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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VI.

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NO. 8.

DIARY OF THE SIEGE.

The following account of the state of affairs before Sebastopol (by the correspondent of the *Daily News*) prior to the assault, will be read with interest:—

"If any faith is to be placed in the statement of spies the enemy, nothing daunted by their experience on the Tchernaya, are about to act on the offensive again and anticipate the allied attack by a grand coup upon our own and the French trenches. That the report is not without support in probability may be inferred from the attention which it has received at head-quarters, where every preparation has been made to give the assailants a warm reception when they make the attempt. It is unnecessary and inexpedient to detail the particulars of our own preparative measures; but I may remark that they are such as leave small ground for fear that the enemy's attempt, if it be made, will turn out a 'surprise' to any but themselves; if grape, canister, musket-balls, and bayonets can repel them, their advance will be short and their retreat rapid.

A VIEW OF THE HARBOR.

"Yesterday I went down into our advanced trenches, and from the fifth parallel, the most forward of them, a good view could be had of this latest of the enemy's 'improvements.' Without the aid of a glass, I could see crowds of people passing and repassing from the north and south sides of the harbor, whilst workmen were busily engaged about the middle of the bridge in completing it. Some fifty or sixty yards off the corner of the dockyard lay the huge 'twelve Apostles'; and, about midway between her and the broken line of the mast heads of the sunken ships, runs the bridge—apparently some twenty feet in breadth, and protected on either side by a low handrail. Sail boats and barges, laden with various kinds of stores, were plying between the two sides of the harbor; and altogether, as looked at through the rifle loophole from which I viewed it, the whole scene appeared as undisturbed and industriously busy as if not a French or English soldier had foothold within the realms of the Czar.

DEFENCES OF THE REDAN AND MALAKOFF.

"From within revolver-shot of the Redan, a very prolonged or complete survey was, of course, not convenient; but even with such glimpses of the place as could be had from the parapet, I saw enough to show me that, whatever may be the state of the besieged's commissariat, they are as active as they could be if fed upon the best. In the open, some fifty yards from the parapet which sheltered me, poor Yea received his death wound on the disastrous 18th of June, and all round were strewn the sacrificed hundreds who fell on the same memorable morning. Fifteen or twenty perches beyond runs the low broken hedge of stakes forming the 'abattis' stretching down the slope towards the similar defensive barrier in front of the adjacent Malakoff. As seen at a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, this obstructive line appears, at first sight, as if it could offer little hindrance to an attacking force; but a closer scrutiny of it shows it to be just low, intricate, and strong enough to check assailants, whilst an extra discharge or two of grape could be poured into them from the black muzzles bristling in terrible array some seventy or eighty yards beyond. On the 18th, however, very few of our poor fellows reached even thus far; the desolating storm of the enemy's fire having swept them down before they could cross the intervening space. Beyond this hedgerow of stakes runs the line of earthworks which connects the Redan with the Malakoff hill; and, a short way higher up, as the eye traces the ascent of the slope, are seen the mixed gabions and sandbags which form the inner face of the parapets of the new French trenches in front of the Mamelon. At first glance the distance between the most advanced of these saps and the Round Tower seems not more than fifty yards, but it is in reality above a hundred, and that a space, too, of the most broken and difficult ground over which attacking troops could have to move.—Narrow also as is this belt of ground between the besieged and their assailants, the former have very boldly occupied a portion of it with their sharpshooters, and from these deadly marksmen the French suffer heavily. The Mamelon plays upon their hiding-places with grape and shell; but under cover of the inequalities of the ground, and the additional shelter which they have managed to throw up for themselves, they hold out, and daily and nightly play havoc amongst our ally's gunners, both within the Mamelon itself and the battery in advance. This fifth parallel being the limit of our approach towards the town, one's optics can only be exercised from it through the confined and rather unsafe outlet of a rifle-loophole; and even through this inconvenient opening the survey taken must be rapid and spasmodic enough if one would avoid courting Miné's compliments from the sharp-eyed and watchful sportsmen

some hundred and fifty yards a head. These loopholes are small portholes, so to speak, through the upper portion of the parapet of about four inches square, and so distributed as to be rendered as far as possible indistinguishable from the accidental openings and inequalities between the sand-bags along the top. Narrow and concealed as they are, however, many a death-wound has been received through them; and along the sides of not a few are to be seen traces of the leaden missiles from the enemy's pieces. Still, from these our men keep up a pretty constant fire into the embrasures of the Redan, and upon the lurking places of the riflemen in its front—protected as the former are by the thick network curtain of rope which hangs over each gun, it is rare, however, that a bullet can penetrate, unless it happens to enter through the very limited opening left for aiming the gun.

"A WRECK THROUGH THE PARALLELS.

"A walk through these parallels and their connecting zigzags is much more exciting than easy, since, in the first place, the average lowness of the parapets compels a constant stooping, which, as an Irish soldier remarked as I passed along yesterday—'bedad, sir, is mighty sore upon the small of the back.' To be sure 'there's fine shootin'' as the same lively observer added, by way of apology for the same situation; but for those who, like myself, have a constitutional dislike for gunpowder in all its combinations, the 'sport' has but few attractions, and one feeble chance of knocking over a Russian could hardly ever reconcile me to the fifty set-offs of being myself knocked over before I could accomplish that praiseworthy and patriotic act. Eels, however, are said to become reconciled in time to skinning—though I could never believe it—and custom appears in like manner to render one insensible to the exciting chances and contingencies attending a twenty-four hours' turn in these trenches before Sebastopol. With rifle bullets without number 'pinging' over their heads—and, not seldom, into them—round shot bowling through them, and shell bursting on every side, our men lie stretched out along the bottom of the trenches, some sleeping, others spinning home yarns or cracking lively jokes; whilst others again, attentive to the suggestions of a well-sharpened appetite, are clustered round small fires making coffee or superintending extemporised stews or roasts—all with as much sang froid as if they were picknicking at Chobham or Aldershot, instead of doing duty within fifty perches of the Round Tower and the Redan."

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

To enable our readers to form as clear a conception of the process by which this important issue has been obtained, as the curt telegraphic despatches admit of, we submit to them a *résumé* of the operations from the moment of re-opening the bombardment. The French and English batteries opened their fire at daybreak on the 5th ult. The bombardment was continued all that day and the next without slackening. On the night between the 5th and 6th, a Russian two-decker was set on fire by a shell, and burnt to the water's edge. On the afternoon of the 7th, another Russian frigate was set on fire and destroyed. A great explosion was heard from the Russian works about midnight—supposed to have been a magazine on the north side. On the morning of the 8th a great fire was observed to be burning about the middle of the town of Sebastopol.

At noon on the same day, within a few hours of the anniversary of the landing of the allied forces in the Crimea, and 316 days after the opening of the besieging batteries against Sebastopol on the 17th of October, 1854, a final and victorious assault was made on the Malakoff, the Careening-bay Redan, and the Central bastion by the French; on the Redan by the English. Then ensued what is historically known to be the most fearful scene in the hideous progress of war. Thousands of gallant men rushed to an almost certain destruction—the more terrible in appearance that it was concentrated in so small a space.

The attack on the Malakoff was alone successful from causes which our readers will at once appreciate, and which we are most happy in being able to state, as such elucidation at once clears away the apparent disparity of success between ourselves and our noble allies.

The Malakoff tower is, as is well known, the highest point of the fortifications which defended Sebastopol. It is flanked on either side by the grand Redan, the object of the English attack, and the Redan of Careening-bay. Now, behind these forts the Russians had constructed a formidable second line of earthworks, heavily armed, which commanded all the works in front, with the exception of the Malakoff tower, and this exception was due to the ever-careful of the Russians, who, in their anxiety to strengthen

the Malakoff, had built its works in three tiers, the one rising above the other, whereas the Redans were constructed with only one tier of guns.

The consequence of this was, that when the French swarmed on to the first tier of the Malakoff, the second tier saved them from being hurt by the fire of the works in the rear of the tower; and, in like manner, when they attained the second tier, the third saved them in its turn. Consequently thousands of men thronged its ramparts, protected from the Russian fire. The combat raged on the flanks, where the enemy could only attack them with his musketry, and their own rifles and brilliant impetuosity were too much for him. Under the protection of a galling fire from the French, their sappers slipped round the works, threw up an entrenchment, and thus, effectually covered on all points, the whole works were theirs.

Here, then, to brave men success was as natural as their own enthusiastic courage; but alas! upon other points courage availed not. The gallant assailants of the Redan and of the Central bastion no sooner had carried these works, as they did triumphantly, than they found themselves exposed to a terrific fire of grape, which rendered life impossible. The forts, built in one exposed tier, were open to the full range of the second line of earthworks, and in vain our gallant men, in vain our chivalrous allies, tried to hold their position. They would not retreat, but were swept away as corpses by the pitiless storm of grape. The tenacity of our struggle may be easily conceived when it is known that in carrying, and endeavoring to hold, that one Redan, our loss amounted to two thousand men.

Our allies, and we ourselves had, therefore, to retire from these points; but the Malakoff was in the hands of the French, and that was everything.

The Russians on their side unquestionably defended the place with the utmost determination, and on more than one point they had the advantage over the besiegers. But it was the courage of desperation, for this effort was their last. No sooner were the outer works taken, which laid the town and the port at the mercy of the allied forces, than the men-of-war and steamers in the harbour were all set on fire, blown up, sunk, or destroyed, either by the fire of the allied batteries or by the orders of the Russian authorities.

The Russians then escaped *en masse*, to the north side. Means of retreat had been secured by a long bridge of rafts across the great harbour, and for many hours large masses of troops were removed by this passage to the northern side; but at eight o'clock in the morning of the 9th this communication was stopped, the whole of the works and town being then evacuated. If, as is probable, any of the Russians remained on the south bank after that hour, they must either have perished in the fire or fallen into the hands of the besiegers. About 500 of the wounded, we know, remained in the fort St. Paul, and for them an armistice was asked; but, with their accustomed indifference to the preservation of life and property, the Russians were determined to destroy the city rather than capitulate, and they executed their design.

The shades of night were lit up by the lucid glare of a burning town and a burning fleet. The broad waters of the gulf were interposed between the combatants of the preceding day, and their surface was only dotted at rare intervals by a few small steamers, the fragments of a broken bridge, and the top-masts of sunken ships. The silence of exhaustion settled down on the scene of strife, where for four continuous days the roar of artillery, the crash of explosions, and the shouts of men preternaturally excited by the awful contest, had reverberated through the hollow ravines with deafening effect.

We are unable to form an adequate conception of the magnitude of the loss which the Russians have sustained, in consequence of their being compelled to evacuate the south side of the Sebastopol inlet.—General Pelissier, after having made a tour of inspection through the town and its defences, intimates, on the night of the 10th, that nothing but ocular observations can convey an adequate idea of the multiplicity of the works of defence and the accumulation of warlike stores that the enemy have left behind them. The allied armies were to occupy Karabelnaia and the town of Sebastopol on the 11th, and as soon as this had been effected a mixed commission of French and English officers was to be appointed to take an account of the *matériel* abandoned by the Russians.

Yet the enemy must have removed no inconsiderable portion of his stores previous to the evacuation. General Simpson writes on the 1st instant, "Great activity prevails on the part of the garrison in making use of the new raft bridge across the harbour, and stores of all kinds are daily transported to the north side." This preparatory retrograde movement on the part of the Russians, adds to the probability of the reports alluded to by General Simpson, that

"great discontent prevails in the ranks of the enemy." General Pelissier's account of the state of the defences shows that a longer stand might have been made but for the discouragement of the defenders; and the withdrawal of stores to the north side so early as the end of August, shows that Prince Gortschakoff felt he could not rely upon his men. The actual evacuation of the south side cannot but have added to the demoralisation of the Russian army, while our troops are confident and flushed with victory—as General Pelissier expresses himself, "full of joy."

General Simpson's despatch of the 1st ult., contains a passage which seems to throw light on the intentions of Prince Gortschakoff:—"Large working parties are employed in throwing up works on the north side, but as yet they are in too unfinished a state to judge of their exact nature. From the information we continue to receive, it appears that the enemy is concentrating his force between the Mackenzie height and fort Constantine." These indications would seem to imply that it was in the contemplation of the Russian general to make obstinate a stand on the north side as he has done on the south. But it is extremely doubtful whether, with the discouragement that pervades his army, and the incomplete state of his new defensive works, he will be able to carry out his intentions.

POSITION OF GORTSCHAKOFF'S ARMY.

The position of Prince Gortschakoff's army, after the main body had effected its retreat across the harbor (says the *Times*), was as follows:—His extreme right, consisting of the corps most actively engaged in the defence of the place, rests upon the Severnaia work, or Star fort, and holds the strongly entrenched positions on the north shore, where, no doubt, considerable preparations have been made for this emergency. His centre covers the Belbek, and is protected in front by the fieldworks thrown up along the ridge of Inkermann. His left wing consists of Liprandi's corps, occupying the ground from Mackenzie's farm to the heights of Artodei on the Bakshi-Serai road. No attempt was made by the relieving army under Liprandi to effect a diversion during the assault of the 8th, and the severe defeat of the 16th of August appears to have satisfied the enemy that the lines of the Tchernaya were not to be carried. But the result of the general assault and the occupation of the southern side by the allies entirely changes the strategical positions of the combatants, and also the objects of the campaign. The struggle for the possession of Sebastopol is now at an end. That prize is in our hands, and, as the defence of the fortress and the harbor was the grand object of the Russians, they have nothing left on that spot to contend for. The mere occupation of the north side of the port is a barren advantage, for, though it might hold a garrison, it cannot shelter a defeated army; and it is obvious that, after the failure of the main object, all the ability and generalship of the Russians will be required to save the whole body of their forces in the Crimea from destruction. We therefore infer that the northern forts will either be held for a time by a limited garrison, or more probably, altogether abandoned, in the hope of saving the army. Never was an army in a more critical position. They are confined within a peninsula which affords them no other fortified position, no sustenance for the troops, and no water beyond a certain line. The sea, covered with hostile vessels, surrounds three sides of this theatre of war, and the fourth is separated from the Russian base of operations by steppes and marshes. The allied armies already occupy strong positions at Eupatoria and Yenikale, which can be reinforced in a few hours by sea, so as to threaten the Russians in their flank and rear; and while it is impossible for the enemy to hold his ground in the south of the Crimea—for which, indeed, there is now no further object—to retreat in this season across the country is a formidable undertaking, while the loss of a battle in the open field would be absolute destruction. The Russians are in a trap, from which the Tchongar road and the Isthmus of Perekop are the only means of escape, and even there their communications may possibly be intercepted.

No doubt all these contingencies have been foreseen; Prince Gortschakoff's plan of campaign has long since been made; judging, therefore, from the accustomed tactics of the Russian army, as well as from the extreme difficulty of his present position, we incline to the opinion that he will adopt the course of a general and immediate retreat. To hold the Crimea without Sebastopol, and even after the harbor of Sebastopol itself has been transformed by conquest into the base of operations of the invading armies, would be a bootless and unprofitable task, and the danger is greatly aggravated by the fact that the whole body of the allies, with unlimited means of naval transport at their command, will shortly be at liberty to advance upon any part of the peninsula

which is accessible from the coast. These immediate consequences of their own success in the siege operations must have been considered by the allied generals, and the moment is now arrived when they may proceed to open the campaign of which the reduction of Sebastopol was the first preliminary. That field operations of this nature have long been contemplated by the allied governments is obvious from the large cavalry force they have continued to send to the Crimea. The British army alone can bring upwards of 3,000 sabres and lances into the field, and the French cavalry is still more numerous and impatient of the inaction to which it has hitherto been condemned. Hitherto the contest in the Crimea has been confined to one single object, and, with the exception of the action of the 20th of September on the Alma, and the flank march to Balaklava, it has been a war without a single tactical movement. General Pelissier has shown, in our humble opinion, very admirable military qualities since he assumed the command, and he has been most ably supported by General Simpson; but the present state of our affairs deserves to call forth abilities of a still higher and more brilliant order. The Russian army in the Crimea is probably not superior to the forces of the allies in numbers, and it is immeasurably inferior to them in resources and supplies, as well as in those moral qualities which at once constitute and enhance the prestige of victory. On every occasion on which they have encountered an enemy in this war—whether Turks, French, English, or Sardinians—the fortune of war has deserted the Russian eagles. For them to advance is impossible, for the whole coast is guarded by the enemy, and no Russian vessel floats on those waters. The stronghold in which the Czars had accumulated during the last two reigns an incalculable amount of war-like stores for the subjugation of the east, has been reduced to a blood-stained ruin by the troops who were glad to escape with life from its burning walls; and the question on which the attention of Europe is now fixed is no longer the fate of Sebastopol, but how is the Russian army to escape from the Crimea, or to maintain itself there? To give the campaign its full effect, its success must now be rendered absolute and complete. The Russians are a people who will deny to the last that any advantage has been gained over them, and Prince Gortschakoff boasts in his account even in this sanguinary defeat that he was extremely successful in carrying off his army. Fighting, as they are in closed lists, without the means of escape, the defeated Russian army should be compelled to lay down its arms, or to fight a general action, which would crown the series of our successes by a still more decisive victory. The peninsula itself is besieged and well-nigh invested by our fleets and armies, and if the command of a single road be lost, the whole line of retreat, and the only line by which supplies and communications can reach the Russians, is gone. Such we take to be the relative position of the belligerents in the Crimea, and, with the means of action at the disposal of the French and English generals, we have confident hopes of a glorious result.

THE ALLIED LOSSES.

The British forces that took part in the last successful assault were but a small portion of the whole allied army engaged in it, yet they have lost 26 officers killed, 113 officers wounded, and, it is said, near 2,000 altogether killed and wounded. The regiments most deeply engaged, so far as the loss of officers may serve as a guide, are—first, the 23rd and 90th, of which the former has lost 2 officers killed and 12 wounded, and the latter 3 killed and 11 wounded. Next comes the 30th, which has lost 3 killed and 7 wounded; the 88th, with 1 killed and 8 wounded; the 97th, with 4 killed and 5 wounded; and the 19th, with 8 wounded. The 7th and 77th, the 62nd and 55th, the 41st and 49th, the 1st and 3rd, occupied an honorable position. The other regiments engaged were the 11th, 17th, 20th, 33rd, 34th, 47th, 63rd, and 95th. The rifle brigade has lost as many as ten officers—two killed and eight wounded. The royal engineers have lost two, and the royal artillery three officers.

Amongst the returns of the French casualties, we find the names of the following general officers—Killed: Generals Verdet and Rivet. Wounded: General Bosquet, slightly; General Bourbaki, seriously; General Millinet, seriously; and General Trochu, severely, the calf of his leg being taken off. There is a doubt whether General McMahon received a wound or not.

LATEST DESPATCH FROM GENERAL PELISSIER.

The following despatch from General Pelissier was on Thursday posted on the walls of Paris:—

“CRIMEA, SEPT. 10, 11 P.M.—I visited Sebastopol and the line of defences to-day. It is difficult to give an exact picture of the results of our victory, of which inspection alone can give an idea. The multiplicity of defensive works, and the material and means that have been applied, surpass everything known in the history of war. The taking of the Malakoff, which caused the enemy to fly before our eagles, already three times victorious, has placed in the hands of the allies immense establishments of matériel, of which it is impossible to calculate the advantage. To-morrow the allied troops will occupy Karabelnaya and the city. An Anglo-French commission will be engaged to report on the matériel abandoned by the enemy. The joy of our soldiers is great. The cry of ‘Vive l’Empereur!’ celebrates the victory.”

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S DESPATCH.

10 AT NIGHT.—The garrison of Sebastopol, after sustaining an infernal fire (*feu d'enfer*) repulsed six assaults, but could not drive the enemy from the Korniloff Bastion (the Malakoff). Our brave troops, who resisted to the last extremity, are now crossing over to the Northern part of Sebastopol. The enemy found nothing in the Southern part but blood-stained ruins. On the 9th of September the passage of the garrison from the Southern to the Northern part was accomplished with extraordinary success, our loss on that

occasion being but 100 men. We left, I regret to say, nearly 500 men grievously wounded on the Southern side.

THE ANNIHILATED FLEET.

Next to the fall of Sebastopol itself, the most important even is the annihilation of the Russian fleet. The dismay and consternation with which the news of this catastrophe will be received at St. Petersburg may be estimated in some degree by the importance which the Emperors have always set thereon. From the days of Peter the Great, the one constant, settled, pervading principle in the policy of Russia has been to acquire dominion on the ocean. Her restlessness in the ice-bound regions of her original territory, and her steadily, though cautiously, aggressive movements, have been dictated not more by the lust of territorial aggrandisement, than by the desire to obtain possession of a seaboard, that she might create a powerful navy, and train her subjects to familiarity with the sea. With slow and stealthy, but sure steps, she had crept forward to her design, and had equipped navies which, on a review at least, presented a formidable appearance both in the Black and in the Baltic Seas. How much of internal weakness the gay show concealed might be unknown to the rest of the world, but it seems that the Russian Government was never blind to the fact, that much was still necessary before those fleets could meet adversaries on equal terms. No pains were spared to make them so, and in the meantime it was hoped that the painted shadows would suffice to impose upon their neighbors for formidable realities. It is impossible not to revert now to the Congress at Vienna, and all the long, elaborate, and most fruitless conferences which took place there respecting that very Navy which has now ceased to exist. The events of war have cut the Gordian knot, which the wits of the keenest diplomatists were unable to unloose. We shall now hear no more of these protocols—we need be under no dread of a renewal of them. No Statesman in Europe will think it worth his while to spend days and months in solemn conclave, on the argument how many ships Russia shall be allowed to maintain in Sebastopol, and how many the Allies shall send to the Black Sea by way of compromise.

THE NORTH FORT.

We have nothing to fear from the North Fort. It will soon be ours. We command its fate with certainty. It cannot hold a large garrison, and the troops encamped near it or in its neighborhood are in a most precarious condition. The army of General Liprandi, on Mackenzie's Heights, is in great want of water, and provisions are scarce. In the southern side of Sebastopol great quantities of provisions must have been destroyed, and on the north side there are no sufficient places of depot for any sufficient amount of stores. The road to the North Fort is commanded by our position at Eupatoria, to which we are now free to transport large and adequate forces to cut off the communications of the fort, to take the armies in the rear, and menace the safety of every Russian in the Crimea. Of two things, one, either we shall menace their positions, and force them to battle or capitulation; or they will play the desperate game, and at once attack us with a view to a final struggle. We are ready for them, and doubt not the result.

(From the London Times, of September 11th.)

On Saturday, the 8th of September, within a few days of the anniversary of the landing of the allied forces in the Crimea, and 316 days after the opening of the besieging batteries against Sebastopol, on the 17th of October, 1854, a final and victorious assault was made upon the southern part of the town. Before night, the French flag waved in triumph upon the Malakoff Tower, which had fallen before the indomitable courage and perseverance of the assailants, and within a few hours more the Russian garrison had evacuated the Karabelnaya suburb and the southern portion of the fortress, after blowing up the magazines and the principal works, setting fire to the town in many places, and then endeavoring to withdraw by the bridge across the harbor from this terrific scene of devastation and defeat. So fell Sebastopol! The catastrophe surpasses in horrible interest all the preceding scenes of this gigantic contest. The columns of the allied armies, combined a fourfold attack, struggled all day with equal valor, though with unequal success, against the principal points marked out for assault. The extreme right of the French attack was directly against the work called the Little Redan, which was at first carried by the impetuosity of our Allies, though they were subsequently driven back by the fierce resistance of the Russians. The second and principal assault of the French army was against the Malakoff, which was carried by storm, and determined by its fall the fate, not only of the day, but of the siege. A third attack was made by the British forces on the Great Redan, and, although we learn that the salient angle of this formidable work was at one moment carried and occupied by our troops, it must be added that they were subsequently driven out of it by the fire of the Russian batteries which command it, and this check in some degree diminishes the exultation which will be felt in this country at the triumphant termination of the siege. The French columns on the left also assailed, in the fourth place, the Central Battery, but failed to establish themselves in the work. We have no doubt that every man who attacked the defences of Sebastopol on that eventful day fought with the same undaunted gallantry and the same determination to carry the place or to perish in the attempt—and, although these results of these several attacks were unequal, all were estimated by the same spirit and contributed to the great result. The first prize of this glorious victory belongs of right to our gallant Allies the French, since the Malakoff Tower, the key of the main position, fell before the vigor of their assault; but, with that chivalrous feeling which is the noblest bond of men who have fought and conquered together, the names of all those who carried the rugged defences of Sebastopol deserve to stand side by side on one page, and no invidious distinctions shall sully or lessen their common renown. The Russians on their side unquestionably defended the place with the utmost determination, and on more than one point they had the advantage over the besiegers. But it was the courage of desperation, for

this effort was their last. No sooner were the outer works taken, which laid the town and the port at the mercy of the Allied forces, than the men-of-war and steamers in the harbor were all set on fire, blown up, sunk, or destroyed, either by the fire of the Allied batteries or by the orders of the Russian authorities. Such was the fate of the Russian Black Sea fleet, on which the Imperial government had expended incalculable sums of money and incessant labor—that fleet which two years ago threatened the very existence of the Turkish empire, but whose solitary naval achievement was the atrocious outrage upon a far inferior force at Sinope. Of the authors of that nefarious attack what remains? The Emperor Nicholas sleeps in the vaults of St. Peter and St. Paul, no longer conscious of the chastisement his wicked ambition has brought down on his empire and his heirs. The Admirals who commanded and the crews who fought on that occasion have most of them fallen in the batteries of Sebastopol. The very ships for which Russia contended at the conference of Vienna, as essential to her dignity and power are torn plank from plank and scattered upon the waves. The dock-yard and arsenal were already, on Sunday, in possession of the Allied troops; Prince Gortschakoff had it seems, solicited an armistice, though we know not whether it was granted; but his troops were hurrying away with the utmost precipitation; and, considering the moral and physical results of such a defeat upon the remnant of his army, it may be doubted whether the Russian General can attempt to make any further stand on the north side of the harbor. These great events terminate the siege of Sebastopol, properly so called, for the allied armies have achieved within the last three days the grand objects of their enterprise. They have wrested from the whole military power of Russia a fortress which she had converted into a place of extraordinary strength, and defended with innumerable hosts of her best troops. They have annihilated the naval power on which she relied to secure her supremacy in the Euxine, and to establish her authority from the shores of the Caucasus to the mouths of the Danube. But, above all, they have shown the servile and credulous nations of the East, that the powers now paramount in the world are not those of fanaticism and barbaric absolutism, but those of liberty and of civilization. In this struggle Sebastopol became at once the test of strength, and the reward of victory.—To reduce it by force of arms was to overthrow that colossal fabric of Russian influence which a century and a half of rapine and intrigue had called into being, until it overawed the surrounding nations, and threatened the independence of Europe. While the expedition to the Crimea offered the incalculable advantage of circumscribing within a few square miles of the enemy's territory, all the dreadful horrors of war, and of staking the strength of four empires on a single point, the result of our victory is as boundless as the globe. It tells the world that the alliance of England and of France has stood the test of warfare by the sufferings of the camp and the perils of the field. It assures mankind that their united policy can will and execute its resolutions, even though the timid stand aloof, and though men of baser minds may abandon the cause of their country in her hour of need. We owe our success in no slight degree to the unwavering firmness with which the Emperor of the French has pursued this enterprise and adhered to the policy that dictated it. But we owe it no less to the clear and unanimous resolution of the people of England, whose mind was made up that this thing was to be done. In the course of these events, which broke in so suddenly on our wonted avocations, we have had much to learn and bear. At times, the tedium of suspended excitement became almost intolerable, and more than once the faint-hearted or the factious lost confidence in the result. Yet what is the fact? What is it we have done?—A year has not yet elapsed since the allied armies set foot in the Crimea. Within that time they have won three pitched battles, and twice assaulted a fortress of extraordinary magnitude. They have encompassed the works of the enemy with trenches extending over more than 30 miles of ground; they have armed these trenches with the heaviest ordnance, and kept up so incessant a fire that not only an incalculable amount of projectiles has been consumed, but five or six siege trains have been worn out. They have created at Kamiesch, Eupatoria, and Yenikale three military stations which the Russians have not dared to assail, and Balaklava has become a populous mart. A railroad connects the harbor and the camp; an electric chain binds the Crimea to Europe, and conveys to us in a few hours the tidings of these triumphant successes. Upwards of 200,000 men encamped within the lines of the Tchernaya have been conveyed thither, and are daily fed, clothed, and housed from the resources of Western Europe. All this has been effected in spite of the rigor of winter, the heat of summer, and the distance of 3,000 miles from our shores, and within one little year from the sailing of the expedition the leading objects of the campaign are accomplished, and Sebastopol is in our power. The military and political results of this event open a new chapter in the history of these transactions, to which we shall shortly take occasion to revert; but, be they what they may, the grand fact now before us justifies the confidence we have never ceased to feel, and rewards our hopes, for within twelve months from the commencement of this enterprise, Sebastopol has fallen, and the power of Russia in the waters of the Euxine is at an end!

CAPTURE OF A RUSSIAN SHIP IN THE THAMES.—A Russian barque has been seized, under false colors, in the Thames. She is named the West Norland. She has a valuable cargo. Her crew were taken to the Russian prison-ship Devonshire, at Sheerness, and she will be sold as a Crown droid.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Very Rev. Fathers Rinolfi and Silas, aided by a number of the clergy of the vicinity, were engaged for the past week in holding a mission in the parishes of Moylough and Mount Bellew. Immense crowds have been in attendance from an early hour in the morning till late in the afternoon. At the Church of Mount Bellew, on each evening, there was a sermon and solemn benediction of the adorable sacrament, together with the beautiful chanting of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The ceremonies of the Triduum in honor of the Immaculate Conception were also carried on during the week. The very reverend missionaries and the clergy in attendance throughout the week are being hospitably entertained by the zealous and worthy parish priest, the Rev. John Burke.—*Tuam Herald*.

It has been determined to entertain Mr. Gavan Duffy at a public banquet previous to his departure for Australia.

Mr. P. R. Welch, Newtownwelch, county Kilkenny, has addressed the electors of New Ross, offering himself on the principles of independent opposition, and as a friend of vote by ballot, triennial parliament, &c.

There is a rumor afloat that Mr. Edward Joshua Cooper, of Markree Castle will stand for the county of Sligo at the next general election.—*Sligo Champion*.

Viscount Dungannon has been chosen the representative peer for Ireland, in the room of the Earl of Caledon.

The serious illness of Cornelius O'Brien, Esq., M. P. for Clare, who is at his residence, Birchfield, causes anxiety to his numerous friends.

THE GOVERNOR OF BARBADOES.—Mr. Hincks, the new Governor of Barbadoes, is an Irishman, and son of the Rev. Dr. Hincks, of Cork. In alluding to his appointment a local journal (the *Constitution*) remarks:—“This, though a new policy, is a sound one. We send governors from England to Canada; why not take governors from Canada when we find there men gifted with the requisite capacities? Let every part of the empire feel itself a member of the grand incorporation, to whose greatness it contributes, and let it see that its interest consists in contributing to the unity and security of the whole. Let the Colonial *don* be withdrawn, and wherever there is ability for the public service—the will and the power to enhance the public weal—let it be the business of the Minister to acknowledge and to employ them.

THE LUCAN FARMS IN MAYO.—Major-General the Earl of Lucan, who is not less known as a practical agriculturist than a commanding officer of cavalry, is about to effect an extensive clearance (of sheep) off his extensive farms in the county of Mayo. Of his flock of 12,000, 4,000 are announced for sale by auction, and the lands to be so cleared, amounting to 3,000 acres, are to be given up for the immediate occupation of tenants, to whom lettings have been recently made. It is further intimated that the vast farms occupied by the residue of the stock will be likewise let whenever an acceptable offer is made for them.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.—The Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, through the voice of her clergy and in the columns of the press devoted to her interest, is just now straining every nerve to stay the tide of emigration to the United States. The *Tuam Herald*, which notoriously reflects the opinions of Dr. M'Hale, is instructed to announce a progressive increase in the counter-current of home emigration, and alleges that not a week passes without witnessing the return of some few of the Celtic population. The numbers, no doubt, are small, but great stress is laid on the influence they exert over the minds of their friends by the dismal accounts they are said to furnish of the state of social and religious life in the States. The writer then proceeds in this strain:—

“Before many years elapse, unless the tone of American society becomes essentially altered, Irishmen who set any value upon domestic peace or upon their salvation will fly from contact with its once boasted free soil with as much horror as they would shun the fiery pavement of the region of the damned. This is strong language, but not stronger than we have heard not many days ago from the lips of one of those returned emigrants. Liberty in the United States has degenerated into the most profligate licentiousness. Thousands of our exiled fellow-countrymen have fallen, and are daily falling, victims to the seductive allurements of this licentious freedom from moral restraints. There was a strange fascination attracting poor Irishmen to America; it was the boasted land of freedom and of plenty. Under no banner on earth would the exiled Irish sooner enrol themselves, to live, to fight, and to die, than under the flag of the ‘Stars and the Stripes.’ But all that will soon be changed. The fiendish spirit of ‘Know-Nothingism,’ that is at present startling Europe from its propriety by the fearful outrages perpetrated upon unoffending Irish Catholics in the name and under the pretence of ‘nativism,’ is nothing but the exponent of the real hatred towards Catholicity that exists and is deeply rooted in the hearts of the great mass of American society. Gossip the matter over by gilded and refined phraseology as some of the American journalists favorable to Ireland and to her religion may, the stubborn facts remain unaltered, and, we fear, unalterable. There does exist an innate hatred of Ireland on account of her indomitable attachment to the old Catholic faith throughout the length and breadth of the great Republic. Within the last few months we have made closer and more accurate inquiry about the physical advantages to be derived from residence in the States. All the returned emigrants to whom we have spoken concur in testifying that even those are exaggerated. The strongest frames and the most robust constitutions sink rapidly under the heavy and incessant toil and the unhealthy climate of America. A hale old man is rarely met with. Walk over the tombs in any of the cemeteries, and the ages recorded upon the head-stones tell the mournful tale of premature death in 90 per cent. of the sad records of the dead. Several of the emigrants who have come home have told us that with 10d. or 1s. a-day in Ireland a man can support his family better and with more comfort than with the almighty ‘dollar’ a-day in America. This he explained by entering into a detailed account of the style and expenses of social life in the States. Even in the respect of mere physical comforts it is generally being considered that at present an Irish labourer, farmer, or cottier can live as well at home, taking all things into account, as in America. Matters are fast coming to a level on both sides of the Atlantic.”—*Times*.

The Kilkenny Corporation have passed a resolution against the collection of Ministers' money.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE ARKLOW FISHERMEN.—Two lives saved.—The John Bright, bound from Liverpool to New York, with 400 passengers, got fast on the Arklow Bank, about eight miles from land, in the midst of a gale of wind. A boat was lowered and two men got into her, and while others were preparing to follow to heave a kedge anchor from the ship, the boat was capsized by the violence of the waves. The two men swam from under the boat, and one seized a life-buoy and the other an oar, but so violent was the wind that before any assistance could be given from the ship, and the poor fellows, beaten by a furious sea for the space of an hour, after drifting a mile from the vessel, were on the point of sinking from their frail supports through exhaustion, when an Arklow boat with 17 men on board, which had gone out in the storm to relieve the ship, picked up the two men and brought them in safely into the tow, where the owner of the boat, Mr. Lawrence Furlong, received them into his house, giving them food and clothing, and every comfort at his own expense, during the two days they remained. The Protestant and Catholic rectors, the Rev. Messrs. Omsby and Redmond, with some of the shopkeepers, supplied the men with clothes and funds sufficient to bring them to Liverpool, to which they expected their ship had put back for repairs. When the men were picked up they had nothing on them but their shirts and trousers, and the fishermen stripped themselves to cover and warm the sufferers, who were almost dead with cold.

VOLUNTEERS.—At a General parade, we have heard that 300 men belonging to the 87th the Royal South Cork, volunteered into the line.—Cork Reporter.

The whole of the 3d Dragoon Guards now in Dublin have received orders to hold themselves in readiness at a moment's notice to march to Newbridge.

We believe we can with certainty state, that the workhouse at present contains none but the sick, the aged, and the children, who usually form a large number in every workhouse. On Thursday last (August 30th) the number in the house was 588.—At the corresponding period of the past year it was 856, showing a decrease of 268. As the country advances in prosperity, this number will undergo a further reduction, as profitable labor will be in more than ordinary demand; and, we trust, the day is not far distant, as in other unions, when the inmates will be exclusively confined to the aged and the infirm.—Carlton Sentinel.

DESECRATION OF A CATHOLIC CHURCH.—At the request of a subscriber we (Dublin Telegraph) copy the following statement from a northern newspaper:—A correspondent writes:—"As you are ever ready, through the medium of your truly Catholic journal, to hold up to merited public reprobation and contempt the perpetration of any insult or disrespect to our holy religion, I take the liberty of submitting the following statements to your notice:—On Tuesday evening last, the 14th inst., as the Catholic Church of Portadown was open for divine worship at the time of a Novena, a head-constable of police, accompanied by two females, entered the sacred edifice; and, going forward to the holy water vase, he scattered its contents about with many contortions of countenance, and irreverent gestures, to the great delight of his fair (?) companions, who laughed merrily at his cleverness and dexterity. The ill-mannered and uncourteous intruders then sauntered through the church, and walked up to the altar, before which they passed, and re-passed repeatedly—the constable keeping on his military cap all the time, while he and his female companions impudently stared around at the utensils and pictures, and indulged in flippant remarks, in a tone of the greatest levity. The few Catholics then present (it being before the congregation had assembled) exercised the greatest forbearance towards those ignorant intruders who came to mock the ceremonies of our holy and venerated religion, in not causing them to make a precipitate and unceremonious exit. They merely looked with pity and contempt on creatures who so prominently exhibited their own ignorance and want of common decency. Had a Catholic intruded into a sectarian place of worship, and behaved in so very unbecoming and unchristian a manner, instead of being treated with Christian forbearance, he would have been shown the outside of the sanctuary with all possible celerity.

ROBBING A CHAPEL.—An entrance was effected some few nights ago into a vestry attached to the Catholic Chapel at Croghan, in the barony of Lower Philipstown, by a party of persons unknown, who stole therefrom a pall and other articles used in the celebration of the mass, the property of the congregation. Government have authorized the police officer at Edenderry to give a reward of £10 for the detection of the guilty parties.

EVICIONS.—On Thursday the Sheriff the Galway, accompanied by an escort of police, proceeded to the Claddagh, and took possession of 21 houses, the property of Mr. Henry Grattan. The inmates were all put out, and six of the cabins levelled to the ground, but the parties evicted were admitted into the remaining 15 as caretakers.

ENGLISH HUMANITY.—At the police-office, on Monday, Captain White presiding, a young girl named Kate Kearney was charged with begging. In answer to the bench the prisoner stated that she had entered a workhouse in London for the purpose of having herself cured of a sore breast, but she had not been there a week when the authorities turned her out, and sent her over to Ireland. Captain White expressed his abhorrence at the heartlessness of such conduct, and on the girl requesting to be sent to Roscommon, her native place, kindly gave her five shillings towards the expenses of her passage.—Ecaminer.

An epidemic ophthalmia has become very prevalent amongst the lower classes in Dublin. It has exhibited very virulent symptoms in the Sheds auxiliary to the North Dublin Union.

A boy, six years old, the son of a farmer named Jas. Grant, of Slievne, in Waterford, was burnt to death while left alone with other children.

SURPLUS POPULATION.—It has come to pass at last that men are wanted in Ireland. There is no longer a surplus population to puzzle statesmen or legislators with their peremptory presence, or drive them distracted in the vain attempt to get rid of them. They are no longer the "mere Irish," scarcity has made them valuable; and they are now the "peasant population," the "farm-labourers," the "mowers," the "reapers," the "herdsmen," worth from two and six pence to five shillings a day, while harvest work is plenty, and £12 bounty, and thirteen pence a day afterwards if they

feel inclined "to serve her Majesty." The difficulty is that they are not to be had readily for the former occupations; the other they won't touch with a tong. Irishmen have "ris" in the home market as we find by every paper that comes to us across the Atlantic. The Galway Vindicator says:—

"Between the field of war and the fields of corn, men in Ireland are looking up in the market. An Irishman is at last of some value in his own country. The economists who talked of a surplus population are now dumb and out of all conceit with their miserable theories. We begin to understand that the wealth of a country lies in its population, and not in any amount of inert matter. The quickening spirit lies in the sweat of mowers and reapers. Who is to serve in the militia—who is to cut the corn and dig the potatoes? The spirit of our laws exiled the population; now we feel the reaction. We drove our labourers to the valleys of the Mississippi; they are worth any money now on the banks of the Shannon. A Limerick paper tells us that mowers in Pallasgreen are demanding 6s. 8d. a-day. This is really a revolution in the labor market. In Galway our terms have not gone up to so extravagant a length.—We have not heard of anything higher than 2s. a-day, with diet, but the want of men, even at this comparatively high rate, is perceptibly felt in all directions."

A few years back no one but a believer in the Millennium would have thought of such a state of things in Ireland; and even now it is looked upon as a sort of anomalous condition of affairs. In our mind the anomaly is that such prosperity should not be permanent, since there is no land better calculated to ensure it, either in the bountiful fertility of the soil, the geographical position of the country, or the untiring industry of its inhabitants.—Irish American.

THE EXODUS CHECKED, THANK GOD!—The Irish journals just received are full of indignation at the Louisville massacre. The emigration next year will probably fall off three fourths; this year it has decreased in seven months only 127,000 souls! In the meantime, we point attention to the letter of Rev. Mr. O'Reardon, of Easton, given in our Irish news, (and which has been favored with a critique by the Times.) We also clip the following sentences of an extract given in the N. Y. Sun of Saturday last:—

"A private letter (says the Philadelphia North American) from an intelligent source in the north of Ireland, conveys information that the prevalence of the Know Nothing excitement has done more to check the Irish exodus to America than anything which has happened for years. In some shape or other this idea has been diffused with singular rapidity all over Ireland; and as the wages of labor there have vastly improved within a few years, the disposition to emigrate has met with a sudden and general check."—American Celt.

GREAT BRITAIN.

On Saturday, a new Catholic church was consecrated in the neighborhood of Spitalfields, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

PUBLIC EXCITEMENT IN THE METROPOLIS.—Anything like the state of excitement which existed in the metropolis on the arrival of the news of the decisive success of the allied armies at Sebastopol, has rarely been witnessed. At 8 o'clock a large crowd had assembled in front of the Mansion-house and Royal Exchange, in the expectation that the Lord Mayor, in his robes of state, would make an official proclamation of the victory, but the crowd, after waiting patiently for some gradually dispersed. The bells at many of the principal churches rang out their joyous peals; while in most of the main thoroughfares groups of people might be seen standing around one reading the despatches by the light of street lamps or shop windows. At the Haymarket Theatres Mr. Buckstone came on the stage, between the acts, paper in hand, and read the despatches which had been received. The audience rose en masse, cheering the intelligence in the echo, and when the orchestra performed "God save the Queen" and "see the conquering Hero comes," demanded an encore. The same announcement was also made at most of the other theatres and places of amusement in the metropolis, meeting in every instance with a most enthusiastic reception, fully expressing the joy of the people upon the reception of news long expected, long deferred, but come at last. A salute of 40 guns was fired on Tuesday, in St. James's Park, by order of the Commander in Chief, in honour of the fall of Sebastopol. The tower guns also fired, in celebration of the event, at half-past seven o'clock a.m. The bells at nearly all the parish churches in London and the suburbs rang out merry peals in honour of victory. From many houses flags were seen flying. The mansion of the French Ambassador was brilliantly illuminated on Monday night in honour of the victory. The three sides of the house, situate at Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, were brilliantly lighted, and around each of the windows in the front was fixed a large design, 30 feet square, with the French and English crowns, the flags of each nation, and the letters N and E, V and A, surrounded by immense laurels. There were also the letters composing the word "Sebastopol" in red, white, and blue, the illumination consisting altogether of 10,000 lamps. Nothing for some years past exceeded the gay appearance of the vast number of vessels in the River, and the various ship-building and dock-yards. Every vessel had her colours hoisted mast high; and some of the foreign vessels (neutral) were gaily decorated. From all parts of the country we have received intelligence of the greatest enthusiasm and excitement in consequences of the fall of Sebastopol.

The Times suggests the celebration of a day of national thanksgiving, on account of the fall of Sebastopol.

It is rumored in the Clubs to-day that the allies found 1,200 guns within the lines of Sebastopol, and also that the Russians are falling back upon Baktschiserai; but rumors from Paris are to the effect that Prince Gortschakoff will certainly hold the north side of Sebastopol to the last extremity. From the same source we learn that the allied admirals have sent a despatch stating that it is not expedient to enter the harbor of Sebastopol until Fort Constantine shall have been silenced. It is conjectured that the allies will attack Fort Constantine from Fort Alexander and Artillery Bay.

SUPPLY OF GUNPOWDER.—It would appear that the mills in the United Kingdom cannot produce a sufficient supply of gunpowder, as no less than five cargoes, manufactured in Belgium and Holland on the account of the British Government, have recently been imported and housed at Purfleet.

The Times has a remarkable article on the startling revelations of the Income Tax Returns. It appears that—If these returns are faithful—there are only 800 persons in Great Britain who have incomes between £500 and £1000; and only about £5,000 who have incomes of between £1,000 and £2,000! Truly enough the Times argues that this is absolutely incredible. It is positively and astoundingly absurd. Yet, if so, what are we to think of the morality of the classes who ought to return such incomes? especially when it is remembered that the affirmations under which returns are made, involve the obligations of an oath, and the penalties of perjury. The Times asks some telling questions upon this: Do all who talk against Russia pay their Income tax honestly? If they do not where is the religion of the country, where are our preachers? After all the hazy roundabout stuff one so often hears in our churches, it would be quite a comfort to see duty brought to so tangible and unquestionable a point as the payment of a lawful tax, for which, we believe, a good many texts may be adduced. So let our preachers just lend a hand for once and back up the tax-collector. Let them preach every Michaelmas and Lady-day on the text, "Render to all their dues, custom to whom custom," &c., with a special view to Schedule D and the Russian war. The easy off-hand way in which the Clergy of the established churches are here appealed to as State functionaries, to "back up the tax-collectors," is as curious and characteristic as the sneering tone adopted towards the "religion" of the country. It reminds us forcibly of the remark of HUBER, about religion being "made a state function," as in Paganism. A Pagan writer could hardly have spoken, however, so contemptuously of his priests. It is plain these people do not believe in their religion; no wonder they do not respect their clergy.—Weekly Register.

Next week Sir John Dean Paul and his colleagues are to be placed at the bar of the Old Bailey for trial. At that bar just thirty-one years ago, Fauntleroy was found guilty of an offence not one degree more heinous than that with which Paul and his colleagues are charged. As all the world knows, he was executed; and Sir John Paul may thank the humane spirit of our modern laws, that he, too, at this moment is not in imminent danger of an ignominious death. Fauntleroy's offence was that he had forged a power of attorney for the transfer of stock; Paul's, that he has abstracted securities deposited by a client in his hands, and applied them to his own purposes. Fauntleroy's crime entailed upon others a loss in the aggregate of 250,000l; that sum, we fear, would but very partially cover the deficiencies in Strathan and Paul's accounts. But Fauntleroy's offences, when weighed in the scale of morality, cannot be looked upon as equivalents for the heinous acts of the banking-house in the strand. He made no pretensions to be a prince in Israel, a saint among the saints; he was a man of pleasure, a jovial companion, and a forger—that was all. He suffered death upon the scaffold, and his fate was a warning to all. He did not, however, desecrate religion, and put arms in the hands of all persons who are wont to sneer at virtue and morality, and in so far he was much less guilty than his recent disciples. At his last moments as we read in the records of the time, he presented a melancholy spectacle of agony and despair; there was nothing certainly in his fate which could incite a falling man to disregard the wholesome restraints of morality and religion. There is one remarkable point connected with the proceedings which have been taken against these offenders. We remember few instances of atrocious crime in which a morbid sympathy has not been expressed for the criminals. Whether it was a woman who had strangled her mother, or a mother who had poisoned half a dozen of her children for the sake of the burial club bonuses, there has invariably been somebody to come forward and declare the crime an amiable weakness—a mere backsliding at the worst. The only case which occurs to us in which we have not been absolutely persecuted with manducation appeals for commutation of the sentence under such circumstances was that of Tawell, the Quaker, who murdered his mistress at Slough. In his case, too, we believe, it was the double-dyed hypocrisy and religious pretension of the man which added so much fire to the public indignation. We have noticed the same feature in this instance of the failure of the Strand bank, productive as it has been of such wide-spread misery. We attribute the absence of sympathy to the same circumstance, and, perhaps in a less degree, to the fact that, if convicted, the prisoners are not actually placed in danger of life. When the point of chicane was raised in their favor which has now, most fortunately, been disposed of by their own act, the ingenuity of England was on the stretch to contrive some solution for the clause in the act of parliament which should preclude the possibility of their escape. At this very moment, and although four months have elapsed since the declarations of bankruptcy, during which the subject has been canvassed on every side, we are unable to suggest any rational explanation of the immensity of this failure. The evidence given yesterday at Bow-street shows that Sir John Paul two years ago was passing from one spot to another and hawking about the securities of his customers. We apprehend that the deficiency and embarrassment have been of far earlier date, but, until the last ten years or so, such as could be fenced off from month to month without a public explosion. The railway panic must have shrewdly tried a falling concern, and from that time to the present the partners have had recourse to one series of experiments more desperate than another to avert for a brief space the crash which in the end was inevitable. Meanwhile they lived like men of large fortune—we speak particularly of Paul and Strahan; they had town-houses and country-houses, picture galleries and equipages; they gave costly entertainments, and maintained all the external appearance of wealthy men at the expense of their deluded customers. But extravagance alone would scarcely have produced such a result—folly might; but folly and extravagance combined were an infallible recipe for commercial failure. It is really sickening to hear of the straits to which families have been reduced by the frauds of these most unprincipled men. Widows have been ruined—orphans thrown helpless on the world—and old age left destitute, that Messrs. Strathan, Paul, and Co. might keep state a little longer against fortune and against hope.—Times. The investigation took place on 11th Sept. and the defendants were committed for trial.—Lloyd's Weekly.

A SHIP IN WANT OF A NAME.—We read in the Sunderland Times that a Sunderland ship-owner has sent a vessel afloat, bound to London, unchristened. He waits "for the next lapping the Rooshians get, and then he'll call the ship after the victory."

UNITED STATES.
CONVERSION.—It has found its way into some of the Western papers, and therefore we may announce without impropriety that on the 18th ult., Carlton R. Bayley, a brother of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Newark was received into the Catholic Church at his residence, Dixon, Ohio, by the Rev. J. FitzGerald.—New York Freeman.

CONVERSION TO THE FAITH OF GEORGE HOBART DOANE.—On Saturday the 22nd, the Right Rev. Dr. Bayley, at Newark, received into the Catholic Church George Hobart Doane, an Episcopalian clergyman, and son of the Protestant Bishop of New Jersey Mr. Doane is the fourth Protestant Episcopal clergyman in the United States that has become a Catholic within six months.—New York Freeman.

The N. Y. Churchman, writing we suppose under the inspiration of Bishop Doane, the father, asserts that the convert is mad, and that he inherits his madness from his mother the Bishopsess. This is a strange accusation for a father to allow to be made against his son—for a husband to tolerate against the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his children. It is a proof however that Mr. Doane's moral conduct is blameless. Catholics can account for the perversion of men like Achilli and Leahy—and it is from these only that the ranks of Protestantism are recruited—without being obliged to fall back upon the hypothesis of hereditary insanity.—Ed. T. W.]

STILL ANOTHER MARTYR.—Sister Mary Susannah Richards died on the 21st inst., at the Catholic College, in Richmond, Va., of yellow fever. She came up on Friday, together with Sisters Ursula and Mary Lewis, in charge of the Pottsmouth orphans, and was taken sick on Saturday. Her attack was violent, and from the beginning foreboded a fatal termination. [Such is the simple obituary of another of those holy and heroic women, whose lives are now almost daily offered up for the good of poor weak humanity. From the slaughter sheds of Balaklava and Santari, to the plague haunted streets of Norfolk and New Orleans, their presence is a blessing, and their words an immeasurable consolation.]—American Celt.

THE PRESENCE OF DEATH AS A TEST OF THE TRUE RELIGION.—The conduct of those Protestant clergymen who ran away from Norfolk on the approach of the pestilence is nothing new, as our readers well know. It had passed into a common-places that such visitations afforded one of the occasions for Protestantism to betray its bogus character as a religion. But the facts authenticating this popular conviction are as old as Protestantism itself. It was one of the sore troubles that Luther had to explain among his disciples in his own days. His correspondence refers to it again and again. At first he took the ground that it was a special snare of the devil's to bring "the gospel," as he called his Protestantism, into disrepute. Afterwards he took the more comfortable doctrine that men under the influence of Popery, were as if drunk,—beside themselves, and unable to appreciate danger, or to distinguish death from life, but that when the light of his gospel had come, they were wakened up,—understood what dreadful sinners they were, and were, afraid to meet the judgments of God,—and that so they fled from the plague, that in those days repeatedly visited Germany, neglecting all natural ties, as well as their assumed duties of pastors of souls. George Wixel, one of the most celebrated of Luther's early companions in apostasy, of the same astonishing difference between Catholics and in the presence of the plague, and avowed this as one of the powerful arguments that aroused his mind to a reconsideration of his course, which ended in his return, later in life, to the Catholic Church. The same phenomena have appeared at every period since. Let us only allude to the case of the celebrated Elizabeth Pitt, the near relative of the British statesman, who, towards the close of the last century, was received into the Catholic Church on the Continent of Europe. On her return to England, the ship she was in was in imminent peril of destruction, and in the general terror so remarkable was her serenity that an English lord, when the storm was past, said to her, (recognising the proverbial fact we are illustrating): "Why, you were as resigned and fearless in face of death as if you were a Catholic!" "I have become a Catholic in fact," was her reply, "and believe in the Catholic faith with all my soul!"—New York Freeman.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN TROUBLE.—An article in the Washington Star, supposed to be from the pen of the Secretary at War, hints at the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, for his disgraceful connection with the enlistment of foreign troops.—American Celt.

DISBANDING THE IRISH MILITARY COMPANIES IN CONNECTICUT.—Hartford, Sept. 25.—Governor Minor removed, to-day, Adjutant General Hodge, on the ground that he refused to obey the Governor's order disbanding the Irish companies. Capt. J. D. Williams of this city has received the appointment, and has issued the order disbanding the six Irish companies of the State.

By the last steamer for California about five hundred Irish emigrants started for that region; within a fortnight two ships full sailed from this port for Australia; each week during the season from four to six hundred have returned to Ireland. We daily hear of groups and families bound for the Western States—especially Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. In view of these facts, and the necessity universally conceded for united action, we appeal to the friends of the emigrant everywhere on this continent, to revive the old, or to form new emigrant societies, so that a systematic direction may be given, next Spring and ever after, to the newly awakened enterprise of our people. In vain they fly to the West, to Canada, California, Australia, or home, if they do not know what to do when they get there; in vain they purchase a temporary escape from social proscription, if they cannot hereafter be their own employers and paymasters. Clear sighted cunning capital may sit upon his easy chair unconcerned, for servile, thoughtless labor, must again return to his feet, soliciting work, as if it were aims.—American Celt.

Crowds of people are still flying from Louisville! Whole rows of houses are "for rent." Those who go away scarcely stop to inquire where they are going, their chief anxiety being to leave behind them that city of violence and blood.—Cincinnati Telegraph.

AN INFAMOUS OUTRAGE.—An infamous outrage was perpetrated at the Catholic Church in this city, between 1 and 4 o'clock on Sunday morning. Valuable candlesticks, vases and other ornaments about the altar were rudely thrown down and broken. The windows in the rear of the building were also broken, and other damage done.—Peoria (Ill.) Press.

REMITTANCES

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND & WALES
SIGHT DRAFTS from One Pound upwards, negotiable at any Town in the United Kingdom, are granted on The Union Bank of London, London. The Bank of Ireland, Dublin. The National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh. By HENRY CHAPMAN & Co., St. Sacramento Street. Montreal, December 14, 1851.

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

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 5, 1851.

THE IRISH BAZAAR.

It is hardly necessary to remind our city readers that the Ladies of Charity of St. Patrick's Congregation, will hold their Annual Bazaar next week.—The ladies take good care to keep it constantly before our minds, through the medium of our pockets.—They are already hard at work "making up their lists," and we pity the unfortunate wight who is not down for something.

"If such there be, so mark him well!"

for he is under the ban of a sisterhood, more potent than the witches of old. We are glad to find that the ladies are succeeding at least as well as usual, and are quite sanguine as to the final result.—There are many laborers in the vineyard, and they calculate on having quite a number of elegant and useful articles, some for sale and some, of course, to be raffled. The Mechanics' Institute have kindly granted the use of their spacious hall, so that there will be plenty of room to accommodate those who may wish to attend. Refreshments will be, as usual, provided by the ladies in their best style. Nothing, we are sure, will be wanting on their parts to make their Bazaar, what it has for years been, the gayest and most attractive of all similar assemblies. The object of their exertions is well known; they have been hitherto nobly supported by the public at large; and they now beg to solicit a continuance of that support which has, for the last few years, crowned their labors with the most cheering success.

The Bazaar will open on Monday next, the 8th instant, in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, Great St. James Street, and will continue during the week.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The talking of Sebastopol and the consequent total destruction of the navy of Russia in the Black Sea, is the one engrossing topic of the day. We cannot yet estimate the importance of this victory, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel either in ancient, or in modern history. It is enough to say that as a great naval power in the South of Europe—and it was only as a naval power, that Russia was dangerous, or could seriously menace Constantinople—Russia has ceased to exist. She has no longer a single ship afloat in the Black Sea, not a gun-boat left her; and the bloody massacre of Sinope has been gloriously avenged. Were the Allies to do nothing more, were they to leave the Crimea tomorrow, they would still have inflicted a blow on Russia from which she will not recover during the XIX. century, and which it will take her long years of peace and prosperity even partially to repair.—Armies may be recruited, the waste of men in a campaign may be made good, fortresses may be rebuilt and regarrisoned, and a lost territory may be regained; but the loss of her navy is a loss that Russia will feel more severely than the loss of armies, tortresses, or even of the Crimea itself; for a navy is of slow growth, like the oak; and though you may make an army, or build a fortress, you cannot make a navy. Hence is it that in their results victories by sea have always been more important than victories by land, and that the great destinies of the world have always been decided by naval combats—as at Salamis and as at Lepanto—at the present juncture it is as well not to allude to more modern victories. We may remark however, that it was by the sea-captains of Elizabeth, and not by her land armies, that the Spanish Armada was defeated; and that from that defeat Spain never recovered.

All is yet uncertain as to the future movements of the Allies, or of the enemy; but we may be sure that the former will make the best use of their glorious victory. By the Pacific, we learn that the Allies are beginning to occupy Sebastopol, and that immense stores of ammunition and guns are in their hands. It is rumored that Prince Gortschakoff has received instructions to evacuate the Crimea; but it is more probable that he will again try an appeal to arms, as from want of provisions he cannot long hold possession of the Northern forts. The following is a summary of the Pacific's news:—

The Emperor of Austria has congratulated Queen Victoria and Louis Napoleon on the victory of the Allies. There was more talk about Austrian negotiations. The latest was, that Austria was willing to undertake the work of mediation at Vienna. The King of Naples had sent apologies to England and

France for recent insults. Mazini's revolutionary manifesto to the Neapolitans had been published.

The Czar in company with the three grand Dukes has signified his intention of proceeding to the Crimea; he says in an address to his army "I rely confidently on your courage to repel all further attacks;" and in a letter to the King of Prussia he says—he will accept no conditions of peace derogatory to Russia. It is certain that many more troops are to be sent to the Crimea from Russia. It was reported that Russia had undertaken the task of mediation between Denmark and the United States on the Sound Dues question. No later news from the Baltic had been received.

Gen. Simpson's despatch to the Secretary of War, with the details of the fall of Sebastopol, does not differ in its statements from the Telegraph despatches received at London and brought over by the America. The British columns stormed the Redan, but after a bloody contest could not hold it. A second assault could not be organized until the following morning, when the Redan was found to be evacuated. The loss of life has been fearful, particularly among officers. The English attack was led by Sir W. Codrington and Lieut. General Markham. 4,000 cannon and 50,000 balls and immense stores of gunpowder were taken possession of by the Allies at Sebastopol. The obstacles at the entrance of the Port were about to be removed so as to admit the entrance of ships.

THE FEAST OF THE "HOLY NAME OF MARY."

On the 12th of September, 1683, John Sobieski, King of Poland—the sacrifice of the Mass having been duly offered, and the "Holy Name of Mary" devoutly invoked—rushed down upon the Turkish hosts encamped before the walls of Vienna, which city after a two months' siege was reduced to the last extremity; and after a brief but brilliant struggle, utterly discomfited the Mussulmans, driving them from their lines, and compelling them to seek safety in an ignominious flight; whilst all their baggage, ammunition, standards, and warlike materiel became the prey of the victors. Then was finally crushed the power of the great enemy of the Church of Christ, which for more than two centuries had menaced with total destruction the liberties, the civilisation, and the religion of Christendom. Then did the Crescent yield to the majesty of the Cross; and on that day was Europe for ever delivered from all fear of Ottoman invasion, and Ottoman Ascendency.

In commemoration of that great event—of that glorious victory—which, with that won by Charles Martel at Tours A.D., 732, over the Saracens, may claim to rank as one of the decisive battles of the world—did Pope Innocent XI ordain that throughout the Catholic Church, the Sunday within the Octave of the Feast of the Nativity of Mary—8th September—should be kept as a Solemn Festival under the title of the Feast of the "Holy Name of Mary"—and as a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the complete triumph which He had accorded to the armies of Christendom, over whose banners had been invoked the "Holy Name" of the Mother of His Son.

The might of the Ottoman Empire has long passed away; never has it recovered from the blow dealt to it on that 12th of September, and no longer does the cry "Mahomet is the Prophet of God" threaten the peace of the Christian world, and the very existence of the Catholic Church. But fresh enemies have since risen up against her; and in the North East of Europe, another Power, as formidable to the Church as ever was Turkey, and whose rulers are as hostile to the successor of the Fisherman as ever was a Solyman, or an Amurath, has of late years grown into importance, and in its pride has dared to raise a sacrilegious hand against the Lord's anointed. What Mahometan Turkey was to Christendom in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is Schismatic Russia in the nineteenth.

But this foe too has, thank God, been humbled, and the Catholic Church rejoices. In the midst of his course he has been stricken down, never, we hope, to rise again. For, on the 8th of September, whilst again the Church was commencing the celebration of the Festival instituted in honor of the battle gained one hundred and seventy-two years ago by John Sobieski over the infidel, and in honor of that "Holy Name" under whose patronage his soldiers marched to victory, another army, equally Catholic, was advancing to the successful storm of the stronghold of Schismatic and anti-Catholic Russia. And at the very moment when the Church was intoning the first notes of the "First Vespers" of the Feast of "The Holy Name of Mary," did the Lord of Hosts grant to the arms of her children a most glorious triumph over the enemies of the Catholic Church. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.

Yes. Though in this the historian may see only a remarkable coincidence, the Christian and the Catholic may be pardoned if he imagines that he sees something more than a coincidence. Reason teaches us that the Lord is the Supreme Governor of the Universe; revelation tells us that He is the hearer and answerer of prayer, and that He giveth the victory to whom He will. Why then should we be ashamed to confess—seeing that all must admit that the triumphant success which has crowned the Allied arms is the work of the Lord—that it has been accorded at the intercession of her to whose prayers nothing will be refused, and whose "Holy Name" was in confidence invoked by our brave Allies. Not to their numbers, nor their discipline, nor yet to their fiery courage alone, must we attribute the glory of the victory; but to Him from Whom cometh all blessings, and to the powerful prayers of her whom all the Faithful delight to honor as the "Help of Christians"—*Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis.*

* The Feast of the Holy Name fell this year on Sunday the 9th of September; but its celebration commenced at noon of Saturday the 8th instant, at the very moment when the brave soldiers of Catholic France were planting their triumphant eagles on the ramparts of the Malakoff.

THE MINERVE AND THE ARGUS.

These two journals—the former "Ministerial," the other "Opposition" in its principles—are at loggerheads of course, and have always been so. Having managed to get up betwixt themselves a very pretty quarrel, we cannot but look upon the interposition of any third party as likely to spoil sport; and, unless we had been in a manner "appealed to" by one of the combatants, most assuredly the TRUE WITNESS would never have interfered with either of them, but have left them to fight it out amongst themselves. The facts of the dispute, in so far as we have been able to gather them, seem to be as follows.

Some months ago an article appeared in the *Minerve* from the pen of a correspondent, under the caption "Education, Avis au Peuple; Caution to the People." In this article, the writer called the attention of his readers to the very significant fact—that, in the annual allotment of the public funds for educational purposes, all those districts which were represented in Parliament by *Rouges* members, "or by other members strongly opposed to the Government," had experienced a considerable reduction in the grants, in favor of the "colleges, academies, or convents established within their limits;" whilst to similar institutions established in districts represented by members "not hostile to the Government," large and greatly augmented grants had been made out of the public funds—though some of the establishments thus highly favored, were hardly known, and had scarcely even commenced to exist. In proof of his assertion, the writer gave a long list of the sums allotted to the different educational establishments of Lower Canada; and seemed to assert that, in thus discriminating betwixt Colleges and Convents of equal merit, according as they were located in *Ministerial*, or strongly *anti-Ministerial* sections of the country, the Government was giving a just and salutary lesson to friends and foes, and was inflicting a well merited punishment upon its political opponents. We say "seemed to assert," for we should be loth to tax the *Minerve*, or any of its correspondents, with really holding such a monstrous doctrine. At the same time, we must confess that the language of the article referred to is susceptible of such an interpretation; and we cannot therefore wonder that such an interpretation has been put upon it, not only by the *Argus*, but by most of the Protestant journals of both sections of the Province, many of whom have therein found occasion to hold the Catholic Church responsible for the imputed sins of the *Minerve*, and its Ministerial patrons.

The question then having resolved itself into a politico-religious question—the *Minerve* being looked upon as a Catholic, as well as a Ministerial journal—the *Argus* of the 1st inst. feels itself justified:

"In appealing to other journals of the same religious persuasion as himself—the *Minerve*—to ascertain how far they indorse the doctrine he holds forth, that the Ministry is justified in dividing public moneys at their disposal for the assistance of religious and charitable purposes, amongst such institutions as are represented by Ministerial supporters, to the exclusion of similar institutions of equal merit, whose advocacy is committed to Ministerial opponents?"

Thus appealed to, as a "journal of the same religious persuasion as the *Minerve*," we have no hesitation in replying—that we repudiate with all our heart and soul and strength the doctrine which the *Argus* attributes to our French cotemporary—that we look upon it as subversive of all honesty and political morality; and as eminently calculated to bring well merited ruin and disgrace upon any party that is base enough to adopt it, or journalist venal enough to endorse it. Indeed, we know not how, or where to find language strong enough to express our abhorrence of such a doctrine, and our contempt for those who act upon it. Such fellows, if there be such, and, above all, if they hold place or office where they may carry their doctrines into practice, should be kicked out at once, as a curse to the community, and as the most dangerous enemies of religion and morality. Against such fellows, if there be such, we would desire to see the hand of every man raised, and in every hand a whip,

"To lash the rascals naked through the world."

Yet we would beg the *Argus* to understand that we by no means admit that our Ministry do hold the doctrine that he attributes to them; or that he has rightly caught the meaning of the *Minerve*.—We confess that, after two or three careful perusals of the article in question, we do not understand its drift. It may indeed, as we said before, be so construed as to bear the meaning given to it by the *Argus*; but, we trust that it is also susceptible of another and a very different interpretation; and we feel convinced that—for his own sake—for the sake of the Ministry whom he so warmly defends—for the sake of our Catholic colleges and convents, apparently menaced with the withdrawal of aid from the public funds, as a vicarious atonement for the sins of the electors—and, above all, for the sake of education, religion and morality which should never be mixed up with the paltry party squabbles of the day—the *Minerve* will shortly give such an explanation as shall clear his Ministerial friends and himself from the very odious imputations cast upon him and them by the Protestant press, in consequence of his correspondent's very ill-advised "Avis au Peuple."—For that explanation we shall wait; and, in the meantime, we claim for the *Minerve*, and for the Ministry, that to which all accused persons have a right—"That they be esteemed innocent until they be proved guilty."

Nor let the *Minerve* say that he is not bound to give explanation. He is bound to do so, for he has brought a most serious charge against the Ministry; one, which if true, should be followed by their immediate expulsion from office; but which, if not true, should be immediately retracted and apolo-

gised for. Thus the *Minerve's* correspondent, speaking of the additional grant made last year to the College of Ste. Therese, which is situated in a district represented by an anti-Ministerial member, pretends to account for this solitary instance of Government liberality towards a Catholic institution in an anti-Ministerial district, in the following manner:—

"As to the College of Ste. Therese, perhaps the happy idea of causing the petition to be presented by the Hon. M. Morin, and not by M. Prevost, procured for that house an augmentation of its annual allowance."—*Minerve.*

This does demand explanation, and, as a Catholic, we call for explanation; for, until it is explained, the enemies of our Church and of our Catholic educational establishments—and alas! how numerous and how active are our enemies—will assert, and will appeal to a professedly Catholic journal in support of their assertions, that our Catholic Colleges and Convents receive aid from the public funds of Canada—not in consideration of the services that they render to the cause of education and morality—not because they deserve well of the country—not because they have a legitimate or reasonable claim upon the public purse—but as a reward for political services, or rather, as a bribe to the electors of the districts in which they are situated to vote for the Ministry of the day. Can any accusation, more disgraceful to the Ministry, more damaging to our Catholic institutions, possibly be conceived? And yet how can we meet it, how repel it, so long as the words of the *Minerve* are allowed to remain unexplained? Catholics especially are interested in calling for an explanation; for it is upon Catholic institutions that the wrath of the Ministry is represented by the *Minerve* as falling, on account of the sins of the electors.—Truly, Catholics can have no sympathy with, or predilections for, the party called *Rouges*; but why, on what principle of justice, should our Colleges and Convents be called upon to do penance, and to offer up a vicarious atonement, for the iniquities of a demagogism to which they are opposed, and against which they cease not to put the people on their guard?—Whether presented by a Ministerialist, or by a *Rouge*, by the Hon. M. Morin or by M. Prevost, the petition of the College of Ste. Therese was equally worthy of the attention of the Government; and its claims to assistance from the public funds remained unaltered. It is therefore a monstrous libel on the Ministry to insinuate even, as does the *Minerve*, that they accorded to the demand of M. Morin in behalf of the College of Ste. Therese, that which they would have refused, if applied for by M. Prevost; and the sooner the Ministry gets rid of such an injudicious supporter, the better for itself and for its real friends.

The *Canadian Monarchist*, a Protestant paper, and evidently a friend to the Church of England, offers a few remarks upon the Sabbatarian controversy, which we commend to the notice of the Anglican Church of Upper Canada, and of the disciples of the Holy John Calvin everywhere:—

"KNOW VERSUS CALVIN—BALLS VERSUS BOWLS.—Some of the 'unco guid' in Montreal have been kicking up a horrid row because some wicked little papist boys played a game of ball on Sunday evening, in a field. The Roman Catholic organs say that according to their faith, there is no harm in playing Ball, or any other game, in itself innocent, on a Sunday afternoon. We can add a high Protestant authority; when John Knox went to see Calvin at Geneva, he was awfully scandalized at seeing the great Reformer playing Bowls on a Sunday afternoon, and remonstrated with him thereon; but Calvin very plainly told him, that neither Luther, Melancthon, himself, nor any of the continental Reformers took the same view of the Sunday as he did.

"If then the great Reformer of Geneva played at Bowls, why should little papist boys in Montreal be interdicted on Protestant authority from playing at Ball?"

"The truth is that this identical John Knox was the father of the Judaical, or puritanical mode of keeping the Christian Sunday; the new dogma found its way from Scotland to England in the reign of Elizabeth, and became rampant under the reign of the 'Saints,' after the murder of King Charles; in those days a mantle of sad-colored cloth was flung over all England, and England has never been 'merrie England' since.

"The fashion of calling the Sunday, or Lord's Day, the Sabbath, and the Judaical or puritanical mode of observing it, never obtained in any of the Reformed Churches on the continent. In Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, Holland, they hold precisely the same views of the lawfulness of innocent amusements on the Sunday afternoon that the Roman Catholics do. It is in the British dominions only, and in her Colonies, and in the United States, that the puritanical dogma prevails, and that men will persist in calling the Christian Sunday, the thing that it is not, the Sabbath—or the first day of the week, the last.

"We have in our possession the original Latin of a solemn protest signed by several of the Princes and great nobles, who were in Germany the nursing fathers of the Reformed Church, in which they utterly reprobate the doctrine on which the puritans so rigidly insist. Query, is the Christian world likely to be wrong, or a few stray sectaries right, on this matter?"—*Canadian Monarchist.*

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE AT LOGGERHEADS.—A very pretty quarrel is raging amongst the Methodists of Upper Canada—the *Christianian Guardian* on the one side, and the Rev. Dr. Ryeson on the other. What it is all about, we neither know nor care; but the belligerents snort dreadfully, and call one another very hard names, which, no doubt, they both well deserve. They evidently know one another well, and seem about to verify the old adage, that—when somebody falls out with another somebody, somebody else has a chance to come by his own.

The *Christianian Guardian* says "it would be a very easy task to make such an exposure of the so-

phistry, and glaring mis-statements, and unfounded insinuations," contained in Dr. Ryerson's letters," as would be anything but creditable to the writer." To which the Chief Superintendent of Education reports with "you're another," and tells the *Christian Guardian* that "it has yet to learn the first lessons of courteous and Christian controversy." Of a truth, these Methodist gentry are first rate judges of one another. It is not the first time that the *Christian Guardian* has been told that he has got to learn the first lesson of "Christian controversy," contained in the divine precept—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

The *Minerve* gives the following description of the closing ceremonies of the *Triduum* lately held at the "Providence" Convent in honor of the "Immaculate Conception" of Mary Mother of God:—

"On Sunday 25th ult., the 'Triduum de la Providence,' this great religious solemnity, which, wherever it was celebrated, whether in this Province or elsewhere, has always caused the greatest satisfaction to the legions of faithful who took part in it, terminated with pomp and éclat. Bishop Larocque and Grand Vicar Trudeau officiated, as also the Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. At about 4 1/2 o'clock, P.M., the procession began to move through St. Catherine Street as far as St. Denis Street, and thence through Mignonne Street as far as St. Lawrence Main Street, whence it returned through St. Catherine Street to the starting point. The citizens residing in Mignonne Street had laboured together in order to render the triumph of Mary Immaculate as brilliant as possible. The whole length of the Street displayed a train of numerous carriages, and at intervals, triumphant arches, surmounted with banners and streamers appropriate for the occasion. The whole presented a fine view."

"In the evening a general illumination took place. All the citizens of the Ward rivalled each other to give this festival a becoming grand character. It is impossible for us to cite the names of all who distinguished themselves by the honorable part they took in it. Their number would be too great; but we must not pass over in silence the following names. We will first mention that of W. Coffin, Esq. The house of this worthy citizen, brilliantly illuminated, showed at each of its windows an immense letter composed of transparent stars of different colors. These letters united read as follows: 'Marie pour nous priez!' Next came the name of Mr. T. LeComte. A curious multitude thronged before his house to see all that this gentleman exhibited. His well arranged decorations were much admired. We shall also mention the names of Messrs. J. B. Castonguay, J. U. Beaudry, and the Convent 'De la Providence.' But we stop, for we should require our entire sheet were we to do full and ample justice to all those who deserve to be mentioned here. The number of those who took part in the procession is estimated at ten thousand. The celebration closed to the satisfaction of all the pious assistants."

His Grace the Archbishop of New York, and the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe are at present in town.

The Bishop of Toronto arrived in town from Newfoundland on Monday. His Lordship is, we regret to say, not in very good health, and remains for the present at the *Hôtel Dieu*.

At 3 p.m., yesterday a solemn *Te Deum*, in honor of the glorious victory wherewith it has pleased Almighty God to bless the Allied Arms, was sung in the Parish Church of this City, by His Lordship the Administrator of the Diocese, assisted by their Lordships the Bishops of Toronto and St. Hyacinthe.

The Gentlemen of the Seminary have received an important accession to their numbers, in the person of a Priest from Ireland, the Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, who will assist to serve the St. Patrick's congregation.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN PHILIP CURRAN, LATE MASTER OF THE ROLLS IN IRELAND.—By His Son William Henry Curran, with additions and notes. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L. Redfield, New York.—J. & D. Sadlier, Montreal.

To Irishmen, and the descendants of Irishmen in America, these memoirs of one of Ireland's greatest men, and most brilliant orators, will be an acceptable present. In the words of the preface by the Editor, Curran—"was one of the truest patriots, and greatest men ever native of Irish soil; his life is identified with the latest years of nationality"; and his memory should be cherished until the end of time, by every man in whose veins flows one drop of Irish blood.

It is not only an interesting Biography that this work is valuable. The "Life of Curran" is the "History of Ireland" during that dark and stormy period which preceded the extinction of Ireland's nationality; it is the record of the struggles of a handful of honest and high spirited patriots, with unbridled tyranny, and unblushing venality—protesting with their last breath against that monstrous iniquity known in history as the "Union of Great Britain and Ireland," which neither their virtues nor their talents could prevent, but the fatal consequences of which they clearly foresaw, and plainly foretold. Alas! what availed their prophetic vision, their almost inspired utterance, to the venal herd, who having brought their country into the market, were determined to sell her to the highest bidder?

In company with every honest man in Ireland, Curran raised his voice against this unhallowed "Union"; but as he was not in Parliament when the question was agitated and carried, he had no public opportunity to exert his eloquence in the national cause. His fame as an orator must rest upon those wonderful addresses, delivered before the legal tribunals, whose impassioned eloquence on more than one occasion proved more potent on the minds of the juries,

than the gold which the profligate government of the day scattered with no niggard hand amongst its creatures—and than the threats with which it sought to intimidate those whom it could not corrupt. It required no trifling amount of courage—physical as well as moral—in those days of Protestant Ascendancy for a lawyer to undertake the cause of an obnoxious Papist; and on more than one occasion Curran's zeal in behalf of an oppressed client in the Courts of Law, gave such deep offence to the oppressor, that an immediate invitation to mortal combat was the result. In those days a Councillor was obliged to be a man of action as well as of words; pluck was as much a requisite in a lawyer as what on the North of the Tweeds is known as the "gift of the gab"; and unless the young barrister could wing his man neatly at twelve paces, he had little chance of rising at the Irish Bar. Of this we have an example in these memoirs, which, as illustrative of "Protestant Ascendancy" in the XVIII century, we venture to quote:—

"From this, and many other specimens of spirit and ability, Mr. Curran's reputation rapidly increased; but it was not till he had been four or five years at the bar that his powers as an advocate became fully known. His first opportunity of displaying them was in a cause at the Cork Assizes, in which a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. Mr. Neale, brought an action against a nobleman of that county (Lord Doneraile), for an assault and battery."

"The circumstances attending this case mark the melancholy condition of the times. They afford a single, but a very striking example of those scenes of local despotism and individual suffering, of which, at this degraded period, Ireland was daily the witness and the victim."

"The nobleman in question had contracted an intimacy with a young woman, whose family resided in the parish of which the plaintiff in this action was the priest. This woman's brother having committed some offence against religion, for which the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese had directed that the censures of the Church should be passed upon him, she solicited Lord Doneraile to interfere, and to exert his influence and authority for the remission of the offender's sentence. His Lordship, without hesitation, undertook to interpose his authority. For this purpose he proceeded, accompanied by one of his relatives, to the house, or rather cabin, of the priest. As soon as he arrived there, disdaining to dismount from his horse, he called in a loud and imperious tone, upon the inhabitant to come forth. The latter happened at that moment to be in the act of prayer; but, hearing the voice, which it would have been perilous to disregard, he discontinued his devotions to attend upon the peer. The minister of religion appeared before him (an affecting spectacle, to a feeling mind, of infirmity and humility), bending under years, his head uncovered, and holding in his hand the book which was now his only source of hope and consolation.—His Lordship ordered him to take off the sentence lately passed upon his favorite's brother. The priest, struggling between his temporal fears and the solemn obligations of his Church, could only reply, with respect and humbleness, that he would gladly comply with any injunction of his lordship, but that to do so in the present instance was beyond his power; that he was only a parish priest, and, as such, had no authority to remit an ecclesiastical penalty imposed by his superior; that the Bishop alone could do it. To a second and more angry mandate, a similar answer was returned; upon which the nobleman, forgetting what he owed to his own dignity, the pity and forbearance due to age, and the reverence due to religion, raised his hand against the unoffending old man, who could only escape the blows directed against his person, by tottering back into his habitation, and securing his door against his merciless assailant."

"For this disgraceful outrage, to which the sufferer was exposed because he would not violate the sanctity of his own character, and the ordinances of his Church, for the gratification of a profligate woman, who chanced to be the mistress of a peer, he for some time despaired of obtaining redress. So great was the provincial power of this nobleman, and such the political degradation of the Roman Catholic clergy, that the injured priest found a difficulty in procuring an advocate to plead his cause. At length, several to whom he applied having (according to the general report) declined to be concerned for so unpopular a client, Mr. Curran, justly conceiving that it would be a stain upon his profession if such scenes of lawless violence were allowed to pass without investigation, took a step which many considered as most romantic and imprudent, and only calculated to baffie all his prospects upon his circuit; he tendered his services to the unfriended plaintiff, and, the unexpected offer being gratefully accepted, laid the story of his unmerited wrongs before a jury of his country."

The injured priest obtained a verdict—damages thirty guineas! from a Protestant Jury.

We dare not venture upon any more extracts, strongly as we are tempted to dwell upon such an interesting subject. We have only left ourselves room to tender our thanks to the Editor, Mr. Mackenzie, for the services that he is rendering to the cause of Irish literature, and to give Mr. Redfield credit for the handsome style in which this work is given to the public.

"BICKERTON, OR THE IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER." A Tale, P. O'Shea, New York.

This is a simple story of the trials and sufferings to which the poor Irish immigrants in the United States are exposed, agreeably told, and interspersed with several amusing sketches of live Yankees. The following, of an evangelical and popular minister, the Rev. Mr. Scroggs, is perfect in its way, and is a fair specimen of our author's style:—

"His first venture in the preaching line was on the side of Universalism. But this though a pleasant religion enough, is by no means a paying one, for somehow people are generally better pleased to hear that their friends and neighbors are in danger of hell-fire, than to be assured of their own salvation; so, after two or three years spent to very little purpose, in a pecuniary sense, he pretended a conversion, and going upon the other tack, as the sailors say, preached certain damnation to all who pretended to differ from his Protestant Popeship, with so much zeal as to earn for himself the euphonious soubriquet of 'Fire and Brim-

stone Scroggs.' This zeal was not without its reward; for, in a short time the Reverend 'Fire and Brimstone' was 'called' from a comparatively poor congregation in the west, to the pastoral charge of Rock Church in Plymouth Place—a grey granite structure of the New England Barn order, upon whose cruet shaped turret was perched a glittering spire, that was for ever turning its tail to the wind—to show the controlling influence of the popular breath even in religion—with a parsonage fit for a prince's dwelling, and a salary of five thousand a year. This 'call,' of course, was from the Lord; but, like the nigger, we are afraid, that if the Lord had 'called' him from Rock Church back to the poor congregation, He would have 'called' a long time before He received an answer."—p. 54.

Brownson's Review, for Oct., has been received. We shall notice the contents in our next. From a glance at the "Table of Contents," this would appear to be a first-rate number.

We have received the Prospectus of a new weekly paper to be published at Prescott, with the title of the *Conservative Messenger*; the first number to be issued on Saturday the 3rd of next month. The *Conservative Messenger* will "oppose all further infusion of the ultra-democratic spirit into the laws of Canada, or their increased assimilation to those of the United States; it will do battle in defence of our Constitutional and Monarchical institutions, withstanding every attempt to sever these Colonies from the Mother Country; and believing that our connexion with the British Crown is the principal guarantee of the continuance of our civil and religious liberties, it will mark every man as an enemy of his country who attempts to sever that tie, and will constantly oppose every tendency to annexation to the United States." Trusting that the *Conservative Messenger* will remain faithful to the principles laid down in its Prospectus, and that it will ever exert its influence to save Canada from the curse of annexation to the neighboring republic, we heartily wish our contemporary—that is to be—God-Speed.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Montreal, October 1st, 1855.

DEAR SIR—Having taken a passing glance at the state of religion in New York, as evidenced in churches and schools, let us bid adieu to the Empire City. Acting on the old adage of speaking of people (and I suppose places) as you find them, I must do New York the justice to say that my impressions of it were of the most cheerful and pleasing kind. I found there, wherever I went, many of the characteristic virtues of our race in active operation. That love and respect for the clergy, and that zeal for religion which are ever natural to the Irish people in their normal state, are more prominent in New York than in any city I have seen in America (out of Montreal) and as the poet sings of our own dear Ireland—

"There smiles hospitality hearty and free;"

so free and so hearty that I, for one, shall not soon forget what I saw of the Irish people of New York. Before I quit this subject, I cannot help making some allusion to a question which has excited much angry discussion; why, it is hard to say. It must strike any impartial visitor to New York, Boston, or any other of the great Atlantic cities, that there is an immense surplus population, principally of Irish. These are they who wear away a miserable existence in the gloomy recesses of damp cellars (worse than the fabled dominions of Pluto), or perched in mid-air like the fallen angels of the Irish demonology, are huddled together in small rooms, to the exclusion alike of decency and cleanliness. And yet these are the people who, under other circumstances, might become good and useful citizens. They are of the same flesh and blood—they have the same bone and sinew as those who form the railroads, and hew down the forests, and make the wilderness, if not to blossom as the rose, at least to bear fruit for the sustenance of man. These neglected, forlorn creatures, have amongst them enough of the genius of their race to do good service in the world had they only a better training and another sphere of action. Why not root them out from the garrets and cellars in the filthy purlieus of the city, and send them forth to clear the forests of the West or North, and win for themselves and their children some spot of ground that they may call their own? Surely their brethren in blood and in religion will take pity on these perishing multitudes, and form societies all over the land to provide them with the means of emigration, so that the voice of their blood may not for ever cry out to heaven against them. I speak warmly, because I feel ashamed of the apathy wherewith this subject is regarded—awfully important as it is. The Canadian government some years ago set aside a vast tract of the finest land in Canada—the Ottawa district—for a free grant to emigrants. Now there is an agent appointed for that purpose, an Irish Catholic gentleman named French, and any man who wishes to settle in that region can have 100 acres free, in perpetuity; there is a government road running right through the district. Now, why should not our wealthy Irishmen in Canada, New York, Boston, and the sister cities, avail themselves of this opportunity to obtain "a local habitation and a name" for their poor unfortunate countrymen, who are wallowing around them in thousands, in helpless, hopeless penury? Now or never is the time to make an effort for their redemption. Even as the fervent Christians of the middle ages banded together in societies for the redemption of slaves from Moorish bondage, so let the sons of Ireland everywhere arise, and make an effort to save the souls and bodies of their own people, scattered through the cities of the Union, exposed to all manner of vice and corruption. Let them do this, and they will do well, and Heaven will bless their work and give it a rich reward.

On our way home from New York, we stopped a few hours in Albany, in order to visit the far-famed Cathedral. We also paid a visit to the State-house, and were politely shown through the Senatorial building, mounted to the summit of the Capitol, and were well repaid for the toilsome ascent by a magnificent view of the noble Hudson, the city of Albany and the adjacent country, all spread, as it were, beneath our feet. In the Senate-chamber, there is a full-length portrait of Washington, a very fair representation of the great Virginian in all the imposing dignity of his presidential office. But most of all, I enjoyed my visit to the Cathedral, a glorious specimen of the mediæval architecture, commonly called Gothic.

The plan of the building is cruciform, with two massive belfry towers (not yet completed), three lofty portal arches, surmounted by a grand portal-window. It has also a clerestory, ornamented with rows of handsome windows. On entering the church, you are, as it were, entranced with the exquisite beauty and the harmonious arrangement of all its parts. All is in perfect symmetry—all is ancient, and yet new. From the high altar, flanked with two minor altars on either side, to the organ-loft, and the pulpit, everything has a finished look, everything is grand, and dignified, and beautiful. Even the pews are of black walnut exquisitely carved in the Gothic style of ornament. All the door-work of the church is of the same dark color which contrasts well with the richly-stained windows. I noticed on each of the principal windows the names of the respective parishes throughout the diocese by whom these windows were presented to adorn their Cathedral. And the young diocese of Albany may well be proud of it, for it is a monument to all future ages of the faith and piety of the generation who raised it ad majorem Dei gloriam. If England can boast of her Pugin, Ireland, thank God! can point to her Keely, and say:—"Look at the Cathedral of Albany—the genius of my children—the genius and the faith which erected Muerss and Mellifont and Holy Cross, is not yet extinct." And as for the eminent prelate under whose auspices this magnificent temple was raised, it suffices to say that if no other stone is ever raised to his memory when he quits the earth, the Cathedral which he was instrumental in building will band his name down to a grateful posterity. It is by far the noblest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture I have seen in America. The cathedral of Buffalo, by the same architect, is also said to be a rare work of genius, but let those who have seen it speak of it—I only speak of what I have seen.

Before I close this letter, I think it my duty to say a few words of the only Irish Catholic paper in the United States—the *American Celt*. I was much pleased to find that its circulation is steadily on the increase, and that its editor enjoys the confidence, and has the cordial support of most of the clergy in and around the Empire City. He has many sincere, steadfast friends amongst their venerable ranks; and, advised by them, he cannot go astray on any fundamental point. Those who love not him or his race may affect to cavil at his exclusive devotion to the Irish, and may hold up their hands in holy horror, because he exposes the hollowness of their professions; but let them be well assured that he is sustained in his position by thousands and thousands of as good Catholics as ever they were or will be. Mr. McGee is not alone—he represents a great principle; and he has with him the hearts of all the best and truest of his countrymen. True, he has not one—no, not one—amongst the American Catholic journals to aid him in his labor of love on behalf of the Irish race; but beyond the Atlantic his voice wakes many an echo in his native land. And here, Mr. Editor, as you yourself know, Mr. McGee's views are rapidly gaining ground. The Irish population of the St. Lawrence cities are, to a man, of his opinion on the emigration question; and your own excellent journal, with the *Catholic Citizen of Toronto* and other provincial organs of lesser note, have kindly volunteered to aid him in his struggle for the amelioration of our people's lot. As for others of our journalists who ought to be with us, but are not, let them even go their way and see where it will lead them.

I am, Dear Sir, yours, &c.

HIBERNICA.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

- Almherstburg, F. A. Lafferty, 10s; Beaupré, P. O'Brien, Merchant, 15s; Norwood, T. Connors, 6s 3d; Dalhousie Mills, H. McDonald, £1 5s; Goderich, Dr. McDougall £2; St. Hyacinthe, Rev. J. J. Prince, 6s 3d; Granby, P. Hackett, 12s 6d; St. Bridget, Pat. McGee, 6s 3d; Pockmonche, N. B. McRivers, 7s 6d; Port Colborne, C. Caroline, 10s; Point Claire, J. Monahan, 6s 3d; Malbaie, E. Angers, 10s; Perth, A. Leslie, Esq., 15s; Black Point, N.B., Jas. Hayes, 15s; St. Hyacinthe, T. Brady, 6s 3d; Jordan, J. W. Keating, 15s; Burlington, V. S., Rev. Mr. Coopman, 6s 3d; Isle aux Noix, C. O'Hara, R.C.R., 6s 3d; Kingston, D. Hallinan, 6s 3d; O. Bedard, 6s 3d; Admaston, T. P. French, 12s 6d; Alexandria, M. McDonald, 10s.
- Per Rev. M. Pronk, Oshawa—self 10s; D. Leonard, 12s 6d; E. Dunne, 12s 6d; P. Wall, 12s 6d; D. Della, 12s 6d; J. McMahon, 12s 6d; M. Wiloughby, 12s 6d; J. Buckley, 12s 6d; J. Wallace, 12s 6d; Pickering, R. Brennan, 12s 6d; Whitby, E. Hayden, 12s 6d; Duffin's Creek, Mrs. Hodgson, 12s 6d; Victoria Crossier, J. Quinn, 15s.
- Per Rev. J. Rossier, Gananoque—self 2s 6d, Upper Brewster Mills, J. Fitzgerald, 12s 6d.
- Per Rev. R. Keleher, Ingersoll—H. Gainer, 5s.
- Per M. O'Leary, Quebec—J. Connolly, £1 10s; W. Kirwin, £1 2s 6d; J. Foley, 15s; T. Dunn, 15s; M. Carroll, £1; R. Clancy, 7s 6d; J. Pickett, 15s; W. Hannon, 15s; T. O'Brien, 15s; L. Doiron, £1 2s 6d; L. Borgeon, 15s; B. Maguire, St. Sylvester, 12s 9d.
- Per M. Henphy, Kemptville—B. McCall 5s; J. McCabe, 5s; T. Doyle, 5; Burrits Rapids, M. Donchoe, 5s.
- Per A. Grant, Summerstown—self, 12s 6d; D. McRae, 12s 6d.
- Per J. Hays, Wilaminstown—self 12s 6d; W. Hays, 12s 6d.
- Per J. Sullivan, Prescott—Mrs. E. Conway, £1 6s.

TO PRINTERS.

HOE'S WASHINGTON HAND PRESS, No. 6, FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

This Press is in excellent order, and will be sold very cheap, as the Proprietor of this Paper has purchased a Power Press.

YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION.

AN ADJOURNED MEETING of the Association will be held on TUESDAY EVENING next, the 9th instant at EIGHT o'clock, in the Room adjoining the Recollet Church. By Order, P. J. FOGARTY, Secretary.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF WILLIAM TYNAN, about 15 years old, who left Quebec about five weeks ago. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his father, William Tynan, Champlain Street, Quebec; or the Rev. Mr. Connolly, Seminary, Montreal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

On the night of the 8th instant, whilst the Emperor of the French was at the door of the Theatre-Italian, at the moment the carriage containing the Ladies of Honor of the Empress stopped at the entrance of the Theatre, an individual who was standing on the trottoir discharged, without taking aim, two pocket pistols at the carriage. No one was struck. The man, who had more the appearance of a maniac than an assassin, was immediately arrested. The name of the individual is Bellemare. He is about 22 years of age, and was born at Rouen. When 16 years of age he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for swindling. The Emperor, on his entrance into the theatre, where the news of this criminal attempt was immediately known, was greeted with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" and by rounds of applause, which were renewed at intervals. His Majesty only remained about one hour at the theatre, and then proceeded to the Palace of the Tuilleries.

The cause of Bellemare's mistaking the carriage which contained the Ladies of Honor is worth being noticed. An old man who served as a soldier under the Consulate and the first Empire, and on whom the present Emperor has bestowed a pension of 1,000 francs, happened to be standing on the pathway at the moment the carriage drove up, conversing with the tapissier of the theatre, whose wife and children were present. The old man in question is so enthusiastic a partisan of all who bear the name of Bonaparte, and particularly of Napoleon III., that the very sight of the livery of the Imperial household drives him into transports of joy. Wherever the Emperor is expected there he plants himself for hours, and waits with the most exemplary patience under all kinds of weather until he gratifies himself by a sight of his benefactor. He happened last night to be standing quite close to Bellemare when the carriage drove up. At once he began shouting with all his might and main, "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive l'Impératrice!" and his friend the tapissier, and his wife and children, joined in the chorus. It was at that instant that Bellemare stepped forward hastily; his movement was observed by the sergent de ville, who struck down his arms.

CELEBRATION OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL IN PARIS.—The Emperor, on Thursday, attended in the church of Notre Dame a *Te Deum*, celebrated as an act of thanksgiving for the capture of Sebastopol. The Ministers, the Senators, the Legislative Corps, the high functionaries, &c., were also present. Gratuitous performances were given in the theatres of Paris. At night the public buildings were illuminated.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says it is reported that 25,000 men have embarked at Balaklava for the north of Sebastopol; also that the Russians are in full retreat towards Perekop.

The Paris *Débats* contains an editorial article discussing the question, whether Sebastopol is tenable by the allies, while the Russians are masters of the forts on the north side, fronting the sea, and asserts that the town is quite tenable, the possession of Fort Chersonese and Balaklava superseding the necessity of entering the harbor. The Russian armies will probably continue in observation within their strong positions, until the allies make some movement; hence all speculation as to the plan of the campaign must be purely imaginary.

A DELICATE PRESENT.—During one of the Queen's promenades through the fine art section of the Paris exhibition, one of the small microscopic pictures by M. Meissonnier—the interior of a cabinet, with soldiers of the guard of the old kings of France drinking and quarrelling—caught her eye. The groups were picturesque, the costumes striking, and the degree of finish was marvellous. Her Majesty expressed admiration of the work. Next morning it was lying in her apartment at St. Cloud—a present from the Emperor Napoleon, who, with imperial courtesy, had bought the picture for 25,000 francs.

AUSTRIA.

AUSTRIA AND THE WAR.—The report that Austria was about, or had undertaken, to range herself on the side of the Western Powers, is contradicted by the official *Prussian Gazette* of the 5th, which says:—"We can positively assert that no new diplomatic fact has taken place to justify in the least the various reports of an intended, or an already concluded arrangement, between Austria and the Western Powers, by which the former was to assume a decided position against Russia." The semi-official Vienna papers hold a bitter, and even a derisive, language towards the Allies, the *Austrian Gazette* affirming that "while Russia has a Gortschakoff, an Osten-Sacken, a Totleben," and others who are mentioned, "she may smile at the pretensions of the English and French."

ITALY.

A diplomatic "difference" has just arisen between Sardinia and Tuscany. In July last the Piedmontese Cabinet appointed Count Antonio Casati as an attaché to the Sardinian Legation at Florence. Count Casati is the youngest son of the Lombard (exiled) Count Gabrio Casati, who was, in 1848, the President of the Provisional Government of Lombardy, and now is a naturalized Sardinian subject and a senator of this kingdom. The Count Casati went to Florence early in August, but when the Marquis Sauli, the Sardinian Minister there, asked the Grand Duke's leave to have the honor to introduce to him his new attaché, the Grand Duke refused to comply with that demand. It appears that the Austrian Minister and the Grand Duchess of Tuscany had strongly urged upon the Grand Duke not to receive the Sardinian attaché, and that they had suc-

ceeded in bringing about a change in the former resolution of the Tuscan Cabinet. The Sardinian Government, being informed of what had happened, have immediately recalled from Florence their Legation. Under the present circumstances, the recall of the Sardinian Legation from Florence is not a matter of indifference, and I am sure that when the intelligence of such an event is known it will not fail to produce a strong impression in Italy.

A letter from Rome, of the 28th ult., says:—"As the pope was a few days ago taking a walk near the Cavaleggi-gate, he met a number of convicts who were being conveyed to the bagnos at Civita Vecchia; they were tightly bound, were thrust into a narrow cart, and, it was evident, suffered greatly from the jolting of the vehicle. The pope was much affected, and he cried out to a priest who accompanied him—'What! Is that the way in which prisoners are conveyed?' The day after his holiness gave orders that cellular vans, like those used in France and England, should be constructed for the conveyance of prisoners."

The Neapolitan government is again violently attacked by all the revolutionary papers: they ought, on the contrary, to be tamed into silence, at least, by the fact that the allocution pronounced by His Holiness on the affairs of Spain and Piedmont, and published by every other press in Europe, have not yet appeared in the Neapolitan papers. We might add, in order to conciliate the Liberal party to this government, that all Religious Orders, and especially the Jesuits, are subjected to the strictest surveillance in Naples; and not only are those belonging to Religious communities persecuted, but even their avowed friends among the laic are liable to the same rigor. The *Civiltà Cattolica* is prohibited with as much sternness as the Mazzinian papers. The other day, one of the first advocates of Naples, suspected of receiving this paper, had his house searched; the *Civiltà Cattolica*, was discovered, and the delinquent—a good Royalist, good Christian, and a man universally esteemed—was ordered to leave the kingdom, his family, his affairs, his country, within the space of three days. He has sought an asylum in Rome.

There is something disastrously eccentric in the measures taken by this government. On the one hand they exasperate revolutionist and liberal party; on the other, they afflict the Church and fill all right thinking people with consternation. They irritate England and France; and Austria has found it necessary to represent seriously to Naples the very great danger which may ensue upon such a line of conduct, both in the interior of the kingdom and throughout the whole of Italy.—*Correspondent of the Monitor.*

DENMARK.

A letter, dated Berlin, Aug. 4, says:—"Austria is said to have offered her mediation to Denmark, in her difference with the United States. Doubts are entertained as to whether the United States will consent to the compromise which Denmark intends proposing, of lowering the sound duties generally, but Prussia would be quite ready to accept it."

SWEDEN.

The noise made by the *Christian Times*, and some of the semi-infidel journals of France, about Cecoheti the so-called martyr of Tuscany, has reached the northern shores of Scandinavia, and created no little sensation in those regions. Sweden is a Lutheran country, professing liberty of conscience, and pretending, like other Protestant countries, to build its religious system on Bible truths ascertained by private interpretation. One would naturally imagine that such a thing as religious persecution was wholly unknown there. The fact, however, is otherwise. It appears that numerous parties among the Swedes dissent, perhaps in principle, but certainly differ in discipline from the Established Church, and would fain worship in a tabernacle erected by themselves.

Without alluding here to Nilsson, the painter, who for becoming a Catholic was stripped of his property and sent into exile to die in a Danish hospital; or to Peterson, who, having been sent back by the Danish authorities into his own country, from which he had fled to avoid persecution, was instantly seized and cast into the felon's gaol at Malmo, where he still lingers in the company of thieves and robbers; we shall merely observe, that lately as many as forty-nine persons have been condemned to twenty-one days imprisonment, on bread and water, for having listened only to the reading of the Bible out of the church, and without the Established Minister being present. This fact and many other of the same nature, have been duly recorded in the journals of the country. The Swedish paper, the *Walkare*, of the 17th of last June, contains two petitions to the King, begging of his Majesty to remit the punishment thus inflicted on the Bible readers. At this moment petitions are being presented to the authorities by a portion of the Swedish clergy, urging the execution of a law passed in 1851, making it imperative on every man, woman, & youth, to stand an examination on the Swedish catechism once every year. Unless this be insisted on, the petitioners declare that the national creed will soon be rejected by the majority of the nation, many of whom are branching off into new sects, and many more lapsing into indifference, infidelity, and the most shocking immoralities. There is assuredly here a wide field for the zeal of the Protestant Alliance. Here are orthodox Protestants persecuted, not for forming plots against the State as in Tuscany, under pretence of reading the Bible, but merely for listening to it when read by one of themselves, when that one happens not to be a Lutheran minister. It seems the Protestant maxim, that the Bible is for all and must be read by all, is not received in Sweden. We recommend this case to the Exeter-Hall men.—*Glasgow Northern Times.*

THE BALTIC.

A despatch from Dantzic, under date of the 14th ult., says that the block ships are expected to be ordered home on Monday next.

CONTEMPLATED ATTACK ON REVEL.—The demolition of the arsenal of Sweaborg, and its numerous stores of the munitions of war, will, according to information from a source entitled to belief, be

speedily followed by an attack on another of the enemy's strongholds in the gulf of Finland. A supply of rockets, furnished by the French government, has recently arrived at Narven. These destructive engines of warfare are reported to be constructed on a novel principle, having a range of 7,000 yards, and loaded with a shell 30lb. in weight. If on trial they are found to possess the qualities assigned to them, they will be distributed to the steam gunboats and rocket boats, and by them be thrown into the town of Revel, for the purpose of reducing it to ashes, whereby another decisive blow will be struck this year in the Baltic by the allied squadrons.

Sweaborg, from the fact of its batteries of granite not being injured during the recent bombardment, is still a fortress of considerable magnitude. Any further attack thereon is postponed until the campaign of 1856, by which time it is believed ample means of ensuring its downfall will be furnished. Operations on a minor scale, tending still further to decrease the power of Russia in these seas, are being actively carried on in the gulf of Botnia by Rear-admiral Baynes, who has under his orders several small steamers, with a due proportion of gunboats, whose draught of water admits their penetrating the narrow creeks and channels of that locality, whereby further advantages over the enemy are being gained. The ships of the fleet are distributed in sufficient numbers along the coast of both gulfs as to preserve a most effective blockade of all the ports, the effects of which are becoming daily more severely felt by all classes under the dominion of the czar.

From various accounts derived from the islanders in and around Helsingfors we have had confirmation of the accounts previously transmitted of the effects of the conflagration consequent on the bombardment of Sweaborg; and in addition learn that the three-decker, *La Russie*, of 112 guns, which was moored head and stern across the passage between Bak Holmen and Gustafsvard, was so crippled by the gunboats' shot that the day after we left she sank in deep water, and is lost to the imperial navy. One 13-inch shell passed through three of her decks and killed 11 men, wounding 40 others,—this the Government papers even admit,—the islanders also report the destruction of two new steam-frigates building, supposed to have been ready for launching this autumn, besides 18 small craft, all Government vessels.

RUSSIA.

The celebrated despatch from Prince Gortschakoff, announcing that "our works are suffering," caused a great impression at St. Petersburg, and the Emperor immediately summoned a kind of Council of War, composed of the most experienced officers, and demanded their advice on the best means of re-establishing the morale of his troops, and lessening the bad effect of the defeat on the Tchernaya. He also ordered an inquiry into the conduct of General Read, who had been accused by Prince Gortschakoff of not following the instructions of his general-in-chief. Turning then on Prince Menschikoff, who with General Dannenberg, had received a summons to the council, the Emperor asked why, when he was commanding at Sebastopol, he had not followed up the system of constant attacks on the enemy at a time when the Allies were discouraged by months of useless toil and by disease, and before they had received the reinforcements that have since been so constantly pouring in. The Prince replied that he was obliged to give up the system because the army was then actually in want of ammunition. At this answer the Emperor turned sharply round on Prince Dolgourouky, the Minister of War, and reproached him bitterly with his inconceivable negligence in leaving the Russian army in want of so necessary an article. The Prince replied roughly that the assertion of the ex-Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea was false, and that the Russian army never was deficient anywhere in rations and ammunition, and certainly not in the Crimea. Prince Menschikoff, whose haughtiness and temper are notorious, retorted that the Minister of War knew nothing about what he was saying, and that he did not consider him competent to offer any opinion on the matter, as he had neither invented, nor handled, nor burnt powder. It is hard to tell to what lengths the altercation might have been carried, according to the account we have received, had not the Emperor terminated the sitting by ordering Count Alexis Orloff to investigate the truth of these conflicting assertions.

Accounts from Bucharest state that there is every appearance of the Russians intending to re-cross the Danube and invade the Dobrutcha. They are collecting troops on very unhealthy territories between the branches of the Danube, establishing batteries in various places, and surveying the points at which the river can be forded. The partisans of the Russians assert, however, that they have no intention of crossing the Danube, and that the measures they are taking are simply intended to resist an attack of the Allies on Bessarabia.

The Russian paper, the *Brussels Nord*, says the resolution of Prince Gortschakoff exhibits the energy of a great commander. It saves Russia from an inextricable position into which a false interpretation of a point of honor would have thrust her. The Russian army concentrated north of Sebastopol, will henceforth have that unity of movement and action which, until now it has wanted. The Sebastopol of the South is replaced by Sebastopol of the North, a formidable position bristling with innumerable guns, which a compact army henceforward will defend. Impartial history will do justice to Prince Gortschakoff, who, by making a momentary sacrifice, and avoiding useless effusion of blood, has preserved for Russia an army trained to war by a struggle of a year's duration, and placed that army in a position which enables him to command the struggle.

SHALL THE CRIMEA BE RUSSIAN?—(*Morning Herald*.)—The time is now come when France and England must determine whether they will wrest from the robber grasp of the Muscovite despotism that fair portion of the world which was originally annexed to his empire by violence and fraud, and in which its rule has been maintained by the most hideous tyranny and wrong. The Crimea must never again be Russian—let the issue of present events be what it may: If they evacuate that territory now all is accomplished, it is a matter for the consideration of our generals whether they shall be permitted to retire unmolested, or whether the vengeance of outraged nations is to pursue them as they fly. If they attempt, by retaining the remnant of their stronghold, to prolong a few short months the period within which their accursed flag may fly from Crimean towers, be it so: We can wait another winter patiently, and then, without striking a blow, the last of these fortresses shall be ours. But let this be distinctly understood by our generals—by our statesmen—by Russia herself. The Crimea must be freed, once and for ever, from her dominion. We have bought it too dearly with the best blood of France and England, and it must never again be ceded to the Czar. The wresting of the Crimea from Russia secures at once the freedom of the Black sea and the independence and the integrity of Turkey. It gains the objects of the war—it disposes of the miserable follies of four points—it extinguishes that pitiable exhibition of human imbecility which has sickened us in the odious and puling prate of the controversy between counterpoise and limitation. Take the Crimea from Russia, and the policy of Catherine is reversed. We indulge in no distant speculation—we make no unreasonable demand, when we ask that the province, which we have conquered at such an expenditure of blood and treasure, shall never be restored to Russia, to be used once more for the purpose of aggression. We do not ask too much for the people whose blood has been shed to win that province, when we call upon the governments of France and England at once to declare that the Crimea is severed finally and irrevocably from the Russian territory. A declaration like this will give us a plain, a clear, and an intelligible object in the war, if war is to last. It will give us an honest and intelligible point upon which to take our stand in negotiations, if diplomacy renews its attempts. The demand is, indeed, a very moderate one, which would not confine the exactions of the two allied nations to the eternal expulsion of the Russians from that Crimea which has been the stronghold of their aggression and the scene of their crimes and their chastisement. We use our victory at Sebastopol right if we make it our watchword now—"The Crimea never shall be Russian again."

LORD DUNDONALD'S SECRET REVEALED.—As many people are extremely anxious to know something about the destructive agency proposed to be employed by Lord Dundonald, there can be no harm in indicating the nature of it. Well, then, Lord Dundonald's plan consists in creating a pestilence within the range of which nothing human could live. His lordship asserts that he has discovered a chemical preparation capable of being projected at a great distance, the bursting of which would be followed by a stench so intolerable as immediately to produce pestilence. Neither man, woman, nor child could live within the range of its influence. Now, we have our doubts as to the reality of this discovery. But, were it otherwise, nothing in the world would induce us to investigate it practically—which is the only way it could be so investigated as to arrive at a certainty respecting its success. It is worse than well poisoning—worse than any system of wholesale murder ever yet devised by man. We look upon it as most creditable to the government that no attention is paid to plans of warfare in which an agency so infernal in its very conception is recommended as the principal feature. Lord Dundonald announced some time ago that unless his plan was adopted within a given number of days by the English government he would make an offer of it to the Emperor of the French. We have not heard that he has done so, but we have been told upon good authority that he would not be more successful in Paris than he has been in London.—*Hull Advertiser.*

THE LONDON TIMES ON THE PAPACY.

(From the *Tablet*.)

With the philosophy of a foot man and the rhetoric of a bear garden, the *Times* has undertaken to teach political economy to the Pope, and this as sincerely and benevolently as Lucifer recommended the fruit of the tree of knowledge to our first parents. As if riches were the only test of virtue, the English journalist flouts the venerable representative of an Apostle with the unpardonable sin of being poor. But whatever be the penalty of the Holy See, and it is a charge which we shall neither palliate nor deny, it is certain that the Apostles were still more indigent. Is the Pontiff less the successor of St. Peter—less the Vicar of his Crucified Master because he is not rich? Can it be that our spiritual Sovereign is to be outbragged in bald phrasology by sippant ignorance—literally because he is the antithesis of that evil and malignant demon who carried our Divine Master to the mountain top, and exhibited the power and magnificence of this world, and said, "All this I will give Thee if, falling down, Thou wilt adore me!" Let us tell the *Times* his Holiness is dearer to the faithful—an exile or a prisoner—in Gaeta or Fontainebleau, weeping at the foot of his crucifix—than heretical error, brazing in king's robes, throned and opulent, and quaffing the blood of the saints. Do we not know that the wealth of which Protestant Britain vaunts is the result of prodigious injustice? At home is not every article poisoned with diabolical ingenuity? Is not human life assailed by the devices of mercantile assassins in every form and variety of food? Is not the exportation of such fraudulent goods a large source of English opulence?

Do we not know—has not parliament itself informed us—that British wealth results in no small degree from infant labor, involving the immolation of millions of innocent lives? It is no exaggeration to say that the lofty pyramids of English prosperity is based on a profound substratum of infant bones. The cry of thousands of children, excruciating in the mills and mines of Britain, or expiring in the talons of their "mammonite mothers, has often appalled the minds of civilized Europe. And is it because his Holiness does not possess such horrible and unhallowed wealth, which it is infamous to boast of, that he is to be flouted with an indigence which is Apostolic? The improvement of the financial resources of his Holiness gives great trouble to the *Times*. We should earnestly advise it to look to the affairs of Britain, where there is blood

der and imbecility enough, and pay less attention to the affairs of the Papal States. But it is not the finances alone, the Times proclaims the waning fealty of the Roman citizens, and the increase of brigands, who lurk, he asserts, in the outskirts of Rome. We doubt however, if the heart of that metropolis—in the asyla of opulence and luxury—anything that has ever occurred like what we read in English newspapers. In London, says an English paper:

"The police receive daily intelligence of fresh outrages at the West-end, by means of infernal machines thrown into the areas. The last outrage of the kind has been reported to the police as having taken place in Upper Harley street, Cavendish square, the lower windows of the house being blown in by the violence of the explosion. It seems from some information that has come to the knowledge of the police, that the apparatus takes a quarter of an hour to explode after being thrown into the area, thereby enabling the ruffians to escape before the alarm takes place."

Such outrages are, we believe, peculiar to Protestant Britain. At least there is nothing like them in Rome. The chosen people of old often rebelled against the prophets, and the ungrateful Romans (according to the Times) are no better than the true believers of old. But one thing is certain, the insubordination of Rome—if it really exists—is preferable to the atrocious outrages of London, as described in the above paragraph. The English physician should cure himself. A cessation of such crimes cannot well be expected while England travails with five millions of inhabitants "habitually absent from all places of worship," and while the inexorable industry of Protestant Britain calls, like the gaiour in the fable, for thousands of infant victims, whom night and day it emaciates, grinds and consumes, and who are swept away so early from parental surveillance and educational training—their minds immature and bodies unformed, that they crawl through life with stunted frames, and morally blasted with incurable depravity, as the awful consequence of incurable labor and religious neglect. English immorality, recruited from these swarming and leagued classes, must, as it does, flood the cities, deluge the streets, and swell and welter round the palatial elevations of British society. But amid this scene of awful depravity, crowded with "mammonite mothers" and brutal fathers, with burial clubs and murderous garrotters, with senators who corrupt and constituents who forswear themselves, the strongest evidence of the frightful abyss in which moral England lies drowned, is afforded by the Times itself.

To drug us with horse's liver in lieu of coffee is not more criminal than to poison the public mind with opinions which are false and pernicious. The intellectual poisoner is a viler miscreant than the felon who destroys the body while sparing the mind. This shameful traffic in opinions which sell the Times and injure the empire is a frightful nuisance. The barefaced avowal of intellectual prostitution is the blackest profligacy in British vice. The Times is confessedly a commercial speculation—that is, it trades in thoughts which, like the red lead in cayenne, may poison the phreaser to augment the profits of the vender. This is the most dangerous feature in English depravity. No nation is safe in which journalism is purely mercantile. A mercenary journal, like a mercenary army, may, and indeed must, become the instrument of the highest bidder, and if, stimulated by its interests, it fight for England to-day, it may, to increase its profits, battle for the enemy to-morrow. If it refuses to do so it violates the principle which ever regulates the conduct of mercenaries. The orators of Athens were bought by Philip of Macedon, and the writers of Printing-house square may yet find solid reasons for declaiming in the interest of the Czar.—Tablet.

"SABBATH" AND "SUNDAY."

A correspondent of the Notes and Queries, says the only words used in English for the first day of the week, before the existence of Puritanism, were Sunday and Lord's Day. The former of these expressions was used by our Saxon ancestors, with all other Teutonic nations. The latter was adopted from the Christian form of Southern Europe. Sunday, in Italian, still retains the Hebrew name of Sabbath. The word for Sunday, in Russian, means resurrection; "identifying the day, as the southern nations do, though more significantly, with the great triumph of the Christian faith."

D'Israeli, in his Commentaries on the life of Charles I., fixes the reign of Elizabeth and the year 1554, as the period when Sunday was first called Sabbath day (dies Sabbati). He says:

"It was in the reign of Elizabeth, during the unsettled state of the national religion, that a sect arose among those reformers of the reformed, who were known by the name of Sabbatarians."

Also that— "John Knox, the great reformer of Scotland, was the true father of this new doctrine in England, although Knox was the bosom friend of Calvin. (Vol. ii. c. 16, p. 353.)"

Calvin was opposed, as were indeed Luther and other great reformers of that day, to Knox's views of Sunday; Knox himself was behind some of the present-day professors, if a tradition at Geneva is true—

"That when John Knox visited Calvin on a Sunday, he found his austere coadjutor bowling on a green.—At this day and in that place, (continues D'Israeli,) a Calvinist preacher after his sermon will take his seat at the card table."

This question is so much involved with the death of Charles I. and the rise of the commonwealth, that D'Israeli has treated it very largely in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of his second volume, and with great erudition, judgment, and taste.—Boston Transcript.

PROTESTANTISM IN GERMANY.—It is painful to find that where the morning star of the Reformation was first seen, the Sun of Righteousness is now almost eclipsed. In a review of the present religious condition of Germany, the Church of England Magazine says:—"The thunders of Luther against the Romish religion, and his prominent defence of that grand doctrine of justification by faith, have, it is well known, been superseded by an utter indifference to true religion, in many of the clergy, and in almost all the people. If you enter a Church in one part of Germany, you will, perhaps, be surprised to find that ceremonies are going on, so similar to a Roman Catholic ritual as scarcely to be distinguished from it. The candles are burning before the altar: the priest is bowing to it, turned away from the people; pictures and images are all around you. This is a Lu-

theran Church. In another part you will find cold, gray, bare walls, a service entirely unadorned: a hymn one of those simple, yet grand expressions of love and faith descended from the days of Luther, is sung; a prayer is offered, and a sermon preached.

This is the Reformed Church. But in both the congregation is scanty, chiefly composed of women and children: all is lifeless, and the sermon, far from rousing or warming the feelings, is of a milk-and-water sort, coldly moralizing, without that exhibition of the love of Christ which is the only effectual stimulant. The Germans generally are not orators; and even the best are tame in their pulpit efforts, in this respect standing far behind the French preachers, who are characterized by much affectionate earnestness. There are among these clergy many men of great benevolence and goodness, whom it is impossible not to love and admire in their home circle, where they affectionate and sincere manners of every member of the family present the most lovely aspect of German character. But in the minds of all men, doubt and irreligion have the ascendancy. Not that they are, or can be, happy in this state of things: far from it. There is a wide-spread dissatisfaction, a longing for change, and a looking forward to, they know not what, expending their strength of mind in trying to solve endless problems in politics and religion, and thus completely reducing the moral powers of their nature.—Banner of the Cross.

EDITORIAL LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.—It is a tolerably general idea in the Atlantic States, that a California editor is constantly in fear of being killed, or at least frequently shot at. The editor of the Golden Age, an excellent San Francisco paper, very nearly hits off Eastern ideas of California civilization. The following, he says, is a specimen of the daily routine of an editor's life in San Francisco:—

"First gets up in the morning at ten o'clock dresses himself, puts on his hat, in which are six or seven bullet holes, and goes to a restaurant for breakfast. After breakfast, starts for the office to look over the papers, and discovers that he is called a scoundrel in one of them, a liar in another, and a puppy in another; he smiles at the pleasing prospect of having something to do; fills out and despatches three blank challenges, a ream or two of which he always keeps on hand, ready printed, to save time; commences writing a leader, when as the clock strikes eleven, a large man with a cowhide in one hand and a pistol in the other, and a bowie-knife in his belt, walks in and asks him if his name is—; he answers by knocking the intruder down two pair of stairs with a chair.

At twelve o'clock finds that his challenges have been accepted, and suddenly remembers that he has a little affair of that nature to settle at the beach that day at three o'clock; goes out, kills his men, then comes in and dines on stewed grizzly. Starts for the office, while going there gets mixed up in a street row, and has the heel of his boot shot off by accident, laughs to think how beautiful it was done; arrives at his sanctum, and finds an 'infernal machine' upon the table; knows what it is, and merely pitches it out of the window; writes on 'moral reform,' and then starts for the theatre; is attacked on the corner of a dark alley by three men, kills two of them, and takes the other to the stationhouse. Returning to the office at eleven o'clock, at night, knocks a man down who attempts to rob him, kills a dog with a piece of pavingstone, gets run over by a cab, and has the tail of his coat slit with a thrust of a knife, and two bullet-holes put through his beaver as he steps within his own door; smiles at his escapes; writes until two o'clock, and then 'turns in,' with the happy consciousness of having two duels to fight next day."

TRUE PICTURE OF A "LIVE YANKEE."—In one of our exchanges we find the following admirable appreciation of the "True Yankee":—"Physically, he is hatched-faced, long, lank, and skinny; he is prone to talk a great deal, and that through his nose; he is temperate because he is too economical to pay for his liquor; he does not hate others, he only loves himself more, he is the concentrated essence of selfishness.—He fled in old times from religious persecution, to the rocky shores of Plymouth, and there erected an altar to religious liberty, and consecrated it with the blood of skinny witches and heretic quakers. The parts of the bible he loves most treat of the sharp dealings of Jacob with Laban, and he laughs as he reads of the good bargain he made with Esau, and then goes south to find some Esau to play Jacob with, himself. His love of money predominates over everything else; he has no poetical sensibilities; all feeling in him is utilitarian; if he had the remodelling of creation, the clouds would lose their fantastic shapes and colors, and cease to rove in the heavens, except as they went straight to that tract of country that needed a shower, and then discharged their contents with the direction of a waterpot; the shells would all be one color, and of the best quality for the manufacture of lime; the mountains would be leveled, and the valleys filled up, so that the earth would be one vast plain, which he would cover with two story brick houses, all of one size and pattern, and their inmates would be forced on pain of death to subscribe for the N. Y. Tribune. He could about as soon compose an epic poem as he could a steam engine. He can deliver a panygetic on the Star Spangled Banner, and then tell you how much it costs a yard."

THE LAST YANKEE CRY.—No English! no Irish! no Germans! no Taxes! no Government! no Babies!—Know-Nothing!!!—Punch.

MRS. VANDERBILT, No. 185 SUFFOLK STREET, SAYS OF

DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS: Being unwell, and not knowing whether it proceeded from derangement of the liver or merely hysterics, I was persuaded to purchase a box of DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, and before I had used them all, was entirely relieved. I am now enjoying perfect health, and cheerfully recommend Dr. M'LANE'S Celebrated Liver Pills to all similarly afflicted.

New York, March 25, 1852. P.S.—The above valuable remedy, also Dr. M'LANE'S Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in this city.

Purchasers will please be careful to ask for, and take notice of DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills now before the public.

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

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THE Subscriber has had placed in his charge, FOR SALE BY AUCTION, TWO LARGE and MAGNIFICENT

ALTAR PIECES!

Suited to the adornment of Churches, Chapels, Religious and Educational Institutions, being Superior Copies of RAFFAELLE'S Great Painting, the

TRANSFIGURATION!

Now at Rome;

And of REUBEN'S most Celebrated Work, the

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Now at Antwerp.

The size of the copies are 14 feet high and 10 feet wide, and are now on view at the Subscriber's Stores, opposite the Recollet Church.

If desired, either or both of them will be sold at private sale; otherwise they will be

SOLD BY AUCTION

On Tuesday Morning, October 9,

At ELEVEN o'clock.

JOHN LEEMING, Auctioneer.

CENTRE OF FASHION!

MONTREAL CLOTHING STORE, 85 McGill Street, 85

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

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

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

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

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JUST PUBLISHED—"THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS," a Tale for the Times; by Mrs. J. SADIÈRE, author of "Willy Burke," "Alice Riordan," "New Lights, or Life in Galway," &c. &c.; 12 mo., 400 pages, with a fine engraving; muslin, 3s 9d; gilt, 5s 7d.

D. & J. SADIÈRE & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets, Montreal.

September 18.

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WANTED, for this Institution, a good CLASSICAL TEACHER, with a thorough knowledge of the English language and Mathematics. Salary liberal.

Application to be made to the Rev. JAMES HUGHES, P.P., Aylmer; or, J. J. RONEY, Esq., Inspector of Schools. Aylmer, 21st Sept., 1855.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

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

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

W. MURRAY, Sec. and Treasurer.

St. Bridget, 5th September, 1855.

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TO PARENTS, &c.

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August 14th, 1855. N.B.—Mr. A.'s EVENING CLASSES for BOOK-KEEPING, &c. &c., will be RE-OPENED, (D.V.) on the Evening of the 1st September next. Hours of attendance—from 7 1/2 to 9 1/2 o'clock.

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MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY,

HAVING now disposed of all the GOODS damaged by the late Fire on their Premises,

288 Notre Dame Street,

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF PART OF CLASS

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

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

ASSORTMENT OF NEW GOODS!

Comprising the choicest variety of FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, NEVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.

AS OUR NEW GOODS

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

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In order to effect a speedy Sale, so that

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

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

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Montreal, June 23, 1855.

TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN STUDYING FOR COMMISSIONS IN THE ARMY.

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

References:

Rev. CRON LEACH, McGill College.

Cols. D'URBAN and PRITCHARD.

Hours of attendance, &c., made known at the Class Room, No. 50, St. Charles Borromeo Street.

Sept. 6.

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

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

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

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The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150 For Students not learning Greek or Latin, 125 Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra, 15 French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20 Music, per annum, 40 Use of Piano, per annum, 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges. No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

Rev. P. REILLY, President.



REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber begs to return his most sincere thanks to his numerous friends and customers for the very liberal support given him for the last eight years he has been in business; and still hopes to merit a continuance of the same. He also begs to inform them that he has REMOVED from his former Residence, St. Paul Street, to

No. 47, M'GILL STREET,

Near St. Ann's Market, where he will keep, as heretofore, a large assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, CHEAP FOR CASH.

ALSO,

A quantity of good SOLE LEATHER for Sale.

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Montreal, 9th May, 1855.

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



WM. CUNNINGHAM, Manufacturer of WHITE and all other kinds of MARBLE, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, and GRAVE STONES; CHIMNEY PIECES, TABLE and BUREAU TOPS; PLATE MONUMENTS, BAPTISMAL FONTS, &c., wishes to inform the Citizens of Montreal and its vicinity, that any of the above-mentioned articles they may want will be furnished them of the best material and of the best workmanship, and on terms that will admit of no competition.

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

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

Table of market prices for various goods like Wheat, Oats, Beans, etc., with columns for quantity and price.

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

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

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

At the following prices, according to the size. The Beads are composed of Cornelian, Mother of Pearl, Bone, &c., &c.

STATUES FOR CHURCHES FROM MUNICH JUST RECEIVED.

A splendid Statue of St. PATRICK, beautifully colored, over 5 feet high, price \$25.

HOLY WATER FONTS.

One Case of Holy Water Fountains, from 1s to 50s. Parties in the country can have any article in our line forwarded to them by post, or, by express, on receipt of the money.

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

The Witch of Milton Hill. A tale, by the Author of 'Mount St. Lawrence.' 'Mary, Star of the Sea,' &c., being the Fourth Vol. of the Popular Catholic Library.

NEW BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED, By the Subscribers.

CATHOLIC LEGENDS, (Volume III. of the Popular Library) containing the following:—The Legend of Blessed Simeon and the Forty-nine Martyrs; The Church of St. Sabina; The Vision of the Scholar; The Legend of Blessed Egegnus; Our Lady of Chartres; The Legend of Blessed Bernard and his two Novices; The Lake of the Apostles; The Child of the Jew; Our Lady of Galloro; The Children of Justini; The Deliverance of Antwerp; Our Lady of Good Counsel; The Three Knights of St. John; The Convent of St. Cecily; The Knight of Champfleury; Qulma, the Moorish Maiden; Legend of the Abbey of Ensedeln; The Madonna della Grotta at Naples; the Monks of Lerins; Enseba of Marseilles; The Legend of Placidus; The Sanctuary of Our Lady of the Thorns; The Miracle of Typasus; The Demon Preacher; Catherine of Rome; The Legend of the Hermit Nicholas; The Martyr of Roux; The Legend of St. Cadinon; The Scholar of the Rosary; The Legends of St. Hubert; The Shepherdness of Nanterre. 12mo., muslin, 2s 6d.

"LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, MOTHER OF GOD;"

With the history of the Devotion to her; completed by the Traditions of the East, the Writings of Fathers, and Private History of the Jews. By the Abbe Orsini. To which is added the Meditations on the Litany of the Blessed Virgin.—By the Abbe. Edouard Barthe. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadlier.

"This magnificent work of the Abbe Orsini was recommended to me by those whose judgment carries weight in such matters, as the fullest and most compendious Life of the Mother of God, seeing that it does not break off, as most others do, at the close of her mortal life, but follows the course of the universal devotion wherewith the Church has honored, and does still honor, this Queen of angels and of men. It shows how from age to age that devotion has grown and prospered coequal with Catholicity, and records the shrines and churches erected in every land under her invocation. It embodies the Eastern traditions concerning her, with the conclusive testimony of the Fathers; the little which is related of Her in Scripture being but a faint sketch of Her life."—Extract from Translator's Preface.

We select the following as a specimen of the Notices of the Press:—"We intended this week a lengthy notice of the first number of this work, but in consequence of a pressure of news not to be omitted, we must delay for a future occasion. We shall only say now that the original is a work of the very highest reputation; that it includes everything in record, or in tradition, about our gracious and Blessed Lady, and that Mrs. Sadlier is the translator of that original. Her name is praise enough. As to the typography and paper, the Sadliers seem to have considered this their best work; and to have spared no expense in making it what it is, the most perfect of its kind. The Life of Our Blessed Lady, so produced, will surely have a place in every Catholic household in the New World."—American Celt.

"This very able and much needed book is not the mere biography of her Blessed Lady, enlarged from the slight sketch of her life furnished by Holy Scripture; but contains all the traditions of the East, the writings of the Fathers, and the private history of the Jews. The corrupted traditions of a promised and virgin-born Messiah preserved by Pagan nations, and all the sacred prophecies have been laboriously sought out and skillfully arranged; and when what is known by revelation and tradition has been set down, the author proceeds to give a history of the devotion to Mary, with its rise and progress in the Church. Of course it is a book which no Catholic should be without. The present translation, neatly and elegantly done, is admirably printed, upon fine imperial octavo paper, reflecting great honor upon its publishers."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"The original work, from the pen of Abbe Orsini, and elegantly translated by Mrs. J. Sadlier, is published with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.—The style of the translation is vigorous and elastic, and gives the best and most comprehensive history of the Life of the Most Blessed Mother that we have ever met. The illustration to the present number is well chosen by the artists who select for it the moment of the annunciation, to the Virgin, of the high destiny reserved for her. The paper and typography are of a very superior description. We earnestly recommend the work to the attention of all who venerate the Virgin conceived without sin, whom God vouchsafed to honor in such an unequalled degree."—Philadelphia Catholic Instructor.

This superb work is now complete, and is offered to the public at one-third the price of the French edition. Printed on the finest paper, and illustrated with 16 steel engravings.—740 pages, Imperial 8vo.

Table listing prices for cloth, English morocco, and Turkey editions of the book.

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Growth in Holiness; or, the Prayers of the Spiritual Life. By Rev. F. W. Faber. 18mo. of 500 pages, price only. [This is the cheapest work published this year—the English edition is sold at exactly three the price.]

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BOOKS IN PREPARATION AND IN PRESS: The Witch of Milton Hill; a Tale (Popular Library Series.) Pictures of Christian Heroism. With preface by the Rev. Dr. Manning. Heroines of History. With preface by Aubrey de Vere.

CARDINAL LAMBRUSCHINI'S CELEBRATED WORK ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

A POLEMICAL TREATISE ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By Cardinal Lambruschini. To which is added, A HISTORY OF THE DOCTRINE,

By Father Felix, S.J. The French portion of the Work translated by Mrs. J. Sadlier, and the Latin extracts from the Holy Fathers, by a Clergyman of the Diocese of Montreal.

In order to render the work more complete, we have given the Latin extracts from the Fathers, in foot notes. We have also appended to the work—A DISCOURSE ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. By St. Alphonsus Marie de Liguori. New translation from the Italian. The Apostolical Letter of His Holiness Pope Pius IX. Cardinal Wiseman's Pastoral on the Declaration of the Dogma at Rome; and other accounts from the Giornale di Roma, Univers, &c., &c. 12mo., printed on very fine paper with an engraving. Price only, in cloth, 2s 6d.

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D. & J. SADLIER & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and Francis Xavier Streets, Montreal, March 23, 1855.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE TO FLYNN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, (Only Five Shillings a year, in advance.) No. 55, ALEXANDER STREET, OPPOSITE ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

PATRICK DOYLE, AGENT FOR "BROWNSON'S REVIEW," AND "THE METROPOLITAN," TORONTO. WILL furnish Subscribers with those two valuable Periodicals for \$5 per Annum, if paid in advance. P. D. is also Agent for the TRUE WITNESS. Toronto, March 26, 1854.

W. F. SMYTH, ADVOCATE, Office, 24 St. Vincent Street, Montreal.

SOMETHING NEW!! PATTON & BROTHER, PROPRIETORS OF THE "NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE," WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, No. 42, McGill Street, nearly opposite St. Ann's Market.

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

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N.B.—Remember the "North American Clothes Warehouse," 42 McGill Street. Give us a call. Examine Price and quality of Goods, as we intend to make it an object for Purchasers to buy. PATTON & BROTHER. Montreal, May 10, 1854.

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EMIGRATION.

PARTIES desirous of bringing out their friends from Europe, are hereby notified, that the Chief Agent for Emigration has received the sanction of the Provincial Government to a plan for facilitating the same, which will obviate all risks of loss or misapplication of the Money. Upon payment of any sum of money to the Chief Agent, a Certificate will be issued at the rate of Five Dollars for the Pound Sterling, which Certificate on transmission will secure a passage from any Port in the United Kingdom by Vessels bound to Quebec. These Certificates may be obtained on application to the Chief Agent at Quebec; A. B. Hawke, Esq., Chief Emigrant Agent, Toronto; or to HENRY CHAPMAN & Co., Montreal. Dec., 1854.

GRAMMAR, COMMERCIAL, AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL, NO. 84, ST. BONAVENTURE STREET.

Mr. DANIEL DAVIS RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Montreal and its vicinity, that he is ready to receive a limited number of PUPILS both at the DAY and EVENING SCHOOLS, where they will be taught (on moderate terms) Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Book Keeping by Double and Single Entry, Algebra, including the investigations of its different formulae, Geometry with appropriate exercises in each Book, Conic Sections, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Mensuration, Surveying, Navigation, Gauging, &c. The Evening School, from 7 to 9 o'clock, will be exclusively devoted to the teaching of Mercantile and Mathematical branches. N.B.—In order the more effectively to advance his Commercial and Mathematical Students, Mr. Davis intends keeping but few in his Junior Classes. Montreal, March 15, 1855.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS!

JOHN McCLOSKEY, Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scurer, (FROM BELFAST,) 38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last nine years, and now craves a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality. He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moreen Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and Watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted. N.B. Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer. Montreal, June 27, 1855.

PROSPECTUS OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N.Y.

THIS Institution is incorporated with the privilege of a University, and is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus: It is situated at Fordham, in a most picturesque and healthy part of the County of Westchester, eleven miles distant from the City of New York, and three from Harlem—very easy of approach at all seasons, either by private conveyance or by the railway, which lies along the foot of the beautiful lawn in front of the College.

The grounds are extensive, and well laid out for College purposes. The fathers, desirous of bestowing the most conscientious care upon the domestic comfort of the pupils, have deputed to this important and highly responsible department persons of tried skill, whose training and experience fit them for the peculiar wants of an institution which purports to be one large family. The students are in three distinct divisions—the senior, the middle, and the junior—each having its separate halls and separate play-grounds, and each presided over by distinct officers and professors.

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

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

Visits of students to the city are not sanctioned except for such as have their parents residing in the city; and the interests of the studies, as well as those of the moral training, are found not to warrant their frequency over once in three months. Even students not having their parents in New York may sometimes be furnished the means of visiting the city. But for no case of such absence from college will permission be granted except at the express wish of the parents or guardians, and for the reasons submitted to the president. There will be a recess of one week at Christmas, but none at Easter.

The regular classical course of instruction embraces the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English, and French languages; Religion, Elocution, Poetry, and Rhetoric; Geography, Mitology, and History; Arithmetic, Book-keeping, and Mathematics; Natural, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

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

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

Candidates for the degree of Master of Arts must, for the space of two years, have creditably pursued some liberal and learned profession.

When it is the wish of parents or guardians to have sons or wards fitted for commercial pursuits, means are taken to direct and adapt their studies accordingly.

There are two preparatory classes, in which beginners are taught spelling, reading, writing, the first elements of English Grammar, of Geography, and Arithmetic.

The German and Spanish languages are taught, if required, but together with music, drawing, and other similar accomplishments, form extra charges. Twice a week there is a gratuitous lesson of vocal music for the beginners of the preparatory classes.

The Collegiate year commences on the first Monday in September, and ends about the 15th of July, with a public exhibition and distribution of premiums.

TERMS: Board, Tuition, and Use of Bedding, per Annum, \$20 payable half-yearly in advance, 15 Washing and Mending of Linen, 3 Physician's Fees, 3 N.B.—There is an additional charge of \$15 for students remaining during the summer vacation. 2. For a few years past, owing to the high price of every kind of provisions, it was found necessary to call on the parents for the additional charge of \$20. This transitory measure, however, is not likely to be kept up unless on account of the pressure of the hard times and with the agreement of the parents. Book, stationery, clothes, linen, &c., are also furnished by the College at current prices, or may be procured by the parents or guardians residing in the city. Each student, on entering, must be provided with three suits for summer and three for winter; with at least six shirts, six pairs of woollen and six pairs of cotton socks, six pocket handkerchiefs, six towels, four cravats, four pairs of shoes or boots, one pair of overshoes, a cloak or overcoat; a silver spoon, a silver fork, and a silver drinking cup, marked with his name. No advances are made by the institution for articles of clothing, or for any similar expenses, unless an equivalent sum be deposited in the hands of the treasurer of the College. With regard to pocket-money, it is desirable that parents should allow their sons no more than a moderate sum, and that this be left with the treasurer of the College, to be given as prudence may suggest or occasion require. Students coming from any foreign country, or from a distance exceeding 500 miles, should have guardians appointed in or near the city, who will be responsible for the regular payment of bills as they become due, and be willing to receive the student in case of dismissal. Semi-annual reports or bulletins will be sent to parents or guardians, informing them of the progress, application, health, &c., of their sons or wards.

R. J. TELIER, S.J. St. John's College, Fordham, N.Y., July the 12th, 1855.

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ONE Large Brick Dwelling House, with every convenience attached. It is furnished with Blinds and Double Windows, Grates, &c. Also, a good Well of Spring Water, a tank in the Cellar for rain water, a Garden, Stables, Sheds, &c. It is pleasantly situated near the new Victoria Bridge, now in course of erection near the Public Works on the Canal, and is most admirably suited for a Comfortable Residence or a respectable Private Boarding House. Good Spring Water can be obtained in any part of this property at the depth of from 10 to 14 feet.

Two good substantial New Brick Houses contiguous to the above. Apply to the proprietor on the premises. AND FOR SALE, Several Building Lots in the neighborhood, the plans of which may be seen at the residence of the proprietor. FRANCIS MULLINS. August 16.

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Office, — Garden Street, next door to the Ursuline Convent, near the Court-House. Quebec, May 1, 1851.

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