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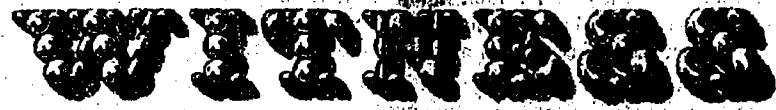
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1855.

NO. 15.

REV. DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

"Judge Kane, of Philadelphia, has been hearing evidence in regard to the alleged recruiting for the British army in the United States. One of the chief witnesses was a Mr. Strobel, whose evidence contains some extraordinary, if true, disclosures.—This man, Strobel, whose social standing appears to have been such that Sir Gaspard Le Marchant asked him to dinner, and the officers of the 76th Regiment associated with him on terms of equality, swears positively that a plan for the enlistment of men in the United States for the British service was concocted by Mr. Crampton, the governors of the British provinces, and himself, and that a commencement of enlistments was made under it."

Rathfarnham, Oct. 27th, 1855.

My Lord—The American papers of last Saturday week have brought to this country the astounding intelligence contained in the extract just quoted; and two mails have since arrived from New York, while the facts referred to remain up to this day uncontradicted. So, my lord, you have advised your ambassador, Mr. Crampton, to enlist the Irish in America. You want them now in order to recruit your wasted army in the Crimea, or to garrison the growing weakness of your distant colonies. Glory be to God! that the insatiable cruelty of English law, in exterminating and banishing the poor, faithful Irish, is now forced to acknowledge the national crime by employing your ambassador to seek their return. Heaven be for ever praised! that the perfidy of Lord John Russell's administration (your former chief in the persecution of Ireland) is now exposed before the willing scorn of all the nations of the civilised world. So, you now offer a bounty; and pay, and the Queen's uniform, to the despised exiles, whom within the last seven years your administration starved, and jibed, and banished. I thank eternal retributive justice, in the present instance, in thus compelling the public executioner of my country to confess with his own mouth his cruelty to Ireland. I am grateful to the unerring laws of the Supreme Arbiter of nations that the conspirator against the religion and the prosperity of Ireland stands at this moment gibbeted by his own confession on the pillar of public scorn.

But, Sir, besides the cruelty, there is an irreclaimable indecency in your ordering the enlistment of the Irish in America. You held office, under Lord John Russell, during the years of the cholera, the famine, the extermination, and the expulsion of the hated race. In those days of national woe, when a heart of steel would be melted in seeing wailing thousands swarm all the shores of your country in mournful or wild despair, you would not pay an inspector to examine the leaking ship, nor would you appoint a surgeon to stay the ravages of disease, and save the lives of these ill-fated and unhappy children of Ireland. No; you would not—you certainly would not. And now, when you want the aid of their faithful hearts and their invincible courage, you meanly flatter the warm bosoms which you lately despised; and you perfidiously seek the service of the noble nature which you cruelly banished. Beyond all doubt you permitted the savage exterminator, the ruthless ship captain, the sinking vessel, and the terrors of the tempest, to banish, drown, and kill more than one million and a half of my friendless countrymen. The graves in Gross Island, where ten thousand abandoned victims lie—the abysses of the Atlantic, where many a broken-hearted father, mother, and child mingle their whitened bones, amid the foundations of the deep, bear melancholy testimony of the reckless hatred and the ferocious bigotry which depopulated Ireland during the years of your former subordinate office. You are decidedly an accomplice in this Irish calamity; and with such delinquency on your head, where can human tongue or pencil find language or coloring sufficiently descriptive of the shamelessness of the man who could now stand at the corner of the streets of New Orleans and Philadelphia, offering a bribe to the survivors of your expulsion, pressing by perfidious promises into England's service the living remnant of misery and shipwreck, and arming with the sword of England the very men on whose necks, but a few years ago, your laws would prefer to tie the hangman's rope? Conceal, palliate, explain this conduct as you will, it places England and yourself in a position, of political indecency which is discredit to the nation; it is a crime which your greatest enemy can never exaggerate by calumny, nor your most malignant libeller ever exceed in slander.

The apologists of the government and your friends may assert that the lands of Ireland are held by lease, as in some other countries, and hence that the extermination complained of is the legitimate result of property and land tenure. I deny the parallel

between Ireland and any other country on the face of the globe; because the landlords of Ireland, in a majority of instances, are Orangemen or bigots sworn to exterminate the Catholic population, if they can; while the landlords of other nations sustain, aid, and protect their tenantry; therefore the comparison of the tenure of land in other countries cannot be applied to Ireland till you make the landlords in both cases resemble each other, or till you give to the Irish Catholic tenant a legal and equitable protection against the ferocity of the Orange aristocracy—till then they have the clear power of depopulating Ireland and killing the Queen's subjects. As a proof of the logical accuracy of these statements, I appeal to the history of modern nations, and fearlessly challenge even one instance, where two millions of human beings have been unhoused, banished, and killed in any one country, within the period of seven years; and all this massacre planned, carried on, and executed by a steady machinery, which has reduced to powder the obnoxious race with the same mechanical and unerring result as a mill grinds corn. The tenancy of other countries, under their landlords, as compared with this country, bear the same resemblance to each other as a flock of sheep under the care of the shepherd, and in the slaughterhouse of the wolf. Oh, Sir, it is idle to talk of the duties of property towards a Catholic population, while a persecuting aristocracy own the land; and, therefore, any minister of the crown who quietly looks on, while the people are decimated, is a willing accomplice in this legal massacre.

But wait awhile, my lord. China cocks, Durham pigs, Kent rams, and short-horned bulls, are now the fashion in all our towns; special trains, courteous directors, *dejeuner a la fourchette*, viceregal rhetoric, balls, and mangel wurzel, have, with a skillful variety, taken the place of the poor, honest population, the old piper, and the merry dance. But wait awhile, and England and Lord Lieutenants, and noble graziers, may soon learn the approaching paralysing fact—that pigs cannot handle a rifle, that rams cannot discharge the cannon, that bullocks cannot man a rampart, and that the modern scheme of herds and flocks, and no men, is a mistake which, in the just way of Divine vengeance, may yet humble England to the dust, and make her lick the ground in slavery under the oppressive sway of a foreign master. Wait awhile, *vous verrons*.

At each annual reunion of these agricultural spectacles, it means, in Ireland, that the scheme of extermination is successfully advancing—that large grazing farms are progressing—that the people are disappearing—and that pigs and Protestantism are on the increase. It is now the rage to convert the soil of Ireland into immense bullock and sheep parks, and as a proof of the steady advance of the system, we must recollect the facts—viz., that one hundred and ninety-six thousand Irish left Ireland in '52—one hundred and fifty thousand in '53—and one hundred and eleven thousand in '54! And, therefore, where the population of pigs and bullocks is recorded by the secretaries of these societies as an imposing and triumphant proof of the rapidly-improving condition of Ireland, it stands precisely as an evidence of equal value to demonstrate the frightful depopulation of the country. The entire and sole aim of these societies in Ireland is to advance the landlords and to expel the tenantry—it is to encourage the growth of black cattle and live stock, and to diminish in the same ratio the census of the people.—There is no aristocratic annual meeting to work the mines of Ireland, to encourage labor, to advance commerce, or to foster trade; everything which could even remotely make the people happy is cruelly omitted, and a plan which has the appearance of national advantage adroitly and perseveringly introduced, in order to cover the withering expulsion of the whole Irish population.

Ancient history furnishes one instance of national insane recklessness, which can be compared with the sanguinary English frolic of first exterminating and then attempting to enlist the expelled Irish. Previously to the subjugation of Greece to the Roman power, the Greek legislature (so like England) fearing that their numerous slaves would join the Romans, put all their farm slaves (*Oikotoi*) to death, and never recovered the famine, which resulted from their massacre. And, without urging the facts of history beyond the legitimate deductions of logic, there can be no doubt that England already feels, and shall soon, very soon, feel in her very heart's core, that the expulsion of *one million and a half* of the Irish peasantry is a freak of Protestant policy which denudes her empire of the necessary military force, which reduces her to a mere auxiliary force in the Crimea, and which humbles her to a state of acknowledged and slavish dependence and subserviency to the supreme and arbitrary will of France. Oh, God! what an army lies on the bottom of the Atlantic; and

in the Irish grave-pits, where the most infamous persecution has buried at least three hundred thousand of the finest men that ever the world saw. If there be justice in Heaven, and if there be revenge for incredible crime, there must be a fate reserved for England commensurate with the multitudinousness of her national crimes, and which the full chalice of her iniquities to Ireland must soon call forth in the palpable catastrophe of national chastisement.

My lord, will you kindly inform the fathers and mothers of Ireland how many of their banished children you have recruited for England in America?—do, Lord Palmerston, do tell us the success of your officer, Mr. Crampton? Do, Sir, tell us how many men from Clare, from Mayo, from Meath, from Skibbereen, have joined your ambassador? But if the ambassador fail in his scheme, why do you not employ your former friends and companions, Gavazzi, Achilli, Mazzini, Kossuth, and Cicerovecchio? You cannot fail, my lord, in your scheme, aided, as you can be, by your former associates in European and English policy. Why not enlist a refreshing battalion from your quondam correspondents—the "free corps" of Switzerland—who sacked the convents, robbed Mount St. Bernard, banished Priests, and killed Nuns? Verily, my lord, you are the man to recruit for England, from amongst your virtuous and moral bands of the Continent.

But you have the foreign German Legion, and you have the Sardinian contingent, most dear to England, since they have confiscated Church property, expelled Bishops, closed convents, and imitate your own Henry and Somerset. But these legions and these contingents, besides losing at present three millions sterling by them, demonstrate that England has no army of her own to defend your empire; and, again, they prove that having no military capital at home or abroad as a first-rate power, she is henceforward doomed to be the tool of France, the slave of a predominant nation, an old diseased skeleton, having nothing left of her former vigor, except the inherent and inseparable marrow of Protestant bigotry and persecuting intolerance.

Pray tell me, my lord, whether Mr. Crampton intends coming to Ireland to recruit for the Crimea? I can refer him to certain districts in Ireland where men of his kidney may be likely to find recruits for the honor and safety of England. Perhaps you would think of sending him to Dingle, where the Soupers have purchased some Catholic souls at ten shillings a piece. This contingent, with a corrupt Bible in one hand, and a sword in the other, and perjury in their mouths, would charge the enemy with more courage than the Connaught Rangers. He might try Kells, in the county Meath; examine the soup kitchens in Connemara, look in on the Island of Achill, and learn as he passes along how much the Queen's name has been exalted in Ireland by her Clergy publishing tracts of blasphemy, fomenting rebellion, and collecting tens of thousands of pounds from the gullible English to turn the Gospel into revenge, and to worship God by a lie.

Ah! my lord, the bigotry, the insolence, the infidelity, and the hypocrisy of England are detected at last; and your servant, Mr. Crampton, under your command, is merely a local tool in your hands, endeavoring to remedy the results of a system in this country which shall soon, very soon, end in the final degradation of England. Oh, Lord! how long?—Yes, there is truly an indecency in this enlistment in America; it is a reckless defiance of all the honorable feelings of society. What would be thought of the man who, having murdered a parent, would then employ his orphan child to polish the sword with which his father was assassinated? Yes, I repeat again and again, it is most indecent of you to originate this unfeeling outrage on the broken heart of Ireland; and how this cruel freak has been received in America will best appear from the following extract from the *New York Herald*, a high republican journal:—

"Mr. Crampton owes it to himself and to the character he has borne during his long residence at Washington to explain this matter, if he can, in such a manner that will satisfy the public. Some such explanation is not less due to the country he represents. Nothing would be more like to embitter the feeling on this side of the water than an impression that the Queen's government is so contemptuously reckless of our laws as to authorize their systematic infringement by the highest British functionaries in America."

I intend, at my convenience, to write a series of letters on your past and present career—not that I consider you an able statesman—you are an artful debater rather than a consummate politician—but I address myself to you because I look on your lordship as the exponent of a policy which, sooner or later, will bring ruin on your country. Louis Philippe, once said of you that "such was your obsti-

nacy of temper that you would recklessly expend the last shilling in the British treasury, and fire the last shot in her locker, sooner than yield even to reason." But if he had added that you were a Christian without any defined creed, and a politician without a fixed principle, he would have most justly defined your lordship's public character. I have taken it into my head that I know you better than any living man; and I dare say I should surprise yourself were I to produce the documents and the proofs by which it happens I could sustain the definition already given of your lordship's inherent and essential official characteristics. I look upon you to be the most disastrous minister that England has ever selected for her policy, and consider you, beyond all comparison, to be the greatest and the most perfidious enemy the Catholic Church has ever had either in ancient or modern times. You sometimes throw a bone adroitly, to be picked by a hungry aspirant of Catholic fame—you occasionally fling a sprat on the political current, by which you succeed in catching some silly fools, who are ignorant of your crafty skill; but with this occasional semblance of petty concessions, you are, of all living men, if you dare, the most willing accomplice to forge the chains and rivet the fetters on the Catholics of the whole world. Who can forget the speeches which were uttered by you and Lord John Russell at the close of the last session of parliament? The mean and cowardly attack on the Pope pronounced by you both can never be forgotten; and the motive which prompted these combined orations is as transparent as your known hatred of Catholicity. Of Lord John Russell it may be said, that it is a pity he has survived the year '50. Like an old actor, once the Jupiter of the stage, but falling by degrees till at length he fills the office of snuffing the candles at the theatre, he has sunk below himself and below notice, and now stands, by the public decision, for the zero of political consistency and national honor.

In your speech at the close of Parliament in last August, you attack "the weakness and the tyranny (as you called it) of the Papal government, and of the King of Naples." Aye, you saw that the King of Sardinia had confiscated Church property, had imprisoned and banished Bishops, had closed convents, and had blasphemously laid hands upon the consecrated rights of ages; you, therefore, concluded that the wicked King would be consigned to the just reprobation of the Church of which he is a member for this public sacrilege; and hence, as the true exponent of the principles of English Ecclesiastical spoliation, your lordship, taking up the expiring echoes of Russell's bigotry, closes the session of the last parliament by palliating the robbery, by praising the plunderer, and by launching at the head of the Church and the Catholic King of Naples the stereotyped abuse and historical lies, of which no one can command a more opulent capital than the present Premier of England. What a study of incongruities do you present in your official personalities! You appoint a Catholic Chaplain in Ireland, and at the same time you try to unpope Pio the Ninth in Italy! You give liberty of Catholic worship in a gaol in Ireland, and you denounce Catholic doctrine on the Continent! You protect a Catholic convent at home, and you demolish all conventual life abroad! You lick the ground after a Catholic Emperor in France, and you spit in the face of a Catholic King in Naples! Your words are all peace, but your actions are all discord! You are the advocate for all constitutional law at home, and you are the personal friend of all the revolutionists abroad! You advise a universal calm, and you always appear as in a storm. Your lordship remembers "Mother Carey's Chickens" on sea; you are the harbinger of bad weather; your appearance foretells disaster: you delight in shipwrecks: you live amid deserted rocks, and you grow fat on the dead bodies cast upon shore—*nil tam dispar sibi*.

In my conscience I look on your conduct during the Russian administration as the principal cause of the continuation of the present war. You encouraged the revolution of Hungary by perfidious promises of English co-operation—you drove Sardinia into a war of usurpation—you kissed the hand of Kossuth, the most unprincipled political wretch in existence—your spies maligned the religion; the laws, the customs of Austria—your press slandered the court and the Emperor, and have, by a policy peculiar to yourself, as the Captain Rock of Europe, driven the enmity of that Catholic empire into unmitigable revenge against England; and, as if to add mockery to your republican policy, Lord John Russell is sent to negotiate a peace, and to induce Austria—this most insulted and outraged kingdom—to enter into a coalition with England! while it is notorious to every diplomatist in Europe, that Austria would prefer a coalition with Russia, or with any nation on the earth, sooner than form a national alliance, and trust the known perfidy of England. I say you have incurred

the irradicable enmity of Austria—you have prevented an alliance with her—you have lost her assistance in the present struggle—you have given strength to Russia, and in my soul I look upon you, from your revolutionary conduct, as the principal accomplice in the destruction of the allied armies in the Crimea. Has it ever occurred to your lordship, in reading the Continental journals, in studying the speeches of ministers, and observing the conduct of cabinets, that you have never heard any abuse of the Queen of England—never observed any officer of any court advise the confiscation of what you call your Church property—never knew any ministerial papers to be paid for unceasing calumny of the English court, of the English religion, of English manners? And, again, has the idea ever presented itself to you, that no Catholic country has ever employed lying Bible-readers, has ever hired Clerical slanderers to visit the houses in England, or in any other Protestant country, and by tracts of blasphemy, by a force of infamy, passing all credibility, promulgating lies against everything Protestant? One moment's reflection will teach you the contrast between England and Catholic Europe on this irritating subject: and if (as I can assure you) Catholicity feels deeply wounded by this lying practice of infidel Protestantism, will you tell me how has our gracious Queen been able, at her late visit, to look France in the face, or how can you have the hardihood to raise your eyes in the presence of your master and England's present superior, the Emperor Napoleon? Be assured, my lord, these are questions of deeper import than strike the eye at first sight. You ridiculed France when you thought France was weak. You now flatter France when you see France strong. Your press despised the Emperor when you fancied he was an outcast; and now you fawn on him when the cannon of Boulogne is heard in St. James's, and the Champ-de-Mars, under a French sky, reveals the glancing sheen of one hundred thousand lifted spears in the presence of your Queen. But then the royal *entente cordiale* is a guarantee for future peace!—Aye—when England found it her interest to strike France, she did so, as an expiring voice from St. Helena has told; and, believe me, when France shall find it her interest to return the blow, that same voice will sound in the ears of France like the summons of resurrection, and arm millions of her children in coats of steel to avenge the national stain, or advance the imperial interest. Aye, *entente cordiale!* Pshaw! Wait, my lord, till the Crimea shall be evacuated—wait till France takes possession of Asia, and plants her Eagles on Turkish soil firmly—and time will tell the tale—that your petty auxiliary battalions, with their stupid commanders in dreary senility, shall be ordered home by your imperial master, giving to England, of course, some commercial advantages, but keeping for France the possession of the soil which she alone has won, and pushing her conquests and their real glories as far as the Indus. In fact, England deserves from France merely the freight of her ships in deporting the munitions of war. Her office has been that of carrier to the French army. She was late at the Alma—she was asleep at Inkermann—and she owes her life, beyond doubt, on that occasion to the French—she was mad at Balaklava, and she was beaten at the Redan.

And how could it be otherwise? All her generals are all Swaddlers to a man—they are all old Bible-readers, tract-distributors, street-preachers, and psalm-singers. Between the gout and the Bible they were late everywhere, and beaten everywhere. Old Raglan was in bed at Inkermann—old Simpson praying in a trench at the storming of the Redan—and old Burgoyne laid up with the gout, while the men walked up to the middle in mud, in last winter, as they staggered, lay down, and died on their way from the shore to the camp. And, as an illustration of the ineradicable and incomprehensible disease of Swaddling inherent in the nature of these old jibbering generals, they have never, in one instance, borne testimony, or said one little kind word in their despatches of the invincible courage of the poor Irish who stood in the front rank of the raging battle—who flew with lightning flash against the red iron shower of death, and, with an Irish cheer from their faithful hearts, buried their victorious steel in the bosom of the enemy, and saved, and won, the day. Yet, not a word of praise from the English and Scotch generals—the old gouty chiefs—the hoary, senile, armed Swaddlers in the Lord.

But the time may not be far distant when the Irish people and Irish courage may receive more patronage—when England will recover from the gout—when the Protestant Clergy will learn to preach sermons, and not Orange orations—and when the mania of lies, and swaddling, and Biblical bazaars, and Protestant lace, and Lutheran hosiery and evangelical needle-work shall cease to be a national necessity and be succeeded by a compulsory voice of truth, shame, and common sense.

Ireland has fallen into a lethargy, within the last eight years, from the paralysis of famine and persecution; she has lost her speech from the terrible stroke, and she can never forget that, while lying in her bed of sickness, the treacherous Protestant Church sent her emissaries to try and rob her of her faith in her last struggle of existence, and thus to add damnation to death. But I here counsel Ireland, now that her present living children have escaped this national grave, to resume their former energies; to meet every week in Dublin, to raise the old shout of defiance against your English bigotry; and I undertake to say that within two years the Protestant Church establishment will begin to crumble before the indignant combination of all classes; and the tyranny of England will crouch to the voice of united Irishmen under the approaching pressure of European policy.—I have the honor to be your lordship's obedient servant, D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

FREDERICK LUCAS.—May God be merciful to his soul. He was as great and good a man as ever spent life and death in the service of Ireland. Happy for him, lying dead to-day in Slaines; he has escaped the corroding anxiety, the unprogressive and unprofitable struggle, the calumnious atmosphere through which he carried so brave and buoyant a heart to the last; and none who knew the pious purpose and deep devotion of his life can look towards Heaven and doubt that he is there. In the presence of that thanksgiving hope, all earthly considerations fade. But when we return to remember how, in the proud flight of a career so full of performance and promise, he has been suddenly stricken down; and how unlikely it was that he, of all men, so strong, so earnest so overflowing with life and energy, and of such a noble ambition, pledged to labors so holy—that he should fall thus so suddenly, and leave so vast a vacuum behind—it may well move our awe as well as our sorrow. For his was a future into which men looked far and confidently. No one was ever witness of the working of that clear and capacious intellect for a single hour who did not conclude that it was in him to do far greater things than he had ever yet essayed. His character had many sides, and was always growing. He had the gifts of a Catholic publicist as strongly developed as they are in Brownson or in Venille—he had the heart and the head of a Catholic statesman as markedly characterised as in Montalembert or Valdegamas—since O'Connell, no man has attained to such tribunitial power in Ireland; since O'Connell, so great a Catholic layman has not appeared in Irish or British affairs.—*Nation*.

THE LATE MR. LUCAS.—A meeting of the council of the Irish Tenant League was summoned for last Saturday, to consider the most suitable means of expressing their sense of the loss sustained by the party in the death of Mr. Lucas.

MEATH ELECTION.—Mr. Henry Meredith, a nephew of Sir William Somerville, is the Whig candidate for the representation of Meath. His address to the electors is in print, and sets forth as his political creed that he is identified with the views of the Liberal party; that he is an advocate of their social, civil, and religious rights; that he is for the fullest religious equality, without favor or partiality to party, sect, or creed; and, to crown all, he promises (nothing easier) to support a good tenant-right bill. A correspondent of *Saunders's* writes,—"A second candidate, it may be almost said is in the field, although his address has not appeared. He is Mr. Francis Brodigan, barrister, of Piltown-house, Meath. He is a large landed proprietor. He was a candidate at the last election for the borough of Drogheda. Being a Catholic, his principles, I believe, are identified with that creed. Both gentlemen may be considered natives of the county." Another candidate has entered the lists in the person of Mr. John Arthur Farrell, of Moynalty, a member of an old Catholic family. His political creed may be learnt from the following passage in his address to the constituency:—"I avow my anxiety to promote the welfare of the religion to which I, in common with so many of you, belong, by procuring for the Catholic Church in Ireland the fullest freedom of action, and to gain for her members perfect equality with their fellow subjects in all civil and religious rights. In furtherance of these views, I shall endeavor to obtain the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and all other laws which impose any disability, disqualification, or penalty upon Catholics, clerical or lay. I deem it necessary that the Catholic bishops and clergy should be enabled by law to hold and transmit to their successors all property vested in them for ecclesiastical or charitable purposes. I shall exert myself to procure for Catholic soldiers, sailors, and others employed in the service of the Crown a due measure of religious attendance and instruction."

Considerable anxiety was felt in town during the last few days in consequence of a seizure made by the collector on some property belonging to the Archbishop for income tax. So strong was the feeling of indignation on this subject that we understand Mr. Moylan, the auctioneer of this town, refused to have anything to do with the transaction; and we are told that it was deemed advisable to pay the tax this day, lest in the intensity of the popular excitement prevailing consequences dangerous to the public peace might ensue. Surely the Irish episcopacy and clergy are bound to bless the Parliamentary pledge-breakers who have saddled them with this unjust and uncanonical tax.—*Tuam Herald*.

The *Limerick Reporter* announces the seizure and sale of a cow, the property of the Rev. Richard O'Brien, a parish priest, under a warrant issued by the Commissioners of Income-tax.

ENCUMBERED ESTATES COMMISSION.—In a new batch of petitions there is one presented on behalf of the owner, for the sale of the Perceval estates in the counties of Sligo, Fermanagh, Tyrone, and Tipperary. The gross rental is set down at £5,772; and the encumbrances to be discharged amount to £145,000.

RAILWAY TO NORTH MAYO.—We (*Nation*) understand that a company has been formed, and is already registered according to the prescribed form under the act for constructing a railway from Strokestown to Castlebar, with branches to Sligo, Ballina, and Westport, in continuation of a line, which is immediately to be constructed by the Midland Great Western Company from Longford to Strokestown. "The North Western Railway of Ireland," as the Roscommon and Mayo line is named in the registry, will pass through the centre of the county of Roscommon, and thence to Castlebar, the county town of Mayo. The chairman and deputy chairman of the Midland Great Western Company have become members of the provisional committee of the North Western line, and have already taken a large quantity of the stock; thus affording the strongest evidence of their determination at once to carry the project into effect.

FOOD PROSPECTS.—As the last week in October is the season for coming to some fair conclusion with regard to the quantity and quality of the harvest and its probable produce a Southern paper (the *Tralee Chronicle*) reports as follows for the county of Kerry:—"The haggards are all filled, and the potatoes dug and housed; most farmers have thrashed some corn, and the yield is tested generally. The turnip crop, which is now an essential one in Kerry, is still growing, and continues its growth longer than in any other part of the south of Ireland. Our corn produce will be about an average. There will be more inferior wheat than last year, and the oat crop will not weigh up to

the standard of 45lb. per bushel; very little of it will be got to weigh 43lb. Barley is not so much grown as it was, and appears to have produced a more inferior grain than the oats; so that on the whole our corn produce will not weigh, though it may pay as well as that of 1854. The potato crop, it was supposed, would turn out a very bad one. Since 1848 the crop was not blighted so young or more speedily, and yet the quantity lost by the rot was never so small as it will be this year. The crop is short, as the size of the potatoes is small; but most people think, compared with last year, we shall have as large a supply of food in the northern half of our county. In the mountain baronies, certainly, there will not be anything like it, and the price will be higher generally on that account. There is, however, too much fear of scarcity; and, with the prices of agricultural produce of all sorts as high as they are, the farmers can afford to keep their servants instead of discharging them on the coming winter, and thereby increasing the demand for employment, which must always be greatest when food is dear."

MILITARY DEFENCES AT DUBLIN CASTLE.—Measures have been taken recently to isolate the approaches to the Castle, and make it still more defensible in an engineering point of view. The barracks will be shut out from Stephen Street by the removal of the houses on the north side; and the walls and erections near Hoey's Court leading to the lower gate are now in process of removal. In Little Ship Street a strong bastion will be made, and cannon of heavy calibre placed in the embrasures commanding all the approaches, and the necessity for such a work in a military point of view was pointed out several years ago by the Duke of Cambridge when in command of the garrison. It is now felt that a great mistake was made in disposing of the well known George's Street barracks, but means will be adopted to enlarge the defences on that side of the Castle. It is scarcely necessary to add that the projected arrangements are in no way suggested by the present state of the country, which, happily, has never been more peaceable and tranquil.—*Scandlers*.

THE BALTIC FLEET.—The Cork Constitution announces, that on Friday evening, Mr. Fagan, one of the borough members, received a letter from the Irish Chief Secretary, stating that, in conformity with the prayer of the petition addressed by the chief magistrate and citizens of Cork to the Lord-Lieutenant, the Admiralty had directed that, so far as the service would admit, a portion of the Baltic fleet would winter in Cork Harbor.

The Assistant-Barrister for the county of Mayo, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, in opening his court at Westport, took occasion to animadvert in severe terms upon a passage in the celebrated speech of Sir Archibald Alison, which, it may be said, fairly challenged the rebutting case made for his Irish clients by the learned and indignant Chairman. After alluding to the decrease of crime in the county with which he was officially concerned Mr. O'Shaughnessy proceeded to say:—"Knowing, as I have known, the quiet and peace which have prevailed in this county and the surrounding ones which, except one, form this western province, I confess I read with surprise, and I am sure, you also, if you have not seen it before, will hear with equal surprise, the paragraph I am about to call your attention to, assailing the peaceful character of this province and holding it up to the British empire as one so involved in civil brawls that we were obliged to call in Highland regiments to preserve the peace of the country. These are the words:—"Because, being steady well conducted troops, they could be trusted to put down civil brawls in the manufacturing districts in England and the south and west of Ireland, where their own troops could not be equally trusted." This language was used at a dinner, given in Glasgow to celebrate our Crimean victories, by a celebrated historian, Sir Archibald Alison. Now, gentlemen, upon the peaceful character of this part of the west of Ireland there can be no better authority than I am, residing in this criminal court as I have for the last five years—a court in which almost all crimes but those involving homicide, are disposed of; and I do not hesitate to say that this statement is utterly unfounded. First, there were no civil brawls, as described by Sir Archibald Alison, and therefore no Highland regiment could be called in to quell them. So much the contrary is the fact, that I believe there is not a more peaceable province in the British empire than the west of Ireland, to which fact many of Sir Archibald Alison's countrymen who have settled in it could bear testimony. And, further, I am assured that no Highland regiment has been in this country for 10 years past; nor as I have been informed, in the province. But, gentlemen, this eminent historian has gone further, as you must have perceived, for not content with assailing the character of the province, he attempts to tarnish the loyalty and fidelity of Irish troops, and particularly that body to which is mainly confided the preservation of the order and peace of the country—I mean the Irish Constabulary. Sir A. Alison says:—"Highland regiments were called in because our own could not be trusted." This is equally without foundation, I believe, and I know such to be their character in Ireland—that a more efficient, loyal, and, in physical bearing, whether for civil or military purposes, a finer body of men does not exist in the British empire. They are a body of which all Irishmen may be justly proud. It was not, therefore, becoming of any man, still less of an eminent historian, to make such groundless imputations upon the character and honour of a country and its troops, and that without the slightest provocation; for he might have otherwise indulged in the utmost praise, and deservedly, of his Highland countrymen. I will only add that, if Sir Archibald Alison be as flippant and inaccurate in the grave matter of history, as he has been in this instance, he will not be a reliable guide to follow as a historian. Gentlemen, I need not apologize for these observations as not within my province, for I am sure you will feel it to be, rather my duty, if the peaceful character of the country be groundlessly assailed, to avail myself of the authority of this bench to vindicate it."

PROTESTANTISM ON THE DECLINE.—If the good folks in Scotland, who attend missionary meetings, believe the "glorious and gratifying reports" which are retailed to them by well-paid missionaries and sowers—they must believe that they have only to give once or twice more and "Popery" will be driven from the soil of old Erin. We know many otherwise sensible persons who hug this delusion day and night, and give very liberally on the strength of it. We have done all we could to enlighten and save these foolish persons from spending their money; but with little effect, we fear. We are, however, very sanguine that

the following statement from two respectable Protestant ministers who are anxious at the same time to deal out still more soup with one hand, and delusion with the other, will cause our over-credulous neighbors to pause ere they part so freely with their money to a pack of mercenary missionaries who clearly obtain it under a false pretence.

The *Cork Examiner* says:—"We find in the Constitution of Thursday last, a report of a public meeting held on the previous Thursday, at the French church in this city, 'to declare the names of the ten orphans elected by votes from the seventeen applicants, and to lay before the public the present position of the Protestant Orphan Society.' Amongst the speakers was the Rev. Mr. Mangan, who used these words in the course of his address:—"It had been a cause of regret that emigration had gone to such an extent in this country that a fearful diminution has taken place among the Protestant population. What course should be taken to fill up the place of those who are gone? The best and surest way was by rearing up a young Protestant population." These are the words of a Protestant clergyman, speaking in the presence of a number of his brother clergymen, and before an audience of several hundred persons of the same persuasion; and yet there was not one found to dissent from the statement thus authoritatively made. But there was another speaker, the Rev. Mr. Williamson, a clergyman of considerable celebrity, and of a character much respected by those who differ from him in religious belief. He dealt with this important subject at some length, and even entered into details, in corroboration and illustration of his more general statement. The Rev. Mr. Mangan attributed the "fearful diminution" that had taken place among the Protestant population to emigration; but the Rev. Mr. Williamson, while admitting that emigration was one of the causes, asserted that neglect was another and most potent cause. If a Catholic journalist or speaker had the hardihood to state that in any one parish in Ireland the Protestant population had decreased 90 per cent. he would be laughed at or hooped at as a speaker of untruths; but when it is publicly stated by a Protestant clergyman of ability and prudence, by one devoted to his faith, it becomes a very serious matter for the consolation of those who calculate upon the fancied increase of Protestants, and corresponding decrease of Catholics, as a means of settling differences, and making this country all that Exeter-hall could desire. The Rev. Mr. Williamson gives a case in point, where a venerable Protestant in another parish has the unhappiness to see his three living sons and their families "worshippers in a Romish chapel." Such, indeed, is this clergyman's idea of the change which emigration and neglect have wrought in his church, that he regards the war of aggression now being carried on against Romanism, as an illustration of the old adage which shuts the stable door after the steed is stolen.—*Northern Times*.

IRISH PROSPECTS OF THE FUTURE.—There is still nothing in the tone of Irish journalism to hold out hope to the piratical vagabonds in the United States who have considerably taken the grievances of Ireland into their calculations of future conquest under the black banner. Orange and Green—Protestant and Catholic—repudiate alike the intervention of Filibusterism. This is one of the most hopeful features in the aspect of Irish affairs. The *Evening Mail* and the *Freeman's Journal* are as one upon the question, and an influential Cork paper (Liberal and Catholic), indignantly denouncing the project of an invasion by the marauders, hits upon a recent raw spot in the social system of the United States as special grounds for Irish hostility. "All the world knows, says the *Reporter*, 'that to be an Irishman in the States of the Union now is to be under the worst and most intolerable ban of political and social exclusion. The great aim and object of the native American race—as they call themselves, though descended mainly from Irish stock—is to drive our countrymen not out of the Union, but to make them in it 'hewers of wood and drawers of water'—little better in privileges and immunities than the negro himself. From this persecution of their race the Irish are flying from the States into Canada, to find there the freedom and the position denied them by the Republic. The hour is certainly a strange one in which to think of an American-Irish invasion of Ireland in aid of the Czar of All the Russias."

Referring to the same topic, the *Galway Vindicator*, the western champion of Young Irelandism, writes:—"There is not a particle of revolutionary spirit existing in Ireland. The national enthusiasm which was created from 1843 to '49 has all vanished. 'Old Ireland' and 'Young Ireland' have long ceased to have a political existence. In fact, extreme party politics have all died out, and the vehemence, which once characterized leaders on both sides, and which produced party contests so hot and fierce, has fled from among us. The predominant feeling in Ireland now is one tending to industrial pursuits, the prosecution of improved modes of tillage, and the sober cultivation of habits which produce national wealth. The population which existed 10 years ago has been diminished by a couple of millions. They were thinned or scattered by death and emigration. The multitudes who assembled on the hillsides at Tara, or Tipperary to listen to the music of O'Connell's voice, and to respond to his impassioned appeals, are not now forthcoming. The very landlords have been swept away in the social revolution which has taken place. The Encumbered Estates Court has done its work and changed the *terrarium dominorum*—the lords of the land who ruled it with a rod of iron under an old and exploded regime. In a word, change is the peculiar word which best describes the condition of Ireland—changed landlords, changed tenants, changed notions of industry, and changed social habits which lead to prosperity. And it is to such a country those Filibustering-adventurers would direct their course and expect to be met by thousands of revolutionary Irishmen? We wish to undeceive them, and have them understand the true position of affairs. Therefore, Heaven knows, many flagrant abuses to be corrected in Ireland, many reforms to be made in our religious and social institutions, and a great deal of our rights and liberties, as Irishmen, yet to be won and preserved; but we believe we speak the general opinion when we say, that all this is not to be affected by any other means than public opinion and the operation of these constitutional forms, which are yet left us. All the reforms we seek could be brought about by the absence of internal divisions among ourselves, real Parliamentary representation, and the charities that are born of Christianity; but never by imbecile revolution or the foreign aid of Filibustering-adventurers." (The *Freeman's Journal*, the organ of the popular party here, and a vehement supporter of national

and Irish independence, contains the following just and sensible remarks in reference to the possibility of a descent upon Ireland being one of the objects of the American filibustering expeditions:—"Anything more utterly hopeless than such an expedition—(says the *Freeman*)—is not within the range of human imagination. We need scarcely say that, on this side of the Atlantic there is no encouraging element, and surely, before venturing on such an experiment as the invasion of a country 4000 miles distant, the promoters of the undertaking should acquaint themselves with the sentiments and feelings of the invaded, without whose active co-operation in the event of a landing every man in the expedition would be certainly captured or destroyed. The most sanguine sympathisers with the objects of such an expedition in this country would reprobate the attempt in face of the utter discouragement which must await it. There never was a time when the people were less disposed to armed insurrection, and from the constant intercourse between Ireland and America, the originators of this madness—if it be anything more than a dream—must have discovered the total absence of any sympathy for such movements. We hope no such idea is about to be realised. We cannot believe that any rational men would countenance an enterprise so foolish in conception and fatal in result. To compromise the lives of thousands of men—and less than 10,000, with half a dozen swift steamers of large tonnage and great power, would be inadequate to the attempt—is a serious affair for the projectors of such an intrepid scheme. Forty thousand men could be easily concentrated on any part of the island where the invaders might land. They would be surrounded before they had advanced 20 miles from the coast, and, as the British Government would not be particular in dealing with men guilty of such an aggression, the catastrophe would be alike violent and lamentable."

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Duchess of Buccleuch has been admitted into the Catholic Church by Dr. Manning.

The Rev. Francis Lascelles, L.L.B., Incumbent of Merevale, near Coleshill, has resigned his benefice into the hands of the bishop of the diocese (Worcester), and has been admitted into the Catholic Church.

MR. MACAULAY.—It is understood that Mr. Macaulay retires from the representation of Edinburgh at the next dissolution of parliament. Lord Melgund is spoken of as the successor to the great essayist.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—Misfortunes seldom come alone; and the proverb seemingly holds true with nations as with individuals. Difficulties are falling thick and fast upon the head of England. Her working population are almost in a state of social insurrection against the present high prices of provisions. For two or three Sundays past they have met in riotous gatherings in London; and on next Sunday they are to meet again to appoint and inaugurate a "Provision League" to reduce and keep down the price of food. These gatherings will lose nothing in audacity by their recent success in their agitation against Lord Grosvenor's Sunday Trading Bill; and now that a London mob knows its power, it will not be likely to yield on a subject which it feels so acutely, and which so vitally concerns it, as the question of food. And if to this we add the probability of manufacturing industry coming to a dead lock, in consequence of the momentary crisis which prevails at present, and which makes the country tremble on the brink of bankruptcy, it will take some more convincing proof, than the magniloquent declamation of the English press, to show us that the country is in a flourishing condition, and that English victories abroad compensate for commercial disasters at home.—*Tipperary Leader*.

The *Liverpool Journal* of Saturday, dated 2 o'clock in the morning, says:—"We have a telegraphic message from London conveying most serious intelligence, and we vouch for its information coming from a source which excludes the possibility of a doubt. The country is on the eve of a war with the United States, unless public opinion is brought to operate on her Majesty's ministry. An active change of diplomatic notes has taken place this week between the Earl of Clarendon and the American Minister. The cause assigned by ministers, for the appearance of our ships at Bermuda, was the report of a Russian privateer, now fitting out in the port of New York; but the fact is denied, and it is well known that this is a mere pretext, for the real cause refers to the Mosquito Territory. The onerous business never occasioned an angry word from the Government at Washington, nor caused a solitary word against Washington. The Mosquito question is the one which imperils the peace between Great Britain and the United States. It has been for some time a source of diplomatic dispute between the two countries, and now tends to an open rupture. It would be madness to quarrel about it."

Her Majesty's steam troopship *Simoon*, Captain Sullivan, having repaired the defect in her after hotwell, left Spithead yesterday afternoon for Balaklava, with the 1st Light Infantry Regiment of the British German Legion. A rather romantic circumstance has attended the departure of these troops. On Monday night one of the privates was discovered to be a woman, and a very fine, handsome, young woman, too, French, the wife of a soldier of the regiment, who is a Swiss. This gallant wife regularly enlisted, and passed muster; it would appear afterwards. On the discovery of her sex the fact was reported to the Colonel, who ordered her to be landed, but she begged so hard, and her appeal was so heartily and generally supported by the comrades of her husband, that she has been allowed to accompany him in her capacity as a soldier, *pro tem*, as she expressed her determination to fight and die in the same service as her husband. The enthusiasm of the regiment is universal at this unlocked for episode in the outset of their martial career. So pleased were a number of visitors to the ship, officers and men, with her spirit and prepossessing appearance, that a subscription was speedily raised of upwards of £20 for her. She shouldered her rifle and has performed her military evolutions admirably.

The waste and pressure of a great war begin to pinch us sharply. As winter approaches—the second winter since we have been fairly embarked in it—we have wheat at 12s. a bushel—consols at 86—the bank demanding six and seven per cent. for the discount of good commercial paper—mumurs and failures in the city—turbulent crowds in Hyde Park—and, at no great distance ahead, at ten per cent. income tax and another loan! These are the ordinary and inevitable incidents and consequences of a contest such as that in which we are engaged.—*Guardian*.

We believe there can be no doubt that all operations on a large scale for the expulsion of the Russians from the Crimea are abandoned for the present season. The main body of both armies will at once go into winter quarters, and the attention of the newly appointed British General will be for the present chiefly directed to the provision of shelter for his troops, their distribution over dry and healthy spots, the storing of supplies to meet their necessary or probable wants, the construction of proper roads, and the organization of effective transport. Five months of inactivity are before the armies of the East. If it has been the object of the Czar to hold the Crimea during the winter in order to raise the courage of his empire and its sympathizers, that object is gained. Should he be prepared for the inevitable losses of this long and dismal bivouac, should the exhausted provinces of the south still furnish the endless teams of oxen requisite for another half-year of daily convoys, should money not fail, and the patience of those whose deepening poverty must supply it not wear out, then he may have his will, and, by unheard-of sacrifices, add to the fame of his race for obstinacy and endurance, if not for military judgment or political foresight. Whatever be the purpose of the Czar, it seems that no action on our side will interfere with it. He will have to struggle against the elements, against distance and desolation, but, until returning spring hardens the treacherous soil of the Crimea, the armies of Pelissier and Codrington will merely watch their foe.—*Times*.

THE DELINQUENT BANKERS.—The sentence on Strahan, Paul, and Bates is severe only as an amount of endurance distinctly presented to the apprehension; it is not severe in proportion to the offence, nor less than the fair justice of the case demands. For inflicting less mischief than that which was inflicted, three men are subjected to a fate which strips them of their worldly goods and sends them to compulsory labour. How many unoffending people did they secretly strip of their worldly goods? They sentenced Dr. Griffith and numbers of other blameless people to wholesale confiscation; and it is only too probable that some of that number will, by the act of the three bankers, be sentenced to labour for their livelihood. It is too probable that in some respects the position of the innocent victims may be worse than that of the criminals; the three convicts are penniless and consigned to labour; they may not have the port wine which they could still obtain in the House of Detention, but they are assured their daily bread throughout the term of their imprisonment. How many honest folks would be glad to have so much assured to them.—*Globe*.

CHURCH PREFERENCE.—The rectory of Millbrook, in Hampshire, is vacant, through the death of the Rev. Mr. Phillips. It is worth £500 a year, and is in the gift of the Bishop of Winchester. The late rector was very wealthy, and died at an advanced age. He lent money to Bishop North's wife, who was a great gambler, and he received the gift of the rectory of Millbrook in lieu of the debt, North being the Bishop of Winchester at the time. The Rev. Mr. Phillips also possessed the vicarage of Eling, a neighbouring parish to Millbrook, worth £1,200 a year.—*Daily News*.

The *Glasgow Free Press* gives the particulars of a brutal assault by a Scotch Protestant mob upon the Irish labourers engaged upon the work in progress in Dumbarton:—"The contest was not so much between Scotchmen and Irishmen, as it was a wanton, unprovoked, and treacherous assault of Protestants against unoffending Catholics." This was shown by the mode in which hostilities between the belligerents were first provoked. It appears that on Saturday night some of the ruffians of the Protestant party went through the streets shouting "to hell with the Pope." Such an anathema from miscreants so vile was deserving rather of contempt than indignation; but the Catholic intrepidity which is bravest at Sebastopol is not likely to brook an insult at home from the foul mouth of bigotted scoundrelism. Accordingly, the miscreant cursers got a good drubbing. "Serve them right," ought to be the remark of every sensible person, when considering the affair so far. Not so, however, decided the party who were identified with those chastised miscreants. Instigated by assassin treachery and brutal bigotry, they armed themselves, confederated in gangs, and laid in wait to abuse and murder all the Irish Catholics who might happen to fall into their hands. Providentially, however, as the Catholics all were determined to resist, efforts were successfully exerted to prevent a general conflict. We are given to understand that several respectable and quietly disposed Catholic families have since the foregoing outrage, left Dumbarton in terror and disgust."

The *Times* has at last discovered that it is bad policy as well as cold blooded murder to exterminate the Celts. "It is only for the Scottish Highlanders he pleads at present; however, the mere Irish have not yet arrived at the honor of British sympathy:—"If we want men for our armies—and we do want men—we must go to Manchester, or Birmingham, to the streets and lanes of this metropolis—anywhere, but not to the Highlands of Scotland. You may there go a long day's journey and literally not see a house or a man. Houses and man have been there, but are there no more. Valleys have been cleared, villages effaced, the plough and the spade driven into exile, fields, gardens, busy communities swept away and forgotten, that primeval nature may resume her stern sway. In the last age, and the age before that, it was all for sheep; and it was economy that triumphed over all other human considerations. In the present age the sheep themselves, in many places, are giving away to the wilder species. A mountain, it is found, pays better as a "shooting" than as a sheep-walk, and so, with a brief interval of sheep, deer, grouse, and the black cook, have fairly ousted man. No doubt a man may do what he likes with his own, and no doubt it is much better to breed these pretty creatures for the purpose of hunting and shooting than to harbor a few hundred Christian families, for any profit that is likely to come of them. Yet the nation cannot look on with absolute indifference at the extinction of her people. England is not very sentimental. She does not sit, like Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not; but, if something is to be said for a sentimental penchant for the wilder scenes of nature, and forms of animal life, we may also be excused some regrets that the old race of Highlanders, that has contributed so much to our poetry at home and our glory abroad, should be reduced to a few game-keepers, gillies, guides, boatmen, and the rest of the pampered mental train. A tame lion is a very poor beast, and in these hangers on of the kitchen it is not easy, or, at least, not very pleasant, to recognize the

race that has existed in insulation and almost integrity for a thousand years or more, and that, only a century ago, marched into the heart of England and threatened the metropolis. We are proud of our Highlanders—of their stature, their fine bearing, their ancient costume—doubtless the very same in which Brennus destroyed Rome—and that peculiar hardihood which is supposed to dispense with the most essential part of modern clothing; but they are hardly to be found except in a regiment in the Crimea, by no means exclusively Highlanders, and a few men and boys, who wear the tartan to impose on, or to adorn the household of, the wealthy Englishman who has the shooting for the season. After the rebellion of 1745, it was estimated that the clans could bring into the field considerably more than thirty thousand able-bodied men. They have long been unable to keep up the tall "Highland" Brigade, without the aid of other races. The Frasers could muster 900; and the other day a Fraser traversed the whole Lovat country with a recruiting party and found scarcely one to answer his summons. Some of the replies indeed, were by no means agreeable.—One man said he had eight sons in Canada, where they were all doing well, and he had no wish to see them return. One drily observed that if they wanted anything from the Highlands for the war they had better take out a few stags' heads, for the country now produced nothing else. Such a depopulation is all the more remarkable in the face of an immense increase in other parts of these isles. Part of this famous race has mixed with the great stream of emigrants, and now contributes to the sinew and bone of Canada or the neighboring republic. Part is still more lost in our great towns. For such a loss it is but poor amends to hear that a few score wealthy southerners are having good sport, and are distributing grouse to their friends."

UNITED STATES.

CONVERSIONS.—One remarkable feature respecting the increasing number of conversions to the Catholic faith this year, is that more of them than ever before are from the Presbyterian and other more rigid and extreme Protestant denominations. We attribute this to the disorganising effects of Know-Nothingism upon these sects as religious bodies. Men are coming to see more clearly that, except as they become Catholics, they must give up all efforts at being religious, or having any living respect for Christianity.—*N. Y. Freeman*.

Catholicity is increasing in the West to an extent heretofore unprecedented. At the late Council held in St. Louis, several new Bishoprics were proposed in order that the great labor now devolving upon the present Bishops and Clergy may be diminished. Many emigrants at last accounts were putting into Iowa particularly, and forming new settlements and buying up Government Lands for farming purposes. May these things continue.—*Catholic Herald*.

THE EPIDEMIC AMONG THE EPISCOPALIANS.—We have to announce another withdrawal of a student of the N. Y. Seminary from our own communion to that of Rome. In the present instance the transition was unprecedentedly abrupt, the student in question, who was previously a candidate for orders in the Church of the Advent, Boston,—a congregation whose ecclesiastical peculiarities have almost entirely detached it from the Episcopal jurisdiction in that diocese,—having spent last week at the Seminary, having commended in an Episcopal Church in New York on Sunday morning, having attended Romish worship in the evening, and having formally taken leave of the Seminary next day. The truth these repeated lessons teach us is a very important one, and that is, that until we finally remove from our borders offices for the sale of through tickets to Rome we will find Rome using our territory for a branch road by which her converts can the more readily make the connection between a dreamy mediocrity on the one side, and Romish idolatry on the other.—*Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder*.

A Missionary Priest, a convert to the faith, after a tour through Western Pennsylvania two years ago, said to us from what he had seen going on through the natural and healthy growth of Catholic communities in that region, that the thought which possessed him was how one day the country would wake up and be astonished to find that it was already Catholic, unawares! A similar sentiment took possession of us some months ago in listening to the accounts given us by a well known Catholic gentleman of Central New York, in speaking of the growth of Catholicity along the line of the Erie Railroad, in the southern counties of New York. He told us how in Ellicottville, where ten years ago there was but one Catholic, there is now a church with 800 communicants. That in the two counties of Cattaraugus and Allegany, within the same time eleven churches have sprung up. That in Wyoming county, in the two towns of Java and China, there are one thousand Catholic families engaged in farming, most of whom have already paid for their land, and having churches, also out of debt. These were instances given us in the State of New York of the progress of the faith.—*Freeman's Journal*.

A FACT TO BE CONSIDERED.—The number of Immigrants arrived at this port up to November 7, amounts to 121,224. The number, to the same date of last year, was 267,493. This leaves a difference of 155,269 between these months of '54 and '55, a remarkable falling off in the infusion of what are called "foreigners" in our midst.—*Irish American*.

In reply to several friends of this paper who wish to know the practical effect of our writing on Emigration up to the present time, we are enabled by the facts to state that they have exceeded our expectations, and that there is a healthy feeling in favor of the project throughout all the Eastern States. Indeed, we did not suspect that within the space of time which we have devoted to it, so much could be done—so many prejudices against "moving" destroyed—so many fallacious views of Canada and the West put to flight. Our object now is to give the appearance of a system to the movement—to shape into order, to report its steps, to see it turned to the best advantage for the Church and the settlers.—*American Celt*.

It is said that six thousand Irishmen, aside from other laborers, perished in the construction of the Panama Railroad.

WINTER AND THE LABORERS.—The coming winter will be one of dear food and little work for the Irish laborers of New York. Proscription will exclude them from "jobs" in which they now earn a living, and a large number of families by this means will be thrown upon the city to beg, borrow, or steal a sus-

tenance. Last year, we venture to assert, that there was more Irish destitution in the Island of Manhattan than in any five parishes of Connaught. The soup-kitchens of Canal-street were horrid parodies on those of Skibbereen. How will the poor who live by daily labor pay high prices and keep themselves now when they were compelled to implore alms then?—*American Celt*.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.—There is a significant fact in fact in connection with the late election in this city. When the victory of the Know-Nothings was no longer doubtful, a body of men known as the O.U.A., in Brooklyn, (an Irish Orange Society,) marched to the residence of Brooks, (the unfortunate man whose ignorance and prejudices in the State Senate attracted the notice of Archbishop Hughes,) and testified their admiration of his anti-Catholic character by vociferous cheering, and blood-and-thunder "anti-Popish" speeches. Two or three evenings later, the Know-Nothing body called a meeting in honor of their success, and before dispersing, gave three cheers for "Irish Protestants" in particular, and "all Protestants" in general. Who will, after this, assert that New York Know-Nothingism is not a war upon the Catholic Church?—*Id.*

CHURCHES IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—From the census returns of the State of New York, it appears that there are 56 different Christian denominations in the State, numbering 4,921 churches. In the districts not yet returned, there are probably twenty more; making the total 4,951. The sects having the greatest number of churches are, first, the "Methodist Episcopal," 1,353; second, the "Close Communion Baptist," 723; third, the "Presbyterian, old and new school," 603; fourth, "Protestant Episcopal," 349; fifth, "Congregational," 301; sixth, "Catholic," 290; and seventh, "Reformed Protestant Dutch," 243.

WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 13.—Commodore Paulding has been selected, being regarded by the Secretary of the Navy as a prudent officer, to visit San Juan de Nicaragua, with his flag-ship *Polonac*. He was closeted with the Secretary this afternoon, relative to the course to be pursued by him in that quarter. Notwithstanding the avowed innocent objects of the British fleet just despatched to the West Indies, the movement is regarded here with indignation, if not as an incipient step towards a hostile act, and hence additional orders have been sent to the naval stations to-day by the Naval Department, in reference to preparations.

What a flurry has been raised here by the *Times* Thunderer—or, blunderer. If a declaration of war were in contemplation by the British Government, the *Times* could not well have said more. But though the *Times* is on a wrong scent, as to any contemplated invasion of Ireland from this country, which was never dreamed of by our native filibusters, and casts undeserved reproach upon our Government by holding it responsible for the piratical invasion of Nicaragua, it may be correct in the supposition that the reinforcement of the British West India squadron has some reference to disagreement on some questions between this Government and that of Great Britain. The *Times* does not specially allude to the failure of Mr. Buchanan's negotiation. But that cause may have operated upon the British Government as well as the more palpable reasons of economy and convenience, in sending some of their ships of war to winter at the West India station, or off San Juan del Norte. This Government broke up two of Walker's expeditions and endeavored to arrest the last one to Nicaragua; but the difficulty that occurred with the French consul, Dillon, prevented it. The jury acquitted Walker upon the plea that Dillon had refused to attend upon his, Walker's, summons. It appears probable that General Walker will attempt to take possession of San Juan del Norte, under the present pretended Government of Nicaragua, and that the attempt will be resisted both by our own Government and that of Great Britain, and both Governments will soon have a naval force at that point. There is no war in the question—but there is to be an awful backing out on the part of our Government from the demands made through Mr. Buchanan, of the abandonment by Great Britain of all pretensions in Central America. The Monroe doctrine makes a small show, just now, and Gen. Cass must be relied upon for an inquiry, what has become of it. It is not through General Walker that our Government wishes to enforce it, nor even through Col. Kinney's more quiet and feeble efforts to Americanize Central America.—*American paper*.

A witness in a liquor case in Manchester, Mass., the other day, gave the following testimony:—"Sal soda is ice and water and some stuff squirted into it from a concern. Don't know whether it is intoxicating or not: it makes one feel good—feel lift easier."

In the Vermont House of Representatives, on Monday, the 5th instant, a bill was introduced by Mr. Robertson, of Searsburgh, to prevent traffic in intoxicating liquors, punishing the third offence by death, which was referred to the committee on the liquor law, without printing.

The papers state that a convention of husbands is to be called shortly at Syracuse, New York, to adopt some measures in regard to fashion. They say that since they have to support the expenses of fashion, they have a right to regulate its caprices. It is also said that a proposition to raise boys only, in future, is to come before the convention. The members are to resolve themselves into a husbands' rights party.

A PROTESTANT MOB IN BATH.—On Sunday the Catholics of Bath were prevented by a mob from holding services appropriate to the laying of a cornerstone of a church. We learn from the *Tribune* that during the afternoon a wooden cross was pulled down, and in the afternoon the United States flag was raised in its place. The flag was removed by the acting Mayor, Mr. Russell, but on his departure it was put up again. A rush was made for the cornerstone, which had been previously laid, and several attempts were made to remove it, but this was prevented through the exertions of some of the city officers. The Bishop gave orders that the exercises should not be held, and the crowd dispersed—a lawless mob having successfully interfered with the religious rights of a portion of their fellow-citizens. No arrests were made.

A QUESTIONABLE HEIR.—Prentice says:—"Three years ago a man in Mississippi cheated us out of twenty dollars, and now his son cheats us out of about the same sum. The young man's propensity to cheat is probably the only thing he ever came honestly by."

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 23, 1855.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The war panic is fast abating, and judging from the tone of the American press, it would seem that, though John Bull and cousin Jonathan may growl at one another across the Atlantic, they are not such fools as to fall a fighting. Explanations have passed betwixt the respective Cabinets, and no doubt the diplomatists will set matters to rights, and prevent a war even if they can not abate the bitter, and we suppose ineradicable feeling of hostility that Yankees entertain towards Britain, and British subjects.

From the Crimea, we have no further news. In London, the dearth of provisions has caused much dissatisfaction amongst the poor and laboring classes. Large meetings have been held, and violent speeches have been followed up by still more violent deeds. It is in vain to attempt to ignore the fact, that a spirit of discontent with the existing state of things is rife amongst the masses, and that a serious outbreak is amongst the possibilities for which the Government should be prepared. An empty stomach makes a dangerous subject; and with wheat at 12s the bushel, we fear that there are many empty stomachs in England at the present moment.

THE INQUISITION IN CANADA.

Yes—henceforth the "Holy Tribunal" must be fairly reckoned amongst our Canadian institutions; and Canada must be content to share the reproach—such as it is—of visiting offences purely spiritual with temporal punishments, with Rome, Spain, and the Tuscan Dominions. For we too have our Inquisition; the only difference between ours, and that of the above named countries, being that, whilst theirs is a spiritual Court, presided over by ecclesiastics and theologians—with us, a purely lay or civil tribunal hears the cause, pronounces sentence, and awards punishment. "To be a well favored man is the gift of fortune," says Dogberry; but the knowledge of theology of course "comes by nature."

A. M. Rudolph, editor of a journal published in Upper Canada, in the German language, and of ultra-Protestant or denying principles, has been protesting a little too far for the majority of his co-religionists. He had got himself involved, it would appear, in a discussion with a Catholic priest in the County of Waterloo; in the course of which, he not only blasphemously assailed the "Christian truth" of Transubstantiation, or the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist—for this would have been a highly laudable act—but he protested against and coarsely reviled—in the style of a Cummings, an Achilli or a Kirwan when denouncing the great truths of Catholicity—some other doctrines or truths of the Christian religion. For this latter offence—whilst a Cummings or a Garazzi, a Nick Kirwan or Leahy, may "blasphemously libel" the Church of Christ as long as they please—M. Rudolph was indicted, put on his trial, convicted, and fined. This too in a country, be it remembered, in whose Statute Book it is declared to be desirable to do away with all semblance even of connection betwixt Church and State—religion and politics—things spiritual and things secular. Even in the annals of Protestantism it would be difficult to find an instance of more monstrous inconsistency.

The accused—as we read in the journals of the Upper Province—"was tried at the Berlin assizes and found guilty of having published and circulated a blasphemous libel on the Christian religion." At this announcement we naturally ask—Who were they who sat in judgment in this cause? what means had they of knowing, with infallible certainty, what is the Christian religion, and the "truths" therein revealed? wherein was their collective judgment upon these matters to be preferred to the "private judgment" of M. Rudolph?—but for giving expression to which "private judgment" he was arraigned before them. And if they had no better means than had M. Rudolph for arriving at the certain knowledge of revealed truth, how—we ask—in the name of all that is absurd, of all that is inconsistent, of all that is Protestant, could they presume to find him "guilty of blaspheming religious truth?"

"A blasphemous libel" on the "Christian religion" implies of course a denial of its truths; and it matters not which of these truths it is, that is libeled or denied; whether it be this one, or another, or even all of them. The offence before God, is still the same; and if, in one case, cognisable by a tribunal upon earth, so also in every other. Why then, if M. Rudolph is tried and convicted for his libels, are the French Canadian Missionary Society, the *Globe*, the *Montreal Witness*, and the Protestant press gener-

ally, allowed to issue their "blasphemous libels against the Christian religion" with impunity?

The Judge before whom the case was tried laid down the law upon this subject, as he interpreted it; though we do not pretend to say that that interpretation is universally accepted by our Courts of Law. He said:—

"No man had a right to publish and circulate such sentiments as those the defendant seemed to entertain, calculated as they were to undermine the religion and liberties of the subject. A man has a right to hold what opinions he chooses; but he is not at liberty to print them, if they are of a pernicious character. The principles of the defendant were so opposite to those which Christians usually believed in, that the propagation of them by the press would be dangerous to those fundamental doctrines of religion, on which their whole judicial system is based."

Such language would be intelligible and consistent in the mouth of a Catholic judge, administering and expounding the laws of a Catholic country. But in Canada, which has no religious character, which maintains that it is desirable to do away with—even the semblance of any connection—betwixt the State and religion—it is manifestly absurd. The very essence of Protestantism—in its theory at least—is that every man is not only at liberty to believe, but in matters of religion, to preach and publish what he will. It is upon this principle only, that the emissaries of the various Protestant proselytising societies can defend their attempts to "undermine the religion" of a Catholic people in Lower Canada; only upon this principle that an excuse can be set up for the "Soupers" of Ireland, or the agents of the Bible Society on the Continent of Europe. But if no one has a right to "undermine the religion" of the subject—if Mr. Rudolph is justly punished in Upper Canada for printing, publishing, and propagating "principles opposite to those which the majority of professing Christians in the Upper Province usually believe in,"—then most just was the imprisonment of these interesting martyrs the Madiais—most salutary everywhere the action of the Popish Inquisition.

For what is the Inquisition? It is a tribunal especially appointed to inquire into all charges of "blasphemous libels against the Christian religion;" as, in Catholic countries, and according to Catholic principles, such offences are justly punishable by the civil magistrate—to whom, after conviction, the Inquisition hands over the "blasphemous libeler," or him who has been convicted of publishing and promulgating pernicious doctrines "calculated to undermine the religion and liberties of the subject, or dangerous to the fundamental doctrines of religion on which their whole judicial system is based." This Court or Tribunal is moreover composed, not as in the Protestant Inquisition of Upper Canada, of laymen—but of ecclesiastics and theologians; who have made the study of the doctrines of Christianity the special business of their lives; and who though individually fallible, yet as being in connection with, and in all their proceedings, controlled by, the infallible decisions of the Catholic Church, are competent to pronounce, with unerring certainty, what does, and what does not, constitute a "blasphemous libel" upon revealed truth. But it is evident, that a tribunal which has not, which does not even pretend to have, any certainty as to what constitutes "truth" in the religious or supernatural order, can not honestly arrogate to itself the right to sit in judgment upon the religious opinions of others, or to determine what is contrary to, or a libel upon, the supernatural truth which it has no means of ascertaining with infallible certainty.

We are not finding fault with the conviction of M. Rudolph. On the contrary; we admit that if guilty of the crime imputed to him, he justly deserved to be chastised by the secular arm. But we do find fault with the partiality with which our laws are administered; with that spirit which punishes a Rudolph, whilst, with fiendish yells, it hails the ribald blasphemies of a Garazzi, an Achilli, a Nick Kirwan, an impure wretch like Leahy, and the rest of the honorable confraternity of evangelical converts from Popery. But we do wonder at the absurdity of a lay tribunal sitting in judgment upon a purely spiritual question; but we do wonder at such a trial in a country whose Legislature declares it desirable to place an eternal and impassable gulf betwixt the spiritual and the temporal; but we do wonder at a trial for blaspheming religious truth amongst a people who encourage, by every means in their power, such "blasphemous libels," and reward the libelers; but we do wonder at a verdict of "Guilty" against M. Rudolph, from a jury which would, we have no doubt, have acquitted the Madiais, and given a public oration to Garazzi. Or rather we should not wonder at all; for what is there wonderful in the inconsistencies, the dishonesty, the untruthfulness, the tyranny, and absurdities of Protestantism?

Rather should we rejoice, that, by their own conduct, Protestants are compelled to admit the falsity of, and their own consciousness of the utter falsity of, their fundamental principle—the "right of private judgment," and the consequent right of every man to preach as religious truth the findings of that "private judgment"—and to attempt to convert others to his peculiar religious views. This is the fundamental doctrine of Protestants when their object is to send their proselytising agents amongst a Catholic community; to scatter their "pernicious" doctrines amongst Catholics; to blaspheme and ridicule all that the latter hold sacred, and to circulate principles "calculated to undermine the Catholic religion." In such a case indeed, there is no limit to "Freedom of Speech."—Whether right or wrong in his opinions, the preacher or lecturer should be allowed—so Protestants will tell us—full and entire liberty of discussion; and the only weapons lawful to employ against him, are facts and logic. Now however we are told by the *Transcript* that "Freedom of Speech" the right to preach novel doctrines, and to proselytize, have

their limits—that a man may indeed believe as he likes; but that if, in fancied obedience to an inward divine command, "he set to burning down his neighbor's house, destroying his belief, or breaking up his worship, he becomes guilty of a misdemeanor, requiring and deserving the correction of the law." Now the *Transcript* is right; but why, we ask, if he hold such opinions, does he not recommend their practical application to the French Canadian Missionary Society, and the other agencies for "destroying the belief and breaking up the worship" of the French Canadians? He tells us too that, though a man may entertain infidel opinions, he must not be allowed to "inculcate them at the expense of the religious belief" of those among whom he dwells.—Here again we would beg of our cotemporary to apply his principles consistently. As thus—

That, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the consecrated Host is really and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of Our Lord Jesus Christ—"ac proinde totum Christum."—*Conc. Trid. Sess. 13, can. 1.*—is just as certain as that Christ is God, or that the Holy Ghost is a Divine Person;—for it is supported by precisely the same evidence and authority. To deny therefore any one of these Christian truths, is just as much an act of infidelity and blasphemy, as to deny them all. How then should they be dealt with, who, not believing in the Christian truth of Transubstantiation themselves—that is, who holding on this all-important question "infidel opinions"—endeavor to inculcate them at the expense of the religious belief of the French Canadians amongst whom they dwell? Why should M. Rudolph, in short, be handed over to the tender mercies of the Protestant Inquisition, whilst the far viler agents of the F. C. M. Society are allowed to stalk through the land, disgusting the simple people with their "blasphemous libels against the truths of religion?" If we are to have an Inquisition at all, let us at least know upon what principles it intends to act.

It would be well therefore, now that the Holy Tribunal is in active operation, if it would put forth, or cause to be put forth, with authority, a list of those "Christian truths which it is lawful to libel, and of those also against which not a word must be uttered under pain of fine and imprisonment. Such a work would be useful here, in Lower Canada, where it is quite uncertain to what extent it is lawful to publish "blasphemous libels" against the Christian religion; and where, in consequence, such blasphemies are daily published, and diligently circulated, to the great detriment of morality and religion, and to the dishonor of God's Holy Name. We should like to know, for instance—if the truth of the Trinity may be assailed with the same coarse ribaldry as is the equally important, and equally certain "truth" of the "Real Presence" or "Transubstantiation?"—whether the doctrine of the Vicarious Atonement of Christ is as legitimate a subject for profane jesting as is the doctrine of the Intercession of the Saints, reigning in heaven with Christ?—whether, if it be lawful to deride Christ's Mother, and to make obscene remarks upon her "Immaculate Conception," it be equally lawful to crack nasty jokes upon her Son?—whether, in short, a monopoly of "blasphemy" is to be secured to the evangelical world?—or whether the truths of Catholicity are entitled to be treated with as much deference as the opinions of the sects? We pause for a reply.

DECREASE OF PROTESTANTISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

By this we do not mean that Catholicity is on the increase; or that Protestantism in the strict and logical sense of the word—that is, the "Denial of Catholicity"—is decreasing; but merely that, as a religious system, as a phase or modification of Christianity, Protestantism is fast dying out amongst our neighbors on the other side of the lines, and becoming more truly and consistently Protestant or negative in its character. This change we do not look upon as "entirely satisfactory;" nor has the Catholic any cause for congratulation, or triumph in the fact that infidelity is rapidly supplanting the emasculated system of religion hitherto professed by the sects. Even Methodism with all its extravagancies is better than the negation of all religion; and the most corrupt form of Christianity is to be preferred to that downright Atheism towards which the Protestantism of the United States is fast moving.

Of the fact of the decline of Protestantism, in this sense, we have abundant evidence in the journals of all denominations of professing Christians. Catholics also, it is true—from the scarcity of priests to attend to the religious wants of their people, and from the smallness and rarity of their places of worship, which again is owing to the poverty of the Catholic population—have to lament the loss of numbers of immortal souls. But the one complaint of the Catholic press is, that it is almost impossible to keep up with the wants of the people, or to find a sufficiency of church accommodation. The Catholic difficulty is, to find churches for congregations.

The very reverse is the case with our Protestant brethren. Their difficulty is, not to find churches for their congregations, but to find congregations for their churches. Of the latter they have abundance, and of ministers, and preachers, a superfluity; but alas! these can find none to attend upon their ministry. If Catholics are perishing from lack of pastors to break unto them the bread of life, Protestants are daily famishing in the midst of plenty—because they will not take and eat the food presented to them.—"What is to become of our people?"—is the cry of the Catholic, moved to compassion at the sight of a great multitude in a desert place, without victuals, and with none to give them to eat. "What is to become of our churches?" eagerly enquires the Protestant, as he beholds Sunday after Sunday, a beg-

garly array of empty pews, or listens to the voice of the preacher gloomily echoing through the lonely and deserted aisles. "What is to become of our churches?"—is the problem which the Protestant clergy are trying to solve; for it is now certain that in numbers and in size they far exceed the wants of the Protestant people of the United States. "What is to become of ourselves? since there is no longer any man to listen to us?"

In support of our statements, we will cite a few extracts from the American Protestant press upon this subject; for which we are indebted to the *New York Christian Inquirer*, one of the most influential and best conducted of the number. In one issue of that journal—of the 10th instant—we find for instance the following:—

(From the *Cincinnati Gazette*.)

"The *Presbyterian Herald* published at Louisville, Ky., after enumerating some forty or fifty vacant churches in the West, belonging to the Presbyterian denomination, says:—

"There seems to be either too many great churches, or too few great men, as there are quite as many ministers without churches, as churches without ministers."

"To the above might have been added the no less important fact, that one-half, or two-thirds of the churches that are supplied with preachers have very slim congregations; and very many of them have scarcely strength to keep together."

This decay of congregations is in part attributed to the want of attraction in the preaching of the minister; thus admitting that, with Protestants, it is not the love of God and the desire of doing Him homage in the way of His appointment, that draws them to the church; but the desire of having their ears agreeably tickled, and their emotions pleasurably excited, by the eloquence of man. Their worship is Pulpit, not Altar worship; they go to hear a lecture, not to serve God; and their adoration is given to the preacher, rather than to Him in Whose name he professes to address them. Therefore the *Cincinnati Gazette* recommends, as the only cure for the evil of which he complains, that a more eloquent set of preachers be engaged—"men who by their eloquence and ability, will attract people to church." At present, he adds, their humdrum discourses render the house of worship generally unacceptable.

The Methodists are no better off than are the Presbyterians, in spite of the "Revivals, Camp Meetings" and other modes of excitement, to which the former have recourse in order to render the worship of God attractive. Thus in another column, under the head, "Decline of Methodism," we read:

"The decrease of Methodism, both in England and in the places of its earliest triumphs in this country, is a fact so remarkable as naturally to excite inquiry as to its causes. Its origin in the movements of Wesley, its rapid extension, its lively and animating spirit, the zeal of its ministry diffusing itself among the masses, are matters of history. Having arrived at its culminating point, the evidences of its decline are too obvious to admit of concealment."

Then a writer in one of the Episcopalian organs complains of the difficulty of converting the New Englanders to Episcopalianism. "The expense" he says "of making a Churchman out of such materials, makes the article in this neighborhood comparatively scarce."

The Independents or Congregationalists sing the same sad song. By way of showing that the latter are not exempt from the universal curse of barrenness, the *N. Y. Christian Inquirer* copies the following—under the significant caption—"What Is To Become Of Our Churches?"—from an article in the *Independent*:—

"WHAT IS TO BECOME OF OUR CHURCHES?—I observed in a late *Independent* a statement of the progress, or rather depreciation of the Congregational churches in New-Hampshire and Vermont the past twelve years. Maine might have been placed in the same category. We have numerous organizations and appliances of a religious nature; Missionary, Bible, Tract, Education Societies. Also sermons, Sabbath-schools, and Prayer-meetings; and various additional moral machinery, operating almost at every fire-side. And yet no millennium comes! And yet, in regard to numbers, the churches retrograde! Now, something about this is wrong. I may not be able to designate the wrong, but this I know, something is wrong. Indeed it is but too obvious that the absence of the Holy Ghost is our precise difficulty. This (as well as in other ways) is indicated by our preaching characteristics. To say nothing of others, Congregational preachers, at present, give very slight indications of being "filled with the Spirit." So at least it is in this region. On the Sabbath we attend to the reading from the pulpit of good, well-constructed, religious essays. These readings usually occupy some 30 minutes; a portion of the audience sleep, another portion gaze around upon their associates, and a third portion criticize the composition."

Then in another paper we read how the New Hampshire State Convention of this body was held on the 16th ult.; and how in its Report it announces to the world, that, in spite of the great increase in population;—

"We have but 8,000 more members than we had a quarter of a century ago, and we have between two and three thousand less than we had twelve years ago. In 1843, we reported a total of 10,647; and in 1854, a total of only 8,229."

Then the Baptists strike in; but still to the same tune. Their organ, the *True Union*, tells us that their churches—"yield an annual revenue of about 22,000 *deceived souls* to perdition"—whilst about 13,000 are annually "dismissed by letter," and what becomes of them? And the *True Union* adds—that the great mass "neglect all their religion, break all their baptismal engagements, and mingle again with an ungodly world."

Another Baptist journal, the *Examiner*, corroborates the testimony of the *True Union*. He says:—

"Look at a few facts. The city of New York and its vicinity have increased in population within the last five years, to an extent that has surprised all classes of men. Yet the number of communicants in the Baptist churches of New York and its suburbs in 1855, is less than it was in 1850. Death, discipline, and removal, have taken larger numbers out of the churches than have been brought into them by letter, restoration and baptism; and, that, too, while the population has been increasing by tens of thousands from year to year! "It is doubtful whether we are now numerically as

strong in the State of New York as we were in 1854; and the same doubt hangs over our relative numerical strength in nearly every Northern State.

"The question ought, therefore, to come home, with a searching power, to every heart. Why should a Christian denomination, numbered by hundreds of thousands, planted in the midst of millions of people unconquered to God, fail to increase even far more rapidly than the population that surrounds them? Is there a remedy for such failure? And shall it be applied?"

"Whatever may be the causes which have contributed to the present state of the churches, all will agree that they have almost everywhere wrought spiritual feebleness and despondency."

Such is the present condition of American Protestantism, as described by American Protestants.—The picture is indeed a sad one, and we take no pleasure in gazing upon it; for we know that the defections from the ranks of the Methodists, the Anglicans, the Independents, the Baptists, and Congregationalists, argue, not a return of the American people towards Catholicity, but their relapse into heathenism. That in Canada the same process is going on—that Protestantism with us, as in the States, implies merely a total indifference to all religion, and the neglect of the worship of God, will be evident from the complaints of the Church, the leading organ of the Anglicans in Canada—the most respectable, because the least Protestant, of the various Non-Catholic sects that swarm on this Continent. After lamenting that, even in Toronto—the head quarters of his sect, and where there is a Government functionary especially charged by the authorities at home with the superintendence of the offices of religion—there are no more "privileges of worship, thanksgiving, or communion of saints," than in the remotest country village, the Church of the 16th instant goes on to say:—

"Those thoughts are suggested by the painful thought, alas! as respects this Diocese, the ordinary fact, that during our recent visit of several days to Toronto, we heard the sound of no church-going bell, nor saw the doors of one single holy sanctuary open for prayer and praise, either public or private. This might possibly have found some excuse five-and-twenty years ago; but surely it is now monstrous that this entire Diocese cannot maintain the lamp of devotion constantly burning in even one solitary Church."

"We arrived in one of those gorgeous floating palaces which are so justly the pride of our merchant princes, having previously travelled on one of our own Canadian Railroads, which is positively groaning under the pressure of traffic, the vast amount of which it is quite unable to accomplish: in the city itself we found the most unmistakable evidences of unexampled prosperity, enormous rents, splendid buildings, teeming land sales, every thing in short betokening the rushing energy of a people almost drunk with the rapid increase of their wealth. The Church alone seems unaffected by this unwonted stir of life; the Clergy, when dependent on their people, miserably supported, left to feel that they alone, of all the liberal professions, are bitter sufferers by the very prosperity that is enriching their flocks; Her debts unpaid; Her very towers unfinished; and, above all, Her doors closed six days out of seven, because Her lukewarm children feel no desire to thank the author of their abundance, or to pray that their riches may not be the means of shutting for ever the gates of heaven against them."

It is a pity that we can not make some arrangements with our Non-Catholic fellow-citizens. They have fine churches for which they have no use, and which they cannot fill; whilst alas! from our poverty, we cannot find church accommodation for our numerous and rapidly increasing Catholic congregations.

* Had the writer gone to one of the Catholic churches in Toronto, he would have found there a daily service, and the doors always open, from morn to night.

THE EVANGELICAL SWINDLERS.—The Saints of Exeter Hall have suffered a severe loss in the person of Sir J. D. Paul; who, with his comrades in iniquity, Strachan and Bates, has been found guilty, and sentenced to Fourteen Years' Transportation.—It is said that they will be sent to Gibraltar.

For many years this batch of convicts have occupied the foremost place in the evangelical world, as leaders of the hosts of Protestantism against the corruptions of Romanism; and in the words of the London Times—"while subsisting on wholesale plunder, these men assumed to be pious and charitable beyond their neighbors; to be the leaders in every subscription, the presiding and directing geniuses at every meeting for pious and eleemosynary purposes, the polished corners and the shining pillars of the temple. They were not content with impunity in plunder; they aspired to excite the veneration and admiration; of mankind at the very moment when they were most richly deserving their contempt and hatred. Never was there a more revolting combination; never more hypocrisy joined with more knavery."

The Times is evidently unacquainted with our evangelical celebrities in Montreal. Paul, Strachan, and Bates, have here their counterparts; fellows, who like themselves; "assume to be pious beyond their neighbors" and set themselves up as "the polished corners and shining pillars of the temple." Unlike their London brethren in rascality, however, the latter have hitherto managed to escape the punishment due to their crimes; but this may perhaps be accounted for by the fact, that the sufferers, by the dishonesty of the managers of the affairs of the Montreal and Provident Savings Bank, were for the most part poor labourers, and friendless immigrants, to defraud whom of their hard-earned wages and their savings of many years, was a far less dangerous operation than to dispose of the securities of wealthy merchants, and members of the British aristocracy. Such is the uncertainty of human justice! Paul, Strachan and Bates, with short cropped hair, and clad in convict grey, are in all probability at this moment employed in the delightful task of picking oakum, or turning the handle of a large crank; whilst in January next, the perpetrators of the great Montreal swindle, sleekly arrayed in glossy black, and with cravats marvellous for their dazzling whiteness, and their abundance of starch, will be holding forth from the platform in the Methodist Chapel, upon the errors of Popery, and discoursing most eloquently upon "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come!"

The following letter from the Very Reverend Dean Kirwan of London C. W., on the subject of immigration, will be found to merit the attentive consideration of the Irish Catholic settler in Canada. It is addressed to the editor of the *American Celt*, in which journal it originally appeared:—

LONDON, C. W., Oct. 24, 1855.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN CELT.

Dear Sir:—It is nearly nine years since I first advised the emigrants to leave the towns and settle upon lands. I clearly foresaw that their condition would be like a log floating on the surface of the water, having no resting-place, and ultimately exposed to the first tempest to be cast on the shore, there to rot. Some time afterwards I projected a scheme of colonization, and called a meeting in Toronto for that purpose. But having been informed at the first meeting by T. T. O'Neill, who stated, on the authority of Mr. Sullivan, then a member of the Executive, that "the Canadian Government" would not give the Crown lands into the possession of a second party, even for the purpose of colonization, I was marred in my first attempt. However, I was consoled, for the Government threw upon the lands in the district of Owen Sound, to which I had seen many emigrants direct their way. It was given free. I do believe our meeting was the moving impulse, for I there stated that if the Canadian Government did not give the land for the purpose of colonization, I would continue to organize and purchase land of the Government of the United States, in the West. Why do I state these facts? To show that I mean to devote some of my spare hours to the object in view. It does not arise from any controversy which may have arisen on the subject, but from a long and firm conviction that our race must ultimately perish and disappear, like the Indian tribes, unless some efforts are made by colonization to give them an immovable and solid footing on the American soil. Our people, in general, were toilers of the land. It is the occupation to which they were accustomed at home. Such, indeed, would be more congenial to their habits and manners than the nomadic and semi-barbarous life in the canals and railroads of America. Nor do I consider the fate or circumstances of those who live in the seaboard towns in the garrets, lanes and alleys, in a better position. The canals and railroads—fine national monuments of public utility—the profits of which they nor their posterity will never participate, are the only traces they will have left behind on this Continent. How different if they were located on the broad acres of the fertile West, or free Canada. Then, instead of being the ignominy of their country, they would be

"A bold peasantry, their country's pride."

I often wondered that men who had left their country with a view of bettering their condition and acquiring independence, would not prefer the solitude of the forest, where they would at least enjoy the freedom of the red man, rather than lead a life of the most debasing servitude in the retrograde march of civilization in the canals, railroads, lanes and alleys, subject to the tyranny and despotism of swindling contractors and unchristian stewards or bosses. If these laborers had worked on a farm two or three years as hard and as constant as they were obliged to work on the canals and railroads, they would at least have a home, a spot which they might with truth call their own, and perhaps have made the foundation of independence for themselves and their posterity. A laboring man who cannot call a part of the surface of this globe his own, may consider himself an alien among mankind.

The disjointed and irregular manner in which emigration from Ireland to the United States and Canada has been conducted, is the cause of the helpless and scattered condition of our countrymen. It needed organization to direct them, and to this I wish to draw your attention. Why is it that some forty thousand Mormons have more actual influence, and are more dreaded and feared than three or four millions of Irishmen in the United States? Because these are settled on land and form a united and compact body, whilst the large majority of those are scattered elements, without property, without a directing body, or head to direct and guide them. They are in the minority, and therefore subject to the wishes and control of the majority. Why is it that six hundred thousand French Canadians are respected in Canada by the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain? Because they are settled on the soil, form a compact and united body, having schools, colleges, and universities, a clergy to instruct them, and therefore have a national existence.

I do not mean to advocate a preference for Canada to the Western States, nor for the Western States to Canada. I would wish to see and take part in an organization to promote colonization in one or both of these places. The Government of Canada, with a laudable liberality, has thrown open the great and extensive Valley of the Ottawa, to emigrants, free. The question is, "Shall we allow this favorable opportunity to pass without inducing our countrymen in Canada to take advantage of it." I do not doubt but the Government of the United States would follow the example of Canada, if they found us ready to co-operate with them in inducing the surplus population of the seaboard towns to settle on land. Organization is necessary to carry out these projects, to direct the emigrant, and point out to him the advantage of becoming lord of the soil.

I beg, therefore, to propose to you, and to all who may be disposed to assist in establishing firmly our race on this Continent, to hold a Convention in the city of Buffalo, the month, day, and hour, to be mutually fixed, and due notice given in the journals which are devoted to the interests of Irishmen and Catholics in general.

We shall then determine the future steps to be taken to promote the object in view. There are many influential Irishmen and Catholics in Canada, whose sympathy for their oppressed and persecuted brethren in the United States, whose love for their kindred and race, will induce them to join and lend their co-operation. I am sure we will find a corresponding spirit among the Irishmen of the United States, and a willing and ready co-operation to promote the welfare of their countrymen.

I wish it to be understood that the Convention will have no connection with any party or society which may have a different object from colonization:—Requesting a speedy reply through the medium of the *Celt*.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

T. T. KIRWAN, R.C.D.

The Catholics of St. Sylvester have held a public meeting, to express their abhorrence of the murder of the unfortunate Corrigan, and their sympathy with his bereaved widow. We regret to see that some of our contemporaries have endeavored to re-suscitate religious animosities upon the occasion of this detestable crime, which all men, of all denominations, must equally reprobate, and upon which only one sentiment should prevail—the desire to bring its perpetrators to justice.

There is no real difference between stealing securities out of the pocket, and appropriating those which are left for safe-keeping, except that the guilt of breach of trust is added.—*Montreal Witness*.

Nor between "stealing securities out of the pocket," and cheating the poor depositors in a Saving's Bank out of their deposits—"except that the guilt of breach of trust is added."—*Eh, Mr. Witness*.

LES SERVANTES DE DIEU EN CANADA.—Par C. De La Roche-Heron. D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal.

This is an Essay on the different Communities of Religious Women in Canada, from the well known pen of C. De La Roche-Heron. We regret that the limited space at our command does not enable us to lay before our readers copious extracts from this valuable work; but we will endeavor to give them an idea of the services which our Female Communities in Canada render to the cause of religion and humanity.

Of these Institutions, seventeen in number, eight had their origin in France, one in Ireland, and eight are of Canadian birth. They have all spread themselves more or less over the surface of North America, and some have even extended themselves as far as Chili; and thus, in the words of our author:—

"In a country which scarce numbers one million of Catholics amongst its population, in a colony where the misfortunes of war had left only 65,000 Canadians, when a Protestant Power seized upon it, and where an heretical proselytism has alternately had recourse to bribes and persecution to pervert the faith of the people, we have to-day the satisfaction of reckoning upwards of One Thousand Nuns, divided between Seventy-six convents, giving instruction to more than Ten Thousand girls—to about one-half of these gratuitously; affording shelter to about Eight Hundred orphans; and nursing in their Hospitals and Asylums upwards of Five Thousand sick and infirm, annually. Such are the works of these Nuns, whom the enemies of the Church depict as the drones of society, and as squandering, without any advantage to the public, the wealth entrusted to them by the charity of our ancestors. Yet, what holds true of Canada, is true of every land where there exists a convent; and Piedmont, in banishing its Nuns, has driven out the instructors of youth, the benefactors of the poor, and the orphan's mother."—pp. 133, 134.

"By their fruits you shall know them"—saith our Lord—"For there is no good tree that bringeth forth evil fruit; nor an evil tree that bringeth forth good fruit. For every tree is known by its fruit." It is by this divine rule that we would have our Catholic Religious Communities tested; and surely, if to instruct the ignorant, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to shelter the homeless, and to administer to the wants of the fatherless children and widows—and this not from any hope of earthly reward, but solely from the love of God, and from a humble desire of imitating Him Who went about doing good—be good fruit, then must the tree on which this fruit grows be also good—therefore a tree of the Lord's planting. In their works do we find the sure proof of the heavenly origin of our Catholic Religious Communities, and the best answer to the diatribes of a Gavazzi, or a Maria Monk.

The Catholic public generally, but the Catholics of Canada in particular, are under many obligations to M. De La Roche-Heron for the pains that he has taken in collecting and publishing in a most captivating form, the details, hitherto but too little known, of our Canadian Catholic establishments.—Nor should we forget to make mention here of the splendid work, upon the same subject, by M. J. Viger, which has obtained the approbation of the first ecclesiastical authorities; and merited for its author the high honors conferred upon him by the Sovereign Pontiff; honors which we trust he may long continue to wear, and which every Canadian Catholic should take a pleasure and a pride in seeing decorating the person of the learned and pious archaeologist of Canada.

"AN APPEAL TO THE REFORMERS OF UPPER CANADA," by W. L. Mackenzie, Toronto.

Such is the title of a long-winded production sent to us through the Post Office. The substance of it is, that Mister Lyon Mackenzie has returned to the patriot line of business, and wants money to pay his washer-woman's little bill. Hence the "Appeal to Reformers;" a kind of whining "Beggars' Petition." "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," &c.

"THE ELEMENTS OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH CONVERSATION." D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal.

This is one of the Messrs. Sadliers' excellent school books, arranged in the form of a series of dialogues, carefully revised.

"FORGET NOT THE UNHAPPY." Poetry by C. Swain, Music by J. R. Magrath. Published by Carey Brothers, Quebec. For sale at Seebold Brothers, Montreal.

A very pretty little song, which we have much pleasure in recommending to the notice of our lady readers.

The *National* is the name of a new paper published at Quebec in the French language, and in the interests of the democratic party. Its leading articles are spiritedly written, and its appearance is highly creditable to the enterprise of its conductors.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Montreal, Nov. 20, 1855.

MY DEAR EDITOR—Our good friend, the *Catholic Citizen*, comes out strong against my malignity and absurdity in pretending that newspaper Editors and their correspondents, are not appointed to govern the Church, and to rebuke Bishops.

My "most unholly end" in thus presuming to call him to order, was only to show how unbecoming and essentially un-Catholic it was to publish rebukes and threats against his Bishop, such as the *Citizen* has thought proper to print. But your good confrere calls this "a just privilege of the community"; and pleads for his excuse that as other papers might have been appealed to, it was as well to open at once his own columns, being "perfectly secure in his own fidelity to the best interests of the Church."

Now, for the life of me, I cannot help laughing in my sleeve at this reasoning. Poor soul; he seems to be so much in earnest.

However, *transeas*—for the sake of peace. What an illustration of the truth of the old adage, "Save me from my friends!" I dare say his intentions are much better than his logic and theology. Therefore, may he rest in peace. Yours, &c.,

A CATHOLIC.

The *Toronto Mirror* gives a tabular statement of the public monies expended in Upper and Lower Canada respectively, for objects of local interest.—From this it would appear that the sum expended in the Upper Province amounts to £31,500; and in the Lower to, £21,750. The *Mirror* adds:—

"Thus, instead of Lower Canada receiving more than the Upper Province from the Consolidated Fund, it will be seen by the above that she actually receives £11,000 less. The grants for her educational and literary institutions, for charitable establishments, and for those public works which are erected for her especial benefit, are this amount below the sums granted to Upper Canada for the same purpose. Yet scarcely a radical in the country but regards the contrary assertion as just and true!"

We learn from the *Toronto Mirror* of the 16th instant, that His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto was expected to arrive on that day, in his Episcopal city.

On Saturday the 17th inst., the Grand Trunk Railroad as far as Brockville, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, was opened to the public. A large company of the principal merchants and capitalists of Montreal were present at the celebration, and everything went off in the most admirable manner.

The *Transcript* gives as one of the political rumors of the day, that, at the next election, Malcolm Cameron will contest the county of Lambton with Mr. G. Brown.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Edward O'Donnell, employed as a fireman on the St. Thomas Section of the Grand Trunk Railway, died on Thursday, 15th inst., from injuries received in being accidentally crushed between the engine and a wagon, at St. Jean Chrysostom, that day. The Coroner held an inquest upon the body; no blame was attributed to the engineer in charge of the locomotive, and the usual verdict of accidental death was returned. Deceased leaves a wife and one child.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

An unknown man was found dead on Thursday forenoon, in the Nuns' Field, St. Lewis road. An inquest was held upon the body; death supposed from intemperance and exposure. The deceased was a French Canadian, about 45 years of age. He had a vagrant appearance, and was in a wretched state from filth and vermin.—*Quebec Chronicle*, 17th.

The Dundas *Warrior* states that on Thursday, as a train on the Great Western Railway was passing near Gore Mills, a drunken man, named Niffles, who was travelling near the track, accidentally fell against one of the cars, got his arm so severely injured that it had to be amputated.—*Colonist*.

ATTEMPT TO BURN THE PORT SARINIA GAOL.—A most malicious attempt was made on the 3rd instant to burn the Gaol and Court House at Port Sarinia. The framing of one of the back windows and a large quantity of the woodwork of the ceiling of the passage into which it opened was destroyed, and for some time it was feared to be impossible to save the gaol. Had the fire extended, the prisoners, in being conveyed out, would have had to pass through this passage at great risk. It is supposed that the attempt was made by the friends of a man named Wataou, now under sentence for horse-stealing, who probably thought to rescue him during the confusion.—*Hamilton Gazette*.

SUDDEN DEATH.—A Mr. Edward Byrne, late of Quebec, died very suddenly last night about nine o'clock, on King street, nearly opposite the office of the northern Railway. He arrived at Lamb's Hotel, from Quebec, the evening previous, and, yesterday morning, feeling slightly ill, he went to see Dr. Russell, who gave him some medicine. He did not appear to be laboring under any pain during the day, and dined heartily at six o'clock. After dinner, he walked out with Mr. Ross, of Quebec, and had not gone far when he exclaimed, "My God! the fit is coming on again." He fell into Mr. Ross's arms, who gently laid him on the planks, when, without a struggle or moan, he died. The deceased was forty-eight years of age, and is said to have been of a very amiable disposition. He was formerly a clerk in the Supervisor's Office at Quebec, and had come up here in search of a more permanent situation. He leaves a wife and family of six children to mourn his sudden decease. An inquest will be held to-day, at 10 a. m., by Dr. Scott.—*Toronto Globe*.

We learn from the Dundas *Tribune* that a case of stabbing occurred in that town on Wednesday night last. It appears that some boys were out playing and picked up some geese on the road, and were throwing them up in the air, when the owner of them, Richard Caul, came out and in a fit of rage stabbed one of the boys, named Duncan Caulder, in the back, just under the shoulder blade. Caul was immediately arrested. His examination came off on Saturday, and resulted in committing him to stand his trial at the assizes.—*Colonist*.

GOOD NEWS FOR OUR SHIPBUILDERS.—We recently had occasion to mention that the French Government, had taken off the duties upon Wood goods entering the French ports. We now learn that a still more important concession to the principles of free-trade has been made by the French Government; for a writer from Paris, in the *Washington National Advertiser*, states that the French Government has determined to allow of the purchase of foreign-built ships to be placed under the French flag, with the usual privileges belonging to national vessels.

The decree allows the registry of foreign-built vessels on payment of a duty of 10 per cent *ad valorem*. This will open another immense field to our shipbuilders, who are spread all over the Province. Shipbuilding is the manufacturing business of Canada in a peculiar sense. Any amount of capital may be usefully employed, and there is an equal demand for scientific and mechanical skill.—*Mermaid*.

COUNTERFEIT BILLS.—There are in circulation five dollar bills of the Farmers' Joint Stock bank, altered to the Bank of Upper Canada of the same denomination, by pasting a slip containing the words "Bank of Upper Canada," over the words "Joint Stock Bank"—*Niagara Mail*.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Varenes, Rev. Mr. Desautels, 11 17s 6d; Laprairie, Rev. Mr. Gravel, 12s 6d; Granby, M. Gannon, 12s 6d; St. Jean Baptiste, Rev. Mr. Gingras, 12s 6d; St. Rosalie, Rev. Mr. Desnoyers, 6s 3d; Amherstburg, P. Madden, 6s 3d; Ingersoll, T. McHugh, 10s; Richmond, E. Dempsey, 12s 6d; Kingston, P. McManisan, 15s; Bentick, A. McDonell, 10s; St. Athanasie, D. Tasse, 12s 6d; Port Daniel, J. Garberry, 11 5s; St. Marie Beauce, R. A. Fortier, 11 5s; River David, J. Stoneham, 6s 6d. Per J. O'Sullivan, Prescott—J. Cowan, 11 5s; J. Ford, 6s 3d; F. Slavin, 6s 3d. Per M. Heaphy, Kemptonville—Rev. D. Farrelly, 10s; G. O'Neill, 5s; H. Loughlin, 5s. Per D. McGillivray, Alexandria—A. McGillivray, 10s. Per R. McDonald, Halifax—Rev. Dr. Cameron, 17s 6d; D. Grant, 17s 6d.

Birth.

In this city, on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Henri Louis, of a son.

Died.

In this city, on Friday, the 16th inst., Joseph, youngest son of the late Jeremiah Ladigan, aged 8 years, 2 months and 11 days.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is at present at Paris, engaged in the transaction of important business connected with the Catholic Church in England. On Sunday last his Eminence had a lengthened audience of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French.

INCREASED POPULARITY OF THE WAR IN FRANCE.—One good result at least has been obtained from the lion's share that fell to France in the capture of Sebastopol. The almost exclusive glory of that exploit has flattered and aroused the nation. Thousands who were, or feigned to be, indifferent to the war, have now thrown all their interests and all their energies into it. Regiments under orders to depart for the Crimea welcome with enthusiasm a summons received formerly with aversion. The war until now not universally popular with even the French army has of a sudden become so.—*London Examiner.*

The refusal of the military commandant of Messina to hoist the Neapolitan colors on the fête day of the French Emperor has been satisfactorily explained to the French government by that of the King of Naples. The latter regrets the omission, and gives "the assurance that formal instructions will prevent in future in all the ports of the Two Sicilies, the omission that has occasioned the just complaints of the government of the Emperor."

GERMANY.

Mr. Curtis, the English consul at Cologne, has been fined fifty dollars, with three months' imprisonment, for recruiting for the British German Legion, contrary to the laws of Prussia. Two of his agents have been similarly dealt with. Mr. Curtis has appealed against the sentence.

ITALY.

The correspondent of the *London Times*, writes from Rome:—"A person who is extremely well informed of what is passing in the political world, informs me that the Neapolitan Government has an 'imbroglio' with Rome as well as with the Western Powers. Some over-zealous person persuaded the Jesuits residing in the Kingdom of Naples to give a written certificate that an absolute Government was the only good one. When the intelligence of what had been done reached Rome, the Vicar-General of the Jesuits was very wrath, and disavowed the whole affair. That he did so will not appear very astonishing, when it is considered that the Republic of Paraguay was founded by the Jesuits.

RUSSIA.

A letter from Berlin in the *Cologne Gazette* says:—

"The greatest dissatisfaction is manifested by the higher classes of St. Petersburg. The state of affairs bequeathed by the preceding Government is borne with impatience, and little thanks are offered to the German Powers for the purely non-interventional and diplomatic attitude which prolongs the war. Still no real concessions are dreamt of. Russia is silent as yet on the Sound duty question. It is evident that at present a suppression of that duty would be but of slight advantage to her.

RELIGIOUS DISCONTENT IN RUSSIA.—The rumor of considerable religious discontent existing in Russia, is confirmed by a Government Circular just issued to the Russian Clergy:—"He who doubts the Czar to be the sole protector of the Orthodox Church, is declared to be an apostate."

Admires from St. Petersburg state that the Emperor is about to publish a manifesto ordering a levy of 10 men in every thousand throughout the empire, with the exception of some few provinces."

The preamble of the ukase for the new levies is in the following words:—"In consequence of the losses which our troops have suffered in the campaign of this year, we look upon it as indispensable thoroughly to complete our armies, for the purpose of repelling the enterprises of the enemy.

"ALEXANDER."

"Nicholaieff, October 15."

"Travellers who have recently passed Nicholaieff relate that the greatest energy is displayed in fortifying the Admiralty-Stadt (Admiralty-city).

"The Emperor himself sometimes appears in the trenches and encourages the soldiers. It is also related that he often visits the military hospitals, and speaks words of comfort to the sick. In one of the wards is an officer who received most frightful wounds at Sebastopol. The face of this poor fellow, which had been terribly burned, was covered as the monarch passed, in order that it might not be seen. The Emperor, however, lifted the linen covering, and on seeing that the eyes were completely destroyed he grasped the sufferer by the hand, and shed tears. The blind man, who heard that the Emperor was weeping, pressed his hand to his lips and blessed him. Alexander then took the Order of St. George from his own breast, and placing it in the hand of the officer, retired."

General Prince Gortschakoff has received, through General Stackelberg, full powers from the Emperor to defend or abandon the Crimea, according to circumstances, without incurring any responsibility for the determination to which he may come.

THE ARMY BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

(From the *Times* Correspondent.)

Oct. 20.—Here, at Sebastopol, nothing has been going on, and, in the absence of events, we are left to reflect on the past and to speculate on the future.—In the hasty lines I added to my last letter, just before post-hour, I mentioned that the projected expedition to Eupatoria was given up, an attack upon our own lines being expected. Accordingly, we since then have been turning out before daybreak every

morning, and occasionally at other hours also. Late on Wednesday night the reserve ammunition was warned to be ready early in the morning, as there was every probability of an attack. On Thursday forenoon the French were formed up in the Valley of the Tchernaya, awaiting a foe who came not. Yesterday, about noon, there were movements of troops, and it was reported that large masses of Russians were visible. There is much note of preparation and clatter of arms, but it nevertheless is the opinion of many here—some of them persons whose opinion has weight—that our Muscovite friends have not the remotest idea of attacking us, and that Lord Panmure's information to a contrary effect, derived from Berlin, proceeds, in fact, from St. Petersburg, or at any rate from friends of our enemies, who desire to prevent us from taking advantage of what little fine weather remains to undertake fresh expeditions. If this be the case, how heartily the Russians and their underhand favorers must have laughed when they heard of the trip to Eupatoria having been abandoned! On Wednesday the telegraph brought fresh information, originating in Vienna, to our head-quarters, to the effect that the Russians were about to abandon the north side. At present there are no visible signs of such approaching evacuation, nor is there any probable reason to assign for it, excepting one, which is, that the Russians find it impossible to supply their army during the winter. On this point opinions differ much. Some think that there will be no difficulty in bringing enough supplies by the road from Perekop; others doubt that road being sufficient, and think also that the Russian means of transport will run short.—It is pretty certain that no large depot of provisions exists near at hand, and also that none has ever existed, even at the commencement of the siege; for last winter the Russians—who doubtless never contemplated a siege or anything like such duration, nor probably an attack at all by land, and had made sure of speedily beating off any naval force brought against their great fortress—had a constant stream of supplies pouring into the town. It may be urged that they have taken advantage of the summer to lay in stores; but the drought of that season is as unfavorable to such an operation as the wet and cold and heavy roads of winter; and, unless by camels, which can do but little, transport continues very difficult. Taking a fair and unprejudiced view of all the chances and probabilities, I do not think they can have done more than make the supply meet the demand, and even that, we have reason to believe, at times but scantily. Their loss of beasts of draught and burden must have been prodigious, and the wear and tear of their ill-made carts proportionately large. Their chief motive for striving to retain their present position would be that, if they anticipate negotiations for peace this winter, these would be carried on more favorably to them whilst they still have a footing in the Crimea than if they had moved out of it, leaving us to garrison Sebastopol and Simpheropol, and, if we choose, to transport our army to the Danube and to Asia.

In Sebastopol itself there is nothing new. The Russians continue firing at the town, with little reply from the French. They fire principally at Sebastopol proper, but now and then drop a shot or shell into the Karabelnaia, and sometimes take the flagstaff on the Malakhoff for their mark. It is difficult to say why we spare them so much, unless it be that we expect them soon to walk away, and leave us their north side forts in good order and condition, which would be expecting rather too much. There would be no difficulty in forming batteries of heavy guns, to knock some, at least, of their defences about their ears.—Outside the town the French are hard at work leveling their siegeworks, filling up trenches, &c., though why they should take that trouble it is hard to say, unless they contemplate the probability of Sebastopol being garrisoned by the allies, and they, in their turn, besieged by the Russians. Visitors to the exterior works continue to be occasionally pretty numerous; fewer persons go into the town, the fire, which sometimes is really heavy, rendering it unpleasant. A more curious spectacle is assuredly nowhere to be found than in the space comprised between the lines where our batteries were and the harbor of Sebastopol. The ground in parts is literally paved with shot sunk in the earth, above which their upper surface scarcely rises; there are ditches and trenches in which they lie as thick as apples in a basket; in some places numbers of them have been buried. You see them of every size, from the huge 68-pounder down to the diminutive grape—jolly little fellows, of a pleasant vinous appellation, but very nasty to run against as they are passing through the air. As to the fragments of shell, you might macadamize roads with them—jagged, rusty bits of iron, infinitely various in size and form; one thinks, as one looks at them, how many a stout and gallant fellow received his quietus from some of them before they fell to the ground after their diverging upward flight. Then you come upon ill-treated cannon, trunnionless some, others with muzzles knocked off, some burst into two or three pieces, and others bearing indentations as from the hammer of a Cyclops. You walk up into the Redan—into the Malakhoff, if the French sentries object not—and you marvel at the huge dimensions of those famous works, and feel more surprised at their having ever become ours than at their having so long resisted the utmost efforts of English and French—such a medley of enormous earthworks, huge lumps of stone, heaps upon heaps of shot and broken shell and damaged guns, everything rugged and battered—a work of giants reduced to chaos.—And then the gloomy, fetid bombproofs, where, for so long a time, the stubborn Russians lurked—wretched holes, worse than most dungeons. A minutely accurate drawing of as much of the Malakhoff or Redan as an artist could embrace at a view would give a better idea of the nature of the difficulties to be surmounted than any attempted sketch of the fort.

The state of the town itself is the best proof of the enormous loss the Russians must have suffered during this long and eventful siege, and especially towards the close, when no part of the south side seems to have escaped our projectiles. The place is literally riddled with shot. You come upon all kinds of fantastical shattering—houses that stand when, according to all one's previous notions of support and balance, they ought to fall to the ground; walls with huge holes through them; roofs in rags, and every where, within and without the place, the ground is ploughed up into great holes by the bursting of shells. The news of the repulse and very heavy loss of the Russians at Kars is fully confirmed. The English officers there are said to have highly distinguished themselves. This severe check and the capture of Kinburn forts and their garrison must be a great dis-

couragement to the enemy. The success of the expedition makes one doubly regret that more has not been undertaken, and that so little profit has been made of the six weeks that have now elapsed since the capture of Sebastopol. It is manifest that we have ample means at our command, and that whatever is ordered, within reason, will be triumphantly executed by the zeal, skill, and courage of our officers and men, even though, as at Kinburn, our line of battle ships have to be taken where there are but two feet of water under their keels. What is wanting is a head to devise and decision and promptitude in command. It were unfair not to make due allowances for some difficulties and obstacles of which we know nothing, but we should be ever-indulgent and over-credulous if we admitted that all has been done that might have been.

The well-intended kindness of the "Queen's sixpence" is doing, I fear, much harm; used as it is by a very large portion of the soldiers as a means of excessive drinking. The consequence of this, and of the insubordination and many offences it leads to, is a large amount of punishment of various kinds—extra guards, stone-carrying, and flogging. The cart-wheel (here substituted for the triangle) is frequently rigged, and the Provost-Marshal and his assistants have plenty on their hands; but 25 lashes, or even 50, are not sufficient to wean the British soldier from his favorite vice. I hear of regiments in which there are literally scores of men under punishment of one sort or other for intoxication. One regiment was cited to me (I refrain from naming it) in which there were 60 offenders of all sorts at one time. In another nine sergeants were broken from drunkenness. On Saturday there was an issue of back pay (the extra sixpence), and I never witnessed a more disgraceful scene than was presented by the part of the camp in which it happened to be at about an hour before sunset on Sunday afternoon. I have no reason to believe that it was confined to that part of the camp; but I mention only that which I and a military friend who accompanied me actually saw, as we went against a railing enjoying the beauty of the evening. Half the men who passed along a track a little in our front were more or less intoxicated. Some were merely unsteady, others staggered, and straggled out of the path. Some were pugnacious, and we saw two fights begin, which were only put an end to by the arrival of a patrol. None, more than myself, would advocate every reasonable indulgence to an army which has deserved so well of its country as that of the Crimea, displaying, as it has done, on repeated occasions, and for long periods, the utmost valor, fortitude, and patience. But if means are not found of checking the great drunkenness that at present goes on here, the result will be a grievous scandal to the service. At the same time that I gladly record the physical well-being of the troops, I am bound to declare my conviction that they have never, since the commencement of the war, been in worse discipline and subordination.

HOW CATHOLICITY IS OPPOSED—A THOUGHT FOR HONEST PROTESTANTS.

(From the *Catholic Telegraph*.)

An honest Protestant is a Protestant who is opposed to the Catholic religion—not for the sake of political aggrandizement; but because he sincerely believes it to be not the religion of Christ. That there are such, we are happy to believe. There is something in passing events well worthy the attention of these sincere men. Enough has transpired lately for them to see, if they do not close their eyes, that there must be something wrong, something rotten in the opposition to Catholics in this country.

In the first place, the spirit of the anti-Catholic crusade is wrong. If the charity of Christ—love for the souls of men actuated our opposers, why should they drag the discussion into the arena of politics, and make their views a stepping-stone to political high places? If they are confident of their right, why should they leave the contest of reason; and appeal, theoretically, to the civil law, practically, to mob violence, to extirpate our creed and its adherents? If it be for eternity they are laboring—defenders of the tremendous interests of souls that shall live forever—how do they not shrink from lighting the fire of hate in the hearts of neighbors—causing and justifying scenes of blood and carnage that humanity shudders to look at?

Secondly, the means employed in this crusade are all wrong. They are, in a nutshell, calumny and falsehood. Calumny of our persons—falsehood with regard to our doctrines. The instance of calumny lately exploded by Archbishop Purcell in the *Gazette* of this city is but one out of a countless host. In most cases these calumnies are accompanied with circumstances of bad faith and avowed treachery most revolting to the heart. Apostate Catholics, degraded ex-priests, try to cast their own uncleanness back upon the associates whose society they have forfeited. False friends relate in the dark lantern circles, what they pretend to have received in confidence from their Catholic friends whom they calumniate while they betray.

Every crime that human malice can conceive is laid at the door of Catholics; and the good they do—their charities, self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of humanity, are sedulously concealed or brazenly denied. An instance of this we publish in another column of our present issue. A Bishop of a sect distinguished for its unrelenting hate of everything Catholic finds it convenient to make "a tour in New-York" while the yellow fever is in Norfolk. His family is seized with the plague, and nursed by the Sisters of Charity. He writes an elaborate account of the sickness, at his home, for a journal of his sect, and in that does not even mention the name of Sisters of Charity!

Now, can it be the cause of God that is supported by such means?

Falsehood with regard to our doctrines is another weapon of anti-Catholic warfare. Take any instance you will of a controversy between a Protestant and a Catholic, and you will find it to be little less than a wrangle, the Protestant always laboring to make it appear that the Catholic believes what he says he does not believe. But if Catholic doctrines are so untenable, so absurd as Protestants have been educated to consider them, why not state them fairly, and confute them logically? Does God need a lie to overcome error? Is human reason so debased that it can be turned away from falsehood only by another falsehood?

Catholic controversialists are never found mis-stating the Protestant doctrines they confute. They never accuse Protestants of holding opinions or entertaining

practices they abhor. What is the cause of this difference? Is it that the errors of Popery can triumph in the statement of truth, and the pure gospel of Luther and Henry VIII. must hide itself under the cover of falsehood? Simplicity must be stretched to fatuity in those who can credit such a hypothesis.

Finally the men engaged in this anti-Catholic crusade are of a character to excite suspicion against the cause they have espoused. We do not wish to disparage any one in particular, or to allude to that class of them personified by Judson, Poole, Prentice, etc. We take them as a whole, and our Protestant friends will agree with us that they are at best men of the world—men whose aims, interests, reach no higher than wealth, place, party triumph. Now, can any man who believes religion to be divine entertain for a moment the idea that its sole defenders are those who practically and theoretically care nothing for its precepts? that in the combat between truth and error, error would so far triumph as to constrain truth, eternal, unchangeable, mighty as God, its Author, to seek refuge in an alliance of sordid politicians and hungry office-seekers?

Let honest Protestants that love religion dearer than faction, that value their souls more than their prejudices, think of these things. The cause that is sustained only by mob violence, and hate, and social strife, by calumny and falsehood, that is cherished by men who love no religion, cannot be the cause of God. These means are not the means, that spirit is not the spirit, those men are not the auxiliaries of Christ.

This character of the opposition to it does not prove the Catholic religion to be true; but it proves enough to startle every sincere Protestant from that unwise security with which he has hitherto acquiesced in the prejudices of his education. Think in time. The correction of error that comes with eternity is effectual, but unavailing.

PROJECT FOR A GREAT DOMESTIC SAVING.—The tyranny of the washerwoman was intolerable, and we determined to become the Pym and Hampdens of the laundry. Some were inclined to what may be called the fifth monarchy principles of total abolition, and talked of dirt and independence, by never having their clothes washed at all; but the principles of cleanliness and moderation were dear to the great majority. So I laid before them a plan I had deeply studied. The lady of the present day to whom wealth has been entrusted for the purpose of showing what a noble and unselfish use can be made of it, had presented to the hospital at Scutari an admirable contrivance for the rapid drying of the linen of a vast establishment for the reception of upwards of a thousand sick and wounded men. In the model wash-houses of London excellent appliances had been introduced for the saving of labour and fuel. In another quarter I heard of a contrivance for the washing of the clothes, where machinery performed the first and hardest part of the labour, leaving only the easier portion of the ironing and getting-up to the hands of the professional ladies. The calculations made by all the people I consulted as to the saving of expense by the adoption of these and other processes was, that it could not be less than a half of the usual outlay, and might be a great deal more. Here was a saving of half my annual bill—if of mine, of Jobbins' and Mobbins', and everybody else's. Now the number of people in this district with incomes from £300 up to £1200 a year is immense; and although a man's outlay in this respect is not regulated by his income, but principally by the number of his family, I considered I was safe in taking the average washing bill of each family at £30 a year, which is certainly not half their amount under the usual system. There are 40 of us, all anxious to be tidy and economical, and here was a sum of £1200 a year on which we rely with certainty. We formed a sort of joint-stock company, managed by a committee of ourselves. We purchased an old barn, and fitted it up with long troughs for the washing, immense cauldrons, fed from a tank of soft water, and a large drying closet, with every apparatus of pipe and cistern that could be required. We also turned a portion of the building into a room for the finishing off of finer portions of apparel, with ironing boards, needles, threads, and buttons to supply the place of the lost and broken; and the expense of all this preliminary stock was about £300. In the old arrangement labour is almost the entire expense. In a washing, for instance, of a moderately sized family, amounting to what is technically called twenty-four dozen articles, be it understood, not for material—namely, 1s 2d for soap, 3d for soda, 1s for starch, and 1d for blue. Now here comes in the overwhelming advantage of the economy of labour. Our staff consists of 15 damsels, strapping and tall, at 12s a week, a man and horse and cart, for general purposes, we take at £1 12s; materials of all sorts, such as soap, starch, and soda, we put down at £5 a week, the coals at £4; add the interest on subscribed capital at 12s. This makes a grand total of £20 4s a week, or about £1050 a year. In addition to this, we must calculate the salary of a clerk of the washing-book, whom we think of appointing to keep the accounts and collect the weekly payments, and this, being liberal, we fix at £75. But with all this, there is a very satisfactory margin on the original estimate. We shall consider the surplus a fund for repairs and sundries—for machinery will get out of order, troughs will leak, tubs are not perennial, and coal and other materials may rise in price. If, instead of 40 families, we had 80, the proportionate expenditure to each, would be still further diminished. But the great principle of the plan is as much proved by 20 as by 100. It is in anybody's power to diminish his washing bill by a half, and that without injury to the present face of gin-loving blanchisseuses; for their work will be certain instead of precarious; the linen will be more carefully treated, the water mixed with no deleterious ingredients to give an easy whiteness to the collar, and front, at the expense of early rotteness and decay; and, in fact, as I said before, I have no doubt the Russian war could be carried on with the savings effected in suds and soda.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL LORD GOUGH.—The following is from the *Northampton Whig*: "As the gallant hero of the Punjab is clearly distinguished, we take the liberty of giving his full name above:—"We have received from an esteemed correspondent the following account of an incident that has recently occurred in the range of his own experience. There were in the public room of the principal hotel of Athlone four commercial travellers, quietly sitting waiting for dinner. Three of them were Irishmen; representing Dublin firms; who, having concluded their business for the day, were busy writing out their orders for the

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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.

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No advances are made by the institution for articles of clothing, or for any similar expenses, unless an equivalent sum be deposited in the hands of the treasurer of the College.

With regard to pocket-money, it is desirable that parents should allow their sons no more than a moderate sum, and that this be left with the treasurer of the College, to be given as prudence may suggest or occasion require.

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

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.

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

HOUSES TO LET, WEST OF THE WELLINGTON BRIDGE.

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.

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JOHN O'FARRELL, ADVOCATE

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

DR. MACKEON, 6, Haymarket Square.

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