

The Late Bishop of Quebec.

On the first page will be found a portrait of the Venerable Bishop of Quebec, who has just passed away from amongst us, after a long and diligent life spent in the service of his Divine Master, and in the promotion of the best interests of his adopted country. We are indebted for the following sketch of his long and interesting career, to our able contemporary the *Montreal Gazette*.

Born in 1789, in Norwich, England, the year in which the first French Revolution commenced, he was aged 74. Thus, with him too, yet another link is broken, connecting the present with the past generation of men, and a past order of human things. His life, from his youth up, was spent in the sacred calling of the service of his Divine Master, to whom he has gone to render his last account of the important stewardship committed to his charge. It is well known that he did the duties of his high calling, laboriously and conscientiously, with the single view to promote the service of God, and to save the souls of men. We do not write these merely as words of course on the occasion of the death of a Bishop,—of whom no man had aught that was ill to say, and whose fair name was never sullied by the breath of dishonor,—but from an intimate conviction of their truth, from some opportunity of personal observation, and from opinions of men who are the best able to give them. He was, moreover, as a man possessed of ability, added to conscientious earnestness and ripe scholarship; and he was eminently a Christian gentleman. Probably there are not many of our Canadian readers to whom his tall, and of late years, somewhat stooping form is not well known, and few to whom it can be altogether indifferent that that earthly presence has forever passed from our midst. His name will live in the memory and in the history of the English Church in Canada, intimately coupled as it is with its early career; and his memory will live in many hearts. Our instincts might prevent our uttering in public these words descriptive of the character of the departed Bishop, for fear that they might be interpreted by some into even seeming adulation, but we do think it is a journalist's duty to record the good that men who have held important trusts have done. And it is particularly well in a time like this,—when the strife of men in the pursuit of wealth, of politics, of faction, of ambition,—has become so bitter, and often so little scrupulous, to dwell upon the character and example of a Christian gentleman. Even as a simple question of political consideration, there is much in such kind of influence which checks and tones our modern civilization, with its wonderfully active development, just, as the best authors on the early civilization of Europe show us, there was in building it up.

It scarcely falls within the province of the editor of a daily paper to write the life of Bishop Mountain, and we have not, besides, the necessary materials; but from what we know and have been able to gather we may state a few particulars, for the principal dates of which we are indebted to Mr. Morgan's book. We believe he came to this country with his father, the first Bishop of the English Church in Canada, when a boy, but was afterwards sent home to be educated for the Church as we have already stated.—He studied at Cambridge and graduated at Trinity College, in 1810; was ordained Deacon in 1812; and Priest in 1813. He served after his ordination in the Cathedral at Quebec. Was appointed Rector of Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1814; and in 1817 Rector of Quebec and Bishop's official. In 1821 he was appointed Archdeacon, and in 1825 was deputed to go to England on Church business. After his return he was made Examining Chaplain to Bishop Stewart. He again went to England on matters connected with the Clergy Reserves in 1835, and while there, he was

in 1836, consecrated Bishop of Montreal. His diocese at the time really comprised the whole of Lower Canada, Bishop Stewart retaining only Upper Canada; and, shortly afterwards, he really had for a time both Provinces under his charge, for Bishop Stewart became ill and retired. His diocese therefore stretched from Labrador to the Red River Settlement; and he had this extended charge till 1839, when the present Bishop of Toronto, who is now full of years, was appointed. He afterwards had the whole of Lower Canada for a diocese, as Bishop of Quebec and Montreal, till 1850, when the present Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan was appointed. He travelled much when travelling was not so easy as at present. At the age of 72 he visited Labrador in pursuance of his duties, which is a feat that is worthy of particular mention. In 1844 he went to the Red River settlement; and in 1853, he went to England to meet the Bishop of Australia and confer on the subject of synodical action in Colonial Churches, on which occasion he received the Degree of D. C. L. at Oxford. 'He is well and deservedly remembered by many for the active part he took in ministering to the fever-stricken emigrants at Gross Isle, in 1849, where he served, taking the place of his son, (Rev. A. W. Mountain) as also during the fearful time of cholera in 1832-34. To him disease had no terrors, no dangers. In the administration of his holy office he was regardless of all things save his duty.' 'Bishop Mountain is also the founder of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and of the Church Society organizations, for the completion of which he had to labor long and faithfully. He has spent a large portion of his income in behalf of our Canadian Church, and in relieving the distressed. When the Metropolitan See of Canada was offered to him a short time since, he respectfully declined the honor, he was advanced in years and he would not accept the office when he could not perform the duties appertaining to it.' Bishop Mountain had not the gift of oratory in the sense of being a popular preacher; but no man of education could listen to his sermons and fail to feel that they were the production of an earnest and scholarly mind; and they always commanded respect and attention. He did not depend for success on any meretricious display. We remember reading some years ago a volume of poems which he published.—The impression which it made upon us was that it contained some fine thoughts, well expressed; but that his Lordship could scarcely put in a title for enduring fame, as a poet. With him, as with the Duke of Wellington in another sphere, the well performance of the duties of his calling, was the guiding principle of his life.

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THE SOUTHERN PRESS ON ENGLAND.

In social life it is by no means an unfrequent thing to meet with a man whose unreasonable temper requires that his friends should participate in all his quarrels—should summarily cast off any one who may have injured him, or with whom he has had any difference, resulting in estrangement.

The Northern and the Southern States at the present time, are striking types of this individual. The hatred with which they regard each other is so intense, as

to admit of no middle ground for either themselves or their neighbours to stand upon. Neutrality in their quarrel is enmity, a word of advice or of criticism is a flagrant crime.

Thus for the last eighteen months, we poor Britishers have been exposed to the melo-dramatic fury of the Union press, for alleged sympathy with the South; and now a portion of the Confederate press is braying with assinine loudness over our sympathy with the North, bespattering us with copious showers of filth from its exhaustless reservoirs of that article. Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell are two 'cold-blooded old mummies,' we are told, comparable to nothing human except 'Billy Seward,' whose tools they are. England has no desire to see this war stopped, until 'both parties are hopelessly ruined'; she has stood like an inhuman spectator of a street fight, 'patting both parties on the back,' and much more in the same elegant strain.

Now what on earth do you mean Mr. Chivalry? In what way has England patted you on the back? was it she who organized the Knights of the Golden Circle, broke up the Charleston Convention, or battered down the walls of Fort Sumter? or did she advise you to do it. For these works you waited for no patting on the back, and these were the immediate causes of your present trouble. These were the first fruits of the evil seed which our fathers planted and you failed to uproot, the first pulsations of returning life to the viper you had cherished. You are now reaping the fulness of the terrible harvest, and writhing under the pain of the inevitable sting. But this is the work of your own hands.

Like the goat of old,—friend—you have fallen into a pit, but England had no hand in your fall, and is under no moral obligation to lift you out, at the risk of tumbling in herself.

We mourn over your infatuation—over the unhappy strife which desolates your home, and defaces the beauty of your smiling fields. We have reason to mourn over them. They have brought home to us with fearful force the fact, that, every stroke of human suffering 'radiates in pulsations of unmerited pain'. But we acknowledge no responsibility in the matter. It is emphatically untrue that we either patted you on the back or held you by the coat tails, and we would have but acted the fool if we had.

If the influence of our national voice would bring you a return of peace, the word would quickly be spoken, but you well know that it would not. We might of course lessen your sufferings by taking a larger share of them upon ourselves; we might secure victory to you, at the expense of our own blood and treasure. Apart from the question of international morality involved, what inducement do you hold out, that should lead us to do so? You point to the justice of your cause. Perhaps, Sir, you are not at present competent to give a disinterested opinion on that point. 'The Stars and Bars' floating in triumph over the sunny South, securing you the right to 'wallop' your 'niggers' under your own vine and fig tree; may be a splendid conception, a magnificent ideal, for a chivalrous nation to cherish. It awakes however no responsive thrill in British bosoms.

Whatever sympathy you have had from us has been owing mainly to the abuse we have received from your blustering Northern brother. Your cause, with that black corner stone which you esteem such an ornament, excites no enthusiasm with us.

To conclude, Sir, if you must have slavery to keep you in idleness, and Resolutions to relieve the tediousness of an idle life; you need not be surprised if the world leaves you to profit by the stern teachings of experience.

The receipt of 100 barrels of Flour from the people of Elora to the suffering poor of Lancashire, is gladly acknowledged by the English papers.

ALTAR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HAMILTON—NEWLY ERECTED.

This beautiful Altar, which has just been completed, was designed and executed by M. Zepher Perrault, of Montreal, and is a worthy monument of that gentleman's mechanical skill and artistic talents.

The Altar is 48 feet high and 20 feet wide. It is of the Gothic order of architecture. The front is elaborately carved and finished in white, tipped with gold leaf, the statue in the centre is that of the Virgin Mary and child.

The sides are finished in oak, and support statues of the twelve apostles in plaster. To the left may be seen the Bishop's Throne, surmounted by a richly carved canopy, immediately opposite this is a beautiful niche, in which is placed a group representing the Holy Family, surmounted by the scene of the crucifixion, which our engraving does not show. It is useless however for us to go into detail, as our excellent engraving will speak for itself.

We speak but the opinion of the best judges when we say that this altar is not surpassed, if equalled, by any thing of the kind in British North America. We hope that the Architect will earn by it, that wide-spread reputation which his eminent talents deserve.

PROFESSOR SIDDONS.—In spite of the bad weather, this gentleman and his promising young daughter have drawn audiences to our pretty and commodious 'Good Templars' Hall.' Mr. Siddons has also been giving some hints and lectures on 'Elocution' to our newly formed Literary Association. We predict great things for Miss Siddons, if she studies diligently. She has a fine voice, quickness of apprehension, and most chaste humor.

HOME ITEMS.

Messrs. Howland and Sicotte came passengers by the *Africa*, which arrived at Halifax on Friday morning.

The difficulty between Mr. George T. Cary and the Lessees of the *Mercury*, has been amicably settled, and that journal is now in their hands. It will make its appearance this morning, and continue to be published as a daily from henceforth.

The inhabitants of Galt have sent off, as the first instalment of their contributions to the Lancashire Relief Fund, two hundred barrels of Flour, which they will deliver to the Committee at Manchester free of expense. The rest of the contributions will immediately follow.

ARCTIC BIRDS BELOW QUEBEC.—A letter from Rimouski informs the *Canadian* that the lower St. Lawrence has been visited lately by an extraordinary affluence of birds,—ducks, wild geese and other game. They were left undisturbed, on account of the sportsmen being scarce in that region. They took their departure further south at the approach of the December snow-storms. They have been succeeded by an unprecedented influx of Arctic birds, seldom, if ever, seen in the Province. These are white partridges and white owls. The former are now as abundant at Rimouski, Ste. Fraise, St. Fabien du Bic, &c., as pigeons are in the spring. They keep together in large flocks and are easily approached and killed. The white owls are the terror of the smaller birds, which have disappeared at their approach. The farmers have set traps for them, and destroyed a great number. The people think that this extraordinary arrival of Arctic birds forbodes a severe winter.

A young girl of the delicate variety fainted the other day when told that gun-barrels were often exhibited without breeches.

Profound silence in a public assemblage has been thus neatly described; 'One might have heard the stealing of a pocket-handkerchief.'

A beggar-woman, when questioned if she were not an Irish woman, dropped a courtesy, and added, 'Sure I am, yer honor, and have been ever since I was a child.'