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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1855.

NO. 16.

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

"A small spark sometimes kindleth a great flame."—Old Sayings. The famine has placed Ireland at our mercy. For the first time these six hundred years we have Ireland in our power...

Drummin House, County Kildare, 20th Oct., 1855.

Fellow-Countrymen—Very many of you are, perhaps, not aware that there is published in London a newspaper called the Times, which possesses more influence in England...

Thus, by deceiving always, and pandering to the prejudices of the English people, it has at last acquired such unbounded influence, that it can make or unmake any Minister, and direct and control the legislation of the country.

In making these observations on the conduct and character of the London Times, my object is to explain the enormous influence that it can bring to bear on any public question, and to show you that the atrocious language of the Times, which I have prefixed to this address, is the language used by, and expresses the feelings of, ninety-nine out of every hundred of the entire English nation.

On this subject let there be no mistake. I charge the English people with being influenced by an insane hatred of Ireland and Irishmen. Corrupt to their hearts' core, with immorality and crime, corroding the entire of their social system—idolatrious worshippers of gold—fraudulent in their manufactures, when fraud is practicable—in their monetary transactions, pushing their sharpness of dealing to the very verge of swindling...

How can it be otherwise when jealousy, contempt, hatred, and fear of Ireland, predominate in the English mind, and give their livid coloring to all their dealings with us? If, writhing under their injustice, we harass and annoy them with our complaints, how are we answered? "Let the facetious Irish be made to submit to the law, and then we may see fit to alter it." We cease to murmur. Hoping against hope, we petition, and then it is said, "The Irish were never before so peaceable, therefore there is no need for any change."

rious power governs the affairs of men, and measures out to them its rewards and punishments even in this life—the wild waves of the sea overwhelmed the miscreant himself, and the brine filled his mouth and nostrils, and he gasped for breath, and he stretched out his hands imploringly, screaming for assistance—but in vain, he sank to rise no more, uttering, most probably in his death-struggle, and at the same moment, a curse and a prayer. His bones now lie deep in the sea—mud, uncoffined, unhonored, unblest. His name, indeed, survives, but it is rescued from oblivion only by the recollection imprinted on the memories of Irishmen of the nefarious expression that he uttered. His was a well-merited punishment; but England that cheered him then approves of the sentiment still. She still cherishes her old hatreds of us. In the same House of Commons one of the owners of the Times, half drunk, and scarcely able to keep his legs, after abusing us exclaimed—"The Irish are no better than black niggers, and should be treated as such."

With such teaching, and taunts such as these, tamely submitted to by us, instead of exciting our resentment, and compelling us to retaliate—is it to be wondered at that the English should regard us as a degraded race, fit only to be trampled upon? By no means. England taught thus, cherishes the more her old hatred of us. At this hour she hunts from parish to parish, and seizes and confines like criminals the wives and children of Irishmen, though born in England, and forcing them to embark for some Irish port; she lands them there to die, if not relieved by the over-taxed ratepayers whom she compels to support them. But this is not all. While the law in England enables her to drive from her country all Irish, or of Irish descent, and all wives and children of Irishmen, if in a state of destitution, the same law of England makes it imperative on the ratepayers of Dublin, Waterford, or Cork, in short, of every union in Ireland, to support ten thousand of her paupers if they should think fit to present themselves, and demand relief.

We protest against this iniquity—but in vain. England strikes us in the face—she flings her sword into the scale of justice, exclaiming with the Gaul of old—Ve victis—"Woe to the conquered. You Irish, have we not conquered you? Did you not betray your country when you had one—and do you not sell yourselves to us session after session? Of what do you dare to complain? Are you not ours, and can we not do what we like with our own?"

But enough of this. Were I to dwell on this subject, there would be no end to my writing. I merely refer to a few instances as examples of the rest, and I now beg of you seriously to consider what chance have we of obtaining from England "justice for Ireland," by any appeal addressed to the justice or generosity of Englishmen.

If, indeed, England were, as she pretends to be, religious and moral—if her merchants, manufacturers, and traders, were honest—her policy undisguised and honorable, her conduct towards other countries sincere, so that her political faith could be relied upon—then Ireland deferentially appealing to the English legislature, and stating her grievances, might reasonably expect their removal. But England is steeped to the lips in corruption and crime. With her all things are venal. The masses of her people, from the highest to the lowest grade, are actuated by one ruling principle which pervades them all—namely, excessive individual selfishness, leading to the grossest indulgences and the most frightful immoralities of every kind. It is the distinguishing feature of English nationality to care not if all the rest of the world perish, so that England shall prosper in her trade and manufactures. It is the policy of England to put down mercantile and manufacturing competition by every possible means—by exciting wars amongst nations; by promoting religious discord, by hatching conspiracies, by encouraging insurrections, ending invariably in the desertion and betrayal of all who were at any time fools enough to confide to her. Hence, by all other nations, England is designated "Perfidious England."

Considering these things—the prejudices of the superior, and the brutalised state of the lower classes—their child-murders, and husband-poisonings—their

selling of wives in the public markets—their herding together like cattle, indiscriminately—men, women, and children, in their factories—and in their mines, men and women, boys and girls, half-naked, yoked to trucks like beasts—without marriage—without Christian or surname—ignorant of the existence of a God—and, when invited in the slang of the day, "to come to Christ, and depend upon Him," asking who Christ was—was He a good employer, and would He give them higher wages? Considering these things, and believing it perfectly idle to reason with such a people, I can discern no earthly chance of obtaining justice from them but by placing ourselves in a position to enforce it.

Be not deceived, my friends. When it shall suit England's purposes, she will address to us smooth words, and meanly flatter us, hoping to cajole us into forgetfulness of the wrongs she has inflicted on us. I warn you of this. Be not deceived. The war with Russia—a war forced on Russia by the deliberate policy of the present ruler of the French, and by the duplicity of England—has annihilated the English army. The exposure to the world of her military incapacity and weakness has wounded her national vanity, humbled her pride, and filled her with serious apprehensions for the future. Accordingly the Times has changed its language. The Irish priests are no longer "surpliced ruffians." No, though in the opinion of the Times, they are "rather vulgar," still they may be preferable to those of more polished manners, whom the Pope shall, perhaps, cause to be educated at Rome, and indoctrinated with foreign principles. Then, as to the rest of us—Protestants and Catholics—the Times hopes we will long maintain our "distinct nationality;" and that the generous and warm-hearted natives of the "Sister Isle" will cultivate the many amiable qualities which they possess in so remarkable a degree, and which have endeared them to all who have the pleasure of their acquaintance.

To be sure, the Times thinks we have much to learn—especially in the breeding of pigs! a branch of trade in which England kindly promises to instruct us. A new era has commenced in Ireland. Hold up your heads Irishmen of every class and clique, clap your hands for joy Papists and Protestants, for lo! there has appeared amongst us a man, a worker of miracles, who has established in the "Province of Tipperary" a Farming Society. Happy Tipperary. Tipperary is now "quite an English county," speaking Cockney with the purest accent! The inauguration of this society, composed of the astounding number of 120 members, paying the amazing sum of £1 each, is an event of which (so says the Times) every true man of Ireland and England ought to rejoice. A very millennium of universal happiness has arrived. The pulpit in Ireland preaches peace!—so says the Times. "The political platform is deserted—the turbulent orator silenced—the evils springing from ages of legal oppression and of lawless resistance are forgotten—and it would be useless now to revive such angry recollections"—so says the Times.

This from the Times is most flattering, but, like every thing else in the Times it is false. The Times does not believe one word of what it writes. It still hates all priests, and would blot out from the map of Europe the name of Ireland if it could. It denies us the possession of a single good quality. It well knows that the pulpit preaches, not peace but hatred—and that so long as this teaching shall continue a kindly feeling never can subsist between Catholics and Protestants. The platform is not deserted, nor is the orator silenced. The wrongs of ages shall not be forgotten. There are still those who will not permit them to pass away from your memories.

And why should we forget those wrongs? Is the experience of the past to be neglected and thrown aside as useless? I place no confidence in the smooth sayings of the Times. I tell the Times that I, as an Irishman, will not accept its proffered hand of pretended friendship; and through the Times, speaking to the people of England, I tell them that there shall be no cessation to political agitation in Ireland "until every grievance, every cause of just complaint, affecting the most humble and hitherto unprotected classes of my countrymen, shall be altogether removed."

To this principle I pledge myself. This shall be my policy henceforth, and I hope ere long to cause it to be adopted by every thinking and true man in Ireland. Clinging to this principle as the only one on which it seems to me possible to unite men of conflicting creeds, opposite political parties, and of all ranks and classes, I set the Times at defiance: I fling my glove in its face; and I now announce to it my resolve, instead of trying to appease its anger or conciliate its favor, to return insult for insult and blow for blow.

One word in conclusion. Preserve the paper in

which this letter shall be published, because in my future letters I may find occasion to refer to it. Read it over more than once, and read it to those who cannot read themselves. Exercise your own understandings. If you shall approve of what I may recommend, you will, of course, act upon my recommendation, and urge others to do so. If you shall disapprove of my views, you will reject my opinions, and adopt those of others, who, you may think are better qualified to instruct you.

RICHARD GRATTAN, M.D. EX J.P.

MINISTERS' MONEY.

(From the Nation.)

In eight cities or towns in Ireland, by an equitable act, passed in the days of King Charles, that black mail commonly called Ministers' money, is levied. In no other country, from Russia to Algeria, is there anything to approach it in injustice. In no free country could it last a day.

It is hard for us to open up this subject without feeling passionate and warm. As hard as it has been for us to listen to the cant about religious liberty, toleration, and equality in England, while we felt this fetter-rankle in our flesh. So must the Virginian slave hearken to the American boast of freedom, while the hickory is lacerating his back. Nevertheless, let us endeavor to review as dispassionately as possible under the circumstances the nature of this law. In doing so we shall confine ourselves to facts admitted or indisputable.

A fraction of the population of this country profess a creed opposed to that of the great body of the people. This they have a perfect right to do, as far as their duty as citizens is concerned. In Ireland the pious benefactions of Catholic hands had from time to time made ample provision for the support of the Ministers of God—for the poor, the sick, and the age-stricken. All over the face of the land, rose hospices and churches, asylums for the widow, schools for the young, and homes for the old. In other than Catholic countries we seek in vain for practical piety and charity like this. If all the endowments of Catholic benefactors were abolished in England tomorrow, a wail would ascend to Heaven from husbands of widows and orphans who eat the bread of those whom they are not taught to hate as enemies. Oxford itself would crumble, and many a good old Briton would leave a "home for seven old men," and eat a workhouse dinner all the rest of his life—many an old spinster of seventy would end her days in the parish hospital and die in peace curing the Pope. In Ireland we had those noble monuments of our forefathers' zeal, where they are now it is our object to point out.

The professors of the new faith struck upon a cheap plan of support for their system and themselves—aided by a foreign power, they possessed themselves of their neighbor's property. Thus they made their system cheap and comfortable, and on the walls of the temple thus acquired they wrote "Thou shalt not steal." The plunder was great—that which was designed for the wants of a nation was naturally more than a few could conveniently gorge. This led to the "inconvenience" of salaries where there were no duties—churches without congregations, and parishes without churches. We proceed to figures at once—least our readers should imagine we had none for proof, save figures of speech. Out of 2,584 parishes, from which splendid incomes are derived by the legal Clergymen, there are 155 where is neither a church nor a Protestant inhabitant. In 805 of them the number of Episcopal Protestants, man, woman, and child is under 50. There are 75 out of 300 prebends and dignities where there are no duties to perform. How are those poor laborers in the vineyard paid? Let us glance at their bitter portion in this land of persecuting Papists.—There are ten livings of from £2,000 to £2,600 a year; 20 of £1,500 to £2,000; 23 of from £1,200 to £1,600; 48 of from £1,000 to £1,200; and 74 of from £800 to £1,000. This, be it remembered, does not include the revenues of glebe lands. For them we shall account hereafter. Now for the amount of labor performed by those over-wrought gentlemen. Let us take five benefices:—

Table with 4 columns: No. of Protestant inhabitants, Clergy, Church, Tithe. Rows include Kilree, Gilbertstown, Mondelgo (union), Seckinade, Maboonagh.

Sixty pounds a head per annum paid in hard cash by the "Romanists" for their thirty-five neighbors to a clergyman who is never seen.

But what of the bishops? Do they sink into their graves weary with care, and without share of the

Popish plunder? Our tell-tale friend, blue book, speaks:—

Table with 3 columns: Item, £, s, d. Includes Archbishop and Bishops, Dean and Chapters, Glebe Lands, and The Composition.

Ab! but poor gentlemen, they are merely the channels through which so much money finds its way into the pockets of the poor. Is it dispensed in meal for the widow's bin, in fuel for the fireless hearth, in clothing for the purple-skinned shiriver in December?

Table titled 'PROBATE OF IRISH PROTESTANT BISHOPS' WILLS' with 3 columns: Name, £, s, d. Includes Agar, Bishop of Cashel, Porter, Bishop of Clogher, Knox, Bishop of Killaloe, Stuart, Bishop of Armagh, Hawkins, Bishop of Raphoe, Fowler, Bishop of Dublin, and Bersford, Bishop of Tuam.

Behold, it is the work of a martyr to be a Protestant Bishop in Popish Ireland!

From what we have shown one will be apt to admit that we provide very liberally for the support of our Reverend anathematisers. One would think they should acknowledge the munificence of the sum, and if they did not feel satisfied with the division of the spoil, the fault should not be visited on the plundered by an additional razzia. But what is the fact? In addition to this vast treasure wrong from a poverty-stricken people, a still further sum is, extorted in eight cities or towns under the name of Ministers money! Why is the tax levied in eight only? Because these were and are eight Catholic municipalities, and if the tax were levied in the others the gross injustice would be committed of making Protestants pay their own Ministers! Any one who lives in either of the towns subject to it may have seen ample illustration of the working of this law. In those towns they have seen the Proctor ply his trade; they have seen the whole process, from the presentation of the docket calling for the amount due to the Reverend Incumbent, to the seizure of the chattels and the auction in the street. They have known the poor Catholic widow, who never darkened the door of a law church in all her life, to have her humble pallet seized and her miserable hovel swept of its scanty furniture to furnish fodder for the Clergyman's banter. The Catholic trader has long been familiar with the knock of the collector, who calls one day for two pounds for the Minister and another for 7s. 6d. for the clerk; being the sum due by him, to the former for zealously dooming him to perdition, to the latter for earnestly responding "Amen" to the same. There are those who sneer at Catholic poverty—these are those who assert it is the penalty of the Faith. The latter are right in a measure; for in Ireland the penalty of professing that faith is a very sore one—we pay for it all.

By British bayonets this system is upheld; by British bayonets this wrong is thrust down the throats of the people of this Catholic country. On the face of God's earth it has not a parallel, created in connexion with the sacred name of religion, it is one of the most monstrous and indefensible. This is the state of things which we have long borne—not without struggles, though our struggles did not bring relief.—This is the rule of wrong and robbery which at length is about to receive its death-blow: To have this impost extorted from us was bad enough; but the refinement of insult, the full measure of humiliation, was to make us collect it ourselves. By the 17 Vic., cap. 11, the Catholic corporations were ordered to become instruments of their own degradation. Against this unparalleled insult, they have rebelled. Drogheda, Limerick, Cork, and Kilkenny have refused the ignominious task, and there is every probability that the remaining towns saddled with this miller will follow the noble example thus set them. All honor to the men who have thus shown that deep as we are sunk in the mire of bondage, there is yet a lower depth to which we will not be driven—at least without a struggle.

AN AGITATION FOR IRELAND. To the Editor of the Tipperary Leader.

Sir—At a time when the tocsin of war has been sounded, summoning nations to battle, when all the energy and skill of heroes, diplomatists, and statesmen, are called into requisition to support and maintain the prestige, dignity, interest, and honor of their respective countries; and that it appears the ruling hand of Providence makes an opportunity to humble the oppressor, and raise the fallen and long-suffering—may I ask what have the oppressed, neglected, and plundered people of Ireland a mind to do for themselves in this critical and opportune moment for regaining their long-lost liberties? Are they to look on with cool indifference at the mighty changes that are taking place in the world around them, without making an effort to ameliorate their wretched condition or raise themselves one degree above the African slaves? No, surely, the abject brand is not so indelibly impressed upon their souls as that they will allow themselves to be the dupes of unprincipled renegades, slavish Whig scribes, and sham-patriots, who would strangle and crush any ebullition of public spirit tending to rescue them from the iron grasp of their unfeeling taskmasters. The time has at length arrived—the long-wished-for golden opportunity, proud, haughty England, gorged with the spoil of plundered nations, and drunk with the blood of the hapless victims she immolated on the altars of her cupidity and cold-blooded revenge, stands the laughing-stock of unsympathising Europe. The question now to be considered is this—Will Ireland follow the old system of whining, and begging petitions for tenant-right alone, and leave the rest of her multitudinous wrongs in abeyance? Will the country ask but for one item out of the vast debt due? Why is there not spirit enough in the Island to organ-

ize a non-parliamentary National League, that would agitate boldly, and embrace within its grasp the black catalogue of evils that crush to the earth the energies of her people?

Let the gifted Member for Mayo, and the patriotic Priests and Council of the Tenant League, enlarge the basis of their operations—let their aspirations soar to the assertion of Irish Independence—let them hold weekly meetings, and issue spirited addresses to the people, summing up the various grievances to be redressed—let those go forth on the wings of the honest press to the most remote parish in Ireland. Let a deputation of talented patriotic gentlemen traverse the Provinces, and stir up the latent spirit of freedom that smoulders in the Celtic heart, encourage and direct the people, organise parish after parish, and county after county, enrol all on the books of the National League, and the work will succeed.

Let the Tipperary Leader, Nation, Tablet, Freeman, Wexford People, Kilkenny Journal, Dundalk Democrat, Tuam Herald, Munster News, and the Liberal Press of Ireland, throw in their combined talent to give an impetus to the movement. Let honest men stand together, shoulder by shoulder, and speak and act boldly, vigorously, and fearlessly, and as sure as the sun shines the honest people will not be found wanting.

Let Dublin be the head, the Provinces the body, and the honest Press the arteries, to convey a bold, healthy, and vigorous national aliment to all the members of the body politic. Thus will the Association discharge its important functions to the people, and, guided and disciplined, will the people gain their long-lost liberties.

In the days of the Catholic Association the thunders of O'Connell add: Shall every week electrified the people, and made the then strong Administration of Wellington quail and yield to their demands.—Grattan stunned the British Senate, because an opportunity offered, and the tread of the "Volunteers" on the soil that bore them gave a thousandfold force to his stern resolve.

If a Hyde Park mob can intimidate the British Parliament, must not the man be either a sot, a slave, or a coward, who will persuade the people of Ireland that their rights are not within their grasp, if they only ask them with an earnest and bold resolve.

It is a well-known fact, that in almost every combination of Irishmen, for political purposes, knaves and traitors creep in among them in order to divide, or at least to cool their ardor. This device of the enemy should be now at least baffled, and none but men whose lives are unstained, and whose antecedents are well known, allowed to have any weight in the councils of a political body.

That some sleek lurking Whigs should now endeavor to molly the national tone, and bring it down to the Castle Standard, should not be wondered at, but, on the contrary, vigilantly guarded against.

What saith Tipperary? Let your gallant county lead the van, Mayo, Wexford, Kilkenny, &c., will follow, and the lukewarm will borrow heat and life, from their example. Apathy and indifference will vanish, the people will discriminate between friend and foe. Traitors will disappear, and Ireland will assume her ancient dignity among the nations.

"That glorious noon, God send it soon— Hurrah for human freedom."

Let the association be based upon a broad national basis, firmly resolved to go ahead, and that without any hesitation or intermission, or modest fear of offending the tender scruples of Whig liberals. The Irish exiles in America, Australia, England, and Scotland will be glad to enrol themselves, and contribute to the funds, for a sincere and bold agitation.

But if it be of that cold limited character, the people will look upon it as a "mockery, a delusion, a snare."

Then in the name of religion, home, and country—in the name and for the sake of the Irish race, of the rising generation—in remembrance of the murdered dead, by the sword, pestilence, and preconcerted famine—let the dormant energies of the people be brought without delay into constitutional action. Let the people know their own strength, and use it to their own advantage. Let the honest Irish press sound the tocsin of agitation, and light the fire of liberty.—Let the people be up and doing, and you will soon find the minister recognising their demands.

Then will the tenant be secure in his father's home—then will the bloated cornorant establishment, sinking into decay from its own phlebotomy and plunder and rotteness, die the death of the wicked. Then shall the Irish exiles flock home to the haunts of their childhood, and the Green Emerald Isle shall emerge from the mire of slavery. Her verdant hills shall be gladdened by the voice of jubilation, when her children shall sing like the Hebrew maid of old; the song of freedom, and they shall establish the freedom of God's Church, toleration to all, and the civil liberty of the people.

JAMES JOSEPH O'DONNELL.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.—The good and great Archbishop of the west has addressed a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer exposing the absurdity of compelling the Catholic Hierarchy to contribute their portion to the income tax, while the law of the land not only denies them aid in the collection of their just dues, but even formally and expressly ignores their very existence. A Catholic Bishop (as his Grace forcibly illustrates the case) is handed a document requiring him to enter therein the amount of his income, and whence derivable. If he comply, he is, in truth, bound to state that the receipts he returns are obtained by him in virtue of his Episcopal office, and by making this assertion he subjects himself to the severe penalty provided by the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. If he decline, the officer of the crown is at liberty to assess him in any amount he deems proper, and malt him to whatever extent his prejudices or his passions may dictate. Such is the admirable consistency and ingenuity of British law. In exposing these incongruities, and the hardships they inflict upon Catholic Clerics, Dr. McHale, with his usual vigor and eloquence, censures the conduct of the Irish members of parliament, to whose servility and mercenary spirit this unjust impost, as well as so many other evils, is mainly due. There is no man in Ireland who has greater occasion in complaint of those perfidious representatives than the Archbishop of Tuam; for several of them owe their elevation to his influence. Two of them—Owsley Higgins and Thomas Bellew—are indebted for their election to his personal exertions, and have been guilty of the grossest ingratitude to their benefactor. But the next election will consummate their political existence. We cannot refrain from noticing the tribute which his

Grace pays to the public character of Frederick Lucas; nor could anything be more effective in establishing the purity and sincerity of heart which distinguished the late representative of Meath than those passages from the pen of one whose whole life has been devoted to the advancement of religion and the emancipation of his country. To have possessed, in life and death, the esteem of so eminent a Prelate and patriot more than compensates for the aversion of a host of venal schemers or worthless nonentities; and it is a consolation to reflect that, through fair and evil repute, the first of Irishmen since O'Connell gave the sanction of his illustrious name to the party of which Lucas was a distinguished leader. Under such auspices that party could not go wrong; and so long as it possesses the confidence of "John, Archbishop of Tuam," its members may rest assured that the cause they represent, and advocate is none other than truly that of the Catholic faith and the poor misgoverned peasantry of Ireland.—Kilkenny Journal.

(We will give the Archbishop's letter in our next.)

The Rev. Mr. O'Donnell and the inhabitants of Upper Templemore, numbering about 300 families, have in carrying out a suggestion of Dr. McGettigan, the venerable Bishop of Raphoe, thrown down on the 4th June, last, the small, but neat Chapel of Dungle, and have since well-nigh completed a spacious, substantially built house to replace it. The district is one of the poorest in Ireland, and had for eighty years been the field of the soup and proselytizer; but when such zeal is shown to carry out the pious suggestion of prelate and priest, it will excite no wonder that the meal-bag and soup-ladle, the fulsome treat and pharisaical slang and sanctimonious visage of parson and bible reader, were unavailing in their object.

Mr. Duffy sailed, per Australia, on Tuesday morning 6th inst., in good health and spirits.

"We have lost our two chief men," observes the Wexford People. "Despairing of being able to roll back the flood of corruption and treachery that overflows the land Charles Gavan Duffy flies from the country in whose service he has spent his life, for whose welfare he risked all that man holds dear, and for whose freedom he would cheerfully mount the scaffold. Overwhelmed by the obstacles he had to encounter in seeking justice for the Irish people and freedom for the Church, Frederick Lucas has died a martyr to the cause. There is not a tyrant or a knave in Ireland, but feels as if a load were taken off his heart; there is not an honest man but experiences the keenest sorrow."

BIDDERS FOR ATHLONE.—On Monday the Right Hon. Wm. Keogh, M.P., for this borough passed through Athlone en route to Rosecommon, to visit the Bishop of the Diocese, Dr. Browne. On Wednesday Mr. Keogh returned to Athlone, where he remained until Thursday evening, when he left for town by the last train. Of the nature of Mr. Keogh's visit we have no certainty, but rumor ascribes it to be connected with the hon. gentleman's elevation to the bench, and the security of the borough for a government candidate. To place Mr. Townley, the late candidate for Sligo, in this position is the wish of Dr. Browne, in whose interest Mr. Keogh is enlisted. Mr. John Reynolds, the rejected of Dublin, is also spoken of, but the wealthy Englishman is just now the favorite. The electors, as a matter of course, are not consulted in these matters.—Westmeath Independent.

BELFAST TRADE.—In 1829 Belfast possessed only one flax spinning mill, with fourteen thousand spindles; now there are upwards of half a million of spindles. The tonnage, inwards and outwards, of the port is now upwards of one million five hundred thousand tons annually. The value of Belfast imports and exports for 1854 was upwards of sixteen millions sterling. The tonnage registered at Belfast amounted last year to about 80,000 tons, viz.:—60,000 engaged in the foreign, and 20,000 engaged in the coasting trade. The amount received by the Customs and Excise of Belfast now exceeds one million sterling annually. The consumption of coals in Belfast exceeds one thousand tons per day. The annual consumption of tea and sugar in the Belfast district now amounts to about two millions pounds of the former, and six thousand tons of the latter. Since 1801, the tonnage entering the port of Belfast has increased upwards of fifteen fold.—Mercantile Journal.

Agrarian Assassination has begun again in Ireland; and with horror we say that we fear there will be more murders. Blood has been shed in districts where crimes never come single. Through the plateau stretching from the north of Louth and the south of Armagh across Monaghan and Cavan, towards the Connaught borders of Ulster, a jacquerie spread like an epidemic; and when Captain Rock's gory ghost re-appears in his old haunts of Tipperary and King's; the wicked war never ends with a single life. Class arms against class—chains and gibbets avenge the bludgeoned and the blunderbuss, until the Crown, the landlord, and the peasant, are all sick of blood. And at this time, as we are told, Ireland ought to be so peaceful and happy!—Prices high; rates down; food plenty; wages liberal—how account for the savage murder of this helpless woman, Miss Hinds; and this old man Beaham? Alas, it is the old, unfortunate story—the tragedy of Maulveater, of Waller, of Scully, and of Coulter. It is the land that cries to Heaven for vengeance—for the innocent blood shed upon it, for the oppression of the poor as well.—Nation.

ATTEMPTED MURDER IN THE KING'S COUNTY.—We take the following particulars of a daring outrage in the King's County from Saunders.—Ballycumber, Nov. 4.—On Friday afternoon last, shortly before two o'clock, when William J. Ramsbottom, Esq., of Moorock Lodge, accompanied by his clerk and assistant, Mr. Edward Beecham, of Grogan, were returning on foot from Clonghatany, where they had obtained the possession of a house and a few acres of land under an ejectment decree, they were fired at from behind a hedge on the roadside at Wilton, within an English mile of this village, and within a mile of Mr. Ramsbottom's residence, by two assassins, who lay in wait for them, one of whom was armed with a gun and the other with a blunderbuss. Mr. Ramsbottom fortunately escaped unhurt; but poor Beecham was severely, if not mortally, wounded by a musket ball, which passed right through the neck, it having entered at the left side and come out at the right. He also was wounded with slugs in the mouth, arm, and other parts of the body. Mr. Ramsbottom's escape was most providential, as he was walking quite close to Beecham when they were fired at. The assassins were concealed behind some bushes, and fired from the side of the road on which Mr. Beecham was walking. Mr.

Ramsbottom states that he heard only one shot, but Mr. Beecham is positive that two were fired, and that both took effect upon him. After discharging their arms they dastardly assailed him with stones; they ran in the direction of Clara. One of them had a blue blouse over his clothing, and a leather belt around his waist. Mr. Ramsbottom pursued them for a short distance, but Beecham having cried out for assistance that he was dying, Mr. Ramsbottom returned to the unfortunate man, and had him conveyed to Moorock Lodge, where he now lies in a very precarious state. Messengers were despatched in all directions for medical assistance, and Doctor Fry, from Moate, was soon in attendance, but owing to the confusion and the painful excitement which prevailed, the outrage was not reported at the nearest police station until after four o'clock. A despatch was forwarded to Fernane for Mr. Croghan, the efficient police officer of the district, who, on receipt of it, hastened to the scene of outrage, accompanied by a large party of police. The men from the surrounding stations—Moate, Tubber, Clara, Ballycumber, &c.—were soon concentrated, and a diligent search made by Mr. Croghan and the different parties for the assassins. During the night five persons were arrested on suspicion, and on yesterday the following magistrates, viz.:—John Armstrong, Marcus Goodbody, and John Wilcocks, R.M., Esqrs., held a lengthened private investigation. Sub-Inspectors Croghan, Malley, and McMahon were present. At the conclusion of the inquiry all the persons who had been apprehended were discharged.

Four regiments of English militia are expected shortly to be removed from Aldershot Camp to Ireland, and are to be replaced at Aldershot by four regiments of Irish militia.

Two privates of the Kerry Regiment who were tried by district court martial on Monday, for insubordinate conduct, and endeavouring to incite others to similar conduct, were sentenced as follows:—Thomas Higgins to four months' imprisonment with hard labour, and John Kerish to six months' imprisonment with hard labour. They were both bad characters, having only a few weeks ago returned from imprisonment in Cork military prison, after sentence of district court martial.—Limerick Chronicle.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Ministers have, it is said, no intention to call parliament together before the usual time, nor do they anticipate the necessity of so doing.

The Daily News says:—"The prevalent rumor is not, we believe, without foundation, that Lord Palmerston has invited two of his late Peelite colleagues—namely, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert—to enter the cabinet, the one as Colonial Secretary of State, and the other as Postmaster-General."

THE WHEAT CROP OF 1855.—In a letter to the Times, on the wheat crop of 1855, Mr. Caird says:—"The crop has now been tested in all parts of England, and while the yield is found to fall considerably short of the great crop of last year, and in some particular districts, owing to special circumstances, is very defective, yet, on the whole, it is believed to be nearly an average produce per acre over much beyond an average surface. The farmers' deliveries of wheat in the various English markets during the first week of October for the last three years, as shown by the Gazette, are a pretty accurate indication of the correctness of this conclusion.

The price of wheat is 20s. a quarter higher than it was at this time last year. A month's consumption is one million and a half quarters. The country, therefore, is now paying for wheat £1,500,000 monthly more than it paid last year.—Both Journal.

Mr. Phillips, ex Provost of Leith, has been sentenced to 15 years' transportation for gross lawfulness and indecent assault upon two females.

THE FRAUDULENT BANKERS.—There is no foundation for the statement which has been going the round of the papers, that Strahan, Paul, and Bates, the bankers were about to be sent to Gibraltar to suffer their sentence at the criminal court. Gibraltar is not by any means an easy station, but may be reckoned perhaps one of the most penal and hard-working, as well as being far from the most healthy. The convicts are now in Newgate. They will, in the first instance, suffer the usual period of separate confinement, which is, we believe, a year. After that they will probably be transported to a penal colony for the remainder of their sentence; but no decision will be come to until after the customary probation of separate confinement.—Observer.

With regard to the final liquidation of the estate of Messrs Strahan, Paul, and Bates, it is expected that the amount of the dividend will not be more than 2s in the pound. The preparation of a balance sheet will not be long delayed, but it is questioned whether it will satisfy the Court and the creditors on its first presentation. Collateral investigations will also be necessary to trace the disposal of the large amount of property which has passed through their hands; and if all this has to be done before they leave the country, it is possible that at least a year of their sentence will have expired ere they are removed to Gibraltar.

MR. GOUGH AND THE INCOME TAX.—The following anecdote in relation to Mr. Gough, is from the Berwick (England) Warder:—"While in Edinburgh Mr. Gough's equanimity at breakfast was much disturbed one morning by an income tax schedule being thrust into his hand. The commissioners had calculated that Mr. Gough would carry off no inconsiderable number of Queen Victoria's sovereigns across the Atlantic, there to be added to his store of 'almighty dollars,' and they reckoned he was quite as liable to pay their lawful 16d in the pound as any of her Majesty's subjects. Mr. Gough was of course much 'fild' by this specimen of British tyranny and rapacity, and made many strenuous protests, both against their right to tax a citizen of the United States, and when that would no longer avail against the amount at which he was assessed. Ultimately, he consented to be assessed on £1500, as the amount of his gains during his lecturing tour in Great Britain; and his contribution to the expenses of the war was the pretty little sum of £87 10s.

"Go any day to the guard mounting parade at St. James's, or watch about dusk the picket of Foot Guards march along the strand towards the city. Just look at the poor children who, clothed as officers command companies and other parties of men upon these occasions. Pity for their utter helplessness is the first feeling that comes over the spectator."—So says Sir Charles Shaw, in the Daily News.

GUY FAWKES' DAY.—On the 5th instant the boys of the metropolis, encouraged by the fineness of the weather, indulged themselves in carrying about the streets a somewhat larger number of representations of the great conspirator than have been visible of late years...

THE PROTESTANT BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.—The Rev. Dr. Wolff, in lecturing a few days ago at the Teutonic Hall, Lime Street, Liverpool, on the churches in the east, caused much amusement, while at the same time eliciting very marked applause...

THE MISSING CLERGYMAN FOUND.—The Rev. Mr. Farmer, curate of the parish of Hardwicke, in the county of Gloucester, who mysteriously disappeared on the night before his intended marriage with the eldest daughter of a wealthy clergyman and magistrate of the same county, has at length been heard of...

THE MORMONS MOBBED.—For the last fortnight two "elders" of this sect have been delivering nightly lectures at Gloucester, and on one occasion, a few nights ago, the lecturer having chosen for his theme that favorite doctrine among the Mormons—polygamy—he was mobbed and ejected from the building...

The Catholic Institute Magazine, gives the following statistics under the caption "Church going in Liverpool":—"The Protestants, with church accommodation for 63,009 people, gather in to worship 44,342 souls out of their total of 158,855. That is to say, they collect at all their services put together about two thirds of the number which their churches would hold at one time...

BAPTISMS IN ENGLAND.—SPONSORS FOR HALF-A-CROWN!—A few weeks since, the Times had an article in which it made the occasion of noticing Lord Stanley's Tipperary speech an opportunity for a very patronising sort of notice of the Irish. In this we were generously informed; that, on the whole, we were not quite so bad but that it was possible to make something of us; that when most of the Celts were exterminated, the remainder would improve; that when the majority of the Catholics had been starved, the survivors would learn to save their souls, and that when many farms were turned into sheep-walks, the Irish tenantry would be—as Mr. John Ennis said of the Connaught oxen—"a very useful set of people."

IRISH EMIGRANT AID SOCIETY.—A large number of Irishmen held a meeting on Monday evening, at Liberty-hall, Newark, N.J., to organize an "Irish Emigrant Aid Society." Patrick Keiley was appointed chairman, and called upon a Capt. Butler of New York, who was present, to state the object of the association, which announced that Ireland's opportunity to make an attempt at freedom had arrived, and he called upon all true Irishmen to prepare themselves to resist British oppression and tyranny.

to make an attempt at freedom had arrived, and he called upon all true Irishmen to prepare themselves to resist British oppression and tyranny. The association it appears, has been organized but three months, and already numbers many members; in New York alone numbering three thousand, and in Brooklyn, Jersey City, and the adjacent places, rapidly augmenting in strength. The society was divided into two classes, civic and military. The first was composed of men with families dependent upon them, and the rest of young men who were anxious and ready to take an active part in the struggle of Ireland for liberty.

EXCELLENT ADVICE TO THE IRISH IN THE UNITED STATES.—We are very sorry to say that every hour furnishes conclusive evidence that the foxes are not all dead yet, and that here and there a goose survives in all the glory of pristine verandcy. Let those who doubt the truth of our assertion read the astounding proclamations which sundry Irish patriots are emitting in various parts of the country. The history of every past effort to secure the independence of Ireland, has been a history of weakness and of folly, of extravagance in plan, of feebleness in execution, of blood and bravery worse than wasted, of frantic and inconsiderate efforts, ending in complete failure. There was, we admit, in the self sacrificing struggle of Fitzgerald, of Emmett and other unfortunate Irishmen, something which touches the heart and awakens sympathy for the untimely fate of deluded but earnest men. The wrongs under which their country was bending were unquestionable, and while they grievously mistook her power to throw off the load, they attested by the surrender of life and of fortune, the sincerity of their patriotism. They have gone to their account, and in their place we have a class of windy and wordy men, who mistake talk for action, and who are seeking for their own purposes to stimulate an outbreak which can bring only shame and suffering upon Ireland.

There is a statute in Indiana which prevents the testimony of a negro from being received in the Courts. The disability, which has been often complained of for injustice, just now gives the proscribed class the monopoly of the carrying trade in liquor in that State. As they cannot be made witnesses, the liquor dealers are not afraid to sell to them, and they are generally employed to effect the exchange between the seller and consumer of the prohibited article. The moral teachings of Hiss, while a member of the K. N. committee in search of a female vice, are well remembered by our readers. It will also be remembered that on the return of the committee from the nunnery, the vote was taken on the liquor law, and one of the members who voted for that law visited the same night several dens of prostitution in Boston, where he got drunk, was robbed, and finally lodged in the watch house. The Boston papers now chronicle the fact that another of the party, who is now in office, and a candidate for a still higher one, has been guilty of seducing two young ladies of Boston, under promise of marriage. One of these he has succeeded in keeping quiet by a large allowance from his salary but as it is known to both fair ones that he was "courting two at a time," both cases have been made public. The man voted for an act punishing unfortunate street walkers with five years' imprisonment. How many years ought he to get?—New Haven Register.

DANISH SOUND DUES.—The Washington Union has an editorial article on this subject, in which it makes use of the following language:—"We have noticed some traces of apprehension that the pending controversy between the United States and Denmark may act prejudicially upon our relations with Great Britain. This we know to be a mistake. There is no difference of opinion between the two Governments on the subject." The Union goes on to say that public opinion in Great Britain refuses to sanction the effort of Denmark to make the Sound Dues a political question, and that the proposed capitalization scheme is regarded as equally absurd.—National Intelligencer.

A STRONG-MINDED (AND FISTED) WOMAN.—The Boston Times says that a few days since, a married gentleman started for New York to transact business, but instead of taking his legal better half, there was "something else" of the feminine gender who accompanied him. By chance the circumstances came to the knowledge of the injured wife, and she telegraphed to a friend in the great Metropolis to find out, if possible, the day on which her liege lord would return, and the route by which he would come with his temporary companion. As luck would have it, this friend hit the nail on the head, and last evening, at the Worcester depot, a scene occurred that was somewhat out of the regular order consequent upon the arrival of the Express train from New York. The lawful "missus" met the guilty pair, and immediately assaulted the female, who gave her hair a severe pulling, and nearly demolished a love of a bonnet, the remnants of which are in the hands of officer Cook, at the Depot. The husband, undertaking to prevent this emuete, received an awful black eye from his loving partner, who marched him off to his home, we suppose.

A "MAINE LAW" HERO.—The Reverend Philip Weaver City Marshall of Bangor—who is described as "an intensified Maine Law character enjoying the confidence of Neal Dow, and other celebrities," and as holding "high offices in Temperance organisations in the State"—is reported as having absconded, and as being, when last heard of, on his way to Montreal. He will if he arrives here safe prove an important and invaluable auxiliary to our evangelical Reformers of Canada, amongst whom he will be sure to find many kindred spirits. An American journal furnishes some interesting particulars of the life and conversation of this eminent Protestant Saint:—

WEAVER, AND WHAT HE WOVE.—The good people of Bangor are in a bereaved condition. The reverend and respected Mr. Weaver, a gentleman holding four municipal offices, and incumbent of sundry other places of dignity and emolument has stepped, in a style of great celebrity, into terra incognita. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the reverend Weaver has absconded. He was City Marshal, Generalissimo of the Grand Order of United Watchmen, and member of various learned, religious, benevolent, reformatory, and detective societies; but all these ties could not restrain him—he has stepped. Possibly he was prevailed upon to disappear by a fear of meeting with a fate similar to that of his illustrious namesake "in good old colony times," who was, our musical readers will remember, hung in his own yarn. Not that Mr. Weaver was guilty of any killing, save that of the liquor of which he was the official custodian. That however, it now appears, he was very severe upon. He not only punished the seller, but in a cellar he also punished the liquor, which in the eyes of the Bangoreau burghers was a very high offence committed in a very low place. Weaver was the Caesar of liquors for that city, with a difference, true, he conquered them, but they in the end conquered him. Like a faithful officer he committed them to his own stomach; but unfortunately they went to a place from which there could be no return. He destroyed them and now they have destroyed him. They ran first and he ran afterwards. It appears that Mr. Weaver, specially commissioned to keep the creature out of other people's throats, could not keep it out of his own. We have all heard of wicked barons, who, seizing upon the most virtuous of their sex, would, in barbarous times, shut them up in gloomy cells, and then visit them with the most insulting offers of marriage. Mr. Weaver, after a grand confiscation of liquors, would place these vessels of wrath in a room prepared for their reception but, at a convenient season (say about 11 o'clock A.M. or 4 o'clock P.M.) he would enter the dungeon, and liberate the choicest of them on condition of their being swallowed. He would throw off the official dignity, the pomp, pride and circumstance, the beadle-majesty, the divinity which hedges a city marshal, and surrounded by his staunch retainers, he would swig the flowing can. "Nunc est bibendum," he would say, suiting the action to the word. No body can tell what jolly go rounds they have had in the Bangor bastille. Old Bishop Corbett, the jolliest of English ecclesiastics, used to descend into his cellar, and exclaiming, as he divested himself—"Lie there, cassock! lie there crozier!" he would bestride a butt of XX with his unepiscopized legs and drink himself into a lolly condition. So we suppose Mr. Weaver, on entering the official tap, would toss his truncheon into one corner, and his commission into another, and proceed to smile with astonishing vigor, surrounded by his merry men. Unfortunately his power of bibation was limited, and some of the liquor was exceedingly poor. Thus double-distilled poison, full enough of nuxvomica to have made Mithridates succumb, the wicked marshal, we regret to say, was in the habit of returning to the weeping and thirsty owner, for a consideration. For five dollars Paddy O'Flaherty could have back his "heart's darlint," his ravished "drap of the craythur," his noggin of cereulean destruction. There was a fixed tariff—bottles paid so much, and demi-johns double. This might have awakened the wrath of the city fathers, but unfortunately Weaver with great prudence put the money into his pocket, and wisely refrained from saying anything about it. It became quite evident that Mr. Weaver was himself in need of a prohibitive law; some of these doings leaked out; Mr. W. was called upon to answer, which he did by departing with velocity. Abill, erupit, evasit,—he cut, ran, stepped. Those who had shared in his festivities, and gathered with him round the social barrel, instead of going off, confessed their goings on, and croaking the hings of their knees, acknowledged the oft-repeated croaking of their elbows.

NEW INVENTION.—A Yankee, down East, has invented a machine for corking up daylight, which will eventually supersede gas. He covers the interior of a flour-barrel with shoemaker's wax; holds it open to the sun, then suddenly heads up the barrel. The light sticks to the wax, and at night can be cut out and sold in "lots" to suit purchasers.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

REMITTANCES

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THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 30, 1855.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The campaign of 1855 is to all appearance closed. The Baltic fleet, having accomplished nothing at a very great expense, is on its way home; as neither Denmark nor Sweden are at present disposed to incur the danger of a war with Russia by allowing the Allied Squadrons to winter in their harbours. Negotiations are being carried on with Sweden to induce her to join the Western Alliance; and promises are, it is said, held out to her of a restoration of Finland and the Aland Islands, in case she should comply with the proposals. Though small, the Swedish navy is in a high state of efficiency; her sailors have also an excellent reputation for their seamanlike qualities; and the adherence of Sweden would therefore be of great importance to the Allies for their next Baltic Campaign.

In the South, hostilities are suspended. In spite of all the prophecies with which we have been favored about the speedy evacuation of the Crimea, Gortchakoff still sticks most obstinately to North Sebastopol, and seems more intent upon strengthening his hold upon it, than upon abandoning it. In the mean time the British army is drunk, beastly drunk; and it is to be feared that unless some means are promptly resorted to, to check its rapidly increasing demoralisation, its losses through sickness will be fully as heavy this winter as they were the last. It is not certain whether all further operations against Nicolaieff have been abandoned for the season; but the general opinion is that nothing serious will be attempted before the return of spring.

The American difficulty having been indefinitely postponed, we now find ourselves on the eve of a rupture with Spain. A Mr. Boylan, who carried on an extensive business at Cuba, having been abruptly ordered to leave that Island on the pretence that he was implicated in certain political intrigues,—has carried his complaints before the British Government; whose demands for reparation to Mr. Boylan for injuries inflicted upon him, have hitherto been treated with contempt by the Spanish authorities. On the other hand, Spain demands compensation for injuries inflicted upon a Spanish vessel, captured by British cruisers, under the pretence that she was engaged in the slave trade. To these reclamations on the part of the Spanish Government, the British authorities turn a deaf ear; asserting that the captured vessel was engaged in the illicit traffic, and was in part owned by Don Domingo Moostich, the Governor of Fernando Po, and himself an extensive slave merchant. We have here the elements of a very pretty quarrel; though, in the disordered state of her finances, it is hardly to be expected that Spain will risk a war with the most powerful nations of Europe.

Mob meetings in Hyde Park, and monster demonstrations on Sunday afternoons, are fast becoming part and parcel of British institutions. A Sunday row is as much a matter of course as a Sunday sermon, and, unfortunately is much better attended. The object of these riotous assemblages is not stated, but the pretence upon which they are held is; the extreme dearness of provisions. At the last meetings, several arrests were made by the Police, and the offenders were summarily dealt with by the magistrates.

"The Montreal True Witness challenges us to a polemical controversy, which we beg respectfully to decline."
—Toronto British Colonist.

Nay, then, why commence it? good, Mr. Colonist. Why presume to lay down certain principles upon which you would, if you had the power, base a system of national education, to which Catholics, as well as Protestants, should be compelled to contribute; and yet hesitate to define clearly what those principles are?

You say, and you say truly, that "any system of national education, to be efficient"—must—"above all, and before all, and most imperative of every other consideration, be based upon the fundamental principles of Christianity." In return, we ask you—"What do you mean by the fundamental principles of Christianity?" What are those principles, which you, with genuine Protestant liberality would, forsooth, compel us Catholics to accept as the basis of a national system of education? This we have the right to ask.

Either you can define your principles, or you cannot. If you can, but won't—then, as Catholics, we can not place any reliance in your honesty, or good intentions towards us. We cannot but suspect that you have strong reasons for withholding from us a plain and explicit statement of the "fundamental principles" which you intend to force upon us. If

however you can't define your own "fundamental principles of Christianity"—if you can't tell us distinctly what they are, wherein they consist, and wherein they differ from the "fundamental principles" of natural religion, and every other Non-Christian religious system—then, as Catholics, we can place no confidence in your ability, or competence, to establish for us a system of national education.

In fact, you know yourself, that when you talk about the "fundamental principles of Christianity," you are speaking sheer unmitigated cant; and that the words, in your mouth, are but a set of common places, destitute of any definite meaning, and fit only to tickle the ears of fools withal.

We know not, indeed, what are your "fundamental principles of Christianity," though we well know what they are not; we know that they are not the principles which all Catholics hold as the sole fundamentals of Christianity; and this is all—until you condescend to explain yourself—that we know about them. The "fundamental principles" of any system, religious or philosophical, social or political, must necessarily contain, as in a germ, the whole of the system itself of which they are the fundamental principles; for otherwise they would not be the principles of the system. The conclusion can never contain anything that was not previously contained in the premises; neither can the fully developed religious system contain anything that was not already contained in its principles. The fundamental principles of Catholicity and Protestantism—viewed as two different religious systems—must therefore be essentially different; because essentially different systems are contained in, and evolved from them. Catholicity or Popery—meaning thereby all the peculiar dogmas and practices of the Catholic Church—is the logical and inevitable consequence of the principles which Catholics accept as the fundamentals of Christianity; and which principles they cannot abandon without rejecting the entire Christian system itself.—Our opponents may impugn these principles, and deny their soundness; but they cannot deny, that, as a system, Popery is as logically coherent with its principles, as is any proposition of Euclid, with the definitions, postulates, axioms—or "fundamental principles"—of geometry. All men, who start with our "fundamental principles of Christianity," and who are capable of reasoning, must inevitably, and in every particular, arrive at Popish or Catholic conclusions; for the latter flow as logically and inevitably from our first or fundamental Christian principles, as does the conclusion to the equality of the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle, from the admission of the equality of its two sides. Now, we know that you reject our conclusions; we are loth, and charity forbids us, to suppose you utterly incapable of reasoning; we conclude therefore that you do not accept, or in other words, that you Protest against, our fundamental Christian principles.

And this is really the case. The differences betwixt Catholics and Protestants are far greater, and lie far deeper down, than the superficial observer suspects. In religion, it is upon the fundamentals, and not merely upon the superstructure, that Catholics and Protestants differ. They have no one principle in common; the Yes of the one, is the No of the other; nor is it possible to be a Protestant of any sect or denomination without utterly rejecting as false, all that the Catholic holds as the "fundamental principles of Christianity," or supernatural truth.

How absurd then, is the Colonist's scheme of erecting a system of national education, based upon the "fundamental principles of Christianity"! and which shall be equally acceptable to, and just towards both Catholics and Protestants. Such a scheme is impossible; because betwixt Catholics and Protestants there are no Christian "principles" in common; and any system of education not so based would be worthless, even if practicable, because, as the Colonist truly says—No system of national education can be efficient unless, above all, and before every other consideration, it be based upon the fundamental principles of Christianity.

Our conclusion therefore is—and it is to this that we desire to bring the Toronto Colonist—that a national and uniform system of education in Canada must be either inefficient, or unjust. Inefficient for all, if not based upon the fundamental principles of Christianity; unjust, iniquitous, and oppressive to some, if based upon principles which all do not admit to be the fundamental "principles of Christianity." Unjust to Protestants, if based upon those principles which Catholics hold to be the fundamentals of all revealed Christian truth; unjust to Catholics, if based upon principles which they reject as false, and contrary to Christianity. Now the object of the Colonist and his friends is, to impose on us their peculiar opinions, as "fundamental truths"; and to tax us for a system of national education thereon based. It is to that gross injustice that we object.

The Quebec Morning Chronicle, in calling public attention to the want of hospital accommodation in Quebec, lately permitted himself to indulge in some very uncalled for, and most undeservedly severe strictures upon the Ladies of the Hotel-Dieu Hospital of that city; whom he indirectly accused of partiality in their reception of patients. This unjust insinuation against those excellent Ladies has called forth a spirited rejoinder from C. Fremont, M.D.; in which the writer shows, from the report of cases admitted into the Hotel-Dieu of Quebec during the last two years, how utterly unsupported by facts, are the animadversions of the Morning Chronicle upon "certain predilective feelings," which that journal uncharitably attributes to the nuns. The best recommendation says Dr. Fremont, "an applicant for admission into the wards of the Hotel-Dieu can bring, is, ill health, poverty, and the having no right of admission into the Marine and Emigrant Hospital."

In support of this, the writer proves from the Reports of the establishment, that it actually receives a greater number of non-Canadian, than of Canadian patients into its wards. The numbers being for 1855:

French Canadians	316
Other origins	323
	639

This we think is a sufficient answer to the Chronicle.

PETERBORO' ELECTION.—Two candidates have presented themselves to fill the vacancy caused by the acceptance by the late member, Mr. Langton, of the office of Auditor; these would-be legislators, are, Mr. Conger, and Mr. F. Ferguson.—Judging from their addresses, and their avowed opinions on the School question, neither of these gentlemen is entitled to the support of Catholics; for both declare themselves opposed to Freedom of Education; and both are supporters of State-Schoolism in its most obnoxious form.

"I am entirely opposed"—says Mr. Ferguson—"to Sectarian Common Schools, and equally so to the application of any portion of the Educational grant towards that object. I consider that the Common School system is for the good of the whole country, and should be upheld in its integrity. And lastly, I maintain that the Holy Bible—meaning of course the corrupt and mutilated Protestant version of the Bible—should be a class book, constantly and systematically used in those popular institutions."

This is plain enough; and Catholics may know from it what to expect if, by their votes, they assist Mr. Ferguson to a seat in the Legislature.—Mr. Conger, though not quite so outspoken as his rival, is not one bit better affected towards Catholic schools. In his address to the "Free and Independent," he says:—

"I have always looked upon their establishment as impolitic. Now, however, that they have been established, I would allow them to continue; and I would do so upon the principle of not interfering with any one's religious views, or conscientious scruples. At the same time, I insist upon their being self-supporting; and shall oppose any attempt to sustain them, either by government aid, or by general taxation."

Of the two candidates, we confess that we prefer Mr. Ferguson, as the honest and more consistent man. He gives the Papists plainly to understand that the Common, or State-School system, is good, and that they must submit to be taxed for its support; he also tells them that, if they allow their children to attend these Common Schools, the Protestant Bible will be constantly and systematically forced upon the little Papists as a class book. Mr. Conger, on the contrary, would generously allow the Catholics to establish schools for themselves, if they so pleased—because he is averse to "interfering with any one's religious scruples"—provided however, that the said schools were entirely supported by Catholics, and were strictly prohibited from receiving any share of the government grant; to which fund however, he would compel all Catholics to contribute. It is upon the same liberal principle that the British Government has of late years acted towards the Catholics of Ireland. It, in the largest spirit of religious tolerance, allows their chapels to continue, and no longer hangs or transports their clergy; but it carefully provides that not a penny of the sums which are wrung from the pockets of its Catholic subjects for the support of religious establishments, shall be applied to sustain, either their places of worship or their religious teachers. It is a pity that neither Mr. Conger, nor the British Government, can understand that it is just as much a violation of the rights of conscience, and quite as arbitrary an interference with "religious views and conscientious scruples," to compel men to pay for, as to attend upon, the ministrations of an educational or religious system to which they are conscientiously opposed.

The "Church" question, and the "School" question, are essentially one; "State-Churchism" and "State-Schoolism" are identically the same in principle, and must stand or fall together. Now, just as Presbyterians do most justly object to being taxed for the exclusive support of an Episcopal Church establishment, so do we Catholics object with equal justice to any system of taxation, having for its object the support of an exclusively Protestant system of State-Schoolism. Rather than submit to this, we will advocate the application of the "Voluntary Principle" to education as well as to religion—to the School, as well as to the Church. If the principle be sound in one case, it must be so in the other.

COOL IMPUDENCE.—We find in the Montreal Herald a "Report" and "Petition to Her Majesty" from the "Municipal Council of Simcoe," in which the sapient fathers of that most respectable community set forth, that a grievous injustice is done to Upper Canada, by the large grants of public money voted for the furtherance of the interests of the Lower Province—the fact being, as statistics irrefragably prove that, in this respect, Upper Canada receives by far the larger share of the public monies—and pray for an Act of the Imperial Legislature "to unite the whole of the British North American Provinces; or that the Representation of the people in Parliament shall be according to population, and not as it is at present; in order that the inhabitants of these Provinces of British origin, and who speak the English language, may have their wishes and interests attended to, and receive that justice to which they consider themselves entitled to." Or, in other words—that the mere French Canadians be at once "improved" out of the country, in order to give place to the "Superior" Anglo-Saxons. Cool this—very!

The Montreal Herald presents its readers—graciously—with a spirited engraving representing the Attack upon the Redan, by the British Troops on the 8th September, 1855.

"Repeal of the Union; Representation by Population—what means?" asks the Journal de Quebec—"these two utterances of a jealous and factious ambition? What do they contain? Nothing less than a social revolution; that is to say the disorganization and ruin of the whole Province. Where then is the moral or political advantage of these two measures?"—Journal de Quebec, 22nd inst.

And yet it is as certain as that two and two make four, that, within a very few years, one or other of these measures will be "un fait accompli." Though neither perhaps is to be desired, yet, as one is inevitable, it is for the Journal to decide which is the lesser evil of the two. To a Canadian and a Catholic, this should not be a very difficult problem to solve; and it is one which imperatively demands an immediate solution.

The Montreal Witness has the following anecdote of a Mr. Jay, who, we suppose, must have been a Protestant preacher, or something of the kind. As illustrative of the benefit of a married clergy, we venture to transfer it to our columns from those of our saintly cotemporary:—

"Mr. Jay had become aware of a growing evil among his brethren, arising from a cause with which, being familiar, he determined upon rebuking and denouncing. When in the midst of his discourse, he said:—

"My young brother, it is to be regretted that many enter the ministry after they have been educated, to whose services the church has a claim; they look round and select a lady for their wife, but they are careful she possesses a fortune. After a time they begin to get weary in well doing. They take cold, it results in a cough, they are so weak that they cannot attend to the duties of their office. They resign and live upon their wife's fortune."

The N. Y. Freeman publishes a Letter from the Sovereign Pontiff to the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of New York; in which His Holiness expresses his earnest desire for the establishment at Rome of a College for the education of American ecclesiastics.

The N. Y. Church Journal—(Protestant)—lamenting the numerous conversions to Catholicity that have lately occurred amongst the ranks of his most eminent brethren, remarks that—"a large proportion of the defections to Rome have been from New York; and as a general rule, where Church principles are made most a matter of earnest study, these defections, it must be acknowledged, are most apt to take place. With this fact in view, we can readily admit that the discussion of Church principles must almost inevitably lead to excesses in the Romish direction."

This is a candid avowal; and, if wise, our Protestant cotemporary would see that "Church principles"—that is, the assertion of a living authority in matters of religion—must inevitably lead to the rejection of Protestantism; which, in so far as it asserts anything, asserts the absolute right of "private judgment," and therefore scouts the idea of a Church—that is a living authority—to which the individual must, in all things connected with religion, submit his judgement. "Church principles" and Protestantism are irreconcilable, as the Church ought by this time to see clearly.

A letter in the Times, from G. Bowyer, Esq., shows in its proper light the difference betwixt Catholic and Protestant Governments, in their treatment of foreigners.

In Vienna, a Protestant minister was arrested by the police a short time since, by mistake; his character and profession being unknown. The error was however quickly discovered, and the gentleman was immediately set at liberty, with ample apologies from the Austrian Government, which had mistaken him for another person of whom it was in search.

In London also, a short time since, a French Catholic clergyman was arrested, and brutally illused by the London police. He was dragged on foot through the streets to a police station—searched with every indecent circumstance that can be imagined—and by order of the Inspector, was refused even the use of pen and ink, in order that he might not communicate with his friends. In his case, there was no mistake; for, as the gentleman was habited in his clerical dress, his sacred character was well known to those who took a fiendish gratification in insulting the Catholic clergy in his person. It ultimately turned out that there was not the slightest pretext even for his arrest.

Mr. Bowyer, under these circumstances, applied to the Home Secretary for redress, and for an apology to the reverend gentleman, who had been thus wantonly assailed and ill-treated:—

"I was simply told"—continues Mr. Bowyer in his letter to the Times—"that the priest might bring an action at law; and so he could, if he had the means of paying the costs. I then observed, in a letter to Sir George Grey, that if the same thing had happened to an English Protestant clergyman in the streets of Florence or Naples, a great outcry would have been raised, and the most ample reparation would have been demanded by the press and the Government of this country. The late occurrence at Vienna shows that I was right, and I think I am entitled to point out the analogy of the two cases.—Your obedient servant,
"Temple, Nov. 3, 1855.
GEORGE BOWYER."

PROSPECTS OF PEACE.—The Times, in noticing the flying rumors of the day, and the reports of the proffered mediation of the German Powers, advises its readers to "dismiss utterly from their minds all thoughts of Austria or Prussia ever mediating for any purpose except some object of their own."

The Globe estimates the effective British force at this moment in the Crimea, at 51,000; and calculates that, betwixt this, and the ensuing spring, Government will be able to send out reinforcements sufficient to raise it to 70,000.

The *Nation*, publishes a series of extracts from the *London Times* of December 1851, and January '52;—in which the *Thuridre* of that day treated the present Emperor of the French with as little delicacy as does the late manifesto of M. Victor Hugo, and the Jersey Refugees. In those days, "ferocity—fraud—despot—treachery—massacre of St. Bartholemew—Reign of Terror—shambles?"—and we know not how many hard names besides, were hurled indignantly by the *Times* at the head of Louis Napoleon. To day, however, he is our most august and puissant ally; so the same *Times* finds it mighty convenient to sing a new song.

The *Tablet* will be conducted for the future by R. Swift, Esq., M.P., the friend and colleague of the lamented Frederick Lucas. We are happy to see that it is proposed to raise a subscription for his widow and her child; for Frederick Lucas was an honest man, and therefore a poor one. The *Tablet* will also be carried on for the benefit of Mrs. Lucas and her youthful son.

Dr. Whately, who holds an ecclesiastical situation under government in Dublin, as Archbishop of the Law Established Church, strongly warns his subordinates against mixing themselves up with the Dissenters, in any movement for the perversion of Catholics.

RESIGNATION OF BRITISH GENERALS IN THE CRIMEA.—The *Globe* says:—It is with surprise and regret that we hear that some of the senior generals of the Crimean army have resigned their divisions, because their junior, General Codrington, has been invested with the chief command. Sir Colin Campbell returns home on private affairs, and it has been said that professional jealousy, is one of the causes of his return. There are two other general officers senior to the Commander-in-Chief, General Barnard and Lord Rokeby. We sincerely hope that no considerations of etiquette will induce them to abandon at once the posts they hold, and their prospects of high distinction. Sir Richard Airey, the Quartermaster-General, also returns home. He is junior to General Codrington, and of course can have no cause of complaint. It is understood that he returns to fill an important situation on the staff at home.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Christian" has been received; and if we do not insert his communication, it is because we desire to avoid all allusions to a disagreeable subject. Nothing is more unseemly than for Catholic editors to be at loggerheads with one another; and certainly we have no intention of provoking an angry discussion with our esteemed cotemporary the *Catholic Citizen* of Toronto. We would set *Christian* right though upon one point. Our correspondent *Catholic* was, we know, far from disapproving of the demand for the services of a priest made through the columns of the *Citizen*. It was the manner in which that perfectly legitimate demand was made—it was the threat that accompanied it, to the effect that, if not complied with, the petitioners would, in defiance of their legitimate pastor, get a priest themselves, and establish what, under such circumstances would be nothing less than a downright schism—that provoked the animadversions of *Catholic*. However we think that for the sake of peace, and avoiding scandal, and in the interests of religion, it is better to abstain from all further allusions to an indiscretion which, we feel confident, will never be repeated.

"S. B." Barrie, complains of the irregular receipt of his paper. We take this opportunity of assuring him, that it is regularly posted in Montreal; and that, if it does not come to hand, it must have been abstracted *en route*.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED MARY ANN OF JESUS, called the Lily of Quito. By the Rev. F. Joseph Boero, S. J.—Peter F. Cunningham, Philadelphia. The Lives of the Saints and Servants of God are always profitable reading—teaching us how by prayer we may overcome the power of Satan: and by fasting and discipline obtain the mastery over the lusts of the flesh. This is well set forth in the Life of that eminent Saint the 'Lily of Quito'; and we have much pleasure in recommending it to the notice of the Catholic reader.

THE "WORD OF GOD" REVISED.
To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir—The existence, and the professed objects of an "American Bible Revision Society" are not the least amongst the many noteworthy facts which this enlightened and progressive century presents to us; and furnish us with another link in the chain of testimony which establishes the corruptions and imperfections of the Protestant Bible. For that which is perfect needs no revision. By admitting the need of a revision of their Bible—their sole "Rule of Faith"—Protestants admit the sad, and truly awful condition in which they are placed, who are compelled to slake their thirst at such a corrupt and muddy fountain; impregnated, as they themselves confess it to be, with the poison of error. "All Christians must acknowledge the necessity of faith as a supernatural gift, without which, in the words of the Holy Ghost, "it is impossible to please God." But how can that faith be acceptable or pleasing to God, which is founded upon error? It must be admitted that faith is not mere opinion, or plausible conjecture; but, on the contrary, that it implies a firm, absolute, and unalterable assent of man's intellect, of man's heart and soul, to all truths declared or supernaturally revealed by God. St. Paul shows the necessity of this certitude, this unalterability, of faith, when he says to his converts—"Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach a Gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema." And thus the Protestant bishop Parson, as quoted by Milner, defines faith as "an assent to the revealed articles of religion, with a certain and full assurance of their revealed truth." and Dr. Whakeley says—"When I assent to what God has revealed, I do it, not only with a certain assurance that what I believe is true; but with an absolute security that it cannot be false."

It is clear, then, that if such a faith be necessary to salvation, and if the Bible be the sole rule of faith, it must be above all things absolutely necessary to salvation, to have, and to be certain that we have, a pure, perfect version of the Bible, or Word of God, free from any, even the slightest admixture of error; in which, not a sentence,

not a word, not even a letter, can by any possibility need a revision. For to admit the possibility even, of any inaccuracy in the Bible, or any error, however small, on the part of transcriber or translator, is to acknowledge its utter worthlessness as the sole rule of faith. It is not enough that the Bible, in the original languages, and as it appeared in the original manuscripts, was the very Word of God; unless we can also predicate for all its copyists, and translators, immunity from all possibility of error—unless we can be certainly assured, with an unalterable conviction, that the copies and translations now before us are in every respect literal and faithful transcripts of the original. Now, have Protestants this certainty? No; for in that case they would not form themselves into societies for revising their Bible. The pure Word of God needs no revision; but Protestants admit that their Bible needs revision; therefore their Bible is not the pure Word of God.

What do Protestants themselves say of their versions of the Bible? Have they not condemned them as fast as they appeared? The old *Bishop's Bible*, as it was called, after having been in use for many years as the sole rule of faith, was discarded as full of glaring errors. A thousand Protestant Ministers petitioned King James against it—as in some places absurd, in others obscure, and in others again, falsifying the Word of God.—*Neale's Hist. Puritans, Vol. II., p. 53.*

Then King James determined to provide his subjects with a better "rule of faith" than the one in use in the days of his predecessor. Scarcely however was the ink of this translation dry, when the critics assailed it from all quarters. Even its great admirer, Horne—*Bibliographical App., No. 2*—feels himself constrained to admit that it had failed in giving general satisfaction. "Of late years"—he says—"this admirable version has been attacked with no common virulence, and arraigned as being deficient in fidelity, perspicuity and elegance; ambiguous and incorrect even in matters of the highest importance." And McKnight, another Protestant authority, in his *General Preface to the Translation of the Epistles*, avers that, "ere that which is called the King's translation . . . is not a little faulty." The language of the "Bible Revision Association" is still more explicit. At its third Anniversary meeting, held on the 6th of April last, in St. Louis, Mo., the preacher at the evening session spoke of the existing Protestant "Word of God" in the following terms:—

"Several parts of the English version put weapons into the hands of infidels. Contradictions abound throughout the entire work; wrong terms, supplying words that destroy the sense, and numberless other errors."

But apart from all other testimony, the very existence of a "Bible Revision Society" presupposes that American Protestants, the educated portion of them at least, are well aware of the errors, absurdities and falsifications in their "rule of faith." Time however will show that the revision which the Protestant Word of God is about now to undergo, will have to be done over again; and that Protestants may revise away into the "crack of doom," ere they obtain what they are in quest of—a pure and perfect Word of God, or rule of faith—a translation of the Bible, upon whose entire accuracy they can place implicit confidence.

But without such certain rule, how make an Act of Faith? or how can the vast majority of English Protestants, who, knowing nothing of Hebrew, Greek or Syriac, must trust entirely to the good faith, and accuracy, of peccable and fallible men, for their rule of faith—how can they, I ask, have "any faith at all?" These are questions worthy of the consideration of the French Canadian Missionary Society, and Bible distributors generally; they are also respectfully propounded to the Apostles of the great Connaught Soup Reformation. You will perhaps tell me that such men care little for these things; and that in defiance of common sense, and common decency, they will still continue their devilish work of proselytism—initiating their victims into the arts of swindling, and of bolting "stirabout" from the trough like pigs.

Yours truly,
Ossony.
Brock, Nov. 19th, 1855.

THE SCOTCH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Sir—I have shown in my last communication that the Scottish language is not only not yet dead—as some folks, jealous of our national reputation, would make appear—but that it is a favorite language, even with foreigners who use it not. When the Scots Fusilier Guards, last year, left London for the Crimea, they left it, singing the Scotch song—

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I would lay me down and die."

And not only did the soldiers sing it to the music of the band, but the citizens, also, lent the aid of their voices to join the chorus, while they accompanied the bravo chaps to the railway terminus; hoping that, although they were willing, they might not—even for the sake of Annie Laurie—and who among them had not an Annie Laurie?—be so hardly dealt with by fortune, as to be called on to "lay them down and die." Vain hope!—where are those brave fellows now? They marched to the railway terminus—their way to their graves! And where are the Annie Lauries? The bad management of an unwilling or an inefficient Government, has made them widows before the time. They are now sitting woe begone, crooning over the auld crotch—

"The flowers o' the forest are a' wode awa'!"

No, the Scottish language is not yet dead. Listen to the following letter from the Camp:—

"The Scottish language is made, through the beautiful and simple melody of 'Annie Laurie,' the vehicle of a sentiment that can urge men to noble deeds. It is possible that, at this moment, 'Annie Laurie' is a favorite with the soldiers of the four nations. French, Sardinians, and Turks may have caught the spirit and the sentiment of the song—each of them be essaying to learn the words. The English portion of the army, being Saxon, will of course learn it first. Now, only fancy some dare-devil or other of a Zouave having, by some unforeseen accident, suddenly tumbled among a batch of Scotch soldiers, singing that song. He stands rapt, listening to the beautiful air. He asks, and they initiate him into the meaning of the whole affair, and he joins chorus. The Sardinians being Italians, and, of course, musical, got both the sentiment and the music very quickly. The Turks are not a bar behind the others. They are human, and therefore not insensible to sweet sounds, as they are not insensible to sweet faces; and so they also help to swell the strain.—They will be Christianized by and by—don't be too hard on the poor Moslems. 'But our brave foe, Johnny Russ,' shall we exclude him from the Concert?—will he not be allowed to put in his Annie Laurie wif the others? Forbid it Phobus—Cypris forbid it. No, no; the poor Russian prisoner has as soft a heart, if he has a harder head than the other warriors there; so he enters among the quartette, and sings in his own way—

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I would lay me down and die!"

Perpend.

THE FAVORITE SONG AT THE CAMP.

"The singing of old songs, catches, glees, and choruses form a principal feature in the amusements of the Camp. During the long evenings of the past summer, our men used to sit in some old redoubt or abandoned trench, and there the song and toast went round; and once or twice I heard some original and extemporaneous verses, apropos to the time and place—to our Government at home—to our Generals at head-quarters—to the Czar in his palace—and to Johnny Russ in front, which were not only witty and satirical, but highly indicative of poetic genius. I took a note, one evening, of an *encore* verse to the 'British Grenadiers,' which was received with wonderful enthusiasm

by a large company of red-coats, who were watching the infernal fire of the Redan upon our advanced trenches.—It was getting dark, but the Redan dropped shells every few seconds into our works, producing the effect of the most brilliant fireworks. Unfortunately, when morning dawned, a terrible list of killed and wounded proved the accuracy of Russian artillery practice. The verse was as follows:—

"And soon a song of victory shall cheer the hearts of all,
And triumph float on every breeze borne from Sebastopol—
Where Frenchmen brave, and black Zouaves, the men who know no fear,
Have side by side, like brothers fought, with the British Grenadiers.
The Great Redan shall thunder find, and we will find the cheers—
With a row-dow-dow, and a row-dow-dow, for the British Grenadiers!"

"But, of all songs, the favorite song at the Camp is 'Annie Laurie.' Words and music combine to render it popular; for every soldier has a sweetheart, and almost every soldier has the organ of tune. Every new draught from England marches into regimental quarters at the Camp, the band playing this old and recently modernized Scotch melody. I heard the song sung on the evening of the 7th of September, under circumstances so peculiar that I never can forget them. Codrington had visited us on parade in the afternoon, and addressed the men. We were told that on the next day the assault was to be made on the Great Redan. 'And'—said the General—'The Commander-in-Chief feels assured that the Light Division—never known to fail—will again nobly do its duty.' This was a good speech, according to the poetry and romance of war;—a Manchester orator would have said—'The Commander-in-Chief sends his congratulations, and begs to state that at this hour to-morrow about 1,500 of you will be killed or wounded.' Every man understood it, according to the Manchester version; but though a few cheeks turned pale, not an eye quailed—not a muscle trembled.—About eight o'clock in the evening, I walked towards the Victoria redoubt to gaze for the last time on the terrible batteries of Sebastopol. Hundreds of soldiers were sitting on the other side of the hill, looking down on the doomed city. A song was proposed—silence obtained, a corporal of the second battalion Rifle Brigade started 'Annie Laurie.' He had a tenor voice tolerably good, and sang with expression; but the chorus was taken up by the audience in a much lower key, and hundreds of voices in the best exact time and harmony sang together—

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I would lay me down and die!"

The effect was extraordinary; at least I felt it so. I never heard any choruses in an oratorio rendered with greater solemnity. The heart of each singer was evidently far away over the sea. It was more like a psalm than a ballad; for, at such a time, on the eve of a great battle, a soldier thinks only of his love and his God. The song was scarcely finished, when the bugle sounded to quarters, and the company dispersed—never to meet again. Ere the next sunset, the singer of the song, and scores of those who joined in the chorus, were lying stiff and stark in the ditch of the Redan, having "laid down and died," at the command of a steamer mistress than any of womankind.—And there they still lie; and the ditch that used to be so deep is now level with the embrasures. Alas! how many hearts are breaking for them at home. How many eyes, 'dark-blue' as Annie Laurie's, have scanned the horrid list recording the names of the dead, finding what they most dreaded to see! How many loving women, whose happiness is for ever buried in the grave which holds the mangled remains of the idol they treasured, have fallen on their knees, and asked God to take pity on them, and let them die too?—V. G.—*Letter from the Camp.*

There, Mr. Editor, in that letter your readers have another proof of the excellence of the Scottish language, as well as of Scottish music, in so far as it has the power of agitating the human heart, and moving a soldier in the hours of danger and of death to tears. As time passes, and events roll on each other's heels, more such proofs shall be forthcoming.

JOHN O'BADENSON.

The following remarks upon the St. Sylvester murder case, are from the *Quebec Colonist*, and are creditable to our cotemporary. We trust that the Government will see the necessity of taking immediate and strong measures, to vindicate the majesty of the law:—

"We have received several accounts latterly, from the locality where this unfortunate and disgraceful affair occurred; many of them differing in detail, but all agreeing that there is a total disregard of the majesty of the law in that neighborhood. It appears that the murdered man, Corrigan, was an Orangeman, who had made himself particularly obnoxious to the inhabitants of St. Sylvester of a different religion to himself: that he was what is called a fighting man and a bully, and boasted he could thrash half a dozen of papists, and what is more, being a powerful man, succeeded once or twice in doing so. He was appointed to act as a judge at a cattle show, and being in liquor got into an altercation and fight with the farmers. This quarrel ended in the death of Corrigan, from the severe beating he got. Some accounts say he was murdered in cold blood some time after this quarrel, while others state that he was killed by a blow in the night. Be that as it may, the law of the land and the law of God was violated, and the outrage on society should be appeased. The persons charged with the murder of Corrigan ought to be put on their trial, and justice should be done. No one ought to expect more, and no one should be satisfied with less. Religious feeling and animosity have been evoked to prevent this, and on one side we see arms taken up by the friends of the accused murderers to prevent their arrest. On the other side armed men threaten vengeance. This state of things is to be deplored, and come what may, should be put down. We are sorry to say that even preachers of the Gospel are mixed up in the unlawful strife, and lend their influence to breed discord and desolation rather than christian feeling, and a salutary fear of violating the law of God and man."

A second Proclamation has been issued, offering a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any one of the persons accused of the murder of Corrigan.

THE "GLOBE" IN A NEW CHARACTER.—Our Upper Canadian contemporary, usually so powerful on the right of private judgment and the freedom of all persons to do what the law does not forbid, has entirely changed his doctrine, apropos of Mr. Pfeil's attempt to burn his wife's dead body. The *Globe*, though he says there is nothing in the Bible against burning bodies—the Bible being the religion of Protestants—pronounces cremation to be essentially anti-Christian and Pagan. So that the *Globe* editor has pushed Pio Nono over for once, and established a new doctrine like the immaculate conception. And, then, having thus established the Paganism of cremation, his regard for liberty of conscience won't allow of that form of heterodoxy being practised. Just when the husband was engaged in the last duties to a wife, whom he seems to have tenderly loved, and whose repeatedly expressed wishes he was implicitly following, a crowd of raggamuffins broke in and by force prescribed their own idea as the law for Pfeil. This the *Globe* thinks a wholesome exercise of popular control. When will people be ready to accord to others, the rights they clamor for so loudly themselves? Probably nobody will get together sixteen cords of wood to burn his wife's body in the neighborhood of Toronto. But if any one should, a second edition of the Gavazzi outrage, only practised on a person who had not even controverted the opinions of others, would be a wholesome exercise of popular control. So thinks the *Globe*.—*Herald.*

MILITARY HEAD QUARTERS.—We understand that orders were received by the last English mail to retain the military head quarters at Montreal. This step is probably adopted owing to the recent difficulties with the United States; and from the few troops to spare here it is thought that the central city of the Canadas will receive a strong garrison from home early in the spring.—*Quebec Mercury.*

RUMOUR.—There is a rumour in circulation that the Ministry intends to make additions to the Legislative Council. In the face of the measure to reform the constitution of that body, such a course would be a practical abandonment of the policy to which it stands pledged.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

VICTORIA BRIDGE.—The scaffolding has been removed from around the second pier, which now stands exposed to view. The apparent progress since the close of the navigation last year is the completion of this pier, and preparing the foundations of four others. The embankment on the north approach carried away last year, has been more solidly constructed, and upon it the cars now run to the works at the abutment. In the quarries enormous quantities of stone have been prepared, in size and number equal to the construction of a Pyramid that would rival those of Egypt. A very large portion of the most tedious work and that which gives the least signs of result to the casual observer has been accomplished; and if circumstances shall allow of the building being pushed with vigor next season, by this period of it we expect to see the completion of ten or twelve piers.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—We learn from the Buffalo papers of Thursday last, that, on the night previous, the Express Train of the Buffalo and Brantford Railroad ran into a wood train near Caledonia, smashing several cars, and killing four German laborers, names unknown. A man named McCormick, had both his legs broken. A Mr. Wilson had one leg broken and the other badly crushed.—*Herald.*

A man named Robert O'Connell, a labourer, was found dead on the 22nd instant, at Oakville, with a wound under the left breast, and supposed to have been murdered. Two men and women, inmates of the same house, have been arrested and held for examination.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Mr. Thomas D. McCoukey, of Barrie, offers the above amount on behalf of himself and fellow-tradesmen, for the arrest of a scoundrel named James Barker, who decamped from that place, after having, in connexion with his wife, fraudulently obtained goods, &c., to the extent of £800. Mr. McCoukey also wishes to place parties throughout the Province on their guard, in case the rascal should visit them.

There died on Wednesday last, in the city hospital, an individual who was well known here during the past four or five years as "old Doctor Barry." Habitual drunkenness and consequent starvation and exposure had wrecked his constitution, clothed him in rags, and the only indications of the respectable position which he once held were his gentlemanly mode of expression and polite demeanor. The deceased was a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin, and was, we are credibly informed, at one time Mayor of Bytown, where his wife and family now reside. During the five days previous to his admission to the Hospital he had partaken of no food whatever, but had taken an incredible quantity of whiskey. He was taken the greatest care of by the city Physician, Dr. Moore, and one of the last offices performed to the deceased was that gentleman's giving him a cup of coffee, for which the deceased thanked him in his usual polite manner, adding, "shall pay you in the morning."—*London Free Press.*

On the 17th inst., Joseph R. Thompson Esq., Solicitor, residing in the township of Brock, while under the influence of extreme mental depression, terminated his existence by cutting his throat. The Coroner's jury found a verdict in accordance with circumstances showing that deceased was afflicted with temporary insanity.

ESCAPED.—Two persons escaped from the new wing of the Hamilton Gaol on Sunday last, by carving their way with a jack-knife. The *Spectator* says that the building appears to be constructed with a special view to facilitating the evaporation of its inmates.

We insert the following at the particular request of a friend:—

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

BY A BRITISH SCOT.

Tune—"Bannocks o' Bustle Meal."

Now, the day has returned, and the lads frae the Land o' Cakes
Gather again for their social display—
To wave the auld Thistle, that fresh in their memory wakes
Thoughts sad or sweet, on St. Andrew's Day.
So let's keep up the name o' that fearless auld fellow,
Ye lads frae the Clyde, frae the Forth, Tweed, or Tay;
Where the blackbird, and lintie, wif their music so mellow
Made the echoes ring, mony a long summer's day.
O, fair is the land where the white rose is springing,
And sweet are the braes where the heather-bell blooms,
And healthful the breezes where hawthorns are flinging,
With the sweet brier, and gowans abroad their perfumes;
And fair is the form of the true Scottish maiden,
In city or suburb—by bank or by brae;
Her breast, whether covered wif silk, or coarse plaiden,
Kings the true metal, ilka St. Andrew's Day.
To cheer their poor brethren, in penury pining,
Is the end that they oftener meet for, we trow;
And their names in the hearts of their bairns are enshrining,
Aye, ready to light up wif gratitude's glow.
And but for that warm heart they show to their neighbours,
There's mony pair souls had been laid in the clay,
That yet pay their tribute o' thanks to their labors,—
But wha's hearths might be cauld on St. Andrew's Day.
Then lang be respected our auld Mither Scotland:
Her lochs, and her glens, and her mountains so gray;
And should' d-dry-lipped cavillers say she's a "Wet land,"
Let them keep a calm sough on St. Andrew's Day.
And if, south, forty-five, they should' d bully and snivel—
On our National Arms there's an auld Latin say—
"He wad need a lang spurs—wad sup kail wif the Deevil,"
Keep the crown o' the causway, lads—lang as ye may.
See the lowlanders coming frae house, shop, and shanty,
And sound hearted Celts in their tartans sac braw,
Led on by the Pipes playing chanter sac canty,
"Tulloch Gorum," or, "Here is to them that's awa'!"
Aye, the Pipers are thae that can grace the occasion,
When the lassies demand frae them, reel or Strathspey—
Their *wind* will this night be in great requisition,
Ere their lightsome feet finish St. Andrew's Day.
Montreal, Nov. 29, 1855.

Married.

In this city, on Monday, the 26th instant, at the Parish Church of Notre Dame, by the Rev. Mr. Dowd, Mr. Frederick Dalton, Foreman of the *Argus* newspaper, to Mary, only daughter of Mr. John Mulloy, all of Montreal.

Died.

At Peterboro', C. W., on the 11th November, 1855, in the 63rd year of his age, Mr. Timothy O'Connor, the respected Father of the Rev. J. S. O'Connor of Kingston. The deceased was a Native of the County Cork, Ireland, and a resident of Peterboro' for the last 30 years of his life.—*Requiescat in pace.*

In this city, on the 21st inst., Owen, second son of Patrick Larkin, Esq., aged 10 years and 6 months.

At Sillery Cove, Quebec, on Thursday, the 22nd instant, Michael MacHugh, aged 19 years.

At Three Rivers, on the 23rd instant, Harriet, daughter of the late Ezekiel Hart, Esq.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* contains an article on the internal condition of France, signed by M. Granier de Cassagnac. "French society," says that writer, "that is, that portion of the society which does not comprise the friends and supporters of government and order, is divided into two classes—disappointed ambition and a freemasonry of brigands, who dream of conspiracy, and attempt to pillage, rape, and assassination." The *Constitutionnel* then compares the political conspirators abroad to the well-born companions of Cataline, who formed the senseless project of burning and sacking Rome, with the assistance of all the bandits of Italy. It reproaches the members of past governments for not lending their assistance to the country in the present arduous times.

A rumor was afloat last night that another attempt had been made on the Emperor's life. There was, however, no truth in it. The incident which gave rise to the report is the following:—About 5 o'clock last evening one of the carriages of the Court proceeded to the Lyons Railway terminus to meet the Emperor on his return from Fontainebleau. The carriage was preceded by an outrider, or piqueur. On passing through the Faubourg St. Antoine, the horse he rode began suddenly to rear, and at the moment a pistol dropped from one of the holsters; it exploded as it fell on the pavement, and the bullet wounded in the arm a man who was standing near. The moment the Emperor arrived he was informed of the accident, and without loss of time sent his chief surgeon, who extracted the ball, and who gave the wounded man 200f. for his immediate wants, independent of further assistance which will be given him. The Emperor felt much affected at the unfortunate accident, which gave rise to the rumor I have noticed, and which circulated in the neighborhood. This, I am assured, is the real fact of the matter.—*Cor. of the London Times, Nov. 6.*

FRENCH SPECULATIONS ON THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.—Will the Russians evacuate the Crimea before the winter?—that is the great question of the day. Colonel St. Ange, in the *Journal des Débats*, answers it in the negative. The only means of compelling them to do so would be to remove the whole of the allied army to Eupatoria, and the difficulties of doing this at the present season of the year, renders it next to impossible to take such a step. The presence of from thirty to forty thousand men at Eupatoria, and their forays across the country, will not, according to the gallant writer, prevent supplies reaching the Russian army from Perekop. A few days will show how far his hypothesis is borne out by facts. At the same time, although Colonel St. Ange's opinion is entitled to every respect, it is difficult not to apply to his own case the strictures he passes on other journalists for passing opinions upon future events, and drawing plans of campaigns when, at best, they can only be in possession of a very limited portion of the circumstances which may guide the conduct of the generals. *Galignani* very sensibly remarks on this subject:—We venture to question the ability possessed by journalists, unacquainted with the scene of action, and the circumstances which daily change the features of the campaign, to record any opinion of value on so responsible a subject. Even the *Débats*, which denounces the shortcomings of others, is far from being infallible, for the conclusion of the article to which we refer assumes the allies to be busy hutting themselves, and otherwise preparing to meet the rigours of winter in the positions of Ozembak, Tani-Sala, and Forti-Sala, on the high Belbek, whilst the latest official accounts from the seat of war announce that the allies have returned to their former quarters on the Tchernaia, and in the plains of Balaklava and Baidar.

THE FRENCH FLOATING BATTERIES.—A letter from Sebastopol says that the new French floating batteries are entirely built of iron, and covered with a shell of the same metal, under which the chimney is lowered and concealed during an action. Trials have been made against this shell with 64-pounders, but they only produced a slight dent, the projectiles themselves rebounding far away. When shut, the batteries look like a tortoise, broader in front than behind. The front battery is armed with thirty guns of the heaviest calibre. The portholes are in their turn closed by lids, that open of themselves at the moment the gun is fired, and then shut instantly. A small orifice in the lid enables the gunner to take aim.

AUSTRIA.

VIENNA, Oct. 31.—For some time past the Constantinople and Bucharest correspondents of the Austrian papers have affirmed that preparations were about to be made in the Danubian Principalities for the reception of Anglo-French troops; but the intelligence appeared so improbable that no notice was ever taken of it in my letters. For the moment the allied forces have sufficient occupation in the Crimea, but perfectly reliable information has been given me that the representatives of the Western Powers have informed the Porte that circumstances may render the march of French and English troops into the Principalities necessary. The communication alluded to has since led to a lively and somewhat unpleasant diplomatic correspondence between this Government and the Porte.—*Times Correspondent.*

ITALY.

The correspondent of the *Dublin Weekly Telegraph* writes that there are at present thirteen vacancies in the episcopate of Piedmont, none of which can be filled up in the existing relations betwixt that unhappy country, and the Holy See. The cost of making Protestants is set down at 300 francs per head.

A correspondent from Savoy, writing to the *Ga-*

zette de Lyon, says that of 121,000 inhabitants of Sassari 10,500 have fallen victims to cholera. Whole families have been swept off, and thirty-seven priests of the monastic orders have fallen victims to their devotion in attending the sick and dying.

Letters from Rome state that Cardinal Wiseman has been recalled from his Metropolitan Church of Westminster, where he is to be succeeded by Monsignor Talbot, who must have already arrived in England. The Cardinal is coming to replace, in the Prefecture of the Vatican library, the learned Cardinal Mai, to whom the literary world is indebted for the publication of the treatise of Cicero *De Republica*.

The Holy Father, whose nature is goodness and charity, has just been doing one of those good deeds for which he is so celebrated, and which have so much endeared him to all upright men in and around the Eternal City. On the 25th ult., when no one expected him, he slipped quietly, smilingly, and almost alone into the new prisons, to visit personally, and see with his own eyes how things are managed there, and how the prisoners are treated. He went first into the church and sacristy, then into the sick wards, the kitchen, pantry, and common rooms. He tasted the meat, the soup, the bread, the wine, to see that all was good. He spoke words of consolation to the sick; he even caused the cells of those who were in solitary confinement to be opened to him, and had some kind words to say to all. On leaving, he was graciously pleased to release some of those whose offences were of a more venial nature.

Much has been said in England about the Roman prisons, and the alleged cruelties practised within their walls. Could Englishmen see, as the Pope saw, on the 25th of October last, these prisons with his own eyes, and were they permitted to witness the system of discipline adopted there, they would, notwithstanding their cherished prejudices, be obliged to admit that the Roman prisons are, in every point of view, better managed than those of England. Instead of cold, careless, and callous hired servants that do duty in English gaols, those angelic beings, the Sisters of Providence, minister to the unfortunate inmates of the Roman prisons. Full of charity and compassionate regard for the prisoners, they treat them as erring brethren with kindness and consideration. Often before the period of penal servitude has elapsed, the guilty are led to repentance and an amendment of life, and leave the house of correction new men, to become good members of society. The Sisters have done their work so well in Rome, at Rimini, and Perugia, where they have been employed for some years, that the Holy Father has made up his mind to give them the charge of all the prisons in the Roman States as soon as he can find a sufficient number of Sisters to take charge of these establishments.

REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN SICILY.—The *Post*, in a second edition, publishes a letter from Naples, dated Oct. 30th, which states there is no longer any doubt concerning the existence of a revolutionary movement in Sicily. Some men have been taken by the royal troops and shot. The Neapolitan authorities, however, assert the movement is not political.

NORTHERN POWERS.

DENMARK AND THE UNITED STATES.—There is some reason to believe that, after all, Russia has accepted the office of mediator, between Denmark and the United States, and proposed, as an adjustment of the difficulties, that Denmark shall cede her island of St. Thomas to the United States for the sum of five millions of dollars, and total exemption of American ships and cargo from the future payment of the Sound dues. Although the colony is one of no value to Denmark in a pecuniary point of view, rather causing an expense than bringing in a surplus, yet Denmark is said to have declined the proposal, out of consideration to the Western Powers, to whom such an acquisition of territory on the part of the Americans, so close to their own West India possessions, cannot be desirable.—*Letter from Hamburg, (Nov. 3.)*

There is a rumor at Warsaw that the Emperor intends having, either in that city or on some other point of the frontier, an interview with several foreign sovereigns, for the purpose of making a last attempt to restore peace. Destitution is at its climax in Poland, and the dearth of provisions so great that the poor can hardly find the bare means of existence. Prince Paskiewitch has opened the public granaries at Warsaw, and given orders for baking every day, at the expense of the State, large quantities of bread, which will be given to the destitute at half the regular price. The fresh conscription has not commenced yet, but this is solely on account of the difficulty of feeding; it is probable that recruiting will proceed during the winter. The news respecting the successes of the allies has produced great excitement in Poland.—*Letter from Posen.*

There is little doubt now as to the nature of General Canrobert's mission. It is to induce Sweden to join the alliance next spring, and to try to effect a junction between her and Denmark; and it is added that the restoration of Finland would not be refused to the former if made a condition of her compliance.—*Cor. Times.*

From the Baltic we have no news of moment. The correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing at Kiel, on the 31st Oct., says:—

"The homeward-bound ships of the fleet are now making their appearance here. The Ajax, Captain Warden, and the Hogue, Captain Ramsay, anchored in the bay this morning. Their crews are reported to be in a healthy state, but the ships appear to have suffered from a series of gales which they have latterly encountered, and if their services are required in the Atlantic or the Mediterranean, they will need a considerable overhaul at the dockyards

before they can be rendered available. Altogether, the fleet appears to have met with more accidents this year than they did last. Sir Charles Napier, with apparent justice, boasted that none of the ships met with any damage while they were under his immediate command, and that it was only after they left him that any casualty occurred. Admiral Dundas cannot make the same declaration, for at the very outset the Duke of Wellington was run foul of, and had to return to England, and there are several others which on their arrival at home will be found to have sustained much injury. There appears to be only one opinion in the fleet as to the attack on Sweaborg, for all agree in saying that if the bombardment by the small craft had been followed up by an immediate attack by the large ships, the destruction of that fortress as well as of Helsingfors would have been inevitable."

HAMBURG, Nov. 5.—An order has been received at Kiel for all English line-of-battle ships in the Baltic fleet to return to England. Four have already quitted Kiel.

WAR IN THE EAST.

An English steamer had advanced high enough up the Bug to reconnoitre Nicholaieff. She states that there were numerous vessels in the port, and that it was strongly fortified. Odessa is still blockaded by the allied steamers. The bad weather interrupts important operations in the Crimea. Fort Constantine continues to fire on any groups of curious persons in the southern part of Sebastopol. The fire of the Russians nearly set fire to the French line-of-battle ship *Ulm*, but she received timely assistance from the Admiral's ship. The allies are increasing the vigor of their fire in order to silence Fort Constantine. Omar Pasha, from the last accounts received, was still at Soukhum Kaleb; he was preparing to march on to Kutais. His operations have been impeded by the sickness which had broken out among the Tunisian troops which form part of his army. Kars is still closely hemmed in, but was expected to be soon reevictualled. General Williams has made every preparation for an obstinate defence.

NICHOLAIEFF BOMBARDED.—VIENNA, Nov. 3. Despatches have been received at the Turkish Embassy stating that the bombardment of Nicholaieff had commenced on the 29th of October, and was continued the whole of the following day. The result was not known. It is added that the Emperor had been induced to leave the place before the bombardment began, but that the Grand Duke Constantine would not be prevailed upon to quit the town.

KHERSON AND NICHOLAIEFF.—The Gulf of Kherston is a vast basin, with shores lined with sandbanks, which advance far into the sea, and restrict exceedingly the navigable portion. This basin is terminated on the east by a bay, somewhat like that of Sebastopol, and which is nothing else than the mouth of the Dnieper. It is at the bottom of this bay that lies the town of Kherston. On the northern shore, in turning towards Otchakoff, is the mouth of the Bug. It is by that river, which is very wide and very deep at its mouth, that vessels go up between precipitous banks to the point at which Ingul joins it, and where Nicholaieff is built. A tolerably just and correct idea of the situation of the port of Nicholaieff on the Bug may be formed by considering how London is placed on the Thames, far up in the interior of the country. The position of Nicholaieff, it will thus be seen, is a formidable one.—Being placed about 20 miles from the sea, on the right bank of the Bug, Nicholaieff is, since the capture of Sebastopol, the most powerful arsenal of Russia in the south. The Russian Government has expended there upwards of 1500 millions of francs to realise the idea of Prince Potemkin, whose strong desire it was to establish there the real maritime citadel of Russia in the Black Sea.

Nicholaieff possesses twelve dockyards, six for ships of the line and six for smaller vessels; also immense arsenals, and almost exhaustless materials for shipbuilding. It employs 600 workmen in ordinary times, and 12,000 on occasions of emergency. At present the number, according to German accounts, is not less than 21,000.—*Journal de Constantinople.*

A CRUCIFIXION IN CHINA.—An American, writing from China to the *New York Times*, after giving an account of the numerous executions of the rebels, says:—"Two weeks since, to vary the scene, they had a crucifixion. A woman was sentenced to be crucified for the crime of having given birth to one of the rebel chiefs. If a father is a rebel, his family is considered the same, and the whole family, from the old man of four score to the child of four years, share the same fate. The poor woman was nailed to the cross while living, a gash made across the forehead to the bone, and the skin peeled down so as to hang over the eyes; after which the breasts were cut off; they then proceeded to break every bone in her body; a large knife was next thrust into the throat and passed downward, cutting the chest open. The executioner then thrust in his hand, and grasping the heart, tore it from its socket, and laid it beating and reeking before the judge."

THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

(From *Times Correspondent.*)

FOURTH DIVISION CAMP, Oct. 22.—Is the British army in the Crimea to become, or rather to continue, a model of drunkenness for all nations? I certainly am not giving too much importance to this question by insisting upon it very strongly. Yesterday was Sunday. I rode into Balaklava at 1 p. m., through Kadikoi Major, and returned, towards dusk, through Kadikoi Minor. The sights I saw, both going and returning, were enough to make an Englishman despair of his countrymen. All along the road were men—not only privates, but non-commissioned officers—in every stage of drunkenness. Sobriety was really the exception, intoxication the rule. Noisy groups, flushed and unsteady with drink, were interspersed

with staggering sets who could not keep on their legs. Two Highlanders, one of them on the ground, the other making violent and fruitless efforts to get his comrade to stand up, were affording, at 2 in the afternoon, great amusement to a number of French road-makers. Sunday is not a day of rest for the French working parties. Three hours later I passed a group of three non-commissioned officers of some line regiment. The centre man was kept from falling only by the support of the two others, themselves far from sober, and the trio made the most of the road after the most approved fashion. Numbers of officers must have met this group, and the natural and proper course would have been to take their names and send them at once to their quarters under arrest, but drunkenness here has reached such a pitch that it would be an endless task to do this. The tavern booths of the Old Kadikoi were crowded with drinkers, and rang with oaths, obscenity, and brawls. Notwithstanding the closing of many of the establishments there, the place is still a scene of life and bustle, while Little Kadikoi, hard by the Guards' Camp, has not, upon week days, the appearance of doing much business. But in the evening, when the working parties come off duty, and on Sundays, when they have none to do, it is as much thronged as the booths on a racecourse or at a fair, or as the back slums of a seaport town when half-a-dozen men-of-war have just been paid off. Drink, of course, is nearly the sole object of its frequenters; and drink, not in moderation, but to the most beastly excess. Yesterday, towards nightfall, it was more than several officers, non-commissioned officers, and patrols could do to maintain something like order, and master the insubordinate and refractory drunkards. Do not suppose that I am coloring the picture too highly; it is out of my power to do so. There are plenty of witnesses here to testify to the correctness of the statement. The drunkenness and insubordination of this army is here matter of common conversation and lament. The oldest officers declare that in all their experience they never saw anything to equal it. It will be asked why, then, do not the officers, having a keen sense of the evil, take measures to put a stop to it? Simply because it is not in their power. I believe they do what they can, in the ordinary routine; there are plenty of flogging parades, plenty of men set to pick up and carry stones, and you cannot ride through the camp without seeing plenty of men drilling in heavy marching order for punishment. But cat and stone-gathering, and drill are alike ineffectual to check the horrible vice which is degrading our army, and which must, if means be not found to stop it, ultimately impair its efficiency and fill the hospitals. Officers commanding regiments witness this state of things with grief, and would, I am sure, gladly adopt any practical means that might be ordered or suggested to alter it. Such measures should proceed from head-quarters, or from the War-office. One rather odd idea was hit upon the other day by the colonel of a regiment in the Third Division, who sent his adjutant to the Commissary-General to request he would have plum puddings made to sell to the men, in order that they might thereby expend their money otherwise than in drink; for the abundance of money is the root of the evil. The good qualities of the British soldiers have been often proved and extolled, and are admitted by all, but sobriety is certainly not one of his virtues; he will drink if you give him money, and drink, as he does here, until he brings himself to a level with the beast.

Mr. Doyne, the indefatigable superintendent of the Army Works Corps, proceeds vigorously with his labors. Roads are opening in all directions. There are about 20 miles in progress. The pains that are taken with their construction and its excellence appeared almost superfluous to some of the military bigwigs here, but before we have got through our four months' winter they will probably change their opinion on that head. The number of men employed is very considerable. To-morrow 8,600 soldiers go on work, besides 1,000 Croats and the Army Works Corps, which, notwithstanding its losses from sickness, is still 1,000 or 1,100 strong, and expects to be reinforced from England to the extent of some hundred more. The want of proper system and organization which has been so often and deplorably exposed during this war and in this army, is here again visible. With different arrangements half the men, perhaps a quarter of them, could do the work of the whole 10,000, and probably do it better, because they would be less crowded. The men employed to work should be camped near their work till it is completed, instead of having to march long distances to it. Thus, for instance, a regiment of the Third Division, at the furthest extremity of the camp, marches down daily to work at Balaklava, returning, at night, thus daily performing a distance of nearly 15 miles. Of course, this is just so much power of work taken out of the men, and the army is now full of boys, whose immature strength is not equal to a good hard day's work, which, in fact, is not to be got out of them, even though they had not to walk long distances to it.

As regards military operations there is literally nothing worth recording since my last letter. The Russians remain very quiet, and so do we. There is not much firing from the north side; now and then some artillery officer, as if suddenly exasperated, jumps up in a fury, and fires half a dozen mortars at once; but, as far as I can see, the French continue, not caring, and scarcely take the trouble to reply. In the cavalry plain on Saturday afternoon our allies treated the Russians to a fine view of the Imperial Guard. General Mahon, having assumed command of the corps d'armée of reserve, passed it in review. I rode down there after sending off my despatch, and the sight was certainly very fine, and highly creditable in every way to the French army. Grenadiers, Chasseurs, Zouaves, Engineers, and Artillery of the Guard, were drawn up across the plain in a long line, up and down which the General rode, followed by a numerous staff, to which Sir Colin Campbell and a large number of English officers had temporarily attached themselves. The Grenadiers looked martial and imposing in their long blue coats and lofty bearskins, the Chasseurs smart and active in their most excellent and service-like costume, the Zouaves, as usual, picturesque and effective. These two corps, the Chasseurs and Zouaves, excite the warm admiration of our officers, and are probably the most perfect soldiers in the world—I do not mean in respect of fighting, although they are no fools at that, but considering them with respect to all their military qualities and accomplishments, as well as to their dress and equipment, their powers of marching and endurance—everything, in short, that constitutes perfection in a soldier. They really looked magnificent on Saturday—an honor to their service and a credit to the system and officers by which such soldiers are made. The

day was fine, and of course ponies were put into requisition, and no end of scarlet jackets, interspersed with the blue frocks of the cavalry, were seen converging from all points towards the parade-ground.

One of the Catholic Sisters of Charity, Sister Winifred, has died of cholera, and was interred yesterday afternoon in a grave dug high up the hill behind the General Hospital at Balaklava.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ENGLISH POLICY. We (Nation) find the following curious communication in the London Leader.

"Monsieur C—n at first could talk about nothing but the Eastern question, and of his fears that Louis Napoleon might seduce England into an offensive alliance. All his passions and all his interests, said C—n, impel him to war—especially to a war with you by his side.

But what have you English to get by war? What have you to lose? Have you ever considered the course which that war will take? You think probably that it will be a mere maritime contest; that you will blockade the Sound and the Bosphorus, and starve Russia out.

"It cannot be denied that our master has the three qualities which must conduce to political success, 'il est hardi, il est réfléchi, il est foube.' "If you ally yourselves to him, you take an associate whom you know to be bent on objects which you are resolved that he will not obtain.

"In order to seduce you into war, he will employ every artifice which his power of simulation and of dissimulation (and they are very great) place at his disposal. He will renounce all ambitious views; all separate action; he will communicate to you every despatch that goes to Lacour, and every order that he sends to Laassusse; he will modify them at your pleasure; he will put his fleet under your admiral and his diplomacy under your Foreign Office.

THE MORMONS IN THE EYES OF ENGLISH JUSTICE.

The other day a petty sessions was held at West Bromwich, and was adorned with the judicial wisdom which illumines that part of England. The magistrates were called upon to protect a congregation of worshippers, which had been disturbed by an individual belonging to another, or to no sect.

exception to an universal negative. These Mormons dissent from the "Church of England," so far as is clear, but the dissent in question is not of that particular complexion which the law allows.

The Mormons are certainly a wicked and detestable sect, but they teach and do nothing which the Reformers did not do and teach before them. They lead immoral lives—so did Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, so did Luther and Calvin, so did Beza and Zuinglius, and no Protestant can justify the poems of Beza or the filthy obscenities of Luther.

The Mormons teach polygamy. No doubt they do, but so did Luther, who gave a formal license under his hand to the Landgrave of Hesse to have two wives at once. Henry VIII. married, or rather pretended to marry, Anne Boleyn while his lawful wife was still living.

The Mormons are wicked, immoral, and licentious; they make light of marriage; but is England the country to pronounce against them? Polygamy is not confined to Mormons; respectable Englishmen, by the help of Parliament, become polygamists from time to time.

We have no doubt that the decision of the magistrates at West Bromwich did substantial justice to the case before them; but they judged themselves at the same time. The moral law is not subject to local legislation, and the Mormons are not worse than some of their neighbors.

THE ORIGINAL PACKAGE.—Besides dispensing food to the hungry wayfarer at fifty cents each per meal, the Rouse's Point Hotel (bearing the rather unpoetic name of "Station House," I believe) affords liquor to those who desire it—only, however, in the "original packages—mark that.

"Yes, Sir; we don't wish to lay ourselves open for prosecution under the Maine law, and so we sell only the 'original package.' Have one, Sir?" "What other liquor do you sell in the 'original packages? Ale of any kind?"

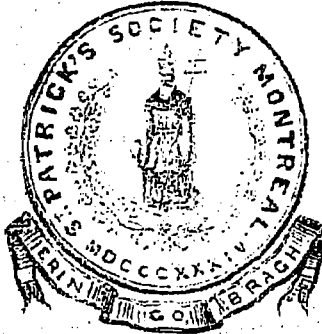
"Father," said little Teddy, "how can the sea run when its all tide?" "It don't run, my child," said the father, "it sits still." "How can it sit, when it has no bottom?" Teddy was led out of doors by the hair of the head.

A NATION OF METHODISTS.—The mission, to the Friendly Islands has been so successful, that the nation is a nation of Methodists, and the whole population, from the King (who is a "local preacher,") down to his meanest subject, attend the Wesleyan ministry.

THE HAPPY RESULTS FROM THE USE OF DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.

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