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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1855.

NO. 13.

## DIARY OF THE SIEGE.

(From the London Times' Correspondent.)

SEBASTOPOL, September 29.—The enemy, having discovered the preparations for throwing up batteries near Fort Alexander and the ruins of Fort Paul by the French and English respectively, recommenced a heavy fire from the northern works and forts this morning, which they continued throughout the day, and which, at times, amounted to a cannonade. The French mortars replied to it with vigor, aided by some guns on the left. The Russians fired from Fort Michael, from Little Severnaya, and from the Harbor Spur Battery, and their shot went crashing through the ruined houses, but did not create any very serious injury. An enormous convoy was seen going out of the northern camps towards Simpheropol, but it was impossible to ascertain whether the carts were full or empty. As it was an exceedingly clear day, we could look into the Russian camps as clearly as if they had been our own, and through my glass I could make out the faces of the gunners on the top of Fort Catherine, who were working the guns *en barbette*. The enemy were working with great energy at new batteries all over the extensive series of sloping hill-sides south of the Belbek. Their Kadikoi, or Donnybrook fair, had, like ours, revived again, and was well attended, and in the distance large herds of oxen ranged at will. On going down to the town I heard that our 17-gun battery, begun last night by Lieutenant Graham, R.E., was stopped by order. Possibly we may be going to do something which will render such works of no utility. The progress of the men in removing wood from the houses is so rapid that there will scarcely be a stick of the place left. At four o'clock a serious accident took place, which has inflicted some loss on the army in depriving them of a considerable magazine of wood. A shell from the Russians burst close to the barracks, and a merchant sailor ran to look at the crater it formed in the ground. Thence he entered the building itself, and scattered about smoking his pipe till he came to some loose gunpowder, on which, being of a scientific and experimentalizing turn of mind, he tried the effects of dropping several sparks from the burning tobacco. The powder, as is not unusual in such cases, exploded with violence, and blew up the sailor and a sentry outside. They were both dreadfully burnt. As the floor was covered with cartridges and loose powder, the fire caught, and went leaping on by fits and starts to a large quantity of the same combustible matters. No one could approach to stop the fire. It at last caught the magazine, and the explosion blew out the walls and ceilings of the central barrack. The flames set fire to the dry woodwork, and in a short time the whole pile of buildings, which were of admirable construction, was in a blaze. The conflagration lasted till all that could be burnt was consumed, and lighted up the sky at night to a great distance. All that remains of the Imperial Barracks of Sebastopol is a mass of charred and blackened stones, split by the action of the fire. The Russians, thinking that the accident had been caused by their own fire, plied their guns with increased vigor, and threw shot and shell around the place, but did no damage. It is not quite certain that the man who caused the accident was a sailor. Some people say he was a navy of the Army Works Corps. Whoever he was, by the act for which he so dearly paid, he destroyed not less than 30,000 cartloads of wood, which would have been made available for hutting and fuel. It is, on the whole, a miracle that more accidents of the kind do not occur, owing to the neglect of the authorities and the carelessness of the men. No one seems to take any care to destroy the great quantities of powder, loose and in cartridges, which is to be found in all the Russian batteries, and in every nook and corner of the place. It was only the other day a naval officer pointed out to me the danger arising from the number of live shells lying inside the Redan. The fuses are open tubes of wood, and have no caps, so that a spark setting fire to one fuse would blow all the shells up. These live shells are to be found in all directions, and are generally nicely imbedded near small magazines or piles of cartridges. It is now supposed that the explosion which took place in the Strand Battery, and hurt so many men, was a fougasse. The Russians seem to be strengthening their camps near Mackenzie's Farm.

October 2.—The army is amused by rumors of active service, while all around them gives token of hibernation and stagnation, except our allies and the enemy. It is whispered that on Thursday next there will be a secret expedition for a place the name of which is by no means secret, and that 25,000 French and 15,000 English troops are to go on board the fleet with all possible expedition on that day. Again, it is said, "orders have been received from England" by electric telegraph to keep all steamers in Balaklava or at Kamiesch; but, if such orders were sent, they were assuredly disobeyed, for steamers leave Balaklava daily, and the Great Britain, largest of them all, is getting ready to return home on Saturday next, and will be preceded by the Colombo and several others. The telegraph has many evil qualities attributed to it. Quick as is its agency, it is sometimes too slow. For example, it is stated that orders were sent from home to spare the houses, public buildings, and docks of Sebastopol. It was only in our power to comply with the latter part of these injunctions, for the bombs and shot of our batteries, aided by the enemy's destructiveness, had laid all in ruin, and the docks only require a lighted match to fire the train, and these models of grand design and of beautiful workmanship will be mere craters of blocks of red granite, fine sandstone, and granite. Another indication of an intention to move is supposed to be conveyed by the fact that returns have been required from each regiment of the number of bat horses belonging to it, but those returns are not asked for in anticipation of any expedition whatever. Actually the work of the army is one of preparation, not for motion but for stagnation. The men are engaged on great roads from the ports to the front, which will be permanent marks of the existence of the allied armies on this spot for centuries; in fact, with so much labor at their disposal, our authorities are determined, if possible, to atone for the apathy of last autumn. It must be remembered that the enemy has an equal amount of labor set free for the accumulation of stores and the formation and repair of roads, and that they can now cover the Crimea with depots and fortified lines from Simpheropol to the Belbek. The roads which we are making are almost beyond the requirements of an army of temporary occupation. All these preparations are being made to enable the army to exist comfortably in its winter cantonments, to bring up huts, food, clothing, and fuel, and to remove guns, mortars, and *matériel* from the front. The trenches will be left as they are, except in so far as the parapets will be affected by the removal of the gabions which the men are permitted to take away for firewood. For these peaceful labors we have been blessed by the most lovely weather. The days are warm, and the air is charmingly fresh and pure.—The autumnal or second summer of the Crimea has shone upon us with all the delightful influences of repose. The earth teems again with herbs and flowers of autumn. Numerous bulbous plants are springing up over the steppes, among which the "Colchicum Autumnale" is prominent, and the hill sides ring with the frequent volleys directed upon innumerable quail, against which our army wages fierce battle at present. The demolition of the houses in Sebastopol goes on, but it is not so safe to visit the place as it was formerly, inasmuch as the Russians now shell vigorously, and throw shot at any considerable groups in the streets. The French have two mortars, which belonged, I believe, to the Russians, among the ruins of the Karabelnaia, and bombard the barracks in the citadel with great success.

October 5.—The expedition seems settled, and will assuredly sail this week, unless the weather should turn out very unfavorable. The Light (not the Hussars) Brigade of Cavalry have received orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark, and it is believed they are going to Eupatoria. Our destination is kept as close as possible, but every one affects to know it, points it out slyly on charts, or mutters it into your ear. The excursion of the fleet, and its return a short time back, may now have a deeper significance than before, but, if it was a ruse, the secret is now known to the enemy. We are told this expedition is going to Oczakoff, at the entrance to the Bug, or to Kinburn, or other abstruse places known in England only to the "Hertfordshire Incumbent" and a few Fellows of the Geographical Society. You will be intimately acquainted with all its proceedings, not to speak of its destination, by the time this communication is half way to Marseille, and I am almost afraid to say where I think we are going to, but with much deference suggest that it is intended as a feeler towards Perekop and Nicholaieff. The exact number of French I do not know, but I have heard that they will number 15,000. The Light Cavalry Brigade, under Lord George Paget, C.B., is said to be destined for Eupatoria, and it is evident that a strong demonstration is intended against the Russian convoys westward of the Tchongar route into Russia. If we are only blessed with moderate weather for a few weeks, these expeditions, judiciously handled, may precipitate the evacuation of the Crimea; but if the winter gales set in early it will be hazardous or impossible to land. Already the skies look unsettled and lowering—dark fog banks rest occasionally on the Euxine, and masters of sailing transports anchored outside Balaklava in 30 or 40 fathoms of water look

uneasily to windward as they think of the storm of Nov. 14, 1854.

At present the troops are in excellent health. Our strength is very considerable. It is almost as numerous as that with which the Duke fought the battle of Vittoria. The infantry counts 27,000; the cavalry, 3,500; the artillery, 9,000—in fine, General Simpson has under his command not less than 38,000 effectives of all arms. There are few things to be complained of; but an army is an insatiable creature, and its providers must be as thoughtful and foreseeing as ants. Supplies must come in beforehand in prodigious quantities, or we are starved out. A pile of stores disappears in a day. To all commissariat officers in charge at Balaklava it may be well said—"Nulla fronti fides."—"Have no faith in the front." When we hear of deficient harvests and of a want of breadstuffs at home, the recollection of the enormous quantities of wheat and corn destroyed at Kertch is forcibly before us. At the time it seemed wasteful, almost wicked, to burn this corn, when we were bringing food at enormous expense from England and every country in the world. We are now sending agents to America to buy breadstuffs. Could not Sir George Brown have managed to carry away a little of the millions of pounds of the precious article which we destroyed so recklessly? Verily, there is a Nemesis springs out of such deeds sooner or later, and ruin has not been long in attaining a dangerous maturity. We have been obliged to borrow flour from both French and Sardinians—but then it must be remembered that we consider it necessary to give our men bread four times a-week, though the French are contented if they get bread once a-week. Our stock of rum is exhausted. The rum-ships have not come in, and at present the whole army is drawing its supplies from the commissariat stores of the 4th Division, where Captain Dick, Land Transport Corps, and Deputy-Adjutant-Commissary-General Barlee had accumulated rum for their men for 70 days. As an instance of other deficiencies, I may mention that the butchers embarked for the commissariat of the expedition have no implements to carry on their trade with, and that they cannot procure them in the camp, even though they paid for them. In the same way the soldiers on the roads have scanty and inadequate tools to work with, and those used during the siege by the army are worn out. Captain Foster, who is in charge of the Croat and civil laborers, will be obliged to go down to Constantinople in a few days to purchase tools, and, instead of getting out good articles from England, we spend money and time in trying to repair those which are really useless. The Sappers' tools, which have been handed over to the men employed under the Army Works Corps here, are all that could be expected of them. But what are these as compared to the evils endured by our adversary? True, indeed, that of the condition of the Russian army encamped on the Belbek nothing certain is known in camp, but the generals have means of information, the action of which and the results are not divulged. Now and then one gets a glimpse of the world beyond the adverse sentries. The pickets bring in some foot-sore, ragged, emaciated, sickly-looking deserter, who tells a sad tale of want and suffering. Is he a Dolon or not? That is the question. The deserters who come in to the Sardinians are sent to our head-quarters; those who surrender to the Turks are brought to the French *Quartier-Général*. The last two who arrived at General Simpson's were a Pole and a Russian, and both were in such a condition as to excite the liveliest compassion among our soldiers. Their clothes were in rags, and the fragments of their boots scarcely clung to their feet. They came from the army near Baidar, and they stated that the whole of the men were in the same state; that all they had to eat was bread or biscuit and barley, and that they get no meat, and had only occasional issues of quarter rations of vodka, or spirits. Their officers told the troops that the allies were starving, and had no forage for their horses; and these two men were observed to laugh and throw up their hands in surprise as they passed the great piles of provisions accumulated at our depot on the Col. They said they were laughing at the lies which had been told to them. They were in such a forlorn state that Colonel Blane, the kind and feeling commandant of the head-quarters camp, sent down an active and intelligent non-commissioned officer, Sergeant Gillespie, of the Provost Marshal's department, under whose immediate control all prisoners are placed, to the Russian stores at Sebastopol to get them great-coats and clothing, but he could not find any boots, and it was observed that no boots were in store when the place was taken, and that the prisoners were very badly shod. This is very unusual with Russian troops, and shows the straits to which their army must be reduced. When the place was evacuated the English took 62 prisoners, many of whom were drunk and asleep amid the ruins of the

houses, and they were all badly dressed and ill provided with shoes or boots. The wounded men taken in recent affairs of outposts by the Sardinians present the same appearance, and the fact is evident that the Russians are rapidly deteriorating in condition and in external efficiency. The men state they get 3lb. of bread or 1lb. of biscuit a-day, and a little barley, which they boil into a kind of soup, and that that is all their rations. Now and then, as I have said, they receive a small allowance of wheat or barley brandy. They are kept alive by assurances that the allies must soon go, and then they will have (poor deluded creatures!) the spoils of the English camp, which is rich in everything but food. Most of these men are exceedingly tractable, and they are found to make excellent servants at head-quarters, so long as they are not let at the rum. They are obedient, hard-working, and easily contented, and their masters all speak highly of them. Since the war began we have had nearly 1,000 of them at head-quarters, and very few of them have belied that character. One of them, a Polish non commissioned officer, was of great use as a spy, but he was seized with an unconquerable desire to join the Polish Legion at Varna, and had got as far as Odessa, when he was recognized and shot as a deserter. There are many races in the Russian army, but none seem willing to desert except the Poles, and the number of these disaffected soldiers who have come over to us is very small indeed. In reference to a paragraph which you published from a contemporary, classifying the regiments engaged in the attack on the Redan into English, Irish, and Scotch, in accordance with the names each of them bears, I can assure you nothing can be more fallacious than any deductions from such *data*. It is not by any means true that each regiment consists in most part of natives of, or is raised in, the province or county from which it derives its name. For instance, a large proportion of the 41st Welsh are Irish, and that regiment till lately has been recruited in Ireland, but now orders have been issued to raise men in Wales, where the character and reputation of the regiment may at present exercise greater influence in procuring recruits. The 77th, which is called the East Middlesex Regiment, is almost exclusively composed of Irishmen; the 30th, or Cambridgeshire, contains a very great number of Irishmen also; and the 90th, or Perthshire Volunteers, has quite as many men from Tipperary as from the shire it is named after. The same remark is true of many other regiments engaged; but there are very few Irish in the Rifle Brigade, still fewer in the Highland regiments, and least of all in the Guards. The 21st North British Fusiliers contains many Irish and many natives of Gloucester and Somersetshire—in fact, a regiment is constituted of natives of the districts into which it sends its recruiting parties and with which it has, as it were, a connexion, so that you will find a great number of the Royal Artillery come from the north of Ireland, and of Riflemen from Kent, and of Marines from the midland counties and seaport towns of England, and of the 71st Highland Light Infantry from Glasgow. The names of the killed and wounded, though by no means a certain or accurate index of the districts from which regiments are recruited, generally furnishes bases for a tolerably just approximation to the truth.

## CAMP OF THE ALLIED ARMIES ON THE TCHERNAYA, OCTOBER 6.

There is no assertion, however absurd in itself, to which peculiar circumstances cannot give at least a semblance of truth: thus the elaborate sophistry of the Belgian paper *Le Nord* that the fall of Sebastopol is rather an advantage than otherwise for the Russian army, that it renders Prince Gortschakoff's position more concentrated, and consequently less assailable, seems to get a semblance of truth, in face of the inactivity of the allied armies for the last month. As long as there was the slightest reason to suppose that the Russians had recognized their position in the Crimea as untenable, and that they were on the point of retiring, a movement as if to threaten their flank and rear from Baidar, or some half-measure in the direction of Eupatoria, may have been thought sufficient to help on this good-natured resolution so freely attributed to the Russians; but now, when even the most incredulous must have been convinced that nothing is further from the idea of the Russians, when we see and know them to be making preparations to keep their line of plateaux during the winter, and when only a short space of time remains during which anything can be undertaken before the winter sets in, it would not be so very surprising if the assertions of the above-mentioned paper, about the improved position, of the Russian army, found believers elsewhere than in the brains of its editor. Of course this month may have been one of preparations, but it has been so for both parties. The expedition to the north, the orders received by the Light Cavalry Brigade to be in readiness to embark

for Eupatoria, and a fresh augmentation of the French troops in Baidar, principally by cavalry, and rumors of a simultaneous movement from Kertch towards the peninsula of Tchongar, seem all to indicate at last some combined movement and the end of the time of preparations. Although the end of the siege operations leaves us at liberty to employ a great number of men formerly required for the trenches, and although the destruction of the Russian fleet relieves our own from a tedious blockade, and thus gives us nearly unlimited means of transport to throw a body of men on any point of the coast, and makes it possible at any moment to choose a new base of operations, there are still no small, although by no means insuperable, difficulties in the way of a movement in advance from our side. The chief difficulties arise from our being obliged to guard the ruins of Sebastopol, in order to prevent the Russians from establishing themselves there once more. We have thus to occupy a long line and to divide our army, which gives the advantage to the Russians of operating in a central position, and of falling with their whole force upon one or other point of our line of operations. This would be indeed a hazardous operation for them if a considerable force of ours were in the north. It would be like Scipio's burning his ships; it would be throwing everything on one chance, and exposing themselves to be shut up in the south of the Crimea and starve during the winter; but it might succeed, and cause us considerable loss. To obviate this we must either destroy what is destructible on the south side, and retire behind the lines of Kamiesch and Balaklava, which would free at once the greatest part of the army for field operations, or make the south our basis of operations, forcing the plateau from Bakshiserai down the north plateau of Sebastopol, leaving only a flying corps, principally of cavalry, to harass the communications of the Russians; or else, as a third alternative, only take up positions this year which may serve as bases of operations for the next. The extensive roadmaking and hutbuilding, not only on the plateau of the Chersonese, but likewise all along the Tchernaya line up to Alsu, seems to indicate the intention of occupying this line during the winter. Everywhere the axe and spade are in just as much request as when trenches were still the order of the day.

#### THE ALLIES AT EUPATORIA.

September 29.—After the expedition mentioned in my last letter the army here remained quiet until yesterday, the French Generals and the Pashas exchanging visits of ceremony, and the Turks and Egyptians felicitating themselves in no small degree upon the success that had attended their enterprise. Some little matters connected with the expedition oozed out in the way of gossip; and, among other things, it was said that a captain of Tartar Lancers had deserted to the Russians during the fog; and that he had borrowed a very fine horse from a friend in order to carry out his arrangements with greater security. This story is probably true; for I can attest, from a residence of some months in Eupatoria, that the most cruel of all kinds of oppression—that in which the incompetence of rulers leaves a defenceless people at the mercy of unprincipled and rapacious subordinates—has completely alienated the native population from the Turks, in spite of original predilections, community of creed, and affinity of race and language. Yesterday afternoon the French soldiers were reviewed on the plain, and performed a few cavalry and artillery movements in their usual dashing style. Towards evening it was announced that another expedition was arranged for the night, and at about 2 o'clock this morning the troops began to move. 5,000 Egyptian infantry, with 10 field-pieces, and a party of Bash-Bazouks, under the command of Ismail Pasha, took the road towards Sak. Achmet Pasha, the Turkish General-in-Chief, with 7,000 Turkish infantry, 2,000 cavalry, 17 guns, and some Bash-Bazouks, went towards the interior, but in a direction bearing to the north-west; and General D'Alonville, with his cavalry, 4,000 Egyptian infantry, and five Egyptian guns, followed a course intermediate between those of the other divisions. Anticipating only a slow and weary march in the dark, I resolved to follow at daybreak; but was prevented from doing so, and could not get clear of the town until nearly 11 o'clock, although there had been some firing heard three hours before.—Once mounted and on the plain, I soon fell in with some Bash-Bazouks, returning laden with heterogeneous plunder to their camp, and learnt from them the direction taken by Achmet Pasha's division to which they had been attached. I followed, guided by the smoke of burning villages, over ground bearing a strong general resemblance to the uncultivated outskirts of Salisbury Plain, intersected in the same way by parallel valleys separated by slight ridges of hill, and dotted here and there by tumuli. From some peculiarity of atmosphere distant objects appeared unnaturally large, and hence much nearer than they really were. I was led on, being deceived in this way, to a village on the far horizon, from which flames and smoke were issuing during about two hours that I had it in sight. I passed two other hamlets that had been hastily deserted by their owners, remnants of whose property were lying scattered about. The wretched cabins had caught fire from some burning stacks of hay; and a strong wind fanned the flame in a way that promised their entire destruction. After leaving the second of these hamlets, the road, a mere beaten track over the plain, was strewn with potatoes, eggs, and other evidences of a hasty flight. Presently I came upon an araba, broken down and abandoned, but filled with sacks of excellent barley; and at last, after a ride of about 15 miles, reached the village that had been the goal of this division of the expedition. I found there Achmet Pasha, attended by his staff; and the magnates were busy carrying little handfuls of litter from

an adjoining yard, and laying them against some large stacks of excellent coal that did not burn fast enough to satisfy the Pasha's organ of destructiveness, although they had long maintained a bonfire visible for many miles. Just in advance of this village was Sibley Bey, with his Bash-Bazouks. They had surprised the place in the morning, but had taken no prisoners, as the few soldiers there had made their escape, leaving behind them 20 sabres, several carbines, and the epaulettes of the officer in command, whose very handsome Lancer's shako fell off, moreover, in his flight, and was found to contain a watch of some value. The Bash-Bazouks were much elated by their trophies, and those who could obtain a sword or a gun at once added it to the number of the weapons that already dangled in all directions from their saddles or their persons. Around and behind the village the troops were resting after their march, and Cossacks were perched on the brow of the next hill ready to give intimation of the slightest movement of their adversaries. Sibley Bey estimated the force in front of him at a few hundred men, all cavalry, and with no guns. They had retreated without striking a blow, keeping pace with the advance of the Turks, and halting when they halted. About two o'clock the Pasha was satisfied with the hold obtained by the fire upon the stacks of coal, and a recall was ordered. Somewhere or other, in the advance, two prisoners had been taken—an old white-headed lieutenant, and a common soldier. These unfortunates, with three camels, made up the tale of captives; but the before-mentioned barley araba and another cart found in one of the villages had been seized as spoils of war, and the Turks turned their steps towards Eupatoria, with the air of men whose faces were white, and who had performed exploits worthy of a place in history. A terrible blow awaited their self-sufficiency. The French had found themselves opposite to eight squadrons of cavalry and six field-pieces, and, from some reason or other—possibly a strange and unnatural relish for fighting—they not only managed to advance faster than the enemy could retreat, but charged up to the battery, sabred the gunners, captured the guns, with their carriages, horses, tackle, and everything complete, and took 200 men, with as many horses. This was accomplished at a cost of six men killed and 10 wounded, and the victors declared that they had left 50 or 60 Russians dead upon the field, besides some 20 or 30 wounded whom I saw riding upon the gun carriages. The unwounded prisoners were marched in, and were, judging from appearances, anything but downcast at their lot. They were mostly fine, soldierlike looking men; and there were two officers among them—one a Pole, from Wilna. We have heard here, from deserters and other sources, that the army outside has suffered great privations; but such tales are completely contradicted by the aspect of the prisoners taken to-day—as well as by that of a dead Russian soldier, whose body, stripped by plunderers, I saw upon the plain and stopped to notice. When the converging lines of return brought the French and the Turks together, the latter looked sadly chafallen, and the two prisoners, the camels, and the carts were no longer magnified into a case for exultation. It is supposed that this and the last expedition, by the capture of the artillery and the destruction of the places of shelter and the stores of forage, will leave the country about here free from the Russians for the present; but the question may well be asked—why was not this done before? An army of Turks, varying from 10,000 to 50,000 strong, has occupied Eupatoria for 11 months, and their only advance beyond their entrenchments was a ludicrous and disgraceful failure, having for its object the occupation of Sak, the very village destroyed on Tuesday; whence they withdrew, in a retreat that was almost a flight, because a body of Russians, not half the number of the assailants, threw one shell at them.—Two thousand Frenchmen arrive; and in nine days two expeditions are planned and executed—both successful, and this last one eminently so. There may be sufficient reasons both for past supineness and for present activity; but I apprehend there can be no doubt that an aggressive army here would have been a thorn in the side of the enemy, would have interfered materially with the transit of provisions and stores from Perekop to Sebastopol, and would have weakened the Russian force by requiring a strong body constantly on the outside. As things have been managed, a few hundred cavalry have been sufficient to watch the Turks; and the pickets on adjacent hills have peacefully contemplated each other for so long that, about three weeks ago, a Russian captain and a corporal, both thoroughly under the influence of brandy, determined on a private cessation of hostilities upon their own account, and crossed the intervening valley to fraternise with their opposite neighbors, by whom they were most unkindly made prisoners and sent, with childish triumph, into the town.

#### IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. James Stephens, P.P., St. Johnston, has arrived in this (his native) town, after a tour of nearly two years in America. We are happy to see him in the enjoyment of good health. In a few days he proceeds to his parish, when the people of St. Johnston intend giving him a "cead mille failtha."—*Ballyshan-non Herald*.

LADY BURKE.—It gives us unspeakable pleasure to be able to announce, on trustworthy authority, that Lady Burke, relict of the late Sir John Burke, Bart, Marblehill, has, after long and mature deliberation, renounced the errors of Protestantism, and become a member of the holy Roman Catholic church. She read her recantation in Bologna, where she still resides.—*Galway Mercury*.

Mr. Duffy was to sail for Australia on the 5th of November.

The last news from Mr. Lucas is that he suffers less pain but is weaker—and we grieve to add that no hope of his recovery has arisen since the last announcement. Every consolation that a Christian can have lightens the hours—that we still hope against hope, are not the last—of so grand and heroic a life.—*Nation*.

THE PRIEST AND THE INCOME TAX.—The Income Tax Commissioners have had a battle with a priest in the south of Ireland, which they have ended for the present by selling off his horse. They wanted to assess him for the tax. They asked him to swear to the amount of his income. He refused to give any information on the subject. His argument was in this fashion;—I have under the law no recognised way of support. I have no recognised existence as a clergyman. You have passed laws to punish me if I assume any title to express my rank and position in the country. Whatever money I get, whatever means of support I have, comes from the voluntary benevolence of my parishioners. I cannot recover my dues as legal debts: I have no power given me by your legislature to collect my income; in fact, I am only in the position of a beggar dependent upon alms; therefore, I will not pay you income tax. So argued the parish priest of Blarney. But the Income Tax collectors refused to acknowledge his reasoning. They seized his horse for the money, and sold it by auction for the sum of six pounds. Now Father Peyton is justified in complaining. A poor Irish priest has trouble enough in getting his dues, and little enough they are to support him. Taxation supposes protection and support from the party who taxes; but the British Government would give very little support to the Irish priest to-morrow, if his parishioners refused to pay him anything and left him to starve. Different is it with the Protestant minister; his income is assured, and, if it be not paid him at once, the minions of the law will step in to his aid and enforce the extortion of the last penny. Here is a clearly established reciprocity; the minister has a right to pay the tax to maintain the protection. But the poor Catholic priest is an alien, an outcast, hated by the Government, and unrecognised by the law; and to extort this oppressive income tax from his scanty purse is an injustice and a robbery.—*Ulsterman*.

THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.—A Clonmel paper instances as an evidence of the increasing prosperity of the farming community the well-stocked haggards which are everywhere observable in the humblest farmsteads. Notwithstanding the high prices of grain, many of the holders evince no desire to part with their stocks at the current rates of the market, and are looking forward to a still further advance. The same journal announces the gratifying fact of a marked decrease in the paupers of the Clonmel Union, as contrasted with the same period in former years. "Our new colossal workhouse," says the *Chronicle*, "now contains but 716 inmates, while in 1851 the union of Clonmel sheltered no fewer than 3,300 paupers. This great and highly satisfactory reduction formed the topic of conversation at the board of guardians held on Thursday last, some members of which spoke favourably of an attempt being made—now that the paupers of nearly every union were considerably reduced—to concentrate the unions of Clonmel, Cashel, Carrick, and Clogheen."

IRISH EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.—For some time past occasional estimates have been presented of the number of returned emigrants, which seems to be rapidly on the increase; and there are many districts in Ireland where rumors are spreading of troubles to be encountered in America far greater than any now to be struggled with "in the old country." For some time these rumors were suspected to have originated with the Priests, whose calling and maintenance largely depended on the emigration being stopped; but the facts of the difficulties of the Irish in America are now becoming too evident and too widely known to permit any doubt of their reality. Not very long ago there was a native American party formed to control the immigrant element in society; and now there are the Know-Nothings, organizing a systematic discountenance (not to say persecution) of the Romish religion, and those who profess it. There have been riots and house and chapel burnings in some of the large cities of the interior, while the ports are crowded with Irish who are eager to sail away—anywhere, to get away from the low wages, high prices, and social troubles which they find in the land they were so eager to reach. Much allowance may perhaps be necessary for the representations of a Romish priest—a "pastor of Eastern Pennsylvania," in the present circumstances, and in the neighborhood of a great Know-Nothing organization; but there is enough confirmation of the Rev. Thos. Reardon's report of the condition of his countrymen to render it worthy of some attention. Meantime, the state of things at home is that which everybody seems to be aware of but the emigrants who move the pity of Father Reardon. The schools are filling, and the workhouses and jails emptying. Labourers were last week standing out for three shillings a day (with food) for harvest wages, instead of half a crown. A multitude of the young men who would but lately have emigrated, enlisted, and are gone to the East; and their families are well sheltered, fed, and clothed, by the labor of those who stay behind. Mr. Duffy finds everybody so practically immovable in the present state of Irish affairs, that he declines further agitation, and is going away; and nowhere in the British Isles has the rejoicing for the fall of Sebastopol been more fervent and universal than in the Green Island.—*London Daily News*.

THE RETURN.—Upwards of three hundred persons have returned from America to this and the neighboring counties within the last two months. About fifty arrived here on Saturday. They expect better days in old Ireland.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

A COUPLE OF VENERABLE LOVERS.—The gossips of the usually quiet town of Clogher have had a choice morsel to dwell upon, in a marriage which took place in the Cathedral church on the 24th ult. The gay Lothario, Jemmy Gordon, is about ninety-one years of age, and the blushing bride, Anderson, *alias* Neely, has seen upwards of fifty-five summers. This is the sixth time for the venerable bridegroom to be joined in Hymen's bonds, and the third for the blooming bride. It is only about three months since the hale old Jemmy was left an inconsolable widower by the death of his fifth wife. As might be expected, the assemblage in and about the cathedral witnessing the ceremony performed by the Rev. W. B. Ashe, was immense, and in the evening the town and neighboring hills were brilliantly lighted up by bonfires to mark the happy occasion.—*Armagh Guardian*.

SHOCKING OUTRAGE.—With sincere regret we select this announcement from the *Ulsterman*:—An elderly unmarried lady, named Hind, bought in the Incumbent Estates Court, some property in the County Cavan. There were on it some tenants who owed her rent, and these she summarily ejected, resolving to live upon and cultivate the farms herself. She went down to the place accordingly, and soon found her peace disturbed by notices, that threatened death if she remained. The other day, as she was driving along the road, she was attacked (so goes the story) by a couple of assassins, who beat her terribly, and put three shots into her head. The unfortunate lady was found lying on the road, insensible and covered with blood. She is not yet dead; but there are three bullets in her face or head and one has entered her brain. The outrage, as described is a truly horrible one; and, no matter how arbitrary this woman may have been in the exercise of her proprietorial rights, no punishment can be too heavy for her intending murderers. For the men who could have perpetrated so frightful a crime must be lost to all the better feelings of our nature. Miss Hinds's servant boy is committed to the Bridewell here for further examination. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, has offered a reward of £100 for such information as will lead to the apprehension and bringing to justice of the person or persons who made the murderous attack upon Miss Hinds on Friday last.—Correspondent of the *Daily Express*. A correspondent of the *Evening Mail*, writing on Tuesday night, says:—"Miss Hinds is still alive, but her case is hopeless. She has been butchered most savagely—her leg and arm broken, and two balls lodged in her head. The doctor thought it useless to extract the balls or set the broken limbs. She is now senseless; but shortly after the outrage she lodged information against two of the ruffians, tenants of hers, and then, feeling that she had no chance of recovery, she made her will."

We (*Ulster News*) have received the following from a quarter on which we are able to place the fullest reliance. A more unjustifiable outrage, involving the liberty of an estimable Clergyman, and exposing him to the jeering insults of an ungentlemanly and swaggering clan, has rarely or ever come before the public.—One of the parish Clergymen was passing by Moore's hotel on duty at a late hour of night, when he observed a number of unfortunate characters. He endeavoured to dissuade them from such public misconduct and to send them home; but some of the gentlemen (?) who had taken a prominent part in the races resisted him, and having taken him prisoner into the hotel, detained him there for a considerable time, subject to gross insults. One of them attempted to justify his after-dinner escapade by saying he was a magistrate. When this outrage became known, the Rev. gentleman had much difficulty in protecting the perpetrators from the effects of public indignation.

MORMONISM.—The Protestant town of Belfast has recently been visited by the Mormons. Some of the peculiarities which distinguish the Mormons from other sects have already awakened the indignation of the townsmen and the comments of the newspapers. These sectarians have the misfortune to exhibit, in the nineteenth century, the practices and doctrines which distinguished and horrified the sixteenth. Mormonism is a resurrection of original Protestantism. Like the great founder of the Protestant Church of England, the Mormonites are all polygamists. Every Mormonite is the Henry VIII., of private life. The Mormonites, besides, are Americans, who do not recognise the right of a king to make a monopoly of wickedness. Every Mormonite has six or more wives, precisely like Henry the monster. The Protestantism of the present time are shocked at the heinous indecency, in a private individual, which a king upon his throne manifested to the world in the time of Luther and Calvin. The example set by the royal founder of English Protestantism is imitated by the Mormonites, to a certain extent, but they do not carry it to bloodshed, i. e., they do not strangle the partners of their beds. We beg leave to remind our Protestant friends in Belfast, that the Mormonites in their city are far less disgusting than the wretches who founded their heresy in England. The Mormonites, it is true, are polygamists, but they have never beheaded, quartered, or cut up, or tried to destroy men of learning and piety as the early "reformers" did; they have never been even accused of murdering a Bishop Fisher or a Sir Thomas More. They are certainly guilty of some of the crimes of the "reformers." Even modern Protestantism has its blemishes. The Belfast journalists abuse the Mormonites, but we have yet to learn that the country of Deseret, like that of England, is covered with infanticide. The disciples of Joe Smith have never denounced an increase of population as a calamity. Such immoral doctrines, are peculiar, we believe, to British heretics. While Protestants reverence the teachings of Luther or Calvin, they have no right to denounce such a man as Joe Smith. Luther, by his own confession, was a hinceous profligate, and Calvin, by reputation, was worse than Luther, Mormonism clearly illustrates the so-called "Reformation," and until Protestants treat it with tolerance they have no right to complain that the authors of their heresy were persecuted. Let them remember, when they are inveighing against the Mormonites, that primitive Protestants were such miscreants as these. Let them also bear in mind that if modern heresy is less obscene and loathsome, this is owing to the great Catholic monarchs of European Christendom who compelled the Protestants to respect decency and human nature. In other words, the Catholic kings arrested the deluge of vice with which early Protestantism threatened to drown the world. The disciples of Calvin and Luther were the Mormonites of the sixteenth century. Let the Ulster Calvinists look at the Mormonites, and remember that were it not for royal "persecution" they would be now wallowing in the gross sensuality that disgraces these fanatics. Seeing the decency, the order that surrounds them, and seeing the beastly licentiousness of their visitors, Protestants must likewise see reasons without number to bless the institutions which schooled their heresy into self-restraint. It has been the misfortune of Mormonism to spring up in a country where Catholicity is only known to be persecuted. There is no great Catholic monarchy in America, like that of Phillip II. in Europe, to save civilisation by repressing the eruption and outrages of fanatical ignorance and barbarism. America is a purely Protestant country, and Protestantism in that continent has inevitably developed its innate and original character in the disgusting heresy of Mormonism. Mormonism is a mirror in which Protestantism see its own image with horror—Protestants see what they once were—would that they could profit by the lesson.—*Tablet*.

We have made inquiries from a veteran Irish officer in the French service on the subject of Marshal Pelissier's descent, and hope, in the course of a few weeks, to be able to publish an unmistakably authentic verification of the facts. The following passage is from our gallant and venerable correspondent's letter:—"Since the receipt of your's, I have seen a friend of mine, a superior officer of the French army, who is intimately acquainted with Marshal Pelissier, and Generals McMahon and Niel. He has promised to get from themselves the information you desire. He does not think the inquiry can annoy them, but on the contrary, that they may feel flattered by the interest felt in them in Ireland, and by Irishmen claiming them as their countrymen." Another communication which we have received from an authentic source, adds to our information the fact that Alexander Pelissier, the Marshal's father, served against the English in one of the American wars—whether of the Revolution, or of 1814, we cannot say—and a third recalls our attention to the statement that the Marshal himself first faced fire, in the ranks of an Indian war against the Queen and the Company. Little facts of this kind wonderfully increase one's confidence in the "entente cordiale" of the Alliance.—*Nation*.

"REDAN" MASSEY.—More than a month having passed since the public were made somewhat acquainted with the fame of the young officer of the 19th Regiment of Foot, "Redan Massey," through public and private sources, but not through the *Gazette*, it is presumed that the following notice of the boy-hero will not be unacceptable. William Godfrey Denham Massey, was born at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, early in 1838, consequently he is now in his 18th year. Although connected with great landed proprietors, his immediate family are not wealthy. He had the advantage of a good education. In the Hilary term of last year he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and then a good linguist and draftsman, he was remarked for his untiring devotion to study, and also for his zeal in manly exercises.—He was known as an active cricketer, bold horseman, and a daring swimmer. Still Denham Massey did not forget that he was intended for the Church, and he is well remembered at the Rathfarnham Sunday School as the attentive teacher of one of the classes there. When the war broke out he treated his friends to interest themselves for him at the War Department. The result was that last July he presented himself at Sandhurst, when his creditable matriculation at his university was at once recognized, and in October, Lord Hartington presented him with an ensign's commission in the 19th. He did not at this time abandon his studies. He left Sandhurst for his university, in the following month, where he obtained honors both in classics and science, and was thereby raised in his first year to the class of senior freshman. After this success he proceeded to the depot of his regiment, at Walmer. There he completed his drill in a wonderfully short time, and in the early part of this year was sent to Malta and promoted to a lieutenancy. At Malta he showed such aptitude in his profession that the commandant of the Light Division, provisional battalion, appointed young Lieutenant Massey as his assistant adjutant.—Soon his concise style of writing, and superior penmanship, made him distinguished in the orderly-room, while his untiring energy and determination made the men look up with wonder and respect to the boy adjutant. Draft after draft was sent to the Crimea, still the spirit of the youth was doomed to pine at the loss of an opportunity to win glory in the field. The doctor said he was too young for field service, but he protested that he would "stand it no longer;" he should go off to the seat of war. He reached there in June, and immediately commenced trench duty, in which his coolness often saved his life. Then came the Redan where his conduct was among the bravest, so distinguished, and to which daring service he volunteered in order to replace his cousin, Captain Hugh Massey, who was lying severely ill. Redan Massey was the first of the assailants into the ditch, and the last beaten out of the fortress. This young hero will not soon be forgotten by his countrymen, though now unremembered, even unmentioned by any official notice from the general of his division, or any other authority.

A RAMBLE THROUGH TIPPERARY.—A correspondent of the *Freeman*, writing from Templemore on the state of the country and the opinion of the people, says:—"I recollect being in Templemore at a twelve o'clock mass on a Sunday in the year 1841, and I do not exaggerate when I state that out of the congregation I saw assembled there on that occasion a regiment of 1,500 of the finest looking men I ever beheld could be formed—men fit for the Guards—men unrivalled, I may say unequalled in any part of Europe. Where were they last Sunday? Good Heaven! what a change! The chapel was tolerably full, but the congregation consisted chiefly of old men and women, I am certain that fifty able-bodied young men could not be picked out of the crowd. I asked an old man who had a standing of apples on the street what happened all the fine young fellows who were to be seen in Templemore on a Sunday some thirteen or fourteen years ago? He said that "as soon as O'Connell was sent to jail, and that the people saw there was no justice to be had for Ireland, and that they continued to be turned out of their lands without the government doing anything to protect them, they all began to leave the country; then the potato failure and the famine came, and swept away all that remained; and the government instead of doing anything to keep the people at home, were in a hurry to get rid of them, and a sore day it was for the Queen that she did not keep them to fight for her instead of Frenchmen, who will have all England in their power when the fighting is over, and must get whatever they will ask; but if it was all Irishmen were fighting they should take whatever they would get—that is the difference in the case; and a bad day for England it was to let the people away; but I hope the villainous Rooshans will be all destroyed at any rate, for I am told they flog the nuns in the gunneries for nothing but because they are Catholics. From the chapel I went to the church, and found the gate locked, and was informed that there had not been any service there for some months—that it was transferred to the military chapel at the barracks. I went there, just looked in, found the congregation to consist of the military, some police, and about half a score of superannuated looking old men, probably pensioners. It was certainly no place for a recruiting sergeant. There is no Methodist or Presbyterian meeting house, and consequently, no congregations at all belonging to these sects. From Templemore I proceeded on foot to Roscrea, a distance of ten Irish miles. The road runs through a rich agricultural country; the wheat and oats were everywhere out and saved, and I found that the same complaint with

regard to the lightness of the oat crop prevailed, and was informed that a portion of the wheat crop was damaged from having been lodged by the heavy rains in July, but that on the whole there was a fair crop. With regard to the potato, I must say that the blight appeared in the stalks in almost every field I saw, but the people told me that there was really very little harm done—that the planting having been early, the potato was strong and ripe before the blight fell, and that they were nearly all safe. I went into the fields where women and little boys were digging them, and it was painful to see such creatures endeavouring to perform such labour. They told me the men were not to be had, and sure it was a happy thing to have the potatoes, and strive to dig them. Within three miles of Roscrea, at the road leading from Borrisoleigh, I fell in with a pedestrian who demands a passing notice. I found, after a little conversation, that he was a man exceedingly well informed, with great ease and fluency of expression. I thought at first, from his accent that he was an English bagman, but I believe none of that tribe was ever half so well educated. Our conversation naturally turned on the war. "The end of it will be," said he, "that France and England will fall out, and Louis Napoleon will take Ireland, and make a military cradle of it." I treated his speculations perhaps rather rudely, when he offered to attest the sincerity of his views by making a bet of one hundred pounds that such would be the case within seven years. "We can," said he, "I lodge the money on a deposit receipt in our joint names in the bank in Roscrea or any other place; it will be bearing interest all the time. If the event does not occur you will have two hundred pounds and the accumulated interest to get." I replied that a bet was looked upon as a fool's argument; that I never made a bet and never would; and that at all events I could not afford to be out of so much money such a length of time. Just at this moment a post car drove up that had a couple of trunks on it; he mounted it, and drove on to Roscrea without offering me a seat. Shortly after going into Roscrea I saw the postboy who drove him, and inquired if he knew anything of him; he said, nothing whatever, but that he took the car at Borrisoleigh, and desired that it should follow him in about half an hour after he set out on foot for Roscrea. He left him down at Brown's Hotel, where he gave him a similar order, and walked on towards Borris-in-Ossory."

This is verily a sad picture of Ireland's depopulation drawn in the heart and soul of the county—at the base of the Devil's Bit—but in its correctness we do not fully concur. No doubt, since the year '41, the face of the whole of Ireland has undergone a sad, a striking change. True, there was no county in Ireland where the footsteps of the desolator can be more distinctly traced than in Tipperary, and particularly in that very locality from which the *Freeman's* correspondent writes; for there are still to be seen the countless ruins of happy homesteads, from which the relentless lord of the soil drove the old stock to seek a shelter within the damp walls of a workhouse, or become fugitives on the earth. True that the Tipperary of to-day cannot count as many bold hearts and sinewy arms as it did thirteen years ago. True that with a tearful eye the *Soggarth wron* beholds many a vacant spot in the chapel on Sunday, once filled with the noble, brave, and stalwart sons of Tipperary. True that, in melancholy mood, he may survey the mouldering ruins of homesteads, where erst a thousand welcomes greeted him as he wended his way home from Mass in by-past years. True—alas, too true—that the strength of Tipperary is weakened—but yet, thank Heaven, not so much so as the *Freeman's* correspondent imagines. We have counted at a funeral, in the barony of Eliogarty, but three months ago, as many gallant "Tips" as could capture the great Redan—redeem the lost glory of the British Lion—or, perhaps, wrest Ireland from its oppressors.—*Tipperary Leader*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Bank of England has just raised the rate of discount to 6 per cent. for short, and 7 per cent. for bills exceeding 60 days.

There is a rumor that the Lord Chancellor, to make up the war expenses as well as to retain at home the poorer description of emigrants in order to have them for the army and militia, has decided upon imposing a tax upon future emigrants.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—We believe that there is a doubt of the fact that Gen. Simpson has resigned his command in the Crimea, and recommended General Eyre as his successor. The government, however, have declined to accept Gen. Simpson's resignation.—*Daily News*.

BRITISH LAURELS.—Exquisite reflection for the enlightened, tax contributing Briton! After squandering such enormous treasures of gold and blood, the war entitles him to not a particle of practical advantage, nor to a single ray of glory but what is conceded by the contemptuous magnanimity of his "august ally!"—*Nation*.

We have lost, from fatigue, sickness, and the enemy's fire, so many engineer and artillery officers during the past year that Woolwich can no longer supply grown and educated recruits to fill their places.—*Times*.

During the past month the number of men who deserted from her Majesty's service amounts to 381. The reward for apprehension, which was formerly but 10s., has been raised in consequence of the great increase of offences, to £1. The reward also will not in future be withheld from a soldier of the same regiment as the deserter whom he may arrest. Of the number who have deserted, 204 are from the Infantry; 24 from the Cavalry, 52 from the Rifles, 6 from the British German Legion, 10 from the Land Transport Corps, and 4 from the Royal Sappers and Miners. Of the total number, 381, the Irish only amount to 95, the remainder being native born subjects of the sister countries.

The West York Rifles, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. E. G. Monckton, has received orders to embark at Liverpool for Dublin.

SOCIALIST REFUGEES IN JERSEY.—The *Morning Post* gives extracts from a letter from one of the French refugees at Jersey, suggesting the commission of murder upon the French Emperor, and containing offensive remarks respecting the Queen. The *Post* says:—"We are not alarmists. We do not anticipate from the machinations or the language of these men any demoralising effect on the healthy public mind of England, or even for a moment a relaxing of the hold which the character and virtues of the Queen have fixed on the affections of her subjects; but we

do think that there still, unhappily, exist among political refugees in this and other countries, sufficient of fanatics or scoundrels to act upon the obvious suggestions of M. Pyat against the remarkable man upon whose life, under Divine Providence, the future of Europe so materially depends. We ask for no such inflictions upon the refugees as they savagely invoke upon others; but we hold it a public duty to require that they be not tolerated in prostituting the freedom of our press; or if that be impracticable—which we do not believe—that their presence be no longer permitted to pollute our soil."

RUMORED DISAGREEMENT WITH THE UNITED STATES.—Saturday's *Hants Telegraph* says—"The Powerful, 84, Captain Massey, is ordered to Jamaica; and the Cornwallis, 70, Captain Wellesley; Pembroke, 60, Captain Seymour (screws); and Rosamond, 6, paddle, Commander Crofton, to go to Bermuda. It is rumored that this movement is in consequence of the American Government having replied to some communication made to them by the British Government on the subject of Cuba in a tone insulting to this country in the highest possible degree. The American Government bids the English Government to beware what they are about; tells them that England has its hands full already; and that, in defiance of England's interference with them, they will do what they please as to Cuba. The Powerful goes first to Lisbon before steering for Jamaica. The Powerful takes supernumeraries for the Neptune and the St. George, three-deckers, at Lisbon, and also for the squadron on the West India station. These two last-named ships, now that the Neapolitan business is settled, are also expected to go to the North American station, so that a force will be assembled that will be more than sufficient to defend the honor of England and the interests of her colonies."

CRIME IN ENGLAND.—The Socialists and Voltarians of the Continent—entirely destitute of a sense of morality—have often extolled the Protestants of Britain. They admitted that the English commit crimes, but (as it was alleged) they never perpetrate useless wickedness. Calm-thinking and deliberate, no sally of passion prompts, as no foolish pity retards the murderer. Crime in Britain presented the perfection of Satanic depravity, which Voltarians and socialists admired, but did not always succeed in imitating. On the other hand, the Irish were flouted with the scornful observation that Irish crimes put no money in Irish pockets. In their agrarian mutinies, it was said they exhibited no patience or perseverance. Their wickedness was fitful, as if they served the Devil reluctantly. A burst of violence was followed by an interval of torpor, as if they were prostrated by remorse, and this remorse gave way to a sudden outburst of fury. Crime was never followed up with steady perseverance as in England at the present. Goaded to madness by intolerable oppression, the Irish hastened to perpetrate a few great outrages, and have done with them. Unprincipled journalists made political capital of these unprofitable outrages, and English newspapers painted them in the most revolting colors, and held them up to the world as a vindication of British oppression in Ireland. Thus Ireland got a bad name while the rising surge of English depravity, noiselessly and steadily swelling, was flooding society in England with an ocean of enormity. But journalists were too busy in proclaiming Irish crime to attend to the deluge of English corruption, rising steadily to swallow all classes. Nor was it the journalists alone; our wise legislators were too busy in increasing the severity of the laws, and multiplying transport ships for Ireland to attend to English depravity. In short, the crimes of Ireland sprang from exasperation. They, therefore, aroused attention. English crimes resulted from cold-blooded calculation. They naturally escaped animal vengeance. Rookie notices fill a district with alarm, while the hidden butchery of burial clubs never awakens a remark. The real cause of Irish crime has been the oppression of the Irish. But while in all other countries England denounces the tyrant, in Ireland she invariably stigmatises the oppressed. She is not content to flog—she preaches at the victim of her scourges. If Russia or Austria were the oppressor of Ireland, how the "Tartar robber" or the "German freebooter" would be denounced by the indignant *Times*! That talented journal would exhaust its vocabulary in decrying the oppressors of a pious, ancient, and virtuous race—the Celts would suddenly become the paragons of human nature, the most gifted of mankind; their heroism, their eloquence, their fidelity, would be extolled in the most powerful articles. Unfortunately, Ireland is oppressed by England itself—liberal England! constitutional England! Protestant England! the protector of the persecuted! the manufacturing, and commercial, and enlightened nation; that model of modern civilization! the most perfect and accomplished of modern communities! Thus Ireland is peculiarly unfortunate: to be wronged by a rascal is often a great calamity, but the crown of all misfortunes is to be swindled by a "saint." This is Ireland's misfortune. Those who wrong her are people who in the world's esteem can do no wrong. It is impossible for the enlightened classes on the Continent or in America to take the part of ragged Ireland against well-dressed England. Ireland clings to Catholicity, and has invented no spinning jennies. To be sure she is pious and moral, but then where are her steamships, her railroads, and cotton factories? To be sure she educated and Christianised the Pagan Continent; but what has Ireland done for modern Europe? What machines has she invented? That is the question. No manufacturer, no merchant, or political economist can think or speak well of a country that looks on religious truth as more important than capital. But if she has nothing to expect from these idolaters of industry, from the revolutionists of the Continent she has still less to anticipate. The most fervent advocates of physical force in Ireland lag far behind even the monarchists of Europe in what are designated "liberal ideas." The fiercest demagogues of Ireland are less revolutionary than even the sober shopkeepers of England. They have the accent on their tongue, but they have not the true principles in their heart. They employ the jargon of liberalism, but their mind is at the opposite pole. They know not what they say. Meantime, it is impossible for the Liberals of Europe to sympathise with a people who are devoted to Catholicity. It is out of the question. In short, violent revolutionists cannot respect the Irish, because they are not Atheists; nor the moderate and wise classes, because they are not rich. Meantime, a people who are not Atheists may be very moral, and a people who are extremely wealthy may be profoundly depraved; and this is really the case. The reputation which Ireland has forfeited by her poverty she is certain, eventually

to recover by her moral goodness, and this in spite of the libels with which she has been overwhelmed; while the reputation which England has won by her industry she is likely to forfeit by her crimes. We cannot open an English paper without being shocked—horrified—by some appalling evidence of English depravity. Here five hundred women have been deserted by their husbands—a circumstance giving us a glimpse of a world of vice. There the mother of a family comes home at five o'clock in the morning, and is struck dead by her husband with a butcher's knife, which he handles with all the dexterity of a butcher. Now a child, only ten years of age, is murdered for—apparently—a pint of beer which she carries in her hand, and which constitutes the miserable bounty of the assassin. Anon a young man is accused of poisoning his own father, whose food the son, with every appearance of pious solicitude, cooks in a frying-pan for the purpose of dosing him with arsenic. Here an old man sixty years of age comes staggering from his bed at the dawn into the street, his body covered with blood, and his throat cut from ear to ear by the tender hands of his own amiable spouse. Now we have a most determined act of self-destruction by a young gentleman travelling in a railway train, who suspends himself from the ventilator at the top of the carriage door. Anon an Englishman puts bullets in his pockets, and jumps into the sea. But we should never have done were we to give even the faintest summary of the diabolical atrocities that crowd the columns of the English press. Meanwhile, Catholic Ireland is admitted even by her worst enemies to be entirely free from such revolting offences. In short, nothing can equal the depravity of England, except her untiring efforts to diffuse the erroneous religion that is at the bottom of all her errors and crimes.—*Tablet*.

WHAT WE EAT—HOW ADULTERATED.—The *London Times*, after a long report of Mr. Scholefield's Committee, says:—"As to Turkey rhubarb, one of the witnesses enlightens us by saying, 'One manufacturer at Banbury, near Oxford, produces twenty tons of rhubarb per annum; it is inferior to Turkey rhubarb, as fetching 4d. a pound, while Turkey is 11s. 6d.; China rhubarb, 7s. 6d. Cod liver oil is immensely adulterated: only 5 per cent. of genuine cod liver oil will answer the usual chemical tests. Mustard has 30 per cent. of lime or chalk as an adulteration; chloroform undergoes decomposition, but is not much adulterated; quinine is very much adulterated with starch and mahna.' Another witness stated he had found crystals of alum in English bread the size of peas, the 4lb. loaf often containing 500 grains."

MURDER OF A LITTLE BOY IN WILTSHIRE.—On the 9th of Oct. the people of Hungerford were horrified at the intelligence that a little boy, four years of age, had been found on the Downs, with his head fearfully mutilated. Inquiries were made, and it was discovered to be the body of a child named Rosier, whose father is a taylor. It was subsequently ascertained that a boy named Sopp, twelve years of age, whose father is a gardener, was sent on to the Downs by his master, Mr. Pocock, to cut some furze, for which purpose he took a billhook. At eight o'clock in the morning he was seen walking hand in hand with the child, and five hours afterwards its murdered body was discovered by a girl named Susannah Barnes. The boy Sopp was apprehended in the course of the afternoon, and the next morning confessed that the billhook slipped out of his hand and struck the child; he was afraid he should be blamed for this, and he therefore killed the child outright.—Sopp bears a very indifferent character, having been before the magistrates several times for petty offences. It was thought by some that the murder had been committed out of a spirit of revenge, the deceased's father having boxed Sopp's ears at the Congregational School last Sunday. On Friday the boy was examined before the magistrates. He appeared very unconcerned at the perilous position in which he is placed. An inquest was held on the body, and resulted in a verdict of "Wilful murder against William Sopp." He has been committed for trial.—*Berkshire Chronicle*.

HOW THE IDOLATORS ARE CONVERTED!—The following extract from a Birmingham paper, we find copied into the *Univers* of the 17th September:—"For the information as well as the amusement of our readers, we beg to direct attention to the following fact, which we might have been slow to believe, had we not seen it copied into the pages of a Protestant journal in this city (Paris), viz.: that in Birmingham, there exist a large manufactory of Gods, Goddesses, Demi-Gods and Devils, for the East Indies. We select the following from the Catalogue:—"Yamen (God of Death) in brass, finished off with great taste. *Nirondi* (the King of Big and Little Devils). A great variety of models, all shapes and sizes; the giant on whose shoulders he is borne, is splendidly designed. *Faronnin* (God of the Sun).—This God is life-like and bold, his crocodile is of bronze and his whips in silver. *Coubeyn* (the God of Wealth). The workmanship of this God is of the most superior order. Also on hand a large collection of Gods, Goddesses, Demi-Gods and inferior Devils. No credit given—a liberal discount allowed for cash."

BABY SNOWS.—The *John Bull* says:—"The practice of holding human cattle shows seems still on the increase. At Leeds, the other day, fifty mothers were not ashamed to hold up their babies for the examination of a mob of idlers—a small one, to the honor of the town be it spoken. At Withernsea, in Holderness, a similar exhibition has been got up, it appears, by 'some fast young gentlemen.' If helpless infancy affords no protection against this desecration of the holiest and purest instincts, we may expect one of these days to witness a cattle show of wives, exhibited by their husbands, or of husbands trotted out by their wives. 'And pray, why not?' we hear some modern philosopher inquire; 'are we not living in an age of progress?' To be sure we are: '*Facilis descensus*.'"

A story is told of the clerk of a little village church in the west of England, where the service is never commenced on Sunday mornings until the "squire has taken his seat." One Sunday, however, this gentleman happened to be late, and a neighboring clergyman, not acquainted with the ways of the place, was doing duty. "So he commenced as usual with 'When the wicked man—';" up jumped the clerk, bawling out, "Stop, stop, sir! he's not come yet!"

A man who goes to church to chew tobacco and spit on the floor, ought to be taken by the head and heels, and scrubbed upon the soiled spot until it is made clean.—*Punch*.

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THE TRUE WITNESS  
AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.  
MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 9, 1855.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Odesa has again been spared the long threatened bombardment; but Kiburn, a fortress which commands the mouths of the rivers Bug and Dnieper, has been taken, together with a large quantity of guns and ammunition. A few days after this success, the Russians blew up the fortifications of Oetchakoff on the opposite bank of the Dnieper to Kiburn; thus leaving the way open for an attack upon the important station of Nicolaieff. From the Crimea we learn that the Russians are strengthening their defences at North Sebastopol; whilst the French and Sardinian troops were advancing towards, and had approached within five miles of, Bakhiserai; so that a great battle was looked upon as inevitable within a few days. The Russians are said to be pushing forward large reinforcements towards the menaced points.

The Catholic world will learn with regret that F. Lucas, Esq., the well known and talented editor of the *Tablet*, is dead. Parliament has been prorogued until the 27th of December. Both in France and Great Britain the "Food Question" is attracting much attention. A great "Bread Demonstration" had taken place in Hyde Park; and the scarcity of provisions was exciting general uneasiness; in France indeed serious disturbances are anticipated, in spite of all the efforts of the Government to meet the wants of the people. There are still rumors of fresh negotiations for peace, and of proffered mediation from Austria and Prussia; but in England the war-spirit is strong as ever, and a reply to an address to Her Majesty from the City of London, would seem to indicate the determination of the British Government to carry on hostilities with renewed vigor.

The most gratifying item of news from the Continent of Europe is the report of the bold and truly Catholic attitude that Austria is assuming towards the petty despot of Sardinia, and his tyrannical and faithless Government. From this it would seem that the former Power is yet destined to take an important part in the game of European politics; and we trust that she may have in her behalf the prayers of all Catholics throughout the world, in her contest with the "Liberals" of Piedmont; who, like all other "Liberals"—always and everywhere—are the most persevering and the most dangerous enemies of civil and religious liberty.

The *British Colonist* of Toronto discourseth upon "National Education":—

"Any system of national education, to be workable and efficient to its intent, should place an implicit integrity—an uncompromising unity—arbitrary and imperative—not admitting of modification, and accommodating expedients, but following the hard line of a truthful purpose; and above all, and before all, and most imperative of every other consideration, that it be based upon the fundamental principles of Christianity."

Though somewhat obscurely worded, we must give our cotemporary credit for laying down, as an essential of all "national education," that "it be based upon the fundamental principles of Christianity." But the question then arises—what are "the fundamental principles of Christianity," as distinguished from the "fundamental principles" of natural religion, of Judaism, Mahomedanism, and of modern Deism? Christianity is a *super-natural* religion; whose "fundamental principles" therefore are not discoverable by natural reason, and can be known in so far only as they form the subject matter of a supernatural revelation. The "fundamental principles" of Christianity are therefore evidently the peculiar dogmas of Christianity; those dogmas which distinguish Christianity from every other form of religion that has at any time obtained in the world; and therefore *not* those which Christianity has in common with any non-Christian religion. Now, what are these dogmas? and who shall decide upon them? And yet, until this is decided, all "national education," based upon the "fundamental principles of Christianity," is impossible—though, according to the *Colonist*, no system that is not based upon these "principles" can be workable or efficient, or therefore worth paying for. Evidently therefore the first thing to be done is, to settle what are the "fundamental principles," or peculiar, characteristic, dogmas, of Christianity; for we must settle firmly our basis, ere we attempt to raise the super-structure.

But amongst Protestants, professing Christianity—there are no universally acknowledged "fundamental" and, at the same time, essentially Christian "principles"—that is, principles which all Christians hold, and which are held by none but Christians. For, if

they are held by Jews, Turks, or Deists, they are not essentially Christian principles. The only religious principles common to all Protestant sects, are the principles of natural religion. These indeed Protestants hold in common with Catholics, with Jews, with Mahomedans, and with Deists; because natural religion is the common heritage of all men.—But Christianity is a system of *super-natural* religion; and its "fundamental principles" are therefore principles not known to any natural religion; not even to the religion of old revealed to the Children of Israel. We may therefore safely conclude that—as there are no "fundamental principles of Christianity" universally recognised by all professedly Christian denominations—it is impossible to establish "any system of national education" that shall be "workable and efficient to its intent."

If we are to have a system of "national education" at all, then of two things one. Either we must have a system that is not based—and which therefore if honest, will not pretend to be based—upon the "fundamental principles of Christianity"—or, the State itself must take upon itself the very difficult task of deciding for all its subjects what are these "fundamental principles." The *Colonist*, for instance, and the sect to which he belongs—whether it be the Anglican, Methodist, Mormon, or Presbyterian, we know not—may have their peculiar opinions as to what constitute the essentials or fundamentals of Christianity. But whatever their opinions, it is certain that they differ widely and irreconcilably upon these points, not only with all Catholics, but with many thousands, and tens of thousands of their own Protestant brethren. Now, in such a case, what is to be done? Is the State to assume that the opinions of the *Colonist*, and his coreligionists, are the truth; and are therefore to be imposed upon all other denominations of Christians?—or shall it decide the former to be in error; and adopt the confessions of some of the latter as the only true essentials, and fundamentals, of Christianity upon which the "system of national education" is to be based? But if neither of these, then must the State cease to attempt erecting a "system of national education" upon the "fundamental principles of Christianity."

But no system, not so based, is worth having, says the *Colonist*. Granted—and the conclusion is evident—that—as in the present state of society, a system of national education "based upon the fundamental principles of Christianity" is impracticable—and as no other system is worth having—the best thing that the State can do is to abandon all attempts to impose upon the people a "system of national education" at all; but, whilst tendering impartially its assistance to all denominations, to leave all perfectly at liberty to decide for themselves what are the "fundamental principles of Christianity" upon which they shall proceed to erect, each their own educational systems. In a word, we advocate the "denominational" as opposed to the "national" system; not as the best conceivable, but as the only system practicable.

Our argument is, we know, unanswerable; and the only way that our cotemporary will attempt to meet it, will be by shifting his position—from the "fundamental principles of Christianity" to the "fundamental religious principles" common to all men, whether Christians, or Non-Christians; and which of course all Protestants hold in common with one another, and with Catholics. But these—as we have before shown—are the fundamentals of natural religion, and therefore, not of Christianity. For Christianity is not a natural, but a *super-natural* religion; and its fundamental, essential, or characteristic principles are those which distinguish it from all, and which do not connect it with any other, religious systems upon earth. If hard pressed, it would soon appear, that the *Colonist* would be content to accept a "system of national education" based upon the "fundamental principles"—not of Christianity or *super-natural* religion, but—of "natural religion"—or, Deism.

It is in no captious spirit that we enter into this discussion with the *Colonist*; for there is much truth, much good taste, and sound sense in his article upon the subject of "Common Schools, and Religious Training," much with which we heartily agree, and which we are most happy to transfer to the columns of the TRUE WITNESS. Nothing can be more to the purpose than the following, upon the results of Godless State-Schoolism in the United States—and—we regret to say it—in Upper Canada as well:—

"It is far too much the prevalent fashion of Canadians, who comment upon public schools, to refer unceasingly to those of the United States, entering into a labyrinth of statistics, or lauding the excellence of their system; for what purpose other than to mystify and encumber our own arrangements it is difficult to conceive. One would imagine there must be somewhere in Canada a man, or men, if more than one be needed, capable of concocting a workable system of popular education, without borrowing from the questionable tenets and lax morality of our neighbors. But, indulging this prevalent propensity, what do we find amongst them, as an example of the success of their now long established school systems? Are they as a people, better taught—are their men of letters riper and more able scholars,—is the standard of education higher than in other countries,—are their habits more refined—do the arts and sciences find a more genial soil—has morality there a higher code—or religion a stronger influence and wider diffusion? To all these queries we unhesitatingly answer, No. In scholarship, in literature, in philosophy, in morality, and in religion, their standards of excellence are, in comparison with older countries, unquestionably low. Do we seek the productions of their common school system; we find only a bald practical utilitarianism, destitute of those softening influences of a mental culture based upon the sacred principles of religious training. It is no extravagance, or injustice to assert, that in no country in the world can there be heard a greater amount of profane language than is in common use among the youthful portion of the American population; and, it is much to be feared, that the rising

generation of Canada cannot be acquitted of a strong prevalent tendency to this disgusting and horrible evidence of a low morality. Our streets, our wharves, our steamboats and our cars, are all polluted with the odious habit of blasphemy; and urchins not yet in their teens, make the side walks ring with curses and profanations, that leave no doubt, in the sober mind, of a widely spread depravity and growing demoralization. Nor are our public schools exempt from this leprosy of youthful habit. Examples are neither few, nor infrequent, of the deep solicitude, of parents upon the score of contamination of habitual swearing among the pupils."

And again he says:—  
"It would seem then that, true to nature, these fruits are but the natural undeviating results of the seed we sow. Godless schools do no produce pious men; nor chalk and the black board, inculcate moral precepts. What obtains from this system in the States is ripe here; the fundamental principles of a christian instruction are adjoined. The present moral state of that particular section of the population which may be supposed to form four-fifths of our schools attendants, is most conclusive evidence that where godliness is neglected, impiety and immorality walk hand in hand."

A perfectly true picture we have no doubt, though a very sad one, of the morals of the youth in the Upper Province; and which fully demonstrates the worthlessness of any system of education that is not based upon religious principles. The *Colonist* has, we admit, fully made out his case against the present educational system of Upper Canada; and has proved it to be thoroughly defective and demoralizing. What shall we put in its place, though? The *Colonist* replies—a "system based upon the fundamental principles of Christianity." But this we have proved to be impossible—because, not only Catholics and Protestants, but Protestants and Protestants disagree amongst themselves, as to what are these fundamentals—some confounding them with the fundamentals of mere natural religion—others again finding them only in those mysterious dogmas which distinguish Christianity from all other religions. What then shall we do? Shall we leave the youth of our country to grow up in worse than Heathen ignorance, like the brutalised masses of America, England and Scotland? of whom a description will be found in another column; or, abandoning the absurd theories of the advocates of the "national system" shall we try what can be done by the Church, when untrammelled by the fetters of the State?

For it is as Catholics—as children of the Church—that we speak. And as Catholics we heartily denounce, repudiate and condemn—as far as we ourselves are concerned—every system of education that is not based upon the "fundamental principle" of Christianity. With all Catholics that one "fundamental principle" is—that Christ Himself appointed or instituted ONE Church for all time, and for all nations; to which He, promising His continual presence and assistance, gave the commission "go, teach ye all nations." Here then is our basis—our "fundamental principle of all Christianity"—the only basis upon which we will ever attempt even to raise a superstructure. That basis is the one ONE Catholic Church, "which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth"—1. Tim. iii., 15.

The Governor General has taken advantage of the opportunity offered to him by the presentation of an address from the City of Toronto, to explain away the offensive remarks contained in his Hamilton speech, and upon which we commented in our last. It is true that His Excellency does not deny the words generally imputed to him by the press, both of Upper and Lower Canada—"because"—as he says in his reply to the Toronto Address—"I do not know what they were." But he disclaims any intention of insulting the French Canadians and other Celts, by asserting the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race:—

"I had hoped"—said His Excellency at Toronto—"that every word that I had uttered, and every act I had done, since I set foot in Canada, might have guarded me against the charge of intending on any occasion to cast a slur on our brethren of Lower Canada, by asserting the superiority of one race over another: God forbid that I should do so! I disclaim in the strongest manner any such meaning."

The above, which we copy from the *Montreal Herald* of Tuesday, is, in so far as the Governor himself is concerned, quite satisfactory; and after such a frank and gentlemanly disclaimer of any intention to offend, it is impossible for any one with the feelings of a gentleman to feel offended, or to attribute to His Excellency the design of wounding the feelings of any portion of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects. As between the Governor and the Franco-Canadians, there can be no cause for the slightest soreness of feeling for the future.

But how is it, as between the Celtic races of Canada, and the organs of public opinion in the Upper Province? If the Governor asserted, and asserts, no superiority for Anglo-Saxonism, it is not so with the latter; nor do they hesitate—not only to endorse every word and sentiment attributed to His Excellency at Hamilton—but they also take no pains to conceal their intention to draw therefrom very practical conclusions. Taking as their major premise, that the voice of the superior race should be dominant in the Legislature—and for their minor, that the Anglo-Saxon is that superior race—they logically conclude to the propriety of immediately giving to the latter—or, in other words, to the constituencies of Upper Canada—that preponderance in the Legislature to which their natural and inherent superiority over the Franco-Celtic population of Lower Canada justly entitles them. This is the meaning of the *Toronto Leader's* appeal to the manifest destiny of the Celtic race—viz.,—to be absorbed, or swallowed up, by their superior Anglo-Saxon neighbors;

and this is why the Governor's speech at Hamilton has been invested with so much political importance. "Representation by Population" is fast becoming the political war cry of the Upper Province; and there can be little doubt that—if the Union of the two Provinces continues—it will ere long become a *fait accompli*. So only will the object of that Union—which as the *Leader* tells us, is the absorption of the Franco-Celtic race, or the destruction of French Canadian nationality—be brought about. Such then being the openly expressed sentiments of the Upper Province, it is not difficult to see what should be the duty of the Lower, and what is the policy which the latter should oppose to the aggressive, all-absorbing designs of the other.

But this question of "Representation by Population"—which must be the inevitable consequence of the superiority asserted by the press of Upper Canada for the Anglo-Saxon race—is more than a political question—it involves more than the fate of parties or races; it is a question which immediately and intimately concerns the interests of the Catholic Church, and her institutions, ecclesiastical, charitable, and educational, in Canada. As the *Toronto Mirror* of the 2nd inst. well puts it—this agitation for "Representation by Population" implies:—

"A change in the Representation—by which the constitutional rights of French Canadians will be swept away for ever; and with them that civil and religious liberty which is generally enjoyed by the Catholics of United Canada at the present time."

The absorption of the French Canadian distinctive nationality—the destruction of their constitutional rights—and the suppression of Popery—these are the consequences which, in no very ambiguous language, the *Leader* and other Anglo-Saxon organs of Upper Canada see looming in the future, as destined shortly to be realised "if the Union lasts." It remains then for the French Canadians, and indeed for all Catholics, to decide whether that Union shall last.

HOW PROTESTANTS ARE MADE.

To a well regulated mind it is always highly interesting to be able to trace the process by which, from the most unlikely materials, the ingenuity and industry of men are able to educe the noblest triumphs of art. It is something even to know how a pin is made; how it is brought to a point, cut to a certain length, and how a head is put to it. These may be trifles; yet even these are not to be despised; though the complicated and stupendous mechanism of the chronometer, or the steam engine, is, of course far more worthy of the attention of the lover of science.

But to see a Protestant made! To be as it were, admitted behind the scenes! to be introduced into the very sanctum of the artist's studio! to be allowed to witness the whole process; to count, as it were every stroke of his hammer, and every chip of his chisel, as out of the rude and unpromising block of Catholic marble before him, he brings to light the lovely features of a genuine and thorough Protestant.—This is a spectacle upon which angels might gaze enraptured; it is a privilege almost too high to be accorded to flesh and blood; and one which from the very rarity of its occurrence should be the more highly prized. "An honest man" says the poet "is the noblest work of God." A sound Protestant is of course the greatest work of—well never mind whose work he is—let us see rather the process by which it is accomplished.

To make a Protestant—the real article—you must, as Mr. S. Glass would say, first catch your Catholic.—There is an old Spanish proverb which says that, "to make a devil you must first catch an angel." So with the process under review. You need never expect a tip top article of Protestantism, unless the stuff it be made of originally belonged to the Church. But we cannot give a more vivid idea of the entire process of "making a Protestant" than does our old friend Nick Kirwan, whom we will let speak for himself. It is to be premised, that in his case the raw material was furnished in the person of an old Irish Catholic apple-woman at New York; and that "the result"—in the very words of Nick—"was entirely satisfactory"—the production of an article, in fact, fit to be exhibited on the platform at Exeter Hall, or from the pulpits of the members of the French Canadian Missionary Society.

Nick Kirwan had resolved—so he himself tells the world in the columns of the *New York Observer*—to test for himself the progress of the New Reformation in America, and to ascertain personally to what extent the de-Catholicising, or Protestantising process had obtained amongst his own countrymen, resident in New York. For this purpose the holy man, "drest in his Sunday's best"—just as the old song describes another "old gentleman" of a similar persuasion to have once sallied forth to see how things went on in the upper world—Nicholas, we say, went forth into the high-ways and bye-ways of the great city. Here "a fit opportunity soon presented itself of carrying his resolution into effect." But here we must let Nick speak for himself:—

"I was conversing with a friend in his counting room, when an Irish woman presented herself with her basket of apples. She was large and well developed, with a fine broad face, and an eye full of life and fun, and an accent which bore testimony that she was from Connaught. When others refused to purchase, I went to her basket, and asked,—  
"How do you sell your apples?"  
"Three for two cents, sir; they are as fine russet apples as you ever tasted."

"Have you a family?" I said.  
"Yes, your honor, indeed I have seven children, all yet young; and my husband, John, is no better than he ought to be, poor man."  
"But do you not find it hard to support them by selling these apples three for two cents?"  
Indeed I do, sir; but then, what can I do?"  
"Why, charge three cents for two, and you will

sell quite as many, and make more money." And, as I gave her my advice, I took two apples and gave her three cents. This operation I knew would open the way for more extended conversation.

"Would you take me," I said, "for a countryman of yours?"

She rapidly took the measure of my person, and said, "Indeed I hope you are, sir."

"In what church were you brought up at home?"

"Indeed to the Catholic, sir, thanks be to God."

Well, now you can, perhaps, tell me why so many of our country people, on coming to this country, change their religion, and become Protestants."

"Well, indeed, I know they do; but one thing I can tell you, I will never change from the old religion."

"Well, now, let me ask you a few questions, my good woman. How long since you have been to mass?"

"Indeed, to tell your honor the truth, I have not been for a good while. But how can a poor woman like me, with seven children, and John no better than he ought to be, go to mass? But I shall go soon again." After playing her a little on that matter, I again asked her,—

"How long since you have been to confession?"

"Indeed I have not been for a good while; but how can a poor woman like me, with seven children, and John no better than he ought to be, go to confession?"

"Well, now," said I, "see how it is with yourself; you have not been to mass nor to confession, for a good while; and I am very much afraid you are going just as many of our country people are going: you will soon quit the church altogether, and go over to the Protestants."

"Indeed," she said, with earnestness and emphasis, "I never will give up our old religion; I will stick to it as long as I live."

"Well, where do your children go on Sunday?"

"Indeed, to tell you the truth, they go to a Protestant Sunday school;—I don't like it, but how can I help it? The people are so kind to them? And John does not care; and what can I, a poor woman, do? They will go with the children in the ally; and they all go to the Protestant Sunday School; and I cannot stop them."

"Well, now see how it is with yourself. You do not go to mass,—nor to confession,—and your children go to a Protestant Sunday school! Does not this look as if you were going after the many who are leaving the old religion and going over to the Protestants?" This I uttered with rather a scolding tone, but mingled with kindness. After a most solemn protest against my insinuated charge, I again asked her,—

"Now do you think that when you do go to confession, the priest can forgive these and your other sins?"

This question made her wince a little, as she considered it as intimating that she was a great sinner, beyond the ordinary mark. And she turned fully round, and planting herself firmly upon her feet, she took, obviously, a defensive attitude. And having adjusted anew her basket, she thus addressed me, and in a manner which led me to infer that when poor John subjected himself to a scold, he had to take it.

"And what sins, sir, do you think I committed. I go round with my apples, and now and then I have a pleasant word with a gentleman like yourself; and is there any sin in that? And when I go home, and perhaps find Johnny drunk, I give him a rale scowld; and do you think there is any sin in that? And when a poor woman can't go to mass, or to confession, having seven children, and Johnny no better than he ought to be,—is there any sin in that? And if I can't help my children going to the Protestant Sunday school, where they get good books and are taught to read,—is there any sin in that? Indeed, sir, I am no sinner at all, God help me; and when I go to the priest and confess to him these little sins, if he does not forgive me, he may go to the devil himself!"

"She was a Celt out and out, and spoke her mind with an honest bluntness and directness which proved her to be a character. The experiment was made; and the result was entirely satisfactory."

"Entirely satisfactory," no doubt; for was she not already a genuine Protestant, though she knew it not? She no longer attended divine worship, watched over the morals of her children, or practised examination of conscience. Indeed, as she hesitated not to declare "that she had no sin," that she was "no sinner at all"—we see not what need there was in her case of confession, mass, or of a Redeemer. Nick Kirwan therefore looked upon her spiritual state as "entirely satisfactory;" and as a Protestant, he was right. Yet there is a book in which it is written, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."—St. John, it is certain, would have found the state of the Irish apple woman anything but "satisfactory;" but then to be sure, St. John was a Papist, and not a Protestant minister.

But the above extract is valuable as it shows not only how a Catholic is converted into a Protestant, but also what signs of conversion a Protestant minister considers "entirely satisfactory." The process of conversion to Protestantism is simple. The chief things required being—to abstain from all Catholic devotions, and to set at naught the commandments of the Church—to let one's children run wild in the streets, and to live habitually in a state of mortal sin. If to these we add a strong dash of spiritual pride and hardness of heart—we shall have as good an article of Protestantism as even Exeter Hall can desire. Even Nick Kirwan found only one thing to reproof, only one thing wanting in, had only one exhortation to give to, his Protestant convert—and that was to keep a keener eye to the things of this world—to look sharp after the pence—and, if possible, to cheat and to overcharge her customers.—"Do this," said he—"and live—so will you resemble your spiritual father who is in"—not heaven, but—"t'other place."

The Paris correspondent of the Montreal Herald mentions that the Council of Presidents of the Exposition have finally adjudged two grand gold medals of honour to Canada; one for the "Geological Map and Collection of Minerals" of Mr. Logan; and the other to the Government, for its "Collection of Woods and Grains."

### T. D. M'GEE'S LECTURES.

The first lecture of the series was delivered in the Hall of the Mechanic's Institute on Tuesday evening. The lecturer was introduced to his audience by B. Devlin, Esq., President of the Young Men's St. Patrick's Association, to whom we are indebted for Mr. M'Gee's visit to Montreal.

Having announced the title and subject of his Lectures—"Irish History as a Key to Irish Destiny in the XIX Century"—the lecturer commenced by observing that the influence of a nation upon the destinies of the human race was not to be estimated by its extent, or by its wealth and political importance; in-stancing Judæa and Arabia—one the birth place of Christianity, the other of Mahometanism—as countries which to this day exercised a greater control over the human race than the mighty Empire of Assyria, or even Imperial Rome herself.

Applying this principle to Ireland it would appear, that though in history she occupies but a small space, and though as seen from the ordinary stand point of the politician she may appear very insignificant, yet in the eye of the Christian, to one who beholds her from the steps of the Altar, she presents much that is worthy of the serious attention of the historian, the philosopher, and the Christian.

The authentic history of Ireland, continued the lecturer, may be said to commence with the first century of our era. Ireland, on whose sacred soil the Eagles of Rome never obtained a footing, was known to, and described by, the Roman historians of the first century. And as she carried on an extensive commerce with the Continent, it is probable that the religion of Jesus, was even then to some extent known to, and embraced by some of her people. But it was not until the fifth century, that, through the mission of the great Irish Apostle St. Patrick, Ireland as a nation was converted to the Christian faith.

The lecturer then gave a rapid, but brilliant sketch of the labors of Ireland's Patron Saint amongst the pagan people; amongst whom that peculiar system of religion known as Druidism obtained, as it also did in the adjacent island of Great Britain when first discovered by the Romans. Within his own life time, St. Patrick had the happiness of beholding almost the whole people of Ireland brought subject to the sweet yoke of Christ, and in communion with the See of Peter; though the work of entirely conforming the domestic and social habits of the Irish to the laws of the Church, was a work of time, and was not fully completed until the time of St. Patrick's successors.

Amongst these social changes, the lecturer more particularly alluded to the influence of the Clergy, then, as now, most powerful in Ireland, in restraining, reforming, and correcting the abuses which generally prevailed amongst the people before their conversion. The excesses and licence of the Bards were suppressed—a race of men who had long kept the people in hot water with their feuds; the right of sanctuary was established, and the social position of woman was defined and rigidly enforced by means of canonical censures. Education was encouraged, and the statute of St. Patrick was faithfully adhered to—"where there is a church, let there be a school." Christian civilization had thus far developed itself in peace in Ireland when the Gothic storms arose, threatening not only the old Roman civilization, but the continental Christianity imbedded and interwoven with it. Ireland was the point without the world for which the Christian Archimædæan must have sighed; the conservatory where Christian seeds and saplings were transplanted, thence to be replanted all over the Gothic conquests; it was the retreat of the fugitive Christian, the firm redoubt of the universal Church. In the ages from St. Patrick to the VIII. century, Rome was twice burned, the Franks entered Gaul, the Gothic Kingdoms of Italy, Spain and northern Africa, were established. Without the pale of Roman civilization, Ireland also escaped the Gothic invasions directed against that civilization. From her then issued the missionaries who Christianised Europe a second time. In the Cathedrals and Chronicles of the early ages, their memories and their nationalities are recorded. From Iceland to Italy, the Irishman who knows the history of his race, may travel, and in no ancient seat of learning or religion, will he be a stranger. He will find his countrymen everywhere; if not in the streets, in the niches of churches, and in the porches of palaces. This is the true glory of Ireland; one which her children in this age could not too often contemplate—for no lessons sink deeper in men's hearts, than when their teachers are their own ancestors.

The lecturer resumed his seat amidst loud and long continued cheers from the audience; and the announcement that he would lecture again on Wednesday and Friday (this evening) upon the same subject, was received with general satisfaction.

We would remind our readers that Mr. M'Gee gives his last lecture to-night; and that a bumper audience is the least mark of respect that they can give to one who has done, and is doing so much for Ireland and Irishmen. In our next we will give the substance of his last two lectures.

**THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN ON PROTESTANT MORALITY.**—We have often asked the question—"Where are the Missionaries wanted?"—amongst the Catholics of Lower Canada, or the Protestants of Great Britain? The following extract from a public address lately delivered by the Protestant Bishop of Lincoln, will go far, we think, towards answering these questions.

After admitting and lamenting the gross ignorance, immorality, and degraded condition of the rural population, His Lordship is reported by the London Times to have delivered himself as follows, as to the

condition of the urban and manufacturing portion of the population:—

"In the wide suburbs," said His Lordship, "where there were long rows of small and ill-built houses, or in the hearts of cities, where the number of bells at the side of the door, one above the other, told that the house which was a large and well looking one, was inhabited from its garrets down to its damp cellars—they would find the places, the abode for the most part of vice, infidelity and irreligion."

Yes—truly—these are the strongholds of British Protestantism. Of the inhabitants of these places—hot beds of Protestantism—His Lordship proceeded to give the following description:—

"They would find that not one in ten or twenty of those who populated such places went regularly to any place of worship whatever. They would find a large proportion of persons professing unbelief in that Bible which most of them had never read, or of which their knowledge was gleaned only from irreligious publications; and they would find also that the degrading sin of drunkenness prevailed to an alarming extent among the men and the women, and he might almost add, the children. This was a state of things which it was impossible to contemplate without grief, whether it was looked at politically, economically, or religiously. Looking at it politically, these were the classes which writers on political economy had termed the dangerous classes. They were those who, having no stake in the welfare of the country—nothing, as they fancied, to lose—and no religious principles to deter them from what they might think would be to their advantage, though wrong, and apt to suppose that any change would be for their good, were ready to listen to any demagogue who would propound to them what seemed to be a plan for their amelioration in the social scale; and, though kept quiet, perhaps by fear, or by the general prosperity of the country, were ready, like a mine at the base of society, to explode and dash the State to atoms. In an economical point of view there was much that deserved the most serious attention and thought. Viewing this in a still more serious light, it was awful to consider that here, in a Christian country, with the Gospel within their reach, and the means of salvation around them, these wretched creatures were as benighted, as far as the redeeming knowledge of Christianity was concerned, as any heathen in the wilds of Africa.

Here then is an ample field for the exertions of the French Canadian Missionary Society; amongst the heathen masses of Protestant England, "wretched and benighted as the heathen in the wilds of Africa," and alas! far more degraded, both physically and morally. It is amongst these that the Missionaries are wanted, and not amongst the French Catholics of Lower Canada.

**IMPORTED BISHOPS.**—We mentioned a week or two ago that the British Government had made a lot of new Protestant Bishops for the especial use of Upper Canada. Hereupon the Canadian Monarchist, as a member of the Church of England, takes up his parable, and protests against this action on the part of the Home Government, as an unjust interference with the affairs of the Province. Why import those ecclesiastical functionaries ready made—he indignantly asks—when we have in Canada abundance of raw material out of which to manufacture as good an article of Protestant Bishops as any that can be imported from the old country? And hereupon, most irreverently, he argues for the necessity of a protective duty upon the Spiritual produce of the Colony; recommending that a high *ad valorem* duty be henceforward placed upon all Apostolic men shipped to this country by order of the Home Government.

A communication, over the signature of "Montreal," appeared in last week's issue of the *American Celt*; to which, from the many false statements therein contained, and its impudent calumnies against the medical staff of the St. Patrick's Hospital of this city, we felt it would be our duty to reply.—From this painful task however we have been spared by the prompt action of the *American Celt*; who having evidently discovered the true character of his "Montreal" correspondent, and the dirty motives by which he was actuated, has, in his issue for the present week, inserted the following notice, which we have no doubt will, for the future, put an effectual stopper upon *Montreal's* "slack jaw." The *Celt* says, in an article headed—"Our Montreal Correspondence" —

"A letter, chiefly devoted to personalities, appeared in our last over the signature 'Montreal.' The gentleman who wrote it having so far forgot what is due to the character of a correspondent, and to this paper, as to promulgate purely personal matter, under the guise of protecting the public interests, we cannot hereafter insert anything coming from his pen."

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Montreal, Nov. 6, 1855.

SIR—May I make bold to send you these few lines, in order to call your attention to the "Correspondence" department of the *Catholic Citizen* of Toronto. I take it for granted that *entre confrères*, you may give one another, *ad turnum*, a friendly advice. Then, in the name of common sense, do tell the good Editor of the *Citizen*, that the Catholics at large, in Upper, as well as in Lower Canada, are not yet, thank God, liberal enough to understand how such "Correspondence," as has but lately illustrated the columns of the *Citizen*, can be furnished by a Catholic, and at once be so freely admitted by the Editor. If a few hot-headed malcontents are dissatisfied with the administration of their Bishop, what business has the *Citizen* to trumpet it in his columns; and what is worse, to encourage them by condescendingly prompting his interference?

Is this the way the Church of God is to be governed?—are we now-a-days to have newspaper Editors, and their correspondents, appointed to govern the Church—in the stead of those whom Christ has Himself appointed.

The want of priests is, no doubt, very great in many

localities of Upper Canada; but I doubt very much if the interference of the *Citizen*, and the threats or unbecoming complaints of the "Correspondents," will bring any other result than the scandal they have caused amongst all good Catholics, and their displeasure at the connivance of the *Citizen* to this scandalous proceeding; which might do well enough for the "Conventicle," but which is thoroughly anti-Catholic. It is idle to mince matters; and therefore, Mr. Editor, I hope you will tell your *confrère* that if the *Citizen* truly deserves his title of *Catholic*, he must apologise; for he has sinned no less against the rules of propriety, than against those of the Church. If he does not, then let him drop the word "*Catholic*," which jars so glaringly with his *presbyterian* principles.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,

A CATHOLIC.

The article in the *Catholic Citizen* to which our correspondent alludes, attracted our attention at the time that it appeared; but knowing how easily, in spite of the greatest editorial precautions, an improper word or sentence may for the moment escape notice, we did not then, nor do we now, attribute its offensive remarks to anything worse than inadvertence on the part of our cotemporary. The *Catholic Citizen* has always shown himself worthy of his title, and is, we know, far from approving of the sentiments enunciated by one of his casual correspondents.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir,—The Irish Catholics of Quebec have just passed through a week full of incidents, highly gratifying and instructive to themselves, and interesting to every Irish Catholic in the Province.

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee Esq., the gifted and patriotic Editor of the *American Celt*, has just delivered a course of three lectures on, *Irish History, as a Key to Irish Destiny in the XIX. century.* These lectures have, indeed, been highly instructive to the Irish Catholics of Quebec; for we have been studying Irish History and drawing hints therefrom for our future guidance—and, to use the words of the distinguished lecturer himself, we have done this "contemplating Irish History from the window of the Irish Church." That those incidents are interesting generally, you will agree with me when I inform you that the lectures were delivered before an Institution, which, though purely Catholic in its organization, possesses sufficient influence to induce quite a number of Protestants, including Divines as well as Laymen, to attend a course of Lectures which were presumed would be Catholic in tone, and in a Hall built exclusively for Catholic purposes. That these gentlemen appreciated the eloquent, dispassionate, and judicial spirit in which the Lecturer reviewed the suggestive phases of Irish History, was fully evinced by their repeated marks of approbation. On the platform, surrounding the Lecturer, were the Rev. Mr. Cazeau, Vicar General; our respected Pastor the Rev. Mr. Nelligan, and a number of Clergymen—amongst others the Reverend Messrs. Drolet, Campbell, Hamelin, Langevin and Colfer. The Brother Directors of the Christian schools at Diamond Harbor, St. John's and Pointe Levi, as well as a number of the Brothers of the Community were also in attendance.—At the conclusion of the Course, Mr. Murphy, the President of the Institute read the following resolution, which was carried amidst unanimous applause:—

Moved by John Maguire Esq., J.P.; seconded by E. G. Cannon, Esq., N.P.:—

Resolved—"That the thanks of the St. Patrick's Catholic Institute be tendered to Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, Esq., for the highly instructive course of lectures delivered in its Hall, and under its auspices; and that copies of this resolution be inserted in the *True Witness*, in the other journals of this Province, and in the *Boston Pilot* and *American Celt.*"

I remain, Sir, Yours,

Quebec, Nov. 3, 1855. A SUBSCRIBER.

From press of matter, we have been compelled to postpone "A Scotchman's" letter until next week.

### REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Beauharnois, J. Quig, 12s 6d; Russelltown, E. McGill, 12s 6d, do., J. Campion, 12s 6d; Milton, T. Hackett, 12s 6d; Quebec, T. Devine, £1 5s; Edwardsburg, D. Grehan, 10s; Bath, F. M'Mullin, 12s 6d; New Durham, J. Seacord, 5s; Rivieres des Prairies, Rev. J. F. LeBlond, £1 5s; St. Alphonse de Rodrigue, Rev. N. Piché, 12s 6d; Golburn, M. Bready, 12s 6d; Bathurst, N.B., Rev. J. Pelloutier, 12s 6d; Three Rivers, P. Scannell, 15s; Burlington, N. A. Tucker, £1 7s 6d; St. Anicet, J. Curran, £1 5s; St. Johns, F. Marchand, 12s 6s; St. Andrews, Rev. Mr. Thibaudier, 12s 6d; St. Hugues, J. Whelan, 12s 6d; Williamstown, Rev. F. M'Donogh, 6s 3d; Chateauguy, Rev. Mr. Caron, 12s 6d; Sherrington, M. Murphy, 7s 6d; Pakenham, J. Levy, 15s; Cornwall, D. Phelan, 12s 6d; L'Assomption, Rev. Mr. Barret, 6s 3d; Templeton, M. Foley, 12s 6d; J. Hagan, 7s 6d.

Per Rev. G. A. Hay, St. Andrews—Mrs. A. M' Donald, 12s 6d, do., B. Wood, 12s 6d.

Per J. O'Sullivan, Prescott—J. Walsh, 12s 6d; J. Hurley, 12s 6d; J. Whalen, 6s 3d.

Per M. O'Leary, Quebec—Hamel & Bros., 15s; P. Methot, £1 2s 6d; Mr. Haller, 15s; J. Beaky, 7s 6d; W. & J. M'Kay, 15s; M. Battle, 7s 6d; D. M'Ilheson, 15s; M. Lamontagne, 7s 6d; J. Pettit-clerc, 7s 6d; P. Grogan, £1 2s 6d; Renaud & Frere, 15s; F. Parent, 15s; P. Doherty, 7s 6d; J. Madden, £1 15s; Rev. Mr. Gill, Saguenay, 10s; J. Lannon, Valcartier, 6s 3d; J. Walsh, Frampton, 6s 3d.

Per M. Barrett, St. Sylvester—Self, 5s; J. Sheridan, 5s; J. Hogan, 5s; E. Donohoe, 5s; J. Carr, 6s 3d.

The Montreal Pilot discoursing on Anglo-Saxon superiority, remarks that:—

"It is a long time since England was purely Anglo-Saxon, and when she was, every power that tried it whipt her. Beside, the *Celt* is now speaking a little for himself in the Crimea; and what has been done there by the Anglo-Saxon army, is attributed by the London Times to the "stubborn courage of the Highlands and Connaught."

### Died,

On Tuesday, the 6th instant, Mr. Michael O'Neill, of the "Metropolitan Hotel," aged 38 years.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

Among the rumors which have circulated—rather mysteriously, it is true—in two or three political circles, is one which I have refrained from noticing hitherto. Its revival in a more general, if not a more consistent, form than before makes me now allude to it. This rumor refers to an alleged matrimonial alliance between Prince Napoleon and a princess of the royal family of England. Whether there be any foundation for it I am unable to say, and only relate it as it is reported. The friends of the imperial dynasty reason that Prince Napoleon is also of royal race, and is even connected with the royal family of England by his mother, the Princess Catherine of Württemberg, who herself was a daughter of a Princess of Brunswick. I repeat that I cannot say whether the rumor is ill or well founded, but this is the second or third time it has been in circulation, and with the comments to which I have alluded.—*Times Paris Correspondent.*

The Emperor has signed the decree for the suppression of the Centes Guards.

General Bosquet, it is said, is about to return to France, he having obtained leave of absence on account of his wound.

"The following lines," says the journal *La Haute Loire*, "have been addressed by an illustrious Marshal to a nun of the hospital of Puy, who had sent him a medal of the Immaculate Conception:—

"I begin by telling you that I enter most willingly into the spirit of the prayers you have offered up for me, and which, as you must have remarked, have been heard. It was on the day following the feast of the Assumption that I beat the Russians at Traktir, and it was on that of the Nativity of our Lady that the Malakoff was taken. Thus is it that we are indebted, more than the vulgar may suppose, to the fervent prayers addressed to the Virgin, and to our confidence in her, for such powerful aid in those two glorious days."

The *Ami d'Ordre* of Amiens says:—"Mr. Thomas Wildonson, of Nottingham, aged 62, made abjuration of Protestantism on the 2nd ult., at the hands of M. Abbe Berton, vicar of Amiens.

## GERMANY.

BERLIN, Oct. 16.—In reply to mediatory overtures, the Western Powers have notified to Austria that the events of the war demand a revision of the Four Points. Austria admits this principle, and re-asserts a desire to act in common with the Western Powers.

The *Prussian Correspondence* contradicts the report that Prussia is attempting to mediate between Russia and the Allied Powers; and adds, that on sounding the Allies, Russia found them so disinclined to negotiate at this moment that she made no proposals. The *Borsenhalle*, however, repeats the assertion, and insists that there are unmistakable indications of a renewal of negotiations."

The text of the Concordat recently concluded between the Papal Chair and Austria has not yet been given to the world, but the *Gazetta di Venezia* has received an analysis of the document, which cannot fail to have a great influence on the future fate of this empire; but it is certain that it is highly favorable to the Holy See.

## RUSSIA.

RENEWED FORTIFICATIONS OF SWEABORG.—Letters from Helsingfors state that the Russians are repairing with the greatest activity the fortifications of Sweaborg, which were so seriously damaged by the bombardment of the 9th and 10th of August. They are establishing new powder magazines in the rock, in order to avoid the risk of explosions; the storehouses, which were of wood, are being built of stone; the arsenal, which was completely destroyed, is to be placed in a more protected position; the barracks, which before the bombardment were capable of containing 10,000 men, are being enlarged, and an attempt is to be made to fortify the Isle of Drusio. General de Berg, the military governor, has visited the rock of Longom, in which the French established a battery, to see if it will not be possible to construct during the winter a sort of citadel there.—*Letter from Stockholm*, Sept. 30.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.—It is reported that the Russian Government has offered the Russian possessions in North America to the United States for 40,000,000 of silver roubles and other commercial advantages. The report that Prince Gortschakoff is to be succeeded in the command in the Crimea by Gen. Mouravieff is again current.

A despatch from Nicolaieff announces that on the 15th the Allied fleet effected a descent on the spit of Kinburn, near the Salt-water Lakes. The number of troops disembarked was inconsiderable. Towards the close of the day six steamers began to cannonade the town of Kinburn, and the fortress replied in such a manner as to keep the enemy at a distance. One steamer was damaged.

## ITALY.

THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.—A letter from Rome of the 6th, gives an interesting account of the practical advantages secured to the Eternal City by the government of his Holiness:—

"The exportation of corn was, as is known, prohibited some short time ago, owing to the harvest, having contrary to expectation, turned out to be insufficient; and measures have now been taken, not only to see the prohibition strictly observed, but to cause foreign wheat to be imported; also to facilitate the circulation of corn in the interior. At Rome the Pope has caused a number of bakehouses to be established, at which bread is sold at the cost price, and the greatest benefit has been derived from them by the poorer classes. On the breaking out of the cholera, His Holiness caused considerable sums to be

distributed in the provinces; and at Rome he established a commission with powers to take all measures that might be considered desirable. This commission, among other things, has established temporary hospitals in different parts of the city. The Pope also charged the commission to receive donations for the orphans of victims of the cholera, and they have been so numerous that it will be possible to employ about 4,000 crowns (22,000*l.*) annually for 10 years. The cholera has almost entirely disappeared from the capital."

## CRIMEA.

The quantity of valuable material, of one kind and another, still found among the "blood-stained ruins" of Sebastopol is very great. A Sebastopol letter of the 2nd says that the English have found in Karabelnaia 2,222 guns, 390,000 bombs and shot, engines to the value of £40,000, chains and anchors estimated at £20,000, and metals at £12,000, 3,000 tons of coal, more than 3,000,000 of rations, and clothing of various kinds.

The Allies have discreetly abandoned Odessa, without even attempting a bombardment, and, according to their wont, they are now occupied in the less perilous enterprise of assailing Kinburn, a small fortress near the Salt Lakes of the Crimea. Even here, however, their success has, up to this period, been anything but dazzling—the little Citadel having returned the cannonade so effectually as to keep the besiegers at bay, and even to damage one of their steamers. Prince Gortschakoff is stupid enough to despise this formidable demonstration, and resolutely declines to be seduced into a premature action. In the meantime General Pelissier still endeavors to effect some decisive achievement before his army is thinned by the horrors of another Crimean winter. On the 12th ult., it is believed that the French outposts were within twelve miles of Bakchi-Serai, and it was expected that Liprandi would find it necessary to defend the lines of the Lower Belbek. On the other hand it is declared that the Russians are on the point of attacking the French on the heights of Baidar, and with every probability of success. "If report be true (observes the *Times* correspondent) the Russians are not about to be satisfied with the defence of the strong positions; they intend pushing back the French divisions from the threatened position which they have assumed on the heights above the valley of Baidar. They have sent, for this purpose, about 2,000 Greek volunteers on the mountain of Yaila, that they may, in case of a successful Russian attack in front, fall on the flank of the retreating French."—*Nation.*

THE BATTLE AT KARS.—An official report of the Turkish Commander-General of Kars, dated September 29, makes known the following facts:—"The Russians have this day attacked Kars. The action lasted eight hours. In the course of the contest, which was of the most desperate description, the enemy with all his force several times entered some of our batteries, but was each time repulsed with considerable loss. After displaying great efforts, the Russians were compelled to give way before the courage of our brave soldiers, and had to retire completely routed. In addition to those removed during the action, the Russians have left in the trenches and the environs of the fortress, 4,000 dead, 100 prisoners, and a gun. Our losses consist of from 700 to 800 men, amongst whom we have to deplore the death of many superior officers. The Russians are preparing to retreat, and to abandon the siege."

A despatch received at Hamburg gives some details of the Russian defeat at Kars. At Kars at one time the Russians succeeded in taking two batteries, but before they had time to turn round the guns, or even to spike them, the Turks rushed upon them with such vigor as not only to regain possession of the batteries, but this movement being suddenly effected, decided the fortune of the day. Being repulsed with such fury, the Russians were quite taken by surprise and fell back upon their comrades, who were thrown into confusion. The Turks then rushed out of the fortress, and massacred an enormous number of the enemy before they had time to form their ranks and recover from their surprise.

It is now known that the Russians have resumed the siege of Kars, with every prospect of success.

(From the *London Times*.)

Kinburn is situated at the extreme western point of a peninsula which forms the southern shore of the estuary of the Dnieper. On the opposite side is the celebrated Oczakoff, the capture of which by Catherine gave rise to a singular episode in our Parliamentary history. The projection of these promontories and the shallowness of the water leave only a narrow channel, of less than a mile in width, by which the Dnieper and the Bug can be reached. The water near Oczakoff and Kinburn is nowhere more than four fathoms in depth, and immediately the gulf of the Dnieper is entered it shoals to three fathoms.—About 60 miles east of the entrance stands Cherson, at the head of the delta of the Dnieper, to the north of a wilderness of marshy islands: The Bug flows into the gulf of the Dnieper, and about 35 miles up the Bug is Nicolaieff, the building yard of the Black Sea fleet. Kinburn and Oczakoff therefore form the towers of the gate which leads to two of Russia's most important military towns. It has been generally said that Odessa is the storehouse which supplies the Russian armies in the Crimea. We believe this notion to be only partially correct; indeed, a little examination will show that the town does not lie between the chief corn growing districts and the Crimea, and that supplies would be taken out of their way by being carried to Odessa. There is every reason to believe that Nicolaieff, and still more Cherson, are the chief granaries of the Russian armies, or at least that through them one line of the convoys passes which have so long supplied Sebastopol. It is with great satisfaction, therefore, that we learn that this important quarter has been threatened by the allied fleet, and we hope that the Admirals have the means of striking a heavy blow within the present

year. It is now evident that the appearance before Odessa was a feint, no doubt intended to draw off troops from Oczakoff. The allied force on board the fleet is said to consist of several thousand men, of whom 3,500 are British troops. It appears to be a part of the British force which has made good its landing in the neighborhood of Kinburn; but the results of the expedition will, no doubt, depend mainly on the number and efficiency of the smaller vessels. The telegraphic despatch from Odessa a few days since stated that 80 vessels were in sight of the harbor; it may therefore be concluded that nearly the whole force of gunboats and steamers is employed on the expedition. Both France and England have lately sent a large number of these craft into the Black Sea, and the last recorded exploit is given in our impression of this day. On the 24th of September Admiral Bruat despatched Commander Bonet with ten gunboats, a despatch-boat, and a steamer against Taman and Fanagori, which stand near each other on the eastern shore of the Straits of Kertch. This small force sufficed to destroy the towns, in spite of 800 Cossacks. Every building which could shelter the Russian troops on the Kuban during the winter was demolished, a quantity of cannon was taken, and a great advantage gained, without, as it appears, the loss of a single man. The position of Yenikale is by this operation rendered more secure during the period at which the straits may be frozen. These gunboats have probably by this time been added to the force off the mouth of the Dnieper. The Emperor of the French sent out during the summer a considerable number of the Rhone steamboats, and their small draught of water will allow them to ascend the stream in spite of natural and artificial obstacles. It may be hoped therefore that the allies will be able not only to reduce Kinburn, but to carry out operations against the cities which it protects.—The frosts of the ensuing winter may set in sufficiently early to retard the work for a time, but the country will be glad to learn that at least a commencement has been made. We trust soon to announce the destruction of both Kinburn and Oczakoff.

HOW LONG WILL THE ALLIANCE LAST?—A period of cool reflection invariably follows a riot or a carouse. Head-ache and philosophy after exertion and high spirits. Such is the state of feeling now in England. There is a rapid cooling down after the great glorification, and the process of refrigeration is considerably aided and abetted by the knowledge, every day growing clearer, of the circumstances attending their assault on the Redan. But it is not the past, so shameful as that has been, that now presses so heavily on the heart of England. A dark and indistinct future awakens her anxiety. English organs begin to talk of peace—of the objects of the war having been accomplished—of the criminality of continuing it longer. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright are soon to be popular again. But there remains another party to be convinced in this matter. It is fearfully probable that "our august ally" is not inclined to pay proper attention to our views and feelings; and means to continue this war as long as it shall please his Imperial Majesty. How are we to wriggle off from him? It is a delicate matter, for he may choose another partner. Brother despots may become friends, and even now there is in his ear a suggestive whisper from *Le Nord* that Russia is the natural ally of France. It is no wonder that England should be tired of this war. To the other powers concerned it may have brought some honor—for her it has been the high road to ruin. Turkey has risen somewhat in the estimation of the world; Russia has risen amazingly; and France almost to her ancient pitch of military renown. A blaze of the olden glory shines upon her colors, and her eagles once again can bask in "the sun of Austerlitz." But for England, disaster and disgrace have been her portion. She has fallen now, and her position is not merely humiliating; it is perilous. She boasts of a close alliance with Napoleon III., but when the great Napoleon mastered his legions on the heights of Ambleterre, and prepared his flotilla in the harbor of Boulogne, her danger was less than it is at present. Does it require proof? She engaged in this war in alliance with a ruler she had reviled and abused but a few months previously, and with a people who had ever been her enemies. There is reason to believe those enemies had latterly taken up a rather high opinion of her power. She had long worn a very bold front towards them, and had almost succeeded in persuading them of her invincibility. But they have been deceived, and any one may foresee the consequences. Even a schoolboy knows the result of falling into contempt among his fellows. There is a fair city on the banks of the Bosphorus. Its domes and minarets rise as from a garden, and glitter beneath the brightest sky of heaven. A glorious city; coveted by all the powers of the world. Its sickly owner draws near his end. One or other of the kind friends now by his bedside steps into possession. The strong man or the weak man—Which? Or will there be a struggle? If so, who gains? No need to go to Delphi for an answer.—*Nation.*

## UNITED STATES.

THE IRISH FILLIBUSTERS.—These gentlemen, who desire to amuse themselves by repeating old blunders, are gradually sinking down from the gaze of the public, and escaping from the clutches of their keepers. The weather, and fall of South Sebastopol, have cooled their ardor. Another Russian disaster—another cold spell of weather—a few more journalistic slips, and the only men worthy of a good fate, will put on their cast off discretion. Then "Phelim O'Leary" shall be compelled to fall back upon politics for a living, and the "Fag" shall betake his worthless self to some honest employment. Almost in the presence of this coming finale of a badly prosecuted cheat, we congratulate the great body of Irish in America upon their faithfulness to principle.—*American Celt.*

"ALL'S WELL!"—In the *Leader* of the 27th ult., we find the following characteristic sentence in reference to the late little bye-battle between that journal and the *American Celt*:—"We have no hesitation in saying, without any irony this time, that we think the Irish have, in the fact of their ancestors never having apostatized from the faith; a reason and a right to be proud of them (if such pride can ever be right) which we have not in regard to ours."

ARREST FOR MAIL ROBBERY.—We learn that Mr. Hopkins, late Postmaster at Island Pond was arrested last evening by officer Huse, on a charge of abstracting letters from the mail.—*State of Maine.*

SEES TO BE CREATED.—By reference to the proceedings of the Provincial Council of St. Louis, it will be perceived that the following new sees have been presented for approval to the Holy See:—*Bishoprics*—Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin; Alton, Illinois; Leavenworth City, Kansas; an Apostolic Vicariate for Nebraska, and Western Minnesota.

The subjoined extract from the Pastoral of the Provincial Council of St. Louis, (an account of which we published a few weeks since,) is an admirable Compendium of Catholic teaching on the Relations of the two distinct, yet not independent orders—the Temporal and the Spiritual. The *Liberal Press* of America would do a great service to the cause of truth by assisting in its circulation. Pass it on, gentlemen.—*American Celt.*

"We owe no temporal allegiance to the Bishop of Rome. We recognize in the Government under which we live the power established by God for the regulation of society supreme in all that concerns the civil order, and always to be obeyed whenever its requirements are not obviously opposed to the Law of God. We maintain, indeed, the superiority of the Spiritual over the Temporal order. We maintain that the temporal ruler is bound to conform his enactments to the Divine Law. We maintain that the Church is the Supreme Judge of all questions concerning faith and morals, and that in the determination of such questions the Roman Pontiff, as Vicar of Jesus Christ, constitutes a tribunal from which there is no appeal, and to whose award all the children of the Church must yield obedience. If this appear incompatible with the allegiance we owe to the Civil Ruler, it can be only in the minds of those who ignore the rights of conscience, or suppose that in the most difficult and momentous questions conscience has no certain rule by which to be guided, and who in denying the paramount obligation of God's Law, would establish, under the name of liberty, the most revolting despotism—that which absolves Power from its most obvious and sacred obligation of obeying Him from whom all power descends, and substitutes for the moral duty of obedience, submission to force that cannot be successfully resisted."—*Pastoral of the First Provincial Council of St. Louis.*

SEBASTOPOL CELEBRATION IN NEW ORLEANS.—On the 17th ult., a public celebration took place in New Orleans for the fall of Sebastopol. A *Te Deum* was chanted at the Cathedral, and a salute of three hundred guns fired. The celebration was, however, confined to the French part of the town, all the rest refusing to participate, and the shipping in port refusing to hoist their flags.

ANOTHER PROTESTANT MISSIONARY.—We learn from the *Wahrheitsfreund* and other sources that a degraded German priest, Conrad Beck, lately dismissed from Watertown, Wisconsin, has been collecting money on false pretences in this city and through the diocese and the State. We caution the public against him. This wretched man, whose name appears in this year's Almanac as Pastor of the congregation at Watertown, Wis., was "married" some months past by a "Squire," and still pretends to pass for a priest in good standing in the diocese of Milwaukee. Last Thursday he imposed on the Pastor of the church of the Holy Cross in Columbus, and profaned the altar of that church by offering on it a sacrilegious Mass! He then hoped to be allowed to beg for a church!—*Catholic Telegraph.*

If God has abandoned men to their private judgments of morals, if He has left them no Law and no Executives but the old natural, or the depraved natural law, and the arbitrary executive of the individual will, we really don't see how "the free lovers" are to be combated. To condemn in the name of authority, yet previously to reject all such authority, is a gross inconsistency which we are amazed that clever men, like our city Editors, cannot understand. If marriage is a mere conventionalism, we see no reason why Messrs. Andrews, Clapp, and Brisbane, may not lawfully make war upon it. Conventionalism derives its whole sanction from popularity, and if a few, or if several persons, can make a conventionalism for themselves which shall not shock outwardly public decency, we really don't see why 555 Broadway has not as good a right to exemption from domiciliary visits and arbitrary arrests as Chapin's church, where Thackeray lectured, or Beecher's, where he is to lecture, or Grace's, or Trinity.—Deny the right of "free love" and you restrict "private judgment," admit "private judgment," and how will you combat "free love"?—*N. Y. Freeman.*

CATHOLIC MORALITY.—The old Protestant principle of morality "behave yourself before folks," may have been of some use in a society where all the influence, the gravity, and good sense of the community were enlisted, whether by Catholic tradition, or by zeal for proselytizing, on the side of virtue or propriety. But it is of little use now. We have reached a period of progress in which modest, sincere, unassuming virtue must apologize if she appears in public, and vice needs no disguise to walk honored through the streets. Appeals to a sense of decency and propriety will do some good where decency and propriety have the upper hand. But these external bonds of virtue have no force of themselves to hold sway over the hearts of men. Every man of sense must admit that without virtue society cannot subsist. Even those who do not believe in the extraordinary judgments of God, inflicted on public crimes, cannot but see that if vice and impurity run riot, society is dissolved. There is something fearful, therefore, in the recent developments concerning the Free-Love Society in New York, and something still more fearful in the manner in which the subject is treated by most public journals. If any man, but a few days ago, had dared to say that the heart of society in this country was so corrupt as late events reveal it, he should have been heard with indignation. And yet to what a state of moral degradation have we arrived when the basest of vices, which heretofore was forced to hide from public gaze, and to shun the daylight, has in our day been reduced into a system, possessing institutions and giving public exhibitions. The crowds which flock to witness these revolting spectacles, and the disgusting levity with which the press has spoken of this new movement, show that society in the United States is fast verging to its dissolution, and that, instead of making any progress towards improvement, mankind is but returning to the old heathen superstitions. There is no remedy for this evil but the old Catholic morality, which teaches that modesty and purity are not merely garments to be worn in public when the eyes of the world are on us, but that they are virtues in themselves, ornaments of the soul, which render man like to the angels, and are to be cultivated on account of their

beauty. The Protestant maxim, "behave yourself before folks," has failed to make people behave themselves, because they do not care for public opinion when they find that the public conscience is, like themselves, without shame, Protestantism has had its trial, and now we see the fruits of it. It threw off religious authority, and thereby removed the strongest curb of human passions—it taught the right of private interpretation without limit, and now the Scriptures are being interpreted with a vengeance. The seed for the destruction of morality, and therefore of society, and therefore of every form of Government, was sown by Protestantism when it applauded so senselessly the scandals of Henry VIII., and accommodated itself to the desires of wicked men by opening a wide door to their passions, and thus removing the foundation stone of civilisation. The seed then sown has been growing into a tree, during the last three hundred years, producing fruit in its season; one of its fruits is this execrable Free-Love movement.

**YELLOW FEVER AT THE SOUTH.**—The disease is abating at Montgomery, Alabama, where they have had 44 cases and 17 deaths. At Memphis, Tennessee, it is also abating. The 3rd inst. was observed there as a day of prayer and humiliation. At Natchez, Miss., for the week ending the 3rd inst., there was 30 deaths. Several Sisters of Charity and orphans were down with the disease in that city.

**SAD RESULT FROM THE LOSS OF A LETTER.**—A terrible instance of the suffering caused by post office mismanagement or robbery happened recently at St. Louis. A man who went thence to Texas, to return immediately, found some profitable business which would detain him several months, and therefore wrote to his wife enclosing \$150 for her present wants. The letter never reached her, and being, with her five children, turned out of her home for non-payment of rent, and driven to despair by the idea that her husband had deserted her, she drowned herself and youngest child in the Mississippi. The unhappy husband and father receiving no answer to his letter, returned to St. Louis to find himself a widower, and his children supported by public charity. The postmaster who stole that \$150 will have a fearful account to give.—*American paper.*

**THE DEATH PENALTY IN WISCONSIN.**—The recent murders and lynchings in Wisconsin have evidently created a feeling favorable to a restoration of the death penalty. A mass meeting has been called at Milwaukee to take the subject into consideration.

At Inkermann a French priest had his horse shot under him. Lord Raglan noticed the event, and sent to express his regret that he had no spare horse to present him with. (Had he been an Irish priest he would not be an equestrian, nor would his lordship have wasted the hypocritical sympathy.) "N'importe, Monsieur le General," cried out the "padre," as he sprang upon the carronade of a four-horsed gun just passing, and next moment was in the midst of the fray. Need I advert to the life and death of Father Sheehan, and the fearless devotion of Father Thorp, as instances of the holy zeal of the Irish priesthood; or to the "Monk of Galata," whom the *Times* noticed as having been so enthusiastically welcomed by the Irish Catholic soldiers, after the bloody battle; but the *Times* did not afterwards notice that the same zealous volunteer, unpaid and unsupported Catholic priest was driven at the point of the bayonet from the deathbeds of the said hapless soldiery. He was met with English bayonets at the door of the hospital, and at the instance, too, of the Protestant minister there officiating; and so the priest wrote home for the edification of all soldier-going Catholics. So much for the besotted government that adorns idols in Hindostan and countenances the manufacture of Indian Fetiches in Birmingham.—*Tipperary Leader.*

It is said that Elder Knapp, the eccentric and eloquent revivalist, related the following anecdote to a large audience, to illustrate the manner in which some persons misquote the scripture:—A pious old lady who was too unwell to attend meeting, used to send her thick-headed husband to church to find out what the preacher selected for the foundation of his discourse. The poor dunce was rarely fortunate enough to remember the text, or even the chapter and verse where they could be found, but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and with a smile of self-satisfaction on his face, informed his wife that he could repeat every word of the text without missing a single syllable.

The words were as follows:

"An Angel came down from Heaven and took a live coal from the altar."

"Well let us have the text," remarked the good woman.

"I know every word," replied the husband.

"I am anxious to hear it," continued the wife.

"They are nice words," observed the husband.

"I am glad your memory is improving; but don't keep me in suspense, my dear."

"Just get your big Bible, and I will say the words, for I know them by heart.—Why, I said them a hundred times on my way home."

"Well, now, let's hear them."

"Ahem," said the husband clearing his throat.

"An Igen came down from New Haven, and took a live colt by the tail and jerked him out of the halter."

**HOW TO GET RID OF WORMS.**  
THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD.

You have only to purchase a bottle of M<sup>o</sup>Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, and administer it according to the directions accompanying each vial. It never fails to give immediate relief, and is perfectly safe for young or old. The following testimony, in favor of M<sup>o</sup>Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge was handed us a short time ago.

New York, November 16, 1852.

A friend of mine purchased and administered one bottle of M<sup>o</sup>LANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE to a child of her's, four years old, which brought away between three hundred and four hundred worms—many of them large. The child is now well, and living in Remington place. For further particulars, inquire of Mrs. Hardie, No. 3 Manhattan place.

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Purchasers will please be careful to ask for, and take none but DR. M<sup>o</sup>LANE'S VERMIFUGE. All others, in comparison, are worthless.

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**THE SCHOOLMASTER ABOARD.**—The following is a literal copy of a list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out West. People who can't spell seldom have a high respect for women:—

"Subject of discussion:—

"Is dansin morrala rong?"

"Is the reading of fictitious wuks commendible?"

"Is it necessary that femails shud reseve a thourgh literary educashun?"

Of femailes to take parts in poliitiks?"



**YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION.**  
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AND FRIDAY, THE 9TH OF NOV. NEXT,  
At EIGHT o'Clock each Evening.

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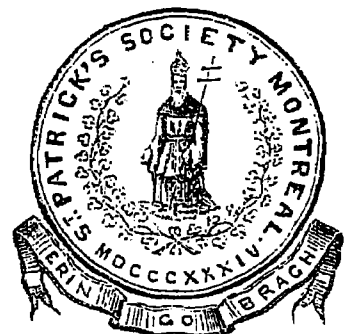
ADMISSION—To each Lecture, 1s 3d.  
Tickets may be had at the Book Store of Messrs. Sadlier & Co.; of Members of Committee; and at the door on the Evenings of the Lectures.  
Montreal, 26th Oct., 1855.

**YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION.**

THE usual MONTHLY MEETING of the Association will be held on TUESDAY EVENING next, the 13th instant, at EIGHT o'clock, in the Room adjoining the Recollet Church. It is particularly requested that the members be punctual in attendance, as printed copies of the proposed By-Laws will be ready for distribution.

By Order,  
P. J. FOGARTY,  
Secretary.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.**



A SPECIAL MEETING of the SOCIETY will be held at St. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING next, the 12th instant, at EIGHT o'clock.  
N.B.—A punctual attendance is requested.

By Order,  
T. C. COLLINS,  
Recording Secretary.

**TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN STUDYING FOR COMMISSIONS IN THE ARMY.**

AT the suggestion of three or four young gentlemen, whose studies in the above line he has recently had the honor of successfully superintending, Mr. ANDERSON would respectfully intimate that he has opened a CLASS exclusively for the benefit of gentlemen of the foregoing character.

References:  
Rev. Canon LEACHT, McGill College.  
Cols. D'URBAN and PRITCHARD.  
Hours of attendance, &c., made known at the Class Room, No. 50, St. Charles Borromee Street.  
Sept. 6.

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THIS book has gone through many editions in England and Ireland, and will meet with a rapid sale in America. It makes a book of about 500 pages. Price 75 cents.

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Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 14, 19, and 31,

And a portion of the GOODS in the 3rd and 4th Stories, they have determined to pack up the same in CASES, for disposal during the dull Season, and to OPEN for Inspection and Sale on Monday First, the 25th instant, their entire

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