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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1855.

NO. 27.

HOW THE WAR GOES.

DREADFUL STATE OF THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—The correspondent of the *Morning Post*, whose statements have usually been unexaggerated, gives the following in his communications to that journal:—

“There are very few days, be the weather ever so inclement, that Lord Raglan does not ride round the camp.”

JAN. 1ST.—About 500 wooden huts were stored at Balaklava. A number are first to be put up near the town to relieve the warehouses.

JAN. 3RD.—The stables building for the cavalry were completely swept away by a torrent, and one horse drowned. Upwards of fifty deaths to-day.—1,600 men are employed in bringing up provisions.

JAN. 4TH.—We have had a heavy fall of snow during last night, and it is now knee-deep. Winter seems to have set in now in earnest. No huts yet. It rained hard the whole of yesterday, completely swamping some of the tents, and the hospital of the Grenadier Guards was inundated to such an extent that the men were obliged to be shifted out of it.—To make their misery more complete a frost succeeded the rain, and snow the frost. The deaths are increasing frightfully—the daily average now is seventy. Literally speaking, the men perish from cold and want of shelter. The men have no fuel to cook with now, unless they grope under the snow in the ground for the roots. The French took down our sick again this morning on their ambulance mules, and General Canrobert has ordered that the mules return laden with provisions to the depot at head quarters.

JAN. 5TH.—Words cannot describe the suffering which the army must have undergone last night. During the whole of yesterday it snowed heavily, and about eight p.m. the wind veered round to the north, when it commenced freezing very sharply.—To-day snow is on the ground knee-deep, with a clear sky and a keen wind from the north that would cut a feather. This morning at daylight the men found their boots frozen like a lump of iron, and most of them had no others to put on. Their bedclothes also, notwithstanding the heat of the men's bodies, were frozen. Huts are a farce; spring will be here before half of the army obtain them. In the meantime a fearful number of men will be lost. I heard an officer say that some men going on duty into the trenches last night were actually observed to be crying, and these were men who had not quailed under the fire of the enemy at Alma and at Inkermann.—A battle is, indeed, a horrible affair, but starvation from cold is worse. Two general courts-martial on officers are now sitting. One is for the trial of Lieutenant McBoyne, of the 17th Foot, and the other for the trial of an officer of the 88th, who was found by the reconnaissance party, on the 30th Dec., within the Cossack lines. Lieutenant Ramsbottom, of the 97th Regiment, was found dead, from suffocation by charcoal, yesterday. He had come off duty in the trenches, and had closed his tent and lain down to sleep for a few hours.

JAN. 6TH.—Each successive day seems to increase the cold. We have had no more snow, but the frosts are most piercing, and cold winds from the north prevail. Two men perished last night while returning from Balaklava. Their bodies were found to-day. The army is in great want of pickaxes: to procure fuel, as a sufficiency of charcoal cannot be issued for their cooking. Many are compelled to eat their meat raw or go without. I have just been told that an officer of the 90th has been brought in frozen to death. The laying down of the electric telegraph wires was to have commenced yesterday, but the frost and snow has prevented it. The Royal Horse Artillery is to be employed to carry up huts for the army. It is found to be impossible to convey them by manual labor—each but weighing two and a half tons, though it only affords room for twenty-five men.

JAN. 7TH.—The frost still continues very severe. Last night a poor fellow in the trenches had his feet frost-bitten, and they were amputated to-day. The health of the troops seems to improve, although the weather is so severe. The last two days return gives about ninety deaths only, which is under the average. Omer Pasha has sailed for Eupatoria, where his army is to land, and he is to occupy the roads leading to Sebastopol from the interior of Russia. Eupatoria up to this time has been a source of great benefit to us for the sake of transport animals; but within this day or two a vessel has returned without being able to obtain any. Cattle and hay are still received from the Gulf of Perokop. The sheepskin coats for different regiments are being issued. I have just heard from good authority that our men were frost-bitten last night. The cold has not been so intense to-day. On the 5th the total sick and wounded in the camp was 4,332 men.

The *Herald* and the *Times* correspondents' letters agree with those of the *Post* as to the distressing state of the troops and the general mismanagement. Nearly 1,000 men had been sent in for invaliding between the 3rd and 6th, but it also mentioned that some French soldiers had been frozen to death; and another letter says that the French horses and mules were dying off rapidly.

JAN. 7TH AND 8TH.—On the nights of the 7th and 8th, the Russians made a sortie against the parallel in advance of battery No. 19; our troops watched until they were within point blank distance, and then vigorously drove them back. They left many killed on the ground. On the night between the 11th and 12th, 150 Russians attacked our lines, driven back after a hand to hand fight of some minutes; they left in the works 7 killed and 2 prisoners—our loss was 5 wounded.

JAN. 13.—A despatch from Admiral Bruat of this date reports as follows:—“The cold has been pretty sharp for the last two days. Since yesterday the weather has been milder, and the snow thawed, although the wind is still from the north.”

According to a telegraphic despatch from Prince Menschikoff, nothing extraordinary had occurred before Sebastopol up to the 14th. Indeed, it is not believed here that anything serious will occur previous to the arrival of Generals Neil and Pelissier, and the Imperial Guards.

JESUITS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.—The *Univers*, referring to the services of the Jesuits in the French army in the East, says:—

“The Chaplain in chief, that courageous Priest, who at the battle of Alma had his horse shot under him, and who confessed our soldiers under the fire of the Russians, is a Jesuit. The Chaplain who was found alone at Galipoli at the time the cholera exerted its most fearful ravages, who received the last sigh of Generals Ney and Garbuccia—who was obliged to pass seventeen nights without rest in bed—to be always ready in attendance upon the dying—is a Jesuit. That Missionary who, struck by cholera, was in the midst of sick soldiers brought to die at Constantinople—was a Jesuit. The Emperor has nobly rendered justice to his zeal, and it is known that he has recompensed it as much as he could. The Rev. Messrs. Parabere, P.P., and Gloriot, P.P., bear the cross of honor amid the acclamations of the heroes of Alma and Inkermann.”

THE TURKISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—The *Monitor* informs us that the great activity of Omer Pasha and his military aptitude lead to the belief that by the 25th or 30th of January 35,000 Turks, with the necessary artillery, will disembark in the Crimea, where 12,000 are already; 11,000 men, Egyptians, Tunisians, are about to leave Constantinople, and will form a Turkish army of 60,000 men, whom Omer Pasha will command.

STATE OF OUR ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—We have now been for many weeks engaged in the thankless and miserable task of communicating to the public the melancholy and disgraceful incidents which accompany the decline and decay of our great expedition to the Crimea. The public may be assured that what we have communicated to them has been fortified by an amount and concurrence of testimony such as to leave no doubt whatever as to its truth. We have hoped to the last that the magnitude of the evil would have roused, however late, our government to exertions of corresponding magnitude; but nothing effectual is done. Affairs are left in the same incompetent hands under which they have gone so rapidly and uninterceptedly to ruin, and while the tremendous crisis at which we are arrived calls for speedy, vigorous, and decisive action, the cabinet is engaged in endless discussions, which lead to no result, and waste day by day the short remnant of time which yet divides us from the coming catastrophe.—Things therefore have arrived at a point at which any further reserve would be criminal. If the partial glimpses of truth which they have obtained have not been enough to spur the nation and those who are at the head of its councils to decisive action we must see if a further and fuller disclosure may prove a more effectual stimulus.

We have no doubt, then, from the information which we receive from various and most trustworthy quarters, that the British army is menaced with a disaster to which there can be found few parallels in the dreary annals of war. We are forced to the terrible but irresistible conclusion that in a very few weeks, and even before offensive operations can be renewed, the remnant of our gallant and victorious army will have been so weakened and worn out as to be unavailable for any effective purpose.

Let us, then, calmly and dispassionately casting aside all self-delusion, and rising superior to the folly which makes men think they can conquer or exercise difficulties and dangers by avoiding plain language, examine the actual state and prospects of our Cri-

mean army. We believe, from the best information we are able to get, that our army at the beginning of this month could only muster 14,000 bayonets; that the artillery and engineers have been reduced in a similar degree, and that the cavalry no longer exists as a force, the whole of the surviving horses having been taken up for the carriage of provisions. The deaths cannot be estimated at less than sixty a day, and those disabled by fatigue and sickness are said to be no fewer than a thousand a week. Will this fearful ratio of sickness to health remain constant—will it diminish, or will it increase? On the answer which fact and experience—not vain hopes and self-delusion—shall give to this question depends the existence or destruction of the English army. It would be mere trifling to suppose that any answer but one can be given to this question. The ratio of sickness will not diminish—will not remain constant. It will—must—fearfully and rapidly increase. We have said we have 14,000 bayonets, and corresponding numbers of other services. But in what state are these survivors? The diseases of the sick inform us only too plainly that they are not men whose health has been suddenly overpowered by acute disease, but are suffering under the effects of chronic maladies brought on by protracted exhaustion and exposure, the seeds of which they must long have carried about them while they were yet numbered among the healthy and effective part of the army. This, we have every reason to fear, is the case of the survivors: Worn, wasted, famished, and exposed, they still drag themselves up to the trenches and back again to their miserable lairs; but it would be as absurd to count on them as men in health as to call a ship with five feet of water in the hold seaworthy. It is computed that of these 14,000 men there are hardly two thousand in good health—in fact, it was at the beginning of this month an army of invalids, and at the beginning of this month the Crimean winter had not set in. With scanty food insufficient clothing, with frames thus debilitated, and minds thus dejected, without adequate shelter from ordinary weather, and without the leisure or possibility to construct it, the army has to undergo cold at least as severe as that which we now experience. The same duties are to be discharged by continually decreasing numbers, and the labor will grow constantly greater in proportion as fewer hands are left to perform it. The most sanguine do not now speak of an attack till the end of this month, and at the end of this month how many of the 53,000 men who have left these shores will survive to make that attack? We are about to lose, unless some extraordinary stroke of fortune intervenes, our one, our only army, the object of so much pride, of so much deep affection, of so much tender solicitude, the terror of our enemies in the field, and the defence and bulwark of our liberties and independence. Is the nation prepared for the disaster? Is it prepared to say, “Our brave men have perished, not because we sent them on an enterprise which was above their strength, not because we have refused to grant to them anything that was necessary for their support, nor because our allies have failed us in any point, but because we have chosen to make our army one vast job—the plaything of our aristocracy—a mart in which promotion which should be the reward of merit, is bought and sold for money—because we have been content to trust to the valour of our private soldiers, and neglected to train up officers possessing any of the attributes which fit men for command, except the universal quality of personal courage.”—*Times*.

(From the *Tablet*.)

“The other night,” writes an officer to Colonel Napier, “I was sitting beside one of our men in the trenches. I saw him eating something which he had difficulty in cutting. I offered him my knife, being sharper than his, and on examining his meat I found it was raw fresh beef. He was eating it quite contentedly.” This misery and wretchedness occurred about Christmas Day, for the letter is dated Dec. 28th, and in the meanwhile it is known that there are provisions enough at Balaklava for all the troops, allies, and enemies in the Crimea. It must be somebody's fault that things are come to this pass. The private soldier cannot get his food, except at uncertain intervals. He knows only by an effort of his memory that such a thing as regular meals exist. At first he had to roast his own coffee, without fire or pans, now he has to eat raw beef in the wet trenches, on a cold night at Christmas.

Not only is the commissariat badly managed. The same fatal sleep seems to have paralysed every movement of the army. The sick and the wounded are worse off than the negroes in the hold of a slave-ship. They have to lie in mud without medicine, warmth, or food. When, the other day, a surgeon sent for opium to stop the dysentery among his sick, he received half an ounce from the medical stores. Half an ounce of opium for a whole hospital full of patients, dying for want of medicine! This is the boasted ad-

ministration of the most practical minds of the nineteenth century.

Another officer writes home the following incredible story:—“There is also a great deal of grumbling because Lord Raglan has ordered portions of the town to be spared.” This may be very considerate on the part of his lordship, but we were not prepared to hear what these parts were, and in all probability few will hear it without something more than surprise. The part of the town thus carefully exempted from the operation of shells and bullets is the arsenal. No wonder the Russians repair their batteries so soon, and replace their damaged guns. The arsenal is at work night and day in perfect security, and the workmen as safe from harm there as ours are in Portsmouth or Plymouth.

The history of this campaign is so sad as to force upon us the most sad anticipations. Official people seem to be struck with judicial blindness, and to be supernaturally urged to their doom. All Europe pronounced the hand of God to have been manifested in Napoleon's Russian invasion, and can we say that we are not in the same calamity? It may be that three centuries of blasphemy and pride are enough, exhaustive of the Supreme patience, and that we shall now fall inevitably before a despised barbarian, as great an enemy of God as we are, and that therefore the scourge is well adapted for the scourged. Incapacity cannot wholly explain our apathy and neglect. The country itself stands mute, with its arms folded, while the Ministers sacrifice our troops at the rate of one hundred a day. Beyond the visible ruin rise other thoughts grave and distressing, for a camp life is not the best preparation for the hour of death.

The *Times* correspondent from Scutari, writing on the 8th Jan., says:—

“The mortality in the hospitals at Scutari is still on the increase, especially among the fresh arrivals. On the 4th, 59 were buried, including one officer's lady and child, on the 5th 34, on the 6th 37, and on the 7th 49, making a total of 179 in four days.—The sick state on the last-mentioned day showed 4,342 non-commissioned officers and privates in hospital, and 55 officers. Yesterday the Europa and Arabia had come down with invalids from Balaklava, none of whom had landed. The former had 312 on board when she left, but the deaths on the voyage down are not yet reported. The latter had 321 on board, of whom 30 died on the passage.”

The following short but interesting return will be sure at the present juncture to attract attention:—“Return showing the number of ships that arrived from the army with sick and wounded, the number died on the passage, and the number of burials that have taken place at Scutari since the formation of the general depot: Number of ships arrived, 53;—number of wounded and sick conveyed from the army that originally embarked, 11,850; number died on passage, 654; number of burials at Scutari, 1,949; total burials of all persons that died at Scutari, 2,044.”

“CAMP MEETINGS,” AND PROTESTANT DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

Camp meetings originated amongst the Presbyterians of Kentucky. The first camp meeting was held near Goseberry river, in July 1800. The ministers present were Messrs. McGready, William McGee, and a Mr. Hege. The author whose language we quote says:—“Camp meetings being once introduced, the plan spread like wild fire. The laborer quitted his task, the youth forgot his pasture, the plough was left in the furrow, age snatched his crutch, the deer enjoyed a respite upon the mountains, business of all kind was suspended, dwelling houses were deserted, whole neighborhoods were emptied, bold hunters and sober matrons, young men, and maidens, and little children, flocked to the common centre of attraction; every difficulty was encountered, every risk ventured to be present at the camp meeting.”

In connection with these camp meetings, a great variety of strange exercises grew up. Children ten or twelve years of age, were prominent actors.—Under paroxysms of feeling, persons fell down, and this was called the “falling exercise.” There were also the “jerking exercise,” the “rolling,” the “ridding,” the “dancing,” and the “barking exercises,” besides “visions,” and “trances.” At Cabin Creek camp-meeting, May 22, 1811, so many fell on the third night, that to prevent their being trod on, they were laid out on one side of the meeting house floor, like so many corpses. At Boone Creek sacrament, two hundred fell; at Pleasant Point three hundred, and at Cane Ridge three thousand, August 6, 1801.

The first instance of the “jerking exercise” was at a sacrament in East Tennessee. Persons would be jerked in all directions, over whatever object happened to be in the way. They were always left to

themselves, because the people said that to oppose them would be to resist the influences of the Spirit of God. Sometimes those who had long hair it is said, had their heads jerked so swiftly that the hair snapped like the crack of a whip. It is said that none were injured except those who rebelled against the operation of the spirit and refused to comply with the injunction it came to enforce.

In the "rolling exercise," they doubled up and rolled over and over; and it made no difference whether there was mud or filth of any kind in the way. In the "running exercise," they would run over every obstacle and keep running till quite exhausted.

In the "dancing exercise," a writer of that time says they had the privilege of exhibiting by a bold faith, what others were moved to by blind impulse. In one instance a Mr. Thompson, a minister, commenced dancing after a meeting, and danced an hour and a half; and, said he, "This is the Holy Ghost." A girl danced for an hour in an empty pew, and others danced in so violent a manner that they could not be held by strong men.

The writer whom I quote, says:—"One might be tempted to think that the climax had already been reached, but there was a piece of extravagance to complete the degradation of human nature. The "barks" frequently accompanied the "jerks," though of later all origin. This exercise consists of the individual taking the position of a dog moving, about on all fours, growling, snapping his teeth and barking with such exactness of imitation, as to deceive any one whose eyes were not directed to the spot.

All classes became affected by this degrading mania, and the only method of securing relief was to engage in the voluntary dance. It was supposed first to be inflicted as a chastisement for remissness in duty. Such as resisted the impulse and declined the dancing, continued to be tormented for months, and even years. From being regarded as marks of guilt, the "barks" at last came to be regarded as tokens of divine favor, and badges of special honor. "Ridiculous as it may seem to us at this distance of time to hear such extraordinary sounds as bow, wow, interspersed with pious ejaculations, and quotations of Scripture, we are not at liberty to doubt the truth of the assertion that then the effect was, to overawe the wicked, and excite the minds of the impious."

In the midst of these disorders, those preachers who labored to direct the minds of the people to true marks of grace were denounced as deistical, and thus their influence was greatly diminished. Some of the results were, the people would be singing half a dozen hymns at the same time, very loud, with violent emotions of the body. Sometimes a dozen would be praying at a time, for they said the Lord could hear even if they all spoke at once. The preachers were often interrupted with singing in midst of their sermons. Whoops, cries, hysterical laughter and the repetition of the words of the speaker, even louder than he uttered them, constituted a combination of annoyances to which the waves of the sea, hurled by the Athenian orator must have been a trifle.

These are cases enough to show what a state of things existed in Kentucky, in the beginning of this century. Our author asks, "will it be easily credited that in 1803 the females from 14 to 50 years of age, got into the habit of hugging and embracing every one in their vicinity, and that the men, especially the preacher, came in for a good share of their embraces.—*Missouri Republican*."

GRAVEN IMAGES.

"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything." Though Protestant Parsons enforce this text in powerful language, nevertheless their love or idolatry of graven images is their most remarkable characteristic. To obtain the graven images of the Mint they kneel down and sacrifice the immortal interests of their souls. Of course our Parsons profess ostensibly to worship only God, but in their inmost heart graven images are the secret objects of their pious devotion. It is owing to this idolatry of images that we so often see in the public newspapers Church livings advertised for sale like farms or houses, with a florid parade of their advantages. Mammon is adored by that Protestant world which spurned at vows of poverty, and the Clergy, of course, bow to Mammon in common with the laity. We are persuaded that the traffic in advowsons proves the Protestant Establishment to be a Missionary propaganda to preach the great religion of gold, and not at all to preach the true religion of the Gospel. The text was (according to the old Popish reading) "money is the root of all evil," hence superstitious vows of poverty among Papists. By a slight alteration this text is greatly improved, and modern Protestant invariably read "the want of money is the root of all evil," hence enlightened simoniacal practices among Protestants. It is quite natural that a Church which originated in sacrilege should end by dignifying simony into a virtue. Simony has the advantage of raising sinners into saintly Parsons. The object of the owner in making the sale of a living is to realise the greatest possible profit, and one man's money is as good as another's. It tends likewise to promote perjury. A solemn oath is taken by the Reverend purchaser that "he gave not the least consideration whatever, either himself directly or indirectly, nor any person for him with his privity, knowledge, or consent."

This oath is taken on the Evangelists; it should be taken on the graven images of the Mint. Here is the mistake: "Next presentation to a valuable living in Dorsetshire," "Highly desirable living." Such headings as these often appear in the advertising columns of the *Times*, and are no doubt duly answered. "To be sold, the next presentation to a vicarage in one of the midland counties, and in the

immediate neighborhood of one or two of the first packs of fox-hounds in the kingdom. The present annual income about £580. Subject to Curate's salary. The Incumbent in his sixtieth year." We find a graphic description in *Blackwood's Magazine* of the man who bid for these baits. "A Clergyman," says *Blackwood*, "may be destitute of religious feeling; he may be grossly immoral; he may discharge his duties in the most incompetent manner, and lose his flock; he may almost do anything short of legal crime, and still he will neither forfeit his living nor draw upon himself any punishment." He may be destitute of decency, which is an inferior consideration, but he must be furnished with cash, which is the main point. This is natural. The Protestant Church is an idolatrous institution for the worship of the graven images of the Mint, and the diffusion of that creed. It is a mistake to suppose that the Protestant Clergy, who in this way purchase their "missions," worship God. No, they worship the golden likenesses of the Queen. Furnished with these they may not administer religious instruction to the laity, but they may do what is more indispensable—fill the pockets of those dealers in salvation who traffic in advowsons. To be sure the sale of holy offices degrades religion, but at the same time it exalts mammon—it teaches the people to love and to appreciate money, which the poor Papists, for instance, are visibly never taught to do, else they would not be penniless and in rags. In consequence of this the laity in Protestant countries seem persuaded that piety means a well-gilded prayer-book—religion consists in kneeling, and charity in uttering responses. They believe they serve God by subscribing for a finer church than their neighbors, and obey all the admonitions of religion in taking the Sacrament from a costly service of plate. At the same time simony in the Clergy tends to enforce the great Protestant principle—namely, that the true religion is the religion which has most cash. Tried by this great test the Catholic Church—in Ireland especially—has no pretensions whatever to truth. The Catholic Church in Ireland is poor, and if English influences can avail the Church will ere long be equally poor in Piedmont. "That fellow has no soul; where is his shoulder knot?" The Protestant is, or will be, the richest Church in the world, and being so will any one presume to doubt the Apostolic succession of its Hierarchy?

The number of Church livings which are the property of private individuals and common subjects of public sale in England amounts to 6,619. A great traffic is driven in there—a traffic which degrades the owners and debases the people, but fits them for mammon-worship. The heart grows hard and the conscience seared—the Clergy are corrupted and the people debauched, but purses are replenished by this fearful traffic in human souls. It is highly desirable that the working classes should be taught to read and write; but if the Protestant Clergy could be taught to abhor simony it would be still more useful.

This religion of gold has its paradises. One of its worshippers has been described as holding "a sinecure office of £9,000 a year; a rectory worth £1,000; a second rectory worth another £1,000; a third producing £600; a fourth worth £150; and a cathedral stall of the most desirable fertility," &c.

But it is in Ireland that the Protestant idolatry of graven images is carried to its most extravagant fanaticism. The tithe rentcharge, according to a recent calculation, is £400,000 per annum, which, at thirty years' purchase, would produce a sum of twelve millions. Glebe lands, see lands, college, and chapter lands, are calculated at a million of acres, producing every year a million of money, and worth (at thirty years' purchase) thirty millions. To quote the words of Macaulay:—

"Did any set of Bishops and Priests in the world receive so much for doing so little? Did any other set of Bishops and Priests in the world ever receive half as much for doing twice as much? And what," continues Macaulay, "have we to show for all this lavish expenditure? What but the most zealous Roman Catholic population on the face of the earth? Where you were one hundred years ago—where you were two hundred years ago, there you are still, not victorious over the domain of the old faith but painfully, and with dubious success, defending your own frontier, your own English pale. Sometimes a deserter leaves you—sometimes a deserter steals over to you. Whether your gains or losses of this sort be the greater, I do not know. On the great solid mass of the Roman Catholic population you have made no impression whatever. There they are, as they were ages ago, ten to one against the members of your Established Church. Explain this to me. I speak to you, zealous Protestants. Explain this to me on Protestant principles. If I were a Roman Catholic I could readily account for the phenomena. If I were a Roman Catholic I should content myself with saying that the Almighty hand and the outstretched arm had been put forth, according to the promise, in defence of the unchangeable Church; that He who in old time turned into blessings the curses of Balaam, and smote the host of Sennacherib, had signally confounded the arts of heretic statesmen. But what is a Protestant to say? He holds that, through the whole of this long conflict, reason and Scripture have been on the side of the Established Clergy. Tell us, then, what are we to say to this strange war in which reason and Scripture, backed by wealth, by dignity, by the help of the civil power, have been found no match for oppressed and destitute error?—*Tablet*."

When Wellington commanded 70,000 men in the Peninsula, he had 21 hospital purveyors, and 60 clerks in actual employment; but for the whole of the British troops now out in the Crimea there is only one hospital purveyor and three clerks, and there never were any more with the expedition.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

We have authority from Mr. Lucas to give the most direct and unqualified contradiction to the statements which appeared in the *Evening Post* and other Government papers relative to the alleged failure of the mission to the Holy See. These statements are not only untrue and unfounded, but they are the very reverse of truth.—*Tablet*.

DIVINE RETRIBUTION.—A few years ago, when death was mowing down the population of Ireland, a small but noisy faction amongst the fanatical Protestants of Britain made the Empire re-echo with indecent exultation at the destruction of a Catholic nation. Forgetful of those obligations to Ireland which the *Morning Herald* has lately described—the brilliant orators who have adorned the senate—the heroic warriors who have led the armies of Britain—thankless to the people who instructed them when Pagans, and lent them men of genius in modern times—forgetful of all that Burke had spoken and Wellington had acted, they exulted at the destruction of the most religious and most warlike of western nations. They rejoiced in their own comparative comforts, in their wealth, and warmth, and greatness; their immunity from hunger and nakedness; jiggled round their calf of gold and jeered at the misery they did not experience. But God has visited them! They in their turn are mourners. A mightier evil than famine has come upon England, the famine of the mind; imbecility in their rulers: as the ancients used to say, "those the gods intend to ruin they first deprive of prudence." "Incompetent and guilty Ministers," entailing on the people every imaginable misfortune, are a greater curse than famine. "I was in the House of Lords," said Mr. Bright, "when the vote of thanks was moved; in the gallery were many ladies, three fourths of whom were dressed in the deepest mourning." This is terrible, but is not the retribution just? Instead of scoffing and sneering at us, as Catholics and men, they are seen in hall and hovel, "weeping for themselves and for their children." Their cries of derision at the Irish Catholics are hushed now, while death mows down the curled darlings of the empire on the heights of Sebastopol, and Russia rejoices now at the destruction of the English, as the fanatic faction which too often represents England a few years ago exulted at the ruin of Ireland. In those trifling hospitals which Mr. Osborne has described, in those "miles of ward and corridor, thickly covered with war's work, written in all possible defacement of man," every class in Britain is more or less represented. The Queen herself sheds tears upon her throne. She laments (perhaps) that when England was rich and opulent, Britain did not preserve life in famishing Ireland; that she blindly allowed the right arm of her power to fall into decay. That ally would not, in the evil hour of England, vacillate like Austria, faint and flag like Turkey, or turn traitor and foe like Prussia, but would be ever found foremost in the van of English war. Perhaps her Majesty sees that mercy is wisdom, and that the Irish people who had contributed so generously and earnestly life and labor to extend the empire and exalt the renown of Britain, merited more consideration in their miseries.—"There was a war in Afghanistan; who did the work?" Irishmen. "There was a war in China: who did the work?" Again Irishmen. But when was there an English war in which Irishmen did not irrigate the field with their blood? Yet the selfishness of Protestant Britain suffered three millions of Irishmen to be swept off by famine or banished by exile? Assuredly, such ingratitude as England's merits such calamities as those which have befallen her. "I have learned something," says the Rev. Mr. Osborne, "of what they have to suffer, who in England mourn for the dying, from what I saw of the apprehension of that suffering in those who seemed to fear death, chiefly because it would cause that suffering." "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord." As Protestant England exhibited the greatest ingratitude to Ireland, she is likely to suffer the direct calamities from Russia. Already the *Times* envies those who have fallen in battle. "Better that men should die gloriously, selling their lives dearly, and affording a spectacle to the world than that they should perish unseen, unnamed, almost unnumbered, for it has come to that." In other words the blunders of the English are better than their wisdom. The English soldiers are ragged, dirty, thin, famished, and shivering—the miseries of Skibbereen seem to have encamped on the heights of Sebastopol, and Balaklava is another Kilrush, with this difference, and that the woe-begone starvelings who perish in the Crimea are often the offspring of nobles—the elite of the land; they belong to a class who seemed beyond the reach of hunger, and whom Irish misery—rags, dirt, mud-cabins, and starvation—could never afflict. But the power of God has punished England with Irish calamities, and we fear the year which has commenced will long be remembered by some of the noblest families in England, as 1847 is remembered by most of the poorer families of Catholic Ireland as a year of calamity, misery, and death.—*Tablet*.

Two or three days ago, the venerable parish Priest of Blarney, was summoned before the Commissioners of Income Tax, to furnish the usual returns, but he declined to comply with the legal requirements from conscientious scruples, and the bewildered functionaries were compelled to rate him at random—"I have given you that return through courtesy," said Father Peyton to the Commissioners, "but I keep no account of money I receive, for what you consider 'damnable and idolatrous.' As the government do not treat a Catholic clergyman like any other member of society—it will not authorise me to recover my dues, and, therefore, it has not any right to require any return."

We select the following passages from an explanatory letter subsequently addressed to the *Cork Examiner* by the Rev. Mr. Peyton:—"The conduct of the English government on this occasion towards the Catholic clergy of Ireland reminds us of the Egyptian tyrant forcing the Israelites to make bricks without straw; but, like them, we must bear our burthen in silence, until another Deliverer arises among the people, who will free them from tyrannical exactions.—Behold the glaring inconsistency of our Protestant legislators. They abominate Pope and Popery; they regard our religious ceremonies as superstitious mummeries, and swear (God forgive their perjury) the adorable sacrifice of the mass as 'damnable and idolatrous;' yet they scruple not to put their hands in our pockets and take a portion of the offerings we receive for the performance of those rites. They do not consider their orthodox fingers are defiled when touching our Popish money; they hate ourselves, and would willingly crush us, were it not for the itching

they have after the little dues we get for our support. Not even satisfied with this portion of our revenues, they require some compensation for the little presents of fowl, butter, eggs, &c., which the poor bring us when not able otherwise to remunerate us for our services; these, too, are deemed an item of the poor priest's income, and worthy the notice of the Commissioners. Verily, John Bull, thou hast a voracious maw! But some place expectant, or stickler for the law, will say that priests have an equal right to return the amount of their incomes and to contribute to the burthens of the state as other men. Granted: if priests were placed on the same footing with other members of the community, and entitled by law to recover their dues, but it is notorious that, while the law recognises the right of the Protestant minister to his tithes, his dues, and his glebe, and the right of the lawyer, physician, and other professional men to compensation for their labors and services, it will not allow the same right to a priest, nor permit him to enter a court of justice to recover that hire of which St. Paul says he is worthy. And yet the law strictly insists on a portion of those dues which it expressly forbids the priest to enforce. Strange anomaly in legislation; but it is only another instalment of English injustice so often keenly felt for centuries in this impoverished country. Fair play is a jewel, but it has never shone with resplendent lustre in the crown of England since it has usurped the dominion of this country. The dark spots in Irish history have dimmed its effulgence, and clearly point out to posterity the disagreeable results of an unholy alliance. We feel the inequality of our position and partnership, for if England sinks, she drags us with her; but if she weather the storm, experience proves we have nothing to gain. England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. The time has at length arrived when England finds herself, not only in a difficulty, but in an inextricable labyrinth: and now, then, is the time for Ireland to be up and stirring, and by constitutional agitation, she will be able to shake off some of those oppressive laws which crush her energies, and prevent her prosperity and happiness."

A PROTESTANT GRIEVANCE.—THE BISHOP OF OSSORY.—We (*Telegraph*) copy the following report and extraordinary document from the *Saunders's News-Letter* in its account of the proceedings of the Dublin Protestant Association, with Mr. John Vance, M.P., in the chair:—

"Mr. Martin, T.C., moved the adoption of a memorial to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, praying that he would cause the law to be put in force against the Rev. Edward Walsh, Roman Catholic Bishop, for having illegally assumed the title of Bishop of Ossory. The memorial, after referring to the provisions of the Emancipation Act, and of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, set forth the following letter, which had been published in *The Telegraph* newspaper of the 29th of December last.

"The letter of the pious and excellent bishop is then set forth, and the Document proceeds to say:—

"That in this letter of the said Rev. Edward Walsh to the said paper, your Excellency will perceive that he, the said Edward Walsh, does no less than seven times call himself by the title of the Bishop of Ossory, and assume to be that prelate. But that so far from being so, he has not the slightest right, title, claim, pretension, or colourable warrant to be such bishop, the See being nobly and admirably filled by the Rt. Rev. Father in God, James Thomas O'Brien, a prelate of profound learning, great piety, and duly succeeding, without a breach of a single link in the chain of descent from St. Kieran, who was first bishop of this see, at its foundation, about 1,200 years ago.

"That your petitioners are therefore indignant, and feel themselves injured, when they see this Rev. E. Walsh treating the reverend Prelate of Ossory, Bishop O'Brien, the only lawful, just, canonical, and Christian head of the diocese of Ossory, as a nullity, and setting himself forth in his names, titles, and dignities; that they take this wrong an insult to themselves, feel it grievously, and loudly complain thereof, and do therefore.

"Most humbly pray that your Excellency cause the law to be put in force in this case, and the full penalty inflicted upon the intrusive pretender who has presumptuously violated its sanctions; and your petitioners will ever pray.

In this memorial, it is to be observed that the Dublin Protestants, with the pious gentleman they have imported from Leeds, maintain that a Doctor O'Brien is the real Bishop of Ossory, that he is a second St. Kieran, because a "prelate of profound learning," and "great piety." They even declare that he is of the same religion as St. Kieran—although he does not, as St. Kieran certainly did, lead a life of celibacy, say Mass, or hear Confessions, but then we must remember that the Protestant Guardians of the North Dublin Union recently decided that a child knowing how to bless itself and say the "Hail Mary," was a Protestant; and now we suppose it will be maintained by Mr. Vance, M. P., the Rev. Dr. Gregg, and other pious souls, that a bishop who neither blesses himself nor others, and who will not say the Hail Mary, is a Catholic.

THE CRIMEA AND ITS CONQUERORS.—General de Lacy Evans, who has returned from the seat of war, is a native of the county of Limerick, where his ancestors, on the De Lacy (maternal) side, for centuries held sway, and sent forth many warriors. The family descend from the Earls of Lincoln and the conquerors of Ireland for the English temp. Henry II. After the treaty of Limerick, 1691, Peter De Lacy went into foreign service, and, under Peter the Great and his successors, attained the rank of Marshal, and made those excursions to the Crimea as well as the Baltic which excited the applause of Europe as "deeds of fame." His marches from Russia across the sea of Azoff, and attack on Perekop, then held by the Tartars and Turks, are the most daring feats on record.—His son added to the possessions of Austria, in the south, and he was admitted to be the most famous man in Europe. He refused the Marshal's baton at 36; his nephew, General Maurice Lacy, also an Irishman, served under Suwaroff, and led the storming party at Ismael in 1790; his nephew, Count Pierre, also an Irishman, served with éclat on the Danube in the wars of 1828-29—thus presenting an unbroken chain of heroes for a century and a half in the Russian service. General Evans is the first who has served "the other side." His father had a long litigation with the descendants of General Brown for the family estates, and recovered on the footing of his wife's ancestor having conformed to the Protestant religion, and entitled to the Catholic branches of the property. It is remarkable, also, that the ancestors of this family

were constables of Chester; and formed regal alliances with the house of Lancaster. The last heiress of the DeLacy's died from her husband and he had to raise an army of 18,000 men to recover her by force of arms. This happened on the banks of the Mersey, where the family held sovereign sway.—Mrs. Nash's Crime.

IRISH EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

The subjoined letter from the Reverend Mr. Scully, whose visit to Canada last summer must be fresh in the memory of many of our readers, will be read with interest. It discusses the question—"Should the Irish Catholic emigrate to the United States of America?"—

To the Editor of the Dublin Telegraph.

Sir—As the season approaches to which our fellow-countrymen usually emigrate in considerable numbers to America—to seek in distant climes the means of subsistence which are denied them at home—I think it would be well to keep before their minds in your widely circulated journal—as you have from time to time already done—the motives which should influence them in the choice of a future residence in that vast country for which they are bound, and thus save them from the dangers to which they most are exposed, and the ruin which has befallen very many of those who have gone to seek their fortunes in America.

Having spent a few months in the States and the Canadas last summer, I made it my business to inquire particularly into the condition of our countrymen in those parts which I visited, and I may say that I got my information from the most trustworthy sources. While it was most gratifying to hear that so many were doing well, and by patience and industry and good conduct were making their fortunes, and rising in the world, it was very painful to get a very different report of many others, who seem to have mended neither their manners nor their fortune by their transatlantic trip; and this was especially the case in the seaports of the States, where thousands of our poor countrymen are congregated together, whose social and moral condition is not superior, if equal, to what it is in the large towns in England. That they generally get more employment, and for which they are better paid than in Ireland, is very true; but then the labor is very severe, and the change of climate makes it particularly trying to the natives of Ireland. You would scarcely recognise one of our fair-complexioned countrymen after a season or two in America.—They become, from the great heat of the summer, tanned and yellow faced, more like Indians than Irishmen. The mortality amongst them is very considerable, and this, I was very sorry to learn, was in some measure caused by an immoderate use of ardent spirits, which are very cheap in that country.

Though the wages given for labor in service are nominally high, yet, as the rates of living, provisions, clothing, lodging, &c., are also high, I believe that it is found that a man cannot save more than he can in England, where wages are not so high, and that he will find it as difficult to pay his way there as here. I know that some write from America to their friends here that they were as well off, if not better, in England than in the States, and that they have discovered by their voyage that New York is not "paved with penny loaves, nor the houses in Boston thatched with pancakes." There is one class of our people that get on remarkably well in America, owing to the great demand that is for them—that is the young women from Ireland, who are the chief servants—or helps, as they are styled—in most of the houses in the northern states. These are generally well treated and well paid, for their services are found most useful and even necessary (unless Niggers are employed) for your genuine Yankee will be servant to no man. I was very proud indeed to get such a favorable account of our young countrywomen, who, by their virtues and good conduct, and attention to their religious duties, are a credit to their country and their religion—the best and fairest fruits of both. With regard to the moral condition of the men generally, my information, I regret to say, was not so satisfactory, as I heard much the same story there that I have heard so often here in England—that their religion was left after them in Ireland, that the expression of the poet—"Cæsum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt," was certainly not verified in many of our poor countrymen. Not that they become Protestants, as has been falsely asserted, on their going to America; for, as there is no *Souperism* there, there is no temptation for their doing so; but, unfortunately, from non-attendance to their religious duties, neglect of Mass and Sacraments, they become more liable to the infection of the infidel spirit of the country, and in a short time they become indifferent to all religion, if they do not totally lose their faith. Those who go to America—as too many of our poor people do—without being well grounded and instructed in the principles and practices of our holy faith, are almost sure of perishing; for, notwithstanding the zeal of bishops and priests (and there are none better in the world) it is impossible for them to provide for the religious wants of the thousands that are every year thrown upon them, in addition to their own people. We have work enough and more than enough, God knows—in most of the large towns in England—attending to the wants of the thousands that flock to them; but I must say, that we are in a Paradise compared with our brethren in the sea ports of America, who receive the pleasant importation of several thousands every summer, as an increase to their flocks, and for whom they have no religious accommodation whatever.—How are these people to be saved? By themselves and the grace of God alone. Religion will not visit them at their houses and lodgings—they must seek her, if they want her blessings—but will they do so, if not well acquainted with her before they leave their native land, where the very atmosphere was impregnated with her Divine influence, and kept them safe? No, certainly not—for there is nothing in America to make a man religious; that was not inclined to be so at home; on the contrary, everything there is calculated to give him an opposite bias, and many a man and woman too, that would have been saved in their own poor yet faithful land, have been eternally lost by going to America. It has been stated, and I believe with truth, that the first generation of Irish Catholics, emigrating to the United States, preserve the Faith, whatever their practice may be; but that it is totally lost in their children or in the second generation; now this is a most melancholy fact, and one which should make parents reflect seriously before they transfer themselves and their children to the United States. As the Irish naturally love and cling to their religion, for which their fathers suffered so much—they do not wish, I am sure, to see their children exposed to the imminent danger of losing it by

becoming apostates to it, and yet, this is the fate which attends, and has attended thousands of Catholic children in America, from the want of Catholic schools in many parts. There are plenty of State-schools, which are perfectly "godless" or infidel, as excluding all religion, and the education that they give and the fruits they produce, are what might be expected from them. The Irish children that frequent these schools soon become *Americanised*—they learn to despise their country and their creed—to be ashamed of their own father and mother as *foreigners*—to turn their backs on all that ought to be dear to them, and become the most contemptible, as well as the most base of creatures as *Hibernised-American*—a worthy disciple of the Know-Nothings—the enemies of civil and religious liberty.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in this state of things the Irish Catholics are not as numerous in the States as we might expect, from the vast numbers that have emigrated to them from the period of the revolution, to the present day, while from the statistics there appears to be at least seven millions of Irish descent—most of whom ought to be Catholics, in the United States. I believe I am correct in stating that about two millions, is the utmost that can be counted at the present day, in that vast country, and it is most painful to an Irish Catholic, as I have found on travelling through the country, to meet here and there in various parts, genuine Celtic names, and no mistake, whose representatives are as ignorant of the Faith of their fathers, as the Cherokee Indians, or the Hottentots of Africa. Can any temporal gain, or advantage, in the world, compensate for this state of moral degradation and spiritual ruin? and is it not a great charity to strive and save others of our poor people from a similar fate? With these few remarks I conclude for the present, and remain your obedient servant,

EMMOND SCULLY, Canon of Beverly.

Sheffield, Jan. 17th, 1855.
P.S.—If you think well of it, I shall offer a few observations on Canada, with which I was much pleased, in a future number.

A Meath Correspondent writes thus with respect to the unhappy condition of our poor Catholic countrymen resident in the United States:—"Within the last fortnight a number of people have returned from America to this and the neighboring county (Westmeath). The picture of misery, bad health, and religious intolerance which they depict is truly melancholy indeed. Thousands of Irish mechanics and laborers who were heretofore in a state of comparative comfort are now reduced to the utmost misery; and, where the poor creatures have not to contend against the depression of trade, they have to meet the cold uncharitable Yankee's exclamation—'No Irish Papist need apply.' There are also, I regret to learn, a number of our young countrywomen in a state of destitution in New York and other large towns, where they are surrounded by every snare which the heartless and the infidel can lay for the betrayal of virtue and the undermining of those sentiments of religion which the emigrants have been long taught to cherish at home. The Telegraph will do an act of great humanity by frequently calling public attention to this subject during the spring."

GREAT BRITAIN.

The following cavalry regiments will proceed to the Crimea early in the spring, when it is expected that each will be augmented to 800 sabres, exclusive of trumpeters and barriers, viz.:—1st, 2nd, 6th, and 7th Dragoon Guards, 3rd Light Dragoons, 7th Hussars, and 16th Lancers. The following are the infantry regiments under orders for the Crimea.—2nd Battalion 1st Foot (Royal Scots), from Corfu; 3rd Buss, from the Piræus; 13th Light Infantry, from Gibraltar; 31st and 48th Foot, from Corfu; 54th Foot, from Gibraltar; 71st Highland Light Infantry, from Corfu; 71st, 2nd battalion, from Winchester; 82nd Foot, from Edinburgh; 91st, from Malta; 92nd, from Gibraltar; and the 3rd battalion of the 1st Royals, 60th Rifles, and Rifle Brigade, which are now being raised.

The British 22nd, 25th, 96th and 98th foot, at present in India, are ordered to the Crimea, and it is expected the 14th Light Dragoons and the 9th and 83rd Infantry will follow. Their place in India will be filled by a new levy of irregular cavalry. The 10th Hussars are on their way from Bombay.

THE MILITIA.—It is arranged that fifteen regiments of militia, selected from those most numerous and longest embodied, shall be permitted to volunteer immediately for garrison duty at Malta, Gibraltar, and Corfu. These regiments will release an equal number of the line either for immediate transmission to the seat of war, or else for the formation of a corps of reserve at Malta.

The Duke of Cambridge and Prince Napoleon are both at Malta on their way to their respective homes.

General Sir DeLacy Evans, on his arrival at Folkestone, was presented by the inhabitants with a sword worth 150 guineas.

The rumors and reports which have been flying about the town, relative to Sir Charles Napier and Sir James Graham, are assuming a somewhat definite shape. "I hear you are going to apply for a court-martial, Sir Charles?" said a friend of the gallant admiral the other day. "Very likely," replied Sir Charles. "The trial would be interesting." "Very likely," replied Sir Charles again. "You ought to have some good things to tell." "Very likely, indeed," repeated the admiral a third time, and the conversation ended. Sir Charles is annoyed at being put upon half-pay, and at finding his reputation rather seriously damaged. No doubt the gallant admiral would like to set himself right with the public, and the public would be very glad to hear what he has to say in his defence; and we have every reason to believe that they will soon hear both sides of the question.—Press.

A CHURCH LIVING FOR SALE.—The rectory of Elmswell, near Stowmarket, in the diocese of Ely, containing a population of 800, is offered for sale. It is represented as being worth £492 a year, exclusive of the glebe lands, with a good parsonage house, surrounded by ornamental grounds. As an inducement to speculators, it is stated that the present incumbent is upwards of eighty years of age.

A MELTHAM MAN'S FIRST SIGHT OF A LAND SERPENT.—Meltham is a small village in Yorkshire almost hemmed in by hills, and surrounded by moorland. While other districts have been opened up to the world by railways, this has been overlooked, and is consequently isolated. Many of its primitive inhabitants have possibly heard of railroads, but probably few ever saw one, as the following authentic narrative will

to some extent show:—"A few years ago a new line of railway was finished between Huddersfield and Manchester, passing in its course within three or four miles of Meltham. Now, there happened to live at the latter place, three old cronies of the male gender, who were of a more inquiring turn of mind than their fellow Villagers generally, and they met at stated intervals to discuss national and local affairs of importance. At one of their meetings, amongst other topics, railways were mentioned, and it was then discovered that none of the sages had ever beheld one. They had heard of terrible accidents occurring "on the line," but were not quite certain whether they took place upon land or water. Before this particular meeting, the railway between Manchester and Huddersfield had been opened, and eventually this fact reached Meltham, and found its way to our heroes. They determined to remain no longer in a state of ignorance as to the nature of a railroad, and the result of their deep cogitation was, a resolution to despatch the most enterprising and intelligent member of their body to a neighbouring village named Marsden, through which place the railroad passed, that he might return with a faithful description to those left behind. Accordingly, one fine day the adventurous traveller started on his exploring expedition. In due time he reached Marsden, and took his station on an eminence from which he had a good view of the rails. As fortune would have it, he (unknown to himself) stood immediately over the entrance of the standedge Tunnel which we may add is the longest in England. Our traveller was fixedly gazing at the tortuous windings of the various lines of rails, very likely wondering what on earth they could all be for, when suddenly a mighty monster appeared to his startled vision in the form of a railway train, which with two blood red lights before the engine, rushed towards him, gave as usual a shrill scream from the steam whistle before entering the tunnel, and then vanished into the bowels of the mountain. The Meltham man had seen enough. Instantly he turned his steps Melthamwards, full of the astonishing intelligence he had to convey. He arrived there and found his comrades waiting for him. He gave a description of his journey, and stated how, at length, he attained an eminence commanding a favorable view of what he was informed, was the railroad. The rest must be given in his own words:—"Hod (I had) been standing there vary little when I saw a long black thing, loike a sea serpent, wif two oth' biggest een (eyes) I ever saw e moy loife, coming towards me as sharp as lightning, an puffing an reeking loike mad, an *oo soin as iwer it saw me, it set up a grett scream, and ran into a hoile!*" And this is supposed to be the manner in which the natives of Meltham received their information about railroads."

UNITED STATES.

DEATH OF WILLIAM LINTON, A. M.—At Chicago, on Monday, the 22d of January, William Linton, Esq., A. M., editor of the *Western Tablet*, aged 22 years.—May his soul rest in peace.

FIRES IN NEW YORK.—The report of the New York fire marshal states that during the six months ending December 1st, one hundred and eight fires occurred in that city, of which fifty-eight were supposed to have been caused by incendiaries, thirty-six to have been set by occupants, and eighty-six to have been the result of accident. The total loss of property upwards of half a million dollars.

IMMIGRATION INTO N. Y. FOR JANUARY.—The number of immigrants arrived at this port during the week ending yesterday, was but 1764, making a total for January of 7952. The arrivals for the same periods in 1854 were 4382 for the week, and 15,514 for the month. The falling off for the month has been nearly one hundred per cent; in 1855 as compared with 1854, and the immigration for January 1854 was very small in comparison with the ensuing months of the year; and when it is remembered that late advices from Europe state that there are but few steerage passengers offering, it will be perceived that there is good ground to anticipate that—unless something should happen which is not now expected—the immigration for 1855 will be much lower in number than for many years past. The receipts of the commissioners for the past week were but \$5,295, while the expenditures were \$17,418 of which \$5,649 were for temporary relief to the destitute. The expenditures for the month of Jan. have exceeded the receipts more than one hundred per cent, or about \$31,000.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

LIQUOR LAW IN MAINE.—The *Journal of Commerce* says it was informed a few days since, by a distinguished and unprejudiced citizen of Maine—an advocate of a temperance law—that the existing statute has become a letter; and that liquor is retailed there with impunity.

John Mitchell gives the following advice to the military companies composed of foreigners, recently disbanded in Massachusetts:—"For every musket given in to the State Armory, let three be purchased forthwith; let independent companies be formed, thrice as numerous as the disbanded corps—there are no arms acts here yet—and let every 'foreigner' be drilled and trained, and have his arms always ready. For you may be sure, (having some experience in that matter,) that those who begin by disarming you, mean to do you mischief. Be careful not to truckle in the smallest particular to American prejudices. Yield not a single jot of your own, for you have as good a right to your prejudices as they. Do not, by any means, suffer Gardner's Bible (the Protestant Bible) to be thrust down your throats. Do not abandon your post, or renounce your functions, as citizens or as soldiers, but after resort to the last and highest tribunal of law open to you; keep the peace; and attempt no 'demonstration'; discourage drunkenness, and stand firm to your arms."

NATURAL CONSEQUENCE OF THE DENIAL OF BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.—In our Congregational churches we fear that there is considerable indifference and neglect in reference to infant baptism. In one of our oldest churches in this State, there had not been, a few years since, an instance of infant baptism for the seven preceding years. Last year there were seventy Congregational churches in New Hampshire that reported no infant baptism. This year, ninety-six churches, or about one-half in the State, report none. If this indifference continues, the ordinance will become extinct in the Congregational Church.—*Boston Cor. of Journal of Commerce*.

A NEW PROHIBITORY LAW DEMANDED.—The *Wisconsin Home*, a "vegetarian" paper, advocates the passage of a law prohibiting the sale of butchers' meat; which, it affirms, "is stimulating, and acts upon the appetite the same, only not as powerfully, as stimulating drinks."

"CONSISTENCY."—Above this signature, a writer in the *New York Journal of Commerce* says:—"By many in these days, manufacturers and vendors of intoxicating liquors are pronounced 'murderers,' because they furnish the means of destroying human life, and creating much misery. If this principle be correct, it must extend to many other articles equally productive of great evil to the human family,—not by the proper use, but by the abuse of them. If morals and religion are to be promoted by legislation, the Legislatures of the country must prohibit the manufacturing and vending of gunpowder, cannon, muskets, swords and pistols, as they are made expressly for the destruction of human life, and those who produce them are to be viewed as 'murderers.' So also of all poisons, and many medicines, the producers and vendors are, in the same sense, 'murderers,' and all traffic in them should be prohibited by penal statute."

KNOW-NOTHINGISM A RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION.—A Memphis, Tennessee, paper gives the following rich case of a Know-Nothing outrage and trial:

An amusing trial came off yesterday morning, before Judge Hill, in which a Mr. Kilne, a Know-Nothing, was the hero.

The facts of the case, from what we could learn, were simply that Mr. Kilne had been divulging the secrets of Know-Nothingism, and had been overhauled and cowed by a man from Holly Springs; during which operation two men, while pretending to assist Kilne, were really holding him while his antagonist was standing behind him operating with the cowhide. The circumstance occurred several days ago, on Main street, just opposite the Second Presbyterian Church.

Kilne, Green, and Armstrong in Court.—Wm. C. Carr appeared for Kilne, and Walter Coleman, for Green and Armstrong.

Carr.—Mr. Kilne, do you belong to the Know-Nothings?

Kilne.—Yes sir.

C.—When did you join them?

K.—Sometime last summer.

C.—Is it a religious or political institution?

K.—A religious institution, sir.

C.—What religion is it opposed to?

K.—Opposed to all religion, sir.

C.—Did you ever see either Mr. Green or Armstrong?

K.—I saw Mr. Green.

C.—Did you ever see anybody else there?

K.—Yes, sir. I paid the money to Judge Hill there when I went in.

C.—Mr. Kilne, go on now and tell all you know about the Know-Nothings.

K.—I have obligations, sir, and can't tell you anything more.

C.—Is Know-Nothingism against Baptism, Methodism, or Catholicism?

K.—It's against all of them, sir.

C.—Is it opposed to Catholicism?

K.—It's opposed to all of 'em, but none in particular—it's a religious institution, sir.

—We clip from the *Toronto Colonist*—

BAD WORKING OF THE MAINE LAW IN CONNECTICUT.—In Massachusetts the Maine Liquor Law is a mockery. In Connecticut, however, its friends claim that it has made a practical and satisfactory experiment. Governor Dutton, it will be recollected, was brought here to testify in its behalf, in order to aid in the delusion under which Gov. Clark was elected.—We have, however a more reliable witness in the *Hartford Times*, which, speaking of the law and its operations, says:—"Now the truth is, as we have heretofore stated, that there is as much, if not more, liquor drunk in Connecticut at this time, than there ever has been at any former period. In this city there is quite as much drinking as there was under the former license laws on this subject; and we are credibly informed that the same thing is true of New Haven, and other localities. Club rooms are numerous, in which young men congregate for the purpose of drinking and social carousing; and liquor is freely offered to visitors in private houses. The direct tendency of the present law is to revive the old custom of forty years ago, which made it fashionable to keep a supply of spirits on the side board of every private gentleman, and offer the same as an act of common politeness to all who called. This is already the effect of it in some quarters, and the tendency is increasing. It is notorious that liquor is freely procured at this time, however strenuously the Maine law papers may deny the fact. The same paper, compares certain results, about which Governor Dutton affected to be very positive, with those of corresponding terms of former years. We copy one of these comparisons, premising that the Maine law went into effect in Connecticut in August last:—

Number of commitments to the Hartford county jail, before and after the passage of the law.

	1850.	1851.	1852.	1853.	1854.
August	5	—	2	—	11
September	2	3	3	2	22
October	1	—	2	—	19
November	1	2	1	2	22
December	3	1	1	1	16
Total	11	6	9	5	89

TOUCHING.—The *Tobacco Plant*, (Va.,) describes the death of a girl in Clarksville, by burning. Her clothes took fire while she slept in a chair. Aroused, she ran towards her master's bed. The editor says:—"Mr. Watkins forced her out of the door, and threw her in a mud puddle, supposing that he would thus be enabled to extinguish the flames, but failed to do so. Her burns, as before stated, are very bad, and but little hope is entertained of her recovery. She was one of the likeliest girls we ever saw, and would have sold for \$1,000 on the block."

THEOLOGY "DOWN-SOUTH."—A short time ago, two of the most distinguished millionaires in a flourishing southern city, met in social chat, and discussed their mutual merits. In the course of the confab, the Judge bantered the Colonel, and offered to bet five dollars the latter could not say the Lord's Prayer.—The Colonel accepted the bet; and putting himself in a solemn attitude, began to repeat, keeping time by the swaying of his body, and pronouncing with emphatic force, alternately on each syllable, these lines:—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord-my soul to keep,
If I should die—"

"Stop, stop!" cried the judge, interrupting him. "That will do, I give it up; here's the V., but I did not think you could say it."

REMITTANCES TO ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND & WALES.

SIGHT DRAFTS from One Pound upwards, negotiable at any Town in the United Kingdom, are granted on The Union Bank of London, London. The Bank of Ireland, Dublin. The National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh. By HENRY CHAPMAN & Co., St. Sacramento Street. Montreal, December 14, 1854.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AFTERNOON, At the Office, No. 4, Place d'Armes. TERMS: To Town Subscribers. . . . \$3 per annum. To Country do. . . . \$2 1/2 do. Payable Half-Yearly in Advance.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 16, 1855.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We would call the attention of our friends to the terms of subscription to the TRUE WITNESS—Payable Half-Yearly in Advance; and we would remind such of them as are in arrears, that their subscriptions for the second half year of the fifth volume fall due to-day. Many of our subscribers are, we are proud to say, most punctual in their payments; and to these we return our sincere thanks. Others again are, and have long been, in arrears—and to these we address ourselves; calling upon them either to forward to this office, or to pay over to the agents for the TRUE WITNESS in their respective districts, the balance due on their long outstanding accounts. The sums in every particular instance, are no doubt small; but in the aggregate they are very considerable, and would during the present "hard times" be exceedingly acceptable. Every body says—"Oh what is a dollar, or a dollar and a half; such a trifle can be of no consequence"—and yet these "dollars or dollars and a half," are when added together of very great consequence to us: we should therefore feel much obliged if our delinquent subscribers would be so good as at once to remit them to us without putting us to any further trouble. We may add here that, if any of our subscribers do not receive their papers punctually, we trust that they will write to this office immediately; and we promise them that their complaints shall at once be attended to, and the error rectified in so far as it is occasioned by this office;—we would also beg our correspondents to be careful to give the name of the Post Office to which they desire their papers to be directed.

Once more we earnestly entreat our delinquent subscribers to pay up; and thus, having discharged their obligations to the printer, may they hope to profit by the holy season of Lent about to commence. How a man can lay his head on his pillow, or, in the language of Dick Swiveller, "court the balmy," conscience that he has not paid for his paper, is to us a mystery. Some men must have monstrous tough consciences.

Our City subscribers will be waited upon in the course of the week by our Collector; and we trust that his visits will be well received, and his requests promptly complied with.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Imperial Parliament re-assembled on the 23rd ult.; and it at once became evident that it was intended to call the Aberdeen Ministry to account for the gross mismanagement of the war, which has lost Great Britain the whole of her disposable army, and has destroyed her prestige as a first rate military power. After an interesting debate in the Lords, on the wrong done to the heroes of Balaklava, by withholding from them honors similar to those conferred on their brave comrades of the Alma and Inkermann—an error however which we are happy to see is to be rectified—Lord Lyndhurst gave notice of his intention to move a resolution to the effect, that the disasters of the Crimean campaign are attributable to the neglect and mismanagement of the Government. A resolution, similar in purport, and accompanied with a motion for a "select committee" to enquire into the condition of the British army before Sebastopol, was moved in the House of Commons by Mr. Roebuck, and resisted by the Ministry. Hereupon, issue was joined, and the result could not be long doubtful. The Aberdeen Ministry, with the curses of the country upon its head, for the disgrace which it has brought upon the nation, and the unparalleled sufferings which it has inflicted upon the soldiers of Great Britain, is now dead and—the rest. Lord John Russell, with that instinctive sense of danger, said to be peculiar to animals of the rat tribe, prudently deserted the falling Ministry; his resignation, and his reasons for resigning, were announced in the House of Commons on the 26th; after which Mr. Roebuck's motion was taken into consideration, and, after an animated debate, carried by a majority of 295 to 148.

Immediately after the anticipated defeat in the House of Commons, Lord Aberdeen announced that he and his colleagues only held office until such time as their successors should have been appointed. An attempt to form a Derby-Palmerston Cabinet failed, through the refusal of the latter to accede to the terms proposed, and perhaps because he is determined to be the head of any administration that may be formed. The excitement in England is great, and Parliament has adjourned for a few days in order to give time for carrying into effect the new arrangements.

The diplomatic world has been busy. Prussia seems at last disposed to side openly with Russia, and a general European war seems now inevitable. No reliance is placed upon the peace negotiations.

From the Crimea the news is still the same; a dreary record of sickness and mortality. The French are receiving reinforcements; the English have none to expect. The siege seems to be at a stand still, and no decisive operations are expected before the spring. The Baltic Fleet is ordered to assemble in the Downs in the first week of March; its commander is not yet named.

The Times continues its bitter invectives against the management of the Crimean expedition; and though there may be some exaggeration—though occasionally it may lay on the black with too unsparing a hand—it is to be feared that its reports are substantially true; and that the British army has by this time ceased to exist for any useful military purpose. The stories of imbecility and mismanagement which are current, and affirmed upon the highest authority, are almost too monstrous for belief. Thus, we are told that only the other day, two agents of the Commissariat, came in a desperate hurry to Balaklava, and took a passage by the first vessel they could find for Constantinople. En voyage—one of them happened to mention in the hearing of the master of the vessel that the object of their so urgent mission was to purchase boots and shoes for the troops, whose sufferings, from the want of these indispensable articles, were intense. In reply—the master of the ship informed them that his cargo consisted of several thousand cases of boots and shoes; but that from no proper invoice having been sent from the home authorities, and from the want of any officers at Balaklava authorised to receive his cargo, he had been ordered to return to Constantinople without being allowed to land the very articles of which the soldiers were in the greatest want. This is but a sample of what takes place every day, and in every department of the service. Really it seems as if our rulers had been smitten with madness.

No more "Convent Suppression Bills," no more "Ecclesiastical Titles Bills" now. Catholic Bishops and Sisters of Charity are, it is to be hoped, secure, for a season at least, from the brutal persecution of British Protestantism. The High Court of Parliament will find plenty of work to occupy its time, without listening to the drivellings of a Spooner, or the obscenities of a Drummond. Had it in former sessions, devoted half the pains to ameliorate our military system—had it manifested one tithe of the care for the lives and comfort of our brave soldiers, that it did to outrage the feelings of Catholics, and to persecute and calumniate charitable ladies, who asked nothing from the State except to be allowed to go forth on their errand of mercy unmolested—we should not now have to deplore the loss of Britain's best and bravest, and to lament the indelible disgrace inflicted upon the British flag.

Heaven forbid that any British subject should exult in these things. But it does seem as if the curse of God were on the cruel oppressors of His Church; as if at last the day of vengeance for long centuries of persecution was at hand; and as if the wrongs of Catholic Ireland were to be avenged by the hand of another schismatic and persecuting power. "Is the old man mad? does he think that the muskets of my braves will fall from their hands at his anathemas?" was the scornful reply of the first Napoleon, to the sentence laid upon him by the successor of the fisherman of Galilee. Ere long, Napoleon found to his cost, that like Caiaphas of old, he had prophesied unwittingly. The muskets did fall from the hands of his braves—invisible in fight indeed, but smitten with a curse from on High, in answer to the voice of an oppressed Pontiff. War from Heaven was made against them; the stars in their courses fought against him who had raised an impious hand against the Lord's anointed.

And how is it now with Protestant England?—with that country which has so long prided itself upon its material greatness, as an evidence of its spiritual advancement? Can its coltons and its broad-cloth, its hardware and dry goods, save it now from the calamity with which it is menaced—nay, which has already fallen upon it? What says the Times?

"The remnant of the British army"—about 54,000 men—"might be about fifteen or seventeen thousand bayonets at the last date. About a hundred a day were sent to the hospital, never to return fit for service, and nearly as many saved their country further trouble by dying on the spot. Here is a regular drain of six thousand a month, against no further reinforcements. At this rate Lord Raglan and his staff would be the sole survivors of the expedition by the 15th of March."

The weather was daily becoming worse; and the writer, seeking in vain for language to describe the situation of the British army, refers his readers to the horrors of Napoleon's Russian expedition, as alone able to convey an idea of the horrors of the Sebastopol expedition, in so far as the British troops are concerned.

For it is not the least wonderful fact connected with this fearful tragedy, that these sufferings are almost entirely confined to the British. The French army is in admirable order; the men are healthy, well clothed, well lodged, and well fed; nay, even the poor Turks are not suffering, as are the soldiers of that great nation, whose navies have absolute command of the seas, but yet which cannot prevent its brave children from dying by hundreds daily, of cold and hunger, in want of the common necessaries of life, before its eyes. These things have a meaning; and though the worldling may refer them to the want of energy of a War Secretary, to the incompetency of the Commissariat, or the blunderings of aides-de-camp—the Christian, who believes that the Lord in Heaven, looks down upon the earth, and that however long delayed, His vengeance, sure and heavy,

will at length fall upon the persecutor and oppressor, cannot but exclaim—"surely the hand of God is here."

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The annual celebration of the Fête of the reverend Rector of St. Mary's College was this year postponed to the 12th inst.; as it was expected that additional éclat would be given to the festive occasion by the public presentation of the "Doctor's Diploma," accorded by the University of Fordham, State of New York, to the Law Professor of St. Mary's College, and several other of our most eminent citizens, who have distinguished themselves as the patrons of that most excellent educational institution. On Monday afternoon, the new Study-Hall of the College was thronged with a crowd of visitors desirous of witnessing the proceedings of the day.

These commenced with the representation, by the young students of St. Mary's, of a Drama, founded on the well known victory gained, A.D. 718, by a mere handful of Spanish Christians, over the Saracenic host. The piece, written we believe, by the Rev. F. O'Reilly, as an exercise for the elocution class, was admirably performed by the young gentlemen; whose proficiency must have afforded as much pleasure to their parents, as it reflected credit upon the noble institution in which their children have the happiness to be placed. Between the different acts, several beautiful choruses, music by Father Lambillotte, S.J., were executed in admirable style, by the pupils; and when the curtain fell, the applause of the spectators, loud and long continued, had been justly earned by the young gentlemen. We regret that we have not got all their names; because, where all distinguished themselves, it seems invidious to mention any one name in particular. We may however mention that the Prologue, written expressly for the occasion, was spoken by Master Augustus de Rocheblave, and excited universal admiration, both for its matter, and the manner of its delivery. Indeed, but one sentiment seemed to pervade the numerous audience—one of gratitude to God for the blessings which He has conferred on Canada by restoring to it the Jesuit Fathers; with a fervent aspiration, that they may long be spared, to superintend the education of its children—and to bring them up as good citizens, and as good Christians.

From want of space we regret that we are unable to-day to give a report of the ceremonies which followed; but an account of these we must defer until our next issue, together with the names of the gentlemen upon whom the University of Fordham has conferred "Doctor's Degrees."

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

Every outrage upon religious liberty, every attack by the State upon the Church, has ever been heralded by, and accompanied with, the cry—"No connection between Religion and Politics." Wherever, and whenever, we hear this cry raised, and re-echoed—there and then we may confidently anticipate the overthrow of religious freedom; there may we expect to see State tyrannically interfering with the Church, under the pretence, that, betwixt itself and the latter, there should be no connection. The political "Know-Nothing" party in the United States, the principal feature of whose programme is—"War to the knife against Romanism"—and the amplest protection to Protestant interests—justifies its persecution of Catholicity, and its partiality towards Protestantism and Protestant interests—by the maxim, that—"There should be no connection betwixt Religion and Politics."

What then is, "Religion," and what, "Politics"—that there should be "no connection" betwixt them? Ask one of your foaming democrats—or one who is still worse than the democrat—your "Liberal Catholic"—what he means by "Religion"—what he means by "Politics"—and what he means by "connection?"—and he will at once stand before you, convicted, either as a fool or a knave; for every man who contradicts himself, or who is afraid to carry out a principle to its last and extreme consequences, must be either the one or the other. Call upon him to define the words—"Religion—Politics" and—"connection?"—and see what a mass of absurdities, and self-contradictions, he will soon find himself involved in, who lays down as a general principle—not, that "connection between Religion and Politics," may be, and often has been, abused, and perverted to evil ends—but, that, all connection between Religion and Politics is per se evil; for this is the logical deduction from the general proposition that—"There should be no connection between Religion and Politics."

We would then call upon the assertor of this general proposition to define its terms—"Religion, Politics," and—"connection." No doubt he would at first be vastly indignant at being so treated; for there is nothing that knaves and fools detest more than to be called upon to use plain intelligible language; definitions especially do they hold in abhorrence. However suppose him put to the question; and, after much quibbling and shuffling, that he is at length compelled to give a straightforward answer to the question—"What do you mean by "Religion," and what, by "Politics?" He would probably define the former as, comprising all the duties and obligations which man, as responsible creature, owes to God the Creator and Governor of the Universe. "Politics," he might perhaps define, as comprising all the duties which man, as citizen, owes to the State, and to his fellow-citi-

* Ad unum Deum tendentes, et ei uni religiantes animas nostras, unde religio dicitur creditur.—St. Aug. De Vera Religione, c. 55. Qui autem omnia que ad cultum Deorum pertinent, diligenter retractant, et tanquam relegent, sunt dicitur religiosi, ex religendo, ut elegantes, ex eligendo.—Cic. De Nat. Deorum, c. 28.

zens generally; and "connection," he would also, probably explain, as, implying—"mutual dependence," or "relationship." Now, without disputing the logical accuracy of these definitions, let us apply them to the proposition—that, between "Religion and Politics there should be no connection;"—and we obtain as the result, the monstrous absurdity—that, —There is no relationship, no connection, betwixt man's duties, as simply man, or God's creature—and his duties, as citizen; or that as citizen, he is not bound by the same obligations and by the same laws, as he is, as a man. Thus this proposition asserts a double life as belonging to every individual—a man-life—and a citizen-life—with perfectly distinct duties, obligations, and responsibilities. Now as man, as creature, is responsible to God—in which responsibility to God consists religion—and if "betwixt Religion and Politics there should be no connection" whatever—it follows that man, as a citizen, is not responsible to God for any of his acts, either as a simple member of the State, or as a public functionary.

This doctrine must no doubt be very acceptable to corrupt, mercenary, and profligate political functionaries; to venal judges, who, if the doctrine be true, have naught to fear from God's justice; and to persecuting governors, who can have nothing to dread from His vengeance. It has one little drawback, however; and that is, that it is not true, and that no one ever did, or ever can bring himself to, believe it to be true. The most hardened scoundrel of a statesman that ever lived, may have sought to stifle the voice of conscience with—"Tush! God cannot see;" but never did he flatter himself that, on the last day, it would be allowed to him to plead in arrest of judgment, that his sinful actions were performed, not by the man, but by the citizen; not by the responsible creature, but by the irresponsible public functionary. The most hardened villain, who employs his political power for evil purposes, knows that he is as much responsible to God for his actions as a political functionary, as he is for his actions as a mere man. He may indeed, and there are many who do, deny, even man's responsibility to God, or that God takes any heed of man's actions; but no one who admits his responsibility to God in one capacity—i.e., as simple man—is fool enough to doubt that God will also call him to an account for all his acts in his political capacity, or as a citizen. But as this responsibility, or liability to be called to an account by God, implies that the citizen, statesman, or political functionary, is bound by certain obligations towards God—and as in these obligations towards God religion consists—it follows that no one who admits man's responsibility to God, in his heart believes in the possibility of a complete severance of "connection between Religion and Politics." We repeat therefore, that the man who cries "no connection between Religion and Politics" must be either a fool or a knave. A fool if he uses these words, not knowing their meaning; but a knave, if, knowing their meaning, he still employs them.

An evil day will it be for the State, for society, and for the individual, when there shall be "no connection between Religion and Politics;" when the governors shall ignore their responsibility to God, for their conduct towards the governed; and when the governed shall cease to recognise their responsibility to God, for their conduct towards their governors. The first great question that presents itself to the reflecting mind—"Why am I bound to obey, why am I bound to submit myself to, the political authorities of the State?—by what right do they exact my obedience?"—cannot be solved without the aid of "Religion." It can indeed be shown, without her aid, that the State is strong enough, has might enough, to enforce compliance with its laws; but, as might is not right, the simple fact that the State is strong enough to crush the refractory and disobedient, does not imply, the obligation or duty of submitting to it; for where right is not on the one side, neither can there be duty on the other. It is then Religion alone, which, coming to the aid of Politics, can solve this problem; and show that the individual not only must, but ought, and is in duty bound, to submit himself to the established "Political" powers—in all things not contrary to "Religion herself." Thus all "Political" order ultimately must repose upon the sanction of "Religion;" with which we are told that "Politics should have no connection."

Or look to what daily takes place in our Courts of Justice, without which the peace of society could not exist one moment. The very first thing that strikes our attention, is, that all their proceedings are carried on under the sanction of "Religion." The Judges—"Political" functionaries though they be—must perform a "Religious" act before they can take their seats on the Bench: the jury men, the witnesses, are all likewise sworn; and only in virtue of a purely and essentially "Religious" act, can they exercise their Political functions, as judges, jury men, and witnesses. But if there should be "no connection between Religion and Politics"—what monstrous absurdity is this? and by what authority does the State attempt to enforce an act of "Religion?"

The "connection between Religion and Politics" is no doubt evil, when the politician attempts to regulate religion, or when, as in America and most Protestant countries, the State presumes to control the Church. This kind of connection is to be abhorred; but the legitimate connection between the two orders—which implies that in all his public, as well as private acts, the political functionary, as well as the man, should take the precepts of religion as his guide—is not only, not evil, not to be dissolved—but is essentially requisite to the stability of the State or political organism, itself.

Our object in making these remarks is to reply to the Herald of Saturday, which approvingly copies an article from the Irish-American, full of false statements, and oft refuted calumnies against Mr. Bakewell, late editor of the Shepherd of the Valley.—

The *Herald* must know that Mr. Bakewell has been misrepresented by the Protestant press of the United States. In an article on "Religious Liberty" in the *Shepherd of the Valley*, it is true that the passage as given in the *Herald* did occur—to the effect that—"if Catholics once got the upper hand in the United States, religious liberty would be at an end." But why did not the *Herald* give the context?—"So say our enemies." Was it because by so doing the *Herald* would have made it palpable to the dull blockhead in the realms of Protestantism, that the editor of the *Shepherd of the Valley* was not laying down a proposition for the acceptance of Catholics, but was merely stating—for the sake of repudiating it—a sentiment falsely attributed to them by their enemies? On another point we would set the *Montreal Herald* right. The *Irish American* is not a Catholic paper; and every true Catholic holds its principles in utter detestation, as diametrically opposed to the teaching of the Church.

We have received the following communication from a gentleman writing over the signature of "A Son of the Church of England":—

"SIN—Since the TRUE WITNESS made its appearance I have been a frequent reader of your paper; and though I have often found much that was offensive to me, as a member of the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church purified from the corruptions of Romanism, I have also observed, with a certain amount of satisfaction, that you treated us Anglicans less uncharitably than you did the great body of Protestant sectaries, with whom I have as little sympathy as you have. I was therefore more astonished than hurt, to find in your last paper the term "sect" applied to the Church of England, as if Churchmen were on a level with "Methodists—Millenites—Mormonites; or as if 'Romanists' were alone entitled to the name of Catholic. No, Sir; we abjure, and protest against, the errors and corruptions with which your Church has overlaid the Word of God; but it is the boast of the Church to which I belong that she has ever kept the mean between the two extremes—of 'Romanism' on the one hand, and 'Sectarianism' on the other. The Church of England is a true and pure branch of the Catholic Church, as is clear from her Creeds, and lawful ministry; and your offensive attempt to deprive her of her rightful title, will be met with the indignant protest of every one who has the privilege to be

"A SON OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.
Feb. 13th, 1855."

That an Anglican should feel offended at being classed amongst "Protesting Sectaries" is very natural; that he should complain of being so treated, is, however, very foolish and very unreasonable. That the Church of England has, nominally, retained the Creeds in which are embodied some of the most important dogmas of the Catholic Church—on the Incarnation—the divine personality of Christ—and the mystery of the Trinity—we admit; as also that, within its pale, there is still kept up the semblance of a hierarchy, with the old names—Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. But these alone do not entitle the Church of England to the appellation of Catholic; though the fact that its ministers are, for the most part, scholars and gentlemen, would seem to justify their indignant disclaimer of any connection with the small-fry of the conventicle. In a worldly point of view, therefore, we might be prepared to admit the propriety of drawing a distinction betwixt the "Church of England" and the "sects."

But is even this worldly distinction possible?—or how can Catholics retain any respect for men who have none for themselves, or the religious society to which they belong? Leaving out of the question, the simple, undeniable, historical fact, that the body called the Church of England is a "sect"—1st—in that it is avowedly a local or national church, determined and limited by geographical and political accidents, and therefore not Catholic;—2nd—in that it is cut off, or separated from the religious society of which, prior to the sixteenth century, it was an integral part, and which is now, in discipline and doctrine, what it was in the fifteenth, whilst the excised portion is essentially different in both—we would appeal to the conduct of the ministers of the Anglican church as justifying us in applying to that body, as well as to the Methodists, &c., the term "sect."

For if the latter, if Methodists, Congregationalists, and other Protesting bodies—who do not retain the three "Creeds," which, according to the eighth of the 39 Articles, "ought thoroughly to be received and believed"—who, rejecting episcopal ordination, are without any "lawful" ministry, and who are not, therefore, "a congregation of faithful men in which the pure Word of God is preached and the Sacraments duly administered"—Art. 19.—(because, according to the 23rd article, "it is not lawful for any man to take upon himself the office of public preaching, or ministering the sacraments in the congregation before he be lawfully called and sent")—if, we say, because of these defects, Methodists, Congregationalists, and others, are cut off from the One Catholic Church, and are therefore "sectaries," it follows that all religious denominations which communicate spiritually with these "sectaries," are partakers of their sin of schism, and are therefore themselves "sectaries." Now, the Church of England in Canada, does, in the person of its ministers, communicate spiritually with those whom, in its Articles, it brands as "sectaries." Ministers of the Church of England attend "sectarian" religious meetings, held in "sectarian" places of worship, and take an active and very prominent part in the transactions of the said "sectarian" assemblies. How then, or with what show of reason, can Anglicans complain, that they are treated and spoken of as "sectaries?" If they desire "Romanists" to distinguish betwixt them, and other Protestant denominations, they must first make the distinction themselves; they must show by their conduct, by studiously keeping aloof from all "sectarian" religious assemblies, that they are essentially distinct from the said "sectaries."

We may be told that not all Anglican ministers act in the manner above referred to; and that the most respectable and gentlemanly amongst them discontinue the presence of clergymen of the Church of England in "sectarian" meeting houses. Even, were this strictly true, it would not improve their position in the least. For what must we think of the discipline of that body, which styles itself a "Branch" of the "Catholic Church," and yet which cannot prevent its ministers from setting at defiance the exhortations and injunctions of its bishops? But it is not strictly true; for, if the reports published in our city papers of the late "Religious Anniversary Meetings" held in a Methodist chapel, and at which "sectarian" ministers of various denominations figured, may be relied upon—it would seem that some of the leading dignitaries of the Church of England were present—ranting, praying, spouting, psalm-singing, and making strange nasal melody with their "sectarian" brethren; and this too with the avowed object of aiding and encouraging "sectaries" to convert Roman Catholics to "sectarianism." Now, "A Son of the Church of England," must, perforce, admit that the Roman Church retains the three Creeds,—the Apostolic, the Nicene, and Athanasian; that she has a duly appointed ministry, true Sacraments, and therefore all necessary means of Grace, in all of which however the "sectaries" are deficient—as having no true ministry, and, therefore, no true Sacraments, except Baptism. What then shall we say—what must we think—when we see the ministers, and dignitaries of the Church of England, engaged in company with "sectaries," in a scheme of "sectarian" proselytising; and making common cause with men, who do not accept in their integrity the Creeds which "ought thoroughly to be received and believed," who are without any "lawfully ordained" ministry, and who utterly reject the doctrine of Sacramental Grace, or Grace conferred by the Sacraments, as the duly appointed instruments? Must we not look upon these men as "sectaries;" and the community of which they are ministers, and in whose high places they bear rule, as a "sect," or body cut off from the Church which retains the three "Creeds," which has a "lawful" ministry, and whose Sacraments being therefore duly administered, do indeed confer Grace?

* Of course we do not allude to Dr. Fullford, the highly and universally respected Anglican Bishop. He is well known to be a gentleman of distinguished scholarship, and refined tastes; and who, of course, would not frequent, or encourage others to frequent, Methodist meetings. It is a pity however, for the respectability of the Anglicans, that their Bishops have so little authority over their inferior clergy.

On Sunday the 4th inst., the Feast of the Purification was celebrated at Toronto, in St. Michael's Cathedral, with unusual magnificence. His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto officiated at High Mass, after which he read his Pastoral Letter to the Faithful of his Diocese on the subject of the "Immaculate Conception" of the ever blessed Mother of God; in which His Lordship affectionately incites them to renewed zeal and devotion towards Mary, to more frequent and fervent communions, and a greater loathing of sin. The Bull, when it arrives from Rome, will be duly published, and read in all the churches and chapels of the diocese of Toronto.

THE "METROPOLITAN," FOR FEBRUARY.—The *Metropolitan* is the only Catholic monthly magazine published on this Continent, devoted, as its title page announces, to "Literature and Religion." Well and faithfully has our cotemporary hitherto redeemed his pledge; and we trust that with the first number of his third volume, he may meet with additional support and encouragement from all Catholics reading the English language.

The *Liberal Christian*, for February, has been received; and from the spirit with which it is conducted, it is evident that its publishers are determined to vindicate its claim to be considered the leading Protestant periodical of Canada.

NEW VERSION OF THE "LORD'S PRAYER."—The *Westminster Review*, in a notice of a late work upon the habits of the New Zealanders, has an excellent story which, as illustrative of the fruits of Protestant missions, and of the Christianity of Protestant converts, we feel tempted to lay before our readers:

"I remember once hearing an elderly chief named Paki, who was a Christian in little more than in name, introduce into a rather warlike speech the 'Lord's Prayer,' the sense of which he took the liberty to alter in a remarkable manner; for, after the words 'forgive us our trespasses'—instead of saying, 'as we forgive them that trespass against us'—he substituted the words—'but we can't forgive them that trespass against us.'"

"We heard many anecdotes to match this"—adds the *Reviewer*—"during a short stay in New Zealand; one from the lips of the excellent and hospitable missionary at Waimate is worth repeating. He was endeavoring to turn an obstinate old heathen from the error of his ways, by enlarging upon the many temporal benefits which Christianity had been the means of conferring on the New Zealanders. The old chief listened patiently till he had done, and then with a sly grin replied—'You've forgotten the big rats'—a thrust there was no parrying, for the English ships had brought with them the English rats which, as happens everywhere, had devoured and extinguished the comparatively harmless race of native rats, and was then making dreadful havoc among the stores of potatoes and *kumara*."

"GOOD NEWS FOR THE SMOKERS."—We read in the *Montreal Herald* that:—

"The question of tobacco smoking having come before the conference of Baptist churches at Hamburg, Germany, it was unanimously resolved 'that this assembly declare the use of tobacco to be one of the things specified by the apostle (Rom. iv.) as belonging to Christian liberty.' That is a settler."

BRANTFORD AND BUFFALO RAILROAD.—Tranquillity has not yet been restored, we are sorry to say. A number of the laborers have been arrested and committed to prison; but the traffic has been entirely put an end to for the present. Though we may condemn the violence of the rioters, it must be borne in mind that the disturbances were occasioned by the infamous treatment which the poor laborers had experienced at the hands of their employers; who for months have refused to pay the workmen their wages. We read in the *Toronto Colonist* that the wages of those poor men are now six months in arrears; and that a sum of \$50,000 is due to them, which their employers refuse to pay. It is then more to be regretted, than wondered at, that men so long defrauded of their honestly earned wages should have recourse to force to compel the payment of the money so infamously withheld from them—Cursed be he that defraudeth the laborer of his hire.

"THROW DIRT ENOUGH.—SOME OF IT IS SURE TO STICK.—This has been the maxim of all Protestant slanderers against the Church, since the days of Calvin; but the "Know-Nothings" of America really seem to be pushing the principle so far, that they are actually disgusting their own friends. Their lies are so gross that even Protestant credulity can no longer swallow them. Thus a writer in a "Know Nothing" paper the *Sommerville (Tenn.) Reporter* gravely informs his readers that "Dr. Watts was consigned to the stake and flames by the Roman Church. This is rather too much; for as the *Catholic Instructor* observes, with all their ignorance of history, most Protestants are well aware that Dr. Watts died gently in his bed.

We read in the *Courier de St. Hyacinthe* that the noted patron of all humbugs, the great Yankee Barnum, has hired the services of Gavazzi for the ensuing season. We fear that this speculation will hardly succeed so well as did those of "Tom Thumb" or the "Woolly Horse." Gavazzi, to use a vulgar expression, is somewhat "fly blown" by this time, and all sensible men are sick of him, and his fustian ranting. Nevertheless it is confidently asserted, that as he can make nothing more out of the gullibility of the Old World, Gavazzi is determined upon testing, a second time, the gullibility of the Yankees.

"TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE."—One of President Young's wives, for many years a Protestant of the Mormon denomination, has published a letter in the American papers, denouncing some of the tenets and practices of that sect: she also announces her intention to deliver a course of lectures in Boston against Mormonism. The other Protestant sects in the United States, which seem to be jealous at the success of the Mormons, are in raptures; though after all, we see not that Mormonism is not every bit as respectable as Methodism, Presbyterianism, or any other Protestant "ism."

The *Christian Guardian* quotes a Protestant prophet, one Dr. Wilson, a Presbyterian, to the effect that the Western Powers are to be victorious in the present war, which is also to be the last "before the universal peace of the Millennium." There is good news for the millers as well; for according to the same authority "flour will be \$15 to \$20 per barrel before it will be \$5 again." All this, the prophet clearly deduces from Scripture, so there can be no doubt about it.

CANADA.

The Superior of the Convent Du Bon Pasteur acknowledges with lively gratitude, the receipt by the hands of Major David, of £21 5s, being one half of the proceeds of the Morning Concert at the St. Lawrence Hall on Thursday, 1st Feb.

DESTITUTE FEMALES.—We have been requested to state that a great number of the females mentioned in the "Montreal Statistics of Crime," belonged to the emigrant and destitute class of females which recently occupied the attention of our city press. We are also authorized to state that through the aid of our city Mayor and Council, they are now receiving protection and shelter for the present, at the charitable institution of *Le Bon Pasteur*.—Sun.

The Concert for the benefit of the Poor of the City on Tuesday last went off with extraordinary eclat.—Fully 1,500 persons attended, and the arrangements were so admirable, that the Concert was heard and enjoyed by the whole assemblage. The vocal and instrumental performances were alike admirable; reflecting the highest credit on the native or rather local, talent of our amateurs and professionals.—Argus.

SHIP BUILDING AT SOREL.—It is cheering to observe the Shipyards of Messrs. D. & J. McCarthy & Co., present such a busy scene in this season of general slackness, affording constant employment to about 175 mechanics and laborers. Their splendid new saw mill is also in full operation, and planing, grooving, dressing and other work is also performed by Steam Power. They have now in their yard on the stocks in a great state of forwardness to be launched in the spring 2 new steamboats, and 4 new barges, also 2 steam dredges hauled out, undergoing heavy repairs and other vessels hauled out for repair. The Harbor Commissioners and Steamboat Companies also have a great number of hands employed at their various crafts.—Transcript.

THE MAYORALTY.—Dr. Morin was elected Mayor of Quebec for the ensuing year at the meeting of the City Council held last evening. On the close of the vote, Councillor Alley in the chair, and Messrs. Rhéanme and Rousseau being absent, the ballot was thus found: For Dr. Morin, 11; Mr. Alley, the ex-Mayor, 5; Mr. Glackemeyer, 1.—Quebec Chronicle.

RE-ELECTION OF MR. CAUCHON.—The acceptance of the Commission of Crown Lands by the Hon. Joseph Cauchon, was yesterday approved by his constituents who unanimously re-elected him for the County of Montmorency, and in hundreds accompanied him to town in carriages with flags, &c.—Ib.

We understand that the Attorney General East has prepared a Bill to make the *venue* moveable in the pleasure of the Crown Officer in certain cases, so that where prejudice is excited in favor of a prisoner as in several recent cases in Quebec, the trial may be removed to another District, and there held at a distance from irritation.—Quebec Mercury.

FIRE—FIVE PERSONS INJURED.—A widow named Tardif, resident at Cape Blanc, while endeavoring to extinguish a fire which broke out in her house on Wednesday evening last, was, with four of her family, severely burnt: three of the children have since died.—Quebec Gazette.

IMPORTANT ARREST.—Through the well directed efforts of High Constable Clark, of Sherbrooke a vile scoundrel named Henry A. Prevost Holland, formerly an Advocate of Three Rivers, has just been arrested in the State of Maine. Holland was appointed Clerk of the Circuit Court at Baie du Febvre, whence he decamped after converting the Court House furniture into money. He more recently changed notes of the Bank of Montreal from ones to tens, making a considerable sum of money by the transaction, and has been detected at various times in the commission of other base acts in and about Three Rivers, for which he never was punished owing to the difficulty of overtaking him. At the time of his arrest he was in league with a notorious counterfeiter now confined in jail at Portland.—Quebec Chronicle.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—The *Hamilton Spectator* of yesterday says, "we have heard that one of the brakemen on the morning Express train was found frozen and stiff, and stuck at his wheel. The corpse, upon the train stopping at the station, fell to the ground."—Colonist.

ANOTHER CASE.—Mr. Samuel Foster, of East Flamboro', was found dead in the woods on Wednesday morning, supposed to have been the intense cold.—Ibid.

CHICOUTIMI AND TADOUSSAC ELECTION.—The seat in Parliament for the United Counties of Chicoutimi and Tadoussac, having become vacant by Mr. Morin's elevation to the Bench, Mr. D. E. Price, who was brought forward as a candidate at the last election but retired in Judge Morin's favor, now offers himself to the electors with every prospect of success. In his address Mr. Price proclaims himself a supporter of the present administration.—Ib.

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.—The following statement has reached us from so many reliable sources that we feel justified in laying it before the public; though widely spread, the story varies in none of its details, and there is much reason to fear that its foundation at least is based on truth:—"A mason named Moizan, residing in the suburb of Boisseauville, near the Little River, is stated to have about ten days since been visited at night by two men wearing masks and armed with pistols and dirks, who demanded his assistance on a secret mission, and threatened instant death should he refuse to accompany them. A man known to possess little energy, he reluctantly submitted to blindfolding, and was led to a cariole a short distance up the street, when he was driven at a rapid rate for some distance over a level road, both going and returning, till the party arrived at a house which they entered through a short passage. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a confined cellar with the same men, who ordered him to erect a strong wall in which they subsequently deposited an iron coffin containing a woman seemingly in a state of trance. She was dressed in satin when put into the case, and her face was tightly bound over with linen, with the exception of the eyes which were visible through a glass plate in the lid of the coffin. During the entire two days which the construction of the tomb was supposed to occupy, there was no noise to indicate a habitation over head, and the mason was incessantly watched, fed, attended by the same masked guard, who on the completion of the work (it being then dark out of doors) paid him a reward of thirty pounds, and drove him as before to the St. Paul's Market, after having ordered him to eternal silence as he valued his own life. Two men of the name of Moizan were brought to the Police Office on Saturday, and denied any knowledge of the story."—Quebec Mercury.

[The above is generally supposed to be a hoax.—Ed. T. W.]

Married.

In this city, on the 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Connolly, Mr. Peter Reynolds, Printer, to Elizabeth Sophin, youngest daughter of Mr. Martin G. McHale, all of this city.

Died.

In this city, on Tuesday, the 13th instant, Mr. Mathew Farrell, aged 100 years; a native of the Parish of Moydow, County Longford, Ireland. He emigrated to Canada in September, 1841, and lived up to this date with his son-in-law, Mr. William Curran, (grocer,) De Bleury Street.

In this city, on Wednesday, the 14th instant, Mr. John Becket, Printer, eldest son of Mr. James Becket, aged 26 years; a young man whose quiet and unassuming disposition endeared him to all who had the gratification of knowing him. He is deeply and sincerely regretted by a large number of friends and acquaintances.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF JOSEPH DESHAYES, a native of France, and pedlar by trade; who, after 25 years' residence in Canada, left Montreal, about 1850, with the intention of going to Belleville, C.W., whither he requested all communications to be addressed to him, in care of M. Lavescoue, Druggist, in Belleville, but who, on application, knows nothing of such a person as Joseph Deshayes. Any information will be thankfully received at this Office, or by the Rev. AUG. BESSONNET, Jeffersonville, Indiana, U.S.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.



A SPECIAL MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, will be held at ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, 19th instant, at EIGHT o'clock. By Order, W. F. SMYTH, Rec. Sec.

February 18, 1855.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The success of the French loan has been a great triumph for the government. More than four times the sum required was subscribed. This shows both that the people must have made great advances in martial prosperity of late years, and that they have unbounded confidence in the stability of the existing government.

But it is not to the middle and lower classes in France that the desire to take the loan was confined. The great establishments of credit, the most powerful banking firms, had also subscribed to a considerable amount, but which it is clear the government cannot avail itself of. Neither will the Minister of Finance accept the sums offered by so many to cover the entire subscription, irrespectively of the instalments. His doing so would divert too large a sum from legitimate trade.

Taking into account all the stimulus of present and prospective gain the fact is not the less worthy of remark. The desire of gain alone could scarcely induce so many thousands to hand over, to force as it were, the savings of their lives on a government that did not inspire confidence, and that was not respected.

There is another thing which is not the less remarkable in this affair, and that is the existence of the immense resources which France, harassed and convulsed as she has been by revolutions, still has at her command, and which she can produce in an incredibly short space of time.—*Times* Correspondent.

It was reported and believed in Paris on the 26th Jan., that the Military Convention between Austria, France, and England will be signed at Vienna within the next forty-eight hours. By one of the clauses of this convention an auxiliary French army will be allowed to march across Lombardy and Austrian States to take part in the war on Danube.

THE GERMAN POWERS.

AUSTRIA AND THE CONFEDERATION.—In consequence of the Russian foray in the Dobrukscha Count Buol has addressed a circular despatch to the German courts of the 14th Jan. adverting to that expedition as a reason for not believing the assurances of Russia that it will confine itself to the defence of its own frontiers. Count Buol appeals to the good sense of the German government, and asks them whether they can believe that the aspect of affairs in the East has lost any of its threatening character.—He declares that it is the first conviction of his government that the whole of Germany should be placed in a condition to command respect. He intimates that the imperial minister who presides in the council of the confederation at Frankfort has instructions to propose that at least one-half of the contingents to the army of the Diet shall be immediately placed on a war footing.

A despatch, said to be addressed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the Prussian minister, has been published. This defines with clearness the position which Prussia actually occupies, as well as that which she has forfeited. She is told that she cannot at will take up the rights of a great power, and lay down its responsibilities; that she cannot have the gains of war, without sharing the battle; that she cannot enjoy the advantages of confidence on the part of other governments without deserving it.

THE FOREIGN LEGION.—The Senate of Lubeck has just issued a prohibition of foreign enlistment in that free town. Prussia has published prohibitions in Treves and Magdeburg.

RUSSIA.

The Russian government has established at Theodosia some vast hospitals, to which the wounded and sick were being sent from the Crimea. The works on the new fortifications which are being erected round Odessa on the land side are carried on with the greatest possible activity. Between ten and twelve hundred workmen are employed on them daily, and great confidence is felt that the space traced out by the military engineers will be completely finished and armed in the course of next February. Every arrangement has been made for collecting near Perekop an army of reserve eighty thousand strong. The order came from St. Petersburg to make as formidable as possible the position of the Isthmus, which it is desired to hold at every cost.

A letter, purporting to proceed from St. Petersburg, dated the 10th ult, says that for some time past numerous relays are posted at intervals of four leagues from Odessa to Sebastopol for the purpose of conveying as soon as the snow is frozen over reinforcements to the amount of 40,000 men for the Russian army. It is expected that the Russians will have on the 15th February an army of 160,000 men in the Crimea. At St. Petersburg complaints are heard against Prince Menschikoff, who, strange to say, is accused by the imperial entourage, and even by the people, of excessive prudence, and a total want of that perilous quality which sometimes impels a general to leave a good deal to chance. He is accused of being too faithful a disciple of General Koutousoff, who is said to have fought, in spite of himself, the battle of the Moskowa in 1812, which was disastrous to the Russians, and not to have displayed sufficient energy in preventing the French from penetrating into Russia. The people are beginning to get clamorous against the Prince, and discontented even with the command in the event of Menschikoff's removal, with Liprandi as his second. In case of a change it is not certain whether the Prince will be summoned to St. Petersburg, or be left in the Crimea with the duty of defending the city during the assault, while Osten Sacken commands the army in the field. The letters

repeat the assurance that the feeling of the population of St. Petersburg is decidedly for war."

SPAIN.

We (*Times*) have received our Madrid correspondence of the 16th, 17th, and 18th ult.

Accounts from various parts of Spain continue to indicate the approach of a Carlist insurrection. I have seen a letter from Estella, stating that the Carlists there were in high spirits, and that persons of station and consideration had been heard to affirm that Montemolin would speedily be in Spain. The latest accounts speak of groups assembling in the streets of Estella, and giving *vivas* for Montemolin, and of alarm and closed doors among the well-affected part of the inhabitants. From the best authority I learn that similar incidents have taken place elsewhere: As yet there have been no positive acts of rebellion, but various unmistakable symptoms denote the coming of the storm.

WAR IN THE EAST.

The latest Official Dispatch from the Crimea, is the following:—

DESPATCH FROM LORD RAGLAN.

War Department, Jan. 26.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle has this day received a despatch, of which the following is a copy, addressed to his Grace by Field Marshal the Lord Raglan, G. C. B.

Before Sebastopol, Jan. 6.

My Lord Duke,—The weather has been so bad since I wrote to your Grace on the 2nd ult., that I have not been able to disembark the 39th, with a view of encamping the regiment, and it still remains on board the "Golden Fleece" in the harbor. The ground is thickly covered with snow, though not very deep. All my endeavors are directed to the speedy disembarkation and getting up of the huts, which have now arrived in considerable numbers, and the establishment of the depot of provisions, which I alluded to in my last despatch, near head quarters, which I am now enabled to do with the assistance of the 18th and 39th Regiments. The first are encamped near Balaklava, and the last are still sleeping on board the Golden Fleece. There has been no movements on the part of the enemy. I enclose a return of the casualties that have arisen up to the 4th ult.—I have, &c. RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle. MENSCHIKOFF'S LATEST.—Jan. 17.—The following despatch is published from St. Petersburg, 25th of January, having been received from Prince Menschikoff under date Jan. 17:

"The siege operations do not advance. Two successful night sorties were made on the 18th and 15th of January. We took fourteen English and nine French prisoners. The Allies lost a considerable number in killed. Arab deserters say that the Turks are treated with very little consideration by the Allies, who employ them to carry projectiles, provisions, and other loads from Balaklava.

On the 8th Lord Raglan issued a general order, publishing to the army the unanimous resolutions of the Houses of Lords and Commons, expressing their sense of the conduct of the officers non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, in the operations in which they have been engaged in the Crimea.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 11.—Gen. Brunet has arrived at Constantinople. He commands the 9th division of the French army, consisting of 12,000 men, which is hourly expected here, and destined as a reinforcement for the Crimea.—Meantime letters have been received from Gen. Canrobert complimenting Gen. Brunet on his arrival, as also precise instructions to Gen. Larchey, commander-in-chief of the French troops at Constantinople, to retain here all coming reinforcements until further orders. The cause of this sudden resolution it is of course difficult to determine. It would seem either to indicate for the present a suspension of hostilities—or that Gen. Canrobert finds himself enabled to carry out, with the force under his command, any operations which may be required at this juncture. I have seen a most interesting private letter from an officer in the camp, whose whole tenor appears an argument in favor of the latter hypothesis. Gen. Canrobert's popularity in both armies is unbounded; he is seen, day and night, in every direction along the lines, in the trenches tents, and posts of danger, fraternising with his troops, and consoling them under trials and privations. Their patience is, however, almost exhausted, and they all demand to assault the place. Gen. Canrobert on a late occasion was greeted by a general acclamation of "Vive Canrobert!" and pronounced an eloquent oration, terminating with these memorable words:—"Don't say my lads *Vive Canrobert* but cry *Vive l'Empereur*, and may this cry re-echo in the hearts of our enemies, whose last hour is at hand. You may cheer for your General when placing myself at your head, my body shall be your standard on the breach. If we have hitherto delayed the assault it is for special reasons known to myself."

The majority of our own officers with whom I have conversed know General Canrobert by sight, and all by reputation—and they have assured me that he is exactly the man to fulfil to the letter his fatal and remarkable promise to the troops.

A FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE.—The *Moniteur de l'Armée* publishes the following letter: BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, Dec. 31.—All along the lines we are ready for the attack. The batteries only await being unmasked to send forth their volleys. The tower in front of the English, our brave allies, and the Flag-staff Battery and the Quarantine Fort, in front of us, are the three points the occupation of which is most important. The town, however, seems prepared for a vigorous defence. Mud batteries and entrenchments stare us in the face. Traps of every description are prepared for us. But nature has done more than man to delay the ruin of this wonderfully situated city.

"Thus, behind the Flagstaff Battery there is a ravine, which will have to be descended and then re-mounted, under a cross fire from the Quarantine Battery and from part of the harbor, to enable one to establish a footing on the plateaux of the city. This plateau is covered with defences, batteries, and obstacles. The streets are barricaded. The town itself is deserted, silent, melancholy; the houses appear to have been all abandoned, and the windows are all open. At rare intervals a sentry may be seen on duty, or a workman at his labor. There is nothing stirring to indicate that there are living beings in this great city—not a sign to denote the presence of an army: the voice of the cannon is the only voice that is heard. Yet prisoners assure us that there are battalions bivouacked in every square.

"The other day a Russian officer presented himself at the point where the trenches end with a flag of truce. The works and firing immediately ceased on that point. The Russian approached, and the officer on duty went out to meet him. He was the bearer of a letter for the Commander-in-Chief. Having made his official communications, the Russian officer, who spoke very good French, inquired how we got on in the cold weather. 'We don't mind it,' was the reply. 'Well,' said the Russian, 'for our part, we are tired of it.'

AUSTRALIA.

The Great Britain steamer, from Melbourne, arrived at Cork on Monday short of coals; she has been eighty-two days on her passage; she brings 180,000 ounces of gold, and 269 passengers, all well. There is no news. The Australian markets are all bad. An outbreak had occurred at the diggings at Ballarat. The clipper ship Marco Polo, from Liverpool, arrived at Melbourne on the 25th of October, and would leave, on her return, on the 2nd of December.

AN ACCOUNT OF AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

Well! I have seen a battle, or rather part—the bloodiest part—of a battle; and am amazed to find how little I have seen! If I had been told beforehand that the spectacle of two armies, arrayed front to front in a spacious valley, and assailing each other with the deadliest instruments of modern warfare, differed little to the mere eye from a review—that even to the mind of any one, "who hath no friend or brother there," the event of the day is so absorbing that at the moment he hardly heeds the human wrecks, dwarfed by distance into pigmies, which mark the course of every manœuvre—that a single combat is more stirring than a general engagement, and the anguish of one poor wounded wretch whose groans are in your ears more stirring than the most wholesale slaughter—I should have doubted. Yet such is the lesson of my own experience, and I believe that those who have witnessed such scenes would, if true to themselves, bear me out in the avowal.

I am glad, at any rate, that you do not depend upon me exclusively for an account of the battle of Balaklava. How any one, who has not somebody in the secrets of the generals by his side to explain the movements, can understand an affair of the kind, is to me a mystery. If a man is in the *melee* he only sees that. If, on the other hand, he is at a sufficient distance to take in the whole field, he sees an array of dark sparkling masses—now moving, now stationary—covered with smoke, or emerging from it. Finally, he sees a certain portion of the whole marching away, perhaps in very good order. We will suppose at such a juncture that, by good luck, he really does know that the fight is decided, and which party it is that is retreating, and that he rejoices or laments appropriately. Nevertheless, as regards all the sudden emergencies, the daring movements and sagacious plans—all, in fact, that give the battle its historical interest. Our spectator comprehends no more of them, believe me, than you comprehend of the manœuvres of a review.

Do you know, I am inclined to think it is worth spending a month in camp, if only to appreciate the luxury of going to bed at the end of the time!—It is true, that when in camp I never once felt any hardship in sleeping booted and clothed; and that for the simple reason that I always did sleep as soon as I blew out the candle. But when on board the ——— I, for the first time for nearly four weeks, lay with the smooth fresh sheets lapping around me, I knew, and tasted the difference between that rude prosaic method of tumbling out of every day life into barren unconsciousness, and being deliciously wooed, lured, and coaxed into repose. I could not, indeed, help coquetting with the thing, and tried hard to keep awake a while, that I might have my fill of the sensation; but it might not be! In a quarter of an hour I was stupidly oblivious—from all which, you will perceive, it follows, that the more a man roughs it, the more luxurious his tastes become.

Sailors have so much the advantage over soldiers during actual war, that, fresh as I am from witnessing the sufferings of the latter, I find it requires an effort of reason to give the former credit for enduring anything. Then the tars are such jovial fellows. They do everything to music, and make work itself a kind of dance. There are four or five hundred of them at this moment hauling up a rope, with their feet tramping to the tune of "Rory O'More." Why, it is regular "down the middle and up again!" No one who looks for an instant at their hearty good humored faces could suppose that they felt the exercise as a toil.

What a softening, inexpressible grace is lent to a man-of-war by the middies! It is particularly striking after living in a camp exclusively composed of mature men. The army has nothing corresponding to these pretty little fellows, who, with their rosy cheeks, resemble their mammams much more than the heroes they are one day to be. To meet them, too, in the midst of stern work; and with the knowledge that it was but the other day that the poor boys were ducking their curling heads and laughing amidst shot and shell; possibly, with about the same sense of adventure as if it had been a game at snow-balls! Never dream of degeneracy in a land where mothers thus devote their offspring. Talk of Sparta—of Rome! England alone rocks her children on the wave, and War is the "wolf" which suckles them.—*A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol.*

A CONTRAST.—At this moment the Turks are full of admiration not unmingled with terror at the greatness of the Western Powers, and more especially of France. The energy of this latter nation has penetrated everywhere; her officers fill the streets of Pera, and vast masses of her men are seen daily passing up the Bosphorus to the seat of war. It is not without something like humiliation that an Englishman finds how small a part his country fills, in comparison with its ally, and how universally this struggle is spoken of by the people of the country as a war between France and Russia. This feeling is but of a few weeks' duration. When the first bayonets of the allies came into the Bosphorus it was England that caused the mouth of wonder to open in Siamboul and Scutari. The strength and stature of Englishmen, the size of their transports, the splendor of their dress, were the subjects of conversation everywhere, and the most apathetic Mussulmans would make pilgrimages of miles to behold the "waxen-skinned" Gaiours. But now all is changed. The superiority of the French military system, the evident earnestness of the Emperor's policy, and his great resources, the skill of his officers, and the general effectiveness of the forces he has sent out, afford sufficient points of evident contrast to strike even such isolated and ignorant races as inhabit this land. If anything was wanted to lessen the consideration in which we are held, it has been supplied by the Foreign Enlistment Bill—a measure which was received here with surprise, and is the common subject of conversation. No Englishman can wish to say anything that may create a moment's ill-feeling between his country and its close ally. The French have behaved all through most nobly to us; they have brought down our sick; they have made our roads; they have constructed our intrenchments; but still it must be urged that it does not suit the dignity of our country to carry on a war as a secondary State in Europe. The two nations entered upon the struggle on equal terms, and so should they carry it on. The rivalry between France and England may now be amicable, but still it is rivalry. If England cannot, with her resources and population, take her share in the war without dependence on the mercenaries of neutrals, or if she cannot send out forces bearing a fair proportion to those of her ally, let her leave the war alone and fall into the rank of a second-rate European Power. No doubt, after some time, the spirit of the British people will urge them to fit exertions, but at present they hardly seem to understand the importance of holding a high position at the present crisis, or to feel that they may be permitting the establishment of an influence as troublesome if not as dangerous as that which they will have helped to overthrow. If Great Britain will make the exertions which the time demands, she has now an opportunity to regulate for ever the position of the East, in concert with allies who will respect her because they know her power, and that she is ready at all times to put it forth. But should she continue so small a policy as dependence on the troops of allies which she may clothe or transport, she may depend that her influence, which has done so much, will shortly wane; that the struggle with Russia will not be the last in which she will have to engage, and that the end for which she has made many sacrifices will not be attained.—*London Times.*

VISIT TO A SLAVE AUCTION.—New Orleans, Jan. 18.—I have just returned from a slave auction.—The more prominent beauties of the "Institution" are perpetually thrusting themselves upon one, "will he, will he." I as little dreamed two hours ago, of attending a "negro auction," as I did of taking a trip to the moon. Let me tell you how it came about: I was sauntering along St. Louis street, ("in the French part," when I observed a crowd of negroes, composed of men, women, and children, marching under the escort of a white man towards the St. Louis Hotel.—A moment afterwards, I observed another gang going in the same direction, and soon after a third. I had the curiosity to follow them, and as I entered the rotunda of the hotel, observed, I should presume, no less than one hundred and fifty negroes ranged in front of the different auctioneers' stands. Operations had not yet commenced. Fresh "lots" of negroes were constantly coming in, and the various "dealers" were making examinations of the various "articles" on exhibition. The immense rotunda—an elegant and most fashionable affair—was thronged with spectators, buyers, dealers, and lookers-on. Some were smoking their Havanas—some were taking their todies—some were reading their morning papers—and some were chattering on politics, the money market and the weather. The auctioneers were slowly walking to and fro upon the elevated rostrums, like men who appreciate their importance, and occasionally stooping to answer an inquiry from a customer. The laugh—the joke—the stinging repartee—the sunny smile—the cordial greeting of friends—the courteous auctioneers—the elegant hall—the flash of fashion, and the atmosphere of gentility pervading the gay throng—how unlike the horrors of my gloomy imaginings. Yet what amazing callousness. The clock strikes 12! A change comes over the spirit of the scene. The *balcons* of the auctioneers, brought down against the solid marble, act with the potency of magic upon the babbling throng. Four auctioneers, in four several sections of the Rotunda, hammering away with frightful volubility, and still more frightful gesticulation, at four several parcels of human "chattels." These four gentlemen are shouting at the tops of their voices, alternately in French and English, as if each made a point of striving to drown the voices of the others. But the gentleman on my right seems to carry off the honors both as respects strength of lungs and rapidity of utterance. I wish, my dear reader, you were standing near me, for I can give you but a very indifferent daguerreotype of the efforts of this popular stump orator. He is now engaged in hauling upon the "blook" a feeble negro woman, with a sad and sickly countenance. Having placed her in the proper position, with rather more expedition than gentleness, with commendable candor he informs the spectators that "this girl" (she is aged at least forty) "is always *pretendin'* to be sick, and does not therefore warrant her." He sells her, however, at a low figure—some \$400—and the next instant her place is supplied by a fine-looking, bright-eyed young mulatto woman, with an infant, almost perfectly white, in her arms. He informs his patrons that "this girl is named Ann, aged 22, and free from the diseases and vices designated by law;" and proceeds, alternately in French and English, somewhat thus; "How much for this girl? *Que me donnez vous pour cette esclave?*—How much do I hear for this splendid girl? Five hundred—*Cinq cents*—seven hundred—*sept cents*."

Gentlemen, look at this girl! Good nurse and seamstress. Do I hear one thousand? One thousand is offered—one thousand—going—going—sold for Cash, one thousand." Next is sold for \$1,200, a plantain hand, named Jim; then a "boy" aged about 50, named Tom, for \$1,000; then two "boys,"—mulattoes—first-rate "coopers," for \$1,500 each; then a "family," composed of a mother and four children—the latter all mulattoes—for \$2,500. Our eloquent friend having disposed of his entire lot, proceeded, without hardly a moment's interruption, to sell a lot of real estate, the three other gentlemen auctioneers were driving on as equally flourishing, though not quite so rapid, a trade. One of them—a very handsome, youngish looking man—was devoting himself exclusively, to the sale of young mulatto women.—On the block, at the time I approached his stand, was one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. She was aged about 16 years, was dressed in a cheap, striped woolen gown and bareheaded. I could not discover a single trace of the African about her features. She was much whiter than the average of northern white women; her form was graceful in the extreme, and she carried in her head a pair of eyes that pierced one through and through. Unlike many of her fellow captives she seemed fully sensible of her degraded position, and shrank with true maiden timidity from the imprudent stare of the hard-featured throb about her. Sensitive reader! what do you think became of that beautiful girl? She was struck off for \$1,250 to one of the most lecherous-looking old brutes I ever set eyes on. God shield the helpless victim of that bad man's power—it may be, ere now, that man's—lust! But I was destined a moment after, to witness a far sadder, more heart-rending scene. A noble looking mulatto woman was sitting upon a bench, holding in her arms two little children—one an infant, and the other a beautiful bright-eyed little boy of some seven or eight years. Her face wore a troubled and frightful look, as if she was conscious that some great evil was about to befall her, when her turn to be sold came, she ascended the platform, the babe in her arms and the little boy clinging to her skirts. The auctioneer offered to sell the "lot" together, but no responsible bids having been made, the mother and the little boy were put up separately and sold to separate parties—the one going to Texas, the other to Mississippi. The final separation of the mother and child took place a few minutes afterward. I shall never forget the horror and the agony of that parting. The poor frantic mother begged and implored of "masser" to "buy little jemie, too" (and I will do him the justice to say that he was much moved by her appeals) and when she found that her appeals were in vain, she burst forth into the most frantic wails that ever despair gave utterance to. At last mother and child were forcibly separated and hurried off, to see each other no more on earth. My heart is not adamant, and I execrated with more than former ardor a system that could ever permit such fiendish atrocities. Thus I saw with my own eyes—thus had I thrust upon me almost two of the most detestable and horrible features of the slave system—the sale of beautiful young women to lustful male owners, and that forcible separation of parents from their offspring.

A NEW PHASE OF ROBBERY—CHLOROFORM ON THE CARS—A WOMAN IN THE CASE.—We learn the following facts respecting a recent robbery committed on board the cars of the Central Railroad. On Friday last, a young woman took the cars for the West, at a station a short distance beyond Utica. Her baggage was checked for Buffalo. After proceeding a short distance upon her journey, a woman, who was a fellow passenger, with an affected desire to relieve the loneliness of the young lady, took a seat with her, and became very social. She was, in fact, quite attentive, and among other marks of familiarity, offered her protegee her bottle of smelling salts, which was accepted, and used. Soon after inhaling the pungent odor of the vinaigrette, she became powerfully affected by the influence of some subtle soporific agent which it contained, and fell asleep. She remained in this unconscious condition for some time, and on recovering from her stupor discovered that she had been robbed of her purse, baggage, checks, &c. On arriving at the Clyde station, she made known the facts to the Conductor, and the railroad men made up a sufficient sum to take her on to her destination. This circumstance develops a new and dangerous scheme for the robbery of unsuspecting persons on the railway trains. Doubtless the female adept had caused her victim to inhale the vapor of chloroform, and thus had her fully in her power, while she perpetrated the robbery. If they carry their operations to the extent of taking baggage, also, it is a still more serious business. Let every one be cautious about encouraging the approaches of plausible strangers on the cars.—*Rochester Democrat.*

ITALIAN MORALITY.—A recent American writer in a book called "My Consulship," tells what he did not see in Italy:—"First, I never saw in Italy a drunken man who was not a foreigner. Second I never saw brazen faced vice, flaunting its ribbons and velvets, on fashionable promenades, in an Italian city, by day or by night; and every body knows what we Americans, and I might add, what we Englishmen, and we Frenchmen know on this subject (and yet we are the people, and wisdom of necessity must die with us.) Third, there are no gambling halls in Italy, of which New York and London are full. When men or women play in Italy, it is a mere matter of form to lose or win a few francs among their friends and acquaintance; but an Italian gentleman would consider himself insulted if you should propose to bet with him. Fourth, there is no American spreeing in Italy—no getting under the table—no breaking of decanters, crockery, windows, mirrors, and furniture—there are no swelled heads in that country—the Italians meet courteously, pass their time joyously, converse genially, and amuse themselves with moderation; but good taste is always the presiding divinity, and when next they meet there are no headaches, nor is there anything to be ashamed of. Fifth it has been the fashion for a century or two, and perhaps more, to talk about the immoralities and even the licentiousness of the Italians. But nine-tenths of this, or more, has come from unprincipled or slippant travellers and writers. I have been in upwards of fifty Italian cities, and I can say of every one of them, what no Englishman, and no American, can say of any one city in their countries; I never saw, nor do I believe that any man of this generation has seen, in an Italian city, what can be seen in Regent-street or Broadway every morning and every afternoon, and evening and every night—painted women, walking the streets, dressed in the height of fashion, alone, brazen-faced, impudent.

A Dutchman thus describes the New Yorkers: "Fine peebles; dey go about der shreets all day cheating each oder, and dey call dat pizziness."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON FOREIGN AUXILIARIES.—About midnight I patrolled, in advance of our sentries, down to a vidette of the 1st Hanoverian Hussars. On communicating with him, he told me, in his own peculiar English, that "She move" (meaning the enemy). I asked him his reason for thinking so; he answered, "Lissen! you hear vagon and gun moves on the road." On placing my ear to the ground, I found this was the case. I then asked in what direction he thought they were moving; he answered, "from de left to de right." I demanded why he thought so. "Because leetle ting (shadows) pass bivouac fire from der left to der right, so dey go dat way." Having for my own satisfaction, ascertained the correctness of his intelligent observation, I reported the circumstance to my supporting picket and the field officer of the night. Lord Wellington immediately came down, and advancing to the outpost, asked, "Who reported that the enemy were in motion?" He was informed of the fact, as well as the grounds for the belief that they were moving in our front to their left. Lord Wellington reconnoitred himself, and, being satisfied of the truth, said, in allusion to the Hussar's report, "A d—d sharp fellow that; I wish I had more of them."—*Sketches of Campaigning.*

SPEECH OF MR. ZACHARIAH SPICER. On the question, "Which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness—the bachelor or the married man?" Mr. President and Gentlemen—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution. I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say that I do not? Let him confront me with my wife and seventeen children, and decide. High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley, does the character of a married man tower above that of the bachelor. What is a bachelor? What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What but a poor, shiftless, helpless, insignificant creature? No more to be compared to his alterself than a milldam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara. [Applause.] Gentlemen, there was a time, I blush to say it, when I too was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you will hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet—"Confusion was Monarch of all he surveyed." Here lay a pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots; there a play bill, and here a pile of dirty clothes.—What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming table and bar-room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and, in a lucky moment, I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips, when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes. "Mr. Spicer," said she, "I've washed for you six months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now, I'd like to know what you are going to do about it?" I felt in my pocket book. There was nothing in it, and I knew that well enough. "Miss Simpkins," said I, "it's no use denying it—I haven't got the pence; I wish for your sake I had."

"There," said she promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."

"Stop," said I. "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold have I none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest?" said she, looking a little suspicious.

"Never more so," said I.

"Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any way, I guess I'll take up with the offer."

Enough said. We were married in a week; and what's more, we haven't repented. No more antics for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house and have somebody to wash my clothes. When I was a poor miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as fat as a porker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor, ragged fellow without a coat to your back, or a shoe to your foot; if you want to grow old before your time, and as uncomfortable, generally, as a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way," I advise you to remain a bachelor; but if you want to get married, I've got ten daughters, gentlemen, (overpowering applause), and you may have your pick."

Mr. Spicer sat down amid long continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded gained him five sons-in-law.

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 Tracy's Ambition—Holland Tale.
 The Barber of Bantury.
 The Aylmers of Bally Aylmer.
 The Brown Man—The Village Ruin.
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 We will commence the publication of Griffin's Works about the 20th of March, and will continue to issue a volume every month until they are completed.

The following notice is from the pen of William Carlton, certainly no mean judge in these matters:—"Gerald Griffin stands on the same pedestal with Bunim. If weighed in opposite scales, a feather would turn the balance. Griffin's 'Collegians' is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, Irish novel that ever was written. Yet, our judgment staggers when we think of 'Croloore of the Billhook.'—Griffin's poems are exquisitely beautiful, and flow with such tenderness as we can scarcely find in any other Irish poetry."

D. & J. SADLIER & Co.,
 Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets,
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 D. & J. SADLIER & Co.,
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THE Subscriber begs most respectfully to inform his Friends and the Public generally, that he has now Opened a Register Office, at his Establishment, 42 Great St. James Street, where families, wanting servants, will be supplied on the shortest notice; and servants, in want of situations may also be supplied, with despatch.
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 T. J. S. will publish a series of the Very Rev. Dr. CAHILL'S LETTERS AND LECTURES, the first of which will be issued on Wednesday next, the 10th instant, which may be had Wholesale and Retail at the Subscribers. Price 2s. per dozen, or 3d. a single copy. Montreal, January 8, 1855.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

February 13, 1855.

Table with 4 columns: Commodity, Unit, Price (s. d.), and another Price (s. d.). Includes items like Wheat, Oats, Barley, Buckwheat, Rye, Peas, Potatoes, Beans, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Beef, Lard, Cheese, Pork, Butter, Honey, Eggs, Flour, and Oatmeal.

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THE SUBSCRIBERS take great pleasure in announcing to the Catholic Public, that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Burns & Lambert, the English Publishers, for duplicate sets of the Stereotype plates of the following works:—

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The Popular Library is intended to supply a desideratum which has long been felt, by providing at a cheap rate a series of instructive and entertaining publications, suited for general use, written expressly for the purpose, and adapted in all respects to the circumstances of the present day.

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The greatest want of the present day is books combining instruction and amusement, which Catholic Parents can safely place in the hands of their children. It now rests with the Catholic public, whether that want shall be supplied or not. We intend to issue the first volume of the Popular Library on the 15th of February, and will continue to issue a volume every month, for one year at least, and if we are only seconded in our efforts, we will continue the Series for years to come. But it depends entirely on the encouragement we receive. One thing is certain, that it is the duty of Catholics to encourage a project like this; by doing so they will enable us to multiply useful and entertaining books at a moderate price.

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January 30, 1855.



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Dec., 1854.

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JAMES FLYNN, in returning thanks to his Subscribers, has the pleasure to inform them, that through their patronage, he has been enabled to increase his LIBRARY to ONE THOUSAND AND FIFTY VOLUMES, to which he will continue to add the best Works as they come out, so as to please his Subscribers and merit public support. Montreal, December 6, 1854.

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THE FURNITURE

Is entirely new, and of superior quality.

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Will be at all times supplied with the choicest Delicacies the markets can afford.

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SUPERIOR AND SPLENDID STOCK

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The entire work is manufactured on the premises, under careful supervision. Montreal, June 22, 1854.



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THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith, and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the north-western suburbs of this city, so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position, it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

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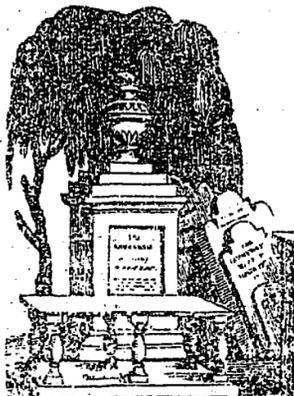
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REV. P. REILLY, President.

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N.B.—W. C. manufactures the Montreal Stone, if any person prefers them. A great assortment of White and Colored MARBLE just arrived from Mr. Cunningham, Marble Manufacturer, Bleury Street, near Hanover Terrace.

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To those who have not as yet called at CHEAPSIDE, he would say try it once and your custom is secured.

The inducements are, Good Materials, Fashionably Cut, Well Made and at prices almost incredibly low.

First Rate Cutters & Experienced Workmen are employed. Another Cutter wanted.

P. RONAYNE.

October, 1854.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

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WOULD most respectfully announce to their friends and the Public generally that they have LEASED and FITTED UP, in magnificent style, the above Establishment; and are now prepared to offer

Greater Bargains than any House in Canada.

Their Purchases being made for CASH, they have determined to adopt the plan of LARGE SALES and SMALL PROFITS, thereby securing a Business that will enable them to Sell MUCH LOWER than any other Establishment.

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This Department is fully supplied with every article of READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, Furnishing and Outfitting Goods.

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This Department will be always supplied with the most fashionable as well as durable Foreign and Domestic BROAD-CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Vestings, Tweeds, Satinets, &c., of every style and fabric; and will be under the superintendence of Mr. DRESSER, (late Foreman to Mr. GEMMILL, of the Boston Clothing Store.) Mr. D. will give his undivided attention to the Orders of those favoring this Establishment with their patronage.

N.B.—Remember the "North American Clothes Warehouse," 42 McGill Street.

Give us a call. Examine Price and quality of Goods, as we intend to make it an object for Purchasers to buy.

PATTON & Co.

Montreal, May 10, 1854.

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Surveyors Instruments of all descriptions, made, and kept on hand.

Being in immediate connection with the principal routes in all directions, either Rail Road, Canal or River, orders can be executed with despatch, which either personally or by communication, are respectfully solicited.

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BREWSTER & MULHOLLAND, Agents, Montreal.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS!

JOHN McCLOSKEY, Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer, (FROM BELFAST,)

38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street,

BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last nine years, and now craves a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality. He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and Watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted.

N.B.—Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer.

Montreal, June 21, 1853.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

MR. KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY,

HAS discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR, from the worst Scrophulous to a common Pimple. He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases, (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing-sore mouth. One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two or three bottles will clear the system of bile. Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst canker in the mouth and stomach.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of erysipelas.

One to two bottles are warranted to cure all humor in the eyes.

Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.

Four to six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.

One bottle will cure scaly eruptions of the skin. Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.

Two to three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.

Three to four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum. Five to eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the above quantity is taken.

Nothing looks so improbable to those who live in vain tried all the wonderful medicines of the day, as that a common weed growing on the pastures, and along old stone walls, should cure every humor in the system, yet it is now a fixed fact. If you have a humor it lins to start. There are no fits nor rands, humors nor ha's about it suiting some cases but not yours. I peddled over a thousand bottles of it in the vicinity of Boston. I know the effects of it in every case. It has already done some of the greatest cures ever done in Massachusetts. I gave it to children a year old; to old people of sixty. I have seen poor, puny, wormy looking children, whose flesh was soft and flabby, restored to a perfect state of health by one bottle.

To those who are subject to a sick headache, one bottle will always cure it. It gives a great relief to costive and dizziness. Some who have taken it have been costive for years, and have been regulated by it. Where the body is sound it works quite easy; but where there is any derangement of the functions of nature, it will cause very singular feelings, but you must not be alarmed; they always disappear from four days to a week. There is never a bad result from it; on the contrary, when that feeling is gone, you will feel yourself like a new person. I heard some of the most extravagant encomiums of it that ever man listened to.

"LANARK, C.W."

"During a visit to Glengary, I fell in with your Medical discovery, and used three bottles for the cure of Erysipelas, which had for years afflicted my face, nose and upper lip. I perceive that I experience great benefit from the use of it; but being obliged to return to this place in a hurry, I could not procure any more of the Medicine. I made diligent enquiry for it in this section of the country, but could find none of it. My object in writing is, to know if you have any Agents in Canada; if you have, you will write by return of mail where the Medicine is to be found.

"DONALD McRAE."

Answer—It is now for Sale by the principal Druggists in Canada—from Quebec to Toronto.

"St. John's."

"If orders come forward as frequent as they have lately, I shall want large quantities of it.

"GEO. FRENCH."

"CORNWALL."

"I am Selling your Medical Discovery, and the demand for it increases every day.

"Send 12 dozen Medical Discovery, and 12 dozen Pulmonic Syrup."

"D. McMILLAN."

"SOUTH BRANCH, April 13, 1854."

"I got some of your Medicine by chance; and you will not be a little surprised when I tell you, that I have been for the last seventeen years troubled with the Asthma, followed by a severe Cough. I had counsel from many Physicians, and tried all the kinds of Medicine recommended for my ailment, but found nothing to give relief excepting smoking Stramonium, which afforded only temporary relief; but I had the good luck of getting two bottles of your Pulmonic Syrup; and I can safely say that I experienced more benefit from them two bottles than all the medicine I ever took. There are several people in Glengary anxious to get it, after seeing the wonderful effects of it upon me.

"ANGUS McDONALD."

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

"Mr. Kennedy,—Dear Sir—I have been afflicted for upwards of ten years with a scaly eruption on my hands, the inside of which has at times been a source of great anguish and annoyance to me in my business. I tried everything that Physicians could prescribe, also all kinds of Patent Medicines, without any effect, until I took your valuable discovery. I can assure you when I bought the bottle, I said to myself, this will be like all the rest of quackery; but I have the satisfaction and gratification to inform you by using one bottle, it has, in a measure, entirely removed all the inflammation, and my hands have become as soft and smooth as they ever were before.

"I do assure you I feel grateful for being relieved of this troublesome complaint; and if it cost 50 dollars a bottle it would be no object;—knowing what it has done for me; and I think the whole world ought to know your valuable discovery.

"L. J. LLOYD."

"DANVILLE, Oct., 1854."

"The first dozen I had from Mr. J. Birks, Montreal, did not last a day.

"A. C. SUTHERLAND."

"MONTREAL, July 12, 1854."

"I sold several dozen of the last to go to Canada West.—I have not a single bottle left; for see the Medicine appears to be very popular, as I have enquiries for it from all parts of the colony.

"JOHN BIRKS & Co."

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—Adults, one table spoonful per day; children for eight years, desert spoonful; from five to eight, tea spoonful. As no direction can be applicable to all constitutions, take enough to operate on the bowels twice a day. Manufactured and for sale by DONALD KENNEDY, 320 Warren street, Roxbury, (Mass.)

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