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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1855.

NO. 21.

VOL. V.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE CHANGES NOW TAKING PLACE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The present, distracted and humiliated condition of the Anglican Establishment affords a subject for reflection to Catholics, a subject which is very ably dealt with in the *Rambler* for the month of December. We (*Tablet*) make no apology for transferring to our columns the greater part of the article in question, which is written with great power and in the best spirit, and contains some valuable reflections, having an important bearing on Catholic politics!

"If we were capable of rejoicing in the humiliation of a powerful adversary, without regard to the well-being of our fellow-creatures, the present condition of our old enemy, the Established Church of England, must fill us with exultation. If, as our adversaries pretend, our only aim were a controversial victory, and the utter abolition of the pretences of our rivals, we might at this moment sheath our swords in content, and quietly watch their destruction at the hands of those who call themselves their friends.—Who, indeed, for generations past, have been our worst and most powerful opponents and tormentors, but the members of the Anglican communion? Who are they who have instigated every fresh act of persecution against us? Who have most fiercely resisted the abrogation of the penal laws? Who have banded themselves together, most eagerly to banish us from society, to forbid the perusal of our books, to fasten upon us old and long-refuted charges, to travel in foreign lands only to import new calumnies against our Faith, and to place a ban upon those who forsake all for the sake of joining us? Who was it that lately kindled the flames of passion against our Hierarchy, and at this moment is longing for the banishment of our Religious Orders and the reimposition of political disabilities upon us all? Who is that, in shameless oblivion of its own origin, and of the sources whence it acquired its wealth, and of the very title by which it claims to inherit the functions of the Apostles, is most busy in flooding the land with tracts and books denouncing us as the worst enemies of freedom, civilisation, and pure religion?—Who are they who, Sunday after Sunday, neglect no available opportunity of classing us with Turks, Jews, and Atheists; and after reading prayers taken from our Missal and Breviary, in surplices borrowed from our usage, and decorated with university hoods acquired by a residence in the colleges founded by our ancestors, mount their pulpits, and taking texts from that Bible whose very existence they owe to our care, proceed to make the walls raised by our fathers re-echo to denunciations of us and our iniquities, from the silliest and wildest vagaries of Low Church ignorance, up to the elaborate and plausible misrepresentations of learned Puseyism? Who are these but the Ministers of that vast institution, whose existence has for three centuries been bound up by most intimate ties with the name and constitution of England?"

"Who, then, would have a right to complain, if we exulted over the changes now taking place in the internal condition of our hereditary foe, and congratulated ourselves on the silent progress in her adherence of a systematic rejection of the very notion of dogmatic religion? Who, we say, would have a right to complain of us, if we thus acted in conformity with those principles which our adversaries impute to us, and sought—not man's salvation and the honor of Almighty God—but only a base, worldly, and selfish triumph, a logical victory, a controversial crown?"

"What a change it is, indeed, that is now going on in the English world, uprooting from the entire national mind the first elements of belief in Christianity as a system of revealed and unchangeable doctrine! For many years past this substitution of latitudinarianism for belief has been taking place among the various dissenting bodies. Those who have watched the various Nonconformist publications of the last quarter of a century, and observed the acts of the Nonconformist sects, will bear us witness in stating that a change of the most formidable and fundamental kind has come upon the prevalent opinions of British dissent. Its old Puritan leaders, and its later guides, who fashioned its ideas in the days of Wesley and Whitfield; would hardly know their descendants as their children at all; they have lost their old belief in the inspiration of Scripture, and their intense conviction that truth, as truth, is infinitely precious, and that religious ideas and practices are to be measured, not merely by the rules of philosophy and expediency, but by their accordance with the distinctly revealed doctrines of Jesus Christ. Of course, their interpretations of those doctrines were absurd enough, and their range of Biblical criticism was bigoted, narrow, and shallow; but still they held, as to a sheet anchor, that truth is truth, and the Bible inspired. Now they have become

"liberal," "tolerant," "philosophical," "critical," "enlightened," "benevolent;" in other words, they have lost those glimpses of eternity which once rejoiced their souls, and have acquiesced in the idea that it is better to criticise the Bible than to believe the Gospel.

"And now, at length, the tide of scepticism is surging up into the high places of the Anglican Establishment. We do not say for a moment that it is a professed or a conscience scepticism, or that the present increase in popular morality and religious profession is not, in its way, perfectly genuine and sincere. Nay, we would admit still more, that in some respects the intentions of the present day are better than those of the past; that if people's ideas on Christian doctrine are worse than those of their fathers, their ideas on morals are, to a certain extent, more really enlightened and Christian. But with all this, the fact is frightfully manifest that the Church of England is rapidly losing its grasp upon the relics of the Christian faith, which for three centuries it has, in some shape or other, preserved. Coincidentally with the advance of zeal and learning which we Catholics may fairly believe to be taking place among ourselves, our dominant opponent is parting with the last semblances of Catholicism which survived the shock of the Reformation."

"For, unquestionably and radically Protestant as the Anglican Church has ever been, it is certain, as a matter of fact, that her individual members have in many instances been brought up to reverse certain elementary truths of Christianity which, in their natural and logical development, become nothing less than absolute Catholicism. These truths, taken generally, are three; and they constitute those very essential doctrines which are the object of the deepest detestation on the part of Protestantism, pure and unmitigated—namely, a veneration for the creeds, a respect for a visible Church as a Divinely organised body, and a belief in the doctrine of sacramental efficacy. Carry out these three truths to their legitimate consequences, and we have the Catholic faith; deny them, and we have Protestantism in its naked reality. And, partly from one course, and partly from another, the English Establishment has been the instrument of bringing up millions and millions of persons in an implicit conviction that all these three truths form an essential element of the Christian revelation; not only the Puseyite school, and its predecessors the Nonjurors, but everything that has been comprised under the term "High Church," has taken its stand against "Evangelicalism" and Dissent on these three principles. The immense numerical majority of Church-people, even when in connection with the most undisguised worldliness, have been taught from their childhood that the Apostles, the Nicene, and the Athanasian creeds were literally true; that to deny them, or to doubt them, was unlawful and altogether shocking; and that (for some unexplained reason or other) they did not stand on the same ground as mere human opinions, which anybody might accept or reject as he pleased. In the directest opposition to this system stands that of the Low Church party, always numerically in a small minority. The Low Church school has professedly and pointedly based its creed, such as it was, on private interpretation of the Bible. It has scorned and denounced with virulence the very notion of creeds, as such, handed down, from generation to generation, and commanding the acceptance of Christians in every age."

"Again, the doctrine of a visible Church, with divinely appointed rulers and Ministers, is as familiar to the English "Churchman" as his reception of the Ten Commandments. He looks down upon Dissenters not only as a low, ungentlemanly, fanatical race, but as being excluded from the visible community of the Faithful through their violation of the positive injunctions of Our Lord and His Apostles, and their want of a lawfully-ordained Ministry. No doubt his contempt is illogical enough, and the position he claims for himself is as untenable against Nonconformist anarchy as against Roman authority; but his principle that Jesus Christ did erect a visible Church, with its perfect organisation and Ministry, is true."

"So, again, with the Sacraments. The Dissenter and the "Evangelical" denounce as soul-destroying the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. With five out of six of "Church people" of all varieties this doctrine lies at the root of the Christian life itself, and to deny it is held blasphemous. Even with respect to the Holy Eucharist, false as is the Anglican theory with respect to the presence of Our Blessed Lord in the consecrated species, the High Church party almost universally recognise the existence of some mysterious blessing produced by the act of consecration. The idea of the communication of grace by means of material channels, so far from being strange or repulsive to their minds, seems the most easy, simple, and Christian thing in the world. The

very walls of their churches they in a certain vague way esteem "blest" and "consecrated," while the purely Protestant school scoffs with coarse indecencies at every such "superstition."

"And the result is what might have been anticipated. The transition from High Church Anglicanism to true Catholicism is found the most easy and simple process conceivable by those who practically carry it out. The foundations of the Faith have been partly laid in their consciences and intellects from their childhood. What they have needed to make them Catholics has been instruction, additions, developments, consistency; the strictly heretical element has never permanently rooted itself in their minds. Profound, undoubtedly, has been the ignorance to be removed from their minds, and severe the struggle against the various temptations which combine to hold a man back within the grasp of Anglicanism, but, on the whole, so far as principles are concerned, none of that radical change has been necessary, without which the adherents of the Puritanical and Dissenting schools cannot make a single step towards Catholicism."

"How difficult, again, it is to make a Dissenter or an "Evangelical" into a thoroughly good Catholic, in all its habitual modes of thought and feeling! How slow the process ordinarily is by which the spiritual and intellectual pride, the anti-sacramental prejudices, the coarse and unrefined feelings which prevail in those more consistent sects of Protestantism, are finally rooted out! Everything, literally, has to be begun afresh in the mind and in the conscience. The whole attitude of the soul is uncatholic; and unless under favorable circumstances, years pass away before any truly Catholic instincts have leavened the character so long habituated to the instinct of heresy."

"There is, moreover, another result which practically follows from the prevalence of the High Church views among Protestants, of the deepest import to the welfare of the country. Wherever they are conscientiously held, there the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism is more likely to be valid than among the "Evangelical" or latitudinarian schools. We entertain not the slightest doubt that a far larger proportion of the infants baptised by Protestants have been really partakers of the sacramental grace since the Oxford movement than before it. Even among those who abhor the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, many have been awakened by the Puseyite arguments to a more careful administration of the Sacrament, both as to its form and matter; and though it is to be feared that there are still a lamentable number of sham baptisms, it is undeniable that they are not nearly so numerous as they were a quarter of a century ago."

"Such, then, being the case as to the practical character of the various schools of Protestantism, we cannot view without the deepest apprehension the advance of the worst forms of unbelief amongst our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. Our hearts being set, not upon our own personal exultation, or upon the growth of this or that political party, but upon the conversion of our adversaries, we look beyond all present and temporary manifestations of hostility or liberality towards us, and ask ourselves whether it will not be far more difficult to convert the disciples of this miserable latitudinarianism than to lead on the less heretical children of old-fashioned Anglicanism to that faith of which they are not wholly ignorant. We cannot overlook the fact, that while our political supporters have for the most part been of the self-styled liberal latitudinarian schools, our actual converts, in the present and all past times, have been almost exclusively from the high Church party in the Establishment. Everywhere where British Protestantism is known, in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America—it is that class which has been bred up to believe in the Creed, in Baptismal regeneration, and in the Apostolic succession, which has given the Church nineteen out of twenty of the souls whom she saved; and we entertain not the slightest doubt, that much as we have suffered from that class in the day of its prosperity, it will be as nothing to what we shall have to endure from that latitudinarianism and infidel party which has patronised us solely for its own purposes, and not from love to us or to God, but out of hatred to its own adversaries within the domain of Protestantism itself."

"A striking proof of the relative gains to be won from the Low Church and the High Church schools is to be seen in the comparative numbers of converts supplied to Catholicism by Oxford and by Cambridge. Oxford has ever been the one chief seat of Tory Church-and-King exclusiveness; turning up its nose at the vulgarities of Dissent, and the "superstitions" of popery; teaching baptismal regeneration, the absolute necessity of Episcopal ordination, and the sacredness of the Creeds. Cambridge, on the other hand, has worn the magic-cost of religious liberalism; admitting Dissenters and Catholics to its

colleges, abusing Oxford as bigoted and behind the age, loving geological theories more than patriotic dogmas, and claiming generally to represent the brains as Oxford has claimed to represent the cultivated refinement, of the English nation. But mark the practical results. For one convert that Cambridge has given to the Church, Oxford has given three or four; and even at this very day the dogmatic principle, as such, has more hold upon Oxford, with all the changes it has undergone, than upon any other place in the kingdom. But if under its new regime Oxford becomes what Cambridge has been, we shall have cause for lamentation, and lamentation only."

"Never, therefore, in our humble judgment, do Catholics commit a more serious error, in the way of practical prudence, than when they ally themselves with those who are in reality the most bitter opponents of our faith, for the sake of the fugitive gains to be obtained by their cold and offensive alliance. Little as we may think it, there is immense scandal caused to those who in their consciences more or less respect the Catholic faith, by the preference we have sometimes shown for those who deny almost everything of Christianity but the name. If we are wise, we shall judge every political and religious party by a far more searching test than its accidental or political conduct towards ourselves. And in as much as our desire is not political victory, or the humiliation of haughty adversaries, but the saving of souls, we should watch with rejoicing the spread of those principles which tend to make men Catholics even though accompanied with errors which practically influence them to an angry hostility against ourselves."

"So far from thinking that the changes going on in the condition of Anglicanism will render her hostility to us less formidable, and make the work of conversion more easy, we look upon these revolutions in Protestant opinion with most serious and anxious thoughts. We see in them the most urgent calls for renewed exertions on our parts, both in order to present an impregnable front to our adversaries, and in the way of supplying our own poorer members with every possible advantage, temporal, intellectual, and spiritual. They show that the hosts are gathering together, who are destined to a struggle with us totally dissimilar to any thing which we have ever endured in this country, and which will try our zeal, our faith, our learning, and our intellectual strength to the very utmost. What will be the accompaniments of that struggle, and its general character, no eye can foresee. Whether it will be rendered doubly trying by persecutions, by confiscations, or even by blood; or whether the scorn, the anger, and the argumentative craftiness of the enemies of the Faith will be their only weapons; of this we may rest assured, that it will be sharp and terrible, and such as can be resisted by nothing less than our whole moral and intellectual strength. We shall stand against it, not by means of political friendships, or parliamentary influence, or by our wealth, or rank, or magnificent churches and functions; but only by our learning, our acuteness, and by our grasp of the true solution of the problems of the time, vivified and guided by a single minded love of souls, and faith in the protection of him who vouchsafes to us the honor of defending his sacred cause."

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

A RETROSPECT.—The war has now entered into one of those periods of pause and inaction which, even in the most stoutly-maintained contests, much of necessity intervene. Winter has closed the Baltic against a further repetition of those maritime promenades which, with the little interlude of Bomarsund have employed the energies of one of the finest fleets that ever left the shores of England. The same cause has put an end to the campaign in Armenia, and Turks and Russians may there resign themselves for the next six months to a peace guaranteed by the imperious intervention of frost, snow and ice. On the banks of the Danube the flame of war has burnt out, the Turks having neither food, clothes, or military stores sufficient for a seriously offensive movement, and the Russians having betaken themselves by sea and by land to reinforce the army of the Crimea. At Sebastopol itself the allies are looking for shelter, ammunition, clothing, and reinforcements, and guarding against the possibility of being forced to gain, at equal risk and equal cost, another victory like that of Inkermann. The Russians seem becoming every day more sensible of the tremendous blow they have received, and, engaged probably in the difficult task of feeding and sheltering an army sent post for our annihilation without anything but the most portable means of destruction, can take no offensive measures. Both parties are recovering their breath for a moment before they close again in the mortal struggle. This, then, is no unsuitable time for collecting some lessons of experience out of the

mass of events, and treasuring them up for future use. We have learnt much, and have paid dear for our knowledge; let us hope that we shall not require to pay the price a second time in order to fix the lesson on our minds. Of the Turkish army and Government we have not much to say. The experience of the last six months has shown us that the Turk, when well led, fed, and disciplined, possesses some of the highest qualities of the soldier, but when left to the undisturbed routine of Oriental management is worthless for almost any purpose. The inference is that which we have so often drawn, that if we would derive any advantage from the services of these people, it must be by training and officering them ourselves, by a system similar to that which made the Portuguese such valuable auxiliaries during the latter part of the last war. The Russian foot soldiers have probably, fairly considered, neither gained nor lost much reputation during the present campaign, for if at Oltenitza, Citate and Silistria they fell below their reputation, their resistance at the Alma, their attack at Inkermann, and the coolness and good order with which they effected their retreat after two such defeats, their obstinacy in defending their works, and repeating sallies after so many sanguinary repulses, show them to possess many of the most useful qualities of the soldier, and make them fit instruments for that steady and obstinate policy which wears out its adversary by courting and sustaining repeated defeats. The Russian cavalry has at present done little to justify its reputation. It has suffered itself to be repeated by defeat by far inferior numbers, and proved on the day of Balaklava utterly unable to cope with the fiery charge of our gallant brigades. It is in the artillery, as might be expected from a Power which has employed the forty years which we have spent in cultivating the arts of peace in unremitting application to war, that Russia appears most formidable. Her field-guns are of a size and manœuvred with a facility for which we were not prepared, and our siege train, though wonderfully heavy as compared with the batteries of the last war, is encountered by ordnance of at least equal weight and power, and apparently inexhaustible in number. The lesson we have learnt here is to seek, especially in our field pieces, for a material stronger than cast iron, and which will therefore give us a far greater power with an equal weight. Such a material wrought iron would seem to be, and we therefore hope that no time will be lost in placing us in this most important respect on an equality with our antagonist. On the other hand, if we have been overmatched in artillery, we owe the Minié rifle enormous obligations. Without that invaluable weapon it would have been impossible for a mere handful of infantry to repulse the charge of cavalry at Balaklava, or a few English regiments to have kept at bay an army consisting of five or six times their number. The use of the revolving pistol also, as shown in the charge of the Light Cavalry at Balaklava, from which it is said not a single officer returned with a single barrel loaded, shows how the efficiency of the regiments would have been increased had every trooper been furnished with a similar weapon; and the same remark applies with almost equal justice to every foot soldier. It deserves consideration, also, whether it might not be worth while to arm some regiments with the repeating rifle so long in use in the United States, and thus to give them a power of absolutely annihilating any dense mass of troops that ventured well within their range. When we have added that the experience of the campaign has been such as greatly to increase the discredit of sailing ships for the purposes of war, to show the necessity of a great number of small vessels propelled by steam and carrying a few heavy guns, and to verify all that has been predicted of the immense increase to our national strength derivable from our mercantile steamers, we have said all that practical experience yet warrants with regard to the machinery required in the active operations of war. Of the armies of the allies we need only say that their valor, conduct, and discipline have been, fully equal to their reputation; and more than this no one could expect. It is with regard to our duty to the soldier, not his to us, that we have learnt much. The nation that is the clothier of the world must never again allow her troops to be ragged and barefooted within a fortnight's sail of her inexhaustible warehouses. We must contrive to get our ships loaded, so that their cargoes may be accessible, and not bury our valuable drugs, as in the case of the Prince, under a mountain of shot and shell. Any one who reads the account of the poor soldier, faint from nine hours of battle, tearing his ration of raw pork with his bloody hands, or considers the absurdity of sending out raw coffee to men who have neither cooking utensils to roast it nor mills to grind it, must admit that, at any rate, under the pressure of such service some assistance in preparing the soldier's food—some system better than that of forcing every man to cook for himself—might be and ought to be contrived. We have learnt also that the plan of forcing the assistant-surgeons of the navy to mess with the midshipmen, with the miserably inadequate payment of the medical assistants in the army, reduces these branches of the service to a state of numerical insufficiency, and purchases a very slight economy at the expense of valuable lives. We have learnt also that the easiest and simplest things are not always done because they are easy and simple, as, for instance, our soldiers in the hospital at Scutari have their pullets still laid on the stone floor, although to provide them with stretchers would be to the Turkish Government the work of a single day. All this, and much more, we have learnt in the few months of this war; let us hope that when we next take stock of its lessons we may find that our present experience has been carefully and diligently turned to account.—*Times, Dec. 4.*

Horrors of the Field after the Battle.

In every bush on every yard of blood-stained ground

—lay a dead or dying Russian. The well known bearskins of our Guards, the red coats of our infantry, and the bright blue of the French Chasseurs, revealing each a silent horror in the glades, and marking the spot where stark and stiff a corpse lay contorted on the grass, pointed out the scenes of the bloodiest contests. The dead were happy—the dull cold eye, the tranquil brow, the gently opening lips, which had given escape to the parting spirit as it fled from its bleeding shell, showed how peacefully a man may die in battle pierced by the rifle ball. The British and the French, many of whom had been murdered by the Russians as they lay wounded, wore terrible frowns on their faces, with which the agonies of death had clad them. Some in their last throes had torn up the earth in their hands, and held the grass between their fingers up towards heaven. All the men who exhibited such signs of pain had been bayoneted; the dead men who lay with an eternal smile on their lips had been shot. But the wounded—for two days they had lain where the hand and ball had felled them. There were very few, it is true, but all our searching had not discovered the secrets of that blood-stained hill-side, and it was towards noon to-day ere the last of our soldiers had been found in his lair and carried to the hospital. But Russians, groaning and palpitating as they lay around, were far more numerous. Some of these were placed together in heaps, so that they might be more readily removed. Others glared on you from the bushes with the ferocity of wild beasts as they hugged their wounds. Some implored in an unknown tongue, but in accents not to be mistaken, water or succour; holding out their mutilated and shattered limbs, or pointing to the track of the lacerating ball. The sullen angry scowl of some of these men was fearful. Fanaticism and immortal hate spoke through their angry eye-balls, and he who gazed on them with pity and compassion could at least, (unwillingly) understand how these men would in their savage passion kill the wounded, and fire on the conqueror who, in his generous humanity, had aided them as he passed. It was a relief to see that their arms were broken—that their cartridges were lying opened in heaps on the ground.

BURYING THE DEAD.—Litter-bearers, French and English, dotted the hillside, now toiling painfully up with a heavy burden for the grave, or with some subject for the doctor's care; now hunting through the bushes for the dead or dying. Our men have acquired a shocking facility in their diagnosis. A body is before you; there is a shout, 'come hero boys; I see a Russian!' (or 'a Frenchman,' or 'one of our fellows!'). One of the party comes forward, raises the eyelid if it be closed, peers into the eye, shrugs his shoulders, says quietly, 'He's dead, he'll wait,' and moves back to the litter; others pull the feet, and arrive at equally correct conclusions by that process. The dead are generally stripped of all but their coats. The camp-followers, and blackguards from Balaklava, and seamen from the ships, anxious for trophies, carry off all they can take from the field. At particular spots you see a party of men busy at work. Groups of them are digging away all along the hill-side, at the distance of 40 or 50 yards apart. Go over and you find them around a yawning trench, 30 feet in length, by twenty feet in breadth and 6 in depth, at the bottom of which, in every conceivable attitude, lie packed together with exceeding art, some 30 or 40 corpses. The grave-diggers stand chatting on the mounds by the sides, waiting for the arrival of some bearers to complete the number of the dead. They speculate on the appearance of the body which is being borne towards them. 'It's Corporal—, of the—th, I think,' says one. 'No! it's my rear rank man, I can see his red hair plain enough,' and so on. They discuss the merits or demerits of dead sergeants or comrades. 'Well, he was a hard man; many's the time I was balled through him, but it's all over now!' or 'Poor Mick! he had fifteen years' service—a better fellow never stepped.' This scene is going on all about the hillside. Frenchmen with litters, are also busy looking out for their dead and wounded, and in sharing the sad labors of the day. At last the number in the trench is completed. The bodies lie as closely as they can be packed. Some of them have upraised arms, in the attitude of taking aim; their legs stick up through the mould as it is thrown upon them; others are bent and twisted into shapes like fantoccini. Inch after inch the earth rises upon them, and they are left alone in their glory. No, not alone, for the hopes, and fears, and affections of hundreds of human hearts lie buried with them.

For about one mile and a-half in length by half a mile in depth, the hillside offers such sights as these. Upwards of 2,000 Russians have been buried by these men; few remain above ground now. Mr. Romaine, Deputy Judge-Advocate General, came down to Balaklava yesterday, by order, to collect evidence against the Russian Major accused of killing and inciting his men to kill our wounded officers and soldiers, but he found, unfortunately, that the witnesses had gone to Scutari. This will only defer the investigation for a few days. Dr. Spence, Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, arrived in the 'Prince,' from England, and with him Dr. Marshall and six or seven assistant surgeons. We hear that Mr. Maxwell has been sent to inquire into the state of the medical department at Scutari, and that Dr. Marshall will attend at the investigation, and watch the case for Dr. Smith.

The conduct of the Russians towards the wounded Guards' officers was brutal in the extreme. Colonel Mackinnon would, no doubt, have lived but for bayonet wounds received while lying on the ground. His leg was broken, and the was so weak from loss of blood that he died under the operation of removing it. Sir R. Newman was stabbed all over. Russian officers were seen passing their swords through the bodies of our men as they writhed in agony on the

ground, and pointing to their men to bayonet them as they passed. Such are the armies of the Czar!—These are the men to whom the Kings of Europe are to be indebted for their thrones, and it is to such allies that Prussia would give the hands of those whose ancestors fought under the Great Frederick! A major of the ruffian soldiery who perpetrated these deeds is, however, in our hands, and evidence can be brought against him to show that he is one of the principal actors as well as one of the chief instigators of atrocities which will make Europe shudder with horror. Mr. Romaine, the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, has received instructions to prepare a case against this man. There are several men to swear to his identity, and, if it can be satisfactorily proved that he has committed the acts laid to his charge, he will be swung on a gibbet in front of the walls of Sebastopol. He is a Baron—a man of rank—and it is suspected he has already used the gold which was left on his person to purchase silence.

SCUTARI, Nov. 10.—Most gladly did we welcome good Miss Nightingale and her party, and before evening they were all comfortably lodged and provided for. They will be invaluable in severe cases of illness, and in any emergency. Our surgeons last one and all confessed that they were of the greatest use in attending to 600 wounded who came in during the afternoon. These were the wounded of the 5th, when the Russians gave us a hard day's fighting; but we held our own, and they lost, it is said, 10,000 men. Miss Nightingale appears fully qualified for the noble work she has undertaken, and I trust she may have strength so to carry it out. Her labors will spare the clergy many a very sad sight of men sinking for want of proper nursing, and because food cannot be administered often enough. This is impossible with only hospital orderlies; but, with the nurses, all who need will be supplied with every comfort. Mrs. and Mr. Bracebridge I welcomed as friends, and their labors of love I have long known. They are most active, and to-day I may say all are in full work. Mr. S. G. Osborne has arrived here offering his services, and bearing credentials from Sydney Herbert. I have put into his care half of the Barrack Hospital, which to-day numbers 2,300 patients, and will have another 300 added during the day. The Hospital Proper, however, numbers still 1,000 patients. Mr. A. Stafford, M. P. for Northamptonshire, is here, and has volunteered to write letters for the men. They are very glad of his services, and I have seen him sitting hour after hour on the beds, most patiently writing the words which will cheer many hearts at home. Mr. Osborne's son is also engaged in the same work. The gentlemen sent by *The Times* to dispose of their fund, are also here, and anxious to spend the fund in the best manner that can be devised. Lady Stratford comes and sends frequently, and has made me her almoner for jellies, pies, and soups for the officers. Miss Nightingale only takes care of the men, so Lady Stratford sends necessaries for the officers. Our soldiers are delighted with the nurses. One poor fellow burst into tears and exclaimed to me, 'I can't help crying when I see them. Only think of Englishwoman coming out here to nurse us; it is so homelike and comfortable.'

The number of Sisters of Charity sent to the East to tend the sick and wounded of the French army amounts to 62. They are attached to the ambulances and hospitals. Some of them have to bear the hard life of the camp, without any other shelter than a tent. The Russian prisoners are attended by Polish sisters of the same order. The Ottoman Government lately applied for a certain number to take charge of the Turkish hospital at Constantinople, where they are paid the greatest respect, and are perfectly independent.

BRITISH HEROISM.—The spectacle which England now presents will, we think, remain in history as a lesson full of force and authority for the conduct of States. Look at that country, which has been said to be only one of shopkeepers; it enjoys liberty, and that liberty which has made it so great as a commercial nation, has the privilege of suddenly rendering it as heroic and chivalrous as a ballad of the old clans. It would appear that the heart of every Englishman has 'only one wish, and that an ardent one—victory, complete victory. The war cry of the Greys and Buffenkillers comes forth from every breast. The journals are no longer simple daily papers recording the events of the morning or the evening—the writers have become poets. Their descriptions of battle smell of more than powder; they breathe forth the most undaunted patriotism; they are almost as overpowering as the charges of Scarlett and Lord Cardigan. It may be comprehended in reading them that it is not only the English government that makes war—it is the nation. Artisans, manufacturers, great lords and princes, all are engaged in the same intoxication of combat. The "hurrah" for Old England no where meets a dissentient voice. Even the stock exchange of London, that speculative house, appears to think at the hour of quoting consols, of the number of millions of rentes fighting at the head of the English troops in the Crimea. It hails with a rise the devotedness of those great lords, who quit their estates, their luxury, their castles and their clubs, to maintain intact the fortune and the Star of Great Britain. Are reinforcements, fresh vessels, fresh troops, and fresh supplies of money wanted? The English government is told to take them. It is not the taxpayer who gives them with regret; it is England who offers them with her whole heart. England is blessed. *Salus populi suprema lex.*—*Paris Spectator.*

IRISH HEROISM.—Mr. Crosse was surrounded by four Russians, who thought to make sure work of him. He shot the two in front of him with his revolver, and a private named Houlaghan rushed out of the ranks, shot one of his remaining assailants dead, bayoneted the other, and taking up Mr. Crosse in his arms, ran back with him to the rear of the regi-

ment and placed him in safety. Out of four weak companies the 88th lost one hundred and forty men killed and wounded, and they would most likely have been cut to pieces but for the gallant charge of a party of their comrades of the 77th, under Major Stratton. The 33rd regiment lost fifty-eight out of less than three hundred men.

The gallant 88th and the Zouaves (a French regiment) charged together as one regiment, and were completely mingled; you could not tell one from the other, and put all to death that came in their way.—When in the act of charging, an Irishman, one of the 88th, recognised a long lost brother in one of the Zouaves, and together they fought until the close of the action, both escaping unhurt.

STATE OF THE ARMIES.—The prevalence of wet, cold weather has naturally had a bad effect upon the general health of the troops. Dysentery, in a more or less severe form, has crept into most of the tents, with many fatal results. The unfortunate Turkish soldiers are suffering intensely from this, as well as from typhus.

It is said that in the spring Sebastopol must be invested on all sides; and, perhaps, as a preparatory step, we are getting seven howitzers into position, so as to command the north road into Sebastopol. The deserters say that there is bread enough to supply twenty-five thousand men for three years in the city, and up to the present date we have not had force enough to prevent any quantity of supplies from being thrown in. The breastwork above the position of the 2nd division has been finished, and guns placed in the two-gun battery. The hill to the north of the ravine is considered to be in too advanced a position to be occupied safely.—*Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.*

A railway is about to be constructed between Balaklava and the camp before Sebastopol. Government has accepted the offer of Mr. Peto and some of the other distinguished railway contractors to send out 10,000 tons of rails, with a body of about 500 men to construct the line, which they have undertaken to complete within three weeks after their arrival in the Crimea. The contractors are to manage the whole matter with their own men, and when the railway is completed they will hand it over to the army at the exact net cost. They will not accept a single shilling for their labor, management, or the use of their capital.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

It is rumored that the Very Rev. Dr. Kirby, President of the Irish College at Rome, has been nominated to a Coadjutor Bishopric in Ireland.

CONVERSION.—A correspondent informs us that Mr. Plunket Carey Bannane, of Rush, county Dublin, was received into the Catholic Church of St. Peter's, Seel street, Liverpool, by the Rev. Mr. Dewhurst, on 1st. of December.—*Tablet.*

IRISH ELECTIONS.—The vacancy in the representation of Fermanagh will be filled by Lord Henry Loftus.

PURCHASE OF PROPERTY BY TENANT FARMERS.—The *Belfast Mercury*, alluding to the sale of the Staples estates in the county of Antrim, thus calls attention to one feature which lent a peculiar interest to a portion of the proceedings. 'This was the presence of tenant farmers who, as regards the lots into which they entered, contested the sale bid by bid, with their more affluent competitors, and eventually carried them off. An old man, venerable in years, and respected in his neighborhood, purchased for £3,675 over 326 acres, of which he had hitherto held less than 60 as tenant. He inaugurated his intention of becoming a proprietor by a question put in the homely and forcible language of the labor field—'Will you take from an old tenant £2,000 for the lot?' He afterwards secured it by nearly doubling his offer. Another, who held a fraction over 10 acres in his own right, and in conjunction with another, less than 31 acres, bought up these and others amounting to 454, at a sum bordering on £5,000. Both of these tenant farmers were congratulated on the new position in which the proceedings had placed them, and we congratulate them too.'

The awful state of suffering in which the poor are in the parish of Callan, has been revealed during the past week. The poor are dying of cold and want in their dreary cabins; they die unknown to the world. The late reverend and lamented Parish Priest of Callan, the Rev. Mr. Mullins, bequeathed a sum of £40 to relieve the poor of the parish.—*Nation.*

It is said that Mr. Thomas Jones, who was expelled the Cork Commercial Newsroom, for having, as it was alleged, expressed a hope that the Russians would succeed, has commenced an action for the defamation against the directors of that institution.

IRELAND AND THE WAR.—The *dejeuner* given to the 89th Regiment at Waterford was distinguished by some extremely useful declarations on the part of those who must be regarded as doubly representing the Irish—the Prelates of the Catholic Church. The Right Rev. Dr. Daly, and the Right Rev. Dr. Foran, both avowed a peculiar interest in the war; the one 'because the interests of war are identical in putting down the Russian despot;' and the other 'because the two greatest armies in the world are fighting hand to hand to put down the Autocrat of Russia. Dr. Daly has a right to speak with feeling; he has a nephew who was wounded at Inkermann, and another in the 89th depot at Gibraltar, which will ultimately proceed to the East. That his nephews will emulate the most gallant officers in the British army we have no doubt; but it is the Bishop who proclaims the spirit in which those young officers will be fighting. If it used to be said that in case of a contest between Russia and Great Britain, Ireland would be a dangerous neighbor, the right reverend Prelates tell us how much right we had to scorn the threat. When we come to real trouble, distinctions between the two Islands of the United Kingdom cease, and Ireland proves herself a constituent element of the Western Powers, perhaps the most fiery element of all.'—*Globe.*

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF FALSE IMPRISONMENT.—In the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, a verdict of £500 damages and 6s costs was given against Mr. Dr. B. Frankes, resident magistrate in Queen's County, in an action for false imprisonment of a child, the son of Mr. F. B. Dixon, an English gentleman, who recently purchased property and settled in that county. It appears that a charge was made against the father and mother of the child, for which they were tried and acquitted; and the child, the plaintiff in this case, had been detained in custody for nine weeks, to be examined as a witness for the prosecution.

SMITH O'BRIEN.—A thoroughly Conservative journal, the *Limerick Chronicle*, makes this timely allusion to the subject:—"We should be delighted to find the descendant of the hero of Inchora again at Cahirmoyle. England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity to do her good not evil; if our John Bright at this side of the channel would allow us all in England to think so.—Sir Lucius O'Brien, acting in concert with that most amiable and excellent neighbor of his, Sir H. B. Massy, in organising a Patriotic Fund in Clare, in a part of Clare where Smith O'Brien is loved and respected, looks very unlike rebellion; looks very unlike any mischief accruing to the state from an unconditional pardon of your former member. We say this the more really as we do not believe Sir Lucius acted with the spirit in the matter, one might have expected, and we have never found an honest man in England, who did not believe Smith O'Brien badly dealt with."

MAYNOOTH.—There seems to be some fatality attending the report of the commission appointed to inquire into the state and management of the Royal College of Maynooth. The report, it may be recollected, was promised to be laid before the House of Commons during the last session of Parliament; but, owing to various causes, its production was deferred until the commencement of the ensuing session of Parliament. The chief reason assigned for this delay was the inability from the pressure of judicial duties, of Chief Baron Pigott, one of the commissioners, to pay the requisite attention involving the interests of that Church of which the Right Hon. gentleman is a distinguished member. To remedy this defect, the commission was extended for an additional six months, which terminated in September last, leaving the report as far from being perfected as it was 10 months previously, inasmuch as the Chief Baron upon returning from his circuit, was in so delicate a state of health, as to necessitate his immediate departure for Malaga in order to recruit a delicate constitution. Under such circumstances, the "Ides of March" will probably pass over without the friends and foes of Maynooth being anything wiser as regards the deliberate opinion of Lord Harrowby and his brother commissioners.

BIGOTS AT THE DEATH-BED.—One bleak night last November, a poor Protestant servant named Maria Maher, lay on her death-bed in the Hardwicke Hospital of this city. As life ebbed away, she yearned to be reconciled to her Creator, and remembering that her deceased mother was a Catholic, she implored one of the nurses to assist her in obtaining admission to the same communion. Of course the attendant cheerfully responded to this request—but a serious difficulty stood in the way. The No-Popery *ukase*, recently issued by the Governor of the House of Industry, ordains that the religion of every patient shall be registered on admission—that the register is only to be changed "upon the patient's own application reported through the nurse to the Governor or such other officer as may be authorised to act in his absence, and his sanction obtained after due investigation, and that in the meantime the patient should be permitted no communication with a clergyman of a different creed." In order to comply with this rule, the nurse proceeded in search of the Governor of the hospital; he was not to be found. She then tried to communicate with the next officer, the Steward, but on applying at his residence she ascertained that he was "dining out." The next official authority was the Rev. Mr. Faulkner, the Catholic Chaplain of the Institution, and though it was a positive violation of the Governor's *ukase* to apply to a Catholic clergyman under the circumstances, the nurse had no alternative. She acquainted father Faulkner with the poor patient's dying request: and that gentleman, rightly considering it his duty to obey the laws of God rather than those of man, at once proceeded to the hospital, and received Maria Maher into the Church. She died the next day. When these circumstances became known to the Governor of the hospital, he considered the breach of discipline so enormous, that he made a formal complaint to the Poor Law Commissioners, and it has been the subject of a judicial investigation.

SCENE IN A THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening week, the play of the Hunchback was performed in the Belfast theatre, Mr. Pamier enacting the part of 'Master Walter.' During the performance, some annoyance was enacted by persons laughing and otherwise interrupting the progress of the actors; and Mr. Pamier, conceiving that a part of it emanated from the Hon. Arthur Annesley, of the 92d Regiment, Henry R. Wallace, 92d Regiment, and James Bannatyne, merchant, who was seated in one of the private boxes, went to the box, and spat in each of their faces, striking Mr. Annesley. Mr. Pamier was summoned on Saturday to the Police Court, for the assault; but failing to appear, a warrant was issued for his apprehension.

THE NEW ORANGE HERO.—Whatever doubts may have hitherto existed as to the role of Mr. Disraeli with the Irish Orangemen, it is now unmistakable enough. The *Dublin Sentinel*, the organ of the Grand Lodge, has ostentatiously welcomed him as its "guide, philosopher, and friend," and Dr. Gregg proclaims him one of the most genuine supporters of the Constitution in Church and State. "All our eyes are now turned towards Mr. Disraeli," says this organ. "It is anxiously expected that he will express, in his place in parliament, the feelings of the Protestant of the United Kingdom. Let him stand true to the Protestant cause, and fear no disaster." Tolerably plain. As yet the English journals of all sections, scarcely exhibit any feeling towards the new alliance, except indifference and disgust. The *Morning Chronicle* treats Mr. Gregg and his followers with positive contempt—and that amiable divine retorts with his habitual modesty and meekness. "Than the Protestant citizens of Dublin and gentlemen of Ireland," he writes, "for chivalry of sentiment!!! for soundness of judgment, for honesty of purpose! and for courage to assert it, not Great Britain nor the world can supply their superiors!!! Mr. Disraeli has at present the gentlemen and the Protestants of Ireland on his side, because they esteem him as a man of genius, honor, power, and resolve—and let me tell the *Chronicle* this; that if Disraeli were a prince, of such support he might be justly proud; and further add, that having such support, if he prove worthy of it, the which I may not doubt, to the highest apex of power he may pretend and will succeed." The *John Bull*, a thoroughly Protestant Journal, is entitled to speak with some authority in this case—and here is its timely comment:—"It is not the least among the many proofs which Mr. Disraeli has given of the absence of true statesmanship amidst all his cleverness, that he should choose the present moment for taking the

lead in kicking up a Protestant row. The only excuse we can make for him is the singular congeniality of mind between the right honorable gentleman and his new allies. For choice specimens of personal violence and measureless invective, commend us to Benjamin Disraeli and Tresham Gregg."

A very inquisitive correspondent of ours, an old Staff Officer, asks us to tell him exactly how many able-bodied Irishmen, between the ages of sixteen and forty, died of famine, fever, and dysentery owing to English misgovernment in Ireland, between the years 1846 and 1854. We are not aware of any Parliamentary Paper on the subject unless it be in the next world and we feel like the Jesuit lay brother who was asked by the Pope how many stars there were in the sky, and could only reply that they were as many as the sands on the sea shore. Let us answer our friends in the same style? They were one hundred times as many as have fallen by Russian bayonets, and bullets since the war began. Querulously, he asks us again, how many able-bodied men between the ages of sixteen and forty fled away from Ireland to the roof-tree of another nation, within the same period? We answer—as many men of the first military qualities in the world as march in all the armies of the Czar. How many, then, quoth he, of them now bear arms in Irish Regiments of the United States? Ten times as many, quoth we, as all the Irish recruits for the war and the new Militia added together. Our friend is right in declaring that statistics like these are quite as interesting as those in the *Times*, touching the waste and supply of men to the Crimea? But which, saith he, is the more cruel death, famine or the sword. 'Tis hard to die, but it were far less cruel to bayonet ten wounded and helpless men, than to see one of them perish by the slow agony of hunger.—Thank God, the day is in Ireland when an able-bodied man need die in neither way!—*Nation*.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE BALTIC FLEET.—A squadron of the smaller class of steamers, about six in number, will not return to England with the fleet. They are to be stationed off Memel, to cruise whenever the season will permit, so as to prevent any vessels laden with supplies for the enemy getting into any of the neutral ports. In case of stress of weather, the steamers comprising the squadron of observation during the present winter will be enabled easily to take refuge at the port of Elsinore, in the vicinity of Copenhagen.

It is considered likely that Yarmouth roadstead will be made a winter station for a portion of the fleet under Sir Charles Napier, on their return from the Baltic.—*Morning Chronicle*.

STATE OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—The *Morning Chronicle* says there is not the slightest ground for supposing that the shipwrecks of the 14th Dec. have in any degree crippled the operations of the English army, or subjected our troops to intolerable privations. Lord Raglan had in store at that time upwards of three and a half millions of cartridges, and independent of the articles of winter clothing that were unhappily lost of board the Prince, there were on board other ships, which must arrive shortly after the storm, 54,000 pairs woollen socks, 30,000 woollen frocks, 34,000 flannel drawers, 35,000 watch coats, 50,000 blankets, 23,000 rugs, and nearly 7,000 pairs of worsted gloves.

RESOURCES OF BRITAIN IN MEN.—Two thirds of our army are men between twenty and thirty years of age. Here are the numbers of such men in Great Britain at three periods in the present century:—1821, 1,130,266; 1841, 1,635,869; 1851, 1,830,588. The number of men in Great Britain in 1851 of the age 20-40 was 3,193,496; of the age 15-40, 4,245,126; of the age 15-45, 4,801,900. A tenth of the smallest number would form a force of above 300,000 men in the strength and prime of life, and this is without counting Irishmen, who have hitherto contributed to the army at least one man to every two soldiers that were natives of Great Britain. If there were to be a levy from the United Kingdom of one soldier to every 100 people, it would supply an army of 277,000.—*Times*.

Admiral Dundas is immediately to return home in his flag-ship the *Britannia*, and will be succeeded by Rear-Admiral Lyons.

The whole militia of England is immediately to be embodied. This measure is intended, not so much for the protection of our own shores (although the *Times* significantly remarks, it would be as rash to leave the country wholly without a soldier as it was to leave the right flank of our position before Sebastopol unprotected by earthworks) as to be a nursery for the army.

Government have prohibited the exportation of lead to the north of Europe while the war rages.

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?—It is not, as Mr. Bright has dared to represent, "to uphold a filthy despotism." It is not to maintain a decrepit Government, which may or may not be rapidly improving, which may or may not be able to recover its vitality and renew its strength, but with which we can have *per se* no very close or vivid sympathies. It is not to retain in the East of Europe that political and diplomatic influence which we began to fear might be overshadowed by the growing power of our rival. It is not, in a word, for any of those trifling or hollow purposes for which too many of our former wars were undertaken. We are fighting not for Turkey, but for Europe. We are fighting not for a Mahomedan despotism, but for European freedom and civilization.—We are fighting, not for Turkey, but against Russia. We are doing what the very difficulties we encounter show us ought to have been done long ago. We are doing that for which so favorable an opportunity may never occur again. We are doing that which, if not done now, will in all human likelihood be done never. We are engaged in the task of controlling and beating back a Power which already overshadows half of Asia, and three-fourths of Europe, which a few more years of supine inaction on our part and of tolerated encroachment on hers may make absolutely irresistible, and whom we know to be the resolute, instinctive, and conscientious foe of all that we hold dearest and most sacred—of human rights, of civil liberty, of enlightened progress. A little more sleep, and a little more folding of the Lands to rest—a little more pausing in apathy as we have been doing year after year, step after step, conquest after conquest—and Russia would have been supreme at the Sound and on the Dardanelles, and the chance of saving civilization and assuring freedom have been lost for ever. This is no exaggerated language, though to those who have not watched the past or read the alarming indications of the present, it may appear so. Look at

the map of Russia; look at the secret hopes and terrors of nearly every Court in Europe and in Asia.—At the accession of Peter the Great, Russia was confined to her original inhospitable deserts and dreary steppes. She had access to no sea-board except the Arctic Ocean. She had no commerce, no influence, no name. She was scarcely more known or more powerful than Borneo or Cochinchina. See what she is now. Read how she has thus changed her position and her destiny. Every province of her vast dominions which is of any value has been gained by conquest, within a century and a half. The Livonian Provinces, Finland, Poland, the Ukraine, Bessarabia, the Delta of the Danube, the shores of the Black Sea—are all the spoils of recent robberies, and one means to further ones which are projected and not concealed. She keeps on foot an enormous army.—She numbers 55,000,000 of people; and the Czar boasts that 800,000 men annually reach the military age, and that he can spend them all without encroaching on the capital of his population. And the will which wields this mighty force is hampered by no constitutional limits or Parliamentary impediments, and enfeebled and endangered by no repressed aspirations after self-government on the part of his subjects.—*London Economist*.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER—THE MINISTRY.—It is confidently stated that they are particularly anxious that he should not be in the House of Commons during the coming session, because they are apprehensive that, were he in parliament, he would make some awkward disclosures respecting the unfortunate Baltic expedition. Any one who wished to get at the real state of affairs would only have to make certain indirect charges against himself, or to put certain questions to him, to extort from him, in the excitement of the moment, matters which ministers meant to be for ever kept a profound secret.—*Morning Advertiser*.

STEAM V. GUNPOWDER.—Mr. Perkins, the son of a gentleman who some years ago invented and exhibited in the metropolis a steam gun, has, through a contemporary, made the following offer. He says:—"I am prepared to undertake to supply the Government with a steam gun capable of throwing a ball of a ton weight a distance of five miles. If such a gun were fixed in Brunel's large ship of 10,000 tons, I venture to say that Sebastopol would be destroyed without losing a man."

THE LATE REV. MR. WHEBLE.—We have much pleasure in acknowledging the following testimony from the *Times* to the merits of the late Rev. J. J. Wheble:—"We deeply regret to announce the death of the Rev. John Wheble, one of the Roman Catholic chaplains to the army, which took place from dysentery in the Crimea. Mr. Wheble was endeared to all who knew him by his thoroughly good and amiable disposition, and we doubt whether those of his own faith who loved him for his devotion to it were not equally by his friends of other persuasions, who admired him for his genial, frank, and tolerant mind. With the army he was principally attached to the second Division, and we are told that, from Sir De Lacy Evans to the youngest drummer, every man mourns him as a friend. Mr. Wheble was a young man, well off as regards the goods of this world, and when, last spring, he volunteered to leave his quiet curacy at Chelsea to encounter the hardships and dangers of the war, he made, perhaps, as great a sacrifice to duty as any one of the gentlemen of England who have left fortune, home, and friends to fight for their country in the East." The country is roused to meet the war in the spirit which becomes it.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—At the moment of going to press a handbill has reached us, from a correspondent at Nottingham, showing the indecent earnestness of a certain party in attempting to give a No-Popery character to the Patriotic Fund. It begins with the words 'Patriotic Fund,' in the largest letters, and then goes on to announce a course of three lectures on Popery (in large letters), for the benefit of the fund, by Mr. Sheridan Knowles. We appeal to the good feeling of the Protestants of Nottingham to discourage and put down this monstrous and indecent attempt. The programme of the lectures is given in the placard; it is full of the foulest terms of abuse. We extract a few:—"Blasphemous premises," "fatuous ignorance," "Popish dogmas," "impious shift," "point blank falsehood," "rank falsehood," "Roman heresy," "Mariolatry," "the Pope a fool." Can it be tolerated that at the moment when Catholic soldiers are shedding their blood like water upon the heights of Sebastopol, and when Catholic Sisters of Charity are leaving their country and exposing their lives to attend to our sick and wounded, this wanton insult to the faith of Catholics should be perpetrated in pretended connection with a fund for relieving the widows and orphans of the soldiers of whom the Catholics constitute (we are told by the Protestant chaplain) one third? After all, it is the affair of the Protestants of Nottingham, rather than ours. It is their character that is at stake; let them speak out, and declare that they will not tolerate this disgrace to their town, and insist that the design shall be abandoned. The foolish people who have attempted to get up the miserable exhibition, will, no doubt, quail before their indignation.—*Catholic Standard*.

HIGHLAND CLEARANCES.—In a letter to Sir James Matheson, M.P., the editor of the *Northern Ensign* says:—"If you traverse Sutherland, a county having a population of considerably more than 20,000, I defy you to raise fifty volunteers from one end of it to the other. And this is the county that rendered itself so famous for its hundreds of six feet warriors, who defied and drove back the vaunted cohorts of 'the disturber of the peace of Europe,' and struck royalty itself with surprise. It is, however, the same county, whence, soon after the brilliant victories in which the Sutherland Highlanders bore so conspicuous a part, they, their fathers, their brothers, their sons, their mothers, and their sisters, were ruthlessly driven, many of them to fell down the forests of Canada, and where, ever since, the whole aim seems to have been to peel down, and oppress, and drive off the people."

Mr. Edward Oliver's ships were offered for sale at Liverpool on the 7th December. 74 were put up but only 22 sold, realizing £103,050. 3 were bought for cash, the remainder were taken by bill holders. The others will be sold by private contract.

The *Oxford Chronicle* of Saturday publishes the following extraordinary advertisement:—"A Patriotic Offer—Now, Soldiers' Wives, Look-out—A widower, of good character, with five children, offers to marry the widow of any soldier slain at Alma. For particulars apply to Mr. Higgs, draper and tailor, South Stoke, Oxen. The above offer is to be considered the contribution to the Patriotic Fund of the widower."

ANGLICANISM.—A manifesto, says the *John Bull*, has been put forth by four churchwardens and an "ex-churchwarden" of the three metropolitan parishes of St. Anne, Soho; St. Pancras, and St. Marylebone, "with the concurrence," it is said, "of sixty churchwardens of the principal parishes and other gentlemen," recommending the establishment of a "reforming convocation," which is henceforth to lay down the law and the doctrine of our Church. The objects intended to be obtained by means of this movement are thus stated:—"The first object of this reforming convocation should be to uphold the Gospel in its Scriptural simplicity; as the bond of union in the National Church, and thus to restore the Christian communion with the Protestant Church of England all the sound Protestants of the United Kingdom and of all Christendom, as it was in our best reforming times in the reign of King Edward. The next object should be to resume our still unfinished work of Protestant Reformation, and promote a careful Scriptural revision of our Ecclesiastical system, bringing the Sacramental services into harmony with the Articles, and the whole into unison with the written Word of God. Another object would be to embody the Scriptural conclusions of the convocation in a well-digested and business-like plan of Church reformation, to be laid before the Queen and parliament by petition, thereby strengthening the hands of the government in carrying into effect the important measures of reform regarding the Church courts, &c., already introduced, and leading forward the legislature to the satisfactory completion of our Protestant Reformation." On the plea that "the Clergy are much fettered by the Tractarian Bishops, and much divided in sentiment amongst themselves," it is suggested that "the movement can be commenced effectually only by the laity."

SIGNS OF LIFE.—The Right Rev. Dr. Blomfield, in his sermon at Islington, a few days ago, denounced the Catholic Church as an "idolatrous" system, towards which it was our duty to act offensively as well as defensively, and not less strongly those who betrayed a leaning to Rome "within their own camp." His Lordship added, that the emissaries of Rome were endeavoring to make Islington a "model mission," and it was their especial duty therefore to oppose them in that locality, &c. The Right Rev. Dr. Lee (of Manchester) has publicly declared (in evident allusion to the late charge of Dr. Wilberforce) that those who hold any notion whatever of an ablation in the Lord's Supper, are on the "second or third round of the ladder which leads to Rome." Lord Campbell has declined to interfere with Archbishop Sumner in favor of Archdeacon Denison on this subject, and the case will therefore proceed. The *Church and State Gazette* complains that Bishop Wilberforce, has encouraged the use of Mr. R. Wilberforce's recent works at the Cuddeledon Institution. Her Majesty has appointed an Evangelical "Bishop of Sydney and Metropolitan of Austria;" and another Low Church prelate has just been appointed for the colonies. The Rev. J. Keble writes to the *Guardian*, pointing out the gravity of the Denison case, and adding, that if the doctrine of a "Real Objective Presence" is declared untenable in the Anglican Church, there will indeed be reason to doubt the reality of our communion with the universal Church.

SUNDAY IN GLASGOW.—Yesterday Glasgow was placed in what may be termed an "extraordinary fix" by the entire stoppage of the cab and omnibus traffic throughout the city and suburbs. It appears that certain city missionaries have been laboring for some time past among the cab and omnibus men in Glasgow and suburbs, of whom there are about 550, and they have at length succeeded in convincing them that so long as they continued to drive people to church or anywhere else on Sundays they were themselves driving to perdition. A declaration was accordingly issued a few weeks since, to the effect that the consciences of the cabmen would not permit them to follow this unholy traffic any longer, and that on Sundays for all time coming, beginning with yesterday, the 19th, they would rest from their labors. Although this intimation was publicly given, the inhabitants paid little attention to it, as they could not believe that the men, were in earnest in their intention of stopping all carriage intercourse on Sunday in a city with 400,000 inhabitants, especially as the principal use of the cabs and busses was to convey people from distant parts of the city or from the suburbs to the various churches. The result showed, however, that the men were perfectly in earnest, for yesterday, with the exception of a few private carriages, the streets of Glasgow were as free from the rattle of wheels as those of Pompeii or Ephesus. The inconvenience and annoyance resulting from this extreme measure of Sabbath observance are indescribable. Lame and infirm people could not reach the church according to their usual wont. Surgeons and physicians (unless they kept private carriages) could not visit their patients; and friends and relatives living far apart could not visit each other upon their only day of leisure. A lady was taken ill in one of the churches, but not a cabman could be found to convey the patient home until her husband produced a doctor's certificate. Hundreds of respectable families have of late years built themselves handsome little country houses in the pretty suburban villages of Partick, Pollokshields, &c., on the Frith, that they might have a regular communication with "kirk and market" by means of the omnibuses, but yesterday these inhabitants were placed beyond the pale of Glasgow society altogether, and those of them who were unable to walk long distances along dirty roads on a winter's day were compelled to forego attendance at church. This "strike," by which carriage locomotion is utterly prohibited on Sunday in a great city, and in the name of religion, is regarded with reprobation by the great mass of the intelligent inhabitants. The enlightened clergymen are quite averse to these extravagant proceedings, but they dare not denounce them, otherwise they themselves would be denounced as lukewarm, godless, and time-serving by the extreme section of Sabbatarians who, known as the "unco guid," though a small minority, subject the community in this matter to a species of moral terrorism. It is only fair to state that the bulk of the cabmen, though going upon "strike," in the name of religion, admit that their real grievance is that they are compelled to do seven days' work for six days' pay. Their masters can remedy this, and if they fail to do so measures will be taken to find a remedy in another way. It is inconceivable that a city like Glasgow is to be thrown back a couple of centuries in its social amenities, and that it should become at the same time the scorn and laughing-stock of strangers by a Sunday dead-lock to locomotion such as that which now exists.

REMITTANCES

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND & WALES.

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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TERMS:

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1855.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The position of the Allied armies before Sebastopol remains unaltered. The Russians occasionally venture upon a sortie, and are as constantly repulsed; reinforcements continue to arrive; but the wet weather has put a stop to the siege, and the consequent increase of sickness, is sending great numbers into the hospital. The greatest efforts are being made to supply the troops with winter clothing, and to furnish them with shelter against the rigors of a Crimean winter; but, to all appearance, all active military operations must be suspended till the spring, when it is to be hoped that our brave soldiers will be in force sufficient to bring the campaign to a successful issue. For the present, they can only remain on the defensive. It is said that the Russian Major who was taken prisoner whilst ordering his men to kill the wounded British soldiers, has been hanged in front of Sebastopol, by sentence of a Court Martial. Serve him right.

The Imperial Parliament was opened by Her Majesty in person on the 12th ult. In the speech from the throne, full justice was done to the gallantry of our soldiers and their noble allies, whilst the necessity for further exertions towards augmenting the military resources of the Empire was insisted upon. In the course of the ensuing debates on the Address, in both Houses, but one spirit manifested itself; and there can be no doubt that the country is fully prepared to adopt any measures, and to submit to any sacrifices, which the present war, undertaken in defence of the liberties and civilisation of Western Europe, may require. Lord Derby in the Lords, and Sir J. Pakington in the Commons, commented somewhat severely upon the shortcomings of the Ministry, who, it must be confessed, have not as yet shown themselves altogether so active in the prosecution of the war as they should have been. Great mistakes have certainly been committed; and the Duke of Newcastle, in his reply, admitted as much; but the language both of the Ministry and of the Opposition is such as to give assurance that, for the future, the war will be carried on with energy and determination. A "Vote of Thanks" to the Allied Armies and their respective Commanders, in which Marshall St. Arnaud, Generals Canrobert and Bosquet were mentioned by name, was passed unanimously by both Houses. It is also intended to make a liberal distribution of honors and rewards to the band of heroes who have so faithfully served their country in the Crimea. Medals are to be distributed, and commissions will be given to the non-commissioned officers who have distinguished themselves—bearing date from the 5th of November.

Some doubts are still entertained as to the value of the Austrian treaty; but a slight rise in the Funds would seem to indicate that a satisfactory arrangement has been entered into with the Court of Vienna. Prussia still keeps aloof from the Western Powers, but has sent a special Envoy to London.

PIETY OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

Whatever opinion one may form of the present Government of France, of its ultimate object in beginning the war which now threatens the whole of Europe, or of the issue of the gigantic struggle between the Eastern and the Western Powers;—there can be but one feeling in every Catholic heart, about the unhoped for increase of the true Catholic spirit in the French army and navy. And the change for the better in them, is only an index to the mighty revolution which has been going steadily on in the French nation for years past.

Without detracting from the share which others may have had in this great and good work, this much, at least, may be said of the men at the head of affairs in France,—they not only allow Religion to do her part, but they encourage and assist her effectually.—Be it mere policy, or be it the result of conscientious conviction,—it is a healthful policy, and has its reward.

After the harrowing details with which our English papers have been teeming since the Battle of Alma, and the carnage of Inkermann, the readers of the True Witness may be refreshed by the following extract of a letter written by one of the French Chaplains from Sebastopol,—and translated from the *Univers*:—

"I trust that Providence is preparing a triumph for the Cross of Christ, as well as for our own flag,—and that it shall be given us to see history record one other instance, in which the glory of France forwards the glory of God. Our soldiers have brought the Cross with them to the East, it will remain implanted

there after them,—and that day will be one of the most glorious days in the life of our nation, on which the world shall behold its banners waving from the walls of Sebastopol, and its Cross enjoying freedom and respect on the shores of the Bosphorus.

"Our whole army are conscious of being the Missionaries of the Cross. Never yet did that Catholic feeling, which is the source of France's might, greatness, and influence, show itself in any assemblage of men by such open manifestations. The Chaplains are surrounded at every hour by that sympathy, that respect, that deep and candid affection, so much in keeping with the frank character of French soldiers. One of the Chaplains told me that, of the hours allotted each day for hearing confessions, not one single minute is left unoccupied.

Among the sick and the wounded there is not one man that did not welcome, and implore the consolations of the Priest, and the supreme consolations of Religion. Not one even put off to the morrow. One person only refused to make her confession,—and that was a woman who followed the camp; the wretched creature was cut off by the cholera.

"All these intrepid warriors of the Alma,—all of them, from the Commander-in-Chief down to the youngest drummer,—all, even the Protestants,—wear the miraculous medal;—and a large proportion of those heroic hearts beat beneath the Scapular.

"I should have liked to see on the battle-field, in these brave fellows' places, the Editors of the *Siècle*, who do not wear the Scapular, and who joke about it, with that sort of wit and diction that only belongs to them. . . . I promise you, the figure they would have cut, would have been about as funny, as Mr. Karr's newspaper novels.

"*Monsieur le Curé*," said a wounded officer one day to one of the Chaplains,— "You know that I am not one of the most devout men in the world?"

"I know my dear Sir, that you are a Christian."

"Well, just look at that bullet up there, on the board over my bed; you see it is flattened, . . . it is stamped with the likeness of my medal."

"Oh! but that didn't prevent you?"—replied the Chaplain, with a smile—"that didn't prevent you from getting hit in the leg with a bullet."

"Oh! aye, in the leg! . . . But you know I had 'nt a medal on my leg."

A young infantry officer from your part of the country (Lyons), having been very severely wounded by a shot, asked the Chaplain to give him some pious books, not wishing, he said, to read any others. As the priest was returning to see him the day following:—"Don't come near me, Father"—said he with a terrified voice—"don't come near me!"

The Chaplain, astonished, asked him what was the matter!

"But, Father, said the young man, 'don't you feel how horribly my wound smells?—You'll have to keep away from me; for I am eaten up alive with maggots. The surgeon fearing hemorrhage, does not dare to dress my wound. I am suffering dreadfully; but I know for what faults God is punishing me; it is an atonement which I willingly accept."

The Priest thereupon sat down, saying:—

"Well, well, let us have a little chat; don't you think I have seen worse wounds than yours?"

One might relate a thousand things as touching as these.

"I shall never forget," said M—— to me the other day—how joyfully our Engineers set about making a large Cross for me, and how the finest man of the Company next to my lodgings, carried this Cross through the streets of Gallipoli, immediately in front of General Carbuccia's coffin—who, as you are aware, had died of Cholera the night before, with well known sentiments of faith and resignation."

"Only a few days before his burial, the mere sight of my surplice had enraged the old Turks. But on that day, the Cross, borne along so bravely, passed through their midst without exciting a single murmur; and there stands that very Cross, until this day, surrounded by a hundred others that mark the graves of our gallant soldiers, and there it shall stand, thanks to the spell that there is in the French name, despite the fits of wrath into which the sight of this abhorred emblem throws the old grey-beard Mahomedans."

"Our courageous piety, our generous devotedness—this brotherhood of the sword and the Cross—this superhuman tenderness of the Priest, and the Sisters of Charity, confound the Turks, and astonish our English Allies."

"Our Ministers," said an English officer one day to Father . . . "run away from the dangers which you court; they are in dread of the Cholera which you despise; we never find them where you are to be seen: our Religion can make neither Priests, nor Sisters of Charity; what inference can you draw from that?"

"You do not want me to answer that query?"—replied the Priest laughingly: "I think you can easily do so yourself."

"God grant that the answer may come home to many upright hearts and reasoning minds!"

"The Priest to whom these words were addressed had himself spent a whole month, without rest by day or sleep by night, continually bent over the beds of the Cholera patients.

"You know that our ships have brought away with them quite a multitude of wounded Russians, who were cared for just as well as our own men. Therefore, the Turks, who at first could not credit their eyes, seeing that the English had not acted in like manner, began to say to each other; the English are not such good *Franks* (that is, Christians) as the French;—they are of another Religion."

"And truly, French charity fulfils everywhere its glorious apostleship; one would think it endeavored to embrace the entire globe. Never was that expansive, conquering power of Catholic devotedness seen to assume such wonderful proportions. But this glory only costs tears of gratitude and affection."

"The Turks themselves are moved by the sight of it. They bear us a sympathy and a preference, which they take no pains to conceal; and wherever they meet one of our soldiers, they invariably salute him with the grave apostrophe of *Bono Francese*: this is all they know of our language."

"Quite a number of wounded Russians have asked the chaplains to administer to them the consolations of religion. Officers have abjured the Greek Schism, and died in the bosom of the Church, after having received absolution from the Catholic Priest."

"Do you know what I am?" enquired the Chaplain of the first Russian who had sent for him.

"Surely," answered the other; "I know you are a pope."

"But do you belong to my religion?"

"The Russian replied to this, by making the sign of the Cross."

"But is there no difference between your belief and mine?"

"I don't know of any."

"This was the answer given us by all their common soldiers. So that one may see in what ignorance the imperial Pope of Russia leaves his flock. As to these poor fellows, death only permits our Chaplains to make sure of their being in good faith, and then to give them the absolution which they crave."

"Father—, in dealing with them, uses as an interpreter one of the persecuted Nuns of Minsk who had taken refuge in France; she is a Polish lady, at present a Sister of St. Vincent of Paul, destined by Providence (for it would be almost impiety to say by chance) to heal in the East, the wounded bodies and spirits of the Russians."

"Do you not see in these facts, picked up at random from a thousand, manifestations replete with comfort and hope? No, it is not among an enervated nation that one could meet with such an ample harvest of devoted and heroic souls! France is still the most Christian country: her heart is still as generous, her sword as keen, as of old. Let us have hope, then, for the future is in the hand of God."

MAN'S LOWER LIFE.

The poetic idea that there is a mystic connection between the external world and the individual life of man, is one that has found favor in all times, and is underlaid by a truth which is a key to some of the most mysterious phenomena of our being. Man was rightly named by the old philosophers the *microcosm*, and is the complex of all organisms. We find in him the vegetative life, the animal life which belongs to the brute creation, and with this the peculiar instincts of the lower races. And as in each of these we see, vaguely shadowed forth and anticipated, the distinctive characteristics of the creation next higher in the series, so in man we have in addition to that intellect whose dawn is apparent in the "half-reasoning elephant" a prophetic glance which anticipates that higher life which belongs to a nobler state of existence. Such glimpses of our higher being are found in the extacies of the Christian mystics like St. Theresa, who by asceticism and lofty devotion have so far subdued the lower part of their natures, that they have already in this world, anticipated in their glorious visions the privileges of "the just made perfect."

On the other hand, man's sympathies with the lower world, which he has in common with the inferior creation, are apparent in the influences which odours, darkness and sunshine, the approach of thunder and tempest, and the changes of the moon, exert upon his mental and physical being. The susceptibilities to these agencies are in no direct relation to his intellectual development, and are often most marked in the idiot or in the savage, who like the animals of his native forests, feels from afar the coming storm or the earthquake. The souls of such "ever beat in mystic sympathy with nature's ebb and flow," and they seem to share in the great world-life, or telluric individuality. Personally being—as Dr. Brownson has so well said—the last complement of a rational nature, capable of voluntary activity, it follows that, in proportion as man becomes subject to this bondage of nature with its rigid laws, he loses his personality and his freedom of will. His acts, like many of the surprising feats of idiots, clairvoyants, and somnambulists, resemble those which are prompted by the instinct of the lower animals.

Besides these spontaneous developments of this lower life, we are all more or less conscious of a peculiar state of being, when, having shut from our minds the outer world we awake to a dreamy existence in which "we touch the lower life of beast and clod." This is the condition in which are developed in sensitive subjects the phenomena of *clairvoyance*, which are unquestionably sometimes spontaneously produced; and the power of the mesmeriser is that of artificially inducing a similar state, in which the individual personality is for the time annulled, and identified with the telluric life; while it is also, in part, subjected to the will of the more powerful operator. Every mesmeriser has, however, felt that he evokes an agency which is not within his control, and develops powers which transcend his own intelligence. It has, however, been well remarked, that the ken of the mesmeric subject does not go beyond the ordinary facts of the material world, and cannot rise to the great moral and intellectual problems of our nature.—

While we are thus disposed to regard mesmeric phenomena as merely abnormal developments of the lower life in man, it must be remarked that when these efforts are produced by the aid of a second person, whose own will to a certain extent sways that of the mesmerized individual, whose personality is for the time entirely lost—the moral consequences are most disastrous, inasmuch as the subject, in thus voluntarily abandoning to another that free will for the exercise of which he is accountable, commits an act of moral suicide, which is the deepest degradation of which a responsible being is capable—and exposes himself to be made the unconscious tool of the passions or designs of another man, and what is worse, of the demon himself.

"THE SPIRIT-RAPPER; AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY."—By O. A. Brownson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"*Inilium sapientia, timor Domini.*" "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"—says the Psalmist; and as to fear the Lord, we must first apprehend that He is—then, according to the Royal Secret—all true wisdom must be based upon the belief, that there is a God, the Maker and Lord of all things. Modern Protestantism, or Denialism, does not per-

haps go so far as to deny explicitly that there is a God; but the man who in the company of liberal Christians, should be so rash as to profess his belief in the existence of the Devil, would be esteemed far gone in superstition, and would be looked upon as a sort of moral and intellectual monster amidst the light and intelligence of the XIX. century. It is to restore this belief in the Devil, as a real and very active Personality, that Dr. Brownson has written the work whose title stands at the head of this article. Should this attempt prove in any degree successful, the author will have rendered no trifling service to the cause of Christianity; as, by reinstating Satan in the place from whence he has been ejected, he will have re-established in the hearts of his Protestant fellow-countrymen a belief in the necessity of a Redeemer from the power of Satan; and thus, when Protestants shall have been converted to a belief in the Devil, we shall begin to entertain hopes that their restoration to Christianity and the Church is not altogether hopeless.

That there is a Devil, and that he is still active amongst men, ever seeking to divert them from their allegiance to God, and to bring them under subjection to himself, is what the author undertakes to establish from the phenomena, which, sometimes under one name, and sometimes under another, have of late years, on both Continents, attracted so much of the public attention. The objective reality of these phenomena, Dr. Brownson contends, we must admit, or else be prepared to reject all human testimony; and if we admit their objective reality, to what causes, to what agencies—natural or preternatural—shall we assign them? Are they simply human-knavish, or super-human Devilish? If they are not the one, then must they be the other.

The author of the "Spirit-Rapper" evidently inclines to the belief, that the phenomena of "Table-Turning," "Spirit-Rapping," and Spiritualism in general, are to be classed in the latter category—as superhuman devilish; as artifices employed by the great enemy of souls to entice men to render him that worship which is due to God alone. But Satan has ever been the greatest fool in creation; and in so prominently asserting himself, it may turn out that he has only been contributing to re-establish a belief in the almost exploded dogmas of Christianity. From the foul Devil-worship into which the Protestantism of the United States has, to a considerable extent, subsided, the conclusion to the existence of a Devil is inevitable; and once admit Devil, the other articles of the creed will stand a fair chance of recovering their ancient hold upon the faith of mankind. As Voltaire—who was a sound Protester—used to say, "*Sathan! c'est le Christianisme tout entier.*"

We have not space to allow us to develop our author's argument, by which he seeks to prove—1st—The objective reality of the phenomena of "Table-Turning," "Spirit-Rapping," and manifested in the "writing, tipping," and even "speaking mediums." 2nd—That these phenomena transcend the domain of the natural, and must therefore be referred to supernatural agencies; but if to supernatural, then to Satanic agency. The length however to which the delusion, superstition—call it what you will—has extended in the United States, may be judged from the following passage:—

"There are some three hundred circles or clubs in the city of Philadelphia alone, and the Spiritualists, as they call themselves, count nearly a million of believers in our own country. Table-turning, necromancy, divination becomes a religion with some, and an amusement with others. The infection seizes all classes, ministers of religion, lawyers, physicians, judges, comedians, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. The movement has its quarterly, monthly, and weekly journals, some of them conducted with great ability; and the spirits, through the writing mediums, have already furnished it a very considerable library"—p. 138.

But not to the United States of America alone have the ravages of this modern demon-worship been confined; though, there indeed they have been the most widely spread and most destructive—as was indeed to be expected, seeing that a great portion of the population of the States are unbaptised, and therefore literally heathens; over such a population it is not wonderful that the power of the devil should be signally manifested. Yet men of all countries, and of all persuasions—bad Catholics amongst the number—have fallen victims to the same degrading superstition; and, about a year ago, even in Canada, and until checked by the vigorous action of the Church, the moral pestilence was making sad havoc with our simple *habitans*. Thank God, we hear no more, amongst Catholics at least, of table-turning and spiritual communications; our people believe in God and His Christ; it is not therefore necessary with them, as with their Non-Catholic neighbors, that they should be converted to a belief in the Devil and his Imps.

The plot, or story of the work before us is very simple. "The hero, a Dr. —, being an unprincipled scoundrel, naturally sets up in business as a Philanthropist and "World-Reformer." Evidently the first step in such a business must be to get rid of Christianity, whose spirit has always been opposed to the schemes of Philanthropists and "World-Reformers." Accompanied by a young and enthusiastic married woman, whom by his arts he has rendered his unresisting tool, Dr. — sets off on a "World-Reforming" tour throughout Europe; where he organises "spiritual circles," and puts himself *en rapport* with the leading demagogues of the Continent. Foiled in his projects by the counter-revolution of '49—and more than ever convinced that Christianity—the grand support of the existing social order—must be got rid of, our hero returns to America, bent upon supplanting Christianity by a new religion which, like its rival, could appeal to a supernatural origin, and which could sustain itself by the evidence of miracles. But his projects are cut short by the interven-

tion of his companion's husband, who inflicts a mortal wound upon the villain who had tampered with his wife's affections. On his death-bed the Dr. recognises his errors, and seeks in the regenerating waters of baptism to be released from his covenant with Satan, to whom he thus formally renounces all allegiance, and from whose clutches it is to be hoped that he finally makes good his escape. The book itself is supposed to contain the record of his death-bed confessions.

Out of these unpromising materials, Dr. Brownson has managed to construct a very interesting and exceedingly instructive work; witty and profound, full of fun and metaphysics, and in which he hits off with much humor many of the literary celebrities of the day, and lashes—with not undeserved severity—its cant and absurdities. How happy, how true, is the following definition of philanthropy—which has been also defined as consisting in the love of all men in general, but the hatred of every man in particular:—

"Know," says the speaker, "that philanthropy seeks no individual, no exclusive good, and does not consist in loving men and women. It is the love of man, not men, and seeks the welfare of the race, not of individuals"—p. 86.

The description too of the effects of sympathy, as manifested in the extravagancies of a Methodist Revival is admirable in its way, and betrays an intimate acquaintance with some of the practices of that extraordinary sect.

Jack—one of the characters introduced—had been stopping at an old aunt's, a rigid Sabbatarian; and, finding it exceedingly dull, took it into his head to attend a Methodist meeting. The effect upon the susceptible Jack is thus described by himself:—

"I seldom go to meeting, but once-and-while I like to attend a Methodist evening gathering. I sometimes find plenty of fun. The performances this evening had begun before my arrival, for, as usual, I was rather late. On entering I found the house crowded almost to suffocation. Ten or a dozen men, women, boys, and girls, were down on their knees, all screaming at once from the very top of their lungs; and the rest of the brethren and sisters were groaning, shouting, clapping their hands, in glorious confusion. I worked my way along to a vacant spot which I spied just before a blazing fire. Turning my back to the fire, and holding aside the skirts of my coat so that they should not get scorched, I stood and looked for some minutes on the scene before me. At first I was struck with its comical character, and was much amused; soon, however, I grew serious, became sad, and then indignant, (that beings in human shape, and endowed, I presumed, with the faculty of reason, should make such fools of themselves. I inwardly resolved that for once I would 'speak in meeting,' and that as soon as there should be a pause or a lull, so that I could stand some chance of making myself heard, I would give them a piece of Jack Wheatley's mind. In a word, I resolved to give them a downright scolding, and to tell them plainly what fools they were to suppose that they could please God by acting like so many bedlamites or howling dervishes.

"Well, after some fifteen or twenty minutes, there came a slacking up, and I opened my mouth. I remembered what my old rhetoric master had taught me, though how I came to it is a puzzle, and resolved to begin in a modest and conciliatory manner. It would not do to shock them in the outset. I must first gain their ears and their good-will. So I began with a grave face and a solemn tone, and made some commonplace remarks on religion, and the duty to love and worship God, meaning, (after my preliminary remarks, intended to gain the jury), to bring in, with crushing effect, my rebukes. But the brethren did not wait. Mistaking me for a pious exhorter, they cried out almost at my first words, 'Amen! Glory! Bless the Lord! Go on, brother! Will you believe it? Instantly I caught the enthusiasm, became possessed by the *genius loci*, entered in spite of myself into the spirit of the meeting, and gave a most magnificent methodistical exhortation. The brethren and sisters were edified, were enraptured, and when the time came for the meeting to break up, the leader requested me to close the performances with prayer, which I did with great fervor and unction. The spell lasted till I got out of the house into the open air"—pp. 15, 16, 17.

We wish that we could take our leave of the "Spirit-Rapper" without one word of disapprobation; but sincere as is our respect for the author, and our admiration for his talents so nobly employed in the service of the Church, we cannot but express our regret that, in one instance at least, he has apparently done injustice to the memory of a great man; of one who, if not a perfect saint, was still one of the best patriots, and most dutiful Catholics of whom Ireland can boast—we mean, O'Connell. It is indeed Dr. —, the "Spirit-Rapper," who describes him, and not Dr. Brownson; but the world will be slow to make this distinction, and will be inclined to give the latter credit for the sentiments expressed by the former. This may be very unjust; but nevertheless it is thus that the majority of readers will act.

The Dr. — certainly admits that O'Connell was "a pious Catholic, a warm-hearted patriot," and "a genuine lover of his country." High praise this, and well deserved; but assuredly incompatible with the insinuations that the object of them was also the patron of infidels, mercenary, and an ally of the demagogues of Europe in his character of the friend and "inventor of peaceful agitation." O'Connell was warm-hearted and "impulsive," says the "Spirit-Rapper"; it may therefore easily be admitted that, in spite of his penetration, he, a "pious Catholic," was sometimes imposed upon by infidels and demagogues. That he was not mercenary, that he was actuated by higher motives than those of personal or family aggrandisement, and had an eye for other objects besides the "rime," is, we think, evident from the circumstances in which O'Connell left his family at his decease. Possessed as he was of immense political influence, and almost absolute control over the government of the country, he could have made what terms he pleased with the Ministry of the

day. He often stipulated for concessions to the demands of his oppressed fellow-countrymen; but we have yet to learn that he ever received anything for himself. He has been accused of buying a Ministry; but we never heard that he was suspected even of a willingness to sell his country. Finally, as to the charge of being the "inventor of peaceful agitation," and, as such the ally of the demagogues and agitators of Continental Europe—it is only necessary to remark, that so far from this being a reproach to O'Connell as a faithful Catholic, it is his highest honor. He was not the "inventor" of "agitation" in any sense.—Upon his entry into public life, he found "agitation," and plenty of it. His task was to imprint upon the "agitation" which he found in existence, and which he could not suppress, a "peaceful" character. In this task he succeeded, as no other man before or since has succeeded. But for him, there would have been "agitation" of an unpeaceful, or bloody character—armed agitation—agitation such as distinguished the accession to power of the "Young Ireland" party, to whose policy O'Connell was always opposed. It is the glory of O'Connell, and the boast of his friends, that he, during his life time, kept the agitation, which neither he nor any other man could suppress altogether, within proper bounds, and subject to a Catholic, and therefore to a "peaceful" influence. In this sense, O'Connell was the "inventor of peaceful agitation"—not in that it was "agitation," but in that it was "peaceful." For this all honor to his memory, as a patriot, as a statesman, and as a Christian.

In his New Year's Address to his readers, the talented and warm-hearted editor of the *American Celt* throws out some important suggestions to his fellow-countrymen. He bids them:—

1. "To familiarise themselves with the idea of another emigration, should the United States really pass under the sway of the secret societies.
2. "To ascertain all they can of the condition of other American States and Colonies, especially of those where Catholicity is considered no crime."
3. "To make themselves certain of the state of Ireland, before deciding to return to it, should certain contingencies arise—as they possibly may—out of the present war."

That the destinies of the United States will be swayed, if not by secret, at least by Anti-Catholic associations—and that Irish Catholics in America, will, in consequence, find themselves the objects of a bitter and relentless persecution, and—both politically and socially—as destitute of all influence, and consideration as they were in their native land—is, unless we greatly mistake the signs of the times, inevitable. It is well, then, that the Irish Catholics in America, should familiarise themselves with the idea of another emigration. But whether? To the land of their origin?—or some other country, nearer at hand, and where neither their nationality, nor their religion will be unto them as a reproach? Making every allowance for the "certain contingencies" to which the *American Celt* alludes, we cannot but think that the latter will be the course the most likely to be adopted by the Irish Catholics, whom the intolerance of Yankee Protestantism must compel again to seek for shelter, and a permanent resting-place for themselves and their descendants.

Gladly would we hail the cessation of the "Irish Exodus" altogether. Gladly would we learn that, with the diminution of the pressure on the means of subsistence, and the increased demand for labor of all kinds in his native land, the old love of home and father-land had revived in the bosom of the Irish emigrant; and that again his face was turned towards the graves of his fathers, and where rest the ashes of his Celtic progenitors. Beautiful would be the sight of the white sails on the Atlantic bearing back the sons of Ireland from afar, gathering the outcast from the four corners of the earth, that they might once more restore the waste places of their Israel. But we are hardly sanguine enough to expect to see this vision realised; nor should we forget that—even though driven by persecution forth from the United States—there is yet a great destiny for the Catholic Irish in America; and that on this Continent there is ample space wherein they may work out the designs of Providence with regard to the most faithful and energetic of all the Catholic populations of Europe, and who justly merit the title of the "Pioneers of Catholicity" in N. America. It behoves then the Irish Catholics of America to ponder well the second suggestion of the *American Celt*; and to ascertain all they can of the political and social condition of other States on the North American Continent.

Of these there is none certainly that has greater claims on the attention of the Irishman in America, than has this Canada of ours; none where the Irish Catholic could so easily make himself a home; none where he would be received with a more hearty welcome; none certainly where he could find greater facilities for practising his religion, and bequeathing the precious inheritance of the faith to his descendants. Relieved from the degrading yoke of democratic despotism which presses so cruelly upon him in the United States, the Irish Catholic in Canada, finding himself once more in the enjoyment of the inestimable privileges of a free man—and having learnt by bitter experience the incompatibility of liberty, and democracy—would be ever on his guard against the insidious advances of Protestant demagoguism. Menaced as are our liberties in Canada, by the rapid progress of democracy—and the morbid desire with which a portion of our Non-Catholic community has been seized of servilely copying all that is most detestable and slavish in the institutions of our neighbors—the Irish Catholic immigrant from the United States—still impressed with the loathsomeness of democratic despotism—would be sure to approve himself the staunch defender of civil and re-

ligious liberty, which may exist under a monarchical, or indeed under any form of government, with the exception of an absolute democracy. Thus Canada, and the cause of religious freedom, would be equally gainers by an extensive immigration of Irish Catholics from the United States. Hither then should they direct their steps; here will they enjoy a political and social status to which, both at home and in the United States, they have been strangers; here too will they be received with a hundred thousand welcomes.

We learn from the *Quebec Chronicle* that an exploration of the "Coal Mine," alleged to have been discovered on the Mountain at Quebec, was made on Friday last, in the presence of a large party of persons deeply interested in the result. Like many other mountains in labor, that of Quebec has brought forth only a very small and contemptible mouse.—"The specimens"—says our Quebec cotemporary—"which were dug from a vein of about six inches, in a formation older than that in which coal is found, could not but have convinced those capable of discerning, that the discovered substance is the *indurated bitumen* forced in a fluid state by volcanic (?) action into the clefts of the rock, and referred to in p. 35 of Mr. Logan's last Report." They are always discovering coal, and coal mines in Canada: only unfortunately the coal, somehow or other, never does find its way to market.

Our Methodist friends are in a sad way about the apostasy of the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, eighteen months ago a distinguished light of the Wesleyan communion; but who has since then been engaged at a higher salary by a Calvinistic congregation to do their preaching. In a speech made at Philadelphia by the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, he was reported to have delivered himself as follows—and it is this that has touched upon the scarcely healed "raw" occasioned by the Rev. gentleman's defection:—

"I am a Presbyterian in principle. With you I cooperate heartily, with you I hope to live, and to die. And is there any thing about Presbyterianism that a man need be ashamed of? Look at Geneva, and Switzerland, and Scotland, and our Church, and answer."

"And then remember that of all Churches Presbyterianism is the most Protestant. Whoever may utter Calvinism can be relied on against Popery. So long as you uprear our temples you have a sure defence against the seven-hilled city. So long as Presbyterianism lives and flourishes our liberties in Church and State are sure."

Hereupon "A Lover of Consistency" in the *Christian Guardian* (Methodist), scandalized at Mr. Jenkins' backsliding, publishes the following:—

"We have heard children of Methodists speak slightly if not contemptuously, of that communion through whose instrumentality their fathers and their mothers have been washed and sanctified, and justified and in many cases glorified. Not so the subject of this memoir. He, so far from turning his back upon Methodism, loved it in his youth, loved it more in his manhood, and loved it most in his death."

And where did our "Lover of Consistency" it may be asked, find the above? Why, at page 58 of a book written by the Rev. Mr. Jenkins himself, giving the life of a Methodist celebrity—some Squires or Squeers—not of "Dotleboys Hall," celebrated by Dickens. To prevent another such scandalous display of mercenary apostasy, the writer in the *Christian Guardian* recommends that the salaries of Methodist preachers should be raised; otherwise we suppose they will all be walking in the way of the Rev. Mr. Jenkins. In justice, however, to the Rev. gentleman, we should add, that he always was at heart a Calvinist, and therefore never could have been a true Wesleyan Methodist, or Arminian. This, his writings and lectures delivered to his Methodist congregation at Montreal clearly show; though the latter were not keen sighted enough to perceive the difference.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Vindex"—Certainly not. The Bishop of Ossory is responsible to God, and the Sovereign Pontiff for the management of his diocese; we are not aware that he owes any account whatsoever of his conduct, or of his motives, to Mr. Lucas, or to any other layman. We may be behind the age; but we still hold to the old fashioned opinion, that a Bishop is more competent to rule his diocese, is a better judge of its wants, and of the duties of his clergy, than any layman can possibly be; and that for any layman, on any pretext whatsoever, to appeal to popular clamor against the authority of the Bishop of the diocese, is an act of revolt, or Protestantism. We do not contest Mr. Lucas' right to appeal to Rome; and pending the decision of the Sovereign Pontiff, we intend to abstain from all remarks upon the merits of the case—farther than this—that, when a Bishop and a layman are at issue on matters intimately connected with the government of Christ's Church, the presumption is very strong, very strong indeed, that the Bishop is guided by the Holy Spirit, and therefore in the right; and that the layman is under the influence of the devil, and therefore in the wrong. At all events, the true humble Catholic, intent only upon saving his soul, may rest assured that God will never impute to him as sin, his obedience to the lawfully constituted Pastors of His Church.

A writer in the *Catholic Citizen* complains of the injustice done to the Catholics in the Township of King, C.W., by the Municipal Council. It would appear that, out of a fund of \$1,050, to which Catholics, by direct taxation, contribute no less than \$600, the said Municipality have granted the sum of \$2 for the purchase of Catholic books. And it is to these illiberal bodies that, through the apathy or treachery of nominal Catholics, the funds of the secularised Clergy Reserves have been made over!

LAVAL COLLEGE.—We learn from the *Minever* that the bazaar held at St. Vincent de Paul, in aid of the funds of this institution, realised the sum of two hundred dollars.

From the 1st instant, the name of the City of Bytown is to be changed to the more imposing one of—the City of Ottawa.

The St. Andrew's Society of this city has contributed the handsome sum of £372 cy. to the Patriotic Fund, for the relief of the widows and orphans of soldiers killed in the war.

We are gratified to learn that Marcus Doherty, Esq., was elected first Vice President of the Young Men's St. Patrick's Association of this city at their last monthly meeting. The appointment, we have no doubt, will prove highly advantageous to this excellent organisation, as we feel certain that Mr. Doherty will not fail to apply his well known talents towards the advancement of the objects which the Association, has in view.

AMERICAN MEDIATION.—A motion has been made by Mr. Sumner, that the Committee on Foreign Affairs be directed to take into consideration the expediency of offering the mediation of the United States, betwixt the Allied Governments of France and Great Britain on the one hand, and Russia on the other, so as to restore the blessings of peace to the world.

The *Commercial Advertiser* gives as a current rumor, that the 16th regiment now at Quebec, and the Canadian Rifles are to be ordered home; their place to be supplied, either by a colonial corps, or the Essex militia now lying in Cork.

"THE RELIGION OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS."—Under the above caption, the *Montreal Star* has a paragraph in which we read:—

"Their religion is very confused, and no two Indians have entirely the same belief."

Has not our cotemporary made an error here?—Should we not read for "no two Indian,"—"no two Protestants?" And may we not say also of the latter, that "their religion is very confused?"

NEW AGENT.—We would respectfully remind our patrons in Prescott and surrounding districts, that Mr. J. O'Sullivan has kindly consented to act as agent in these places, and is duly authorised, to transact all business for the TRUE WITNESS.

We have just received a copy of H. & G. M. Rose's "Commercial Calendar for 1855," which, for neatness of style and elegance of workmanship, reflects the highest credit on the publishers; and we have no doubt but the systematic order of its arrangement, will render it highly useful and important to business men.

CATHOLIC HISTORY OF AMERICA. By T. D'Arcy M'Gee, in Five Discourses.

The object of the writer is to establish the facts—that this Continent was discovered, explored and settled by Catholic enterprise—that its aborigines, in so far as they have been converted and civilised, owe these blessings to the labors of the Catholic Missionary—and that to Catholic blood and treasure lavishly expended in their behalf, do the United States owe their national existence and independence. We need only add that Mr. M'Gee has well accomplished his task, and that his *American History* is a valuable addition to our Catholic literature.

THE CATHOLIC SINGING BOOK, &c., for the use of Choirs. P. Donohoe, Boston.

A work of this kind has long been wanted, and we have much pleasure in calling the attention of the public to Mr. Herne's excellent musical instructor.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

St. Scholastique, J. Murphy, 6s 3d; Summerstown, W. Barrett, 13s 1d; Beancour, A. McDonald, £1 5s; Three Rivers, Mrs. M. Hart, £1 11s 3d; St. Gregoire, G. A. Burgeois, Esq., M. D., £1 10s; Richmond, C. E., A. Donnelly, Esq., £1 5s; Vankleek-Hill, D. Flood, 12s 6d; Percy, J. M'Laughlin, 15s; Cornwall, Angus McDonald, 6s 3d.
Per A. Daly, Hawdon—Self, 12s 6d; St. Ambrose, P. Daly, 12s 6d.
Per M. O'Leary, Quebec. — P. Doherty, 7s 6d; D. Convey, 15s; M. Rigney, 7s 6d; T. Dunne, 15s; P. Boylan, 7s 6d; J. Veldon, 7s 6d; J. McManon, 7s 6d; T. McGrath, 7s 6d; L. Cannon, £1; T. Fahey, 15s; Mr. Dineen, 7s 6d; M. Battle, 7s 6d; T. Rourke, 7s 6d; T. McIntyre, 7s 6d; St. Valer, Rev. Mr. Proulx, 12s 6d; E. Frampton, H. Joynt, 6s 3d; M. Barrett, 6s 3d; Per T. McCabe, Peterboro, M. Macaniff, 5s; R. Maloney, 5s; Kingston, Rev. J. Farrell, 15s; W. French, £1.

REGISTER OFFICE FOR CATHOLIC SERVANTS.

THE Subscriber begs most respectfully to inform his Friends and the Public generally, that he has now opened a Register Office, at his Establishment, 42 Great St. James Street, where families, wanting servants, will be supplied on the shortest notice; and servants, in want of situations may also be supplied, with despatch.

No Servant need apply whose character will not admit of the strictest investigation.

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FOUND, in front of St. Patrick's Church, a GOLD RING. The owner can have it by applying at this Office and proving property.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.—A correspondent of the *Times* writes in the strongest terms of the good feeling that prevails at Paris, towards the English. The Republicans are loud in their expressions of admiration at the heroic courage of the British soldier. The Republicans have, since the declaration of war, and the manliness to forget their grievances, and to ally themselves heart and soul with the Emperor in defence of the cause protected by their common country, and defended by the French and English army. No men more readily express their admiration of the noble conduct of both armies at the Alma and at Inkerman, none are more enthusiastic in praising the heroism of our cavalry at Balaklava, and if their "wishing could do any good," Sebastopol would have been in our possession ere now. The hearty cheers with which the blouses greet the red coats when they appear on the stage of the mimic 'bataille d'Alma,' are most refreshing to an Englishman.

"I was purchasing a cigar a day or two since in the Boulevards, when a cabman came in to buy tobacco. 'Is it true,' said he, addressing a Frenchman, 'that 8,000 Englishmen kept the field against 45,000 Russians, until Bosquet came up, and that in company with our soldiers they charged the enemy and killed 9,000?' 'Yes.' 'Then, although I have always hated the English, and thought them false and perfidious, if an Englishman were now to fall into the Seine, I would jump after and try to save him, though I can't swim a stroke. Here are heroes; why, the Old Guard could never have done more; and to think they are Englishmen, whom I have been hating all my life! But it is never too late to learn.'

"Several English officers, wounded at the Alma, lately passed through Paris, and ventured in undress uniform (their only clothes) into the Tuilleries gardens. With shattered bodies and tarnished embroidery, they looked as became men who had been fighting for their country. The people pressed round them in all directions, and gave most hearty signs of their sympathy, desiring to shake them by their undamaged hand, for most of them had one arm in a sling. 'Voilà des Anglais, les blessés de l'Alma.' was heard in all directions, mingled with words of good fellowship from the men, and of pity from the softer sex. One old man, more practical than the rest, judging from the condition of their uniforms and their honorable scars that they must want money, offered to supply them with anything they required, and was quite grieved that they had no occasion to avail themselves of his generosity.

"The *Charivari* contains a picture of a Highlander standing sentinel at his post with a precipice and the sea immediately at his back. A French soldier and a Tartar peasant regard him from below. 'What folly,' says the Tartar, 'to place a sentry in such a position.' 'There's no danger,' replies the Chasseur, 'ces soldats la ne reculent jamais.' And this in the *Charivari*, written by some of the most consistent Republicans in France, and so long bitter against England and all connected with her.

"Indeed, nothing can exceed the generous spirit that pervades the mass of Frenchmen, both civilians and military, since the details of the battle of Inkerman have been published. The gallant stand made by 'that astonished infantry' has received a full meed of justice at their hands, and over and over again I have been met with the remark, 'How proud you should be to be their countryman;' to which I have replied, 'Yes, as you to be the countryman of those who so nobly flew to their assistance. The *Journal des Débats* and *Sicde, Constitutionnel* and *Patrie, Presse* and *Charivari*, vie in admiration of their conduct. The *Assemblée Nationale* is silent, and the *Union*, the organ of the Fusionist party, speaks of the battle of Inkerman as though no Englishman were present thereat. 'How cowardly in the Russians,' say many, 'they always attack the English force, knowing it is the weakest. However, we should not regret it, as it has shown us of what stuff your army is composed, and how implicitly we can rely upon it.' A veil seems to have passed from their eyes, and the jaundiced hue with which they regarded England and her institutions has been changed to *couleur de rose*.

Another writer says:—
"A distinguished Frenchman, occupying an important post in the Emperor's household, told me that in the early part of the year, and before the commencement of hostilities, he attempted to get up a dinner between some English officers whom he knew and some of his own countrymen, as they were both proceeding to the Crimea. His efforts were not successful, and his proposal met with so much coldness that he gave up the attempt." Within the last month he has received letters from many of the French officers whom he had invited, and who, referring to the question of the dinner, declare that on their return they will fête every English officer who comes to Paris, and they know that French officers in London would be met with equal cordiality. General Bosquet also writes home in the strongest terms of the 'chaleureuse réception' he got after the battle of Inkerman, and both armies are delighted with each other. An officer who lately passed through Paris told me that his regiment was quartered with the Zouaves for some months, and that nothing could exceed their merit as light troops. One man among them spoke excellent English, and, being questioned by my friend, informed him that he had been waiter at a London hotel for three years, but getting tired of answering 'Anon, anon, Sir,' he became a Zouave, and was ready for anything. I see many of your contemporaries are much puzzled as to what the Zouaves really are. According to some, they are Arabs; while others contend that they are a mixture of all

nationalities. The truth is, they are simply Frenchmen, picked principally from regiments which have served in Africa, and chosen for their courage, daring, activity, and powers of endurance. Most of them have been 'Gamins de Paris, and the metal still rings as true as it did in June '48; when the gamins of the Garde Mobile saved the capital.'

ITALY.

The *Parlamento* of Turin, quotes a letter from a correspondent at Rome, giving an extract of the written depositions in the case of the murder of Count Rossi, which he says he has been able to take notes from, though generally kept secret by the tribunal. The total number of persons arrested was 58, from which must be deducted 4 who died in prison and 1 who committed suicide. Among the rest were 4 women and a canon. There were 4 defaulters, one of whom was Mazzini. Three of the prisoners turned what is called in English king's evidence, and many confessed their guilt. It appears from these depositions, which fill about 500 pages in print, that soon after the fall of the Roman republic, a committee for political agitation was formed at Rome, depending for instructions on another committee at London, at the head of which was Mazzini. It had correspondence throughout the Roman States, and arms, printing materials, and money at its command. The conspirators were divided into bodies of a hundred, subdivided into others of ten, &c. The government had letters, cyphers, printed papers, types, pass-words, and signs in its possession, besides autograph letters of Mazzini. The depositions led to the conclusion that all the political assassinations and attempts at assassination which have taken place in the Roman States since 1849 are attributable to the agency of the secret society. In the beginning of 1853 dissensions arose among the chiefs, from which two parties arose, one of republicans, called pure, and another of fusionists, who contented themselves with Italian independence. This is proved by different programmes issued by two parties. The pure party wanted to get up an insurrection on the 15th of August, 1853, and eight refugees had landed at Paola for the purpose, but were all arrested, together with the chiefs of the party; and these arrests afterwards led to those of the fusionists. The revision of these proceedings, which was to take place on the 15th November had been adjourned on the 15th of December.

At the opening of the sitting of the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies on the 28th Nov., the Minister of the Interior presented a project of law for the suppression of monastic congregations.

GERMANY.

The much vaunted treaty of alliance with Austria has not yet been ratified by the three sovereign States who are parties to it, and consequently has not been laid before the British Parliament. Enough, however, of its contents has already transpired to show that it is a mere farce, or bubble, not worth the cost of the parchment upon which it is inscribed.—*London News of the World*.

SPEECH OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA ON THE OPENING OF THE CHAMBERS.—The King's speech upon the opening of the Prussian Chambers on Thursday, contains the following passages:—"A bloody conflict has broken out between three powerful members of the family of European states. Our father-land is not yet affected. I have fresh occasion to hope that the basis of a further understanding will soon, perhaps, be obtained. Closely united with Austria and Germany, I shall continue to look upon it as my task to plead for peace and the recognition of the independence of foreign states. Should I subsequently be compelled to add force to this attitude, my faithful people will bear their inevitable burthens with resignation. The army shall be made ready for war."

The Prussian State is at this moment passing thro' a crisis of unprecedented anxiety. There is no nation in Europe that has more to dread from Russian ascendancy than Prussia. The representative institutions of Prussia, are in their infancy, shifting and changing their form from day to day according to their monarch's whim of the hour, are a constant eyecore to the Government at St. Petersburg. Even were the reins of Government in Prussia held by a King less obsequious to the Czar, the indefensible eastern frontier of the monarchy, and the conflict of races in the frontier province, expose Prussia at all times to intimidation from its Muscovite neighbors.

If Prussia does not join the Western alliance, the liberties of the Prussian people are not worth a six months' purchase.—*London Daily News*.

We read in the *Munycence Journal*:—"The temporary convention concluded between the Holy Father and the Government of Baden, has been communicated to the administrative and judicial authorities. It contains the following stipulations:—1st—That his Royal Highness the Regent shall withdraw his authorisation to bring an action against the Archbishop. 2nd—That the priests and laymen who were imprisoned for having conformed to the decrees of the Archbishop, shall be set at liberty. 3rd—That no incumbents shall be appointed to the cures which have become vacant during the time of negotiation; but they shall be entrusted to provisional administrators, who will be named by the Archbishop. 4th—That the ecclesiastical revenues shall be administered in the same manner as before the dispute; consequently the endowments, titles, and keys shall be restored into the hands of the Church authorities."

BALTIC.

The greater part of the fleet is now on its way home. Sir Charles Napier, in all probability, will not be in command of the Baltic fleet during the campaign, of 1855. He was the officer appointed to that important position in obedience to the wishes of his countrymen, who justly entertained a proper estimation of his qualifications for the post. His bravery and abilities as an officer are well known, and,

although there are others in the service his equal in every respect, there are few who were thought as competent to take a fleet into action and to lead it to victory. But with that prudence which he was not supposed to possess, and which he has exercised with the concurrence of the Admirals and officers under his command, he has wisely abstained from pitting his ships against the granite batteries of Sweaborg and Cronstadt without the co-operation of a large body of troops, which, during the present campaign, could not be furnished. Under the peculiar circumstances in which, as Commander-in-Chief of the most efficient fleet which has ever existed in the annals of the naval history of England, he has been placed, all praise is due to him for the discrimination he has exercised in not incurring the risk of the crippling, if not destruction, of any portion of the fleet under his orders, which would have infallibly occurred had he confronted the enemy with no other means of attack than the guns which the ships afforded.

RUSSIA.

A despatch from Warsaw, dated the 4th of December, states that Gen. Sievers is concentrating the First Infantry Corps of the Russian army, with a portion of the Imperial Guard, on the left bank of the Vistula, that is, on the extreme western frontier of the empire, while Gen. Paniutin is advancing with the Second Infantry Corps on Podolia and Volhynia. Movements of this magnitude and importance, undertaken by whole armies (for each infantry corps consists, when complete, of about 52,000 men) at this season of the year, when the troops would otherwise be taking up their winter quarters, indicate a conviction of the near approach of hostilities. Prince Gortschakoff, and the Russian agents in Germany, have been lavish of their promises and unsparing in their exertions to prevent the conclusion of the treaty between Austria and the Western powers.—*Times*.

POPULATION OF RUSSIA.—The following, according to the almanac of the Imperial Academy of Science of St. Petersburg, was the population of Russia at the last census in 1849. The population of Russia in Europe was 60,628,700, and that of the whole of the empire was 66,428,200. It was in 1772, 14,000,000; in 1762, 20,000,000; in 1795, 36,000,000; in 1818, 45,500,000; in 1824, 50,000,000; in 1838, 59,000,000; and in 1842, 62,500,000. These augmentations arise from the conquest of the Crimea, of the Caucasus, Poland, Finland, &c., which additions of territory have more than doubled the extent of the empire in 1722.—The augmentation of 4,500,000 between 1818 and 1825 shows an increase of population of one-tenth in six years, and of double in sixty years, according to which calculation M. Stechkaloff affirms that in 1892 Russia will have 230,000,000 of inhabitants.

The *Times* says:—"Of the many and great losses suffered by the Anglo-French Expedition, from one cause or another, the alarm of the 13th of November, of which we have at length the melancholy details, may almost be regarded as the worst. It is true that the immediate loss of men is not to be compared with the numbers placed *hors de combat* at the battles of the Alma and Inkerman—still less with the victims of cholera. It may also be admitted that, for a country so rich as ours, and with such a power of rapid production, the loss of material is little more than a temporary inconvenience. In this instance, however, the losses come in a form and at a time the most unfortunate that could be desired by the worst enemy of the expedition. The total loss of men at the various stations on the coast of the Crimea on the disastrous 13th, cannot be less than a thousand, besides those that have fallen into the hands of the Cossacks. The loss of vessels was thirty British and French wrecked, and had as many dismantled at Balaklava, and eighteen wrecked or dismantled at the mouth of the Katcha. Our men-of-war—thanks to the precaution of frequently trying their cables, have come off with no further damage than the loss of guns, or of masts, or of rigging, the twisting of their rudders, or the springing of some leaks. The French have lost the *Henry IV*, a noble three-decker, and a favorite war steamer. Thus far we have sustained no loss beyond the ordinary drain of war; but the greatest calamity is that of which we scarcely now know the full. The Prince, a magnificent new screw steamer, of 2,700 tons, carried out the other day to Balaklava the 46th Regiment, all the winter clothing for the troops engaged in the siege, including 40,000 great coats, flannel suits, underclothing, socks, and gloves; beef, pork, and other provisions; hospital stores for Scutari; and a vast quantity of shot and shell to carry on the siege. These are wholly lost, and nothing remains of the Prince but half a dozen of her numerous crew, who managed to get on the cliffs when she was broken to powder against them. The *Resolute*, with 900 tons of gunpowder, also went to the bottom. Thus, it seems, all the materials for carrying on the siege and providing against the severity of the winter, have been carried off at one fell swoop; and, even if we think to content ourselves with merely maintaining our position on the heights before Sebastopol, it is evident that we are not in a condition to stand our worst foe, the coming winter. Everything seems to have conspired, under a mysterious dispensation of heaven, to make the loss of the Prince the greatest possible disaster. She could not stop at Scutari to land the hospital stores so greatly wanted there.—When she arrived at Balaklava it was blowing fresh, and she did not venture within the narrow, tortuous channel of the harbor. All she did was to land the 46th, though it is said that, besides a very large crew, some sappers, and some medical, and other officers, were still on board. On attempting to anchor, the whole of the cable ran out, not being properly clinched. A second cable shared the same fate. The Prince then steamed out, while a third cable was got up from the holt, and with this she was brought to, though with a smaller anchor than those she had lost. This answered for a while. On the dreadful morning of the 13th, however, it proved utterly inadequate. The prince cut away her masts, and put on her steam; but the wreck of the mizen mast fouled the screw, and the noble vessel becoming helpless, immediately drifted against the rocks. Figures are but feeble language for the description of such a catastro-

phe, but the value of the Prince, as she floated, is put at £150,000, and her cargo at half a million. There must have been nearly 200 souls on board. The thirty transports, utterly lost, with most of their crews at Balaklava, are put down at £15,500 each. So here at once a million of money went to the bottom, in a form of which money conveys but a faint idea. The other losses, enumerated above, the French ship of the line and war steamer, the transports lost on the western coast, the many vessels of all kinds disabled, made up another million to be added to the naked pecuniary estimate of the loss. But the true way of stating it is, that the army is utterly disabled for the present, and left to no other protection than Heaven, and that valor which the British soldier is ever sure to display in the face of the greatest difficulties, the direct privations, and the most overwhelming numbers. Yet never was the ancient valor of our race put to so tremendous a trial. The tempest, which is said to have been the most terrible ever known in that part of the world, and which overthrew three of the minarets of Sultan Achmet's Mosque, at Constantinople, besides driving large vessels from their moorings before that city, and did not spare the allies even on land. It blew down and greatly injured their tents, feeble protection as they are against the cold of a Crimea winter at the height of 700 feet above the neighboring surge. Such is the situation in which the army finds itself suddenly deprived of the much wanted supply of clothing sent out for the winter, and the equally needful ammunition for the siege.

THE AMERICAN PRESS ON THE WAR.

The European correspondent of the *Washington National Intelligencer* writes as follows:—

"The losses of the Allies are frightful, particularly in the British army. The Russians single out the latter in their attacks; avoid as much as they can the French; speak well of the latter, and disparagingly of the former.

"A general belief already prevails that the Allies must soon sound a retreat, when the Russians will act with great vigor, and I shall not be surprised to see a second Moscow. There is no sea in the world worse than the Black, which its name indicates. The fleet must soon return to Constantinople. How it can do so without bringing back the army or protecting it to Varna no one can tell. If the latter movement is attempted, the losses will indeed be dreadful.

"France is sending forward very large reinforcements. Forty thousand men are embarking at Toulon and Marseilles, with battering and siege artillery, which is a proof they do not expect to take Sebastopol this season; and they are sending also munitions of war in quantities as if for another Russian campaign like that undertaken by the great Napoleon.

"Well-informed persons assert that, including the ravages of the cholera, the Allies have already lost 50,000 men since they entered the Black Sea. The expenses are appalling. A new and heavy loan must be made in this country, and a new conscription on a large scale, which I fear will create great dissatisfaction.

"If the Allies even took Sebastopol, they could not retain it, and could only destroy the city and fleet, and then abandon it; for the greater forts domineer over and command the town, and against these forts not a shot has yet been fired. The forts thus far attacked are only those in advance.

"It is, I fear, but the prelude to the general war over all Europe, which will convulse the civilized world; destroy thrones, create new kingdom, illusory, and momentary republics, vandalism, taxes, loans, paper money, general distress, and ruin and horrible carnage. Hoarding of gold has already commenced both in Great Britain and on the continent.

"I see but little in this contest to interest the feelings of an American in the successes of either party. There is something for him to regret, and something the contrary, whichever may be the victors. The cause of humanity, I think, would gain, or rather would suffer less, by the present success of the Allies; for if they are now foiled, the pride of these proud nations would be thoroughly roused, and a renewal attempt to capture Sebastopol would be made next season, by a force, next season, if necessary, of 200,000 men or more, which would be met by corresponding exertion on the part of Russia, and result in a carnage to which even the wars of Napoleon afford no parallel.

"This war, however, if it continues, must very soon seriously affect the industrious interests of the country in various ways. Heavy, very heavy clouds now rest on the European future."

UNITED STATES.

We regret to learn the death by cholera, last week in New Orleans, of the Rev. George Blackney, of the Society of Jesus. The deceased was a native of Ireland.—*R.I.P.—Catholic Miscellany*.

LORD ELGIN IN NEW YORK.—The Earl of Elgin sailed for Liverpool yesterday, in the Collins' steamship "Pacific." Lord Elgin arrived in this city from Montreal on Tuesday, and on the same evening, visited the opera, in company with Royal Phelps, Esq., and others. The late Governor General carries with him the Canada subscription—twenty thousand pounds sterling—to the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the soldiers, sailors, and marines who have been killed in the present war with Russia.—An amusing circumstance connected with Lord Elgin's visit transpired yesterday. His Lordship was in want of funds to settle his hotel bills, and so forth, and presented at the Bank of Commerce a draft from the Bank of Montreal ordering the first named institution to pay to the order of the Right Hon. the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine the sum of £250, &c., &c. The teller of the Bank of Commerce assured his lordship that he could not pay the draft—could not say whether he was the person named in it or not. The Earl replied, "Why, I am the person—I will endorse it," and forthwith wrote "Elgin and Kincardine" on the back of the document. The teller was still incredulous. That sort of thing had been done by several confidence men before, and the Bank of Commerce could not pay this money until the claimant of it had proved his identity by some person known to the bank officers. Here was a fix. Lord Elgin looked about in vain for some person who could testify that he was really himself. He was finally obliged to depart without the money, there not being sufficient time previous to the sailing of the steamer to allow him to send for a friend to identify him. Lord Elgin was accompanied to the steamer by a large number of distinguished citizens.—*New York Herald*.

A RAVING MANIAC FROM SPIRITUALISM.—The Morning Courier says that Nathan Walthamson, a German peddler of jewelry, had been made a raving maniac from witnessing the table moving and rapping humbuggery of so-called spiritualists.

TERRIBLE SICKNESS BUT SLIGHT MORTALITY.—We have urged the passage of a Prohibitory Law, and believe in it heartily. We must, however, confess that a deal of sickness is sometimes created by its enactment.

MORMON DOCTRINE.—The Deseret News of October 19th and 26th, contains full reports of lectures lately delivered by Elder Orson Hyde and Governor Brigham Young, advancing the doctrine that the Saviour was not only the husband of a plurality of wives, but the father of children.

PROTESTANT LIBERTY.—The festivals of Christmas and New Year were never observed in the New England states until the close of the American revolution; they seem to have been peculiarly offensive to the good people of that section of the colonies from their first settlement; and some of their regulations on these subjects appear to us in the present day, so strange and unnecessarily severe, that we can scarcely realize that they ever had an existence among the ordinance of government of any people.

THE CONDITION OF A PRIEST—SIXTY OR SEVENTY YEARS AGO.—FROM THE "LIFE OF CURRAN."—"The Cork Assizes, of 1780 are memorable for this, that there a Protestant lawyer appeared as counsel for a Catholic priest against a Protestant nobleman. Was there ever such audacity? To be sure, Lord Doneraile had acted like a ruffian. He had seduced a country girl; shortly afterwards her brother broke some rule of his church, and was censured by his Bishop.

WANTED, A TEACHER for a Catholic School, at Perth, to whom a salary of about \$100 will be given. He will require to be competent to teach all the branches of the English Language, History, Geography, Mathematics, Book-keeping, Natural Philosophy, Latin and Greek; and to produce satisfactory Testimonials of good moral character, and efficiency in Teaching.

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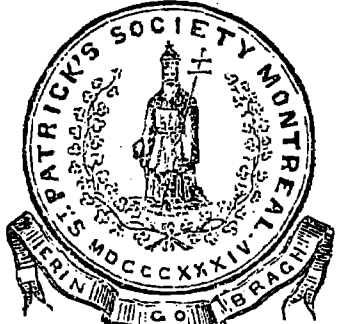
GENTLEMEN—A young lady of my acquaintance had been for a long time very much troubled with worms. I advised her to try Dr. M'LANE'S Celebrated Vermifuge. She accordingly purchased and took one vial, which caused her to discharge an unusually large quantity of worms.

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.



THE MONTHLY MEETING of the ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, will be held at ST. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, 8th January, at EIGHT o'clock.



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