloody Papist who would not eat meat on a Friday." Well may Irish immigrants in Canada thank God, that they have escaped the degradation of being "true American Citizens."

BEASTLY LECTURES.—There is an itinerant Yankee here in town, of the name of Fowler, who—professing to give instruction in the science, or pseudo-science, of Phrenology—is in reality nothing but a

professor of immorality and obscenity; delivering, to young men, and worse still to young women, a set of filthy lectures, which however appropriate, because necessary in the Anatomical Theatre, and before a parcel of medical students, are so dangerous and corrupting a nature, that the attention of the civic authorities should be called to the subject, and measures taken, either to drive the obscene lecturer from our good City of Montreal, or else to give him a few weeks' practical experience of hard labor, and bread and water.

A few years ago there was another Yankee black-guard of the same stamp, of the name of Townsend, here in Montreal, on the same abominable errand; and we were pleased to see that the Press, generally, discountenanced the nasty fellow. We owe it to the Montreal Transcript to acknowledge with gratitude that he has taken the lead of our city cotemporaries, in denouncing Mr. Fowler's lectures; for this, the thanks of the community—of every father and mother, of every husband and brother—are due to him; and we trust that the reception that Mr. Fowler—now that his real character is known—will meet from the respectable portion of our citizens, may have the good effect, of, for the future, deterring these filthy Yankee charlatans from importing their turpitudes into Canada. They may no doubt suit their fellow-countrymen and countrywomen well enough. Of that we are no judge, and upon that point we hazard no opinion. But this we say: that they should not be tolerated in any Christian society; and that the woman who would willingly go to listen to them must be already in heart and intent, if not in deed, a prostitute, and thoroughly depraved.

We write especially for the benefit of our Quebec friends, to whom this man Fowler—as we see by an advertisement in the Quebec Gazette—proposes to pay a visit; and whom, we suppose, he intends to edify with his blackguard lectures. We sincerely trust that Mr. Fowler may meet with the reception he richly deserves at Quebec; and that a hint may be given to the obscene tribe of Yankee lecturers to which he belongs, that, in coming to Canada, they bring their filthy wares to the wrong market. The pillory, with its accompaniment of egg sauce, or the cart's tail with a "cat-o-nine-tails" sharply applied, would do this fellow Fowler a world of good.

The circulation of obscene publications is by law prohibited, and the offence is punishable by the Magistrate. Immoral works have, ere now, been stopped in the Canadian Post Offices; and the offence of inserting filthy advertisements met, a short time ago, with a severe but well merited rebuke. Are there not, then, laws against the abominable offence against decency of which this man Fowler is rightly guilty? and if so, shall they not be put in force? Surely our worthy Mayor will see to it in time. By the bye how comes it, that a member of the French Canadian Missionary Society leases his premises for the purpose of delivering beastly and demoralising lectures? We pause for a reply.

"HISTORY OF CATHOLIC MISSIONS AMONG THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES." By J. G. Shea. Ed. Dunigan, New York.

The author of this interesting volume undertakes to establish, and incontestably proves, the facts, that—the Indian tribes of America, "evangelised by the French and Spaniards subsist to this day, except where brought in contact with the colonists of England, and their allies or descendants: while it is notorious that the tribes colonised by England, have, in many cases, entirely disappeared, and perished without ever having had the gospel preached to them."

Of the failure, or worse than failure, of Protestant missions amongst the heathen, we have proofs abundant in every quarter of the globe; but those adduced from the contrast of the condition of the Indian tribes converted by Catholic missionaries, with that of the tribes of the same race who have been left to the tender mercies of Protestantism, are, above all, striking and convincing. Where now are the numerous tribes which, but a short time ago, called the whole of the New England States their own? Hardly is there a single representative of them left at the present day. They have been shot down—driven from their lands and exterminated as vermin—and because New England is a Protestant country.

How different is it in Catholic Canada; where large communities of the descendants of the red man still exist; not merely as savage Indians, but as Christianised and civilised citizens. Why this difference? Why is it that in Canada we find whole tribes of Indians—as down below the Saguenay—who, still retaining most of their original wandering habits, who still supporting themselves entirely by hunting, have yet acquired—not only the religion—but many of the most useful arts, of the civilised white man—as for instance, the arts of reading and writing? Why is this? Whence this difference? Is it not that, whilst in New England the red man came in contact with the Protestant, who destroyed him, in Canada he encountered a friend in the Catholic, who instructed, civilised and Christianised him? We know not what other reason to assign for the phenomenon, unless it be that the Englishman is more cruel and blood-thirsty than the Frenchman. But this we do not believe to be true. Had New England been colonised by Catholics instead of canting Puritans, its valleys and its forests would still be the dwelling places of the red man; and the American Indian would now be the Catholic Christian. The Sandwich Islands—that Sodom and Gomorrah of the Pacific—and the North American Continent in so far as it has been peopled by Protestantised races, furnish abundant proofs of the truth of the proposition which Mr. Shea develops—that only where Catholic Missionaries have come in contact with the gentiles, have the fruits of Christianity been produced.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

March 5th, 1855.

SIR—I have noticed an article in one of your late numbers, headed "Religion and Politics," in which you adduce several weighty reasons to prove the impossibility of the two being ever totally disjoined. In this you appear to me to show that man, regarded as a citizen or member of a political society, could not fulfil the duties he owes to it unless swayed by religious motives. But need this be wondered at, when it may be considered that even the irrational animal, the brute that grazes the fields, proves the inseparable union which exists between the laws which govern the universe, and the Author from Whom they emanate? The difference is, that the one seeks by natural instinct that good, which the other is directed to seek after by means of his reasoning faculties. And not only does this pursuit of good in the irrational animal appear in its avoidance of what is evil and noxious, but even directly in seeking that degree of good proportioned to its nature, and which it has a right to expect from those who, as its superiors in the scale of being, have the care or management of it. But when we come to speak of man, who is a free agent, no one certainly can deny that he can attain to that good, to which his nature is adapted, only by following and consulting his reasoning faculties; and that when he fails to do this, he is the inferior even of that brute which blindly and necessarily follows the instincts implanted in it by the Supreme Author of both man and beast. We see, therefore, a necessary and immutable connection between the fulfilment of man's duties as a citizen or member of society, and the existence of deep religious influences; without the aid of which he could no longer act as a being subject to the supreme laws of the universe, and obliged by the wholesome restraints they impose upon him to keep his inferior appetites under the sway and control of his reason, but would necessarily fall into that state of barbarity in which indulgence and gratification would become his sole guides of action. We must, therefore, either suppose that God has committed this world to the reign of confusion, anarchy and disorder, or, what is identical, chance; or that (from the known contraries which exist between his animal propensities and the dictates of his reason) man can only find that good for which his nature has been destined, in following those principles which religion inculcates; and, consequently, as you maintained, that it is impossible to sever the connection which exists between the rational duties man owes to man, and those which he owes to God and to himself. These reflections are thus beautifully corroborated by St. Thomas (Qu. 60, art. 5 and 5)—"Inasmuch as God," says he, "is the common good of all things, everything may naturally be said to love God more than itself—for as he had already demonstrated (in corp. art.) each thing is more inclined unto that of which it forms a part, than unto itself, as the hand without deliberating, exposes itself to danger for the preservation of the whole body.—And since reason acts in imitation of nature, we shall even find this imitation in political virtues; for it is the duty of a virtuous citizen to expose himself to danger for the preservation of the common weal; and if man formed a material part of this city, this inclination would be natural to him. Because God therefore is the 'Universal Good,' and under this is contained both man and Angel as creature; since every creature, considered in its natural state, and inasmuch as it is, is of God, it follows that, by a natural affection, both Angel and man love God more strongly than self, and as their principal. Otherwise, if this natural love of the creature were stronger towards itself than towards God, it would follow that the love implanted by nature would be perverse, and that it would not be perfected by charity, but destroyed." So strong is the connection between the principles on which religion is based, and those on which is founded the well-being of society.—I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,

PHILOXENOS.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

St. Gregoire, Capt. Laughlin, 6s 3d; Loehiel, D. McMillan, 10s; A. E. Kennedy, 10s; Cobourg, E. Lawder, 15s; Pakenham, E. Lamy, 12s 6d; Chelsea, P. Bennett, 6s 3d; Kingston, Rev. Mr. Wally, 15s; Alexandria, K. McDonnell, 10s; Rawdon, L. Dupuis, £1 5s; Sault aux Recollets, S. Dagenais, 6s 3d; St. Scholastique, M. McEvoy, 6s 3d; Guelph, P. McNaughton, 15s; Normamby, A. McDonnell, 6s 3d; Coteau Landing, J. Bermingham, 5s; Roganbury, U. S., Rev. T. Keveny, £1; Huntington, J. Murphy, 10s; Chambly, M. O'Brien, 6s 3d; Burritt's Rapids, T. O'Toole, 5s; Williamstown, A. McGillis, 12s 6d; Norton Creek, Wm. Cross, 12s 6d; S. Plantagenet, J. Paxton, 6s 3d; Belleville, P. P. Lynch, 6s 3d; Barrie C. Bergan, 10s; Cap Sante, Miss M. M. Newcome, 10s; Adajala, J. Colgan, 12s 6d; P. McMahon, 12s 6d; Rawdon, R. E. Corcoran, £1 5s.

Per P. H. McCawley—Cobourg, E. Ely, £1 5s; Trenton, P. Monahan, 5s; Marysville, J. J. Martin, 12s 6d; Cobourg, J. Maloney, 12s 6d; J. Gordon, 12s 6d.

Per T. Raile, Railton—Self, 12s 6d; L. O'Reilly, 2s 6d; T. Daly, 10s; J. Garvin, 12s 6d; J. Hanlon, 10s; Dr. M. Dunn, 12s 6d; J. Dwyer, 12s 6d; J. Carey, 18s 9d.

Per W. Halley, Toronto, £4.
Per Rev. Mr. Lalor, Picton, Chertrey, Valley, M. O'Leary, 5s; Wellington, P. Murphy, 10s.

Per M. McKeney, Cobourg—Self, 1s 3d; D. Donegan, 6s 3d; J. Hogan, 12s 6d.

Per M. O'Leary, Quebec—R. Clancy, 7s 6d; H. McHugh, 15s; J. P. O'Meara, 15s; M. Connell, 7s 6d; M. Enright, 7s 6d; Mrs. Tachereau, 15s; M. Hawkins, 15s; Mrs. Colfer, 15s; B. Grey, 15s; W. Quinn, 15s; J. Lynch, 7s 6d; M. McCallum, 7s 6d; M. Lamontagne, 7s 6d; J. Cremazie, 15s; J. Petticlerc, 7s 6d; J. Beaky, 7s 6d; St. Elzear, Rev. M. Grenier, 12s 6d; Beauport, Rev. Mr. Langavin, 12s 6d; Per A. Stuart, McDonald, Cornwall—Greenfield, J. McDonald, £2 1s 6d; Athol, G. McDonnell, 10s.

Births.

In this city, on the 18th inst., Mrs. George Mathews of a son.
At Lachine, C. E., on the 15th inst., Mrs. John O'Flaherty, of a son.

Died.

In this city, at an advanced age, Mrs. Widow Gavin, a native of the County Roscommon, Ireland—May her soul rest in peace.
At Quebec, on the 11th inst., at the residence of his son-in-law (Mr. John Lane), Mr. Peter McMahon Gavan, at the advanced age of 83 years. The deceased was a native of the County Monaghan, Ireland, and was the uncle of Charles Gavan Duffy, Esq., M.P., proprietor of the Nation newspaper. He was a resident of Quebec for the last 36 years, and was highly respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.—R.T.P.