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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1855.

NO. 9.

## DETAILS OF THE FINAL BOMBARDMENT.

(From the London Times.)

We have received the following from our correspondents in the Crimea, which, however, only bring down the narrative of events before Sebastopol to noon on the 8th of September, the hour at which the French and English storming columns were in the very act of rushing to the assault against the city, which during three previous days had been devastated by the terrific fire brought to bear against it by the Allies:—

September 5.—At dawn on the morning of the 5th of September the French opened fire. The air was pure and light, and a gentle breeze from the south-east, which continued all day, drifted over the steppe, and blew gently into Sebastopol. The sun shone serenely through the vapors of early morning and wreaths of snowy clouds on the long lines of white houses inside those rugged defences of earth and gabionade which have so long kept our armies gazing in vain on this "august city." The ships lay floating on the waters of the roads which were smooth as a mirror, and, like it, reflected them, and outside our own fleet and that of the French equally inactive, and not quite so useful to us, were reposing from Kazatch to Constantine as idly as though they were "painted" upon "a painted ocean." From Cathcart's Hill the eye embraces a portion of the defences of the Quarantine—the French approaches to it and to the Flagstaff batteries up to their junction with our left attack across the ravine at the foot of the Dockyard Creek. One can sweep over the Flagstaff Batteries' works—the suburb of ruined houses, or rather the sites of cottages and residences which are all that is now left of long streets by the fire of our allies, enclosed between the Flagstaff and the crenellated sea wall, and, looking over this wall, take in at a coup d'œil the the civil town behind it, still presenting a most stately appearance as it rises on the hillside, tier over tier full of churches, stately mansions, and public buildings of fine white or red sandstone, with gardens interspersed, and trees growing in the walks; these fine structures are not exempt from "low neighborhoods" of whitewashed houses, which belong to the garrison or to the poorer inhabitants. The hill on which this part of the city stands rises from the rear of the Flagstaff Battery to the height of 200 feet or more, and, presenting a steep face to the creek from the dockyard, sweeping round to the roads, into which it descends sheer behind the southern forts. We cannot see the houses which are built upon this face of the hill, but those which are situated on the eastern face, or on the descent to Dockyard Creek, are quite discernible by the naked eye. There is a poor suburb at the base, and thence the houses rise in terraces, with flights of steps and curving roads up to the brow of the hill. The bombardment is beginning to tell on these buildings. A church, decorated with many small pinnacles at the angles of the roof, has been struck by a shell, which has burst in the roof. Some of the best mansions are split open, or gape from their cracked walls on the day; others are perforated right through with shot-holes, through which the light is visible—windows, doors, pillars, and columns are broken or destroyed. In the rubbish of the suburb, next to the Flagstaff Works, there are several batteries in excellent order, which are not injured by the allied batteries, and which have not yet fired much if at all. They are mostly *flèches*, and seem intended as outlying works of the second line of defences. Near the top of the hill, inside the crenellated wall, a portion of the interior line of these defences is to be seen. A battery, called the "Crow's Nest" from its elevated position, is placed near this line, and has an extensive command over the right of the French left attack, and over our sailors' batteries in the left of our left attack, to which it is rather troublesome. This contains a couple of large mortars in addition to some long-range guns, and can bear on any troops between the outer defences and the foot of the hill on which the town rises, and the ravine between our left and the French left attack. A very strong series of earthworks crowns the ridge of the same hill, and the defences broken by the creek are continued towards the right by the various batteries (Barrack, Rod, Garden, Black, Batty, &c.) which are connected with the Great Redan, and thence are carried to the Malakoff and its outlying work. The suburb behind these defences next the creek, and in front of our left attack, is in complete ruins, but our line of batteries is almost too far to do injury to the public buildings behind the suburb, although our old first parallel has been disarmed as being too far, and the guns moved into the second parallel, and the hill on which it is placed conceal from the spectator at Cathcart's-hill the cemetery which we occupy since the 18th of June, and which is improperly marked as "The Ovens" in one of

the best maps of the place. They also hide the course of the Woronzoff-road and the ravine in front under the proper right of the Redan. The ravine between our right and left attack is visible till it is closed up by the sweep of the hills on which the attacking batteries are placed, and by the ragged heights seamed with rifle pits, craters of bombs, zigzags, and the works of our Quarries' Battery.—Behind the Redan are visible the long line of the dockyard and arsenal buildings, and the barracks, which have been rendered uninhabitable on the rear side by our fire—the great sheers, the floating bridge across the roads to the north side, the two lines of men-of-war—the Twelve Apostles, and five two-deckers, frigates, and steamers. Then, on the right, lie Malakoff, Mamelon, and the White Works, and Mount Sapoune peering beyond over them and the north side—the citadel, the Russian camp, Inkermann, its batteries, and the plateau of the Belbek forming the back-ground, which is defined still further by a strip of blue sea. From Cathcart's hill, therefore, on the right front of the Fourth Division camp, one can gain an admirable view of certain points of the position from the sea on the left to our extreme right at Inkermann. That advantage is, however, rarely obtainable when there is any heavy firing, as the smoke generally hangs in thick clouds between the earthworks, nor can it be dispelled, unless by a brisk wind. If one of the few persons who were in the secret of the opening of the French batteries had been on Cathcart's hill on the morning of the 5th he would have beheld then, just ere half-past 5 o'clock, the whole of this scene marked out in keen detail in the clear morning air. The men in our trenches can be seen sitting down behind the traverses, or strolling about in the rear of the parapets. Small trains of animals and files of men are passing over the ground between the trenches and the camp, and the only smoke that catches the eye arises from the kettles of the soldiery, or from a rifle in the advanced works. On the left, however, it can be seen that the French trenches are crowded with men, and that their batteries are all manned, though the men keep well out of view, and the mantlets and screens are yet down before muzzles of some of their guns. The men beneath the parapets swarm like bees. A few grey-coated Russians are in view repairing the works of the Flagstaff Battery, or engaged in throwing up a new work, which promises to be of considerable strength, in front of the second line of their defences. Suddenly, along the earthen curtain between Nos. 7 and 8 Bastions three jets of flame spring up into the air and hurl up as many pillars of earth and dust, which are warned into ruddy hues by the horizontal rays of the sun.—The French have exploded three fougasses to blow in the counterscarp, and to serve as a signal to their men. Instantly from the sea to the Dockyard-creek there seems to run a stream of fire, and fleecy, curling, rich white smoke, as though the earth had suddenly been rent in the throes of an earthquake, and was vomiting forth the material of her volcanoes.—The lines of the French trenches were at once covered as though the very clouds of Heaven had settled down upon them and were whirled about in spiral jets, in festoons, in clustering bunches, in columns and in sheets, all commingled, involved together by the vehement flames beneath. The crash of such a tremendous fire must have been appalling, but the wind and the peculiar condition of the atmosphere did not permit the sound to produce any great effect on our camp; in the city for the same reason the noise must have been terrific and horrible. The iron storm tore over the Russian lines, tossing up, as if in sport, jets of earth and dust, rending asunder gabions, and "squelching" the parapets, or bounding over among the houses and ruins in their rear. The terrible files of iron, about four miles in front, rushed across the plain, carrying death and ruin with it, swept with its heavy and irresistible wings the Russian flanks, and searched their centre to the core.—A volley so startling, simultaneous, and tremendously powerful, was probably never yet uttered since the cannon found its voice. The Russians seemed for awhile utterly paralyzed, their batteries were not manned with strength enough to enable them to reply to such an overlapping and crushing fire; but the French, leaping to their guns with astounding energy, rapidly, and strength, kept on filling the very air with the hurtling storm, and sent it in unbroken fury against their enemies. More than 200 pieces of artillery of large calibre, admirably served and well directed, played incessantly on the hostile lines. In a few moments a great veil of smoke—"a warcloud rolling down"—spread from the guns over on the left of Sebastopol; but the roar of the shot did not cease, and the cannonade now pealed forth in great irregular bursts, now died away into hoarse murmurs, again swelled up into tumult, or rattled from end to end of the line like the fire of infantry. Stone walls went down before the guns at once; but the earth-

works yawned to receive shot and shell alike. However, so swift and incessant was the passage of these missiles through the embrasures and along the tops of the parapets, that the enemy had to lie close, and could scarcely show themselves in their front line of defences. For a few minutes, then, the French had it all their own way, and appeared to be on the point of sweeping away the place without resistance; but after they had fired a few rounds from each of their numerous guns, the Russian artillerymen got to work, and began to return our allies' fire. They made good practice, but fired slowly and with precision, as if they could not afford to throw away an ounce of powder. The French were stimulated rather than impeded by such a reply to their astonishing volleys, and their shot flew with increased rapidity along the line of the defences, and bounded in among the houses of the town. But what were we doing all this time? What was our admirable Naval Brigade and our gallant siege trains doing? They were working their guns as usual, and had received no orders to open general fire. Our batteries, then, rendered little assistance to the French, but they maintained their usual destructive and solid "hammering" on the face of the Redan and of the Malakoff, and aided our invaluable allies by keeping up a regular shell practice on the batteries from the Creek to the Redan. Now two or three mortars from Gordon's, then two or three mortars from Chapman's, hurled 10 and 13-inch shell behind the enemy's works, and connected the discharges by rounds from long 32's and 68's. It is not known why this evident want of unanimity existed, and why we did not open fire at the same time with the French. General Pelissier was over at our head-quarters, and had an interview with General Simpson yesterday, and it is not unlikely that the French commander, with his characteristic impetuosity, resolved on opening fire, finding that we were not quite prepared to do so with effect, and relying on his own numerous and heavy ordnance and abundance of ammunition. I am by no means prepared to say we were not ready to open on the day agreed upon, nor do I insinuate that there was the smallest want of unanimity between the Generals, but it is a fact that we had not all the guns and ammunition required for opening a three days' fire of intensity, and that with plenty of a certain sort of matériel and missiles there was not the requisite quantity of those of a different, but useful description. Our allies must appreciate the readiness with which we have on several occasions lent them guns, shot, and shell, and are too generous, while remembering such services, to find faults with us if we had not accumulated such masses of stores as they had collected. After all, it may turn out that for military reasons the Generals resolved to let the French open first, and that their cannonade was a matter of arrangement. Although there are some complaints of deficiency in the engineering department, I have never heard it said that our artillery, as long as they had powder, shot, and guns, were not ready to meet any enemy. It unfortunately happened at this juncture that General Jones, who has always displayed great energy in directing the siege works, is unwell and cannot go out, owing to a severe attack of rheumatism, which almost cripples him. But all this has nothing to do with the siege, and meantime our allies are pounding away with exceeding warmth at every thing within range of them. Our Quarry Battery, armed with two mortars and eight cohorts, just 400 yards below the Redan, plies the suburb in the rear of the Malakoff vigorously, and keeps the top of the Redan clear. Redan and Malakoff are alike silent, ragged and torn. At most the Redan fires three guns, and the adjoining batteries are equally parsimonious. The parapets are all pitted with shot and shell, and the sides of the embrasures are greatly injured, so that the gabions are sticking out, and are tumbling down in all directions. There is no more of that fine polishing and of that cabinet maker's work which the Russians bestowed on their batteries; our constant fire by night, our rifle-men, and incessant shelling have prevented their assiduous anxiety as to external appearance being gratified. After two hours and a half of furious fire, the artillerymen of our allies suddenly ceased, in order to let their guns cool and to rest themselves. The Russians crept out to repair the damages to their works, and shook sandbags full of earth from the parquette over the outside of their parapets. Their gunners also took advantage of this sudden cessation to open on our sailors' batteries in the left attack, and caused us some little annoyance from the "crow's nest." At ten o'clock, however, having previously exploded some fougasses, as before, the French re-opened a fire, if possible, more rapid and tremendous than their first, and continued to keep it up with the utmost vigor till twelve o'clock at noon by which time the Russians had only a few guns in the Flagstaff-road and Garden Batteries in a position to reply. We could see them in great agitation

sending men and carts to and fro across the bridge, and at 9 o'clock a powerful column of infantry crossed over to resist our assault, while the movement towards Inkermann was made by the army of the Belbek. Soon after our fire began, as early as 6 o'clock, the working parties which go over to the north side every morning seemed to be recalled, and were marched back again across the bridge to the south, no doubt to be in readiness for our expected assault. From 12 to 5 p. m. the firing was slack; the French then resumed their cannonade with the same astounding vigor as at dawn and at ten o'clock, and never ceased their volleys of shot and shell against the place till half-past seven, when darkness set in, and all the mortars and heavy guns, English as well as French, opened with shell against the whole line of defences. A description of this scene is now impossible. There was not one instant in which the shells did not whistle through the air—not a moment in which the sky was not seamed by their fiery curves or illuminated by their explosion. Our practice was beyond all praise. Every shell burst as it ought and the lines of the Russian earthworks, of the Redan, Malakoff, and of all their batteries were rendered plainly visible by the constant light of the bursting shells. The Russians scarcely attempted a reply. At 5 o'clock it was observed that a frigate in the second line near the north side was smoking, and as it grew darker flames were seen to issue from her sides. Men and officers rushed to the front in the greatest delight and excitement, and as night came on the whole vessel broke out into one grand blaze from stem to stern. The delight of the crowd on Cathcart's hill was intense. "Well, this is a sight!—to see one of those contounded ships touched at last!" These and many different and stronger expressions were audible on all sides; but there were some who thought the Russians had set the ship on fire, or that incendiaries and malcontents were at work, and one gentleman even went so far as to say he thought it merely a signal, may be to recall their cavalry from Eupatoria." It is not precisely known how the thing was done. Some say it was done by the French—others by ourselves; and bombs, red-hot shot, and rockets have been variously named as the agency by which the fire was accomplished. In spite of the efforts of the Russians, the flames spread, and soon issued from the ports and quarter gallery. At eight o'clock the light was so great that the houses of the city and the forts on the other side could be discerned without difficulty. The masts stood long, and towered aloft like great pillars of Ore; but one after the other they yielded; the decks fell in about ten o'clock, and at midnight the frigate was burnt to the water's edge.

Sept. 6.—Last night a steady fire was kept up along the front, to prevent the Russians repairing damages. At 10 p. m. order were sent to our batteries to open, as soon as there was a good light, the following morning, but they were limited to 50 rounds each. At 5 30 the whole of the batteries from Quarantine to Inkermann opened with a grand crash. The Russians were silent as before. The cannonade was maintained as it was yesterday. There were three breaks or lulls in the tempest; from half-past 8 till 10, from 12 till 5, and from half-past 6 till 7 the fire was comparatively slack. Captain Shone, R. A., was killed yesterday in the batteries by a roundshot. He was a brave and much esteemed officer. I regret to have to record also the death of Captain Buckley, Scots Fusiliers Guards, who was shot through the heart as he was posting his sentries. This gallant young officer was shot through the neck at the Alma, but did not go home. He was a promising young officer. The firing continued as before, and the enemy seemed greatly distressed. They are strengthening their position on Belbek, and evince a disposition to rely on the north side. However, they have large masses of men in the town. The bombardment was renewed and lasted all night.

Sept. 7.—The cannonade was renewed at day-break, and the Inkermann batteries firing briskly. A Council of Generals was held to-day at head-quarters, the sick were cleared out of the field hospitals, and it gradually oozed out that the assault would take place to-morrow at 12 o'clock. The firing was tremendous all day, but clouds of dust which a high wind from the north drifted into our faces rendered a view of the place impossible.

About 3 o'clock a two-decker was set on fire and burnt all night. A steamer towed other vessels near her away to the dockyard harbor, but the lines of men-of-war are still intact. Flames broke out behind the Redan in the afternoon. The bombardment was renewed at dusk. A Sardinian corps was marched up to reinforce the French. There was a heavy explosion in the town at 11 o'clock p. m. The men all take 48 hours' provisions, cooked, into the trenches with them. Nothing is known of the plan of attack.



Sept. 8.—All comers from Balaklava and the rear of the camp are stopped by a line of sentries. Another line of sentries in front prevent any one going as far as Cathcart's Hill, or the picket houses excepted officers of the men on duty. The fire is exceedingly heavy. The assault takes place at noon. The 4th Division is now under arms.

THE CAPTURE OF SEBASTOPOL.

The Post Ampt. Gazette contains the following particulars relative to the taking of Sebastopol:—"The Malakoff Tower was taken at the first rush, and without any very considerable loss; but the unsuccessful attacks on the Redan and Central Fort cost more men, as it was the maintenance of these two important works which allowed the Russians to retire into the principal forts on the north side. These forts, constructed in the style of casemates, are all armed with three rows of cannon, Fort Nicholas alone having 100 guns. The materials used in building these forts do not consist of granite, as appears to be generally believed, but of good calcareous stone. The guns of this fort are 68-pounders. Forts Alexander, Nicholas, and Paul mount together 560 guns; they command the port, the town, the faubourg, and the guns have been arranged in such a manner that the fire of 150 can be concentrated on a single point. The news of the victory of the allies was known at Constantinople on the 9th by the telegraph from Varna. The greatest joy prevailed in the capital, and the French, English, and Sardinian ambassadors were congratulated by the ministers of the Sultan."

RUSSIAN LOSSES DURING THE ASSAULT.

The following are Prince Gortschakoff's despatches of the 8th, translated from the Journal de St. Petersburg, and more textual than the earlier telegraphic advices:—"8th September, noon.—The enemy receives nearly every day new reinforcements. The bombardment continues with unexampled violence. Our loss has been more than 2,500 men in the last twenty-four hours."

"Ten o'clock.—The troops of your imperial majesty have defended Sebastopol to the last extremity; but it was impossible to hold it longer on account of the infernal fire which was poured on the town. The troops have passed over to the north side, after completely repelling six out of seven assaults made by the enemy. It was only at the Korniloff that we found it impossible to expel them. The enemy will find in Sebastopol nothing but blood-stained ruins."

The bombardment lasted three days and a half, so that the Russian loss during that time, at the rate cited by Prince Gortschakoff, would have been 8,750 placed hors de combat before the assault, and by the artillery projectiles alone of the besiegers. The Russian loss in defending the fortifications against the seven attacks on the 8th may be very moderately estimated at 8,000 more—a serious diminution of the Russian force to be added to the recent losses on the Tchernaya: a consideration that would weigh when the question of a withdrawal, such as the prince is said to have ordered, presented itself.

RUSSIAN SHIPS DESTROYED.

It may not be uninteresting at the present moment to give a statement of the Russian fleet at Sebastopol previous to the invasion of the Crimea by the allies. It consisted of the following ships:—

Table with 2 columns: Ships of the Line, Guns and Ships of the Line, Guns. Lists various ships like Twelve Apostles, Paris, Three Saints, Grand Duke Constantin, Vladimir, Rostislav, Sviatoslaw, Frigates, Corvettes and Brigs, and smaller vessels like the Nearch, Sreilla, Orlanda, Drolik, Ziabiaka, Lastorga, Smaglaga, 11 transports, and 64 gunboats.

Smaller vessels.—The Nearch, Sreilla, Orlanda, Drolik, Ziabiaka, Lastorga, Smaglaga, 11 transports, and 64 gunboats.

Steamers, 12, 6 large and 6 small. Among the first are the Vladimir, Bessarabia, and Gromnostetz, which were remarkable for their power and the range of their guns.

In all, 103 sail, mounting 2,200 guns. The existence of this imposing fleet continually threatened Turkey. Created at an immense cost, it has been destroyed without having achieved anything from the time of its building but the disgraceful murder of 4,000 Turks at Sinope. Admiral Nachimoff, who commanded on that occasion, is dead. Never did ships meet with a more ignominious end—sunk by their commanders, without a fight!—the admiral killed, with an unenviable reputation attached to his memory!—the crews shot down whilst working the guns of Sebastopol! This is a terrible blow for "Holy Russia!"

We were told some time since that the vessels under water had been embalmed with pitch and tar, with a view of fishing them out again some day. If, therefore, it was considered by the enemy worth while to float them, the same rule applies to the allies, and we may yet see a Russian man-of-war at Portsmouth. We shall find the guns in the defensive works of Sebastopol, so that, with the exception of a few pairs of spurs which Russian naval officers are reported to wear, we might rig up a complete Muscovite craft, despite the sacrifices made to prevent us getting hold of a trophy.

REPORT OF THE MILITARY COMMISSION.

The allied generals are now in occupation of the city and south-forts of Sebastopol; and the first result of the labors of the allied commission which has been formed to examine and report on the military stores, &c., left by the Russians on their evacuation,

shows that the victors have gained, by taking Sebastopol, not a mere heap of smouldering ruins, not a confused mass which would require an antiquary to point out and distinguish its formidable bases of defence—to say, here, under this mountain of wrecks, dig, and you will find the foundations of the arsenal; there, you will see the remains of what were the great guns which thundered so long upon your trenches; everywhere you may discover the traces of that terrible contest which the Russians waged till you overpowered him, and then retreated sullenly and safe across his bridge to the refuge of the northern forts, leaving you to meditate on the destruction of the fortress that you have besieged, and have taken, contrary to all the rules of war, and without any of the prizes which make victory more sweet, and more proud to the winner of the fight. No; the victors have gained something more substantial, for the report of the commission, a summary of which has been forwarded by General Pelissier, states that—"The enemy have not destroyed their dock, the neighboring establishments, the barracks, Fort Nicholas, or Fort Quarantine. The commission has commenced the enumeration of the materials left.—A first general survey has given the following result:—4,000 guns, 50,000 balls, a few hollow projectiles, a large quantity of round-shot, a large quantity of powder (notwithstanding all the explosions that have taken place,) 500 half-anchors in excellent condition, 25,000 kilogrammes of copper, two steam-engines of 30-horse power, a considerable quantity of sawn timber for defence works." This news is more valuable from what it indicates, than what it describes. The retreat that left so much in our power was a retreat urged by instant necessity, not dictated by calm strategic calculation, as we are told by the amusingly ingenious misrepresentations of the writer in the Nord. It was a retreat undertaken in dismay and despair, and carried out with immense loss to the empire of Russia. Its effects is a blow to the ambitious designs and traditions of that dreamer of gigantic plans, which sets back her fancied advancement a century at the least, and places the bar of impossibility between her wishes and her march.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.—The Committee of the Catholic University of Ireland met on Monday, at the committee room, 27 Lower Ormond quay, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin in the chair. The other members of the committee present were—Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop Elect of Waterford; Very Rev. Dean Mayler, P.P.; Rev. Patrick Brennan, P.P.; Rev. Dr. Leahy, Vice-Rector of the University; Charles Bianconi, Esq.; Myles W. O'Reilly, Esq.; Michael Errington, Esq. The committee continued its sitting until three o'clock, P.M., and important business connected with the interests of the University was discussed. Amongst other resolutions that were passed, we have been favored with copies of the following, viz:—"That parties sending contributions to the Catholic University Fund are requested by the committee to send them to the Rev. Dr. Leahy, Vice-Rector, University House, Stephen's green, Dublin. That the warm thanks of the Committee be given to the Rev. Dr. Donnelly for his laborious and successful exertions in collecting for the University in America." The amount received by the committee within the past year was upwards of £12,500.—Nation.

The following letter has been addressed by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh, to the Editor of the Dundalk Democrat:—

"Armagh, Sept. 5, 1855. "Sir,—My attention having been called to an article in a late issue of your paper, I beg to state, with reference to it, that at the Conference recently held in Dundalk, a question having been proposed to me, respecting the enactments of the Synod of Drogheda on the matter of the interference of the clergy in politics, I simply explained the form which those laws have ultimately assumed, and in which they were now printed in the statutes of the province of Armagh; and that there might be no mistake about the matter, I read over for the assembled clergy those laws, as I happened to hold in my hand at the time a copy of the recent statutes of Dublin, which in this particular are precisely the same as the statutes of Armagh. Those enactments, it is well known, have already gone the round of the several newspapers. You will now perceive that it is to the unauthorized gloss with which your informant, in reporting a very simple fact to you, must have accompanied it, that I am indebted for the unmerited praise which you have bestowed on me. I have the honor to remain, sir, your obedient servant, JOSEPH, Archbishop of Armagh.

The last session of Parliament has been wasted, and the cause of that waste is in the conduct of Irish members. Ireland is not only losing her population, but the Church is losing that population in other lands. It is not merely that Irishmen emigrate spiritually. This is the question for the constituents.

If Ireland is ever to have weight in the imperial councils it must be through a thoroughly Catholic representation, not through men who call themselves Catholics, but whose life is Protestant. These are not the men to serve a people oppressed, but they are the very men to serve their oppressors. They do more than Protestants by profession; for they bring the faith into discredit, and make the profession of it contemptible. It would be better for Ireland in the end if all its representatives were such as Messrs. Spooner and Newdegate, than to be represented by some of the present members. Ireland is a Catholic country, and its representatives should go to Parliament as the Scotch members do, representing the spiritual state of the nation. Scotland is in theory Presbyterian, and the members of Parliament are Presbyterians too; and moreover, obliged to act in that spirit. We must have Ireland similarly represented by men in earnest; by men who go to the House of Commons to do the work of the Catholic nation, not their own. But until that be boldly and honestly done, he must be a most hopeful person who expects to see any advantages to his country from any possible legislation of the Imperial Parliament.—Tablet.

A salute of sixty-two guns was fired in every artillery station in Ireland on Friday evening to celebrate the victory at Sebastopol.

It is understood that Prince Napoleon will enter Cork Harbor in a day or two and it has been arranged that he is to be invited to a public dinner in this city. A dinner list has been already laid on the tables of the public rooms, and is being filled up. There seems to be a general anxiety on the part of the citizens of Cork to pay this public compliment to the relative of the Emperor of the French, especially at so deeply interesting a moment as the present.—Cork Examiner.

THE HARVEST.—The weather continues most favourable for the harvest work, and the markets are beginning to be well supplied with new grain. The Limerick Chronicle says:—"We hear very little now of the disease of the potato crop. In fields where it was dreaded that growth had ceased nearly a month since, the tubers have greatly increased in size and in quality."

The decrease of pauperism in the Galway Union is, we are happy to say, strikingly illustrated by the following figures. The number of paupers at present in the house is 597. At a corresponding period last year the figure was 822, making a difference in our favor of 225, being a diminution from the latter number in more than the proportion of one-fourth.—Financial Indicator.

DANGEROUS ASSAULT BY A DEER.—On Sunday last, shortly after the troops had left the church in the Templemore barracks, as Mr. Clarke, one of the officers of the 47th regiment, was looking at a stag, which had been for years kept in the front square, the animal suddenly attacked the gentleman and struck him to the ground with its antlers. Mr. Clarke strove to turn its head and hold the animal, but the antlers were of a formidable size, and were partly stuck in the ground and in Mr. Clarke's person. Some of the officers immediately ran up, and at great personal risk extricated the sufferer, who had received a very severe wound in the thigh, and also a wound in the breast. His uniform was much torn. Staff Surgeons Bantrie and Donovan were in immediate attendance; they pronounced the wounds not dangerous, but that they would be tedious. Colonel Townsend ordered the deer to be killed immediately after the occurrence.

An accident occurred on the South Mall which was very near being attended with serious consequences. Mr. Bearblock, of York terrace, with his wife and daughter, were, it appears, driving along the Mall in a car, when near Anglesea bridge a private carriage drove against them, upsetting the vehicle in which they were. Mr. Bearblock was thrown on the ground, the two ladies coming alongside him; and while in this position the hind wheels of the carriage rubbed against him, and it is almost miraculous that they did not run over his body. The parties sustained, however, we are happy to say, no injury except a slight contusion which Mr. Bearblock received in the back from the fall.—Cork Reporter.

DREADFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A poor girl was killed on the Tramore railway. She fell asleep on the rails near Kilbarry bog, and a train from Waterford passed over her body, which was found on the line in a mutilated state, the head and arms being literally severed from the trunk.

RESCUE FROM DROWNING.—On Sunday evening, a soldier, in the uniform of the royal horse artillery, while in a state of intoxication, threw himself into the Portobello canal, and swam towards the opposite bank; when about half-way across he struggled for some time and in the presence of some hundreds of spectators sunk to the bottom, no one present offering the slightest assistance to rescue the drowning man. When some minutes under water, a sergeant of the city of Dublin militia artillery came up, and on being informed of the circumstance, finding there was no time to be lost, at once plunged in without removing a particle of clothing, dived to the bottom, brought the body of the unfortunate man to the surface, and bore him to land. No time was lost in conveying him to the barracks, where the usual restoratives were successfully applied, and animation restored. The gallant and noble-minded soldier's name deserves to be recorded—it is Sergeant John Halnan, late of the 2nd regiment of life guards, and at present attached to the city of Dublin militia artillery, to whom all praise be given for his disinterested and heroic conduct.

AN EXPENSIVE SHOT.—At Ballinasloe petty sessions, Mr. William Alexander submitted to a fine of 50l. for being in pursuit of game, and for giving a fictitious name to the supervisor. Mr. Alexander had only fired one shot.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle was pressed to take the chair at a farewell dinner to be given in London to Mr. Gavan Duffy, previous to that gentleman's departure for Australia. The following letter addressed to Mr. Jas. Hannay, the novelist, has been elicited, very characteristic of Mr. Carlyle and very complimentary to Mr. Duffy; as indeed is the fact that gentlemen of all parties and schools—witness Mr. Hannay, himself—a thorough Tory—are joining in the dinner:—

"Addiscombe Farm, Croydon, Sept. 5th, 1855. "Dear Hannay:—Some short time ago I received a circular, with E. Whitty's signature, on the same subject as your note, and was well pleased to learn that such a project was in agitation on behalf of Duffy—to which I wished all success very sincerely, though myself unable to take part in it. I have a real regard, and even affection for Duffy whose fine, truthful intellect, and ardent humane character, were always recognizable to me, in the worst tumult of Irish confusions. His course, then, which I never could applaud for wisdom, nor rebuke without pity and respect, has all along seemed to me one of the most tragical;—and surely it has been troublous enough, tumbling in the wake of that monster of Blarney, Big O; and his 'justice for Ireland' (the ugliest impostor generated in my time)—and, alas! it ends in a sufficiently mournful manner, though in a manful and pathetic one, on my poor friend Duffy's part. I would gladly go and testify these feelings on his behalf, wherever it might be useful or suitable; but, on the other hand, I can perceive this dinner will not be the place for me to do it; but for others differently related to it than I and who probably have somewhat other feelings to express. In short, there are multifarious reasons; admonishing absence on my part—two reasons; were there no other:—Permanent wish to steer clear of windward of O'Connellism, and of anti-ditto, in all their branches; and, secondly, the horror and misery I undergo in all 'public dinners' whatsoever! I pray you, therefore, let me be excused, and be believed; at the same time, to wish the enterprise heartily well; and I do.—Yours very truly, T. CARLYLE.

THE IRISH AT SEBASTOPOL.—The Freeman's Journal, with justifiable pride, calls attention to the fact, that among those who fell in the crowning assault of the 8th of September, ten were Irishmen, three of them connected with the noble families of Castle-maine (Lieutenant-colonel Hancock), Gormanstown (Lt. Preston), and Enniskillen (Cole). The names of Rochford, Cox, Donovan, Swift, Grogan, and Hutton are too plainly Irish not to be recognised at a glance. Among the dangerously wounded natives of this country are Colonel Gough, Majors Maude and Chapman, Lieutenants Massy, O'Connor, &c., "while," adds the Freeman, "the names of Mauleverer, Shirley, Herbert, Fitzgerald, Plunkett, Moore, Reilly, and Perrin, show that wherever a ball sped its way it found among those whose impetuous course it was intended to stay the best blood of the Irish gentry, nobly heading the sons of the Irish peasantry."

The following account of what took place last week in this garrison will be read with some surprise: An order having been received here to facilitate and encourage the volunteering of men from the militia into the line, on Monday four non-commissioned officers from the several depots comprising the provisional battalion here—namely: the 9th, 17th, 39th, and 89th; one from the 16th Lancers, and one from each of the depots at Birr, viz., 21st, 57th and 63d Regiments—attended at the quarters of the Kilkenny Fusiliers, in Boherbuoy Barracks, to receive volunteers. The Fusiliers were paraded by Major Tighe, and only three men out of the whole body volunteered for the line, and these joined the 17th Regiment. After the parade was dismissed the men of the Kilkenny gave three cheers for their officers, and began to loot in a violent manner at the sergeants, calling out in such language, "Pitch them out of the gate," "Turn them out to hell," and such like indecent language. On Tuesday the sergeants of the line regiments again attended at Boherbuoy Barracks, when Major Tighe read the district order for raising the volunteering from this corps, and said he could turn the recruiting sergeants out of the barracks if he wished, particularly those who came from Birr, for having been in the barracks tampering with his men persuading them to volunteer. He then moved the regiment to the further end of the barracks, and called on any one who wished to volunteer with him and the officers to take off their hats and give three cheers, which was responded to by half the regiment. He then told them who did so to go to another part of the square, which they did, but a great many fine looking fellows were pulled over by the Quartermaster Sergeant and others, who said, "sure you won't refuse to go with the major." After they were dismissed from parade, they again gave three cheers, and told the sergeants who were recruiting to "go to hell" out of the barracks.—During the two days the non-commissioned of the line received gross abuse and disrespectful treatment from the men in the militia barracks. A sergeant of the 88th got a blow of a stone on the head and was cut; another sergeant of the depot battalion was commanded to quit out of the orderly room, which circumstances have been reported to the Adjutant General. Four men of the Kilkenny volunteered into the 88th, but next day their companies made up a subscription of a guinea for each, and paid the smart to bring them out again. This certainly is not the feeling that ought to animate loyal subjects, and especially soldiers in both branches of the Queen's services.—Limerick Chronicle.

AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.—The correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer writes as follows:—"Dublin, Sept. 14.—I have recently seen an address to the Irish in America, from a Society of Irishmen in America, calling upon them now to rescue Ireland from England. I don't know what effect it may have there; but the wonder is here at its utter fatuity."

Know-Nothingism originated in Ireland; it lives and is active in Ireland; and one of its most unprincipled supporters has been and is the Dublin Evening Mail. For Know-Nothingism is simply the extermination of Irishmen; and every newspaper reader is aware that the Mail is an able apostle of that godly doctrine. The worthies beyond the Atlantic are but carrying out the principles of our contemporary and its friends, and after the Irish have been driven out of Ireland seeking to drive them out of their place of refuge. Let the Mail be content; Know-Nothingism is doing bravely here.—Fermanagh Reporter.

We copy from the Tablet the conclusion of a long article upon the subject of Irish emigration to the United States. We heartily rejoice that the Irish Catholic press is awaking up to its duty of putting the Irish on their guard against the Yankee Republic; and we hope that for their own sakes, and for the sake of the Church, the disastrous emigration of the Catholic Irish to Protestant America has received a check. The Tablet says:—

"We must say that we regard it as a duty for the press in these countries to hold up the condition of things in America to the execration of Europe. The majority of the immoral infidels who compose the wretched republic of the far West cannot be reached by any appeal to the head or to the heart. They are without virtue and without principle, but they have pride as strong as Lucifer can make it; a low and a coarse pride—but proud men of any kind can be shamed into something of the semblance of propriety. Speaking of the Irish who are about to emigrate, we can see very little protection for their lives or properties, very little earnest of their future happiness, and as far as the atmosphere of society in the States is concerned, no protection at all for their morals or their faith. Even in the Tablet of last week we published another of those warning letters which Irish Priests are constantly sending over here from the States. It is a piercingly eloquent letter; the writer speaks with his whole heart and with all the zeal of his office, and wishes that heaven would gird this green Isle of the Saints with a wall of fire, to make escape to America impossible. This voice of sacred warning comes from Rev. Mr. O'Reardon, Easton, Pennsylvania. It is plain that the state of things at Louisville is not exceptional. It was the same at Brooklyn as it is at Louisville, and for anything we can see, it is the same elsewhere over the republic. We don't remember an instance for years where, in the case of anti-Catholic riots, the hand of authority interfered promptly, strongly, effectively. Then if the Catholic, especially the Catholic who goes out now, and has to make neighbors and friends for himself, needs to look for protection, his matters stand where will they look? He has to face an all-pervading conspiracy that will meet him in acts of social persecution at every hour, and every step of his progress. Will he look to the laws? They are power-



less, and in many states, at least, the executive, the judges and the juries, belong to the Know-Nothing Society. Will he look to public opinion? It is fiercer against the foreigner and the Catholic. Will he look for a system of manners, humane, if not refined? If he do, he must look outside the States, for in them they have no manners but the worst, and no religion but dollar-hunting. When we see such cannibal orgies celebrated under the stripes and stars in Louisville, which has nothing exceptional in its circumstances, it is impossible for us to abstain from concluding that things are very bad elsewhere in the Republic.

The following remarks upon the Protestant outrages at Louisville are from the same source:—The details of this frightful tragedy we have already laid before our readers in copious extracts from the American journals. Nobody can have perused them without feelings of horror and disgust. Since the days of the first French revolution the world has witnessed nothing like these sanguinary orgies. Nay, more, it must be remembered how, in extenuation of the atrocities of 1792, and the years subsequent, it was alleged that such results were not attributable to the spirit of democratic institutions, but were rather to be set down to the account of that demoralising despotism under which the populace had groaned during the long ages of the French monarchy, and from which they had just suddenly escaped. It was, they said, but the wild spring of the human mind, recovering its natural tension, and, on the sudden removal of the pressure, readjusting itself with fearful elasticity. For ourselves, we know how hollow and inadequate, as well as false, this theory undoubtedly was; we know that the fury of the French and that of the Americans proceeded from the same cause; it was and it is the fury of Devil-possessed and Devil-ridden men, who ought to be Christians but who are not. However, we wish to note the fact that the savages of Louisville have not left to their apologists if there be any, such a plea as that put in for their predecessors of Paris. They are the heirs of a well established freedom, the children of some three or four generations of freemen, and Protestant freemen, the offspring over whose cradle the very genius of a vaunted liberty bent and smiled; but lo! they have grown up to the years of thought and lusty manhood, and the republic finds she has brought forth only strong savages, parricides, and tyrant butchers of their fellow men—bloody persecutors of the poor and friendless stranger. Alas! it is a sorry and a loathsome spectacle, and in view of it, and before it man will welcome power the most arbitrary, and despotism the most grinding. It has brought discredit on republican institutions, and if it be suffered to proceed thus it will shame liberty out of the world. It were high time, therefore, that the indignation of the whole civilized world should be kindled and directed against the hollow mockeries and the shameless perfidy that now prevail in this republic, which insults the common sense of the world, by the arrogance and the coarseness of its pretensions. Why does it put up for having a constitution which it is unable or unwilling to maintain? Why is the entire balance of things so shaped as to upset in practice what is upheld in theory? It is free America, and it has more slaves and chains than all other Christian states put together—it has laws which it will not enforce—it has a system of authority for which it fosters no respect—it offers hospitality, and allows its guests to be assassinated, while its own officers are themselves notoriously members of the clandestine confederation of assassins; it pledges the public faith to the naturalized citizen, and it will not protect him in giving his vote as a freeman; its civic functionaries are conspirators; its magistrates partisans; even the ermine of the bench is stained by the blood of injustice; its police are cut-throats; and its populace, if at all like those of Louisville, a mob with the coarse instincts of the cannibal, and the cold malignity of the fiend.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A NICE DISTINCTION.—Mr. George Jones, of the Fox Inn, Shipley, appeared at the Borough Police-court, on Wednesday, on a summons which charged him with having his house open before 1 o'clock on the 19th of August, that being "the Lord's-day." It was objected to by Mr. W. Ward, who appeared for the defendant, that the term "Lord's-day" was a misnomer according to the Act of Parliament, which specified "Sunday;" and the objection being sustained by the magistrates, the case was dismissed.

THE SABBATH-MONGERS.—The people must not be too secure in their late victory over the Sabbath-mongers; they are still strong in hope, as strong as they are weak in argument, to bar and bolt the door of the public-house for the five-long Sunday. These people doubtless mean well, even as the New Zealander, when he invites an English guest to undergo the operation of tattooing, means well towards the stranger so solicited. But that is no reason why we should submit to the operation. Now we heartily oppose this resumed movement of the Sabbath-mongers on the conviction that, however centuries may have intervened, they are the moral descendants of the old Puritan race, who did their best to hang the world in black; and who gave to what they avouched as piety so hideous and disgusting a form, so drawing an utterance, that men, revolting from the ugly outside of virtue, were the more easily assailable by the blandishments of painted vice. Again, what is the inevitable result? Our piety is the hag parent to hypocrisy. Your extra saint, Sir John Paul, is but the whitened sepulchre wherein we find the corruption of the dead heart—the heart of the thief and hypocrite. The Times avers that the pious banker, who has hoarded his wealth where the Great Fiend hoards his coals, has brought discredit upon religion. We cannot subscribe to this. It might as well be said that Barabas brought discredit upon honesty—that Judas brought discredit upon truth. Cockle and damel in no way discredit the true wheat whereof is made the Bread of Life. It was proved that the late Beer Act that limited the hours of sale of liquors and refreshment, called into existence unlicensed dealers. In Scotland, where the piety of Forbes Mackenzie, like coal smoke, clouds the Sabbath, it is proved that spirit clubs exist for Sunday tipplings; and that men, barred from the public-house, hob-and-nob in holes and corners, getting drunk in congenial darkness. This is inevitably the result of the meddling of the Sabbath-mongers. Hence, we are glad to note the increasing strength of the National Sunday League, a body formed to guard the Sabbath from the intemperate detestables, who would welcome even another deluge that should drown the world, if it swept away all the public-houses, and left themselves snug and water-tight in a well-pitched ark.—Lloyd's Weekly.

STORMING THE SABBATH.—An allied army has just been formed for the purpose of undermining Sabbathism, an power at Sydenham, and everywhere else. The Malakoff of the stronghold is the Crystal Palace and it may be expected that, once taken, and thrown open to the shilling classes on Sunday, the eminence of Peage will command every other work. The enemy will rapidly abandon the works of the National gallery, the Vernon gallery, the British museum, and other places, from which the great guns of the church have thrown so much lead on the besiegers. The army of the National Sunday League is placed under the command of Sir Joshua Walmisley, and amongst his staff are found Mr. Schofield, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. W. J. Fox, all M.P.'s. They profess to recognise no sect or party, but simply to seek the social progress of the people. In the same spirit do we encourage the movement, for any difference of opinion on other points must be disregarded when unity is found in one. Thus it is with France and Piedmont in regard to England. We are glad to have their assistance against Russia although by no means desirous of sharing the majority of their other institutions. The opinions of this paper on the subject must be tolerably well-known, for we have often shown the absurdity—the criminality, of shutting up national exhibitions, supported by a very considerable amount of national taxes, on the very day when the great majority are only able to enjoy them. It would be quite as rational to enclose Hampstead-Heath on the seventh day. It is not merely the pleasure of which the people are deprived, but of contentment, which is properly morality, and leads to it in the more extended meaning of that word, and also of education, upon which all parties are agreed. The great exhibitions of London and Paris have taught us very clearly the superiority of continental artists in all matters of design and ornament, and yet we do not scruple to upbraid the English workman with his want of conception, while we close Marlborough-house, from which he could not fail to draw inspiration. After some preliminary success, we have no doubt of the ultimate triumph of this new league.—Ibid.

THE WHEAT CROP.—There can be little doubt (says the Economist) that, so far as regards the different countries in Europe, the wheat crop has not realised the expectations formed of it two months ago; and that as a whole it is far from being equal to the crop of 1854.

NEW FLAX WORKS IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.—The prospect of being without the usual supply of flax from Russia has led to an extensive breadth of land being planted with it in Scotland, and there is now the prospect of a good deal being done in the north to make up for the deficiency which may be otherwise felt.

Two troops are to be added immediately to every cavalry regiment in the United Kingdom; and besides the British cavalry depot already formed near Constantinople, another cavalry reserve is to be stationed at Genoa. The officers from the 10th Hussars and 12th Lancers, as the Indian "break," will have their augmentation appointments in the reserve dragoons.

Two hundred of the army works corps, recently organised by Sir J. Paxton, have left during the week for the Crimea, via Marseilles and the overland route. This body of men will be followed by 250 others, all first-rate workmen, on the 25th of the present month.

Three monster shells have been landed on the Arsenal wharf, at Woolwich, from the Lowmoor foundries, bearing each the following dimensions:—Diameter, 3 feet 9 inches; weight, 1 ton 6 cwt. They are the first of a number of that species which had been ordered for the purpose of being despatched to Sebastopol for the reduction of that fortress. An experimental gun has likewise been founded at Liverpool for projecting these enormous missiles, weighing no less than 20 tons.

A FRENCH RIDING-MISTRESS FOR BRITISH CAVALRY.—Some three-and-thirty years ago, our military rulers discovered that there was a want of grace and uniformity in the seat of our cavalry. Of course no one was bold enough to suppose that an Englishman could possibly know anything about it. So a Colonel Peters a semi-German, received the appointment, and for several years he instructed our dragoons in the art, in Picnic riding school. For reasons best known to themselves, in the year 1825, Colonel Peters was removed, and a second German, Lieutenant Myers, with the local rank of captain, was imported, and the riding establishment removed to St. John's-wood. Here it remained—whether for the advantage or disadvantage of the service it is not our province to say—for some five or six years, when it was finally removed to Maidstone, where it now flourishes. That no Englishman was found fit to teach British troops was somewhat of a slur, and many grumbled; but, what shall we say to the new arrangement? Some weeks ago, the riding-master general of the army, Major Myers, got leave of absence for three months, a fact so unprecedented, that it may well be supposed that the indulgence was thrust upon him in order to make room for a better qualified instructor. Away went the little German, and lo, appears a sprightly young Frenchwoman (one Madame Isabel), habited à l'Amazon, who hastened to fulfil, and does even now fulfil, the duties of riding-mistress to the British army. The two lieutenant-colonels, the adjutant, and the quartermaster calmly look on; the sergeant-major and sergeants obey her nod. A tall trooper carries a basket of carrots to feed the troop horses when they perform well, while a six foot orderly twice a day escorts the female staff officer to and from the riding-school. The costly establishment at Maidstone is now directed by a French girl. Our cavalry are taking lessons from a French girl. Can we not find a fair German to teach our artillery, and a Russian princess to become our commander-in-chief? The salary of M. Isabel is £10 a month. Her husband fills a similar post at the Ecole Militaire, Paris.

THE WAR'S PAST AND FUTURE.—(Constitutionnel.)—The allied troops went to attempt a landing on a shore with which they were unacquainted, and where they had no refuge. They made the attempt with too few cavalry and artillery to undertake a formidable siege, and a bold expedition. It has, nevertheless, been seen what progress they made, and how much the Russians retrograded. Now this state of affairs has completely changed: it is the Russians who are in want of everything, and the allies who want for nothing. Our army is numerous, inured to war, and enthusiastic; our material is immense, and it is about to be increased by all that the Russians have left in Sebastopol. We have created towns which are places of war, and ports where the allied fleets are as secure

as at Toulon or at Dover; we receive reinforcements, and supplies of provisions and ammunition at will; we hold the sea and a long extent of shore; and Sebastopol is in our possession. What remains to the Russians? The possession of the forts on the northern side of Sebastopol. But these forts, which do not form part of the town, are now of doubtful utility. They were destined to protect the place, and the garrison of Sebastopol, against an army which should come to attack from the northern side, or from the interior of the country. These forts are the advanced posts placed there to check a revolt of the inhabitants, rather than to serve as a refuge to the troops of the place by an army besieging it on the south, with the co-operation of the fleet. They cannot prevent the allied troops from occupying Sebastopol; and, if necessary, these troops will readily give a good account of them with the powerful means of destruction which they are about to have at their disposal. The army of observation is equally powerless with the allied troops. Deprived of provisions and ammunition, it cannot maintain the position which it occupies on the left bank of the Tchernaya. Whether it seeks a fresh battle, which would give us a new victory, or flies from one, it must retire on Simferopol, if not even on Perekop, abandoning the whole Crimea to the allied troops. The question of Sebastopol is therefore decided by the fate of arms. This impregnable stronghold is taken, and invincible Russia has been conquered. The prestige of her military power in the world is forever destroyed, and her rule in the Black sea for ever annihilated. France and England have already attained the object which they proposed to themselves. In this state of things, what have we to pre-occupy ourselves with for the future? All we have to do is to allow events to unravel themselves, and to wait in a calm and patient security the issue of an expedition which has already thrown such eclat on our arms, and secured such brilliant results to the cause of civilisation. Has not the fall of Sebastopol placed Russia between two alternatives equally favorable to that cause; either to sign peace on the condition which the west has the duty and the right to impose on her in the interest of Europe, or to resign herself to seeing the allied troops complete the conquest of the Crimea?

AN UNEXPECTED FINISH.—Speaking of the tendency of temperance orators to set forward themselves as previous examples of the blighting effects of drink, the London correspondent of the Inverness Advertiser says:—"This predilection was smartly satirised the other evening at a temperance meeting. A person in the hall got up and said, 'My friends, three months ago I signed the pledge (clapping of hands and approving cheers). In a month afterwards, my friends, I had a sovereign in my pocket—a thing I never had before (clapping and loud cheers). In another month, my friends, I had a good coat on my back—a thing I never had before (cheers and clapping much louder). A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin.' The audience was going to cheer here, but stopped and looked serious. 'You wonder,' continued the lecturer, 'why I bought a coffin. Well, my friends, I bought the coffin because I felt pretty certain that if I kept the pledge another fortnight I should want one.'"

LORD BROUGHAM WITH THE SPIRITS.—A circumstance which has excited the most extraordinary sensation among the privileged few who have been admitted within the sphere of its operations, has taken place at Ealing, a village on the Uxbridge road. A young gentleman named Hume, a native of Scotland, but who has resided for many years in America, is now on a visit at the house of a Mr. Raymer, a highly respectable solicitor. Mr. Hume is what the Americans term a medium, and through his instrumentality some extraordinary, and, if true, miraculous occurrences have taken place. The spirits of deceased persons have been heard and felt in Mr. Raymer's house, and a variety of circumstances have taken place, which the persons who were present affirm could not have been produced except by supernatural agency. One of the spirits is supposed to be that of a son of Mr. Raymer, a little boy about eleven or twelve years of age, who has been induced to write to his parents under the cover of the table, and the writing is, to all appearance, precisely similar to that of the child when alive. Mr. Raymer, who is thoroughly convinced of the bona fide of the affair, has invited several persons to witness the manifestations, and among them the Rev. Mr. Lambert, the incumbent, who has become a devout believer in the existence of these communicative spirits. Some rumours of the spirit manifestations having reached Lord Brougham, the medium had an interview with the noble and learned lord in the presence of Sir David Brewster, when several unaccountable revelations were made, and even Lord Brougham has confessed himself amazed and sorely bothered to comprehend the description of agency by which an accordion is forced into his hands and made to play, or his watch taken out of his pocket and found in the hands of some other person in the room, for such are among the vagaries performed by the Ealing spirits. The house of Mr. Raymer is, of course, besieged by persons anxious to witness the manifestations, and scarcely a night passes that some scoffer is not converted into a true believer in the mystery of spiritual manifestations.

UNITED STATES.

IMMIGRATION.—The immigrants who have arrived at Castle Garden during the last two weeks, number 8,164—all but 443 of which were subject to pay the commutation fee, having visited this country for the first time. The whole brought aggregate cash means to the amount of \$326,897. The arrivals for the same time last year numbered 16,775.—New York Citizen.

RETURN OF EMIGRANTS TO EUROPE.—The packet ship New World sailed from this port on Wednesday last, for Liverpool with two hundred and fifty-second cabin and steerage passengers.—Ibid.

WE MUST DO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT THE JUSTICE TO say that the national schools of Ireland are very different from those common schools in America in which the reading of the Protestant version of the Bible is enforced in the case of Catholic children.—Protestant bigotry in America has something yet to learn, even from Protestant England.—Ibid.

MORE MILITARY DISBANDING.—Governor Minor, of Conn., has ordered the disbanding of all military companies in the State composed of foreigners, making an exception in favor of the German company of New Haven. The Assistant-General Hodge, however, refused to promulgate the order. The Governor accordingly removed him and appointed another Adjutant-General, who issued the order.—Ibid.

Some of our Irish exchanges are making fools of themselves about the Boston filibuster convention.—No one here can refrain from laughing at it, and the Irish papers had better wait awhile. To reckon on such a humbug, would be worse than the Galway dinner to welcome Wagstaff's line of steamships, which never were built.—American Celt.

ARE THE KNOW-NOTHINGS DEAD AT THE SOUTH?—The electoral statistics of the Order give the following figures for the South and Southwestern States: Arkansas, 20,000 votes. Mississippi, 40,000 " Louisiana, (it is said, a majority. Texas, 20,000 " Tennessee, 40,000 "

What earthly purpose can it serve to insist that a party, or conspiracy, which can command such forces is dead? Better look the fact in the face, and read fearlessly there, what we have to combat?—Ibid.

THE BRITISH MINISTER AT WASHINGTON.—The Washington Star says:—"The next steamer will, it is believed, carry out letters of Mr. Buchanan, directing him to demand of the British Government the prompt recall of Mr. Crampton, with the understanding that that course was adopted to avoid the necessity for a resort to the only other alternative—that of sending him out of the country without awaiting his recall by those under whose instructions he undertook to set at defiance the laws of the United States. But we shall not be surprised to learn from the annual message that Mr. Buchanan was instructed some time since to bring the matter to the notice of Her Majesty's government, immediately after it was first ascertained what the United States would be able to prove in the Philadelphia trial."

THE PESTILENCE IN VIRGINIA.—At last the yellow fever shows unmistakable symptoms of declining in the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth. The number of deaths, as well as new cases, are daily diminishing.

The Portland Argus mentions a significant fact, that so far as the returns have been received, but one person who voted in favor of the present Liquor law, has been returned to the Legislature of Maine. The exception is Mr. Seammon, of Saco.

SINGULAR DISTINCTION.—When the United States troops surprise and slaughter a party of unfortunate Indians, shooting them down, men, women and children while asleep, it is called a "Great Battle;" but when the Indians retaliate, and cut off a detachment of troops in fair fight, it is designated as a "Horrible Murder."—Com. Advertiser.

A CLERICAL POLITICIAN.—We have often alluded to the unhappy influence of party politics upon the clergy, and through them upon the institutions of religion. Many a pulpit, we have reason to believe, was on the Sabbath prior to election, particularly subverted to the exposition of other doctrines than those of repentance and faith—to the dissemination of the wild and fatal notions of the so-called "Republican" party. But we have never heard of a more disgusting prostitution of clerical influence than occurred in a town not a thousand miles from Richmond, and which we have from a gentleman of undoubted veracity. Individuals of a certain denomination were asked by their minister what sort of a vote they had, and several showed their tickets to him. Soon, however, a Wells ticket was found, and with righteous (!) indignation, he tore it to pieces, and handed the person a Morfill ticket, said, "there, take this—a Christian vote." He noticed a prominent democrat busy with a check-list of his own, and inquired of some one standing by, what his business was? He was answered that the gentleman was "tending out" to see that no illegal votes were thrown. "I think he's better qualified to tend the gates of hell!" was the unscrupulous and unsanctified reply of this clerical politician. Comment is unnecessary! We leave it to the sober, thinking men, who have the temporal and spiritual welfare of the race at heart, to say how long the institutions of religion will be respected while under the guardianship of such teachers.—Bath (Maine) Times.

A GOOD CHARACTER.—Mr. Simon Wolf, a respectable citizen of Washington county, Pa., and who was entrapped into the Know-Nothing Order by its fair promises and abounding pretences, gives the following excellent character of that institution: "I have said I had never been much of a politician; but I had long since become disgusted with what I considered the corruption of the old political parties, and when, during the last season, 'Know-Nothingism' was introduced among us, with its promises of reformation, and the high hopes its leaders held out, that a new party was forming to stem the tide of corruption and correct the abuses and reform the evils which so long held rule in high places, I was delighted with the idea, and made inquiry of some who pretended to understand the principles and objects of the new association. It was assured that ancient abuses should be corrected; that the new party was based on pure and honorable principles; and that our government would be carried back to the measures which ruled the administration of Gen. Washington. Under such representations, I became a member, and I gave the organization a full and thorough investigation; and I now declare that in a life of sixty years, I have never found, in private or public, in politics or out of it, in church or state, as much deceit, falsehood and corruption, as I found in the self-styled American Party."

TROUBLE IN THE BOSTON SCHOOLS.—Among some of the laws passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts last winter, was one allowing colored children to attend the public schools with the white children. This law went into effect on Monday last, and in Boston many of the blacks availed themselves of the privilege. The Transcript says that they created quite a "sensation" among the white boys and girls, but no violent manifestations of dislike were seen. The Post mentions as a remarkable part of this new "fusion," that the Smith (colored) school was nearly depopulated, but seven primary school children attending, out of eighty-nine composing it at last Report, and none of the eighty then reported in the grammar school.

A DESPATCH TO THE UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF WAR.—When the news of the fall of Sebastopol reached Kingston yesterday afternoon, an American gentleman, by name Erastus Duppy, Esq., who was staying at Irons' Hotel, was so stung by the news, that he proceeded immediately to the Montreal Telegraph Office, where he despatched this message to the Secretary of War:—"Sebastopol is taken—whar on earth was the 'Susquehanna' and her 'Paixhan gun?'"



REMITTANCES

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The Union Bank of London, London.
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Montreal, December 14, 1854.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AFTERNOON,
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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 12, 1855.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We learn by the Canada that the campaign was about to recommence in the Crimea. The Allies were concentrating betwixt Balaclava and the Tchernaya, thus menacing the left wing of the Russians. At the same time, 20,000 men have been landed at Eupatoria, thus threatening their line of retreat. The Russians have been busily employed strengthening the defences on the North shore; but report says that their army is much demoralised by the affair of the 5th ult., which cost them about 18,000 men. The Allies are making themselves at home in Sebastopol, and the cannon of some of the captured forts already reply to those of the enemy. The Russians continue to throw shells into the town from the opposite side of the harbor, and still keep up a fire from their forts on such parts of the captured city as are within range of their guns. It is said that Sebastopol is to be razed, and its basins filled up. The Grand Duke Constantine and the Czar himself, are expected to superintend personally the affairs in the Crimea; but it is hinted that Prince Gortschakoff will speedily abandon the Northern forts to their fate.

In the Baltic warlike operations are over for this year; it is said that the fleet will winter at Kiel. Austria has put forth a manifesto in which it is stated that "the new state of things will in no way affect her mediatory attitude." The weather has been fine for harvesting operations, but great fears are entertained of a deficiency in the crops of Southern and Central Europe.

We would remind our readers that the St. Patrick's Bazaar is open to-night and to-morrow; and that every Irishman should make a point of visiting it.

THE GLOBE AND THE "SUNDAY QUESTION."

"Into the theological part of the question"—says our cotemporary—"we shall not go;" and he is right—for neither is he, nor are any of our Protestant cotemporaries, willing to take up the challenge thrown out to them by the TRUE WITNESS—viz.—to prove from the Bible alone, that the obligations of the Jewish Sabbath, or seventh day of the week, have been, by God Himself, transferred to the Sunday, or first day of the week. The Globe does well in shirking this question; though after all it lies at the root of the dispute betwixt us and our Puritanical opponents.

But, if he abandons the "theological part of the question," and if, at the same time, he desires to retain credit for consistency, the Globe must cease to treat Sunday observances as of divine obligation. With him who will not go into the "theological" or religious part of the question, the obligation to observe Sunday, or the first day of the week, as a day of total abstinence from all labor, business, and amusement, must be discussed as a purely human obligation; without any allusion whatever to religion, or man's relations towards God. If then the Globe were amenable to the laws of logic, he would at once perceive that he has debarred himself from all right to appeal to the interests of "religion," in his advocacy of the Sabbath; and that he has pledged himself to establish, without any reference to God, or God's laws—which form the subject matter of theology—that man is bound to abstain from all honest labor, and from all amusements however innocent in themselves, on the first day of the week.

He may argue that the State has forbidden all honest labor, all traffic, and all amusements, however lawful or innocent in themselves, and which inflict no injury upon others, on the Sunday; and that therefore we are bound to abstain from them.—And indeed this is the only line of argument open to him, who, by abandoning the "theological part" of the question, has reduced the Sabbath to a merely human institution, without sanction or foundation in the Divine law. But still the questions will arise—What right has the State to prohibit honest labor and innocent amusements on Sunday, more than on any other day? And if the State has no right to impose such restrictions, what obligation is there on the part of the citizen to submit to them? For rights and duties are always correlative; and where one is wanting, the other is not. The Globe can not say that, in this case, the "right" comes from God, for this would at once open up a "theological" question—and into the "theological part of the question" the Globe will not go.

The Globe then is clearly bound to give some reason, other than the will of God, for the restrictions which he advocates upon honest labor and inno-

cent amusements upon Sunday. If he cannot, or will not, do this, we have the right to assume, in spite of his indignant disclaimer, that all such restrictions are tyrannical, and an undue "interference with the freedom of the subject." For all restrictions upon individual action, for which no reason can be given, are essentially tyrannical. "Freedom"—indeed, as he says, "is order;" and order can be conceived only upon the supposition of restriction upon eccentric or irregular action. But for these restrictions there must be reason, or they themselves become unreasonable—therefore eccentric or irregular—therefore subversive of order—and therefore irreconcilably at variance with "freedom," which, in the words of the Globe, "is order."

The Globe will, we presume, hardly venture to assert that the State has the right to prohibit or to enjoin what it will; or that its will is a sufficient substitute for reason. In God indeed it is impossible to distinguish betwixt "will" and "reason;" for the expression of His will—to which however the Globe cannot appeal—is the highest reason; we bow therefore to the will of God, seeking for no other reason than His will, and we are free. But to substitute human will for reason—whether it be the will of the one, or of the many—is the very essence of all tyranny; and, whatever the Globe may say to the contrary, is subversive of all freedom. For, as freedom consists, not in immunity from all restrictions, but in being subject to reasonable restrictions only, so the very essence of slavery consists in subjection to the will of any other than God. Again therefore we call upon the Globe, if he persists in advocating restrictions upon all honest labor, and upon all innocent amusements on Sunday—and if "he will not go into the theological part of the question"—to assign some reason for these restrictions, other than the "will of God."

One such reason does our cotemporary pretend to give; and as it is an admirable specimen of Protestant logic, and Protestant liberality, we will present it to our readers. The Globe argues, that, if some members of the community abstain on Sundays from lucrative traffic, all others must abstain as well:—

"By what right?"—asks the Globe—"has one man, or one set of men, this peculiar privilege to make money, when others cease to attempt it?"

Here then we have the Globe assigning as a reason for restrictions upon the natural right of every man to pursue an honest and lucrative traffic, that "others cease to attempt it." Now if this logic be good in Toronto, it must be equally so in Montreal; and if one set of men have no right to make money when others cease to attempt it, our Protestant merchants, and men of business, should be compelled to close their stores on those days when our Catholic citizens shut up theirs. We think the Globe will object to such a consistent application of his principle; and yet it is but a poor rule that will not work both ways. The answer however to the Globe's question is this—All men have a natural, inherent, and inalienable right to pursue an honest trade, and to enjoy the fruits of their labor—and no man, or set of men, can forfeit this right, merely because other men abstain from its exercise. What we want is a reason—irrespective of theology, or the knowledge of God and His laws—why any man, or set of men, should be restrained from attempting to make money by honest means on any day of the week. This the Globe will find it as difficult to give, as to prove from the Bible alone that the obligations of the Jewish Sabbath, or seventh day of the week, have been, by God Himself transferred to the Sunday, or the first day of the week. Neither reasons, nor proofs, will our cotemporary assign. For the latter he will still give us his gratuitous assumptions; and for the other, he will content himself with the tyrant's old plea—So I will it; my will is law—"Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas."

It will not do to say, that, unless the State compels all to desist from their ordinary occupations and amusements on Sunday, some will be prevented from observing the day as a day of rest, and particular devotion; for this is not true, and facts disprove it. The law does not compel Protestants in Lower Canada to close their stores, to suspend their business, and to abstain from innocent amusements, on Holy Days of the Catholic Church. And yet, though there is no law rendering their observance obligatory on all, the Catholic portion of our community manage, somehow or other, to observe these days as days of rest and of particular devotion. Now what Catholics can do, without legal assistance, in the Lower Province, Protestants, if in earnest in their professions of regard for the sanctity of Sunday observances, are surely competent to accomplish in the Upper. The truth however, is, that in their cry for legal enforcement of Sunday observances, our Protestant fellow-citizens are animated by the same amiable spirit as that which prompted the "Dog in the Manger," celebrated in fable, and which excites old maids to declaim against the wickedness of matrimony. It is not enough for them that they be left at liberty to observe the day as they will; they are wretched if they see others indulging in pleasures from which, by their own amiable superstitions, they are themselves debarred. Hence the appeal to the Legislature to put down, by Penal enactments, all innocent amusements upon Sundays.

Before concluding, the Globe will, we trust, pardon us for correcting an error into which he has fallen when treating of his "spiritual and intellectual ancestry"—the Puritans. He says:—

"Modern Europe never saw such men before, and Europe has no such men now."

From this we should infer that, in the opinion of the Globe, the Puritans, as a distinct race, were of recent origin, and are now defunct. On both points our cotemporary is mistaken. Puritanism is as old, at least, as Christianity, and flourishes as vigorously

as ever at the present day. Of the antiquity of Puritanism, we have abundant evidence in the New Testament; where the original Simon Pure—the veritable "Praise-God Barebones"—is so graphically described by Our Lord Himself, that we have no difficulty in identifying him with his descendants of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. We read of the old Puritans as being in the days of Our Lord, as they are now—"hypocrites"—who devoured widows' houses; and, for a pretence, made long prayers; who made clean the outside of the cup, and of the dish, but who were full of uncleanness and extortion within—as whitened sepulchres; outside, appearing to men beautiful, but within, full of dead men's bones, and of all filthiness—as appearing to men, just; but as, within, full of hypocrisy and iniquity. For further particulars respecting the early Puritans, we refer the Globe to—ST. MATT. xxiii., ST. MARK xii., and ST. LUKE xi.; there he will find a full, and, in every respect, a most accurate description of his "spiritual and intellectual ancestry."

To convince our cotemporary of the prevalence of Puritanism at the present day, we need only refer him to the "Reports," on the late Montreal Provident and Savings' Bank, and of the Committee on the "Adulteration of Food;" as also to the proceedings in the case of Sir John Paul, an eminent Puritan Professor, and one of the greatest sticklers for "Sabbath Observances"—altogether a man after the Globe's own heart. From these documents it is evident that, amongst the great mass of the middle classes in England, and the Professors of vital religion in Canada, Puritanism is as rife as ever it was amongst the Jews during the days of Our Lord's sojourn upon earth; and that lying and cheating, sanding the sugar, and long prayers delivered with a villainous snuffle through the nose, are still the characteristic features of the "crop-care" tribe.

The lament of the Globe over the extinction of the Puritans, is therefore premature. They live and multiply exceedingly in England; they abound in the United States; their name is "Legion" in Canada; they take the platform at "Anniversary Meetings" in Montreal; and in Toronto, they prophecy through the columns of the Globe. Great is their influence too in the Legislature, and proudly do they march to conquest under the leadership of Mister George Brown—hoping to resuscitate amongst us the old "Blue Laws" of New England. This famous code—the best exponent extant of Puritanical principles, and of "civil and religious liberty" under Puritan Ascendancy—is so well known that it is unnecessary to make any extracts therefrom. Only would we remark that, though highly favorable to Sabbatarianism, it contains clauses, which, if rigidly enforced, might entail very disagreeable consequences upon the editor of the Globe. Thus, amongst other provisions, it is therein enacted—That:—

"Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor"—[E.G., as in the case of Nick Kirwan, and the lie of the Globe, to the effect that he dared not lecture in Montreal for fear of violence from a Popish mob]—"shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped fifteen stripes."—Blue Laws of Conn., p. 123.

Only fancy such a law in force in Upper Canada, and applied to the hinder end of the editor of the Globe. We fear that unless the worthy man carried a soft cushion with him to the House of Assembly, he would find his position, as sitting member for Lambton, mighty uncomfortable.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.—On account of the inclemency of the weather, the public rejoicings intended to celebrate the great victory of the Allies in the Crimea, were put off, day after day, till Thursday the 4th. This was the less to be regretted as it gave time to our citizens to make the necessary preparations for commemorating the glorious event with due solemnity. Accordingly, when the moment for the display arrived, Montreal decidedly distinguished itself, both by the splendor of its illuminations, and the excellent conduct of all its residents. We have not heard of a single breach of the peace having occurred, nor of the arrest of a single riotous or disorderly person, during the two evenings on which the festivities lasted; although almost the whole of our population was abroad in the streets during a period which is too often considered sacred to the God of license.

The rejoicings commenced on the afternoon of Thursday the 4th inst., by a solemn Te Deum sung in the Parish church by the Bishop Administrator of the Diocese, assisted by their Lordships the Bishops of Toronto and St. Hyacinthe, in thanksgiving to Almighty God for His blessing upon the arms of the Allies; the church was crowded, and many of our Protestant citizens were present during the ceremony. At nightfall, the streets were one blaze of light.—Every house, every window was brilliantly illuminated, and decorated with the different national flags of the Allied Powers. Where all distinguished themselves by their loyalty and good taste, it would be invidious to particularise. We cannot however refrain from making honorable mention of the Montreal Bank, the Crystal Block, Notre Dame Street—Mr. F. F. Mullin's Store, Commissioner Street, and the Mechanics' Institute, Great St. James Street. We noticed with pleasure that amongst the transparencies in the windows of the last named building, due credit was given to the "navvies;" to whose spades, and picks, as much as to the bayonets of the soldiers, must be attributed the successful issue of the siege. Many of the devices with which the windows of the public building and stores were ornamented, were exceedingly handsome; amongst them the "Russian Bear," baited in every conceivable manner, held a very conspicuous, if not a very enviable position. On Friday evening the illumination of the public buildings was continued; and from a steam boat on the river there was exhibited a splendid dis-

charge of fireworks, which excited universal admiration.

Throughout the whole time, the utmost harmony prevailed amongst all classes of our joyous population, and but one sentiment seemed to animate the entire mass. Long may this good feeling continue; woe to him who shall attempt to revive the quarrel of the past, or to rekindle the ashes of defunct animosities. Here Celt and Saxon; Protestant and Catholic, have learnt to live on good terms, one with the other; and as brethren, subjects and citizens of one vast Empire, to rejoice together over the defeat of a common foe. The Englishman shakes hands with the Frenchman; the Imperial Eagle and the British Lion lie down together; and Jean Baptiste smokes the pipe of peace with John Bull. We look, in short, upon the entente cordiale betwixt the different races, and religious denominations, of which our Montreal population is composed, as the most beautiful and edifying feature in the late celebration of the capture of Sebastopol.

A correspondent sends us a description of the decorations of the Jesuits' College, Bleury Street, on the night of the illuminations:—

"Saint Mary's College was not backward in giving proof of its patriotism and loyalty on Thursday last. At 1 P.M., a balloon was sent up by the students; and at dark, a double row of lamps, throughout the whole extent of the building, formed, as it were, a double crown of dazzling brightness. The side facing on Bleury Street was most elaborately decorated with party colored lamps, extending to the fourth story. In the large centre window there was placed a grand historical transparency, divided into three compartments. On either side was a lance, garlanded with laurels, the emblems of victory, from which was displayed a banner inscribed with the glorious names of 'Alma,' 'Balaclava,' and 'Tchernaya.' The centre represented two shields united, supported by the Lion and the Eagle, and charged with the names, 'Victoria and Napoleon.' Above these appeared a 'Winged Victory' bearing wreaths to the conquerors; whilst the base represented a city by the sea shore—its breasted ramparts bristling with a double row of guns, and surmounted by the standards of the Allies. Behind the ramparts were to be seen houses peering in the flames, amidst the dense smoke of a wide-spread conflagration; whilst the word 'Sebastopol' more fully explained the meaning of all these elegantly arranged devices, and the intention of this triumphant display."

At Quebec, at 6 o'clock P.M. on the 8th instant, a solemn Te Deum was sung by His Lordship the Bishop of Yloa, assisted by the Clergy of the Diocese, in thanksgiving for the recent victories in the Crimea. In the evening, the good city of Quebec was brilliantly illuminated; as were also the different villages in the vicinity.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW, FOR OCTOBER 1855.

- I.—"The Temporal Power of the Pope."
II.—"Hume's Philosophical Works."
III.—"The Know-Nothing Platform."
IV.—"Ventura on Philosophy and Catholicity."
V.—"Wordsworth's Poetical Works."
VI.—"The Irish in America."

The first article on our list is a reply of the Reviewer to those who accuse him of asserting the right of the Pope to depose sovereigns, release subjects from their allegiance, and annul constitutions, at his pleasure. To those who have read the repeated explanations given by the learned writer on this subject—"The Temporal Power of the Popes"—it is needless to say that Dr. Brownson never has, either directly asserted, or so much as insinuated, the existence of any such right. On the contrary, he is common with every Catholic, of every nation, would, if the question were put to him, utterly repudiate the doctrine that the Pope has the right, of his mere will and pleasure, to depose kings, or to supersede the laws of the land. But in common with every Catholic, with every man who calls himself a Christian, Dr. Brownson does assert that the Spiritual is above the Temporal; or in other words—that God is greater than man—that man is bound to obey God, and that God is under no obligation to obey man. Dr. Brownson therefore holds that the law of God is the *suprema lex*, which all men, rulers as well as subjects, are bound to obey—and that when the laws of man are at variance with this supreme law, the subject must disregard the former, in order to obey the latter. For it is better to obey God than man.

The Reviewer also holds to the opinion—an opinion which all Protestant sects have in their time, and when it suited their convenience, avowed, and acted upon—that, by his misconduct, the civil ruler may forfeit all claim to the obedience of the subject; and that when this occurs, the latter is *ipso facto* released from all obligations of allegiance. But in a dispute betwixt ruler and subject, who shall decide? Not the ruler, for no man can be a judge in his own cause; nor yet the subject, for a similar reason.—What we require is, an impartial and otherwise competent judge, to lay down the law, both to ruler and to subject; and this impartial and competent judge, Catholics recognise in the Pope, speaking as God's Vicar upon earth, and in the Name of Him Who is the fountain of all justice, and the source of all law, properly so called. For law is the expression of the highest justice, and the highest wisdom.—Thus the "Temporal Power" claimed for the Pope by Dr. Brownson is the power to lay down, to interpret, and apply the law—the power, not to depose sovereigns, to release subjects from their allegiance, or to set aside constitutions; but to declare with infallible certainty when, and under what circumstances, rulers have by their misconduct forfeited their right to rule; and have thus themselves, by their own acts, released their subjects from the duty of obeying them. Finally, the "Power" that the Reviewer claims for the Pope "is, not a civil or temporal power, but spiritual, and is a power over temporals only in the respect that they are spirituals." In fact, the "Temporal Power" asserted by Catholics for the Pope, is asserted by every individual Protestant for himself; for, in the last analysis, every Protestant is his own Pope, and claims for



himself a jurisdiction as unlimited as ever was claimed by Hildebrand for the See of Peter.

The second article on our list contains a masterly analysis of the philosophical schools of Scotland and Germany. The great problem which the chief writers of these schools—Hume, Reid, Kant, &c.—have attempted to solve, is—How are we to arise, from mere sensibility, or sensible experiences, to the idea of causality, or cause and effect? Our senses can take cognisance only of phenomena; from our "sensible experiences," we can, at the best, attain only to the apprehension of "invariable antecedence and consequence," or phenomenal coincidences.—But, if from these coincidences, we attempt to infer a causal nexus between them, or a power exercised by the one on the other, our logic is that of the old lady, who attributed the rapid growth of the Goodwin Sands, to the falling in of the steeple of Tenterden church. Thus the consistent sensist can never assert, either cause or effect; or from his premises—i.e. his "sensible experiences"—conclude to necessary being. He cannot even affirm any substance as necessarily underlying the phenomena which his senses apprehend; nay! he cannot even assign any necessary objective existence to these phenomena; and therefore, in the words of the Reviewer, he loses "not only the external world, all objective reality, but all substantive existence, and falls into pure nihilism, since phenomena cannot exist without a subject.

In his notice of "Know-Nothingism," the Reviewer differs with those who declare it to be dying out, ruined by its internal dissensions:—

"We do not believe that there is any real dissension in the order, or that there has been any real modification of its principles, and perhaps it has never been more formidable than at the present moment."—p. 474.

What are the ulterior objects of this—now more than ever formidable—party, the Reviewer also tells us:—

"They tell us, 'the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's conscience, is to be preserved inviolate,' and in the same breath declare their intention to deprive Catholics, as far as the law can deprive them, of this very right! Everybody knows that the end and aim of the party, aside from the attainment of power and place, is to restrain the free profession and practice of the Catholic religion. They in our Legislature, last winter, even passed an act which, in their understanding and intention, discriminates between Catholics and Protestants, and excludes Catholics from every office under the State government. They have enacted an infamous test oath; but, happily, Satan failed them for the moment, and did not assist them to frame the oath so that a Catholic cannot take it, if he sees proper. Their iniquity lied unto itself. They not only aim to deprive us of our civil status, and therefore of our religious freedom, but they do it under the false pretence that our Church is a 'politico-ecclesiastical hierarchy.'"—pp. 484, 485.

If these things be true—and who can doubt that they are true?—if this be the "end and aim" of the Know-Nothing party in the United States—and if that party was never more formidable than it is at the present moment—all we need say upon the matter is, that the United States do not offer a desirable shelter to the Irish Catholic emigrant; and that he is no friend to Irishmen, and no true Catholic, who counsels him to make his future home there.

Of the remaining articles of this very excellent number, we have left ourselves scarce room to speak. The last, on "The Irish in America," will be eagerly read; and will go far, we trust, to remove the prejudices of those who think that Dr. Brownson is inclined to undervalue the benefits conferred by the Irish immigration on his native land. It is to that immigration that the neighboring Republic is indebted, not only for its canals, its railroads, and the development of its material resources, but for its Catholicity and consequently, its Christian civilisation. With a few extracts from this article, we shall conclude our notice of *Brownson's Quarterly*, which, we trust, may long continue to be a favorite amongst Catholics of all origins, whether Celts or Saxons:—

"Every people has its demagogues, and after all these Irish demagogues are no worse than our Yankee demagogues, it indeed so bad; and if the Irish people may be influenced by demagogues, every body knows that the native American people can be influenced still more by them. No people on earth were ever more completely under the control of demagogues than have been, and are, the descendants of the Puritans in this ancient Commonwealth of Massachusetts. While we confess we do not like Irish demagogues, we are bound to say that we do not consider them as worse than our own, and that we dislike them, not because they are Irish, but because they are demagogues, and we dislike all demagogues.

"But setting aside the demagogues, and coming to the Irish people themselves, even as we find them in this country, we appeal to every one who knows them intimately, if they do not at least equal, in all the private, domestic, and social virtues, any other portion of our population. Every national character has its defects, and traits not pleasing to people of other nations, and there are traits in the Irish character that we do not like; but when we look at the amiable qualities and solid virtues of the Irish people as a body, we are obliged to confess that they are unsurpassed by any people on the globe. The two works named at the head of this article describe the Irish peasant as he is at home, but they describe him very much as we find him here. Our readers know that we never allow them to forget our American character, or our Puritan descent, and that we always scrupulously abstain from everything which might be construed into a flattery of the Irish; but in these times, when so much injustice is done them by our Evangelicals, and every effort is made to excite a native American prejudice against them, it is but common justice to recognise their virtues, and to rebuke the contemptuous tone in which they are too often spoken of. The American national type is derived from the English, and the people of this country will always be an Anglo-American people in their predominant character; but

he knows little of the Anglo-American who doubts that his character is mellowed, and greatly improved in its flavor by its contact with the Irish Catholic.—There is no portion of our population superior to that in which there is a large infusion of the genuine Irish element. Take even the Irish peasantry who come here; and you are struck with their industry, their quiet and loyal dispositions, their domestic virtues, and their warm and tender domestic affections. Visit their families, and you feel that you are in a pure and healthy atmosphere, and your hearts are melted by a love of parents to children, of children to parents, of brothers and sisters for each other, that you have never found in the families of Puritan origin. They have their vices, no doubt; but what people has not? Their vices attract our notice, not because they are greater or more numerous than ours, but because they are different. Every people is tolerant of its own national vices, and intolerant of the national vices of others.—The vices of the Irish are seen at a glance; they are all open, on the outside; the vices of the Yankee are concealed or disguised. The Yankee hides his vices, the Irishman his virtues.

"The Evangelicals underrate the intelligence of the Irish peasantry. As a general thing, they do not read as much as the Yankees; they are not acquainted with so many speculative opinions in religion and morals, but they have even more natural shrewdness, and have more real, solid intelligence in all that relates to what is highest and best in human life. Much which we call knowledge, and which they have not, is nothing but acquired ignorance. Nine tenths of the knowledge we Americans boast of is nothing but sheer ignorance dressed in the garb of science. If you rise from the poor and illiterate to the educated and easy class of the Irish population of the country, you will find, as a general rule, that they are better trained and better informed than the corresponding class of Americans of Puritan descent. Their ideas are clearer, and their information more exact. Not a few of the best scholars and business men of the country are Irish, or of Irish descent. In point of manners and the graces and qualities which adorn society, the difference is very great, and by no means to the advantage of the Anglo-American. You never find that ignorance, that coarseness and vulgarity, in the low Irish, that you find in the low Englishman or Anglo-American. There is in the least cultivated Irishman or Irishwoman a natural sweetness, an instinctive delicacy of feeling, a propriety and even elegance of expression, that you will hardly find in the same class of any other people. The Englishman is blunt, and in the Anglo-American we find, usually, something hard and angular. Neither will in fact take the highest polish, and neither is pleasing unpolished; but the Irish please us in their least polished state, and are susceptible of the highest polish. You will find in this country no more highly polished society than you will find in Irish American circles. It is well to remember that all the Irish in this country are not servant girls and mud-diggers, though these are not to be spoken lightly of. The great mass of the Irish were, no doubt, poor when they landed here, but they are not all poor now. Many of them and their children have acquired a respectable share of the wealth of the country, and occupy by no means an inferior social position. We have mingled a little in society, but the most charming society we have ever found is that of the better class of Catholics; and among Catholics we have found none more charming than in Irish Catholic families who have retained their faith and are well off in the world. Society in its best sense is never found except among Catholics, or where Catholic influences predominate. We know excellent, amiable, and well-bred people amongst Protestants, but we always miss in them a certain sweetness, freedom, and grace, which we find among Catholics of a corresponding class. The Catholic religion brings out to their best advantage all the social qualities of our nature, and in no people does it do this more effectually than in our Irish Catholic population."—pp. 543, 544, 545.

A writer in the *Toronto Catholic Citizen* complains of the insults and ill-treatment to which the students and ecclesiastical Professors of St. Michael's College are subjected, by the inmates of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson's Model School, whenever they are obliged to pass by the gates of that institution. This has become so common of late, and the conduct of Dr. Ryerson's pupils, so intolerably offensive, that our Toronto cotemporary feels himself obliged to call public attention to the subject, in hopes of shaming the Methodist Chief Superintendent and his "Model School" pupils, into better manners. "Last year," our cotemporary adds, "a somewhat similar offence was committed by some few of the students of Upper Canada College. On its being made known to Mr. Principal Barron, the most ample apology was offered, and an assurance given, which has ever since been kept, that a repetition of the same disgraceful and insulting conduct would not occur." We think that the Methodist minister might take a lesson from Mr. Barron.

We are authorised to say that Mr. D. McGee, the talented editor of the *American Celt*, may be expected in town about the end of the month. He will first visit Quebec, and lecture there; and, on his return, will deliver three lectures in Montreal before the Young Men's St. Patrick's Association, by whom he has been invited.

We have received a letter from a subscriber in Prescott, complaining of the disgraceful Postal arrangements betwixt that place and Troopstown, which is distant from Prescott only ten miles. Letters and papers from Montreal to Troopstown are, through the incompetence or sloth of the Post-Office authorities, allowed to remain in Prescott from the Saturday, sometimes to the Monday and often to the Wednesday of the following week, without being forwarded to their destination. Our correspondent invokes the attention of the proper authorities to the slovenly manner in which the Post-Office business is conducted; and asks:—"Why there should not be a mail from Prescott on Saturday?" We suppose the reason is the trifling additional trouble it would impose upon that most excellent person—"Jack-in-Office."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.—In reply to a question that has been put to us, we have to state that the silly paragraph which has lately gone the rounds of the greater part of our Canadian non-Catholic press—to the effect, that the Archbishop of Paris had issued his Pastoral, wherein he denounced the doctrine of the "Immaculate Conception"—is an egregious hoax. Our cotemporaries have been fairly "done," by relying too much upon their English exchanges, wherein this absurd story first made its appearance. The *Record*, an evangelical organ, was, we believe, the first thus made a fool of—and, as the old saw says, "one fool makes many."

The Governor and suite passed through Montreal on Wednesday on their way to the Upper Provinces.

HOTEL ROBBERIES.—Some of the perpetrators of the late extensive depredations in our City hotels have been arrested; and the Police have a clue, it is said, to their accomplices. Some of the persons implicated are very respectably connected.

THE HERALD AND THE GLOBE.

Ev'n Ministers, they had been kenn'd,  
In holy rapture  
A rousing whid, at times, to vent,  
An' nail'd wi' Scripture.

THE TORONTO GLOBE.—The glorious news of the long-hoped-for victory of the Allies and destruction of the Russian stronghold in the Crimea, and the rejoicings thereupon, have left us neither time, space, nor inclination sooner to notice the "great Globe's" growlings and mutterings under the castigation which we lately felt it our duty to inflict upon him. The reader will remember that the *Bourgeois Muckwurath* of the Toronto press, lately "vended" the "rousing whid," that "liberty of speech is practically as completely lost in Montreal and Quebec as it is in Rome and Naples;" and sought to "nail it" with the alleged fact that, during his recent visit to our city, the ex-Roman-Catholic Priest, and distinguished opponent of Popery, Dr. Murray, "did not dare to speak" in any of our Protestant Churches—adding that "no man who valued his life or limbs would venture" to do so. We told this pestilent politico-religionist, who seeks place and power by pandering to, and exciting the religious prejudices of those whom he calls his "broad Protestant" readers, against their Roman Catholic fellow-Christians, that a more base and malignant slander had never been penned or published—that he knew full well the absurdity of his comparison of Montreal and Quebec to Rome and Naples; and that, furthermore, he had been guilty of wilful falsehood in reference to his "venerable Kirwan's" reception and treatment in Montreal, that "distinguished opponent of Popery," not only having lectured in one of our Protestant churches, but by public advertisement in all our Protestant papers, while we had ourselves—simply as a matter of news—published a full report of his lecture, for the edification and information of "all whom it ther go; and we were not surprised to find the *Globe* voiceless, speechless, mute. Even he could not summon might concern." The force of falsehood could no sufficient effrontery to own to his readers how grossly and wickedly he had deceived them, and belied the people of Lower Canada, Protestants as well as Catholics. His ministerial conferees of the *Leader* and *Spectator*, however, hoping to manufacture a trifle of political capital for their patrons out of the affair, propped the prostrate behemoth with taunts regarding his punishment at the hands of a Lower Canadian opposition journal—see how these oppositionists love each other, cried they,—and thus afforded him a chance, in answering them, to evade the confession of his guilt and keep his readers in darkness as to our effectual exposure of his unprincipled conduct. Accordingly, the *Globe* at last breaks silence, and, as Pope most justly said of his great prototype on Fish street Hill, "Like a tall bully, rears his head and lies"—

as follows:—  
"We may remark that the *Herald* is not the organ of the opposition in Lower Canada. It is not a journal which can be relied upon for the support of any set of principles. It is used too much to serve personal ends ever to be trusted. It has been Tory, liberal, annexationist, free trade, and protectionist, varying with every breath of public opinion. It is now the organ of the Grand Trunk, and cannot support the views of the opposition in regard to that enterprise; receiving much of its pecuniary support from the old French Roman Catholic party, it is not to be relied upon for opposing their designs."

Now, we may remark upon this tissue of malignity and nonsense, that it is just as much deserving of credit as the *Globe's* other statements, viz., that liberty of speech is as completely lost in Montreal and Quebec as it is in Rome and Naples; and that the "venerable Kirwan" "did not dare to speak," while in our city, from the tender regard which he, poor man, had for his "life and limbs." But supposing the *Globe's* estimate of the *Herald's* political and moral standing, as a journal, to be as true as it is false—nay, supposing, as the convicted slanderer says, that we were prompted to defend the character of our country from the base and mendacious aspersions of the *Globe*, by "petty malice" and (save the mark!) "jealousy of its managers"—supposing all this to be true—what then? Would it in the slightest degree excuse or even palliate the abominable wickedness of these "managers," in prostituting whatever religious convictions and feelings they may possess, vilely slandering their fellow-subjects in this city and in Quebec, and in seeking to light the fires of religious fanaticism and persecution throughout the length and breadth of the land, solely that they—the managers of the *Globe*—might attain the objects of their unprincipled ambition? To use their own phrase, "we throw not." Let the *Herald's* character be as "horrible an' awfu'" as the managers of the *Globe*, with all their unscrupulous contempt for truth and decency, can paint it, and it cannot relieve these managers of one feather's weight of their culpability, in seeking to rouse the fanatical passions of their Upper Canadian "broad Protestant" readers against their Roman Catholic neighbors and fellow-subjects, by misrepresentation and, still worse, by deliberate falsehood. The *Herald's*, doubtless, viewed by the managers of the *Globe* as the scaffold on which they have been punished, and hence their virulent abuse of its managers; but they should remember Charlotte Corday's memorable words: *C'est le crime qui fait la honte, et non pas l'echafoaud.*—It is the crime, and not the punishment, of which they ought to be ashamed.—*Herald.*

SOCIALISM—ITS ALARMING PROGRESS.—In our Tuesday's issue we took occasion to remark on the evil tendency of certain communistic doctrines, the promulgation of which is, as yet in Canada, somewhat cautiously ventured upon. There are, however, as we previously stated, parties prowling through the country instilling their villainous tenets into the minds of our unsuspecting community, through the medium of public lectures. The lecturers are from the States, and there is every reason to suppose, that they are the paid and accredited agents of a well-known and acknowledged organisation. To such an alarming extent has the diffusion of these doctrines progressed, that the time has arrived at which it would be folly to disguise the fact of the prevalence among our neighbours of much laxity in the domestic ties of society through the poisonous influence of this species of inculcation.

Evening lectures upon light, popular, and interesting subjects are sure to be attended by a class of persons, whose minds are peculiarly adapted for the reception of a novel and dangerous principle, enunciated in a jaunty manner, and interlarded with racy anecdotes. Looking across the line, to the land, *par excellence*, of quackery and mountebankism, we behold a population of 20 millions, everywhere tinged with political, social and religious laxity,—everything made to subserv a dishonest and fiftal voluntarism,—religion ostensibly paraded, but utterly ignored in practical life,—society artificial and heartless,—with a political status of questionable stability, and of an easy moral virtue. Looking, we say, at these salient points of character of our neighbours, there is less cause for surprise, that all the many crudities of their restless nature should find a genial soil; but amidst the more staid and sober character of our Canadian population, it would not be less a matter of surprise than of regret to find, that the moral poisons of the designing and unprincipled could be so widely disseminated as to afflict any considerable portion of our community, with a predilection for, or even tolerance of, Social or Mormon doctrines.

The subject is of such paramount importance, however, that we hold it our duty to sound the alarm—to announce that danger is abroad,—that the devil stalks forth in comely and attractive guise; and has already his aids and his agents not only in the low and illiterate, but among those who are willing to prostitute the talents that should serve a better purpose.—*Toronto Colonist*, Oct. 2nd.

LAWLESSNESS IN THE TOWNSHIPS.—We are sorry to hear that there have been some very disgraceful proceedings at Leeds, arising from a determination of a part of the inhabitants to resist all organization of Municipalities. Some months ago a large mob attacked in the most furious way the Mayor and Councilors at the place at which they were convened to meet. A subsequent attempt to perform their duty, a week since, by the Municipal authorities, was resisted with even greater violence. The road officer having undertaken to repair the road in front of the farms of some of the ringleaders of the disturbers, and who refused to conform to the law by repairing the road themselves, was assaulted and beaten in a most brutal way.—*Quebec Gazette*.

A writer in the *Christian Guardian* complains sadly of the immorality of the young Methodists and Methodistesses of Toronto. It seems that on Sunday afternoons, hundreds of these interesting creatures of both sexes—"who have no intention of forming a matrimonial connection"—go off in couples from the tabernacles and conventicles where the elders do congregate—and that, insensible to the charms of nasal psalmody, these abandoned slaves of Satan give themselves up "to an astonishing degree" to what the writer calls the "sinful and detestable habit of Sabbath strolling." This "strolling"—as the *Guardian* for the sake of decency calls it—is surely as bad as Sunday ball-playing. Why then do not the children of the saints invoke the aid of the Police to put an end to the "sinful and detestable practice?"

The *Commercial Advertiser* is responsible for the following interesting reminiscence of Mister George Brown:—

"There is a scandalous story of Protestant George in his Penitentiary Commission days, having been sorely smitten by a Catholic petticoat, who not having a proper appreciation of his attractions, gave our solemn brother the mitten. No wonder that since his young affections ran to waste, George has hated where he loved. This is entirely confidential, and we don't want the *Colonist* to repeat it."

A DESIRABLE ACQUAINTANCE.—"We are acquainted" says the *Commercial Advertiser*—"with two yards and a quarter of as dignified humanity as ever shed lustre on a deaconship, an exemplary citizen, a worthy church member, a rich and respectable man; one who possesses a large amount of influence, has sat in Parliament, and who will discourse to you by the hour on virtue, honesty, and the consolations of religion; yet this man was the most notorious forger and counterfeit that ever cheated the gallows, who has grown rich."

[Our cotemporary, we suppose, alludes to some members of the French Canadian Missionary Society.—Ed. T. W.]

We will pay no attention to the communications of any anonymous correspondent.

**Births.**  
At No. 110, St. Elizabeth Street, on the 8th inst., the wife of Mr. John Wilson, of a son.  
At 43 Great St. James Street, on 9th inst., Mrs. A. Davidson Parker, of a son.

**Married.**  
At Quebec, on the 8th inst., in St. Louis Chapel, by the Rev. Mr. Nelligan, Edward J. Charlton, Esq., Editor "Quebec Colonist," to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Doyle, of that city.

**TO PRINTERS.**  
HOE'S WASHINGTON HAND PRESS,  
No. 6,  
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.  
This Press is in excellent order, and will be sold very cheap, as the Proprietor of this Paper has purchased a Power Press.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE

Paris has been kept in an excited state the whole week by rumors of great successes on the part of the allies; particularly one from a movement made by General Pelissier which necessitated the surrender of a large body of the enemy under Liprandi. These rumors, however, have not been corroborated by official despatches or announcements. A campaign in the open field is now expected in Paris, as, though orders were despatched to Marseilles immediately after the news of the fall of Sebastopol had arrived, to stop the transmission of siege matériel, yet simultaneously, instructions were given to hurry forward the transport of men and horses. A graceful compliment has been paid to Marshal Pelissier, in the person of his sister—the members of the circle of Ste. Foi-la-Grande, Gironde (where that lady resided), preceded by music, and accompanied by the local authorities, waited upon her to present her with a nosegay, and to congratulate her on her brother's brilliant success. A number of persons also waited on the mother of Gen. Bosquet, to compliment her, and offer their congratulations on her son having, although wounded, escaped the dangers of the assault. In the midst of the excitement called forth by the victory in the east, the government is somewhat embarrassed by the corn question, which is becoming serious, and a rise in the price of bread has caused considerable agitation in many quarters of Paris. Several arrests have been made in the Faubourg St. Denis. It is thought that the government will feel it necessary to go back to the old tariff, and continue, at whatever sacrifice, to make up the difference to the bakers. There is a talk of a project for an additional centime on several indirect taxes to provide a fund for this purpose. The excitement is not confined to Paris; for the Commerce Breton states that several bakers had been fined for not having a sufficient quantity of bread in their shops.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR TO THE ARMY.—Immediately on receiving the news of the capture of Sebastopol the Emperor ordered the Marshal Vaillant to transmit to General Pelissier the following despatch:—"Honor to you! Honor to our brave army! Present to all my sincere congratulations." At the same time, the minister of war wrote, by order of his majesty, to General Pelissier:—"The emperor charges you to congratulate the English army in his name for the constant bravery and fortitude of which it has given proof during this long and painful campaign.

TREATMENT OF RUSSIAN PRISONERS.—A Paris correspondent of a London paper says:—"I have spoken to a gentleman who has just arrived in Paris from Constantinople. A number of English exchanged prisoners had just reached the latter city, half dead. They had been subject to the most insolent and humiliating treatment by the Russians whilst marching. One officer told my friend that he had been marched more than 1,000 miles on foot, with nothing to eat but black bread and dirty water. When the party arrived at some of the villages on their way, he was made to walk two or three times through the place to be shown to the people, and was insulted and spat upon. The guard gave him dirty water to drink when clean was at hand, and throughout the march sought to annoy him in every way. I hope this gentleman, who is now ill at Constantinople, will make his case known, for I am assured it is no exceptional one. The Russians are taught particularly to insult the English it appears."

A fresh treaty is spoken of as having been concluded between France and England on the one part, and Turkey on the other. Its object is to invest the western powers with the right of keeping garrisons in various parts of Turkey. The points specified are Varna, Adrianople, Constantinople, and Gallipoli. Varna and Sinope would be used as maritime stations by the western powers."

SPAIN

A Madrid letter of the 11th instant says:—"There is reason to believe that in one of the first sittings of the Cortes the ministry will propose an alliance with France and England, and will make the adoption of the proposition a cabinet question.

ITALY

M. Mazzini has issued a proclamation to the Italian people, calling upon them to rise. The Times correspondent adds that it will have no effect, as Mazzini now represents no one's opinion but his own. The news from Naples is serious. The Neapolitan government has given Prince Cerini, its envoy at London, unlimited leave of absence. The agitation in Naples is immense, and the rigor of the police without example.

GERMANY

EFFECT OF THE NEWS.—The effect produced in Germany by the Russian evacuation of Sebastopol may be judged of from the reflexion of public opinion exhibited in the journals.

The Danube of Vienna speaks of it as "an event that will form a distinctive mark for future generations, from whence they will date a new period of history—that in which the idea of a common development of all peoples, the co-operation of all civilized states for a common object, will for the first time have obtained that definite success in the region of politics which has already been obtained in the regions of literature, industry, and commerce; one of those successes that impress a character so special and so brilliant on the middle of the nineteenth century."

The Wanderer of Vienna declares that the victory will have "immense consequences," which cannot yet be calculated, and that it will even affect very materially and very favorably for the western powers, the complications with Naples and Greece, and the Souda question.

Voss's Gazette (Berlin) is of opinion that the victory of the 8th of September is not only like preceding victories, an event of high moral significance, but that its material success has surpassed the most exaggerated anticipation.

The Weser Gazette throws in a discordant note. "All the letters from St. Petersburg confirm the fact that the Russian government will not quit the Crimea at any price. Prince Gortschakoff lately to the czar a memorandum in which he explained the necessity of preserving this peninsula, and bound himself to keep it as long as the emperor visited. Since then a conference has been held at St. Petersburg at which Prince Gortschakoff's aide-de-camp general was present; the members of which were the emperor, his brothers, Count Orloff, Prince Dolgorouki, Count Aldersberg, and Prince Menschikoff. It is said that Prince Gortschakoff's plans were adopted. Fresh regiments are to be sent to the Crimea; an army of 50,000 is to be concentrated on the Puth, and the defensive works at Perekop are to be strengthened. Moreover, a large park of artillery is being formed at Warsaw, very probably destined for the Crimea. The fortifications of Kieff are being actively proceeded with, and will speedily be completed."

This conference took place most likely before the capture of Sebastopol, but the plans adopted show clearly enough the tenacity with which Russia is likely to endeavor to maintain her hold on the Crimea.

The Vienna Press, however, answers beforehand the plans exposed by the Weser Gazette. The works on the north side of the bay remaining in the possession of the Russians (says this print) do not form so complete a whole as to afford a point of durable resistance. If the Russian generals were not equal to their mission before the fall of the Malakoff, they will be now much less in a position to combat with advantage and to regain the lost ground. The Crimean campaign must be considered as lost for Russia, and the question of Russian domination in the Black Sea has received not a diplomatic solution but a thoroughly positive one, by the disappearance of the last Russian mast beneath the waters of the bay of Sebastopol.

The Press then proceeds to describe the influence which this great fact will exercise:—"The cannon of the Invalids will leave a long and lasting vibration throughout Northern Scandinavia and central Europe. The capture of Sebastopol is the first decisive victory obtained in the eastern war, and will perhaps cost the Russians more than one province. Not only is the possession of the Crimea placed in question, but Transcaucasia runs a risk. The assault on the Malakoff tower has delivered Kars and Erzeroum. Mouravieff must retreat to Tiflis to cover the frontiers of Russia itself. The position of the Russians in the Crimea is an excessively arduous one. It will be impossible for them to preserve the forts on the north side, which may, however, serve to cover their retreat to Bakhiserai and Simpheropol. The allies can now dispose of more than 200,000 men, and are abundantly provided with supplies of victuals and ammunition; while the Russians are literally dying of hunger."

THE HIRING RUSSO-GERMAN PRESS.—We (Morning Post) are not surprised at the manner in which the fall of Sebastopol has been treated by the major portion of the press of central Europe. That the intelligence should have provoked among some a sullen affectation of indifference, and among others even an attempt to show that the Russians have had an advantage forced upon them rather than suffered a defeat, can be no matter of astonishment, now that we know, as we do upon authority that cannot be doubted, that, in addition to the generals and ministers whom he retains habitually in his service by organized bribery, the Emperor of Russia has regularly in his pay not less than two thousand of the litterateurs of Germany, who receive, as Mr. Danby Seymour assures us in his clever work upon Russia, openly their quarterly pensions at the Russian embassies upon the continent to uphold Russian interests. This is a very remarkable fact, and a circumstance more calculated than any development of warlike system or military organization to bring home to our conviction the extent to which Russia has, from a long date, been preparing her way before her, by endeavoring stealthily to acquire the possession of public opinion before stretching forth her hand to seize with violence the actual territory of her neighbors.

RUMORS OF NEGOTIATION.—The Frankfurt Post Gazette is informed from a good source at Vienna, that "a fresh attempt is to be made to re-establish peace. A fresh note will be sent to Russia through the medium of Austria. In this note the demand of the allied powers will be once more explicitly stated, and the proposition will be made for re-opening negotiations on this basis. Should Russia not accept this proposition, the military convention between Austria and the western powers will be immediately ratified. Respecting the demands of the western powers, the assurance has been given that they are still moderate to an eminent degree. The original programme has been retained, nor has a single point been added that is not the natural consequence of the military advantages obtained. Among these consequences is an indemnity for war expenses, which will doubtless figure as the most important feature of the new negotiations.

THE BALTIC

Allusion has already been made to the fact of a large supply of rockets having reached the allied squadrons from France, and that their extensive range and destructive powers were greater than any hitherto used. Experiments have been made with them, which prove they are inefficient for the especial object for which they were manufactured, viz., the demolition of the town of Revel and other places

in the Baltic Sea. These rockets were stated to be thrown, with good effect, a distance of 7,000 yards, which is equivalent to 3 1/2 nautical miles, and were, moreover, furnished with a shell of a considerable weight, calculated to explode at a given period of time. Their range, however, has been found not to exceed 4,000 yards, and the period of their explosion very uncertain. Further active operations, except on a minor scale, will not be undertaken during the present season, which is now far advanced. SWEDISH REJOICING AT THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.—The first news of the capture of Sebastopol reached Stockholm by way of St. Petersburg. On the 11th Sept. the despatches from Paris confirmed that great event. Great was the joy of the population, and as the people possess more feeling than diplomacy, they did not fear to give vent to it. Many of the merchantmen at anchor in the port were decorated with flags. At night many of the houses were illuminated, and crowds proceeded to a garden of public amusement which had announced that, in honor of the happy news of the fall of Sebastopol, the grounds would be brilliantly illuminated.

RUSSIA

The following is the text of the order of the day addressed by the Emperor Alexander to the Russian army, on the taking of Sebastopol. It is dated "St. Petersburg, September 11":—

"The defence of Sebastopol, which has been so prolonged, and which is perhaps unexampled in military annals, has attracted the attention not only of Russia but of all Europe. From its very onset, it placed its defenders on the same rank as the most illustrious heroes of our country. For a space of eleven months the garrison of Sebastopol has disputed with a powerful enemy each foot of ground, and each of its enterprises has been distinguished by acts of the most brilliant bravery. The obstinate bombardment renewed four times, and which has been justly called infernal, shook the walls of our fortifications, but could not shake or diminish the zeal and perseverance of its defenders. They fought the enemy or died with indomitable courage, and, without once thinking of yielding. In regretting with all my heart the loss of so many generous warriors, who have offered their lives as a sacrifice to the country, and in submitting myself with veneration to the judgment of the Almighty, who has not been pleased to crown their acts with complete success, I believe it my sacred duty to express on this occasion, in my own name and in that of all Russia, to the brave garrison of Sebastopol, the most profound gratitude for their indefatigable labors, for the blood which they have shed in the defence for nearly a year of the fortifications which they raised in the course of a few days. But there is an impossibility even for heroes! The 8th of this month, after six desperate assaults had been repulsed, the enemy succeeded in obtaining possession of the important Korniloff bastion, and the general-in-chief of the army of the Crimea, desiring to spare the precious blood of his companion, which under these circumstances would only have been uselessly shed, determined on passing to the northern side of the place, leaving to the enemy only blood-stained ruins. These heroes, objects of the general esteem of their comrades, will no doubt offer, on re-entering the ranks of the army, new examples of the same warlike virtues. With them and like them, all our troops animated with the same unlimited faith in Providence, and the same ardent love for me and their country, will always and everywhere combat with courage the enemies who touch the honor and the integrity of the country; and the name of Sebastopol which has acquired immortal glory by so many sufferings, and the names of its defenders, will live eternally in the hearts of all Russians with the names of the heroes who immortalised themselves in the battle fields of Pultawa and Borodino.

ALEXANDER

A letter from St. Petersburg says:—"Three iron sloop, 80 feet long, were launched here on the 24th Aug. The greatest activity prevails in the naval workshops in order to complete the screw vessels without delay. It was from the want of such vessels that the Russian fleet was obliged to remain inactive in presence of that of the allies."

RUSSIAN WANT OF STORES, &c.—The Cologne Gazette has a letter from St. Petersburg stating that the stores of the government of Kherson are completely exhausted, as merchant vessels have ceased to bring corn from the fertile countries of the Don by the sea of Azoff. The forage for the animals employed in transport must now be brought from Perekop, and even the water they require—for there is no forage in the Crimea, and the springs are dried up. The Salgir has become quite a little rivulet. The crop of potatoes has also failed, and the price risen more than threefold. Vegetation is everywhere withered, and the price of corn is constantly on the rise at Simpheropol.

THE REVENUE OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.—The following statements may be depended upon.—The ordinary revenue of the Russian empire is 275,500,000 rubles; in times of peace the army and navy cost about 70,895,000 rubles, leaving only 200,000,000 rubles for the interest of national debt and all other expenses of the state. The paper money supposed to be in circulation from 1845 was augmented by 44,061,000 rubles. Loans have been made on the crown lands of Poland and the bank of Finland. By a special ukase of January, 1855, extraordinary bills of credit were allowed to be issued, but they were not negotiated to any extent. The public debt has gone on increasing in the following proportions:—It was, in 1844, 507,130,000 rubles; in 1849, 637,571,000; in 1853, 713,600,000; in 1854, 751,261,000; and in 1855, 833,024,000.

What the expenditure of this year will be it is impossible, of course, to say. There is no commercial class in Russia to fall back upon, and the minister of finance must apply to the European markets one day, one would suppose. It is well that the public should be cautioned in time against the offers which some bankers in Paris and London may be making, or are about to make. The war-expenses of 1854 are calculated at 82,000,000 rubles.

GLOOMY STATE OF ODESSA.—A letter from Odessa of the 20th gives the following gloomy picture of the state of the town, not only as regards trade but its incapability of resisting a serious attack:—"The winding up of all affairs of commerce; warehouses, and shops goes on without interruption. Doors are closed in succession, and the inhabitants emigrate. Merchandise becomes exhausted by degrees, and begins to every day fail, for the wants of that part of the richer population which is forced to remain here, and who have been accustomed to a luxury equal to that of the capital. In a word, the greatest ruin and desolation exist. The authorities, however, pretend to perceive nothing of this, and endeavor to assume an air of comfort and security which must be very far from their feelings.

The last affair on the Tchernaya caused the greatest consternation here, and the bombardment of Swaborg produced a complete panic. Odessa may well fear the same fate, for no one here has been the dupe of the fable circulated, that we have repulsed a landing of the enemy. It is not our earthworks and our few batteries in wretched masonry, and armed with twenty-two or twenty-five guns, which could prevent the allies from taking our town, which is open on every point. General Luders and Governor Stroganoff, although putting on an appearance of feeling perfectly secure, have warned us to hold ourselves in readiness to evacuate the town at the first notice. It is impossible, however, to suppose that they can expect that a population of from 15,000 to 20,000 souls, and composed for the most part of the heterogeneous and foreign elements of holy Russia, can encamp themselves in the real desert which surrounds Odessa. Will you believe that there are still here some very respectable English merchants who have been refused permission to leave, on the pretext that they pay to the crown the duty for exercising the profession of a merchant, and that it was an engagement from which they cannot be released. Since the last disaster in the Crimea, by which, in the opinion of well-informed persons, we had 10,000 men put hors de combat, and eight generals killed, or since dead of their wounds, workmen have been busily employed in erecting batteries on several points of the shore round our roadstead. I, however, think that this is more a pretended than a real defence, for we have not guns enough to arm all these works, or artillerymen enough to serve them. At Nicoloff things are going on more seriously; from 30,000 to 35,000 men, most part of the reserve, labor actively in throwing up fortifications and entrenchments, and as the allied fleets do not disturb them at present everything goes on well.

CRIMEAN PICTURES

Here is a graphic description of Crimean villages desolated by the war:—

The various Tartar villages in the Crimean valley, in which we were formerly encamped, are again receiving their inhabitants, who are returning from Baidar—at least such of them as have not been carried off by the Russians. In passing through Moskoma the other day, a great many carts, containing the household goods of the owners, mainly consisting of bedding and cushions, and earthenware pitchers, were seen standing at the doors. The majority of the men and women looked sad and almost broken hearted. All must have found a terrible change in their humble abodes. The fences and gates are all broken down, a great number of the houses have been unroofed for the sake of the timber by the Piedmontese, nearly all have had windows torn out, and the doors torn off, and a great many are little better than a heap of ruins. The women were endeavouring to secure privacy by hanging pieces of carpet across the openings where the lattices once were, though this is poor protection against the prying eyes of roving gnomes, English and French, who hourly pour along the valley, while the hordes of men cleared away the rubbish and tall grass from the door steps. These deserted villages are one of the saddest sights one sees in time of war—worse (writes a correspondent) to my mind by far than the slaughtered bodies of scores of fighting men—the ruined houses, the ruined fences, the tall grass in the yards, the smug chimney corners, silent and deserted, round which so many jokes were cracked, so many stories told—the scenes of so much humble enjoyment—and so much quiet happiness, which drew half its sweetness from the obscurity of those it blessed. You walk from house to house amidst a silence which oppresses you. No dog bays defiance from behind the palisades—no child gives squalling evidence of the conjugal bliss of its parents—no maidens at the fountain, dirty or clean, pretty or ugly—I do not wish to overdraw the picture—fill the evening air with the sound of gossip or of laughter; their place is most likely occupied by half a dozen French dragoons, swearing at their horses, and giving utterance, in profane language, to their longings for absinthe; and the mosque—that primitive old mosque—with its tiled, boarded floor, polished so smoothly by the knees of many generations of worshippers, its rude wooden candlesticks, in which a little oil and a bit of tow shed light upon the Koran, and enabled the Mullah to fan the flame of faith in the evil days of Islam, no longer re-echoes its voice of prayer. The Muezzin no longer climbs the ladder of its dead old wooden minaret, for all the world like an aerial dog kennel, to announce to the true believers, the hours of prayer; everywhere silence and desolation—the lilies and the penates had fled at the sound of the drum, and were followed by their protectors, who, I am obliged to say, left little behind them beyond old slippers and old hats. I know, close to one of these ruined villages, an old Tartar burial ground, in which the rude forefathers of the hamlet, for many generations back, lay in repose, in which I have often, I am told, seen the make a keph in the shade of the vine during the long



hours of noon, but was prevented by fear of ague, which is one of the least sentimental of diseases. It lies on the foot of the hill, shaded by lofty oaks and elms, and surrounded by a judicious palisade; the grass in it is rich and green, and grows tall and rank on the graves; and out of it peep here and there gray headstones, standing in all manner of ways, except perpendicularly—some in all their native ruggedness, and others surmounted by a rudely carved turban, showing that he who slept beneath had lived and died in the faith of the prophet. I shall never forget how the golden light played on those humble mounds, through the thick foliage, and how sweetly the nightingale sang in the boughs overhead. No mortal could desire a calmer or more secluded resting place; but when I last passed that way the Turkish packhorses were browsing in the enclosure, a ragged soldier was lying under a tree watching them, and beguiling the time by ridding his person of a host of supernumeraries who seemed to have been attracted by his charms. How many were sleeping there, who lived and died in daily expectation of a revival in Islam, of the coming back of the hosts of the Sultan to chastise the Giaours, and to restore the khans to the deserted halls of the Garden Palace! How many longed to see the day, which the sons have seen, when the soldiers of the Padischah would defile along the Baidar valley; but what a pang they would have felt had they known that when that day came, the great Padischah, the king of kings and lord of lords, would be tottering on his throne, and that not a single infidel monarch would care a straw about either him or his army.

MICHAEL AHEARNE.

A TALE OF '98 BY S. E.

The neatly thatched dwelling house, with its walls white as snow—the well laid-out farm yard, with its neatly arranged offices—the well cropped kitchen garden, enclosed by a thorn hedge, neatly and tastefully kept—proclaimed the owner to be a man possessed of a tolerable share of this world's goods, and even some of its luxuries. This comfortable homestead was situated on the slope of a gentle declivity, within a few hundred yards of the waters of the Barrow, and about midway between that beautiful river and the high road leading from the venerable ruins of Dunbrody Abbey to the villages of Kingsbay and Ballyhaek, in the county of Wexford. Michael Ahearne the owner of this little spot, was at the time we write somewhat past the middle age of life, though apparently strong and healthy; he was a man of once powerful frame; and although his step was firm and his face still bore the hue of health, a plentiful sprinkling of grey hairs on a head once covered with a rich dark brown, and a slight bend in the ample shoulders, evidenced the fact that much thought and industrious toil had a little worn the constitution. Ahearne had married young and happily, had prospered all his life; and the only drawback to his happiness had been that out of a large number of children, sons and daughters, none reached the age of maturity but one, and that one a daughter. But the loss of the others seemed to have been made up by the virtues of his remaining child—for Mary Ahearne was a matchless girl, for strict obedience and filial affection she could not be surpassed, and she was generally held up as a pattern in the parish for the strict performance of her religious duties. Mary had, however, like most clever people, a romantic turn of mind, and was full of nationality. It was a usual amusement with her to sit and sing by the river side the ballads of her native land, and on a summer's evening she might be seen seated on a little rock, over which a few creepers had been trained, at the lower end of her father's garden, whilst the purest melody issued from her lips in praise of the deeds of some bygone chieftain, or in lament for the ill requited love of some ancient maiden of her country. Such was the heroine of our tale in the memorable year of 1798, when the demon of misrule, aided by the conflicting interests of faction, plunged this country in civil war—reddened its fields with the blood of its own children, and spread death and desolation through the land. On the night of the 3rd of June, in the above year, a party of men assembled at the house of Michael Ahearne and seemed by their appearance and manner to have some business of importance on hand. Each man was armed with a gun or pike, and the cautious whisperings and half-suppressed sentences they uttered made it evident that they were bent upon some uncommon and fearful design. They were congregated in the room or parlor of the house, and were being addressed by a person wearing a sort of military cap with green band, in language of no common import if one might judge from the half-expressed threats—cries of bravo, all right, Ireland for ever, &c., which in the course of his harangue he drew from his hearers. After spending an hour in this way, and having partaken of some refreshment, the party prepared to depart, and preceded by the master of the house and the individual already alluded to passed through the back door into the little yard, and a second time seemed to enter into close and serious consultation. Mary watched these proceedings with intense interest, and as the last of the party was closing into the circle she suddenly advanced, and giving him a slight tap on the shoulder, retreated to the little room already spoken of, followed by the young man. Having shut the door she approached him timidly, and laid one hand expressively on his arm, whilst with the other she closely pressed her own heart, as if to check its throbbings, and in a voice of the deepest tenderness, mingled with alarm, asked, or rather demanded—"In the name of God, Mick, what's all this about?—Where are you going?"

"Musha, Mary honey, what's the use in tellin' you?"

"Mick, dear, I am afraid you are bent on some bad design. My heart tells me that something terrible is about to happen."

"Nothing terrible at all; sure I am only going a piece off with the boys."

"What boys? Oh! Mick, tell me—tell your poor Mary, or her heart will burst."

Here the young man, overcome by this tender appeal, lost all firmness; and brushing a tear from his eye, and stamping with one foot on the ground, in a fruitless effort to recover himself, exclaimed, "Oh! Mary; and strained her to his heart."

"Mick! Oh! Mick, tell me."

"I am going to Corbit Hill."

"For what purpose, Mick?"

"I am going to fight for my religion and country."

"Oh! Mick, religion don't teach fighting; nor would spilling blood make your country better."

"We are told that to fight in a good cause is holy; and ours is a good one."

"I doubt it much. I doubt the justice of spilling blood in any cause; besides, oh! Mick, stay at home, and not go with these men. Surely you will not be missed out of so many?"

"Would you have me called a coward?"

"I detest the name; but if anything were to happen you, I would never survive it. I know our poor country is suffering—that she is not what she ought to be—but surely good ends should be brought about by good means. I dread this recourse to arms. Many, many lives will be lost, and—"

"Oh! Mary, I must go. I am sworn to defend and protect my bleeding country. I hear my comrades going. I must tear myself away; but, please God, we shall meet again in a few days."

"Mick, I am selfish; but take care of yourself. Spill no blood if possible; act honorably; and, Mick, hear me—if you die, let it be as a brave man should. Your death I would not survive a month; should you fill a coward's grave I would not live an hour. God bless you. Now I am more calm. Farewell and remember—"

At these words the young man tore himself away, and hurried after his comrades, who were on their way to join the Rebel army, as it was called, under General Harvey, at Corbit Hill. After her lover's departure, the noble girl unable any longer to resist the torrent of grief which was swelling at her heart, threw herself on a chair, and gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

On the 5th of June a spirited attack was made upon the King's troops stationed at New Ross, in which many hundreds of the people fell; and many individuals of their body distinguished themselves by a total disregard of life, and the most daring acts of personal valour, prompted by the enthusiasm which a belief in the holiness and nobleness of their cause inspired. Foremost amongst these was Mick O'Brien. He fell in the act of making an impetuous rush on the main-guard, at the market-house, being almost torn to pieces by a cannon shot; and the poor fellow lay that night upon the pavement of the street, within a few paces of the instrument of his destruction, a black and mangled corpse.

Early in the month of September following a funeral procession might be seen winding down the hilly road at Grange, and approaching the little burial-ground at Dunbrody. The coffin had a white sheet for a covering, and was borne by four young maidens, dressed in white, who after carrying it round the graveyard, according to custom, deposited it in the narrow cell already made to receive it. Two stout young men soon replaced the earth in the grave; the green sod or scraw was smoothly laid over it; the people separated to their homes; and Michael Ahearne was a bereaved and childless man.

How PORT WINE IS "MANUFACTURED."—A London paper gives the following account of the manner in which port wine is manufactured:—

When port is required to be manufactured, two separate processes are deliberately and systematically gone through, first the wine itself is made, and then the bottles are prepared into which the liquor is to be transferred. When the mixture itself is deficient in the fragrant peculiar to the grape, a bouquet is contributed by means of sweet scented herbs, by orris root, elder flowers, or laurel water. A vinous odor is sometimes imparted by small quantities of the liquor known as the "oil of wine." The pleasant juice of the sloe imparts a port-like roughness to the compound, and sawdust or oak bark the same purpose. A fruity taste is given by a tincture of raisins, and the rich, ruby color has probably once flowed in the vessels of the sandalwood tree.

But the bottles have to be crusted. This is done by tincture of catechu and sulphate of lime, the corks are steeped in a decoction of Brazil wood, and the very casks are prepared with a layer of cream of tartar, which is formed at the bottom in glittering crystals. Thus a pipe of port which was young in the morning is made to fall into extreme old age in the course of the afternoon. These are no exaggerations, and the following has been given as the chemical analysis of a bottle of cheap port wine, though for obvious reasons we suppress the quantities: Spirits of wine, cider, sugar, alum, tartaric acid, and a decoction of logwood. In most instances, when the wine is not manufactured in this country, the consumer is victimized by a threefold adulteration. The exporter adulterates, the importer adulterates; and finally the retail dealer adulterates!

EXAMINATION OF ATTORNEYS.—The following examination of a certain candidate for admission to the bar, taken from a western law journal, is decidedly a good one. The examiner commences with—

"Do you smoke?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you a spare cigar?"

"Yes, sir." (Extending a short six.)

"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"

"To collect his fees."

"What is the second?"

"To increase the number of his clients."

"When does your position towards your client change?"

"When making a bill of costs."

"Explain?"

"When they occupy the antagonist's position, I assume the character of plaintiff, and they defendant."

"A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?"

"Cheek by jowl."

"Enough, sir—you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, you are aware of the duty you owe me?"

"I am, sir."

"Describe it."

"It is to invite you to drink."

"But suppose I decline?"

(Candidate scratching his head.)

"There is no instance of this kind on record in the books! I can't answer the question."

"You are right, and the confidence with which you make an assertion shows that you have read the law attentively. Let's have a drink, and I will sign your certificate."

It is frequently the duty of the Editor of a newspaper to find fault with the conduct of men holding public offices. To a naturally good natured person it is not a pleasure to find fault, but when fault exists, fault must be found, or it would cease altogether.

But the most intensely amusing part of the business

is the irritable and snappish way in which persons that are scolded in newspapers take the castigation. Dumpkins holds some small office,—let us suppose him Inspector of Pigsties;—Dumpkins neglects his duty, and the people neglect theirs. Pigsties are not cleaned, and the public nose is offended. The Editor of a newspaper, Mr. Growler, hears of Dumpkins' neglect, and next morning Dumpkins finds himself shown up. Dumpkins immediately imagines himself an ill-used man, and thinks that Growler has a personal spite at him; and so the next time he meets him he looks sorew-drivers at him; on which Growler comes to the natural conclusion that Dumpkins is a big hooby, in addition to being a careless public officer—the fact being, that, in writing the article, the person of the wretched Dumpkins was not in Growler's mind's eye, at all he only thought of Dumpkins, carelessness, and the offence to the public nose.

Dumpkins is not satisfied with looking screw-drivers at the editor; Dumpkins "stops his paper!" Magnificent Dumpkins! Whenever some miserable snob "stops his paper," from offence conceived at some editorial remark, which either touches snobs personally, or his interests, or conflicts with his opinions the story of Hoby, the Boot-maker and the Ensign in the Guards always occurs to us. Hoby and the Ensign had a dispute, which ended in the little officer getting into a towering passion and threatening to withdraw his custom; on which Mr. Hoby shouted out to his shopman, "Here Jenkins, run quick and put up the shutters! The business is ruined, for Ensign Fitzboobery has withdrawn his custom!" Dumpkins, and all snobs of the Dumpkins variety of the animal man, may be assured that to "stop my paper," makes no other commotion in the office than to start Editor, publisher, and clerk into a convulsion of laughter. It is natural to laugh when we see a man making a tom-noddy of himself, particularly when the man is nothing but a little office-holder.—Canadian Monarchist.

A CERTIFICATE

FROM ONE OF OUR WILLIAMSBURGH FRIENDS.  
New York, August 30, 1852.

I hope every one, whether adult or child, who may have reason to believe they are troubled with worms, will take DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE. I firmly believe it is one of the greatest worm destroyers of the age—certainly the most extraordinary I know of.

A child of mine, about five years old, has been troubled with worms about six months back; we could get nothing to relieve it until we came across Dr. M'LANE'S Vermifuge, of which we gave but a small quantity. The result, however, was extraordinary. The child passed over three hundred worms.

MR. LENT, Williamsburgh, Long Island.  
P. S. The above valuable remedy, also Dr. M'LANE'S Celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in this city.

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

LYMANS, SAVAGE & Co., St. Paul Street, Wholesale Agents for Montreal.

CENTRE OF FASHION!

MONTREAL  
CLOTHING STORE,  
85 McGill Street, 85  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

D. CAREY

IS NOW RECEIVING, and will continue to receive, his splendid assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Consisting of BROAD, BEAVER and PILOT CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, TWEEDS and VESTINGS.

Constantly for sale, an extensive and general stock of

FASHIONABLE READY-MADE CLOTHING, Of every description, which cannot, in point of advantage to the buyer, be surpassed by that of any house in the trade. Also—Shirts, Collars, Neck Ties, Handkerchiefs, Braces, Gloves, &c. &c.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

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

AYLMER CATHOLIC ACADEMY.

WANTED, for this Institution, a good CLASSICAL TEACHER, with a thorough knowledge of the English language and Mathematics. Salary liberal. Application to be made to the Rev. JAMES HUGHES, P.P., Aylmer; or, J. J. ROSEY, Esq., Inspector of Schools, Aylmer, 21st Sept., 1852.

WHY WEAR BOOTS AND SHOES THAT DON'T FIT?



EVERY one must admit that the above indispensable article, WELL MADE and SCIENTIFICALLY CUT, will wear longest and look the neatest. To obtain the above, call at BRITT'S (Montreal Boot and Shoe Store), 154 Notre Dame Street, next door to D. & J. Sadlier, corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier Streets, where you will find a

SUPERIOR AND SPLENDID STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

The entire work is manufactured on the premises, under careful supervision.

M. D. O'HERTY,  
ADVOCATE,

No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

R. E. M. O'VAL,

C. GALLAGHER, MERCHANT TAILOR,  
HAS REMOVED TO  
No. 25, Notre Dame Street,  
NEAR DONEGAN'S HOTEL.

A NEW WORK BY MRS. SADLER.

JUST PUBLISHED—"THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS," a Tale for the Times; by Mrs. J. SADLER, author of "Willy Burke," "Alice Riordan," "New Lights, or Life in Galway," &c. &c.; 12 mo., 400 pages, with a fine engraving; muslin, 3s 9d; gilt, 6s 7 1/2d.

D. & J. SADLER & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier Streets, Montreal.

September 18.

NOTICE!!!

MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY, HAVING now disposed of all the GOODS damaged by the late Fire on their Premises,

288 Notre Dame Street, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF PART OF CLASS Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 14, 19, and 31,

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

ASSORTMENT OF NEW GOODS! Comprising the choicest variety of FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.

AS OUR NEW GOODS Have come to hand so late in the Season, we have determined to mark them at a very

SMALL PROFIT. In order to effect a speedy Sale, so that GREAT BARGAINS WILL BE OFFERED.

M., C. & E. beg to state, that the ENTIRE STOCK, though large, will be

Sold by Private Sale, and not by Auction; and that the doors will be OPENED EACH MORNING, punctually at NINE o'clock.

All Goods marked in Plain Figures, at such a LOW RATE that no Second Price need be offered.

MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY, 288 Notre Dame Street, (late No. 202.) Montreal, June 23, 1855.

TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN STUDYING FOR COMMISSIONS IN THE ARMY.

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

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

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

TWO duly qualified TEACHERS, for the Parish of St. Bridget, County of Bonville, capable of TEACHING the French and English languages grammatically, to whom a liberal salary will be given. Testimonials of moral conduct will be required.

For further particulars, apply to the undersigned at St. Bridget.

W. MURRAY, Sec. and Treasurer.

St. Bridget, 5th September, 1855.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

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.

The best Professors are engaged, and the Students are at all hours under their care, as well during hours of play as at time of class.

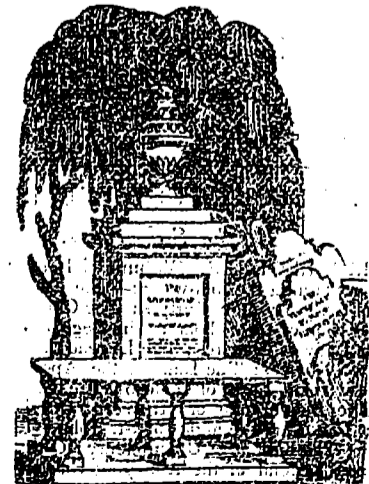
The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August and ends on the last Thursday of June.

TERMS:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150. For Students not learning Greek or Latin, 125. Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra, 15. French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20. Music, per annum, 40. Use of Piano, per annum, 8. Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges. No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

REV. P. REILLY, President.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY, BLEURY STREET, (NEAR HANOVER TERRACE.)



WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES, CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS, PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above-mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition. N.B.—W. C. manufactures the Montreal Stone, if any person prefers them. A great assortment of White and Colored MARBLE just arrived for Mr. Cunningham, Marble Manufacturer, Bleury Street, near Hanover Terrace.



MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

Table of market prices for various goods including Wheat, Oats, Barley, Buckwheat, Rye, Peas, Potatoes, Beans, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Beef, Lard, Cheese, Pork, Butter, Honey, Eggs, Flour, and Fresh Pork.

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

JUST RECEIVED FROM PARIS, several Cases of Catholic Articles, amongst which are—

Table listing various Catholic articles such as Jobs' Tears Prayer Beads, Common Brass, Small Glass, Middle Size Brass Wire Prayer Beads, Large Size, Very Large Size, Small Cocos, Middle Size, White, Red Cocos Beads, and others.

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

At the following prices, according to the size. The Beads are composed of Cornelian, Mother of Pearl, Bone, &c., &c.— At 3s 1d, 3s 9d, 4s 4d, 5s, 6s 3d, 6s 10d, 7s 6, 8s 9d, 10s, 12s 6d, 13s 9d, 15s, 16s 3d 17s 6d, 20s, 22s 6d, and 25s

STATUES FOR CHURCHES FROM MUNICH JUST RECEIVED.

A splendid Statue of St. PATRICK, beautifully colored, over 5 feet high, price £25. A beautiful Statue of the QUEEN OF HEAVEN—5 feet high—£18 15s. An elegant Statue of the BLESSED VIRGIN, with the INFANT JESUS in her arms, about 3 feet 5 inches, £15.

MORE NEW CATHOLIC WORKS, JUST RECEIVED AT SADLIERS' CHEAP BOOK STORE.

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The system of government being paternal, the observance of established discipline is obtained by the mild, persuasive, yet firm means of rightly understood parental authority. Letters from or to students, not known to be from or to parents, are subject to inspection.

Books, papers, periodicals, are not allowed circulation among the students without having previously been submitted to authority. The students are not allowed to go beyond the college precincts unless accompanied by their professors or tutors.

Visits of students to the city are not sanctioned except for such as have their parents residing in the city; and the interests of the studies, as well as those of the moral training, are found not to warrant their frequency over once in three months. Even students not having their parents in New York may sometimes be furnished the means of visiting the city. But for no case of such absence from college will permission be granted except at the express wish of the parents or guardians, and for the reasons submitted to the president.

There will be a recess of one week at Christmas, but none at Easter. The regular classical course of instruction embraces the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, and French languages; Religion, Eloquence, Poetry, and Rhetoric; Geography, Mineralogy, and History; Arithmetic, Book-keeping, and Mathematics: Natural, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

There are two semi-annual examinations: the first towards the end of January, the second before the annual commencement towards the middle of July.

At any time during the year, and especially at the first examination, if any one be found worthy of passing up to a higher class he will be promoted; and such promotion shall be held equivalent to the honors of the class from which he passed up. Candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts are required to undergo an examination in Natural, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and in Mathematics, before the faculty of the University. They must, besides, have given evidences of their progress in the Greek and Latin languages and in literature.

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No advances are made by the institution for articles of clothing, or for any similar expenses, unless an equivalent sum be deposited in the hands of the treasurer of the College. With regard to pocket-money, it is desirable that parents should allow their sons no more than a moderate sum, and that this be left with the treasurer of the College, to be given as prudence may suggest or occasion require.

Students coming from any foreign country, or from a distance exceeding 500 miles, should have guardians appointed in or near the city, who will be responsible for the regular payment of bills as they become due, and be willing to receive the student in case of dismissal.

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