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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

MONTREAL FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 21, 1855.

VOL. VI

NO. 6

DIARY OF THE SIEGE.

(From Correspondents of London Journals.)

RE-OPENING OF THE BATTERIES.

FOURTH DIVISION CAMP, August 17.—At four this morning, the English batteries opened a heavy fire along the whole of their line. The Russians kept silence for full twenty minutes, when they replied in good style. The French were slow in cooperating with us. It was fully half-past five before they opened on the left, and when they did it was a sort of intermittent fire, their right pausing when their left was active, and vice versa. A report had been current that but for the action on the Tchernaya the long-talked-of bombardment was to have commenced yesterday at noon, and when at day-break to-day the roar of the artillery was heard, it was supposed the cannonade had commenced in earnest, and would be vigorously sustained. After a short time, however, it slackened considerably, and it became evident that no serious bombardment was intended. During the whole day the cannonade has varied in violence, and has often been scarcely more severe than that we are accustomed to witness nearly every evening. At other times, however, the fire has been very heavy. Its real object is, I believe, to enable the French to continue their approaches to the Malakoff. Many conjectures and reports are afloat on the subject. It has been said that the fire is to be succeeded by a feint attack. Then, when it is supposed that the enemy has brought large bodies of troops to the front of his defences, a more effective bombardment is to take place, to be followed by a real attack on a different point. More authoritative information has reached me, which, without entering into details, gives me grounds to believe that something serious will shortly occur; to which to-day's fire has been merely a prelude. Meanwhile, we have casualties to lament, and have suffered some damage to our batteries. Four guns of No. 7 battery, left attack, were silenced, the other two thereupon suspending their fire. Two guns of the naval brigade were disabled. Captain Oldfield, royal artillery, was killed. Major Henry, of the same corps, lost his arm at the shoulder joint, but was doing well this evening. He had just been relieved, and was about to quit the battery when the ball struck him. Lieutenant Dennis, 3rd bufs, has been very badly wounded, and there is scarcely a chance of his recovery. Captain Hammet, commander of the Albion, was killed in the trenches. He saw the ball coming, called to his men to stand out of the way, and himself remained, and was instantly killed, either by the ball or by a spoke of the wheel which it smashed. I have heard of other similar instances. There is sometimes a sort of fascination, it would appear, in a cannon shot when it comes at you.

THE NEGLECTED NAVAL BRIGADE.

The naval brigade suffered severely. About 200 were in the trenches, and they had twenty-three casualties, including six men and an officer killed. This gallant but ill-treated brigade usually gets all the hard knocks, but none of the rewards of good service. It surely is not too much to expect that vacancies made in their ranks by the shot and shell they so bravely and frequently face should be filled up among themselves; yet for many months there has not been a promotion among them, but very numerous deaths. Three lieutenants, belonging to one ship, have been killed. On the 18th of June a lieutenant fell when gallantly attempting to rescue a wounded sailor. The mate promoted had seen no service before, and has seen none since, for he went to England shortly afterwards, but he is a very near relative of Sir James Graham's. Is Captain Hammet's vacancy to be similarly filled up? The naval brigade has certainly strong grounds for complaint. This afternoon, about six o'clock, one of our mortar batteries on the right discharged six mortars simultaneously, at one spot in the Malakoff, and blew up a magazine of shells, which popped off in succession in beautiful style, while the Russians jumped over the parapets in mortal terror, and our fellows in Gordon's battery jumped on theirs and cheered with delight.

A RUSSIAN SPY—WHERE IS HE?

This evening, about nine o'clock, we were disturbed from our post-prandial pipe by a sudden alarm in the camp of the fourth division, by shouts of "A Russian spy! Seize him!" here he goes, and similar exclamations. Of course we bowled out of our hut in double quick time. There was considerable excitement in the vicinity of the cattle round of empty beer casks, which, after containing the dead provisions of the division, serve to enclose the fire stock. Nobody seemed to have a distinct idea of what the Russian spy was like, but he was said to be mounted, and some Hungarian warriors were heard to declare they saw him doubling down the distance, which, considering the still night, is a suspiciously exact word for an over-

darkness, was rather a daring assertion. Finally, the spy—if spy it was, and not some new-come Englishman riding home to his quarters—escaped unscathed. Not so a canteen, which the seekers after the spy entered by mistake, and nearly emptied under the pretence of seeking him.

August 18.—The fire continued more or less all night; at times heavy. This morning it was not very severe. As I write the funeral of poor Captain Oldfield is taking place. It appears he was careless about exposing himself. He was hit in three places by fragments of shell. About half-past twelve there was some very heavy firing. Upon the whole the result of the cannonade appear pretty satisfactory. The Redan has suffered a good deal. Our fire has been very well directed, and that of the Malakoff has been considered checked.

BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

TURKISH CAMP, KAMARA, August 18.—To give you anything like a correct idea of a conflict which, though fought out, considering the number of the combatants, in a very small space, derived a great deal of its incidental importance from the nature of the terrain, it is almost necessary to call attention to a few of the leading features of the well-known, now so often described district around Balaklava. If you descend from the northern side of the plateau, on which the besieging armies are encamped, into the gorge through which the Tchernaya empties itself into the harbor, and follow the banks of the river for a short distance upward, you find yourself in a narrow valley, with the heights of Mackenzie's Farm rising abruptly on your left, like tall cliffs on the sea shore; and on your right a row of small hills, extending, with greater or less intervals between them, onto Tchorgoun. Beyond them is the plain of Balaklava, which is broken in its centre by a somewhat similar line of eminences; but in this instance so small as hardly to be entitled to any better appellation than that of mounds. It was on these last that the Turkish redoubts were thrown up, which were so precipitately abandoned by their defenders on the 25th of October. The highest of these hillocks does not rise above 300 feet from the level of the plain. Between Tchorgoun and Inkermann there are some of the most remarkable features in the landscape; but on crossing the river on the road from Balaklava to the former of those places, they no longer stand apart, each from its neighbor, but become more and more closely crowded together, and are soon lost in the picturesque confusion of the great range of hills which extend without interruption along the whole of the southern coast. On two or three of these, which lie in a cluster on the side of the plain next Inkermann, and directly facing the Mackenzie Heights, the road from which passes between them, have encamped for some time past three divisions of French. On the side next the Tchernaya, the position was defended by a precipitous and escarpé descent, on which some stunted brushwood still remained, but which in most places, stripped of the soil by the rain of ages, presents but the white masses of chalk which plays so important a part in the geology of the whole district; on the side next Balaklava the descent is comparatively easy. On the summit rested the right wing of Liprandi's army on the 25th of October, and on the southern side were planted the greater number of the batteries which mowed down the British Light Cavalry, as they charged along the slope which leads gently toward the ford to the road to Tchorgoun. This ford is reached through a tolerably wide opening, which separates the French position from that of the Piedmontese, who occupied the heights immediately under the village of Kamara, extending a short distance to the right. The valley still further right, which is traversed by the Woronzoff road, leading on to Baidar, was defended by the Turks. The three armies occupied a chain of eminences forming a semi-circle drawn from Inkermann to the sea, and embracing Balaklava and the plain within its two wings—or, in other words, just the position taken up by Liprandi last autumn. The French divisions were encamped on the top of the hills; between these hills runs the road leading up to Mackenzie's Farm, and crossing the river in the valley by a stone bridge for the protection of which a small redoubt had been thrown up in front. This tête de pont was, on the night of the 18th, instant, guarded by the 20th of the line. The Piedmontese had batteries regularly fortified on all the heights overlooking the ford on the road to Tchorgoun, and had the upper end of the valley completely within their range. On the other side of the river, on the top of a hill similar in every respect to those I have been describing, they had on the same night an outpost composed of two companies of infantry, for whose greater security, considering their distance from their own lines, a small entrenchment had been thrown up.

A peloton of Chasseurs d'Afrique went out to patrol during the night, and on the other side of the river fell into an ambushade and were all made prisoners except two men, who escaped and gave the alarm; but even this was treated as one of the ordinary incidents of night-duty in the presence of the enemy. About an hour before daybreak the French sentinels in front of the bridge thought they could perceive shadows gliding past them in the darkness, and fired. There was no reply, and silence deep as death followed; about the same time a few shots were heard from the hill occupied by the Piedmontese outpost, but as the utmost stillness prevailed afterward on every side no precautions were taken, till just as the first streak of light made itself visible in the horizon, a sharp fire was opened from a party of skirmishers against the tête de pont, and a regular assault made upon the Sardinian picket. General della Marmora was already on the ground, and sent a battalion of bersaglieri to reinforce the post, so that they might defend themselves till the troops could be got under arms and the necessary arrangements made. When the reinforcements arrived half the picket was already hors de combat, and the assailants were up on the parapet of the little redoubt firing down into them. To prolong the conflict here would only have caused a useless massacre, and the Sardinians consequently withdrew behind an épaulement on the other side of the river, near the aqueduct, and there defended themselves till the day broke clearly, and the action became general. On the side of the French the tête de pont was assaulted in great force, and carried very soon after the enemy's first showing himself on the ground, notwithstanding the heroic resistance of the 20th regiment of the line, which in one battalion alone lost twelve officers. The bridge was now occupied, two batteries of artillery were brought across so as to sweep the road leading between the two heights toward Balaklava, and a strong column was pushed on to the assault and mounted the declivity. Strange to say, although Gen. Pelissier had received full warning the previous night, he refused to believe in an attack until it actually commenced, and consequently no dispositions were made, and nobody was ready. The Russians had already reached the crest of the hill, while the French were still asleep; many officers were awakened by the roundshot passing through their tents; a sergeant had his head taken off while writing the orders of the day for the division. At this critical moment two battalions alone of the 2d Regiment of Zouaves held the whole assaulting column in check, and contested the ground inch by inch till they were forced back upon their own tents. In the meantime the alarm was sounding, the troops got into order, the artillery into position, and a vigorous onset drove the Russians down the declivity, leaving it covered with their dead and wounded.

All this, it will be remembered, occurred in the gray of the morning, which the smoke of the action converted into something like positive darkness, leaving everybody as yet in complete ignorance as to the force they had to contend with, or the dangers they had to bear. In the short pause which followed, however, and during which both sides prepared for a renewal of the struggle, the sun came out from behind the hills, the smoke rose, and the valley of the Tchernaya lay before us like a picture. The tract of table-land lying at the foot of the Mackenzie heights was covered with masses of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. About 30 guns were ranged in a crescent outside the bridge, and thundered unceasingly against the French position. On the hill from which the Piedmontese picket had been driven were crowds of men round a battery of field artillery, which fired incessantly, though against what I could never clearly make out I must not forget to mention, however, that they had previously shelled two battalions of Turks encamped in the hollow near the Woronzoff road and forced them to retire. This retrograde movement was the only part the latter bore in the whole affair; but it is right to add they were under arms all ready, in case the positions had been attacked. The Piedmontese were drawn up in line behind a small eminence close to the ford on the Tchorgoun road, and their batteries on the heights to the right were vigorously replying to the Russian fire; the three divisions of French, Camoux, Erbilion, and Fauchaux were under arms, front line a little way back from the brow of the hill, and a great number of Zouaves were lying down in shelter behind a small ridge. Below, on the plain, along the hollow in which the English light horse died so gallantly last winter, every turf beneath their feet a soldier's sentry were ranged the English and French cavalry squadrons, after squadron, extending back nearly to the Turkish redoubts, ready to act in case the enemy should force the Piedmontese position and attempt to debouch upon the open ground behind. The nenpous of the Danes suffered gaily in long lines

in the fresh morning breeze, and when the sun rose high in glory, and poured down his rays full on the plain, making scarlet look redder, and steel and brass brighter and more resplendent, gilding the hill-tops, making the tents glitter, and rolling smoke and mist in great packs up the valley toward Inkermann, the scene became one of passing splendor, as well as of passing interest. We looked in breathless anxiety for the renewal of the conflict. The combatants had taken breath—their blood was up, for hundreds on both sides lay already stark and stiff on the river-side around the bridge, and the artillery, evidently, was simply playing an interlude till the curtain rose upon another act in the tragedy.

We were not kept long waiting. From behind the cloud of smoke which naturally hung around the Russian batteries came two large columns of the enemy, marching in quick time, about 200 yards apart and exactly parallel, a short distance from the river, and in a line with the bank. As they wound and twisted, mounted and descended, following the inequalities in the ground in long compact masses, their bayonets glancing in the sunlight, they looked exactly like two huge serpents creeping rapidly along, their scales glistening, and their prey in sight. On arriving within about 800 yards of the ford, one halted, and the other turned off abruptly toward the river. It was evident they were about to assail the French position more to the right, on the side next the Sardinians. On reaching the water some passed on small bridges hastily thrown over, the rest followed; and on gaining this side the column broke into loose order, and pushed on toward the canal or aqueduct, which rises within an embankment at the very foot of the hill. Before reaching it they had to traverse about 200 yards of smooth green sward; they were no longer exposed to the French artillery, because the guns could not be depressed sufficiently to reach them, but they had their flank turned to that of the Piedmontese, who had got the range to an inch, and fired with an accuracy little short of marvelous. The head of the column had hardly come up dripping from the water when they found themselves in the midst of a storm of round shot, grape, and shell, bent upon relentlessly, unrelaxingly, mowing them down by the score, and covering the survivors with clay and gravel. But I must do these survivors justice, and say that they bore up right gallantly, marched firmly onward and upward, passed the canal though the water was breast high, pushed some yards still on the precipitous side of the hill, though here every wound was mortal, for all who fell rolled helplessly downward into the aqueduct and were instantly drowned; but at last halted, turned, and fled—never stopping till they reached the river, when they got shelter under the banks and among the old willows. An officer remained for some time alone on the declivity, vainly urging them to follow him. Reinforcements now come up from the second column; they re-formed, but again in loose open order or rather no order at all, for they marched exactly like a flock of sheep. This was done evidently so that they might present less mass for the artillery to play upon; but it was a great mistake, as will be seen afterward. This time they displayed more pluck and resolution; they fell to be sure by the dozen, but they never wavered nor faltered, climbed on slowly and laboriously, and at last reached the crest of the hill, and came out on the level. When the head of the column attained the point, the Zouaves, who were lying down behind the ridge on the Russian left, jumped up and ran off to join the main body, posted near the artillery on the centre of the plateau, and at the same moment the whole of the French, the artillery included, retired about a hundred yards before the advancing enemy. The firing had ceased, except broken and puny file-firing from the assailants, who now, unable to form in line, and mixed up in disorder, doubtless perceived they should have either mounted in lines, or halted and deployed before coming out on the open ground above. For some moments I thought the French were about to give way and retreat, and the Russians become masters of the height; but I was soon convinced of my mistake. One could see them it is true, falling back on all sides, and closing up in a small round mass, but in the twinkling of an eye this mass opened out like a fan, two black lines shot from it on each side across the plateau—the centre closed, undivided itself, and the next moment a sheet of flame broke from the whole line, followed by a cloud of smoke, and the crash of the musketry fell on our ears in a long, continuous, unflinching whirl, like the roar of a waterfall, drowned every second by the mightier thunder of the artillery, which had made half a wheel to the right, and raked the crest of the hill with a tempest of grape. Strongly as one might wish this might be engaged for the French, it was impossible to repress for the moment a sentiment of pity as one looked upon the crowd of Russians, looming out through the smoke, as it rolled across them,



feebly returning the fire, unable to advance, afraid to retreat, ten thousand deaths in front—ten thousand deaths behind help and hope no where. They paused for a few seconds, seemed to hesitate, but were speedily relieved from all embarrassment as to the course they should pursue by the advance of the French, whose chevrons rang merrily through the morning air as they levelled their bayonets and rushed to the charge. The Russians gave one "hurrah," as if they intended to come up to the scratch, but instead of suiting the action to the word, they wheeled about and flung themselves down the hillside in complete disorder, the Sardinian artillery again playing upon them as before. Some hundreds threw down their arms surrendered to the French sooner than run the gauntlet once more across the aqueduct and the river. The remnant of the column got under cover on the other side of the stream, and remained there for some minutes, until two battalions of Piedmontese came out upon the plain, and throwing out skirmishers advanced upon the river. The Russians now retired in haste, and not in very good order, skirmishing as they went, until they reached the high ground on which their cavalry and the reserve of their artillery were stationed. During the pursuit the Piedmontese made some prisoners. The moment was propitious for a charge of cavalry, who might have cut them up completely. Major Grovach, the second on the Sardinian *etat-major*, accordingly brought down their four squadrons, but the colonel objected to charge in face of the Russian cavalry force, fully five thousand in number, unless he were supported by French and English. A message was accordingly sent to Gen. Maurice, the French general commanding the cavalry, requesting him to push forward a body of his men in the rear of the Piedmontese, but he declined, alleging that he had positive orders not to pursue, having returned a similar answer to a similar request on the part of Gen. Erbillon, who commanded on the heights. This is extraordinary, but true, and the only thing one can say about it is to express a hope that there was some good reason for it not visible at first sight. The greater part of the Russian artillery now retired followed up for a short distance by the French Chasseurs de Vincennes. The cavalry then advanced in an immense line, forming a crescent, from out of which issued three guns, which fired away to protect the retreat, till the last column had wound its weary way up the road to Mackenzie's farm or disappeared among the hills toward Clonliffon. Nothing now remained but to visit the field of battle, on which the Zouaves had already descended like vultures, and were removing everything portable. The scene which presented itself on the banks of the river, below the canal, was something fearful beyond description, much more fearful than the ordinary horrors of a battle-field. The canal itself was choked with dead—most of whom had doubtless fallen into it living, after rolling down the hill-side, and found repose in its muddy waters—broken muskets, bags of bread, cartridges; one dark red stain on the white chalky gravel often alone marked the spot where the men first fell, and in a moment afterward tumbled back to perdition. Many had fallen after scrambling up to the brink of the aqueduct, and ere they had time to cross it, and if not caught in the bushes, rolled into the plain, breaking their bones in the descent, and lay there as we passed, shrieking in agony and imploring us to kill them and thus put an end to their suffering. Never did eye rest upon humanity in forms so mutilated, defaced and disfigured as these unhappy wretches, who lay writhing there in their bloody rags, their faces so plastered over with gore and dust that neither wife nor mother would ever have recognized son or husband in those hideous masses of mortality. Some, but they were a small minority, sought to drag themselves to the shade of the few bushes that skirted the river; some sought to hide their heads from the fiery heat of the midday sun under their tattered garments, and others lay with faces upturned and ghastly, their limbs still trembling in the last quiver, and the flies already burrowing in their wounds. Men shot down by any sort of missile, and lying where they fell, gory and mutilated though they may be, is a sight, to which one gets habituated, but wounded men who have been rolled over a rough soil, and their bones broken in their progress, is one of those sights that one rarely witnesses, and which he who has once seen it never wishes to see more. On toward the bridge the dead lay thicker and thicker. On the banks of the river about it, and in the river itself, they were heaped and piled, mostly fine men, in the prime of life—many with a view of *grog* and *gin*, which bespoke long years of service. Nearly every one had a brandy bottle, either actually in his hand, or lying near him, or broken under him in his fall. I was riding with a Polish officer, who conversed with a great many of the wounded, who informed us that large quantities of brandy had been served out to the soldiers before the action, except the artillerymen. There were a great many small platforms lying about, some resembling ladders with the rungs very close, and carried by ropes slings attached to each end, as bridges to be thrown across the aqueduct. The great majority, however, passed without them. The Zouaves had made a general collection of crosses, relics, and medals, and retained them to visitors, in addition to which, pickings from the dead bodies, they made small collections of money from the persons of the wounded, managing dexterously to extract it from the inside of the trousers close to the knee, where the Russian soldiers generally carry their money, while pretending to examine into the nature of their wounds, thus avoiding giving any mental pain to the sufferers. Some very fine rifles, quite new, and now seen for the first time, were found on the field, but were instantly taken possession of by the military authorities, and the sale prohibited. Judging from what I saw myself, and from comparing notes with others, and

without being able to say how many bodies may be in the aqueduct, I should say the number left on the field was 1500.

The usual calculation is that twice as many are wounded as are killed, and this, with between 500 and 600 prisoners, not wounded, taken by the French and Piedmontese, would make the total loss of the Russians little short of 5,000 men. The divisions engaged were the 21<sup>st</sup>, 22<sup>nd</sup>, and 17<sup>th</sup>, most of them belonging to different *corps d'armes*. One had never been under fire before, and had made a rapid march from Baktchai Serai, and rested eight hours before the attack. One man, who fell high upon the hill side, assured us that he was in the last battalion of the reserve, and that every single soldier had been sent down from the heights; so that had we pursued them we might have gained the Mackenzie plateau along with them, and held it. Prince Gortschakoff commanded in chief, and Gen. Martinoff the assaulting columns. The whole force, including cavalry and artillery, is calculated at 60,000 men. There were 60 guns in the field. There were only ten or twelve officers left on the ground, which proves that a great number must have been carried off in the retreat. The Piedmontese have lost 300 men killed and wounded; among others, General Monte Vecchio, commanding one of the brigades, who was shot through the body, and was not expected to survive through yesterday. The French had about 1,100 men *hors de combat*. I was standing at the bridge while the French were collecting the wounded from the other side and placing them in the ambulances. The Russians could see perfectly well what they were about from the Mackenzie heights, and nevertheless had the barbarity to fire from one of their batteries right into the crowd on the road. A scene of great confusion ensued; the ambulance mules galloped off, causing the wounded they were carrying to shriek with pain. It was little short of a miracle that no one was hurt by the shot, which I am told after my departure continued to be fired at intervals during the whole day. Captain Maubray's 32<sup>nd</sup> howitzers were engaged near the Sardinians, and made excellent practice, doing considerable execution. The range of these pieces is very long, and they are most formidable against uncovered troops. —*Cor. of the London Times.*

Although not quite so obstinate and sanguinary as the battle of Inkermann, which this affair resembled in many points, it was a pitched battle. The Russians, as in the battle of Inkermann, gave up manœuvring, and confided entirely in the valor of their troops. The essential difference was in the manner of fighting. At the battle of Inkermann the great mass of the Russians fell under the fire firing and the bayonets of the infantry, while on the Tchernaya it was the guns which did the greatest execution. Most of the wounded and dead showed frightful traces of round shot, grape, shell, and canister, so that as a battle-field one could scarcely imagine anything more terrible. Nearly all the wounds were on the legs and head. On the banks of the aqueduct particularly the sight was appalling; the Russians when scaling the embankment of the aqueduct, were taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries; and the dead and wounded rolled down the embankment, sometimes more than 20 feet high. The French made every possible dispatch to collect the wounded. They were laid on the open space about the bridge until the ambulances arrived. While there the Russians, who could see plainly that the French were engaged in bringing help to their own wretched countrymen, suddenly began to open with their guns upon them, repeating the barbarous practice which they had already often previously shown to the troops. A gentleman who was with me at the moment, and who speaks Russian, asked one of the poor fellows who was trying to trudge along with deep flesh wounds on both his thighs, what he thought of the behaviour of the Russians in firing among their own wounded? He answered, "They are accustomed to beat us when we are with them, and there is no wonder that they should try to ill-treat us when we are on the point of escaping their power." I saw a soldier who belonged to the last battalion of the reserves, who said that before the battle began Gortschakoff, who commanded in person, had a letter of the Emperor read before them, in which he expressed a hope that they would prove as valorous as last year when they took the heights of Balaklava, and then there was a large distribution of brandy. Not a soldier I saw who had not his bottle lying empty near him, and good-sized bottles they were too. This brandy distribution was, however, only for the infantry, whom they wished to excite to madness. The artillery got only the usual rations.

The people could not kneel even at the "elevation," and the whole outward area was also covered by the throngs, which came to share in the indulgence. His Grace and the clergy were there shortly after nine o'clock, and continued hearing confessions until nearly four in the afternoon. On the following day his Grace administered confirmation at the church of Dookerilly to upwards of 300 persons. He expressed himself highly pleased with the accurate and ready knowledge of the Christian Doctrine exhibited by the numerous crowd of young children of both sexes who presented themselves for confirmation. His Grace, as usual, addressed those to be confirmed in the Irish tongue. On the following day (Tuesday) confirmation was administered in church on the south of the island, at Kildonagh, to upwards of 1200 persons. The presence of the crowd was so great that his Grace was obliged to preach and confirm in the open air on the area before the church. The number who availed themselves of the *Triduum* in Achil exceeded 1,200 persons. On Wednesday, the Feast of the Assumption, his Grace left the island and proceeded to the parish of Newport, to open the *Triduum*, and to administer confirmation. He preached for nearly an hour at the rural church of Newport, about six miles from the town, to a crowded congregation.—*Dublin Freeman.*

It is with deep regret we have to announce that the illness of the Right Rev. Dr. Haly, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, has terminated fatally. The venerated prelate died at ten o'clock a. m. on Sunday, the 19<sup>th</sup> August.—*Tablet.*

The town council of Cork have resolved to have nothing to do with the levying or collecting of ministers' money, leaving the government to whatever remedy the law allows them.

It is reported that Mr. John O'Connell, M.P., will vacate his seat in Clonmell, for an official situation, and that Mr. Carew O'Dwyer aspires to be his successor.

The amount of the O'Connell monument subscription in Limerick now exceeds £900.

**FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.**—Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald M.P., has offered £100, towards establishing a public library in Ennis, under the new act for promoting free public libraries and museums in Ireland.

The Marchioness of Londonderry offers a bounty of £2, in addition to the sum offered by government to every person on her estates joining the North Durham militia.

The County Limerick Militia, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, expect soon to sail for Gibraltar, officers and men have volunteered for foreign service.

The next of kin of Head Constable Fras. B. Browne, of the Waterford Constabulary, who died in June, 1854, at Kilkenny, are sought for by Mr. Kemmis, the Crown Solicitor. Any person knowing anything of them would do well to communicate it.

**GOVERNMENT CONTRACT FOR PROVISIONS.**—A Sligo paper has the following:—"An extensive London firm, Messrs. Powell and Co., have taken a large building in Sligo, suitable for the manufacture of preserved provisions for the army and navy. A screw steamer arrived on Saturday, having on board all the necessary machinery, and a large staff of assistants. Messrs. Powell have contracted with several parties for a daily supply of cattle of the finest quality, and we learn that the consumption of beef alone for the manufacture of preserved meats, soups, &c., will amount to fifty beasts per day. Many of the operatives who have arrived here spent upwards of fourteen years in Russia, where the firm carried on an extensive trade in the manufacture of preserved provisions. On the outbreak of the present war, however, they left that country, and are now engaged by the British government.

On Wednesday (August 15<sup>th</sup>) there were only 297 paupers in the Ballinastoe Workhouse—the smallest number which has been dependent on the rates for the last ten years. When in 1849 there were nearly 5,000 in the pauper and auxiliary houses, we may well congratulate the rate payers on the improved condition of the union.—*Western Star.*

There is at present in the Limerick union workhouse a female pauper, who has attained the extraordinary age of 113 years, and is in full possession of her faculties. She entered the workhouse five years ago, then aged 108, and is bed ridden for the last three years, but has a good appetite and enjoys the comforts allowed her; especially a drink of porter and a pinch of snuff. Her name is Margaret Donohoe, a native of West Watergate. On the 22<sup>nd</sup> ult., she was visited by some of the guardians, to whom she expressed herself very thankful for the comfort she enjoyed, and sung five verses of "Garryown" for them in good style.

**DUBLIN, Aug. 24.**—Charles Gavan Duffy is leaving our shores in despair. Two or three aspiring barristers, unwarned by the fate of Duffy, with a few of the more restless of the clergy, are trying to raise a "Presbyterian Representation" Party. The Presbyterians have just one representative of that denomination in Parliament, Mr. Kirk, the member for Newry, and it would be far from surprising if, at the next election, the Presbyterians of that Borough should join in ousting him, in consequence of his moving the adjournment of the Maynooth discussion, which shewed that subject for the session; for the whole Presbyterian body is strong for the abolition of the Maynooth endowment, both as objecting to the National sanction being given in any form to the Roman Catholic religion, and because their own endowment has been made to give color to that of Maynooth. It would surely, not be more strange than that Mr. Duffy should be succeeded in New Ross by Mr. Tottenham, a Conservative. Our Viceroy is as active and popular as ever. He visits the Camp on the Carragh, attends college examinations, visits shows of cattle, and farm produce and flowers, examines hospitals and other sanitary establishments, and is equally *ex fuit* at all. In these and in answer to addresses from various public bodies, you would suppose he had made the subject his study. Generally speaking he is complimentary, but occasionally he meets assumption with a quiet rebuff. The other day an address was presented to him by the Non-subscribing Body, which is made up of the "Remonstrant Synod of Newry," the "Presbytery of Antrim," and the "Synod of Munster." The whole not numbering perhaps more than forty congregations, and most of these more halcyon; for the rising generation in this country is rapidly abandoning Unitarianism in all its forms. In their address they referred to religious liberty, free education, and the right of adhering to conscientious convictions; but as they, alone of all others, do not

indulge in propagandism, having no missions home foreign, they get credit—whether justly or unfoundedly—for indifference more than zeal. In his reply, His Excellency gave utterance to one of those antithetical aphorisms that become the "household words" in the literature of a nation—"Religious earnestness is the breath of life to Churches; religious liberty is the pulse of health to Nations." The only thing just now that produces anything like a row in the street preaching, which the Presbyterian Assembly and the Wesleyan Conference both sanction. In many places, the preachers are suffered to hold their meetings, and continue and conclude their services quietly. In others, however, the case is different. In Belurbet the attempt to hold meetings for street preaching, by ministers of the Assembly, led to such violence, that the Riot Act was read. The Preachers deny that they introduce controversy or insult Roman Catholics. Those who try to suppress them assert that they do, and besides, they say the very attempt is an insult, as if they were pagans, or their own clergy incapable of instructing them. The answer made is—the preachers while excluding none, have in view those who have no religion, attend no place of worship, and they think they have as good a right to speak the words of Life and Salvation, as ballad-singers or print-sellers to publish their news. The authorities, of course, do not interfere only to keep the peace, for the opponents say, there is no law against their hurraing, cheering, or singing.—*Correspondent N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.*

**THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE "IRISH PROTESTANT MISSION."**—At the Liverpool Police Court, on Friday, a tall, reverend-looking personage, dressed in black, was placed in the dock. Police officer 216, whilst on duty the previous night, about a quarter before twelve o'clock, was informed by the keeper of an improper house in Northbury Street that "two respectable-looking men" had come to her house in a state of liquor. One of them had fallen asleep on a bed, and the other, who said he was his servant, had taken from his pocket several sovereigns. In consequence of this, he (officer 216, accompanied by 159) visited the house, and found the prisoner fast asleep. 216 aroused him, when he was severely struck several times by the prisoner. In consequence of this, they took the prisoner, who was exceedingly violent, to Bridewell, and when there the prisoner behaved in a most violent manner. The prisoner said that he was the Rev. Dr. M'Manany, and that he came from the North of Ireland. On being searched, several address cards, with the words "Rev. Dr. M'Manany," were found upon him, and also letters to the same address. There was also found in his pocket half a sheet of large post paper, containing a printed report of a meeting of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, made up into short columns, and extracted from the *Edinburgh Witness*. The report was headed, "Edinburgh Irish Mission." (A report from the *Witness*, "Saturday, July 17, 1852.") "Presbytery of Edinburgh." The introductory paragraph runs thus:—"A special meeting of this reverend Court was held in the Merchants' Hall, on Thursday, for the purpose of receiving the final report of Irish missions, and for hearing the discussion of students—Dr. Cumming, moderator." The official report then followed. The Rev. Dr. Begg, it was attributed by the reporter, made a lengthy speech, in the course of which, speaking of the Irish Mission, he said he regarded with the utmost veneration "the men who had stood in front of this battle," and who, at great personal sacrifice, of feeling, had been maintaining the cause of Protestantism in that city; and, in particular, he referred to the Superintendent of the Mission, his friend, Dr. M'Manany, as well as to the principal agents. From a passenger ticket found upon the prisoner, it appeared that £31 had been paid for a passage for himself and a friend to America. There were also found upon him six sovereigns and some odd silver. The person who, it was alleged, had represented himself as the prisoner's servant now appeared in court. The New Testament was presented to him for the purpose of administering the usual oath. He indicated, by shaking his head, that he declined to be sworn, but perpendicularly extended his right hand. He stated that he and the prisoner, on the previous night, when a little advanced in liquor, had been pushed into the house where they were found, and they were not aware where they were. Mr. Gladstone to the prisoner—"What have you to say?" Prisoner—"Nothing, your honour." Some intimation was here given by the clerk to the magistrate, who then asked—"What are you?" Prisoner—"A medical man." The magistrates said there was some reason to believe that he belonged to a different profession altogether, but that to him (the magistrate) was no matter for consideration. His conduct had been most disgraceful, and he hoped he would learn to conduct himself better when he got to America. He must pay a fine of 20s. and costs. The fine was paid, and the prisoner discharged.—*Express.*

We regret to state that the Pier at Kingstown, which the most respectable inhabitants of Dublin and its vicinity have for some time resorted to, as a favorite promenade, was converted yesterday into a scene of tumult and confusion by some four or five fanatics who attempted to get up a public "preaching" against "Popery." About four o'clock in the afternoon, just when the Pier was most crowded with the tide, of the neighborhood, three or four of these individuals, standing in an elevated position, commenced singing in the least harmonious and most noisy manner, and soon succeeded in attracting by their antics a considerable crowd, which totally obstructed the passage, and compelled those who would have passed by to listen, at least for a time, to the most outrageous language in reference to "Popery," and "Papists." For a time the crowd retained their good temper despite the insults offered; but when they found that the would be apostles were transgressing the bounds of all decency, there was an evident indication that forbearance had been tested to its utmost limits. At this juncture, some persons in the crowd, who appeared to be the accomplices of these mischievous fanatics, gathered round them. Some boisterous shouts were uttered, and a scene of confusion followed, which it would be difficult to describe. The irritation of the people had only the effect of eliciting still more offensive language from the missionaries; and some of the more respectable spectators, in order to prevent what might lead to bloodshed, gently pushed the speakers from their platform, and having once induced them to "move on," kept up the pressure, amidst cheers, shouts, and yells, until they were escorted out of the public thoroughfare. Some police who were present declined to interfere, leaving the suppression of this public nuisance to the people themselves. In Glasgow and Liverpool the authorities have put down these outrages. In Dublin the

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

**DECLINE OF CATHOLICITY IN THE WEST.**—His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam has been engaged during the past fortnight in visiting the remote parishes of Achil, Clare Island, and Newport, for the purpose of administering confirmation, and especially with the view of enabling the people to partake of the indulgences attached to the *Triduum* in honor of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. On Thursday, his Grace and the clergy crooked in boats to Clare Island, where he was received with enthusiasm by that truly Catholic people. Almost every single person, from ten years old upwards, availed themselves of the indulgence of the Roman Pontiff. The number confirmed exceeded two hundred, and upwards of four hundred persons, approached the Holy Communion. So dense was the crowd that his Grace was obliged to preach to the congregation at the altar in confirmation in the open air. On Sunday, 22<sup>nd</sup> inst., the *Triduum* commenced in Achil, at the large church of Dookerilly, with the usual solemnity. The altar was lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers, and ornamented with vases containing flowers. The church, though very spacious, was so crowded that



authorities seem to think that rotten eggs and dead cats are likely to serve better for such purposes than policemen's batons. Probably they are right; but for our parts, we would prefer that an intolerable nuisance, which must be abated, should be put down by the authorities rather than imposed on the outraged public.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—Last week a young man, dressed after the similitude of a priest, and named Morton, or more properly, we believe, Crouch, arrived in Coleraine from Dublin, and announced a lecture on popery as antagonistic to freedom. He represented himself as an English ex-jesuit from Rome, and stated that he had lectured very successfully in the metropolis for many nights, and would give astounding revelations of the system of jesuitry as practised in all its purity in the city of the seven hills.

RIOT AT THE CURRAGH.—It appears that the camp on the Curragh was the scene of a riot on Sunday last. The occurrence, which it seems was near endangering the peace of the whole camp, is thus described in the Freeman:—"On the soldiers of the Clare militia returning from mass, the band of the regiment were ordered to form and play before a small number of soldiers, not more than twenty, who were proceeding to the protestant place of worship in Newbridge. The Catholics belonging to the band refused to move, and several of the soldiers expressed their determination to break every instrument that should be played on the occasion. An attempt was made by the adjutant and several of the officers to enforce the order, but without success, and we understand that the adjutant and some of the officers were assaulted by the soldiers, several of whom are at present in custody. In consequence of this circumstance, orders have been issued to the effect that no military music shall be performed on Sundays before any regiment in camp while proceeding to any place of worship."

GRANT—as it must be granted—that but for her immigrants since 1790, the United States would be "no where" in the race of nations, and how will the admission help to remove the ill-will entertained towards the immigrants of to-day.—The very clamours for nativism now are, in perhaps most instances, the children of emigrants themselves. The denouncers of the Irish to-day, are themselves of Irish blood, but, nevertheless, have, in a single generation, acquired ideas and principles utterly repugnant to those which the "peasant" fresh from Connemara, or from Kerry, brings with him as he lands on the shores of the republic: "Culm non antinam mutant, qui trans mare currunt" may be true. But the sons of those who have crossed the sea, indisputably have changed their minds, and have, in many cases, completely lost the social and political ideas of their parents. It is useless to point out to them what America has gained by their own exertions. They find in the daily influx of the strangers, elements with which they cannot amalgamate; nor can any abstract reasoning overcome an antipathy, which has its root in entire uncongeniality of character, between them and the new comers.—Cork Southern Reporter.

GREAT BRITAIN.

SUNDAY DRUNKENNESS IN GLASGOW.—At a late meeting of the City Council, Dr. McIntyre stated, that, some months ago, he had brought forward a motion on the subject of drunkenness, calling for returns. He wished to know why they had never been produced? The Lord Provost refused to produce them, for fear of bringing the city into unmerited disgrace, as they were not accurately made up. Dr. McIntyre insisted upon having the returns called for, produced; he wanted to ascertain the working of Forbes Mackenzie's Bill. As reported in the Edinburgh Evening Courant, the importunate gentleman argued that—"when this Bill was passed, these police returns were largely founded on; but when wanted now they were told that they could not be accurately made up. He would make bold to say that this bill had not only failed to do what it pretended it would do, viz., diminish drunkenness, but he believed it had given rise to very serious evils indeed, which could be proved if a committee of investigation were granted him. It had given rise to a large increase of drinking in private houses.—The Lord Provost said, if Dr. McIntyre wished to bring up this question in a regular way, he must table a motion on the subject. Dr. McIntyre accordingly gave notice of a motion that at next meeting he would propose that a Committee of Council be appointed to inquire into the working of Forbes Mackenzie's Bill."

FORBES MACKENZIE'S ACT.—We have reason to believe, says the Edinburgh Courant, that things are going on in this city, a description of which would bring dismay among the staunchest partisans of the new law. Clubs, unless we are misinformed, are already formed among the younger part of our population, and stores of liquor laid in at private rooms taken for the purpose, where scenes of profligacy occur such as could not take place in an open public house. As for the spy system, which we find both avowed, and to our amazement, justified, we trust public opinion will suffice to put down that scandalous abuse.

At the justice of peace court, Glasgow, in one day twenty-four merchants were convicted of having light weights and unjust scales, and fined from 10s. to 25s. The board of trade returns for July show that the total value of the exports of produce and manufactures is £8,150,383, against 9,439,643 for the corresponding period of 1854.

LORD DUNDONALD'S PLAN.—In a letter addressed to the press, Lord Dundonald says:—"Sveaborg has been bombarded and a formidable attack recently made on the besieging force at Sebastopol has been gallantly repulsed; these facts, however, do not compensate for the sacrifice of life during two campaigns, nor for our outlay of 60,000,000 of money, nor for the augmentation of the public debt, nor for the derangement of public enterprise, nor the absence of military or naval triumphs. In evidence of the practicability of his scheme his lordship appended a letter from the eminent engineer, Sir C. Fox, in which that gentleman says:—"My Lord,—Having received from your lordship a full explanation of your proposed plan of warfare, and having given the subject the most serious consideration, I am of opinion that, if your suggestions were vigorously carried out under the protection of a naval or military force, a few hours would suffice to reduce a fortification which, under the usual system, would occupy a much longer period, and that this result would be attained with a comparatively small loss of life to the attacking party."

Some experiments have been made at the arsenal at Woolwich with a new description of rocket, said to be for the purpose of being used at night-time to throw a glare of light over the works of the enemy, which is effected by filling the rocket with some description of liquid which, when discharged, ignites, and burns from three to five minutes in the air, at the same time issuing forth a quantity of smoke or steam. The appearance of the rocket in the air is a very white ball, with a sort of fuzee burning from it, which continues until the whole of the liquid is exhausted. The rocket, after it ascends into the air, is carried about with the force of the wind.

Upwards of 4000 tons of projectiles have been shipped from the royal arsenal at Woolwich within the last six days.

The British Government has begun to ship huts to the Crimea for the use of the healthy troops, and for hospitals, thus indicating that the army is expected to winter there. Huts shipped at Southampton reach the Crimea in less than a fortnight.

SWEABORG.—Sir Charles Napier charges Sir James Graham with having denied him the chance of Baltic laurels. Sir James has been arrogant and overbearing, and Sir Charles has been wanting in politeness and discipline, "as becomes a British admiral!" If Sir Charles had had gun-boats, "the fleet would have been in Sweaborg, and the whole of the fortifications, islands, and all, blown to the devil." In this dignified manner does Sir Charles comment on the issues of the war! The Earl of Dundonald shows better temper under disappointment; although it is plain he bitterly feels the slight put upon him by authority.—Certainly, the policy of Lord Aberdeen is carried out by the present cabinet neglect of the sailor earl.—Meanwhile, the gallant earl writes under mortification; Sweaborg is not wholly demolished; the recess has set in, and the people are patient.

PECUNIARY RESULTS OF THE BALTIC CAMPAIGN.—We (Times) must say that the actual results are an immense deduction from the boasted victory. Just consider how the matter really stood at the close of the bombardment between us and the Russians. We had not silenced their batteries, but we had silenced our own. We were silenced not only for the present, but for the whole season, for anything that now appears. The two immense fleets were helpless, except to keep the Russians in harbor. We had left our ships in the wind. "It is a source of universal regret," says our correspondent, "that there was not a reserve of spare mortars sent out, not so much to replace the spoilt ones as they became injured, and so continue the bombardment longer; but because we might have followed this blow with another as severe in a different quarter." Why, the big ships might have carried any number of mortars, carriages and all, as ballast; in fact, one ship is now taking out mortars enough for the whole flotilla. In forty-eight hours a perfectly new mortar might have been substituted for every spoilt one, and the gunboats might have presented themselves as the heralds of their own victory at Revel, or Riga, or even Cronstadt, before the enemy had time to adapt his defences to the very important fact established at Sweaborg. He had evidently made a miscalculation there, and was not prepared for the means at our command; he has probably made the same miscalculation elsewhere, and is equally unprepared, if we are only prepared to repeat the blow. This, unfortunately, we are not. So we are forced to leave him time to improve the occasion, and our victory of Sweaborg is only a lesson in self-defence which we give Russia, at no great cost to her, but at immense cost to ourselves. Our people, indeed, are attempting to calculate the damage we have done in pounds sterling. But, if this is to be the single achievement of the season in the Baltic, we fear the balance is sadly against us, for the fleets in that sea have not cost the allies a farthing under ten millions a-piece, and the utmost damage we can boast to have done at Sweaborg is a million and a-half, or thereabouts. The mere pecuniary results of the season, then, are immensely against us. That, however, is a small affair. The worst is, that we have thrown away the opportunities of this year just for want of looking forward and being prepared for the contingency of success. Next year, doubtless, we shall have mortars enough; but the Russians will then be prepared for us, and we may not be able to go through our pretty but destructive dance of gun-boats, just within range, with the same success. The truth is, the Russians learn faster than we do, and will always be just so much ahead of us as to set at defiance our immense superiority of wealth and mechanical skill; at least, they will do so till there is rather more of the *vis viva animi*, which is ever foreseeing and providing for the future in our conduct of the war.

A numerous gang of the swell mob have made their appearance at Constantinople from London, and finding an open field for their exploits, set to in earnest robbing and swindling officers and sailors indiscriminately. Twelve vagabonds have been taken up, thanks to the active exertions of Major Hackett, and the rest, supposed to be seventy in all, have dispersed, or are concealed. The culprits in custody are in irons, and will be sent to Malta for trial.

A CRIMINAL HERO.—Thomas Everett, a native of Brook street, South Weald, sergeant in the 7th Fusiliers, and 22 years in the service, has just returned to his native village, Brentwood, with five wounds and the loss of an eye. His proudest boast is that he had the distinguished honor of shaking hands with a heavy English shake, too, with her Majesty at Portsmouth,

who, in presenting him with a silk handkerchief, hemmed by herself, said, "I am proud of you, my brave sergeant; that Miss Nightingale also made him a similar present; that Miss Taylor honored him by walking arm-in-arm with him aboard ship; and that Miss Stanley sent his day, &c., for him to Halifax." He received a shot through the ear at the Alma, a bayonet wound through the arm in a sortie, a ball through the hip the same night, and had the sole of his shoe torn off by a cannon ball as he was lifting his leg in walking. He considers that he "bagged" about 50 Russians by his own hands! He also states that he was compelled to feign dead 16 hours as he lay on the field of battle surrounded by Russians, in order that he might be enabled to release two comrades who were taken into Sebastopol prisoners. He got into Sebastopol, shot the sentry who was guarding the house where they were confined, released them, and then brought them safely out.

THE HARVEST.—The progress of the harvest, the condition of the crops, and the probable yield, are indicated in the accounts from all parts of the kingdom by such phrases as the following:—"Very good," "highly favorable," "not materially injured," "fully an average," "very great," "almost all gathered in," "fears of mildew in the wheat have diminished," "everything that can be desired," "unusually heavy and sound," "manufacturing operatives this year have spread themselves through the agricultural districts in considerable numbers."

EMIGRATION FROM THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.—The exodus of agricultural laborers from the north of Scotland to the Canadas still continues. The second fleet of American traders will carry out above 600 emigrants from Aberdeen and neighboring ports, making the total number from the north of Scotland and the Orkney islands about 3,000 persons. Agricultural labour has advanced in value, and good hands are now getting scarce.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.—Our columns (says the Manchester Guardian) have recently contained several advertisements for a wife; and of some of these certain wags in Rochdale have taken advantage to play off some very successful hoaxes on the advertisers. One of these would-be Benedicks, in consequence of a correspondence with a Miss "Lavinia," proceeded the other day to Tweedale's hotel, Rochdale, in the hope of meeting the fair one who had so kindly responded to his pressing invitation to give him an interview; but, though he displayed the tokens previously agreed upon, no "Lavinia" met his expectant gaze. His disappointment, however, was somewhat lessened by a young gentleman greeting him by name, and introducing himself as a brother of the young lady, for whose absence he proceeded to apologise. Another gentleman entered, who was introduced as a second brother of "Lavinia;" and he was speedily followed by a third, a fourth, and so on, till the candidate for matrimony might have exclaimed with Macbeth—

A fourth! Start eyes?  
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?  
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more.

Suffice it, that, before all the fifty brothers of Lavinia had been introduced, the advertiser became rather painfully sensible of the fact that he had been most vexatiously duped. One of the brothers, stepping upon a chair, read aloud, amidst much laughter, all the correspondence which had passed between the gentleman and the "lovely young Lavinia." The advertiser, though said to be an extensive vinegar manufacturer, manifested no acidity on the occasion; on the contrary, he frankly acknowledged that he had been taken in, and threw down a sovereign to be spent by the extensive brotherhood. He added, that he had that morning, at the Victoria railway station, Manchester, met the seventeenth lady who had replied to his advertisement, and there were others with whom he had not yet had the pleasure of an interview; but it was his intention, when he had seen them all, to select the one he most approved, and honourably to marry her. The gentleman was then allowed to retire, amidst the laughter, mingled with applause, of the fraternity of fifty. Another advertisement was answered in the name of Miss "Annie Woodville;" some correspondence ensued as to marriage and its relative duties; but the "lady" having ventured to suggest an interview in Rochdale, the advertiser took alarm, and wrote to her, acknowledging the kind attention shown to him, but intimating that he was in the habit of rising too early in the morning to be induced to pay a visit to Rochdale. Another adventure proved more successful. All the preliminaries in the case having been satisfactorily settled, an arrangement was made for the advertiser to meet the lady who had favorably responded to his appeal. Here is the literal copy of his letter, accepting the invitation to an interview:—

"Manchester, the 21st of August, 1855.—Dear Woman.—I received yours at the Guardian office of the 20th, to which I reply, how that I will meet you, at the Rochdale station, at 12 of the clock, on Thursday ensuing; the date hereof.—N.B. You may recognise me, with a piece of writing paper, something like your note, carrying it in my right hand, hanging it down at full length of the arm, by the side.—From L. 98.—J. Kay."

On the receipt of this interesting illiterate epistle, a female servant at one of the hotels in Rochdale was induced to personate Mr. J. Kay's fair correspondent, and after a brief interview at the Rochdale railway station, where he appeared making the signal described, he consented to accompany the lady to Tweedale's hotel—the head-quarters, it would seem, for these tender meetings. On arriving there, he was received by a number of gentlemen assembled, with such marks of attention as soon convinced him that he was caught in a snare unmatrimonial, and he became very desirous to retire; but his friends were reluctant to lose his agreeable company so soon. The bellman was sent round the town with the following announcement:—"On view, a gentleman in want of a wife. May be seen at No. 3, Tweedale's hotel." Of course this brought a large accession of admiring friends, and one of the company having adroitly, and unperceived by Mr. J. Kay, stuck a white star or cockade on the front of his hat, he was readily distinguished, and received his complement of undivided attention. Visitors flocked into the room in rapid succession, each in turn being introduced by a master of the ceremonies to the gentleman who had advertised for a wife. This continued till it was too much for the endurance of Mr. J. Kay; he became ill, wept, and implored permission to depart; and at length, after having been detained several hours, he was allowed to go, on paying for a bottle of wine to solace his tormentors. A few more snatched moments, and who would advertise for a wife.—London Paper.

UNITED STATES.

T. F. MEAGHER.—At the general term of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, held at the Capitol this morning, in full bench, on the motion of Nicholas Hill, Esq., Thomas Francis Meagher, the distinguished Irish orator, was, by a special order, admitted an attorney and counselor at law, to practice in all the counties of the State. The Court, by the Hon. Chief Justice Purker, in granting the order, made some highly complimentary remarks on the fine talents and high character of the distinguished patriot, and the pleasure with which the Court recognized them, by this special mark of its consideration.

THE MAINE LAW IN MAINE.—The elections in Maine, it would appear, have uniformly gone against the principle of Compulsory Abstinence, and its great apostle, Governor Morrill, has been defeated by a large majority. We never doubted that the good sense of the people of Maine would, sooner or later, satisfy them of the error of their just dejection of drunkenness had enticed them into; but, we confess, we did not anticipate so speedy a recovery from and manly confession of the philanthropic hallucination of which they had been the victims.—Montreal Herald.

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH.—The Baltimore papers state that the "plague fly" has appeared in Norfolk. This is a flat insect, with black back and red belly, and has very large wings. In Portsmouth they were so thick in the streets as to annoy persons walking, and oblige them to cover their faces. The appearance of this fly is said to herald the departure of the malaria. One Baltimore paper says: "We learn that the epidemic has extended to animals, and dogs and cats are found lying dead, with unmistakable evidences of the 'plague'—such as bleeding from the nose and mouth."

THE YOUTH OF THE UNITED STATES.—I cannot but think that the general system of training youth in the republic has a most prejudicial effect in many instances on their after life. In their noble zeal for the education of the brain, they appear to me to lose sight almost entirely of the necessity of disciplining the mind to that obedience to authority, which lays the foundation to self-control and respect for the laws of the land. Nationally speaking, there is scarcely such a thing as a lad in the whole union. A boy in the states hardly gets over the novelty of his dress which marks the difference of sex ere his motto is—"I don't care, I shall do what I best please." In short, he is made a man before he ceases to be a boy. He consequently becomes unable to exercise that restraint which better discipline might have taught him, and the acts of his after life are thus more likely to be influenced by passion and self-will than by reason and reflection. I find, in the lecture from which I have already quoted, the following paragraph, which, as I consider it illustrative of my last observation, I insert at length:—"But the most alarming feature in the condition of things, not only in the city but elsewhere throughout the country, is the lawlessness of the youth. The most striking illustration of this which I have seen is taken from a Cincinnati paper of last January. It seems that, in the course of a few days 100 applications had been made by parents in that city to have their own children sent to the house of refuge. The particulars of one case, which happened a short time before, are given:—"A boy, twelve years of age, was brought before the mayor's court by his father, who stated that the family were absolutely afraid the youth would take their lives; and that he had purchased a pistol for the purpose of shooting the housekeeper. A double-barrelled pistol was produced in court; which the police officer had taken from the boy, who avowed that he had bought it for the purpose stated. The mayor sent the boy to the house of refuge."—Murray's Lands of the Slave and the Free.

THE TEMPLARS.—This is the nomenclature of a new secret society, professing to belong to the American Order of Know- Nothings. It is utterly proscriptive in its creed; the members are compelled to swear strict obedience to the majority at all hazards, under all circumstances, and against all other alliances and associations—under penalty of death. They are to abjure Catholicism—not to marry Catholics, nor hold any social intercourse, nor to trade with them, or in any way to recognize them as fellow-citizens. Surely this is carrying the matter too far!—N. Y. National Police Gazette.

BEWARE OF IMPOSTORS.—An impostor has been going round our city trying to enroll men for a filibustering expedition to Ireland!!! He gives out that he is authorised by the leaders of the late Young Ireland Party, and has received the marked approbation of several distinguished ecclesiastics here and elsewhere. We are happy to learn that he has been treated with merited contempt by Irishmen in this city. Still, to prevent any one being imposed upon by him, or others, we are authorised by those referred to in this city to say that his statements are false from beginning to end, as far as they are concerned, and we have no doubt but that they are equally false with regard to others. The Slievenamon war was foolish enough, but the notion of raising an Irish army in the United States, to invade England or Ireland, is too silly a thing to enter into the heads of even the Young Ireland warriors. A few poor dupes may be gulled of their money, for we understand that as in all such cases, instead of giving bounty money, entrance money is required. Thereby hangs a trail!!! None but fools or knaves can have anything to do with such a business. We do not think it worth while to treat it on higher ground.—Pittsburg Catholic.

What has not been done by children in our own diocese? One kicked his father out the doors, another put his mother in the Poor-house, a third flung an axe at his father, a fourth grew ashamed of his old father and sent him begging through the country. Of the conduct of wicked girls we make no mention here. The children of Irish Catholics are very remarkable for obedience, when religiously educated; but those who become addicted to any sin, or happen to throw aside their religion, to please those who despised, while they perverted them, those vagabonds who abandon their parents are so numerous, that few suspect even one fourth their number. The country is burdened for the support of criminals and paupers; but if Godless schools be maintained much longer by State laws, we shall find Prisons and Poor-houses multiplied in geometrical progression. When the Western Empire was less settled than the Atlantic States of our Union, notwithstanding the surplus paganism which remained hanging to the converted barbarian tribes, the parents of the infanticide of American society were as great strangers as private judgment in matters of faith? For schools without Christian doctrine.—Buffalo, Catholic Sentinel.



REMINDANCES

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, & WALES. ... HENRY CHAPMAN & CO. ... Montreal, December 14, 1855.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AFTERNOON. ... Town Subscribers, \$3 per annum. ... Montreal, December 14, 1855.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 21, 1855.

The Baltic has arrived. We learn by telegraph that the Allies are making no progress, either in the Baltic, or before Sebastopol.

THE ROGUE'S MARCH, OR, THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

Mr. George Brown of the Globe, is down-cast apparently: at the little progress he is making in the said "march," so the Transcript strikes up a tune to encourage his drooping cotemporary.

"If Mr. Brown," says the Transcript—"refers to what is just now passing on the Continent of Europe, he will find much ground for gratulation and hope. First Sardinia throws off the yoke. In Spain also, he says, the Pope is deceived. Church property is sold, and the jurisdiction of the Church in many ways denied."

Strange grounds of "gratulation and hope" truly, to one who calls himself a Christian! Breach of faith—violation of treaties—deception—and robbery! In these the Transcript finds not only cause for gratulation, but sees—and here he sees clearly—indubitable signs of the Protestant "March of Progress."

"And in this march Canada must share," so at least prophecies the Transcript, and so, no doubt, hope the great majority of our Protestant cotemporaries, and fellow-citizens—disguise it as they may under a mask of pseudo-liberalism. From time to time the truth leaks out in spite of them; and from their confessions, made in unguarded moments, we learn what is the ultimate end of all their policy—This—that the Government of Canada should imitate the conduct of the unprincipled tyrants of Europe—that Canada should "fall in" and keep step with Spain and Sardinia in that famous "March" which consists in lying and thieving—in deceiving the Pope, breaking treaties made with him, and stealing Church property. This is what Protestants mean by the "March of Progress."

It is a saying in the navy—older than the days of Benbow; perhaps current on board the Ark—that, "in his life time, every one must eat a peck of dirt; but that if he goes to sea, he must eat a bushel." As with individuals, so with nations. The history of the world seems to show that, at some period of their existence, the latter must all eat a given quantity of Protestant dirt; some more indeed, some less; but all, without exception, are doomed to swallow the unclean thing. Some, after a mouthful or two, reject the nauseous compound; whilst others, less delicately organised, lick their chops over it, and cry aloud upon their neighbors to come and dip their spoons into the mess. Some, like France at the present day, after a brief trial of "Protesting" or "Denying" principles, become disgusted, and return gladly to their ancient diet; whilst others again, with stronger stomachs, and with a natural liking for dirt, stick to it for centuries, though the stench thereof becomes yearly more abominable and insupportable. What, then, has happened to other countries, may also happen to Canada. We are not prophets; we have never taken out a license to practise in that line of business; and we will not therefore attempt to speculate as to the future. We cannot therefore undertake to refute the Transcript's prophecy; nor will we attempt to raise doubts as to the proximate realisation of those fond hopes which the Transcript cherishes in his gentle bosom; and with the prospects of which he essays to cheer up his comrade of the Globe in that arduous "Rogue's March," in which the latter is already a proficient; whilst the Transcript apparently has as yet got no further in his drill, than the "hanging," or "goose-step." Canada may, it is true, join in this "March;" but if she does, we trust, we even think, that it will not be as a volunteer, but rather as an unwilling captive in the ranks of her enemies. At all events, Canada is not as yet sufficiently deprived, demoralised or Protestantised, to march willingly with such scurvy companions as the Liberals of Spain and Sardinia.

Before concluding, we would like to ask our cotemporary the Transcript one or two questions. 1. Is he really acquainted with the facts of the case as between Sardinia, Spain and the Holy See? 2. If he is, does he pretend to approve of their conduct towards the Catholic Church—and if he does, would he approve of similar conduct on the part of Catholic Sovereigns towards Protestants, Protestant ministers, and Protestant church and charitable property? Alas! all experience shows that Protestants

recognise one law for themselves, and another for Catholics—that they use different weights and measures according as they have called upon to decide upon the merits of Protestant or Catholic actions—and that, according to Protestant ethics, that which is practised towards themselves would be grievous wrongs, when Papists only are subjected to it, a matter of "gratulation and hope."

Without going too much into detail, these disputes resolve themselves into this, Church property, Church property! for, if it is not State property, unless the State and the Church are one. Are treaties between two independent powers mutually binding; or can one of the contracting parties annul them at its pleasure? For if such treaties are binding, if no one party to them can set them aside without the consent of the other, then have the Sardinian and Spanish Governments, been guilty of gross breach of faith.

We claim when arguing with Protestants, neither for Pope nor for Church property any peculiar sanctity of character. For the Pope we claim the same rights as for any other Sovereign; for Church property, the same respect as for property of any other description, and accruing from similar sources. We contend that a treaty betwixt the Pope and any other Power is as binding as a treaty betwixt England and France, so long as either party is willing to abide by its terms; and we contend that, if a number of ladies choose to live together, and devote their time and property to religious or charitable purposes—to feeding the poor, clothing the naked, tending the sick, and educating the ignorant—their property is as sacred as that of any other individual or body of individuals, and that the State has no more rightful control over it, or them, than it has over the property of persons of any others of its subjects.

Betwixt Sardinia and the Papal Government, and betwixt Spain and the same Power, there exist treaties called "Concordats," which it is not so much as pretended that the Papal Government has in any one instance violated; but which both Sardinia and Spain now wish to cancel, because, in the words of the London Quarterly Review in a most bitter article against the Pope—"they find themselves compelled to declare to the Court of Rome the incompatibility of the old Concordats and their new constitutions." The Court of Rome on the other hand, though willing to revise and modify these treaties for the sake of peace, argues, that treaties voluntarily entered into, and in good faith, are binding upon both contracting parties so long as either of them is willing to abide by the terms thereof; and that no one party to a treaty has the right to set it aside, without the consent of the other. "If the bond of a bargain" argues Rome "is to be respected in private life, it is sacred and inviolable in the life of States, and is accordingly so held in the jurisprudence of civilized nations." "No," exclaim Spain and Sardinia—"the bargain, though fairly entered into, it is no longer convenient for us to keep; it is incompatible with some new arrangements we have made, or intend to make; therefore we will break it." This is what Protestants laud to the skies, as an honorable, liberal policy which, in their "March of Progress," all nations having treaties with Rome ought to follow—for, according to Protestant principles, no faith ought to be kept with the Pope.

Into this one question of the "inviolability of treaties" do all the disputes betwixt Rome, and her opponents resolve themselves. The details are too long for us to enter into at present; but we may jot down some of the leading features of that progressive policy in which the Transcript finds so much cause for "gratulation and hope" and which he naturally desires us to copy in Canada.

Amongst many others, three demands are put forward by the Sardinian Civil Government to which the Pope will not agree. The former claims as its right, the education of the Clergy—absolute control over the administration of the Sacraments, and over all ecclesiastical property. Having assumed the entire management of all educational establishments, Government has decreed that no person shall be admitted to a benefice who has not graduated in one of its Universities—it has sent an Archbishop to jail because, in obedience to his instructions, the Priests of his Diocese refused to administer the Eucharist to one whom he and they believed to be an impenitent sinner; and it has seized upon the private property of Nuns and other Religious, breaking into their houses by force, and expelling the inmates at the point of the bayonet, amidst the curses and execrations of an indignant populace. For be it remembered, it is not so much the Nuns and Religious who are the sufferers by these brutal acts of spoliation, as are the people themselves; who are thereby deprived of their best friends and comforters in affliction, and robbed of the provision made, by charitable individuals, for their support in sickness, poverty, and old age. The property of the Church is emphatically the property of the poor, of which Nuns and Monks are but the administrators, but upon which the Sardinian Government has no more right to lay its hands, than has the Corporation of Montreal to confiscate to its own use the property of the Protestant "Orphan Asylum" or the Methodist Chapel in St. James Street.

Can it be that the Transcript approves of these acts, because perpetrated against the Catholic Church?—or that he desires to see them imitated in Canada? What would he then say, were he to see Dr. Fulford, the Anglican Bishop of Montreal, trundled off handcuffs to the Penitentiary at Toronto, for the crime of having used his own discretion in the matter of administering the Sacraments;—and for having withheld the Holy Communion from one whom he deemed not worthy to receive it, but to whom the

Government had ordered it to be administered? Would the Transcript see in such a high-handed proceeding on the part of the civil power, grounds for "gratulation and hope?" or would he not rather make the "welding-iron" with his fierce denunciations of such brutal tyranny? It would indeed be a strange sight, and an instructive one, to see a Protestant Bishop, or even a Presbyterian minister, cooped up in a jail-yard whither he had been led by the March of Progress—outwardly, actively employed breaking stones; but inwardly, arranging the heads of his discourse for the ensuing Sabbath, upon the sacred text, "What is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander." We should much like to hear that sermon.

The Boston Pilot complains that the True Witness has taunted him with "nativism." "It will become the editor of the True Witness," he says—"to talk of nativism, when he himself is a 'canny Scot.'" We wish to see no distinction in the Church. It is contemptible for any Catholic; for the sake of making a little capital, to raise the cry of "nativism" against a fellow Catholic. The members of the Church, wherever born, should act as brothers."

We take this opportunity of assuring our Boston cotemporary, that the editor of the True Witness has never made "nativism" a subject of reproach to the Pilot; nor are we aware to what article it is that our friend alludes. We have more than once discussed—in an amicable spirit we trust—the comparative advantages of Canada and the United States, as the home for the Irish Catholic emigrant; but we have never, intentionally, said a word in disparagement of "native" American Catholics—amongst whom the Church may reckon some of her most faithful and devoted children. In one issue of the True Witness only—that of August 17th—can we find any thing, in the slightest degree, to warrant the complaints of the Boston Pilot—and that article, we assure him, was not only, not written by a "canny Scot," but was inserted without the knowledge of the editor of the True Witness, who, from unavoidable circumstances, was obliged to entrust the publication of the number in question to other hands. So much for ourselves.

One word as to the question of "nativism" in general.

So far from making "nativism"—that is an ardent love of country—a subject of reproach to the Boston Pilot, or to any one else, we look upon it as, when not carried to excess, a highly laudable and honorable feeling—as a virtue, not as a vice. An Irishman loves his own "green isle" above every other spot on the earth's surface; and he does well. So also does the "native" born American—who prefers the land of his birth to every other country.—And why should he not love his native land? or why should he be reproached because he is zealous for her interests, and her glory? We should scorn the American Catholic who was not a "native" in this sense; that is, who did not bear an enthusiastic attachment to the land that gave him birth, and a sincere loyalty to her laws and institutions—in so far as the latter were not in opposition to the laws of God and His Church.

This spirit of "nativism" is, we conceive, blameable only when carried to excess—that is, when it is allowed to take precedence of that love and loyalty which every Catholic owes to his Church. The Church has the first claim upon us and our affections; and it is to her that our supreme allegiance is always, everywhere, and under all circumstances, due. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me."—ST. MATT., x., 37. But within these limits, it is the duty of every man to love his native land, to seek her interests, and to be ready, if needful, to lay down his life in her service. If we honor this spirit of "nativism" in the Irishman, we honor it no less in the American; and we trust that the Boston Pilot will pardon it, even in a "canny Scot."

This is not however what is generally understood by the word "nativism." The term "native," as applied at the present day, is intended to denote that political party in the United States, who would deprive their adopted and naturalised fellow-citizens, of the civil rights and privileges guaranteed to them by the American constitution—and who, not content with loving America, think it their duty to hate Irishmen, and to persecute Catholics. In this sense, "nativism" is not "native," but imported; it is but a Yankee copy of Orangeism; and like its European prototype, merits the execration of every honest man, of every Christian, and, especially of every native-born American Catholic. It is in this sense only then that the TRUE WITNESS would be understood to condemn "nativism," or "natyve" principles.

We have not as yet been able to squeeze from the Boston Pilot an answer to the question repeatedly put to him through our columns. "How is it, if Catholics are as free in the United States as they are in Canada, that the latter have, whilst the former have not, separate schools, conducted upon Catholic principles, for the education of their children? Must we attribute this difference?" we asked—"to the apathy of the Catholics in the U. States; or to their abject condition?"

To this question, which the Boston Pilot has hitherto very prudently shirked, the Freeman's Journal gives a straightforward answer. "He says that though 'it is true that Catholics have foreborn to pursue anything like a regular warfare against the State-School system'—it is not because they approve of, or acquiesce in it; but because 'Catholics are too many to keep up complaints and quarrellings with a system they cannot alter.'" This settles the question as to the comparative amount of freedom enjoyed by Catholics in the States and Canada; re-

spectively. In this Province we have been able to alter an infamous, tyrannical system, and to throw off the degrading yoke of State-Schoolism; whilst in the States four million Catholics are still obliged to crouch humbly and submissively beneath the lash of their Protestant masters, not daring to murmur, and too happy from time to time they are allowed to lick the hand that strikes, and to kiss the foot that spurns, them, so they may have their chains, as if they were of gold, and tell us that they are free, and that now, where in the world do Catholics enjoy greater freedom than in the country where they cannot alter a system of State-Schoolism which is "as insulting and degrading to them as freedom as it is enigma to the spiritual interests of their children." May God in His mercy deliver us from such "freedom."

YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION.

At the annual meeting of this body, held on the 13th inst., the following persons were elected officers-bearers for the ensuing year. President.—Bro. Devlin, Esq., re-elected unanimously. First Vice-President.—Charles W. Shapley. Second Do.—Frederick Dalton. Treasurer.—John Breen. Secretary.—Patrick J. Fogarty, re-elected. Assistant Do.—William W. O'Brien. Do. Committee of Management.—Messrs. Joseph Curran, Michael McShane, Timothy Finn, Samuel Jackson, James Walsh, re-elected; John Patton, and Joseph Curran.

THE BLAKES AND FLANIGANS.

The design of the talented authoress of this charmingly told tale is to instruct as well as to amuse. "There is a moral contained in this story," she says in the preface; and one that should be deeply impressed on the minds of every father and mother on this Continent. The reader will not be long discovering it.

The "Blakes and Flanigans" is the story of the fortunes of two Irish Catholic families, settled in New York; one of which—that of the "Blakes"—is from the commencement exposed to the contaminating influences of the Common or Infidel State-schools; whilst the children of the other receive their first lessons in life from teachers approved of by the Catholic Church. The result of this difference of early training it is easy to foresee. The children of the one grow up good Catholics, and therefore dutiful children, who honor the father who begot them, and make glad the heart of the mother who bore them; whilst the others, soon learn to despise authority—first the authority of the Church, then that of their parents, whom they ridicule; of whom they are ashamed, and whose grey hairs they bring down with sorrow to the grave.

Out of these simple materials, Mrs. Sadlier has worked together a most fascinating story—unblemished with the mawkish sentimentalism of the day, and free from all suspicion even of exaggeration. Though professedly a work of fiction, "The Blakes and Flanigans" is alas! a but too true tale. We have all seen scenes similar to those therein recorded; there is not a Priest in America who has not had to weep over the loss of immortal souls, ruined by the influences therein described; whilst the alarming and daily increasing defections from their ancestral faith, amongst the second generation of Irish Catholic immigrants, and the consequent fearful increase of crime, blackguardism, rowdiness, or as it is commonly called, "b'hoysism," in all the large cities of the Union, shows how extensively and how effectually, the State-Schools of the United States are doing their devilish work. "We have generally met," says the American Celt in his notice of this book—"ten Blakes, for one Flanigan."

We heartily re-echo the sentiment with which our above-named cotemporary concludes a notice of the "Blakes and Flanigans." We earnestly hope it may find a place in every Catholic household, and that it may be carefully read by every Catholic father and mother, in the Province. From it they will learn, that—if they wish to make their children, children of hell—if they wish them to grow up, stubborn, stiff-necked, and disobedient—if they desire to stifle within them every honorable, every Christian feeling—if they wish them to become bad citizens, bad Christians, a curse to the community, and a disgrace to all connected with them—if they really desire that they shall live reprobates and die like dogs—the surest and most expeditious way of effecting that purpose is, to send them when young to the Common Schools.

BITS OF BLARNEY.

By R. Shelton Mackenzie, Editor of the "Life of Curran," "Sheil's Sketches of the Irish Bar," &c. Redfield, New York. For sale by D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal.

Mr. Mackenzie has here given us an amusing collection of Irish Legends, Scraps of Irish Biography, with a more lengthy notice of two of Ireland's great men—Henry Grattan and Daniel O'Connell—under the quaint title of "Bits of Blarney." "Blarney," the writer defines as the "power of telling anything in the way of praise, with unblushing cheek, and forehead unabashed;" yet we may be permitted to doubt if Mr. Mackenzie's "Blarney" is always very scientifically applied to those who are intended to be the objects of his praise. This is especially noticeable in his sketch of the career of O'Connell. As an Irishman, and a warm-hearted Irishman, it is but natural that he should seek to do honor to the memory of the "Great Liberator;" but if he adopts a singular method of effecting his purpose. For instance, he tells us at page 368 that O'Connell in his



desire to promote harmony amongst all the friends of Ireland, went on one occasion so far as to sacrifice his feelings as a Catholic, by joining with the Dublin Corporation in consenting to drink their charter toast. The pious, glorious and immortal memory of the man who enslaved Ireland, and doomed her to long years of suffering and degradation, to be blasphemously and obscenely, and which may be found at length in Barrington's Sketches of his Own Times. Our readers will excuse us for copying it, as we should be loath to pollute our pages with anything so beastly as the Orangemen's Charter Poast. But we may remark that it concludes with the pious prayer, that he who wont drink it may be fired into the kitchen of hell, where the Pope is roasted on a spit and basted with the fat of Charles James Fox, while the devil stands by pelting him with Cardinals. — p. 368.

That any Catholic, and above all that O'Connell who was always remarkable for his attachment to his religion, should ever, for any object, have consented to drink such a toast, or to be present when a toast so insulting to every Catholic, was drunk by others — seems to us incredible; and we should like to see Mr. McKenzie's authority for an assertion so derogatory to the honor of one whom he professes to revere as one of Ireland's truly great men. O'Connell had no doubt his faults, as every man has. — He may have been, when provoked, sometimes violent and harsh in his language; to brutal and unmerited attacks, he may have oft retorted in a similar strain; but he was no hypocrite. If he spoke warmly, too warmly perhaps sometimes, it was because he felt keenly, and cared not to disguise his honest indignation; and of all men, we should say, he would have been the last to have offered himself, or to have allowed in his presence others to offer, a ribald insult to the Sovereign Pontiff. In justice then to the memory of O'Connell, Mr. Mackenzie should, in a subsequent edition, give his authority for this strange story which he recounts, or else retract it altogether.

In other respects, "Bits of Blarney" is a book which we have much pleasure in recommending to the notice of the Irish readers. It is well written, in a smart lively style, by one who is evidently well acquainted with the witty and light-hearted race whose peculiarities he describes.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR—An old friend of mine, though I fear, from having been too long resident in a Protestant country, an indifferent Catholic, and whom I shall take the liberty of calling "Iconoclast," attacked me a short time since on the subject of sacred images, and the Church's object in recommending our veneration and use of them as adjuncts to divine worship. He disapproved of the extent to which we in Canada carried our observance of the practice; alleging that, as there was no explicit warrant for it in the decree of the Council of Trent concerning sacred images, pictures, and other representations of sacred subjects, we thereby rendered ourselves justly obnoxious to the Protestant charge of "image worship—idolatry and superstition"; the only end contemplated by the Church in our use of them—images—being, as he contended, to aid the dullness or weakness of our imaginations, whenever warmth of devotion required that vivid impressions should be made upon them, or when from grossness of soul, we were unable to form to ourselves sublime immaterial representations.

To his objections against our Canadian orthodoxy, I opposed—1.—the striking examples of the Saints, whose lives and practices of devotion have been recorded for our instruction; and which display such a love for holy images, as the proud "common sense" of the present day would stigmatise as absurd and fanatical in the extreme—2.—the approbation of the practice given in the decree of the Council of Trent respecting sacred images. But seeing that these two arguments were sufficient to exonerate any true Catholic from the charge of heterodoxy in the use of images, or from any undue stretch of the precept to venerate them, he endeavored to destroy their force, by ascribing the devotion, apparent in the lives of all the Saints, to images and sensible representations of sacred subjects—to their national habits, to the peculiar customs of their age and country, rather than to their sanctity, or progress in the religious life. In support of this view, he argued that, in saintly martyred, and truly Catholic Ireland, there was none of that excessive "jov'lor, and display of images, and sacred pictures, which he complained of as prevalent in Canada, and in all Catholic countries of Continental Europe. With regard to the decree of the Council of Trent, he maintained that it only permitted, but did not enjoin, the use of such images; and that it was to be looked upon rather as a concession to human weakness than as an obligatory precept.

The subject is an important, and difficult one, seeing that the tendencies of all modern, as well as ancient heresies are so decidedly iconoclastic. I had not the opportunity to continue the argument farther with my friend "Iconoclast," in whom I take a deep interest; so I determined to request you to write me an article on the subject of his objections against our Canadian devotion, at your earliest opportunity. Trusting that you will excuse this liberty, and favor us with a short essay on the subject,

I remain yours truly,

THEODORE.

Montreal, August 29th, 1855.

"Theodore" does well to call "his friend" an "indifferent Catholic," for he is as illogical in his argument, and as false in his statement of facts, as if he were a Protestant, born and bred. It is the "extent" to which we, in Canada, use images, that, according to "Iconoclast" renders us "justly" obnoxious to the Protestant charge of "idolatry and superstition"; it is, according to this wonderful logician, in the number of images that we venerate, and not in the nature of the veneration that we pay to any one of them, that the crime of idolatry consists. He does not pretend, that, to bow the head reverently before one image, or picture, of our Crucified Redeemer would be idolatrous; but to bow in the same manner, and with the same sentiments, before two or more such images in succession renders us "justly"

obnoxious to the charge our Protestant friends are so ready to use against us. To meet this objection of his opponent, "Theodore," need only remind him that idolatry is a crime *sub specie*; and that it consists, not in venerating many images, but in giving to any one of them that veneration which is due only to God. The extent, however, to which we multiply the number of images in our churches cannot change the nature of the veneration that we pay to them, and cannot therefore transform a legitimate respect into an idolatrous worship.

"Iconoclast" errs in saying that "the only end contemplated by the Church in the use of images is, to aid the dullness of our imaginations and to enable us to form more vivid conceptions of divine realities." This is, no doubt, one object that the Church has in view, but it is not the only one. By means of images the Church intends, not only to instruct the unlettered to whom books are useless, and to excite the devotion of her children, but to do honor to the Saints or object represented. She desires of course to arouse within the bosom of the worshipper a noble emulation of the Saints and Martyrs, and to excite to imitation their patience in suffering, their ardent charity, and unconquerable fortitude; but she intends as well, by means of their images or pictorial representations, to honor the Saints whom and whose actions they represent, irrespective of the purely subjective emotions wrought thereby in the spectators. As in the natural order the State honors its great warriors and legislators by erecting statues and monuments to their memory, so in the supernatural order, the Church, by the employment of images or pictures, intends to do honor to her heroes, and to commemorate their brave deeds, their victories over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"Iconoclast" errs again most grievously, we hope not intentionally, in what he says about Catholic Ireland. There may not be so many images or hand-some pictures in a humble Irish chapel as there are in the magnificent churches of Continental Europe; but this can be explained without resource to the hypothesis that Irish Catholics are indifferent, or averse to the use of images or pictures in their places of worship. In the first place, before the Reformation, they had plenty of both, but they were wantonly destroyed by Protestants, as numberless ruins testify to the present day; in the second place, Irish Catholics are generally poor, and cannot therefore so well afford to decorate their churches with pictures and images, as can the people of Continental countries, which have never felt the scourge of a "Protesting Reformation."

In the third place "Iconoclast" is greatly in error when he pretends that there is no "explicit warrant" for the use of images, in the decree of the Council of Trent; and that the intention of that Synod was, merely to permit their use as a concession to popular feeling. We refer "Iconoclast" to the decree itself, Sess. 25; where he will see that the Council commands all Bishops to teach the people committed to their care that it is good and useful to invoke the prayers of the Saints, reigning with Christ; that their images are to be retained in churches—and that due honor is to be paid them.

"Mandat sancta Synodus, omnibus episcopis..... de sanctorum intercessione et legitimo imaginum usu, fideles diligenter instruant, docentes eos, sanctos, una cum Christo regnante, orationes suas pro hominibus Deo offerre, bonum atque utile esse suppliciter eos invocare. . . Imagines porro Christi, Deiparæ Virginis, et aliorum sanctorum, in templis præsertim habendas et reitendas, eisque debitum honorem et venerationem impertiendam."—*Conc. Trid. Sess. 25.*

Here we have more than a bare permission—but a positive explicit injunction; disobedience to which exposes the refractory to the strongest censures of the Church:—

"Si quis autem his decretis contraria docuerit aut senserit—Anathema Sit."—*Id.*

These remarks must suffice for the present. We would however recommend "Theodore" not to argue with his friend, but rather to pray for him—as for one proud, self-willed and puffed up with extravagant notions of his own spirituality. Controversy with such a one is not only of no use, but tends to harden the heart still more; whilst prayer, the humble, earnest prayer of the faithful Christian, can remove mountains, and accomplish all things.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

"The great fiend stop that clapper."

—New way to pay Old Debts.

SIR—It is a matter of profound speculation to a few of us simple ones as to how, or in what manner, this Montreal Sunday amusement question, which has just been started, is likely to terminate. It occurs to me that it has been brought on the carpet for the purpose of exciting a holy horror in the souls of "pious" Protestants, and to keep alive the coals of hateful bigotry in the hearts of ignoramuses, against their Catholic fellow-citizens. It is intended, as I think, to act as a sort of auxiliary, in the cause of "Know-Nothingism" here—a sort of projectile launched headlong at Popery, because Popery tolerates ball-playing on a Sunday. The inference is obvious. They want to make it appear that none but "Papists"—as they in their gentlemanly phraseology designate Catholics—or what they almost admit is nearly as bad, Protestant blackguards, would play ball on a Sunday. I am not a Catholic myself; but I repudiate with scorn such mean and dastardly attempts to bring the Catholic religion into contempt. If it be not a true religion, let them meet it openly and above board with the weapons of reason and sound judgment.

But when they come to treat of the bell-ringing on the Sundays at noon, and advise the discontinuance of the custom here, I am amused; I cannot greatly enough admire the modesty of such a request. To abolish a time-honored and excellent practice, merely to please about twenty or thirty individuals—of how modest! That is a Sunday amusement—rather a laborious one I fancy—which he thinks should be given up. I have

been till now marvelling, what the result would be should the authorities of the French Church decline to "break about" (more honored in the observance than in the breach;) notwithstanding the "ripe wants" on the subject of our friend of the *Transcript*, who "loves Tennis-ball, and hates steeples-hats?" But, Mr. Editor, what is your opinion?—that is, what we simple ones would be at. What do you think, Sir, will be likely to happen, should the bells continue ringing?—not anything awful, I hope, will ensue; it is a very modest request, not acceded to. "It is a request at present by-and-by it will grow into a demand, if some modest folks get their own way. But what, in the name of wonder, is to be the consequence of a refusal to discontinue the amusement of the Sunday noon bell-ringing?" Some fearful phenomenon, no doubt, in the air, earth, or river. I begin to tremble for the bellman.

Ah! yes, I fear you must drop the ringing; though, Mr. Editor, I for one am sorry that such a catastrophe should happen. I have been long an admirer of bells, and would not like to relinquish the pleasure of listening to their music as yet. Besides, for the sake of old reminiscences, I would retain them—for the old associations called up by the sound of the bells, reminding us that we are a day older—that our sand has run yet another twenty-four hours—and compelling us to pause and ask—will it run as many more?—Oh, yes, I go for the continuance of the bells. So do, Mr. Editor, in your next paper, give us some encouragement to hope that the city may still, and for a long while yet, be enlightened every day—no exception—with the merry peals from the belfry of the Parish Church.

A FRIEND TO THE BOURDON,  
Montreal, Sept. 12, 1855.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—We often receive most contradictory accounts of the social, moral, and religious aspect of the United States. By some it is represented as a terrestrial paradise, where all the virtues flourish, and where a real downright evangelical Christian finds himself like a cow in a clover field. By others again, we are told that the land is little better than a hell upon earth; a modern edition of Sodom and Gomorrah, greatly enlarged, with copious illustrations. Whom are we to believe?

For instance—one Baptist minister, a Reverend Mr. Shannon, testifies as follows:—

"I am a Christian, and a proclaimer of the unsearchable riches of Christ; for many years I have been fully convinced that God has raised up these United States as His own chosen instrumentality for the regeneration, political, social, and moral, of a debased and down-trodden world."

On the other hand, we read in a Baptist journal, the *Western Recorder*, that:—

"Our cities are strictly missionary grounds; and we have now almost come to the conclusion that *neither* them is little more so."

Again, whom are we to believe? the Reverend Mr. Shannon, or his brother Baptist who speaks through the *Western Recorder*? Is the Republic of the United States the centre from whence a new civilising and reforming influence is to go forth to convert the nations, and to renew the face of the earth? or is it itself still a portion of the Kingdom of Satan, and like the rest of heathendom, in need itself of being converted? Do tell.

We address ourselves particularly to the *Boston Pilot*, who on more than one occasion has taxed us with doing injustice to his native land.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER SENT TO JAIL.—We read in the *Bombay Times* of an affair that has caused no little excitement in the Mauritius. A Catholic procession was passing along the streets—such processions being authorised by law—when the Rev. Mr. Beaton, a Protestant minister, endeavored to dash furiously with a carriage through the ranks, thereby endangering the lives of a number of little girls. A gentleman seized hold of the reins, and stopped the horses, when he was violently assaulted by the Reverend Jehu. For this offence the latter was put upon his trial, and sentenced to ten days imprisonment, to pay a fine of fifteen pounds and all costs of the trial.

The *Canadian Monarchist* discourseth upon the itinerant "Apostles of the Pump":—

"The new apostles of the pump, are a sad lot; the old Spartans made their slaves drunk as an example to their children; the apostles of the pump do exactly the same thing—one of them keeps himself with much effort, sober; induces a white, or whitish-yellow choker, and lectures on the horrors that wait on beer; and the other fellow, with eyes like burnt holes in a blanket, and a general seediness and mouldiness of person and habiliment, is presented as the horrid example. It is an excellent speculation, generally, and probably pays as well, as cheating at "all-fours," or coggng the dice at "chicken hazard."

The *Monarchist* "is a sad reprobate," and if he does not quickly amend his life and conversation, will have the saints of "our Zion," about his ears, as a warning to all scoffers.

We copy from the *Commercial Advertiser*:—

"It has been charged to the Roman Catholic Church that in 'Lower Canada' it has attempted to exclude education from the people; the truth is that it was the seignor with his attendant brother robbers, the Notary and the Advocate, that struggled to keep knowledge from the masses, and instead of the Clergy having placed obstacles in the way of learning, it is to them alone that the French Canadian population owe the light which has reached them, and which their natural enemies would gladly have intercepted."

BWARE OF COUNTERFEIT NOTES.—Notes are now in circulation in this city of the Zimmerman Bank of Upper Canada altered from \$1 to \$10, and \$3 to \$10— which are well executed, and difficult to be detected. It is supposed that some person or persons are circulating the same; as four or five have been offered at one office within a few days. One store-keeper received no less than 18 of them for goods purchased from him.

Mr. Hincks has been offered the Governorship of Barbadoes. Four thousand pounds is the salary we believe.

ROMAN!

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—A Toronto journal expresses the following severe judgment on the character of the capital:—

"A pretty place this for the Seat of Government! No Fire Brigade! A delightful place to bring the few books of Canada, our archives, and the public papers! A police condemned for incompetency and cowardice, and two-thirds less in number than they ought to be; cases of rape, stabbing, murder, theft, unnoticed, undetected and unpunished. Here, too, we have Magistrates allowing felonies to be compounded, murderers to be bailed; we have a Coroner and advocates calling each other liars and scoundrels; and other such epithets, all juries, more or less destitute of proper elements; Coroner's Juries influenced with evil passions, urging verdicts of willful murder against medical men, whose patients died from diseases which demanded unusual remedies; another jury returned a verdict of Justifiable Homicide for the murder of a man in the Queen's highway, guilty indeed of a fearful crime, but one which even he had no right to avenge after such a fashion! 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord.' Is it to be expected that God's blessing will continue to rest upon a lawless, Godless country?"

We fear there is more truth than poetry in the above. If true, it is indeed a pretty place for the seat of government. A city that can get up such impromptu mobs, and riots, and which can show itself so powerless to restore order, as Toronto has done on several occasions lately, ought to be anything but a seat of government. The country at large cares no more for Toronto than for any other place, as the seat of government. What it must have, however, is security for the public archives, and safety for its Legislature from the violence of mobs and the overbearing influence of crowds of any sort. Two prerequisites which have not always been found in Toronto, and we fear will be found less than ever now.—*Nit-gara Mail.*

ROWDYISM.—At 10 o'clock on Monday night, two gentlemen, who were walking up York street, were knocked down and beaten at the corner of Queen and York streets, by some ruffians with loaded whips. After beating them severely the fellows decamped. The assault was entirely unprovoked, as the gentlemen were walking along very quietly. The strangest part of the story, however, is, that when the gentlemen were knocked down, a constable, who had surveyed operations from the other side of the street, walked over and informed them they had been knocked down—that he had seen the fellows retreating—and that he wondered very much what was up. He also consoled them on their misfortune—informed them, probably, that it was a blessing they were not killed—and then took his departure. Of course the gentlemen were exceedingly obliged for his information, and will for the future have a very high opinion of the efficiency of our Police Force. Both gentlemen have suffered severely from the injuries they received, and one of them, we believe, has been confined to his bed.—*Toronto Leader.*

The *Globe* informs us that during the last month no less than 476 cases have been tried in the Toronto Police Court.

BALL-PLAYING ON SUNDAY.—Protestants lay it down as their fundamental principle, that in religion, nothing is to be believed but what can be proved from the Bible. If then ball-playing on the Sunday be contrary to the law of God, it must be positively forbidden in the Bible. We would therefore call upon our Puritanical friends to give us chapter and verse from the Bible against ball-playing on Sunday. If they cannot do this—then—surely their fundamental principle is humbug—and the remonstrance of the *Transcript* against Sunday ball-playing, sheer, unmitigated cant.

The above we clip from the *True Witness*. It is part of a reply to some strictures in the *Transcript* against ball-playing on Sunday in Montreal. It has very much the appearance of a *poser*; and as we are not Theologian enough to answer it, probably some of our readers could furnish the Scriptural condemnation of ball-playing and similar amusements on the Sabbath day.—*Bathurst Courier.*

No Sir-ree—they can't. If they attempt it, they will only make fools of themselves.

Died,  
In this city, on the 17th inst., David Gorrie, infant son of Mr. James Poits, aged 10 months and 9 days.

CENTRE OF FASHION!  
MONTREAL  
CLOTHING STORE,  
85 McGill Street, 85  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
D. CAREY  
IS NOW RECEIVING, and will continue to receive, his splendid assortment of  
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,  
Consisting of BROAD, BEAVER and PILOT CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, TWEEDS AND VESTINGS. Constantly for sale, an extensive and general stock of FASHIONABLE READY-MADE CLOTHING, Of every description, which cannot, in point of advantage to the buyer, be surpassed by that of any house in the trade. Also—Shirts, Collars, Neck Ties, Handkerchiefs, Braces, Gloves, &c. &c.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!  
The services of BANCOURT, the celebrated CUTTER, having been secured, a grand combination of Fashion and Elegance, together with a Correct Fit, will characterize the Custom Department.  
September 20.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.  
THE Members of the Committee of the above Society are requested to attend a Meeting at St. Patrick's Hall, on Monday Evening, 24th inst., at Eight o'clock.  
By Order,  
T. C. COLLINS, Secy.  
Sept. 23.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARISIAN GOSSIP ABOUT THE QUEEN.—The Paris correspondent of the Manchester Guardian says:—You will be pleased, I am afraid, on reading at the unmistakable feeling of respect felt and expressed for our Queen; but you must live in this strange country to know the amount of compliment paid. The French people may be said to respect nothing, and at the bottom of the conscience of the demurest among them you find treasures of railery and mockery such as would terrify a sober, thorough-going Englishman, and shock him beyond words. La Reine, as they term it, is the license to say things most respectable and even sacred in their idol, and its influence grows with each day. Respect is consequently the tribute least to be looked for from them, and respect is what they pay to our Victoria. I have not questioned a shopkeeper or a workman, or a hackney-coachman, or a gamine (and Heaven knows I have talked within these four days, with perhaps a hundred or two) who does not say, "Ah! she is so respectable, they say she is so good." One man's remark to me was, "She looks so honest and, it's said she is so."—A woman in a shop expatiated on her moral qualities: "a good daughter, and mother, and wife," observed she, adding: "It's a pity more don't follow her example."

THE VISIT TO THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.—The Monteur contains the following:—"The Queen visited the tomb of the emperor. None other of her visits has produced a more marked impression. As the review had been prolonged until very late, her Majesty was no longer expected at the Hotel des Invalides; but in spite of the advanced hour, she insisted on proceeding there. The Queen arrived, therefore, at nightfall, followed by a numerous staff and surrounded by veterans of our former wars, who had hastened to the scene on the news of her arrival, and with a noble collectedness, advanced towards the last resting-place of him who was the most constant adversary of England. What a scene! What remembrances, with all the contrasts which they evoke! But when, by the light of torches, with the glitter of uniforms, and amid the tones of the organ playing "God save the Queen," her Majesty was led by the emperor into the chapel in which repose the remains of Napoleon, the effect was striking and immense; the emotion profound; for the idea arose in each mind that this was not a simple tribute to the tomb of a great man, but a solemn act, attesting that the rivalries of the past were forgotten, and that the union between the two peoples had from thenceforth its most striking consecration."

MAGNIFICENT DONATION OF HER MAJESTY TO THE POOR OF PARIS.—The Monteur contains the following letter from Colonel Phipps, the privy purse, to the minister of the interior:—"Monsieur le Ministre,—The Queen has commanded me to transmit to your excellency the sum of 25,000*fr.* which her Majesty begs you will have the goodness to distribute amongst the poorer classes of the city of Paris. Accept, Monsieur le Ministre, the assurance of my highest consideration. C. B. PHIPPS, Colonel." The minister of the interior has forthwith directed the "Bureaux de Bienfaisance" of Paris to distribute this sum in conformity with the generous intentions of her Britannic Majesty.

THE QUEEN AT LUNCH, AND THE PARISIAN PUBLIC PUZZLED.—In the summary of the proceedings of each day after the Queen arrived in Paris, which was given in the Monteur, there was one expression which made its appearance as regularly as clockwork, but which exceedingly puzzled the Parisian public. It is the custom to post up the official journal on the walls of the Mairies for the inspection and perusal of the people, so that the very cab-drivers who run may read. Each morning groups more numerous than ordinary, take their stand before the Mairies, and study the paper, or one person reads aloud for the edification of the rest, those sketches, which seem to inspire general interest. It was invariably said:—"A une heure Sa Majesté a pris le lunch aux Tuileries."—The word lunch, for which there is no equivalent single word in the French, they could not make out. Lunch!—what was lunch?—what could be that which the English Court so regularly took at 1 o'clock each day? The mystery however was cleared up in the rue d'Anjou. The reader of the morning a worker in bronze, discovered that it was a typographical error on the part of the compositor, and that Lunch, not Lunch, was meant. It was clear as day. The English are known to like their grog quite as intensely as roast beef, plum pudding, and porter, of which, with tea, they make their breakfast, dinner, and supper, and it was remarked how patriotic Queen Victoria must be, to compel her Court to adhere to the customs of old England, even when sojourning in a foreign land. It is now firmly believed that the refreshment served for the use of the Court, at 1 o'clock, was a bowl of punch à l'Anglaise.

The Queen has given the Order of the Bath to Prince Napoleon and General Canrobert.

HEALTH OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—The public without doubt, have remarked that the Empress Eugenie has taken but little part in the public festivities celebrated last week in Paris. For this care of her Majesty's health there is every reason to believe that there is a most satisfactory cause; and, indeed, it is known that Queen Victoria was most anxious and pressing in her kind advice to the empress, to observe every precaution on which some important future may depend.

A riot or insurrectionary movement had occurred at Angiers. Bodies of people assembled at midnight, for the purpose of attacking the government troops and obtaining possession of the place. One of these bands of men marched through the streets, singing

insurrectionary songs, and obliging all persons to join with them. The troops were immediately got under arms, and charged them with such resolution as to disperse them and capture several prisoners. A number of shots were fired and some blood was shed; but no person was killed. It is said that this movement was one of a combination of similar movements designed to operate at the same time, in different parts of France. None of these were successful. The Salut Publique of Lyons announces the departure for Marseilles of a lady, named Josephine Adelaide de R., the widow of a French officer, killed at the siege of Rome, who took the veil in 1854. Sister Veronique, as she is now called, is proceeding to the Crimea, with four of her companions, equally devoted and resolute. Those pious and courageous women are going specially to attend the wounded not in the ambulances, but close to the trenches, as near as possible to the spot where they fell, struck with the projectiles of the enemy.

SPAIN.

Rumors exist of an approaching change in the personnel of the court. It is said that a very high personage near the queen is constantly using influence against the present government, especially since the rupture with the holy see, and that many of the courtiers do not attempt to dissemble their hatred of the present regime. A Spanish expedition to the Crimea is still much spoken of. General Prim is mentioned by some as likely to be the commander, and the Marquis of Dofro by others.

GERMANY.

The court of Saxony, and several other German courts, have already replied to the last Austrian circular. It is said that these replies are analogous to that of Prussia: They decidedly refuse to pledge themselves to the four points, observing that there was no necessity for entering into engagements on that subject, since, on the one hand, the western powers no longer maintain the four points as the basis of peace; and, on the other, it was necessary to have a satisfactory interpretation of those points. Engagements entered into on uncertain bases could only lead to contentions to which the German states would not expose themselves.

ITALY.

The war upon the Friars and Nuns of the Sardinian kingdom is being waged actively. It is not easy, we are told, to imagine the rigor with which the law of the 29th of May is being carried into execution. The Commissioners of the Ecclesiastical Fund are exacting inventories from the poorest convents "to the last farthing." Garden tools, kitchen utensils, and old stools are game to these rapacious collectors, no less than more available properties, in the shape of sacred vessels, ecclesiastical ornaments and sacred objects of value. They have resorted to violence to obtain possession of them in several instances;—broken into locks and doors, scaled walls, violated church—even during the devotion of the Forty Ore, laid hands on the tabernacle with the Blessed Sacrament within it.—There is no doubt as to the intentions of the government, and no hesitation or scruples in its agents. There, perhaps, we should make an exception. In some few instances the shame of such proceedings has been too much for the resolution of the executive, and functionaries have declared that their consciences could not be reconciled to the necessary measures, and submitted to instant dismissal, as was the case with Mr. Nantz, at Chambery. In some instances locksmiths have refused to force doors, and in other popular emettes have required military coercion. In some of the agents of government there have been hesitation, pangs of remorse, a consciousness that there exists a higher government still, and one to which a stricter account must be rendered than can be exacted even than that of Sardinia.

SERIOUS RAVAGES OF CHOLERA.—The accounts from Italy touching the cholera are still far from satisfactory. Up to the 20th there had been 503 cases and 289 deaths at Genoa; the average per day being now 30 cases and 15 deaths. At Sassari, in the island of Sardinia, the epidemic has considerably abated; nevertheless, there were still on the 19th 41 new cases and 68 deaths. It is spreading frightfully in the adjoining provinces. At Milan, during the week ending on the 18th, there were 204 cases and 128 deaths. The total number of cases throughout Lombardy, from its first appearance in January to the 19th ultimo, is 33,144; the deaths amount to 15,336. The disease is dying away at Venice, Padua, and Vicenza; it has greatly abated in the town of Brescia, but spread in the adjoining rural districts.

It is stated that the conduct of the Neapolitan government has caused Austria considerable uneasiness, and that her influence has been used to induce his Sicilian Majesty not to persevere in irritating the people by useless severities, and further adds that such representations have had their effect.

CONVENT-BREAKING.—The Convent of Saint Therese, on the road to Turin, was broken into by the police at the command of the Sardinian Government, on Monday, August 13, and the inmates turned into the street. The Nuns are French, and the convent is said to be the property of one of them! One of the police wore the bonnet rouge! It will be remembered that from the day Louis XIV. was compelled to wear the red cap of Liberty, at the command of a mob, he saw death in prospective. Let Victor Emmanuel take warning!

RUSSIA.

A Berlin correspondent of the Daily News writes:—"We are assured in private letters that we can form no idea of the strain of the war upon the Russian people during the last six months. The enrollment of the new militia of the empire or levee en masse had a terrible effect. The organization

of this new corps has been pushed forward with a haste which tells volumes on the condition of the regular army. Although the first line of troops which stood opposed to Austria six months ago has been withdrawn it has been necessary to order to the Crimea about 30,000 of the new troops, who can hardly yet have learned their drill. 17 Drushines, each of the nominal strength of 1,000 men, entered the north camp of Sebastopol on the 16th, amid the ringing of bells. The order of the day by which Prince Gortschakoff greeted them is most instructive. There is no ordinary case of conscription. As the Prince remarks, they have left behind their wives and children, houses and goods, and marched down to the extremities of the empire. The process is being repeated, and before long 100,000 families will have lost their heads. Did the safety of the country demand this? and if so, what has become of the great army which has for generations repressed the inspirations of the half of Europe and been the hope and comfort of its despotic princes?

The discontent of the nobles has reached an extreme point in every province. The war has struck a fatal blow to commerce to production, to industry. There has, in fact, been raised, by successive recruitments, more than a quarter of the able-bodied laborers, and it is impossible to find a sufficient number for tilling the ground, or for working in the factory.

THE BALTIC.

TWO BRITISH SHIPS ATTACKED BY RUSSIAN GUNBOATS.—Advices from Stockholm of the 20th ult., confirm the report of an engagement between her Majesty's ships Hawke and Desperate, and a number of Russian gunboats on the 10th ult. The Desperate (6), Captain White, and the Hawke screw block ship (60), Capt. Ommänney, were attacked by seventeen gunboats, which came out of the harbor of Riga for that purpose. The action was kept up with great spirit and lasted two hours, at the expiration of which the gunboats were withdrawn, some of them with considerable damage. On board the Hawke one man was severely wounded, and the Desperate received six cannon balls in her hull. On the afternoon of the same day, the above-named two ships bombarded the fortifications of Riga.—Later accounts from Faro Sound mention the arrival of the Hawke, which had put in there to repair damages.

WAR IN THE EAST.

Willmer & Smith's European Times says of the condition of affairs in the Crimea:—

From the Crimea there is nothing worth recording. The opinion gains ground that the resources in Sebastopol are daily diminishing, and that the place must speedily fall. Preparations for the bombardment are constantly going on, and any hour may bring us intelligence of the final result. A little affair on the slope of the Malakoff was very creditable to the French arms, and our allies will give a good account of themselves when the last effort takes place. In the meantime ample preparations are being made for another campaign in the Crimea. Huts on a large scale have been sent out with an ample supply of winter clothing, and the timely precaution thus taken will prevent, it is to be hoped, a repetition of the fearful suffering which marked the events of the last winter. These preparations may possibly be anticipated by the fall of the fortress, in which case our troops would winter within the city, but the surest means of success in war is to be prepared for every possible contingency—the best and the worst.

IRISH AND ENGLISH MORALITY—THE CRIME AND OUTRAGE ACT.

(From the Tablet.)

To find materials for envenomed slanders of the national character, the Dublin Evening Mail has been obliged to leave this country, and rake up and rejoice over the sins of our ragged exiles banished by famine to England. The Evening Mail reluctantly stammers out that "the Irish circuits have ended without a capital conviction." Not that incentives to crime have been wanting in Ireland. Not that grinding oppression has foregone its malevolent activity. Not that depopulation ceases busily to ruin the happy homesteads of domestic virtue. Not that landlordism has been bridled in its homicidal exterminations by law. No; but that the calm grandeur of the Church of miracles, in the absence of persecution, untrammelled and unthwarted by the satanic measures of the Spoilers and the Chambers, has been putting forth its emollient powers, exerting its miraculous influence in assuaging the fury and serenening the passions of the hearts of the Irish, and that holy accents have rebuked the storm and operated in the moral elements "a great calm." This is the true cause of Irish tranquillity. But while "the Irish circuits have ended without one capital conviction," all over England the black stains of crimes, "remedious in their magnitude and alarming in their number," lie thick upon the moral landscape. "There they lie before me in groups and alphabetical order," said Lord Campbell the other day, "consisting of burglary, bigamy, damaging machinery, house-breaking, manslaughter, murder, rape, and crimes which are not to be named among us." "It is a matter of grave consideration and reflection," continued the judge, "that as our material prosperity increases, crimes in some parts of the country increase also." Though his lordship did not advert to the cause, this depravity is easily accounted for. When the poor are neglected by a religion which, like Protestantism, fastidiously refuses to minister to equal poverty, the whole fabric of society gradually becomes permeated with depravity. "A religion which neglects the poor is the worst enemy of society." Protestantism is admittedly such a religion. Protestantism sows the seeds of social ruin. It is because the English are Protestant that their senators—the creatures of corruption—have been swept out of their seats in scores for administering bribery to Henry. It is because they are Protestant that the swindling shopkeepers will poison of adulterated every article they deal in, and that throughout Britain it is because they are Protestants that the laboring classes in England, brutal, debauched, and homicidal—choke the paths with their godless ignorance and revolting animality. While the foundations are

rotten every rank must be corrupt. On the other hand, the maternal tenderness to the poor manifests the profound wisdom of Catholicity, because all the stratifications of society depend on this substratum, and when this gives way all the superior strata come hurrying and crumbling down into irretrievable confusion and destruction. In Ireland, as the recent circuits show, the Catholic Church (who sat by the cradle and followed the Bier of monarchies the mightiest, and repudiated the most brilliant, who enlightened the infancy of Venice, and contemplated the noontide glory of the Byzantine Cæsars) has preserved the heart of the Irish community sound. Be the physical misery what it may, Ireland is in the enjoyment of good moral health. In the rage of its vexation at the proud superiority of Irish morals, the British Parliament hastened last week to fulfil its instincts in the reddening faces of the Irish people, and treating them as lunatics or criminals, prepared to wrench from every Irishman's hands the arms that should protect his life and property. We allude to the Crime and Outrage Bill for Ireland. There is one thing very surprising about this bill. Our Protestant lawgivers were almost wont, while doing us wrong, to profess their solicitude to do us justice. From the reign of Henry to the times of Victoria, Englishmen were never wanting in protestation of their deep anxiety to do us justice; but now they seem to be failing in inventive ingenuity. There were no reasons for introducing, many for rejecting, the bill. The lawgivers hoped, perhaps, to deepen the outrage, they were offering to Ireland by introducing a measure for which cunning could not invent a reason not malvolence pretend a necessity. The Secretary of Ireland confessed that there is neither crime nor outrage in Ireland. A bill for the suppression of what does not exist is quite of a piece with the blundering which disgraces Britain in the present war.—Perhaps Mr. Butt's assertion may be regarded as a reason—"If this bill is not passed," said Mr. Butt, "there will be restriction on the possession of arms in Ireland." It puzzles us to imagine why Irishmen who perpetrate no crimes should be deprived of arms, while Englishmen, who are disgraced by every enormity, are left in possession of deadly weapons. An English criminal, according to such enlightened legislation, is preferable to an honest peaceable subject born in Ireland. If such be the case, it is not crime but nationality that this bill seeks to punish. But legislators who act on such a principle—who punish a man for his birthplace—must be profoundly immoral. The moral depravity which such a Government must occasion in the Empire must be as great as the physical dissolution it has brought upon the army.—The Irish Government which refuses to vindicate the Catholics who were outraged at Newtownmavady should, at least, give them arms to protect themselves from similar outrages. They should not tempt the Orangemen to murder the Catholics by delivering the latter unarmed into their hands after sanctioning delinquency by pardoning its perpetrators as they have done at Newtownmavady. Irish Catholics are treated by their Whig rulers as African slaves are treated by American planters—that is, they are subjected to outrage, and then deprived of the means of resistance. In Ulster the administration of justice is little better than a farce, for where the magistrate is an Orangeman every Catholic is a criminal. Justice is unattainable at such a bigoted tribunal. Disarmed by the law, and refused retributive justice by the magistracy, brutality and cowardice mark the Catholic for their victim. On the highway they knock him down—in the fields they break into his cabin—they storm his chapel with artillery, and smash all the windows in the villages he takes refuge in. At length, in the solemn sanctuary of law, in the ermined presence of a Catholic judge, he is appalled and confounded to hear the atrocities of the Orangemen attributed to the provocation of his Priests. The culprits, chuckling at their immunity, go triumphant out of the dock.

The European Times says:—"The accounts which have come to hand from the Baltic during the last few days exhibit more blundering on the part of the Home authorities, and enable the Russians to boast that the fortifications and batteries of Sweaborg are still intact. In the course of the two days' firing all the mortars were used, and these were of so inferior a quality that they either burst or became unfit for use. Admiral Dundas sent the mortar-boats home; but the Admiralty, on learning this, despatched a steamer to countermand their return, and at the same time forwarded another supply of mortars, the wants of which at the proper time saved the defences of the Russian fortress. From this we infer that another attack is resolved upon, but it is distressing to record the want of adequate preparation for an attack the completion of which failed from a cause which might have been readily guarded against. A despatch from Berlin declares that the fleets have retired from Cronstadt, and taken up another position. If, during the next month or six weeks, something still more decisive be not done, the return of the fleet from the Baltic will not add greatly to the national rejoicing. The remarks in the Times of yesterday, respecting the shortcomings of the Baltic and the Black Sea fleets, are unfortunately warranted by the facts, for, as far as the war has progressed, the result has been anything but creditable to our "wooden walls." At the same time it may be stated that while Général de Berg asserts that the loss of life at Sweaborg only amounted to 44, and 110 wounded, a telegraphic despatch from the Baltic declares emphatically that the Russian loss was upwards of 2000.

THE GARDEN OF RUSSIA.—(Morning Post)—There is all found the south-east shore of the Crimea a singularly beautiful and interesting fringe of country—the waters of the Euxine, in front, and great mountains behind. Here the Russian nobility fixed their great maritime resort. Along the beach, sheltered from the north by the hills of which we speak, and gazing upon the "Bad" Black sea, arose many a delicious manor-house and villa, from Cape Aia to Cape Aitodor, and to Orianda. Exquisite fruits, exquisite wines, are but garden commodities in that genial soil and balmy air. Wealthy Russians raised in this delightful region their best loved residences, and stored them with every luxury. How many curious elegancies of household life were piled up in these abodes! How many families whose prospects were brilliant, how many great "seigneurs de campagne"—before whose glance the Mohammedan Tartar peasant quailed, as the Saxon of the time of Ivanhoe quailed in England before the eye of Front-de-bœuf—moved, two years since, in this pleasant neighborhood, "lords of all they surveyed." We can conceive a family scene







MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

Table listing market prices for various commodities such as Wheat, Oats, Barley, Buckwheat, Beans, Lard, Butter, Eggs, and Flour.

PRAYER BEADS, SILVER AND GOLD MEDALS, STATUES, &c.

Table listing prices for prayer beads and medals, including items like '40 Gross Jobs' Tears' Prayer Beads' and 'Small Glass' beads.

FINE PRAYER BEADS, STRING ON SILVER WIRE, WITH SILVER MEDALS, CROSSES, &c.

Text describing the quality and variety of prayer beads available, mentioning different materials and designs.

Text describing a statue of the Queen of Heaven, mentioning its height and artistic details.

Text describing a statue of the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Jesus, mentioning its size and location.

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MORE NEW CATHOLIC WORKS.

Text listing various Catholic books for sale, including titles like 'The Witch of Milton Hill' and 'The Martyr of the Sea'.

SADLERS' CHEAP BOOK STORE.

Text advertising a book store with a large collection of Catholic literature, including works by St. Augustine and St. Thomas.

NEW BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

Text advertising newly published Catholic legends and books, including 'Catholic Legends' and 'The Martyr of the Sea'.

LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, MOTHER OF GOD.

Text describing the book 'Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God', translated by Mrs. J. Sadlier.

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PATRICK DOYLE.

Text advertising Patrick Doyle's services as an agent for the Metropolitan.

THE METROPOLITAN.

Text advertising the Metropolitan newspaper, mentioning its subscription rates.

SOMETHING NEW.

Text advertising a new clothing store, mentioning various styles and prices.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Text advertising ready-made clothing, mentioning various styles and prices.

BELLS! BELLS!

Text advertising bells for various purposes, including church bells and alarm bells.

EMIGRATION.

Text advertising emigration services, mentioning various destinations and costs.

GRAMMAR, COMMERCIAL, AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL.

Text advertising a school for grammar, commercial, and mathematical studies.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS.

Text advertising steam dyeing services, mentioning various types of fabrics.

JOHN M'CLOSKEY.

Text advertising John M'Closkey's services as a dyer and scourer.

JOHN O'FARRELL.

Text advertising John O'Farrell's services as a dyer and scourer.

MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

Text advertising a medical discovery, mentioning its benefits for various ailments.

W. F. SMYTH.

Text advertising W. F. Smyth's services as an advocate.

LANARK, C.W.

Text advertising Lanark's services as a druggist.

DONALD M'RAE.

Text advertising Donald M' Rae's services as a druggist.

ANGUS M'DONALD.

Text advertising Angus M'Donald's services as a druggist.

ALBANY, N.Y., Oct. 6, 1854.

Text advertising a medical discovery, mentioning its benefits for various ailments.

L. J. LLOYD.

Text advertising L. J. Lloyd's services as a druggist.

DANVILLE, Oct. 1854.

Text advertising a medical discovery, mentioning its benefits for various ailments.

A. C. SUTHERLAND.

Text advertising A. C. Sutherland's services as a druggist.

JOHN BIRKS & Co.

Text advertising John Birks & Co.'s services as a druggist.