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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VI.

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NO. 10.

DIARY OF THE SIEGE.

(From the Cur. of the London Times.)

THE ASSAULT.

SEBASTOPOL, September 8.—The weather changed suddenly yesterday. This morning it became bitterly cold. A biting wind right from the north side of Sebastopol blew intolerable clouds of harsh dust into our faces. The sun was obscured—the sky was of a leaden wintry grey. Early in the morning a strong force of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Hodge, was moved up to the front, and formed a chain of sentries in front of Cathcart's hill and all along our lines. No person was allowed to pass this line unless he was a staff officer or provided with a pass. Another line of sentries in the rear of them was intended to stop stragglers and idlers from Balacklava, and the object in view was, probably, to prevent the Russians gathering any intimation of our attack from the unusual accumulation of people on the look out hills. If that were so, it would have been better to have kept the cavalry more to the rear, and not to display to the enemy a line of Hussars, Lancers, and Dragoons, along our front. At 11.30 the Highland Brigade, under Brigadier Cameron, marched up from Kamara, and took up its position in reserve at the right attack, and the Guards, also in reserve, were posted on the same side of the Woronzoff-road. The first brigade of the Fourth Division served the trenches of the left attack the night before, and remained in them. The second brigade of the Fourth Division was in reserve. The Guards, who served the trenches of the left attack, and only marched out that morning, were turned out again after arriving at their camp. The Third Division, massed on the hill-side before their camp, were also in reserve, in readiness to move down by the left attack in case their services were required. General Pelissier during the night collected about thirty thousand men in and about the Mamelon, to form the storming columns for the Malakoff and Little Redan, and to provide the necessary reserves. The French were reinforced by five thousand Sardinians, who marched up from the Tchernaya last night. It was arranged that the French were to attack the Malakoff at noon, and, as soon as their attack began, that we were to attack the Redan. At the same time a strong column of French was, I understand, to make a diversion on the left and menace the line of the Bastion du Mat, but I do not believe it was intended to operate seriously against this part of the town, the possession of which in a military point of view would be of minor importance. The cavalry sentries were posted at 8.30. At 10.30 the Second Division and the Light Division moved down to the trenches, and were placed in the advanced parallels as quietly and unostentatiously as possible. About the same hour General Simpson and staff moved down to the second parallel of the Green-hill Battery. Sir Harry Jones, too ill to move hand or foot, nevertheless insisted on being carried down to witness the assault, and was borne to the parallel on a litter, in which he remained till all was over. It was, as I have said, a bitter cold day, and a stranger would have been astonished at the aspect of the British generals as they viewed the assault. The Commander-in-Chief, General Simpson, sat in the trench, with his nose and eyes just facing the cold and dust, and his cloak drawn over his head to protect him against both.—General Jones wore a red nightcap, and reclined on his litter, and Sir Richard Airey, the Quartermaster General, had a white pocket handkerchief tied over his cap and ears, which detracted somewhat from a martial and belligerent aspect. The Duke of Newcastle was stationed at Cathcart's hill in the early part of the day, and afterwards moved off to the right to the Picket-house looking out over the Woronzoff-road. All the amateurs and travelling gentlemen, who rather abound here just now, were in a state of great excitement, and dotted the plan in eccentric attire, which recalled one's old memories of Cowes, and yachting and sea-bathing—were engaged in a series of subtle manœuvres to turn the flank of unwary sentries, and to get to the front, and their success was most creditable to their enterprise and ingenuity. The Tartars, Turks, and Eupatorians were singularly perturbed for such placid people, and thronged every knoll which commanded the smallest view of the place. At 10.45 General Pelissier and his staff went up to the French observatory on the right. The French trenches were crowded with men as close as they could pack, and we could see our men through the breaks in the clouds of dust, which were most irritating, all ready in their trenches. The cannonade languished purposely towards noon, but the Russians, catching sight of the cavalry and troops in front, began to shell Cathcart's hill and the heights, and disturbed the equanimity of some of the spectators by their shells bursting with loud "thuds" right over their heads. A

few minutes after twelve o'clock the French, like a swarm of bees, issued forth from their trenches close to the doomed Malakoff, swarmed up its face, and were through the embrasures in the twinkling of an eye. They crossed the seven metres of ground which separated them from the enemy at a few bounds—they drifted as lightly and quickly as autumn leaves before the wind, battalion after battalion, into the embrasures, and in a minute or two after the head of their column issued from the ditch, the tricolor was floating over the Korniloff Bastion. The musketry was very feeble at first—indeed, our allies took the Russians quite by surprise, and a very few of the latter were in the Malakoff; but they soon recovered themselves, and from twelve o'clock till past seven in the evening the French had to meet and defeat the repeated attempts of the enemy to regain the work and the Little Redan, when, weary of the fearful slaughter of his men, who lay in thousands over the exterior of the works, the Muscovite General, despairing of success, withdrew his exhausted legions, and prepared with admirable skill to evacuate the place. Of the French attack on the left I know nothing, but that, if intended in earnest, it was not successful, and was followed by some loss to our allies. As soon as the tricolor was observed waving over the parapet of the Malakoff through the smoke and dust, four rockets were sent up from Chapman's attack one after another as a signal for our assault on the Redan. They were borne back by the violence of the wind; silvery jets of sparks they threw out on exploding were nearly invisible against the raw grey sky. It was a few minutes after twelve when our men left the fifth parallel. The musketry commenced at once, and in less than five minutes, during which the troops had to pass over about thirty yards from the nearest approach to the parapet of the Redan, they had lost a large proportion of their officers and were deprived of the aid of their leaders. The riflemen advanced admirably, but from their position they could not do much to reduce the fire of the guns on the flanks and below the re-entering angles. As they came nearer the enemy's fire became less fatal. They crossed the abattis without difficulty; it was torn to pieces and destroyed by our shot, and the men stepped over and through it with ease. The light division made straight for the salient and projecting angle of the Redan, and came to the ditch, which is here about 15 feet deep. The party detailed for the purpose placed the ladders, but they were found to be too short. However, had there been enough of them that would not have mattered much, but some had been left behind in the hands of dead or wounded men, and others had been broken, so that if one can credit the statements of those who were present there were not more than six or seven ladders at the salient. The men, led by their officers, leaped into the ditch, and scrambled up the other side, whence they got up the parapet almost without opposition, for the few Russians who were in front ran back and got behind their traverses and breastworks as soon as they saw our men on the top, and opened fire upon them. To show what different impressions the same object can make on different people, let me remark that one officer of rank told me that the Russians in the Redan did not exceed 150 men when he got into it, and that the men could have carried the breastwork with the greatest ease if they had made a rush for it, and he expressed an opinion that they had no field pieces inside the breastwork. A regimental officer, on the other hand, positively assured me that when he got on the top of the parapet of the salient he saw at about 100 yards in advance of him a breastwork with gaps in it, through which were run the muzzles of field-pieces, and that in the rear of it were compact masses of Russian infantry, the front rank kneeling with fixed bayonets as if prepared to receive a charge of cavalry, while the two rear ranks over them kept up a sharp and destructive fire on our men. The only way to reconcile these discrepancies is to suppose that the first spoke of the earliest stage of the assault, and that the latter referred to a later period when the Russians may have opened embrasures in the breastwork and had been reinforced by the fugitives from the Malakoff, and by the troops behind the barracks in its rear. Lamentable as it no doubt is, and incredible almost to those who know how the British soldier generally behaves before the enemy, the men when they got on the parapet were seized by some strange infatuation, and began firing, instead of following their officers, who now began to fall fast as they rushed on in front and tried to stimulate their soldiers by their example.—Notwithstanding the popular prejudice to the contrary, most men stand fire much better than closing with the enemy. As the Light Division rushed out in the front they were swept by the guns of the Barrack Battery, and by several pieces on the proper right of the Redan, loaded heavily with grape, which caused them considerable loss ere they reached the

salient, or apex of the work at which they were to assault. The storming columns of the Second Division, issuing out of the fifth parallel rushed up immediately after the Light Division, but when they came up close to the apex, Brigadier Wyndham very judiciously brought them by a slight detour on the right flank of the Light Division, so as to come a little down on the slope of the proper left face of the Redan. The first embrasure to which they came was in flames, but, moving on to the next, the men leaped into the ditch, and with the aid of ladders and each other's hands, scrambled up on the other side, climbed the parapet, or poured in through the embrasure which was undefended. Colonel Wyndham was the first or one of the very first men in on this side, and with him entered Daniel Mahoney, a great grenadier of the 41st, Killeany, and Cornelis of the 5th sappers regiment. As Mahoney entered with a cheer, he was shot through the head by a Russian rifleman and fell dead across Colonel Wyndham; and at the same moment Killeany and Cornelis were both wounded. The latter claims the reward of £5, offered by Colonel Herbert to the first man of his division who entered the Redan. Running parallel to the faces of the Redan there is, as I have described, an inner parapet, intended to shield the gunners at the embrasures from the effects of any shell which might fall into the body of the work and strike them down if this high bank were not there to protect them from the splinters. Several cuts in the rear of the embrasures permitted the men to retire in case of need inside, and very strong and high traverses ran all along the sides of the work itself to afford additional shelter. At the base of the Redan, before the re-entering angles, is a breastwork, or rather a parapet with an irregular curve, up to a man's neck, which runs in front of the body of the place. As our men entered through the embrasures, the few Russians who were between the salient and this breastwork retreated behind the latter, and got from the traverses to its protection. From it they poured a quick fire on the parapet of the salient which was crowded by the men of the Light Division, and on the gaps through the inner parapet of the Redan, and our men, with an infatuation which all officers deplore, but cannot always remedy on such occasions, began to return the fire of the enemy without advancing or crossing behind the traverses, and loaded and fired as quickly as they could, with but little execution as the Russians were well covered by the breastwork. There were also groups of Russian riflemen behind the lower traverse near the base of the Redan, who kept up a galling fire on our men. As the alarm of an assault was spread, the enemy came rushing up from the barracks in rear of the Redan, and increased the force and intensity of their fire, while our soldiers dropped fast and encouraged the Russians by their immobility and the weakness of their fusillade, from which the enemy were well protected. In vain the officers, by voice and act, by example and daring, tried to urge our soldiers on. They had an impression that the Redan was mined, and that if they advanced they would all be blown up, but many of them acted as became the men of Alma and Inkermann, and rushing to the front, were swept down by the enemy's fire. The officers fell on all sides, singled out for the enemy's fire by their courage. The men of the different regiments became mingled together in inextricable confusion. The 19th men did not care for the orders of the officers of the 88th, nor did the soldiers of the 23rd heed the commands of an officer who did not belong to his regiment. The officers could not find their men—the men had lost sight of their own officers. All the Brigadiers, save Colonel Wyndham, were wounded or rendered unfit for the guidance of the attack. That gallant officer did all that man could do to form his men for the attack, and to lead them against the enemy. Proceeding from traverse to traverse, he coaxed the men to come out, and succeeded several times in forming a few of them, but they melted away as fast as he laid hold of them, and either fell in their little ranks or retired to cover to keep up their fusillade. Many of them crowded to lower parts of the inner parapet and kept up a smart fire on the enemy, but nothing would induce them to come out into the open space and charge the breastwork. This was all going on at the proper left space of the Redan, while nearly the same scene was being repeated at the salient.—Every moment our men were diminishing in numbers while the Russians came up in swarms from the town, and rushed down from the Malakoff, which had now been occupied by the French. Thrice did Colonel Wyndham send officers to Sir E. Codrington, who was in the fifth parallel, begging of him to send up supports in some order of formation; but all these three officers were wounded as they passed from the ditch of the Redan to the rear, and the colonel's own aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Swire, of the 17th, a gallant young officer was hit dangerously in the hip,

as he went on his perilous errand. Supports were, indeed, sent up, but they came up in disorder from the fire to which they were exposed on their way and arrived in dribbles, only to increase the confusion and the carnage. Finding that he could not collect any men on the left face, Colonel Wyndham passed through one of the cuts of the inner parapet, and walked over to the right face at the distance of thirty yards from the Russian breastwork, to which he moved in a parallel line, exposed to a close fire, but, wonderful to say, without being touched. When he got behind the inner parapet to the right face, he found the same state of things as that which existed to the left. The men were behind the traverses firing away at the Russians, or blazing at them from the broken parts of the front, and the soldiers who came down from the salient in front only got behind these works for cover while they loaded and fired at the enemy. The colonel got some riflemen and a few men of the 88th together, but no sooner had he brought them out than they were killed, wounded, or dispersed by a concentrated fire. The officers, with the noblest devotion, aided by Colonel Wyndham and became the special marks of the enemy's riflemen. The narrow neck of the salient was too close to allow of any kind of formation, and the more the men crowded into it, the more they got into disorder, and the more they suffered from the enemy's fire. This miserable work lasted for an hour. The Russians were now in dense masses behind the breastwork, and Col. Wyndham walked back again across the open space to the left, to make one more attempt to retrieve the day. The men on the parapet of the salient, who were firing at the Russians, sent their shot about him, and the latter, who were pouring volley after volley on all points of the head of the work, likewise directed their muskets against him, but he passed through this crossfire in safety, and got within the inner parapet on the left, where the men were becoming thinner and thinner. A Russian officer now slipped down the breastwork and tore down a gabion with his own hands; it was to make room for a field piece. Col. Wyndham exclaimed to several soldiers who were firing over the parapet, "well, as you are so fond of firing, why don't you shoot the Russian?" They fired a volley and missed him, and soon after, the field piece began to play on the head of the salient with grape. Col. Wyndham saw there was no time to be lost. He had sent three officers for reinforcements, and, above all, for men in formation, and he now resolved to go to Gen. Codrington himself. Seeing Capt. Crealock of the 90th near him, busy encouraging his men, and exerting himself with great courage and energy, to get them into order, he said—"I must go to the generals for support. Now mind, let it be known, in case I am killed, why I went away." He crossed the parapet and ditch, and succeeded in reaching the fifth parallel through a storm of grape and rifle bullets in safety. Sir Edward Codrington asked him if he thought he really could do anything with such supports as he could afford, and said he might take the Royals, which were then in the parallel.—"Let the officers come out in front—let us advance in order, and if the men keep their formation the Redan is ours," was the Colonel's reply; but he spoke too late—for at that very moment our men were seen leaping down into the ditch, or running down the parapet of the salient, and through the embrasures of the work into the ditch, while the Russians followed them with the bayonet and with heavy musketry, and even threw stones and grapeshot at them as they lay in the ditch. The fact was that the Russians having accumulated several thousands of men behind the breastwork, and seeing our men all scattered up behind the inner parapet of the traverse, crossed the breastwork, through which several field pieces were now playing with grape on the inner face of the Redan, and charged our broken troops with the bayonet, at the same time that the rear ranks getting on the breastwork, poured a heavy hail of bullets on them over the heads of the advancing column. The struggle that took place was short, desperate, and bloody. Our soldiers, taken at every disadvantage, met the enemy with the bayonet too, and isolated combats took place in which the brave fellows who stood their ground had to defend themselves against three or four adversaries at once. In the melee the officers, armed only with their swords, had little chance; nor had those who carried pistols much opportunity of using them in such a rapid contest. They fell like heroes, and many a gallant soldier with them. The bodies of English and Russians inside the Redan, locked in an embrace, which death could not relax, but had rather cemented all the closer, lay next day inside the Redan as evidences of the terrible animosity of the struggle. But the solid weight of the advancing mass urged on, and led each moment from the rear, by company after company, and battalion after battalion, prevailed at last against the isolated and disjointed band, who had abandoned the protection of

unanimity and courage, and had lost the advantages of discipline and obedience. As though some giant rock had advanced into the sea and forced back the waters that buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which fretted their edge with fire and steel, and contended in vain against their weight. The struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on crushing friend and foe beneath their solid, tramp, and bleeding, panting, and exhausted, our men lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stones and in bomb craters in the slope of the work, or tried to pass back to our advanced parallel and sap, and had to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire. Many of them lost their lives, or were seriously wounded in this attempt. The scene in the ditch was appalling, although some of the officers have assured me that they and the men were laughing at the precipitation with which many brave and gallant fellows did not hesitate from plunging headlong upon the mass of bayonets, muskets, and sprawling soldiers—the ladders were all knocked down and broken, so that it was difficult for the men to get up at the other side, and the dead, the dying, the wounded, and the sound were all lying in heaps together. The Russians came out of the embrasures, plied them with stones, grape-shot, and the bayonet, but were soon forced to retire by the fire of our batteries and rifle-men, and under cover of this fire many of our men escaped to the approaches. In some instances the enemy persisted in remaining outside in order to plunder the bodies of those who were lying on the slope of the parapet, and paid the penalty of their rashness in being stretched beside their foes; but others came forth on a holier errand, and actually brought water to our wounded. If this last act be true, it is not right to discredit the story that the Russians placed our wounded over the magazine in the rear of the Redan, near the Barrack Battery ere they fired it—the only foundation for which, as far as I can discover, is that many of the bodies of our men found in the Redan were dreadfully scorched and burnt; but there were many Russians lying there in a similar state. General Pelissier observed the failure of our attack from the rear of the Malakoff, and sent over to General Simpson to ask if he intended to attack again. The English Commander-in-Chief is reported to have replied that he did not then feel in a condition to do so. All this time the Guards and Highlanders, the Third and Fourth Divisions, and most of the reserves were untouched. They could, indeed, have furnished materials for another assault, but the subsequent movements of the Russians render it doubtful whether the glory of carrying the Redan, and of redeeming the credit of our arms, would not have been dearly purchased by the effusion of more valuable blood. As soon as we abandoned the assault the firing almost ceased along our front, but in the rear of the Malakoff there was a fierce contest going on between masses of Russians, now released from the Redan or drawn from the town, and the French inside the work, and the fight for the Little Redan on the proper left of the Malakoff was raging furiously. Clouds of smoke and dust covered the scene, but the rattle of musketry was incessant, and betokened the severe nature of the struggle below. Through the breaks in the smoke could be seen now and then a tricolor, surmounted by an eagle fluttering bravely over the inner parapet of the Malakoff. The storm of battle rolled fiercely round it, and beat against it; but it was sustained by strong arms and stout hearts, and all the assaults of the enemy were directed in vain against it. We could see, too, our noble allies swarming over into the Malakoff from their splendid approaches to it from the Mamelon, or rushing with swift steps towards the right, where the Russians, continually reinforced, sought in vain to beat back their lines and to regain the key of their position. The struggle was full of interest to us all, but the issue was never doubted. It would be untrue to say that the result of our assault was not the source of deep grief and mortification to us, which all the glorious successes of our allies could not wholly alleviate. Even those who thought any attack on the Redan useless and unwise, inasmuch as the possession of the Malakoff would, in their opinion, render the Redan untenable, could not but regret bitterly that, as we had given the assault, we did not achieve a decisive triumph, and that so much blood had been, if not ingloriously, at least fruitlessly, poured forth. The French, indeed, have been generous enough to say that our troops behaved with great bravery, and that they wondered how we kept the Redan so long under such a tremendous fire, but British soldiers are rather accustomed to the *nil admirari* under such circumstances, and praise like that gives pain as well as pleasure. Many soldiers, of the opinion to which I have alluded, think that we should at once have renewed the attempt once made: but it is but small consolation to them to know that General Simpson intended to attack the Redan on the following morning, inasmuch as the Russians anticipated our probable success, and by retreat deprived us of the chance of retrieving our reputation, and at the same time acknowledged by their desperate withdrawal, the completeness achieved by our allies. Our attack lasted about an hour and three-quarters, as well as I could make out, and in that time we lost more men than at Inkermann, where the fighting lasted for seven hours. At 1.48 p.m., which was about the time we retired, there was an explosion either of a tumbrel or of a fougasse between the Mamelon and Malakoff, to the right, which seemed to blow up several Frenchmen, and soon afterwards the artillery of the Imperial Guard swept across from the rear toward the Little Redan and gave us an indication that our allies had gained a position from which they could operate against the enemy with their field-pieces. From the opening of the attack the French batteries over Careening Bay had not ceased to thunder against the

Russian fleet, which lay silently anchored below, and there was a lively cannonade between them and the Inkermann batteries till the evening, which was interrupted now and then by the intervention of the Redoubt Victoria, the English Redoubt, and the late Selinginsk and Volhynia redoubts, which engaged the Russian batteries over the last end of the harbor. At one o'clock wounded men began to crawl up from the batteries to the camp; they could tell us little or nothing. "Were we to the Redan?" "Oh, yes, and a lot of them was killed, and the Russians were mighty strong." Some were cheery, other desponding; all seemed proud of their wounds. Half an hour more, and the number of wounded increased; they came up by two and threes, and what I observed before as a bad sign—the number of stragglers, accompanying them under the pretence of rendering assistance became greater also. Then the ambulances and the caecoles (or mule litters) came in sight along the Woronzoff road filled with wounded. Every ten minutes added to their numbers, and we could see that every effort was made to hurry them down to the front as soon as they were ready for a fresh load. The litter-bearers now added to the length of the melancholy train. We heard that the temporary hospitals in front were full, and that the surgeons were beginning to get anxious about accommodation for the wounded. It may be here observed that on the occasion of the 18th June some of these temporary hospitals, which are intended to afford immediate aid in cases requiring operations on the spot, were under fire, and a shell burst in the very tent on which Dr. Payner and his assistants were operating, the ground around it being continually torn up by round-shot. On this occasion more care was taken in determining the sites of the tents. Another bad sign was that the enemy never ceased throwing up shells to the front, many of which burst high in the air over our heads, while the pieces flew with a most unpleasant whirl around us. These shells were intended for our reserves; and, although the fuses did not burn long enough for such a range, and they all burst at a considerable elevation, they caused some little injury and annoyance to the troops in the rear, and hit some of our men. The rapidly-increasing numbers of wounded men, some of whom had left their arms behind them gave rise to suspicions of the truth; but their answers to many eager questions were not very decisive or intelligible, and some of them did not even know what they had been attacking. One poor young fellow who was marching stiffly up with a broken arm and a ball through his shoulder, carried off his firelock with him, but he made the naive confession that he had "never fired it off, for he could not." The piece turned out to be in excellent order. It struck one that such men as these, however brave, were scarcely a fit match for the well-drilled soldiers of Russia; and yet we were trusting the honor, reputation, and glory of Great Britain to undisciplined lads from the plough or the lanes of our towns and villages! As one example of the sort of recruits we have received here recently I may mention that there was a considerable number of men in draughts which came out last week to regiments in the Fourth Division who had only been enlisted a few days, and who had never fired a rifle in their lives! It must not be imagined that such rawness can be corrected and turned into military efficiency out here, for the fact is that this siege has been about the worst possible school for developing the courage and manly self-reliance of a soldier; neither does it teach him the value of discipline and of united action. When he goes into the trenches he learns to dodge behind gabions and to take pot shots from behind stones and parapets, and at the same time he has no opportunity of testing the value of his comrades, or of proving himself against the enemy on the open field. The natural result follows. Nor was it ominous of good that there have been two courts of inquiry recently on the conduct of two most distinguished regiments—one, indeed, belonged to the highest rank of our infantry, and the other a well-tried and gallant regiment, which was engaged in this very attack, in consequence of the misconduct of their young soldiers during night affairs in the trenches. The old soldiers behaved admirably, and stood by their officers to the last: nor was there any lack of courage among the young lads just joined, but they were wanting in discipline and in confidence of their officers. No one can doubt that the assault by the Third and Fourth Divisions would have been quite successful had it been necessary. General Simpson remained in the Green-hill Battery till six o'clock, at which hour General Pelissier sent to inform him that the Malakoff was quite safe, and asked him what the English intended to do with respect to the Redan. Gen. Simpson had by this time arrived at the determination of attacking it the following morning at five o'clock with the Third and Fourth Divisions. The difficulty of getting accurate information of the progress of an action cannot be better exemplified than by this fact, that at three o'clock a General of Division did not know whether we had taken the Redan or not. Towards dusk the Guards, who had been placed in reserve behind our right attack, were marched off to their camp, and a portion of the Highlanders were likewise taken off the ground.

THE FRENCH ATTACK.

From *Marshall Pelissier's despatches*.—General Simpson and I had by common consent fixed the hour of attack at twelve o'clock. The hour chosen was in many respects advantageous. It gave us a better chance of suddenly surprising the enemy, and in case the Russian army of relief had been inclined to make a desperate attempt to succour the place, it would have been impossible for it to make a vigorous movement against our lines before the end of the day. In any case, whatever the result of the attack, we should have until the morning to advise upon it. On the morning of the 8th the artillery of our left attacks, which from daybreak on the 5th had kept up a violent fire, continued to crush the enemy with its

artillery. At the right attack our batteries also fired rapidly, but kept up the system which they had adopted several days before, in expectation of that which might take place.

Towards eight o'clock the engineers threw upon the Central Bastion two miles of projection, each charged with a hundred kilogrammes of powder, and at the same time they exploded before our approaches on the front of the Malakoff three mining chambers charged in all with 500 kilogrammes of powder, in order to destroy the lower galleries of the Russian miners.

As the possession of the Malakoff works must decide the day, the other attacks were subordinated to it, and it was agreed with General Simpson that the English should not attack the Great Redan until I should have given a signal that we were sure of the Malakoff. In the same way General De Salles was not to attack with his troops until a moment which I was to indicate to him by another signal.

A little before noon all the troops were in readiness, and in perfect order on the points indicated, and the other arrangements had been punctually executed. General De Salles was ready; General Bosquet was at the fighting-post which he had chosen in the 6th parallel; and I, with General Thiry of the Artillery, Niel of the Engineers, and Martimprey, the chief of my staff, was at the Brancion redoubt, which I had chosen for my head-quarters.

All our watches had been regulated. At noon precisely all our batteries ceased to thunder, in order that they might be adjusted to a longer range, so as to reach the reserves of the enemy. At the word of their chiefs, the divisions of Generals McMahon, Dulac, and De la Motterouge, left the trenches. The drums and the clarions beat and sounded the charge, and to the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" a thousand times repeated along the whole line, our intrepid soldiers precipitated themselves upon the enemy's defences. It was a solemn moment. The first brigade of McMahon's division, the 1st Regiment of Zouaves leading, followed by the 7th of the line, and having the 4th Chasseurs a Pied on its left, sprang to the left face and the salient of the Malakoff work. The breadth and depth of the ditch, the height and steepness of the slope, rendered the ascent extremely difficult to our men; but finally they gained the parapet, manned with Russians, who, in default of muskets, picked up whatever came to hand—mattocks, stones, or rammers—and used them as weapons. Then took place a hand-to-hand struggle—one of those exciting combats in which nothing but the intrepidity of our soldiers and their chiefs can give them the victory. They immediately sprang into the work; they drove back the Russians who continued to resist, and, in a few seconds afterwards, the flag of France was finally planted on the Malakoff.

At the right and centre, with that same impetuous dash which had overthrown so many obstacles and forced the enemy to fly, the divisions Dulac and de la Motterouge, led by their chiefs, had seized the Little Redan at the Careening Bay and also the Curtain, forcing the way even as far as the second *escarpe* that was being constructed. Everywhere we were in possession of the works attacked. But this first and brilliant success had near cost us very dear. Struck by a large splinter from a bomb in his right side, General Bosquet was compelled to quit the field of battle. I confided the command to General Dulac, who was admirably seconded by General de Liniers, chief of the staff of the 2nd corps.

The engineers who accompanied the storming columns were already at work; they filled up the ditches, opened passages, and threw across bridges. The second brigade of General de McMahon advanced rapidly to reinforce the troops in the Malakoff. I gave the signal agreed upon with General Simpson for the attack on the Great Redan, and shortly after for the attack on the town.

In the meantime, on the left, at the appointed signal, the columns of Levaillant's division, commanded by Generals Coustou and Trochu, dashed headlong against the left flank of the Central Bastion and the left lunette. In spite of a shower of balls and projectiles, and after a very sharp contest, the spirit and vigour of these brave troops triumphed at first over the enemy's resistance, and, notwithstanding the accumulated difficulties in their front, they forced their way into the two works. But the enemy, having fallen back on his successive traverses, kept his ground everywhere. A murderous fire of musketry was opened from every ridge. Guns unmasked for the first time and field-pieces brought up to several points vomited grape and decimated our men. Generals Coustou and Trochu, who had just been wounded, were obliged to give up their command. Generals Rivet and Breton were killed; several mine-chambers, fired by the enemy, produced a moment of hesitation. At length an attack in their turn by numerous Russian columns compelled our troops to abandon the works they had carried, and to retire into our advanced *places d'armes*.

Our batteries on this part of the attacks, skillfully conducted by General Lebouff, aided so devotedly and intelligently, as on all occasions, by Rear Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, changed the direction of their fire while increasing its intensity, and compelled the enemy to take shelter behind the parapets. General de Salles, causing d'Autemarre's division to advance, was preparing during this time a second and formidable attack; but as we had secured the possession of the Malakoff, I sent word to him not to let it advance. Our possession of this work, however, was energetically disputed.

By means of the batteries from the *maison en croix*, of the guns of his steamers, of field guns brought to favourable points, and of the batteries on the north side of the roadstead, the enemy deluged us with grape, and with projectiles of every kind, and committed great ravages in our ranks. The powder magazine of the Russian Postern Battery had just exploded, thereby increasing our loss, and causing the eagle of the 91st to disappear for a moment. A great many superior officers and others were either wounded or killed. Three times the division of Dulac and de la Motterouge seized the Redan and the curtain, and three times they were obliged to fall back before a terrible fire of artillery and the dense masses arrayed in front of them. Nevertheless the two field batteries of reserve from the Lancaster battery descended at a trot, crossed the trenches, and boldly stationed themselves within half-range. They succeeded in driving away the enemy's columns and the steamers. A part of these two divisions, supported in this heroic struggle by the troops of the Guard, who on this day covered themselves with glory, made good their footing in the entire left of the curtain, from which the enemy could not drive them. During the renewed combats of the right and the centre, the Russians rebounded their ef-

forts to reconquer the Malakoff. This work, which is a sort of earthen citadel of 350 metres in length and 150 metres in width, armed with 62 guns of different calibre, crowns a mamelon which commands the whole interior of the Karabelinaia quarter, takes in reverse the Redan which as attacked by the English, is only 2,200 metres from the south harbour, and threatens not merely the only anchorage now remaining for the ships, but the only means of retreat open to the Russians, namely, the bridge thrown across the roadstead from one bank to the other.

Thus during the first hours of the strife of the two armies, the Russians constantly renewed their attempts; but General McMahon, in resisting these incessant attacks, was assisted successively by Vinoy's brigade of his division, by the Zouaves of the Guard, General Wimpffen's reserve, and a part of the Volunteers of the Guard; in all directions he resisted the enemy, who were everywhere repulsed. The Russians, however, made a last and separate attempt. Formed in deep column, they thrice assailed the breast of the work, and thrice they were compelled to retire with enormous loss before the solidity of our troops.

After this last struggle, which ended about five in the evening, the enemy appeared resolved to abandon the spot, and only his batteries continued until night to send us some projectiles, which no longer did us much harm.

The detachments of the engineers and artillery, who during the combat were gallantly fighting or actively engaged in their special work, quickly set about carrying out the works that were pressing in the interior of the fort under the direction of their officers.

According to my orders, Generals Thiry and Niel instructed Generals Beuret and Frossard, commanding the artillery and engineers of the 2nd corps, to take all necessary steps for establishing ourselves firmly in the Malakoff, and on that part of the curtain which was in our power, so that we might, in case of need, resist a night attack of the enemy, and be in a position to drive him the next day from the Little Redan of the Careening bay, the *Maison en Croix*, and all this portion of his defences.

These arrangements became, however, unnecessary. The enemy, hopeless of retaking the Malakoff, took an important resolution—he evacuated the town.

Towards the close of the day I had a suspicion of this, for I had seen long lines of troops and baggage defile along the bridge and reach the north bank, and the conflagrations which arose in every direction soon removed all doubt. I should have liked to push forward, gain the bridge, and cut off the enemy's retreat; but the besieged was at every moment blowing up one or other of his defences, his powder magazines, and his establishments. These explosions would have destroyed us in detail, and so they rendered the idea impracticable. We remained in position until the day should arise upon this scene of desolation.

The sun in rising lighted up this work of destruction, which was very much greater than we had been able to imagine. The last Russian vessels anchored the evening before in the roadstead were sunken; the bridge was disconnected; the enemy had only reserved his steamers, which carried off the last fugitives and some infatuated Russians who were still walking amongst the fires in this unhappy city. But presently these men, as well as the steamers, were driven to seek refuge in the indentations of the bank north of the roadstead.

Thus terminated this memorable siege, during which the army of relief has been twice defeated in order of battle, and the offensive and defensive means of which have attained to colossal proportions. The besieging army had, at its various attacks, 800 guns in battery, which have fired more than 1,600,000 times; and our approaches, excavated in the course of 336 days, in rocky ground, and presenting an extent of more than 80 kilometres (20 leagues), have been executed under the constant fire of the place, and disturbed by incessant combats day and night.

The day of Sept. 8, on which the allied armies proved themselves superior to an army almost equal in number, not invested, entrenched behind formidable defences, provided with more than 1100 guns, protected by the guns of the fleet, and of the batteries north of the roadstead, and still disposing of immense resources, will remain an example of what may be expected from an army, brave, disciplined, and inured to war.

(From the *Daily News' Correspondent*.)

That in the two combined attacks, however, which have terminated the siege of Sebastopol, our allies succeeded in that undertaken by them, whilst we failed in the other allotted to us, may at first seem humiliating to our military pride; but when the relative difficulties of the two operations are considered, I venture to think that we shall suffer little either in our own estimation or in that of Europe generally. Mainly owing to the fire of our English batteries during the three previous days of the bombardment—for the Mamelon had remained all but silent throughout that period—the French on the forenoon of the 8th found every gun but one in the Malakoff silenced. Their advanced sap, too, had brought them also to within some forty yards of their point of attack, and during their rapid dash in column over this narrow space, they were exposed only to the grape-shot of this one gun. Once on the face of the parapet, they were safe from a second discharge, and had then only to contend against the faint and brief resistance of a body of trench guards, who had evidently been taken unawares. A rapid and well-sustained fire of musketry soon expelled these, and the reserves who were hurried up by the enemy had equally little chance against the swarming columns of our allies, whom good generalship kept pouring in to the support of the first stormers, as fast as human legs could scramble up the broad parapet and jump inside the redoubt.

Such a contest was merely a question of numbers; and, having made excellent arrangements to secure their own superiority in this respect, the French commanders had no cause to doubt the result. Widely different, however, was the case on our side. Differently constructed—as I shall presently describe—and stretching over a long line, in hardly any point exposed to so close and direct a fire as that which bore upon the Malakoff, the Redan had replied to our batteries with considerable vigor throughout the entire bombardment; and at noon of the 8th still continued to show fight with a dozen or so of uninjured guns. Instead, too, of forty yards of open space, the nearest point from our most advanced parallel to the ditch of the Redan measured 220, and this, also, everywhere exposed to the fire of twelve or fourteen 68-pounders.

I have several times crossed this fatal spot since the capture of the place, and each time with increased wonder how a single man or whole stormers could have escaped the tornado of grape and canister which such an armament could send forth. Scarcely a foot of surface is there which a gun did not sweep; and when I add that the enemy had time to fire three rounds from every piece, from the first issue of our men from the shelter of our own parapet till their arrival at the broad ditch where so many have since found a grave, I am disposed to think that most of your readers will share in my surprise. Inevitably repulsed, then, as they were, our shattered companies were compelled to fall back on the trench which they had left; and to regain this, they had to pass through the same terrible storm of fire as before. Had they, indeed, been properly supported, this second ordeal would have been spared them; and, in spite of all its grape and canister, the Redan would, without doubt, have been our own. To every attempt at repeating the attack the same formidable front was shown; and cut up as they had been in their first essay, it was not to be wondered at that our young troops, many of whom were under direct fire for the first time, shrunk from a second exposure to the desolating storm.

Such, then, is a brief statement of the relative difficulties of the two attacks on the Redan and the Malakoff; and, bearing in mind those facts, few, I am inclined to believe, will consider that the French have much ground for boasting, as compared with ourselves. That they fought and conquered bravely, I would be the last to deny; but that they would have succeeded, with the same numerical strength as our own, against the Redan, no impartial and intelligent man could believe. In proof of this, and rather more, I may add mention of their failure before the Little Redan, after the occupation of the Malakoff. The six or eight guns of this work had continued effective throughout the bombardment; and when our allies, after their dashing capture of the larger redoubt, passed on to attempt the seizure of the minor batteries on its proper left, they were received with close and well-directed discharges of grape, which speedily checked their impetuous and confident advance. Three several times did they repeat the attempt; but they were as often driven back with heavy loss, and finally abandoned the effort. During the night, when the Redan itself was blown up, the works in Careening Bay shared a similar fate, and were entered without a blow in the morning.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On Monday, 24th ult., the Archbishop of Dublin laid the foundation stone of a new hospital for the Sisters of Mercy, in Dublin. It is to be provided with 500 beds for the sick poor of all denominations, and will be supported solely by voluntary contributions.

The election of a successor to the late Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns took place on Tuesday, when the choice of the diocesan parish priests fell by a large majority on the Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, President of Carlow College.

A new Catholic Chapel is going to be erected in the parish of St. John's, and another in St. Mary's parish, Limerick.

We have it upon authority that the Rev. P. Riordan, of SS. Peter and Paul's, Cork, proceeds immediately on the perilous mission of Chaplain to the Crimea.—Reporter.

A remarkable conversion to the Catholic faith took place at Merchant's quay, Limerick, on the night of Saturday, (5th ult.) in the person of Mr. Reed, the experienced gunmaker. He had been laboring under illness for some days, and upon the night of Saturday, soon after midnight, he called his wife and requested she would bring him a Catholic clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, of St. Mary's, whom he named. However reluctant to disturb the clergyman at that unusual hour, the excellent woman complied with the entreaty of her husband, and went to the residence of the clergyman, who acceded to the call, and remained with Mr. Reed until an advanced hour on the morning, leaving him in a state of mental peace and resignation that, it may be hoped, will conduce to his restoration, if God wills his recovery.—*Munster News.* [Mr. Reed has since died.]

DUES OF THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.—It is currently reported that the joint effects of war prices and the pressure of increased taxation are severely felt by the Catholic clergy in Dublin and other large towns. The middle classes, it is well known, are the largest contributors to the dues of the parish clergymen; but for some months past great complaints are made of the falling off of the Sunday collections in all the metropolitan chapels, owing, it is said, to the inability, from the causes above mentioned, of shopkeepers and tradespeople to contribute according to their accustomed liberality. In the rural districts, at all events, the complaint cannot hold good, as the farmers were rarely, if ever, in a better position to meet the ordinary demands for the support of the priesthood.

LORD STANLEY IN TIPPERARY.—The son and heir of the Earl of Derby has just made his first public appearance before an Irish audience, and the impression created by his debut has been highly favorable. On Thursday, the 20th, his lordship attended the meeting of the Agricultural Society of Tipperary Union, and on the same evening presided at the dinner of the association. His lordship's speech upon the occasion does not altogether satisfy the popular press, strong objections being taken to his declaration of hostility to small holdings of land, as inconsistent with the progress of agricultural prosperity. On the other hand, approval is accorded to other portions of the speech, such as his adoption of the celebrated maxim respecting the rights and duties of property, as well as his vindication of the zeal and industry of the general body of the hard-working Irish peasantry.—The *Vindicator* contains an ample report of the day's proceedings, all of which, under the auspices of the noble lord, passed off with more than ordinary eclat.

The *Waterford News* reports that an agreement between certain Irish railway companies and the great companies in England, for the purpose of putting steam-boats to ply between Waterford and Millford, is about to be signed and perfected.

The late assizes proved that the County of Louth one of the most peaceful districts in Ireland, yet it is all one of the "declared" districts, that is, one of those counties declared to be in a disturbed state, and requiring extraordinary measures for the suppression of crime. This is not creditable either to the Government or the other parties concerned.—*Newry Examiner.*

THE REPEAL MOVEMENT.—A Colonel in the British army, writes as follows, to the Editor of the *Tipperary Leader*.—"It is clear that England's oppression of Ireland, and her hatred of her cherished religion, will never relent—that the two countries can never be one nation; and, seeing this, it is amazing there should be any deserters from the National ranks—that all men should not persevere in a struggle for liberty to manage their own affairs through a native parliament. In my judgment an agitation for this object should have precedence of all others. Duffly lying when his country most requires his services! Much is due to his children—but more to his country."

MINISTERS' MONEY.—An important debate upon the subject of Minister's Money, took place at a late meeting of the Waterford Corporation, the result being the almost unanimous adoption of a resolution against the obnoxious impost. Messrs. Lalor, Slaney, Clarke, and Phelan were appointed as a committee to communicate with the other corporate towns in reference to the most advisable course to take, in order to resist the payment of minister's money. A communication was received from Sir John Gordon, Mayor of Cork, asking for the co-operation of Waterford, in resisting the collection of the tax.

NATIONAL REJOICINGS AND ORANGEISM.—A correspondent of the *Ulsterman* writes:—"The rejoicings at Portadown on Thursday last were truly enthusiastic, and, while they exhibited the loyalty and heartfelt satisfaction of the Catholics (who illuminated their houses in the most splendid manner), it also displayed in vivid colours the latent spirit that animates the low Orange faction in this country. The members of the midnight gang, anxious to seize an opportunity for having a night with the drums through town, came running into Portadown at an early hour in the evening, with about eighteen drums and some fife brought from the lodge-rooms for the occasion. As they came through Edenderry they played 'Croppies Lie Down,' but this being judged rather premature was checked by the more prudent of the fraternity. The Orange gathering entered the town, and paraded through the streets, beating their drums and playing 'God Save the Queen,' and other tunes. The people assembled were in good humor, and carefully avoided giving offence; and the Orange party unmolested pursued their amusements till a late hour. When the respectable inhabitants and people were quitting, the Orange spirit, which had hitherto been passive, began to display itself like a sudden eruption of Vesuvius; and some of the townspeople spoke to them in the most conciliatory manner, and urged on them the impropriety of giving vent to any party feeling on occasions like the present. Mr. William Paul, a highly-respectable gentleman, followed them down the street, and while he represented in glowing terms to them how much the country was indebted to Catholic valor for the success in the Crimea, he endeavored to exact a promise from them that they would go home without playing party tunes. The party promised compliance with his wishes, but he had hardly turned his back when the drums and fife struck up 'Croppies Lie Down,' and they began roaring in the most outrageous manner, 'To Hell with the Pope,' 'To Hell with the Priest,' 'Down with Popery,' and then left the town yelling like demons. Here is a specimen of the spirit which animates the orange faction, with which this country has been so long cursed. Those despicable pottoons who, if a foreign enemy was on our soil, would, like their brutal and cowardly fathers in '98, be the first to fly from danger, forgot, in the ebullitions of their malignant hearts, that it was Catholic, French, and Irish valor that won Sebastopol; and, had the contest been left alone to the 'Protestant Boys,' Sebastopol would be yet standing in bold defiance to the might of England. We see clearly how impossible it is to conciliate the brutal Orange faction. Like the fell hyena, they will turn on their benefactors, and kindness is only lost on their stubborn souls. It is a disgrace to any government to allow the faction to exist. The lodges—those pestilential hotbeds of faction—should be broken up, and the members driven out of the country. Never till then will there be peace in Ireland."

Upon the news of the capture of Sebastopol being brought to Carne, the seat of the Pallisers in this county, the house was covered with bunting, in honor of their glorious French relative.—*Guardian.*

The town of Ennis was illuminated for the fall of Sebastopol, and the band of the Longford Rifles played through the streets after the inhabitants had lighted up their windows.

The only demonstration of rejoicing made in Cork, consequent upon the fall of Sebastopol, was the hawking of a blazing tar barrel through the streets.

The proposition made in the North Dublin Board of Guardians to give the paupers a meat dinner in honor of the fall of Sebastopol has been negatived by a large conservative majority.

The Kerry Militia have given 100 volunteers to the line since they arrived at Butevant from Tralee.

THE OLD LEAVEN.—A Limerick man, who is one of the County Militia Force, at the Curragh, has written to a friend at home to say, that "The Orangemen and Catholics are fighting with one another every day; but is all in vain;"—and his explanation is in these words—"They are not able for us, we can hunt them into their huts, officers and all." The camp, he says, is as large as the City of Limerick.

In speaking of the Irish officers who were killed and wounded in the attack on the Redan, we omitted to mention the name of Lieutenant Colonel Cuddy, of the 55th, a brave and able officer, who had served for many years with distinction in various parts of the globe. He was, we believe, a native of Coleraine. Irish officers as well as Irish troops, who compose very nearly one-half of the British forces in the Crimea, have been prominently distinguished during the present war; and we have no doubt that, in addition, to those we have particularized, many other Irish officers, with whose names we are not familiar, are to be found amongst the list of sufferers on the occasion of the last great assault.—*Derry Sentinel.*

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN THE NORTH.—Three Mormon preachers, named Scott, Ferguson, and Macalister, fresh from the Salt Lake city, are at present in Belfast, daily engaged in propagating their peculiar doctrines.

STATE OF TIPPERARY.—When Tipperary was in a disturbed state an extra police force of 75 men was quartered upon the ratepayers of the south riding of the county, and now that agrarian outrages have become as rare as in parts of Ireland having a high character, the Government is asked to withdraw their expensive guardians.

THE NEW SOCIAL REVOLUTIONS.—The great grievance of Ireland just now is the scarcity of manual labor, and the consequent social revolution in the standard of wages, hitherto deemed a sufficient compensation for a fair day's work by the Irish peasant laborer. A Galway paper (the *Vindicator*) remarks:—"Between the field of war and the fields of corn, men in Ireland are looking up in the market. An Irishman is at last of some value in his own country. The economists who talked of a surplus population are now dumb and out of all conceit with their miserable theories. We begin to understand that the wealth of a country lies in its population, and not in any amount of inert matter. The quickening spirit lies in the sweat of mowers and reapers. Who is to serve in the militia—who is to cut the corn and dig the potatoes? The spirit of our laws exiled the population; now we feel the reaction. We drove our laborers to the valleys of the Mississippi; they are worth any money now on the banks of the Shannon. A Limerick paper tells us that mowers in Pallasgreen are demanding 6s 8d a-day. This is really a revolution in the labor market. In Galway our terms have not gone up to so extravagant a length. We have not heard of anything higher than 2s a-day, with diet; but the want of men, even at this comparatively high rate, is perceptibly felt in all directions?"

We have it from the best authority that Lord Lucan, in setting the extensive farm of Cloonagashel, made it a point with the parties who took it to employ men who heretofore were in the employment of his lordship, and to have no Scotch colony.—*Mayo Telegraph.*

The first sod of the new line of railway between Killarney and Tralee was turned on Wednesday, 19th September, by the Earl of Carlisle. The district through which the railway will run is one of the most remote in the country, and has been hitherto almost inaccessible for passenger and general traffic on an extensive scale. The new line will open up this whole section of the country and will, no doubt, be a means of developing and bringing to maturity the great resources of this portion of the south-west of Ireland. Tralee—the county town of Kerry—is one of the most rising in the south-west, containing a population of 10,000 persons amongst whom are some of the most enterprising and successful exporters of provisions in Ireland. The line of railroad, which will be 22 miles in length, will pass close to the town of Castleisland, and will also afford accommodation to the towns of Castlemaine and Miltown. The capital, which is to be raised in £10 shares, has been principally contributed, by the parties locally interested, in its formation and ultimate prosperity, they having already subscribed £20,000. The Killarney Junction Company have also the power, under the Tralee act, of subscribing largely towards it. The Earl of Kenmare, who is one of the principal proprietors in Kerry, and through whose estate the line passes for eleven miles, has, in the most munificent manner, presented the land through which it runs to the company free of expense.

For several years past Ireland has not produced such a harvest of corn and potatoes as the country is now blessed with. The potatoes hold out well, notwithstanding a blight upon the leaves. One of the best signs of the confidence the people feel in the soundness of this crop is that there is no rush for sale into the markets.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

THE "TIMES" ON IRISH AFFAIRS.—The *London Times*, the great enemy of Ireland, and every thing connected with Ireland, is astonished at the tranquility and prosperity which has followed the partial cessation of Protestant misrule:—"It is surprising, and not a little calculated to inspire hope for other countries, to find how soon a cessation of real grievances has been followed by contentment, industry, and well-being. It is only a quarter of a century since religious equality was established in Ireland; but a few years have elapsed since the land began to pass from bankrupt owners to those who could really enjoy the possession and fulfil the duties of property. During this period political agitation and natural calamities have tended to retard and embitter the population, yet within a term short even to human life the face of the country and the impulses of its people seem completely changed. It is generally supposed that the Scotch are a laborious and frugal race, while the Irishman is conspicuous for idleness, want of thrift, and aversion to tranquil pursuits. Yet the improvement of Ireland since the days of her deepest calamity has been much more rapid than that of Scotland after Jacobite agitation was at an end. Making every allowance for the political apathy which is the result of a reaction from incessant meetings and their unmeaning harangues, and admitting that the departure of a fifth of the people has rendered life easy and land cheap, yet it cannot be doubted that the quiet and content of the peasantry are now not merely negative, but arise from a perception that the Government they live under is at length a just one, and that they may in their own country, and with their new institutions, look for prosperity, if they will seek it by honest labour. It may well be said that the Irishman has improved every country but his own. The American has constructed his railways, which carry civilization far into the western forests, mainly by Irish labor, and, though the new comers often prove turbulent and troublesome, they have never been accused of unwillingness to work. How much of the hardest toil in our great towns falls to the lot of Irishmen is well known. In every seat of industry there is a quarter where a colony from the sister island lives unbrifely and careless, but far from idle. The distant dependencies of England are also assuming a new aspect from the toil of Irish emigrants. Even Australia has her portion of these hardy exiles, who perform with ease the work that the Saxon himself will shrink from. It has often been asked why they are idle and reckless in their own country? The question, we are willing to believe refers to a past period, and will now be seldom heard. The answer would involve a recurrence to many things that are best forgotten, and the discussion is now unnecessary. Irishmen are beginning to work in Ireland as elsewhere; the proprietor and employer seem sensible of their own duties, the pulpit has begun to preach charity without special exceptions; and the platform is used for other purposes than denunciation."

DECREASE OF PAUPERISM.—There are now, it appears only 452 paupers receiving relief in the union of Athlone. Some few years since there were upwards of 6,000, and the rates on some electoral divisions amounted to 8s and 9s in the pound. The highest rate on any electoral division of the union for the next 12 months will be 2s 9d, and some are as low as 4d.

At no antecedent period were there so few paupers as at present in Dundalk Union. The number does not exceed 260.

EMIGRATION.—One of the *Galway* papers, mentions that the stream of emigration from that district has subsided, at least temporarily. Preparations for departure, however, are being made by many of the peasantry, who, it seems, speculate on being enabled to defray the cost of their passage out of the high wages they have been paid during the present harvest. In the neighborhood of Ballinasloe the scarcity of hands is still the subject of complaint, and numbers of the large proprietors are anxious to obtain them at an increased premium.

Emigration from the port of Limerick from the 1st January, 1855, to the 14th of September, 1855, ten ships, all to Quebec, from the 1st of January to the 14th of September, 1855, bringing 1,135 passengers; 41 ships do. same period, 1854, bringing 5,796 passengers. Decrease this year 4,661.

Typhus fever prevails in Nenagh, and the Union Guardians have applied for the operation of the Sanitary act.

SHARKS ON THE IRISH COAST.—The fishermen of the western coast declare that they have seen several of these monsters of the deep, on the coast of Achill Head and Clare Island. Last week a boat proceeding from Achill towards Newport, laden with turf, and having a crew of two men and one woman, was suddenly capsized, and the woman was drowned, the men having held on by the boat; the peasantry declare that the boat was upset by one of those Leviathans of the deep, and that the woman was carried off, a fact which her father positively affirms, as when drowning the woman exclaimed, "Tie my brother, or the fish will take him too."—*Constitution.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

Dr. Newman has subscribed £100 to the fund at present collecting to pay the costs of Cardinal Wiseman in the recent trial.

The Dean of Durham has drawn down a Sabbatarian's tempest upon his head, by making his appearance with Sir Benjamin Hall at Kew Gardens on a Sunday afternoon, while the Queen's band was playing for the 61,000 people that came to listen.

The *London Times* has an article severely censuring General Simpson, and demanding his recall, on account of mismanagement of the attack on the Redan, and adduces remarkable proofs of incompetency.

2000 men, belonging to the 1st battalion of grenadier guards, 2nd battalion of Coldstreams and 2nd battalion of the Scots fusilier guards, will proceed from London direct to the Crimea in the first week of October.

It was generally expected in official circles, that the embodiment of the militia throughout the United Kingdom would provide sufficient reinforcements for the regiments of the Line now engaged in active service against the enemy. To a certain extent that expectation has been fulfilled; but it has not all been so successful as was anticipated, which can only be accounted for by a disposition on the part of Commanding Officers of Militia Regiments to keep their own together and to go out with them on service to the Mediterranean, Canada, and other stations, whence regiments of the Line might be taken for service at the seat of war.—*Chronicle.*

COMMERCIAL MORALITY AND THE INCOME TAX.—Be the tax ever so bad, it is our duty to pay it, especially when we are put on our honour. Yet every Minister who has had to handle the subject has complained very bitterly that Schedule D does not yield what it ought to do. Yes, what it ought to do; that is the word. It is not merely that the yield is disappointing, as a field may disappoint the hopes of the farmer, and as the rick may yield more straw than grain, but there is evidently the breach of a moral obligation. Evidently the mercantile classes ought to pay more than they do. It is for their sake that finance has been reformed and trade emancipated; it is for their sake that Ministers have broken up their parties and incurred an evil name. It was under the protection of the income-tax that the tariff was equalised, lightened, and some hundreds of items struck from the list. It was for their sakes chiefly that food and materials of manufacture enjoy a sacred exemption. Nevertheless, they seem to like the income-tax as little as they did the custom-house duty, and to evade the one as they did the other. We boast that the days of smuggling are over. The reformed tariff has put an end to all that; very nearly, at least. Unhappily, the same virus shows itself in another form, and contraband, driven from the coast, takes refuge in the counting-house. The tradesman no longer runs a cargo of spirits, or silks, or tobacco, but drives his midnight voyage and his daring manoeuvres on the face of his books. It must be said that the returns of Schedule D tell a sad tale of commercial morality; nor can we wonder that the landowner, the farmer, the clergyman the fundholder, and the official should look with a Pharisaic contempt on the great publican class of merchants and tradesmen, who certainly are not paying the proper tithe on all they possess.—*Times.*

EMIGRATION.—At the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow Mr. Newmarch read a paper "On the Emigration of the last ten years from the United Kingdom, and from France and Germany. Five hundred thousand persons had emigrated annually during the last five years from Europe to America; of which 300,000 went from England, and 200,000 from Central Europe. The population of Great Britain had increased 300,000 during this period; so that the entire increase of our population from natural causes had emigrated."

SCOTLAND AS SHE IS.—We extract the following from a leader in the *Glasgow Commonwealth* of Thursday last:—"It is true? Scotland is thoughtful, religious, industrious, energetic, shrewd; as a nation, Scotland can read her Bible, her catechism, her newspaper, but is not Scotland drunken? Edinburgh is the queen city of the earth; the tremendous energy that flows in the Clyde draws to the little kingdom the wealth of every clime; but what do you see on the Edinburgh streets and in the Glasgow police-office? It is a grand figure, that of Scotia, with the Bible in her hand, and the strength of the covenant on her brow; that figure may well bring the tear of pride to every Scotchman's eye; and what is worthy to be seen Burns to music; but do you remark that there is a whisky-bottle in her other hand; and that, ever and anon, she slanders and swaggers like a drunken bel-dame?"

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Montreal, December 14, 1854.

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THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 19, 1855.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The *Atlantic* arrived at New York yesterday morning. The Allies were preparing to blow up Sebastopol, and were arranging mortar batteries to bombard the forts on the North shore, which Gortschakoff still holds, but which, according to the correspondent of the *London News*, he is preparing to abandon. The Russian General admits a daily loss of from 500 to 1000 men during the last 30 days of the siege. Some skirmishes had taken place near Eupatoria, with a decided advantage to the Allies. A portion of the fleet had sailed on a new expedition, probably against Odessa or Nicholief. The Czar was at Odessa from whence he issued an encouraging address to his army. The relative positions of the contending forces remained unchanged, but the Allies were menacing the enemy's rear from Eupatoria, where large forces have been assembled.

It is now some three years since five Sisters of the Providence Convent left Montreal for Oregon, in compliance with the reiterated entreaties of Mgr. Blanchet, Bishop of Nesqually, and with the intention of there founding a branch of their Society. However, upon their arrival so many obstacles presented themselves that they were obliged to abandon their design and retrace their steps towards Canada. On their return they stopped for a short time at San Francisco; and whilst there, heard that an opening presented itself in Chili for their charitable labors. They therefore took shipping for Valparaiso, where they were warmly received by the Bishop of Santiago, who together with the principal authorities persuaded our indefatigable missionaries of charity to take up their abode amongst them, and to undertake the superintendence of an orphan asylum about to be instituted. The government also very liberally made them a present of about 90 acres of land, on which were erected suitable buildings, and part of which was already under cultivation.

The consent of the parent establishment in Montreal to these arrangements having been obtained, the Sisters proceeded to establish themselves at Santiago, where they have seven or eight hundred children under their care; and to assist them in their labors of love it has been determined to send them additional assistance from Montreal, in the person of twelve more Sisters from the Providence Convent. When this was known, forty of the members of that Asylum immediately volunteered, all anxious to be chosen for the arduous service. From these the required number of twelve were selected, who, the envy of their companions whom they left behind, and accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Chabot, set off yesterday morning on their long and painful voyage—for the happy issue of which Mass was said on Tuesday morning last at the Cathedral, by Mgr. LaRocque.

It was of course not to be expected that the editor of the *Montreal Witness*, long accustomed from his earliest youth to deal only in calumny and falsehood—and because both by nature and subsequent education incapable of anything noble or generous himself, therefore unable to appreciate noble or generous deeds in others—should refrain from exercising his peculiar talents upon such an occasion. All animals have their special gift, and their allotted work. Some delight in sweets, others in ordure; and in squirting his venom against the Church and her charitable institutions, the editor of the *Montreal Witness* is but following his natural instincts. Dirty creatures will still do dirty work, and there is no more to be said about it.

Our cotemporary is, however, so excessively indignant at the heroism and charitable devotion of these Catholic Sisters, that he calls upon the Legislature to interfere, and put a stop to such abominations. He is above all shocked at the youth of some of these Spouses of Christ; and cannot restrain his disgust at the thoughts of their having so young, made a vow of perpetual chastity unto their Lord. That such a vow should have been voluntarily undertaken, seems of course, to a gross sensualist, like our cotemporary utterly impossible; as incredible as a vow of abstinence from brewer's grains or butcher's offal, would appear to an over-fed boar-pig, or a prize sow at a cattle show. "They have been made" exclaims the *Witness*—that is they have been compelled against their wills, "publicly to take a solemn vow of perpetual celibacy." It is scarce necessary to remark, that here again the *Montreal Witness* lies most foully; or that the Sisters who accompany the expedition to Chili are all volunteers, all most eager for the sacrifice, and all delighted at being thus allowed to offer up their whole being to Him who made them, and to dedicate themselves to Him who died for them on

the Cross. They were not therefore "made" to take the vows which the Church demands from all whom she honors by admission to her service; for to "make" implies compulsion, force, and violence to the will—but never can be applied to actions, voluntarily undertaken. If E. G. were to hear that the late Directors of the Montreal Provident and Saving's Bank had made restitution to the poor whom they robbed and cheated out of their honest savings, we should at once say that they had been "made" to do it—and very properly; for we are certain that they are such a set of swindlers that they will never do so voluntarily, or without strong compulsion; but we should lie were we to say that Florence Nightingale had been "made" to go out to the East.

The demand for legislative interference to prevent "this premature binding by oaths of minors, and irremediable disposal of their existence," is simply absurd. These oaths are binding only in foro conscientia, and no action of the Legislature could, by any possibility, add to, or detract from, their binding force. The law recognises also the right of young girls, being minors, to "irremediably dispose of their existence"—by allowing them to contract marriage. Now, if at 18 years of age a girl is old enough to bind herself by an irrevocable contract of marriage, and to place her fortune, her person, and her entire future existence, in the hands of a fellow creature, surely at the same age she is not too young to devote herself entirely and forever to the service of her Creator. We might quote Scripture too, in support of our position—that it is never too early to begin to serve the Lord our God with every faculty of soul and body; we might indeed appeal to the words of the "Preacher"—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say 'I have no pleasure in them.'"—Ecc. cxii. Our cotemporary however, in common with many of his early-chastity-hating brethren, seems to incline to the opinion, that in youth we should not have too much to do with God—and like old dame Quickly, comforting poor dying Sir John—bids us, "not to think of God—for there is no need to trouble ourselves with such thoughts yet." "Serve the world, the flesh, and gratify your lusts in your youth," is evidently our cotemporary's confession of faith; "in old age, sickness, and decrepitude, it will be quite time enough to think of serving the Lord. Give your youth to the devil, and to God the devil's leavings; these are good enough for Him, and are all that He demands of His creatures." Such however is not the morality of the Catholic Church; and therefore she still says to all her children—"Memento Creatoris tui in diebus juventutis tue."

The St. Patrick's Bazaar, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum, closed on Monday evening; and though the weather was most unfavorable, we are happy to state that the amount realised, exceeds Nine Hundred Pounds. For this signal success, thanks are due, under God, to the indefatigable ladies of the St. Patrick's Asylum. It would be unjust not to mention here, that many of our Protestant fellow-citizens contributed most generously to this excellent charity, as indeed they generally do upon similar occasions; and it is with the more pleasure that we allude to this circumstance, because it shows how futile are the attempts of the *Montreal Witness* and the clique of narrow-minded fanatics whom he represents, to stir up ill blood betwixt the different races and religious denominations of which our society is composed. The prayers of the orphans, whom their bounty has thus assisted to feed and clothe, will ascend to the Throne of Him Who is the Father of the fatherless, in behalf of their generous benefactors; and it is not presumptuous to add, that such prayers are always favorably received.

The *Montreal Herald* of Tuesday copies the following from the *Univers* of the 17th ult.:

"One of our friends from Quebec informs us that the Hon. Jacques Viger has been raised to the dignity of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, and we learn that Mgr. de Goesbriand, who left about the beginning of September, on his return to his diocese of Burlington, U.S., has been charged with the delivery of the Insignia of the Order to this pious savant. The Catholics of Canada will view with lively satisfaction this distinction, which honors them all in the person of one of their most eminent fellow-citizens, and we congratulate our venerable friend on the recompense which the Sovereign Pontiff has accorded to his conscientious labors. In the articles which we published in the month of March, under the following title:—'*Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada*, we mentioned that M. Jacques Viger had composed a *Précis historique sur les communautés religieuses de femmes de la Province*,' and our article was only an enlarged commentary upon his manuscript. This is but a very feeble sample of his contributions to historical science, but, unlike the majority of writers, M. Jacques Viger has a profound repugnance to appearing in print; his modesty prevents him from seeing that he thus deprives the religious public of the valuable fruits of his life-long labors."—C. De Laroches Heron.

Upon this the *Herald*, after paying a well merited tribute to the Hon. M. Viger, as "the most learned and laborious archaeologist in Canada—perhaps in America," expresses his fears that M. Viger will be excluded from the acceptance of the honors conferred upon him by the Sovereign Pontiff; because of an "Order in Council" of the 11th of May last, in which Her Majesty has been pleased to direct—that none of her subjects "shall accept a Foreign Order from the Sovereign of any foreign country, or wear the insignia thereof, without having previously obtained Her Majesty's permission to that effect, signified by a Warrant under Her Royal Sign Manual;" and that "such permission shall not be granted to any such subject of Her Majesty, unless the

Foreign Order shall have been conferred in consequence of active and distinguished service before the enemy; either at sea, or in the field; or unless he shall have been actually and entirely employed beyond Her Majesty's dominions, in the service of the foreign sovereign by whom the Order is conferred."

We would venture to remind our cotemporary that an "Order in Council" is not, and cannot have the force of, law to any persons not actually holding situations in H. M. Service, wearing her uniform, or attending at Court; and that therefore the infraction by a civilian, or private citizen; of a mere "Order in Council" cannot be taken cognizance of by any of our ordinary legal tribunals. If M. Viger thinks fit—as we have no doubt he will—to accept the well merited honor conferred upon him by the Sovereign Pontiff, and to wear the decoration with which it is accompanied, there is no tribunal before which he could be arraigned for the offence; no law by which he could be punished; and for the simple reason—that an "Order in Council" is not a "law" in the ordinary acceptance of the term, and that every man may do that which is not morally wrong or evil per se, and which is not prohibited by the law of the land. It is clear therefore that H. M. "Order in Council" is intended to apply to those only who hold Commissions in Her Service, either by land or sea; for over such persons only can it have any force or authority whatsoever. As to other "subjects," being civilians, it only means that "Foreign Orders" conferred upon them by any foreign power will not be recognised by their own Government; and that they shall not be entitled to claim any peculiar rank, or precedence over their fellow-citizens on account of such Orders, titles or decorations. We are open to correction however; and if in error, we shall feel much obliged to our learned cotemporary if he will inform us how, by what legal process or machinery, M. Viger, or any one else, can be prevented from accepting and wearing—not indeed at Court, or at one of Her Majesty's Drawing Rooms—but in private life, and as a simple citizen, any Foreign Order and its Insignia conferred upon him by the Sovereign Pontiff, or by any other Foreign Potentate. We know that there is no moral obstacle, and we doubt greatly if there is any legal one; that is, one of which our ordinary Courts of Law would take cognizance if brought before them.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Sir—When I read your remarks relative to the castigation inflicted by the *Herald* on the editor of the *Toronto Globe*, for having published the malignant falsehood, that Dr. Murray, or "Kirwan," (as he erst loved to be called,) was afraid to deliver an anti-Catholic lecture in Montreal, after having in all our newspapers announced his intention of doing so—and when from such charge he, the *Globe*, indirectly and evasively endeavored to escape by telling his readers that the statements of the *Herald* were not to be relied on, seeing that, having no fixed principles of his own to guide him, he wrote for any side, just as the spirit moved him—or words to that effect; and that, therefore, the readers of the *Globe* should just continue to believe that "Kirwan" was really afraid to lecture, in case his life or limbs should be injured by "Popish" cudgels—I say, Mr. Editor, that when I read your remarks thereon, and also those contained in the other more severe, cutting, and equally just chastisement poured upon him in the *Herald* of the 8th instant, it appeared strange to me—who have hitherto loved our "broad Protestantism"—why it is that the other Protestant journals of the Province have not endorsed the *Herald's* refutation of such a barefaced and malignant lie. Were it only, as the old but appropriate proverb hath it—"To give the devil his due"—why in the first and most prominent place did not "Kirwan" himself come forward and honorably repudiate the statement, by declaring it to be—what he knew it was—a lie?—or perhaps in more courteous expression—telling a counter lie, by saying that he, of the *Globe*, is a gentleman, who has made a mistake unintentionally? Why, in the name of common sense, does not the minister of the very chapel that Dr. Murray lectured to take up the matter, and make an apology for, or give an explanation of, the low and unprincipled calumny? Why, in the name of Protestantism, and for the information of "broad Protestants," does the man of the *Montreal Witness* suffer the lie to lie unchecked, and not make some specious plea or other for the tergiversations, and the barefaced, impudent falsehoods of his friend of the *Globe*? We all know—we all have seen—with what an oily smoothness he can, in theological matters, when "Popery" is to be involved, make the worse appear the better cause. Why, also, in the name of fair play and honesty, do not all the Puritans of the Province come forth—those pious lovers of truth!—with a general apology for the mistake?—in which apology they might, according to custom, wind up with a flaming diatribe against the "Man of Sin." Are they one and all of them ashamed to make the *amende honorable* in this affair? or are they content that the dunder-headed portion of the public who follow them, should still believe a lie, for the good of the Protestant cause?

For my own part, Mr. Editor, I have, in my day, read many lies and misrepresentations in Protestant publications, relative to the Catholic religion; but none more contemptible and malicious than the one in question in the *Toronto Globe*. Keeping my eyes open as well as I can, to observe what is passing before and around me in my little sphere of existence, I saw the notice in several papers announcing that Dr. Murray, the "venerable" (!) "Kirwan," would lecture in Coté Street Free Church, on Wednesday evening, the 15th August last. In two or three days afterwards, I read a report of his lecture in the *Herald*, and saw it mentioned or reported in other newspapers. The next allusion to that lecture that I saw was an extract from the *Toronto Globe* in the *Herald*, denying that such a lecture was delivered at all, for fear of dangerous consequences to the lecturer, which denial was followed up by the *Herald's* literary flagellation on the liar's back, whose sole aim appears to be to create an enduring hatred between Catholics and Protestants, ending—the wish being father to the thought—in the utter subjugation of Catholics, and in Protestant ascendancy.

But now that this lie, of the *Globe's* invention, has

gone forth to the world, uncontradicted by the Protestant press, save in one or two instances, what are well meaning Protestants to think?—those whose charitable dispositions incline them to "think no evil" of any body?—what are such to think, when they hear both sides of the question? Will they not begin to inquire, think you, whether it is by such adjuncts, as the above-mentioned slanders and calumny and evil-minded misrepresentations, that the principles of Protestantism are to be carried out? Will they not scout the idea that Christianity must rest on such a rotten foundation? Is not such a course of conduct calculated to startle religious and thinking people, and lead them to doubt whether, after all, they have not been floundering and plunging and blundering on through a morass, chasing a "Will-o-the-Wisp," which they took to be the light of truth? Is not this hesitation on the part of the press generally, to clear up the matter in question, in justice to the Catholics, attributable to a love of falsehood rather than to a regard for truth?—is it not calculated to make right-thinking people imagine, that if their spiritual directors must use the weapons of falsehood in support of "evangelical religion," as they call it, it is not much to be depended on?—and will not their trust in the efficacy and genuineness of the orthodoxy of the Protestant faith be in danger of being rudely shaken by such dishonesty on the part of Protestant professors? No, Sir, it is not likely that Protestantism, or any other religious system, can ever recommend itself to the respect and veneration of mankind by such weapons as those used by the *Globe*—namely, by barefaced falsehood and slander—weapons worse than those used by Mahomet in the establishment of his system; for these were directed only against the bodies of his adversaries; whilst the former, used by unprincipled evangelical journalists, are poisonous weapons, that, like Dundonald's pestilence, kill the souls of both friends and foes.

EQUIT.

Montreal, Oct. 16, 1855.

With reference to the above communication, and in reply to the several questions therein propounded, we would observe that, though to its honor the *Montreal Herald* was the first to denounce the infamous lie published by Mr. G. Brown in the *Globe*—to the effect, that Nick Murray, or Kirwan, did not lecture in Montreal for fear of the Papists, others of our Protestant journals have on several occasions been prompt to defend their Catholic fellow-citizens from the calumnies heaped upon them by the *Globe*, the *Montreal Witness*, and the evangelical press generally. The *Commercial Advertiser*, for instance, has more than once honorably distinguished itself in the cause of truth; and in the case more particularly alluded to, qualified the monstrous assertions of the *Globe* as falsehoods "too absurd for notice, if it were not to show to what deliberate untruths that journal resorts to serve its purpose."

Our correspondent asks why the man who does the *Montreal Witness* has not come forward with "some specious plea or other for the tergiversations and the barefaced, impudent falsehoods of his friend the *Globe*?" Why! the *Montreal Witness* has already done so; and, with his usual acumen, has discovered, that the *Globe*, in positively asserting that Kirwan did not lecture in Montreal—and that the *Herald*, in asserting equally positively that he did, and that consequently the statement of the *Globe* was a malicious and deliberate lie—"are both partly wrong, and both partly right;" or, in other words, that, of contradictory, both may be true. The following is the explanation given by the *Montreal Witness*, which, considering that the question at issue is a simple matter of fact—did, or did not, Kirwan lecture in Montreal?—must be admitted to be very "specious," if not completely satisfactory.

According to this plea, the *Globe*, although well aware that Kirwan did lecture in Montreal, was "partly right" in positively assuring its readers that he did not—1st—Because:—

"When it was known that he (Kirwan) was about to visit Montreal, and the desirableness of having a lecture from him was discussed by those who usually act upon such occasions, great difficulties were found on account of fears on the part of many judicious men that it would end in a riot."—*Montreal Witness*, 10th instant.

2. Because:—

"The only Church applied for was refused for a week night, though kindly offered for a sermon on Sabbath forenoon."—*ib.*

3. Because:—

"No one, even the boldest in Montreal, thought of a lecture to which the admission would be by paid tickets."—*ib.*

4. Because:—

"One minister of the City (Rev. Dr. Fraser) invited Dr. Murray to occupy his pulpit on the evening of his weekly lecture, pains being taken to divert the whole of the character of an ordinary paid lecture, and to give it that of a minister of the Gospel bearing his testimony against Rome."—*ib.*

And lastly—Because:—

"Even with all this precaution, and the Mayor and Police force on the alert, disturbance was anticipated by many, and every one was thankful when the lecture passed over quietly."—*ib.*

Therefore, irresistibly concludes our logical and evangelical cotemporary, it was "partly right" of the *Globe* to assert that Kirwan did not lecture at all, for fear of the Papists; and this because, every one was thankful that he did lecture, and that he lectured without the slightest interruption. We know not whether to admire the more, the logic, or the morality of the *Montreal Witness*.

The fact of the matter, is, that the "judicious men" spoken of by the *Montreal Witness*, "who usually act upon such occasions" were determined, if they could, to get up a little No-Popery excitement amongst us in Montreal, upon the occasion of Kirwan's visit. For this purpose, his arrival, and his intention to lecture publicly against Popery, was ostentatiously paraded before the community in all the majesty of type, and dignity of capital letters. Every thing was done, that could be done; to attract attention, and, we strongly suspect, to provoke the

Irish Catholics—by whom the presence even of such a fellow as Kirwan must be felt as an insult—to kick up a row. But all in vain; not even a dog barked; neither by word nor deed did any Catholic in Montreal, show his consciousness of the existence of such a creature, as the evangelical Nick. Our friends were balked. The martyrdom for which they pined was not accorded to them; nor could they so much as provoke a Popish chambermaid to empty a pail of slops on their favorite's head, as of an evening he passed to and fro to the meeting house from whose pulpit he launched his thunderbolts against the seat of the "Scarlet Woman." Disappointed therefore in their expectations of gaining a little notoriety from the imprudence of the Irish in Montreal, our friends were obliged to have recourse to the well known inventive genius, or rather mendacity, of the editor of the *Globe*. True, Kirwan did lecture in Montreal on the days, and in the manner announced to the world by public advertisement; true, his vulgar tirades against themselves, their country, and their Church were treated by the Irish Papists of Montreal with the most profound indifference; true, his lectures were reported, and commented upon by the Protestant press—and if we mistake not by the *Globe* itself. But what of that to a man of broad Protestant principles? such little trifles ought not to be allowed to stand in the way of a bold Protestant champion. And so forthwith appeared in the columns of the *Globe*, the statement which called down upon his unhappy back the well applied lash of the *Montreal Herald*, and the *Commercial Advertiser*.

In justice to the latter journal, and as a proof that the *Herald* is not alone in reproaching the dishonest conduct of the fanatics who, through the columns of the *Globe* and *Montreal Witness* try to get up a row betwixt Catholics and Protestants, we make the following extracts from its article upon the subject:

"The Roman Catholic Church interferes with the belief of no other class of Christians; it is not even a proselytising Church, it simply seeks to keep its natural followers. It has studiously avoided all irritation, and is entitled to the respect of those who differ most widely from it. While Protestants go out of their way to attack her, and do so in no measured terms of reproach and insult, she keeps the even tenor of her way, and gives no sailing back.

The *Globe* asserts that Kirwan dared not lecture in Montreal and Quebec on the Errors of Popery, a falsehood too absurd for notice, if it were not to show to what deliberate untruths that Journal resorts to serve its purposes. Not only did he lecture, but his lectures were reported in the papers, and we are much mistaken if we did not see one of them copied in the *Globe*. For any interruption, he might be lecturing still. We have always questioned the wisdom of these proceedings, and do so still; it cannot be expected that they will gain converts, as the listeners are almost invariably of the opinion of the lecturer, and are therefore worse than useless, as they naturally irritate those against whom they are directed.

"Suppose, for instance, that a Romish priest were to advertise a crusade against Protestantism, in a town of Upper Canada, where nine-tenths of the population are Protestants, and to address his audience in the same style of vituperation as is generally the leading feature of these displays, would any one feel at all surprised if it resulted in a general row?"

"Would Protestants be content to submit to the same treatment of what they believe to be true, as they constantly force upon the adherents of Rome?"—*Commercial Advertiser*.

The following has been sent to us by one who signs himself "A Liberal Catholic":—

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Toronto, September 25, 1855.

"Sir—It was with great regret that I read in your issue of the 21st inst. an article purporting to be an answer to some strictures of the *Boston Pilot* upon the merits of 'nativism.' I repeat, Mr. Editor, that I read your remarks with deep regret, and with profound humiliation; for you therein substantiate the very accusation urged against us by our enemies—that we prefer the interests of religion and of our Church, to those of our country. Yes, Sir—you give our adversaries but too good reasons for their cry—that Catholics cannot be truly loyal subjects, inasmuch as they owe allegiance to a foreign power—the Roman Church—and must obey the latter even at the expense of their allegiance to the Government of their country. What else but this, I ask, can be gathered from the following passage in the article alluded to in the *True Witness*?"

"We should scorn the American Catholic—who did not bear an enthusiastic attachment to the land that gave him birth, and a sincere loyalty to her laws and institutions—so far as the latter were not in opposition to the Laws of God and His Church."—*True Witness*, 21st Sept.

"Now, Sir—what do these restrictions imply, if not that it is the duty of the Catholic to disobey the laws of the land, if required to do so by the laws of his Church? Is not this to assert for the latter supremacy over the State; and to claim for the Church the right of exercising temporal power? Is not this what our foes accuse us of holding?—and is it not upon doctrines such as these that they found their arguments for excluding us from the exercise of our rights as citizens?"

"Yes, Sir—it is such language as this that brings upon us the charge of 'disloyalty' and of a 'divided allegiance'; it is such language that brings us into disrepute with our Protestant neighbors; and feeling heartily ashamed of it, I, for one, hasten to repudiate the sentiments therein attributed to us; as I, for one, have always been a loyal, as well as—

"A LIBERAL CATHOLIC."

If "A Liberal Catholic" objects to the limitations that we have assigned to the duty of the Catholic subject to obey the laws of the State, he must, if consistent, be prepared to support one or other of the following propositions:—

1. That man is not always, and under all circumstances, bound to obey the laws of God; but is sometimes bound to disobey God. Or:—

2. That the Catholic Church is not an infallible exponent or interpreter of those laws or lastly:—

That the State is infallible; and that therefore it

never has, and never can, command any thing contrary to God's holy laws.

If he adopt the first proposition, "A Liberal Catholic" is not a Christian. If the second, he is not a Catholic, and has no right to assume the appellation of one. If however he adopts the third, he will have to explain how it is that God has conferred upon the State, or Civil power, that grace of infallibility which He has withheld from the body which He Himself commissioned to teach all nations.

But a truce to such nonsense. Every man—most Protestants as well as Catholics—will admit—that under no conceivable circumstances is man not bound to obey the laws of God—and that States, whether monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic in their form of Government, have erred, and may therefore err again—have enacted laws contrary to God's laws—have therefore forfeited all right to the obedience of their subjects—and may therefore do so again, unless supernaturally assisted. Protestants, as well as Catholics, assert, and have often acted upon, the principle—that the allegiance, or obedience of the subject to the laws of the State, is due in so far only as the latter are in accordance with the laws of God; and that cases may arise, and have arisen, in which it is the duty of the Christian to violate State laws, in order to obey God's law, or the "Higher Law;" for there is a "Higher Law" than the law of man. Our friend, "Liberal Catholic," need not therefore be afraid or ashamed to confess that he also, in common with Catholics who are not "Liberal," and with all conscientious Protestants—with all Protestants, in fact, who have not carried their Protestantism so far as to Protest against God as the sole, absolute Governor of the universe—admits a divided allegiance; and that his duty to the State is limited by the duty that he owes to God.

It is not here then that Protestants and Catholics differ. Both will admit the duty of the individual to obey God rather than King, Parliament, or Congress—both have reduced this theory to practice—and if to-morrow it were enacted that all Protestants should devoutly attend Mass on Sundays and other Holy Days, we strongly suspect that the conduct of our separated brethren would afford a very striking and satisfactory commentary upon the text in the *True Witness*, which gives so much scandal to our "Liberal Catholic."

Herein consists the difference betwixt the Protestant and the Catholic in this matter. The former, by asserting the right of "private judgment," claims for every individual the right to judge for himself, whether the law of the State be in accordance with the law of God; and thus, by implication, must claim for every individual member of society the right to disobey the laws of the State, whensoever to him, the latter seem to be in opposition to the Higher Law, or God's Law revealed in the Bible. Fortunately for the peace of society, Protestants are not logical; and never dare push their principles to their last consequences. Like the fond papa, who gives little Tommy a drum to stop his crying, telling him at the same time, that he must not beat it, so do Protestants contend for the right of "private judgment;" but strictly forbid the exercise of that pretended right, by inflicting severe pains and penalties upon those who presume to employ it against the State.

The Catholic, on the contrary, knows that he, as well as the State, is fallible—that no one is a proper judge in his own cause—and concludes therefore that in his fallible "private judgment," he can find no legitimate excuse for disobeying the laws of the State of which he is subject or citizen. When in doubt as to his duty, he consults therefore, not his fallible "private judgment" but the tribunal of the Church; and from her, and not from his passions or prejudices, does he learn to distinguish betwixt what belongs to Cæsar, and what belongs to God, and thus to give unto each that which is his due.

"A Liberal Catholic" need not therefore be ashamed to admit that he holds to the doctrine of the *True Witness* upon this subject; for of the two—the Catholic and Protestant theories of the obligations of allegiance—that of the former is more favorable to the cause, not only of liberty, but of civil government. Reject the Catholic theory, and our Liberal friend must perforce adopt—either the old slavish Protestant doctrine—first broached in the XVI. century—of the "divine right of kings;" according to which disobedience to the Civil Power is always unlawful—or the more modern Protestant doctrine of the right of revolution inherent in every man; in other words, that every man may at pleasure renounce his allegiance and withhold his obedience to the duly constituted authorities of the State.

MONTGOMERY GUARD.

At a regular monthly meeting of the New York Montgomery Guard, held at their armory, Eagle Rooms, on Thursday evening, the 4th instant—Lieutenant Clarke in the Chair—the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved—That the liveliest feelings of our lasting gratitude are justly due, and hereby expressed to B. Devlin, Esq., P. J. Fogarty, Esq., and the other members of the Young Men's St. Patrick's Association of Montreal, for their invitation and varied attentions, unceasing kindness, and boundless hospitality, extended to us during our stay in, and return to their city, on the occasion of our joyous excursion to Canada. And we hereby also offer our unfeigned thanks to the members of the St. Patrick's Society of that city, for their attention to us on the same occasion.

"Resolved—That the thanks of this Company are hereby tendered to the Emmet Guard of this City—Captain Kennedy—for their kindness on the morning of Monday, September 3, in escorting us from our quarters to the Railroad station, en route to our late excursion to Canada.

"Resolved—That the kindness and hospitality, evin-

ced by His Worship (Dr. Nelson) the Mayor of Montreal; and the attention of the City Council towards us, during our visit to that City, are fully appreciated by the Company, for the distinguished honor thus conferred upon us.

"Resolved—That the warmest thanks of the Company are hereby severally given to Major David and his troop of cavalry, for their escort on our march through Montreal; to Colonel Irving, for his visit and attention at the beautiful Gardens of M. Gibault; and to Mr. Buckland, for his invitation to the Theatre Royal, on the occasion of our visit to that city.

"Resolved—That the reception and entertainment afforded to us, at what must have been considerable inconvenience, at the Franklin House, by its excellent host and hostess—City Councillor Ryan and his lady, and other attentions from that gentleman—were such as to merit the highest encomiums and the lasting gratitude of this Company.

"Resolved—That the marked thanks of the New York Montgomery Guard, are hereby deservedly offered to the citizens of Montreal, for their enthusiastic reception, and the well-regulated good nature which they evinced towards this Company during our visit to their city.

"Resolved—That the grateful acknowledgments of this Company are hereby tendered to His Worship (Dr. Morin) the Mayor of Quebec, and the Corporation of that City, for their flattering reception, entertainment and great kindness to us on the occasion of our late visit to their City.

"Resolved—That we sincerely thank Mr. Charlton and the members of the St. Patrick's Society of Quebec, for their attention and kindness to us, including their ball and supper, on the above occasion.

"Resolved—That we hereby offer our best thanks, respectively, to Lieutenant-Colonel Cockell and the Officers of the 16th Regiment of the line, for their kind invitation to dine at the Citadel of Quebec, and their general attention. Also to the Fire Company, No. 9, belonging to Diamond Harbor, for their escort during our march through that city.

"Resolved—That the reception and enthusiasm of the citizens of Quebec have merited our unalterable esteem, such as to render our visit to that City fondly to be remembered by the New York Montgomery Guard.

"Resolved—That the foregoing resolutions be inserted in the *American Celt*, *New York Herald*, *Truth Teller*, *True Witness*, *Montreal Herald*, and *Quebec Colonist*, newspapers."

THOMAS CLARKE, Chairman;

FRANCIS X. KAVANAGH, Secretary.
New York, Oct. 5, 1855.

THE IRISH BAZAAR.

A CARD.

THE ladies who conducted the St. Patrick's Bazaar have much pleasure in announcing that their net proceeds amount this year to NINE HUNDRED ROUNDS. A large sum it is to be realized at any time by such means, but it is particularly remarkable at the present time when business of every kind is so dull. The ladies feel that God has been pleased to "give the increase," and after Him they are indebted to the generous public who are ever ready to assist in works of charity.

First of all, they have to thank the members of St. Patrick's congregation for their cordial and unanimous support. Many of the rich gave freely and liberally; and the working classes gave according to their means. Even the poor gave what they could spare towards the support of their poorer brethren, the little ones of Christ.

The Ladies have also great pleasure in making their acknowledgments to those Protestant gentlemen who contributed so generously on this as on former occasions. Their liberality is deserving of all praise and will be ever gratefully remembered.

They have also to thank the Committee of the mechanic's Institute for the gratuitous use of their noble Hall, granted as it was too, with the utmost kindness and good will. To the *True Witness*, the *Transcript* and the city press in general the Ladies are under many obligations.

To all who have aided them in any way the Ladies beg once more to tender their sincere and heartfelt thanks, hoping that their generosity may be rewarded an hundred fold by Him who delights to call himself the Father of the fatherless, and who has promised that even a cup of cold water given in his name shall not lose its reward.

A GOOD HINT.—We copy from the *British Whig* of Kingston, a bit of very sensible advice that he offers to his fellow citizens; and which is certainly not unworthy of our attention in Montreal:—

"This Canada of ours" is a highly favored Christian country. In this city we have Borriboola-Gha missions, and Mrs. Jellaby's per score, but there is no City Missionary to look after the interests of Emigrants who come to our doors. The representative of the City in the Legislative Assembly is Attorney General; the Member for Frontenac is Solicitor General; both gentlemen are influential with a Government favorable to Canadian Colonization—yet we have no Emigration Agent in Kingston. The majority of emigrants arriving here at present are young women, whose brothers have come before them to this country, and having earned sufficient to bring out their relations, have sent for them. These relatives may have received enough to carry them to their destination, but thro' the cheater of those with whom they have had dealings on their way upwards, their means become exhausted before they reach Kingston; they apply to the officials here for pecuniary aid or work, and are sent to the House of Industry—where vagrants of both sexes are sent—to await what may turn up there. The Poorhouse and its brown bread don't agree with them; shall they beg, or sell their reputation for present bread, and sufficient to carry them to those relatives who are momentarily expecting them? Too often, probably, the latter expedient is resorted to. Fifteen or twenty young women (emigrants) were sent to the House of Industry last week; two-thirds of them are still there—the French Village, perhaps, can account for the remainder. An intelligent looking girl, about seventeen years of age, was brought up before the Police Magistrate on Friday last, having been found drunk on Ontario Street the night previous; to all appearance, she was anything but a drinking character. She arrived in Kingston three weeks ago, and being out of money, went to work with a farmer to earn sufficient to carry her to her friends in Hamilton; not having been accustomed to the work she was put to,

she was discharged—With but little money, and no prospect of work, no wonder is it that she flew to whiskey to warm a heart that from the force of adverse circumstances had become cold and heavy. Surely there is need for an Emigration Agent in Kingston."

The *Pilot* contrasting the morality of the Lower, or French Canadians, with that of those of British origin, says:—

"The habits of the masses are admittedly of a higher order of morality, and the absence of crime, especially in the rural districts, where the race may be seen in its most unsophisticated state, proves this."

One would think that there was little need of a French Canadian Missionary Society.

Some Book notices unavoidably postponed till our next.

Acknowledgments in our next.

MCCORD STREET, GRIFFINTOWNS.—The state of this street is horrible, and reflects the utmost discredit upon the City Surveyor and the Corporation. Which of them is to blame? The entrance to St. Ann's Church, is through a quagmire, enough to daunt the most courageous! and a stream of pestilential water runs up and down the street. The residents say they won't stand it; and we do not wonder at their exclamation, why do they not indict the Mayor and Corporation?—*Transcript*.

FIRE.—about eight o'clock on Sunday night a fire broke out in the stables of Mr. L'Hussier, in St. Joseph Street. The extensive stabling attached to the hotel of Mr. Hare, and the outhouses belonging to the Hon. Mr. DeBeaujeu were destroyed. A good supply of water, and the extraordinary exertions on the part of the Fire Brigade stayed the progress of the fire, which at one time threatened to do great damage.—*Herald*.

It is rumoured that Malcolm Cameron will be a candidate for the representation of the County of Renfrew in the room of Mr. Hineks. Also that he will come forward on the "Liberal" interest.—*Toronto Mirror*.

We regret to learn that the damage done in the country parts of Lower Canada by the late continued rains is enormous. In the County of Beauharnois the loss of Wheat cut and uncut is estimated at 20,000 bushels. A very large portion of the stacked grain, from the hurry of the harvest from broken weather, and the paucity of laborers, was insufficiently thatched, and will be almost a total loss. The grain of the standing wheat, grew in many places $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches to 2 inches long, in the ear; that which was cut and not fit to carry, rotted in the field. Potatoes also are rotting very fast, and the greater part of those now coming to market are greatly affected. The country never saw so promising a crop on the ground, but the constant wet, and backward weather have destroyed on an average, one half of the whole. However, the amount saved is more than equal to the consumption, but the loss will seriously impair the means of the farmers to extricate themselves from the embarrassments caused by the failure of crops of the three preceding seasons.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

Birth.

In this city, on the 16th inst., the wife of Alex. Herbert, Esq., Advocate, of a son.

In this city, on the 12th inst., Mrs. Henry Kavanagh, of a son.

In this city, on the 18th inst., the wife of Mr. John Beatty, Printer, of a son.

Married.

On the 8th inst., in the Parish Church, by the Rev. Father Connolly, Mr. Thomas Burrows, to Miss Elizabeth Anglum, both of this city.

At the Parish Church of the Township of Boxton de St. Jean Baptiste, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. J. D. Michon, Amable Archambault, Esq., N. P., to Miss Adele Bernhart.

Died.

At Alexandria, C. W., on the 25th ult., after a lingering illness, Mrs. Bethune, in the 77th years.—Requiescat in pace.

AYLMER CATHOLIC ACADEMY.

HEAD MASTER:

MR. P. FITZGERALD.

A Graduate of Navan College, Ireland;

ASSISTANT TEACHER:

MR. PERIARD.

THIS Institution will be open on MONDAY next, the 22nd instant, for the reception of Pupils.

The following are the Branches taught, viz.:—

The Latin, Greek, French and English Languages, in all their departments. Pure and Mixed Mathematics, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geography, History, Natural Philosophy and Rhetoric.

TERMS—Moderate, and can be known on application to the Head Master.

Aylmer, 16th October, 1855.

NEW BOOK.

BERTHA; OR, THE POPE & THE EMPEROR.

An Historical Tale.

BY WILLIAM BERNARD McCABE,

Author of *Florine*, a *Catholic History of England*, &c.

THIS book has gone through many editions in England and Ireland, and will meet with a rapid sale in America. It makes a book of about 500 pages. Price 75 cents.

Brownson, in his *Review* for October, 1854, thus speaks of it:—

"This is an historical romance, designed to vindicate the character of St. Gregory the Seventh by portraying the real character of Henry the Fourth of Germany. It is a specimen, and a favorable specimen, of the class of works we wish to see multiplied among us. It is interesting, and really meritorious as a romance, and it is highly instructive as a work, illustrating a much misrepesented period of history. We most cordially and earnestly commend it to our readers, and we are most happy to learn that an American edition of it may soon be expected from a Catholic publisher in this city. Its author is one of the first and most meritorious literary men in Ireland, a vigorous writer, and a Catholic after our own heart."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

After the arrival of the intelligence of the fall of Sebastopol, the Prussian government inquired of the cabinets of Paris and London whether it was considered that a favorable moment for re-opening negotiations for peace had arrived. An answer was received in the negative, which was immediately communicated by telegraph to Vienna.

According to the *Messenger de Bayonne*, the marshal's baton is not the only recompense that the general-in-chief of the French army in the Crimea will receive. It is said that the Emperor intends naming Marshal Pelissier Duke of Sebastopol.

We learn on good authority that the French lost only one man in their attack on the Malakoff before they took possession of that work.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL AFFECTING THE BAROMETER IN FRANCE.—M. Le Maout, the chemist, who has acquired some celebrity at St. Brieu (Cotes-du-Nord) his residence, for his observations of the barometer, as affected by a distant cannonade, states in the *Publicateur of St. Brieu* that he announced the cannonade and the assault of Sebastopol from the changes effected in the mercury. He adds that it takes an hour and forty minutes to receive the impression of the guns of Sebastopol on barometers in France.

On Friday, 550 English workmen passed through Paris on their way to Marseilles, where they are to embark for Sebastopol. They are, it is said, to be employed in repairing and fitting up buildings at Sebastopol, to serve as winter quarters for the allied troops.

GERMANY.

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.—The *Augsburg Gazette*, which is more or less open to Austrian impressions, and which, at all events, expresses the opinions of a large class in Germany, makes the following comments on the fall of Sebastopol:—

"Sebastopol has fallen—fallen after a struggle which has not its equal in the history of wars—but yet fallen, and we have to consider the importance of this event, its certain and probable consequences, for it might happen that a more earnest and pressing warning than ever might be given to Germany to exchange its present neutrality for a position which, if it does not place the decision in its hands, would at least make it participate therein.

"We do not wish to overrate the event of the 8th of September, but we must not underrate it.—The northern fortress may be a stronger, a much stronger fortress; but the south part contained every thing which Sebastopol had to defend—the whole of Russia's Black Sea fleet, and all the resources of that fleet. All this is annihilated; and for at least half a century to come, even without the stipulations of a peace, through the simple force of circumstances, the limitation of the naval power of Russia is an accomplished fact. The third guarantee point no longer exists. But there is a point of still greater importance. The prestige of Russia's inviolability is gone—gone in the East as in the West; her whole power is shaken to its centre, and this especially because Sebastopol did not fall at once, and because it has only fallen now.

"Whoever has calmly studied the position of Germany throughout the struggle must inevitably be convinced that in the leading circles there has existed a secret sympathy for Russia, a secret hatred for the Napoleon dynasty. From reasons caused by the unmistakable feeling of the whole people the cause of Russia was not openly espoused, but a tacit support was given to it by inaction, and no idea was entertained of acting against Russia. The invulnerability of the Russian army was believed in Germany as long as the Western Powers were alone in the field, and the quiet hope was entertained that Napoleon III., like Napoleon I., would knock his head to pieces against his powerful adversary, and Germany reap where she had not sown; but the fall of Sebastopol has destroyed that belief and deceived that hope. Germany, it is true, has spared some millions because she resolved to look on as a passive spectator of the struggle, but let us beware lest we have ultimately to pay the piper with far more than those millions. More than once Russia and France have met on bloody battlefields as enemies, and yet one year afterwards Napoleon and Alexander were discussing the partition of Europe; and on the throne of France there is now another Napoleon, and on the throne of Russia a second Alexander."

It is thought at Vienna that, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, Russia will seize the first favorable opportunity to make peace.

ITALY.

LANDING OF ITALIAN REFUGEES.—From Rome, we learn that the French police was informed, some time ago, of an intended landing of about fifty Italian refugees from London, which was to have taken place at Porto d'Anzio, a small harbor now being enlarged, as the Pope intends to make it the port of the capital. Measures were taken to arrest these refugees, who were supposed to have formed a plan against the Pope's life or personal liberty, as he often visits that port; but, from the latest accounts, it would seem that they have eluded the vigilance of the Roman police, and are now concealed in the forests in the vicinity of Porto d'Anzio.

The Neapolitan question is not considered as definitely settled as yet. The King, it is true, has, however much against his will, dismissed the obnoxious Police Minister; but he has, at the same time, removed another member of his Cabinet who was believed to be well disposed to the allied powers.

RUSSIA.

In the *Gazette Militaire* of St. Petersburg, dated

the 7th inst., we read the following:—"News has reached the capital from all parts of the empire, of the complete formation of the troops of the reserve, and of the departure of the first levy of droushines and national militia, who will probably rendezvous at Kiell. The reserves number about 300,000 men, consequently the Russian army, after deducting the divisions sent to the Crimea and to the seat of war in Asia, numbers upwards of 400,000 bayonets, independently of the guards and grenadiers, droushines of the national guard, some detached corps stationed in Finland, and of the guards of the interior."

PEACE AGITATION AT ST. PETERSBURG.—A private letter from Berlin states that the news of the taking of Sebastopol has produced at St. Petersburg the utmost consternation. The young Empress, who appears to desire to be at the head of the peace party, does not spare her reproaches against the war party. She says that if the note of Vienna had been accepted Russia would have been spared the humiliation of the four points of guarantee demanded by the Allies; and that, if at a later period those guarantees had been accepted, Russia would have been spared the shame of the defeat of the Tchernaya, and the terrible disaster of the fall of Sebastopol. The journey of the Emperor to the south had been resolved upon before the fall of Sebastopol was known. Its object was to raise the spirit of the Russian army, which, according to the reports of Prince Gortschakoff, was greatly broken and depressed. The Russians are much more embarrassed to find men than provisions and munitions of war, especially as one third at least of the effective troops remain behind on the way, and never come up to their destination.

CRIMEA.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on Wednesday, the 26th, says,—Although no telegraphic despatches from Sebastopol have been made public for some days, many must of course have been received by Government. The *Patrie* of this evening would seem to have had some information of their contents, for it says, "It is certain that ever since their retreat the Russians have continued to fire shells at us, and that it would be a mistake to suppose that our armies in Sebastopol are beyond the range of the enemy's batteries on the northern shore and on the plateau. The balls from Fort Constantine reach beyond Strelitzka Bay, and they can very easily throw their projectiles into the town. As to the batteries of the other forts, some of the guns in them are so powerful that they can carry shot right over the town, and do execution in the advanced siege works. But, although the Russian fire does not cease, it is not very active. The artillery and engineers in Sebastopol are everywhere at work. Fort St. Nicholas, which, as has been already stated, was left almost intact, has been fortified, and its cannon already replies to the enemy. It is useless to add, that any attempt of the Russians to return to the place is wholly out of the question." Thus far I have quoted the *Patrie*. I consider its revelations very important, as showing that the Russians are still in a strong position in the northern forts, and are fully resolved to continue the war in that locality. It is also to be feared that we cannot occupy the houses that are left in the town, but must still encamp behind entrenchments, or, at best, in the forts that are left standing.

A FRENCH OFFICER'S VISIT TO SEBASTOPOL.—The following private letter from a captain of Zouaves, dated Sebastopol, Sept. 15, has been received in Paris:—"Yesterday, after dinner, I mounted on horseback with the intention of visiting Sebastopol thoroughly. I entered by the ravine of the English, and leaving on my right the docks, the barracks, the arsenal, the military town, all which extends under the Great Redan and Malakoff, I bent my way to the city, properly so called. There may be seen a great number of public monuments not without elegance, and of citizens' houses, of very fine appearance, side by side with the most wretched huts. There are some streets wide, and with side paths, but all very badly macadamised. Lighting with gas is still unknown in Sebastopol; lamps are the only things—that is to say, frightful-looking lanterns, supported by round posts, ornamented with black and white streaks. The theatre is a fine structure, remarkable for its peri-style and a colonnade which runs round it. Near the theatre is a library, and a little lower down and in a direction towards the sea, near the fine Fort St. Catherine, which commands the roadstead, extend vast catacombs. You reach the upper part of the city, which has a fine promenade planted with trees and forming a terrace, by a double flight of steps of stone, and on a vast scale. In the centre of the promenade rises a monument composed of a vessel in bronze raised on a pedestal of white marble, the four sides of which are in bronze. This monument is, no doubt, the emblem of the city, and the wings represent, perhaps, the rapidity with which the fleet, now no more, hoped to reach, one day, the shores of old Byzantium. I leave to the learned the task of deciding this point. The monument will, no doubt, be transported to France, and placed in some public thoroughfare or promenade in Paris, to perpetuate the memory of our great victory, of which it will be an interesting trophy. A very handsome church stands at the extremity of the promenade, and commands the entire city. Do not suppose, however, that all these buildings are intact. All are burnt, or broken, with the exception of the ship which the Russians looked upon, doubtless, as the palladium of Sebastopol. All the churches of the city have been set on fire; and there only remain the four walls, and the domes painted in green. The south part of Sebastopol has been completely destroyed by projectiles. I have visited the Russian lines of defence, which, on this side, consisted of the fort of the Qua-

rantine, the Central Bastion, and the Flagstaff Bastion. Nothing can be more astonishing than these gigantic works, and I maintain that we never could have succeeded in taking possession of the town, had we been obliged to take all these positions by storm. Sebastopol presents, at this moment, a most curious spectacle, owing to the immense crowd of visitors. I have met during my visit several handsome young ladies, dressed in elegant riding habits, traversing streets encumbered with ruins, and uttering, every moment, exclamations of surprise and horror at the sight of so many disasters. The city is very large, and interspersed in various parts by deep ravines, which render the passage very difficult."

HEROISM OF A DOG IN THE CRIMEA.—The following account of the exploits of a dog in the Crimea, which we translate from the *Gazette* of Trieste, surpasses everything heretofore recorded of the devotion and bravery of this noble animal:—

"A great sensation has been caused in the camp of the allies by the heroic deeds of a dog belonging to Colonel Metmann, of the 73d Regiment of the Line. On the 16th of Aug., during the battle of the Tchernaya, the quadruped broke his chain, fought in the ranks of the army, saved the life of a sergeant and a soldier, and took three Russians prisoners. A ball struck his foot, but the wound only embittered the animal the more. He threw himself upon a Russian officer, flung him to the ground, and dragged him prisoner by his coat collar to the French. A physician has bound up the wound, and the four-footed hero is convalescing. He will probably receive some mark of honor, as another dog in the English army has been rewarded with a medal for his devotion to his master."

The correspondent of the *Daily News* describes the appearance of the Redan and Sebastopol a day or two after the assault:—

Let the reader, he said, fancy huge grey a bank of earth running angularly over the summit of a broken slope, and fronted by a vast ditch some eighteen feet wide by more than half that number deep—let them pierce this with gabioned embankments at intervals of some three yards, and mentally picture these bristling with the black muzzles of 68-pounders, and their idea of the outside front of this celebrated work will be sufficiently complete. My first entry into the interior, on the morning after its abandonment, was made by a bridge of broken fascines and gabions, laid hastily over the dead bodies that had just been gathered into the ditch for burial, which has since been done by levelling over them a portion of the parapet above. The ghastly piles nearly filled the vast trench to a level with the outer surface, and the thin covering of earth which now conceals them from view barely falls below the summit of the low bank in front. What first struck one in passing up the cut made by our sappers through the broad parapet, was the unusual solidity and strength of this last—averaging thirty or thirty-five feet along its entire front. On such a solid mass of gabions, fascines, sandbags, and earth I need hardly say that artillery of even the heaviest calibre could have no sensible effect; 68 or 98 pound shot might enter, but they could not penetrate. Compared with this massive structure of mud and wickerwork, the thickest of our own or the French works is as paper to a deal board. Then within—besides the great superiority of their mantlets—strong open curtains hung across the embankments to shelter the gunners from the besiegers' riflemen. You admire the cover provided for their artillerymen when not actually working the guns, in little retreats proof against any but the very heaviest splinters of shell. But these, again, are nothing when compared with the shot and shell proof chambers for the shelter of larger bodies of troops, which abound throughout the work. I dived into several of these half subterranean waiting-rooms, and found many of them fitted up with fire-places, cooking conveniences, benches, and other suitable furniture; whilst in others of smaller dimensions and which had evidently been occupied by the officers, there were in addition beds, chairs, tables, and in some even handsomely glazed cupboards, containing empty wine bottles, and other traces of their occupant's regard for creature comforts. On a shelf in one of them I lighted on a cheap Farrington-street reprint of "Paul Clifford," and an old copy of the *Illustrated News*—the latter with sundry engravings of scenes from the siege. Even more interesting than all these, however, were the inner abutting defences of the redoubt, of which we had previously heard and imagined so much. From the irregular order in which these occur, it is difficult to describe them in any way that will convey an accurate idea of their exact appearance and relation to the main work; but they may be generally mentioned as independent supports similarly armed and of nearly equal strength in construction to the front line of the redoubt, which stands to them, in fact, in the relation of a screen. Their guns, too, so thoroughly command the whole interior of the Redan that any assailing force which might have succeeded in forcing the outer battery would have been exposed to an inner fire as galling as, and more concentrated than, the first. The whole structure and arrangement of these inner defences, indeed, are such as to justify the belief that, had the redoubt been strenuously defended, no body of attacking troops that could have been brought against it would have had a chance of success. And the same system of rear defences extended down along nearly the whole curtain leading towards the Malakoff. The open behind the Redan, as I have already mentioned, presents a broken surface, literally ploughed up into narrow trenches by round shot, and honeycombed into small pits by exploded shell; I doubt if there be half a foot of square space within the whole enclosure on which one or other of these missiles has not fallen. The huge pits occasioned by the exploded mines complete the wrecked appearance of the spot, and give it in the last degree an aspect of ruin and desolation.

Passing down from the rear of the Redan, the path, which lies along what was once a handsome wall of chiselled stone—now knocked into a line of shattered masonry, leads to the first of the great series of government buildings which terminate down on the harbour, at the point at present covered by the ruins of Fort Paul. Concealed as they are from view from our trenches by the Redan hills, I was one of many who, till within the past five days, were utterly ignorant of the extent of the mischief which had been

done to these buildings by our fire. Shattered and riddled at all points, they seem the very type of architectural ruin. Only a degree better is the condition of the next range of buildings beyond; the terrible effects of shot and shell everywhere meet the eye, in shattered columns, levelled side-walls, and fallen roofs. Even in this extreme of desolation, however, enough remains to suggest how fine—almost grand—must have been the structures thus ruthlessly destroyed. The general character of these piles of buildings resembled in some degree that of the quadrangle of the Admiralty and other adjacent offices in Somerset-house. As the distance from the Redan increases, the injury done to the buildings becomes less in proportion, though, down to the very last of the series, opposite to where stood Fort Paul, the damage is considerable. Crossing one of the intervening esplanades, I rode through a wide gap made in the wall separating it from the buildings of the dockyard, and entered the road leading down to the series of basins and locks, of which, with the workshops, this great establishment is composed. Its low situation appears to have saved this extensive naval quarter from much of the injury which has fallen so destructively everywhere else, as only here and there are the marks of a shot or shell to be seen. The masonry of these splendid basins equalled, if not surpassed, both in finish and solidity, anything to be seen either in Portsmouth or Woolwich. In one of the largest of the locks lay the still smoking remains of a large war steamer, with the machinery, paddles, and other solid iron fittings standing all complete, though, of course, much damaged by the fire. Outside all these, and on the bank of the channel which opens into the creek, stood the charred remains of the huge shears, at which I had so often gazed from Cathcart's and the Picket-house Hills. Then came ruins of burnt and sunken boats, of all sizes, from a captain's gig to a fifty-ton lighter; and farther out in the creek still, the mast-heads of a sunken brig. The road then passes down the stone quay, flanked on one side by the waters of the creek, on the other by a continuous pile of lofty two storied buildings used apparently for all three purposes of public offices, naval stores, and hospitals. Here I found a party of the Land Transport Corps engaged in the loathsome duty of removing some four hundred Russian dead, some of whom had been found laid outside along the quay, and the remainder within the buildings. Of these last, a large number had been discovered in a vault under the building, piled up in rows, one on top of the other, and, judging from their state, they must have been dead at least nine or ten days. The officer in command of the party described the condition of these bodies as loathsome in the extreme. Of those found laid out on the ground floor of the building, two still breathed when they were first discovered, and a man who had accidentally strolled into the place, a day sooner than "the authorities," affirmed that he had counted twelve of them alive. Besides these, in another vault, some twenty or thirty bodies were found confined, some with the coffin-lids firmly screwed down, and others with them lying by the side of the dead; these were doubtless officers. The transport corps men were piling up the last load of corpses as I rode up; and certainly the sight and the smell were offensive to the last degree. From this point, some hundreds of yards down the quay, the bloodstained and noisome rags of those who had been already borne away, still remained; but they were to be forthwith piled up and burned. From the discovery of the longer dead, it is inferred that the wounded during the three days of the bombardment were carried hither, and here left to die; as every sign appeared of their wounds having received no attention whatever.

Towards the extremity of the quay is a new half-finished building of cut stone, of similar architectural character to the line of edifices along the front of which I had already passed. Even it, far removed as it is from the scene of action above, bore not a few traces of cannon shot, many a handsomely chiselled cornice and well-fitted joining having been shattered and displaced by a stray long-ranger. Nearly opposite this point, on the other side of the creek and within some hundred yards of the rear of Fort Nicholas, the French had mounted a mortar, and were then throwing shells at a working party employed in the construction of a fort on the north side. They made very pretty practice; sending nearly every other shell within, or close upon the new parapet, and inflicting evident detriment on those at work. The Russians replied with a few round shot, but without effect; and when I turned from viewing the pile of broken stones and mortar, which is all that remains to tell where stood the once handsome structure of Fort Paul, our allies were still pounding away. Besides blowing up the Fort, the Russians had likewise burned several rows of small buildings in this neighborhood, and the fallen-in roofs of these were still smouldering as I rode along. Through the openings between these, as well as from the top of the ruins of Fort Paul, I had an unbroken view of the harbour, from its mouth at Fort Constantine to its termination at the embouchure of the Tchernaya. Close under Fort Paul, in about twenty feet of water, lay the remains of the burned ship whose destruction I reported some ten days ago; out further, about the middle of the harbour, appeared the mast-heads of the last sunken liners; and away beyond, under the opposite shore, was the burnt wreck of the long-famed Wladimir steamer, which, with the other steamers and remaining vessels, had been burned a few days before—the day after I last wrote. This final sacrifice of the last remains of their once proud Black Sea fleet was occasioned by our having, on Tuesday last, brought down a couple of guns from our advanced batteries to a point near the harbour, which commanded these few remaining vessels; our gunners put four shot into the hull of one of the steamers, which were replied to by a few shells, when, seeing that further defence was useless, the enemy consummated the destruction of their vessels by burning or sinking everything that remained, except a few insignificant barges, which are not worth a shot. Not less wreckful and desolate, in its own way, is the present aspect of this once crowded and navy-laden harbour than the most ruined quarter of the town itself. View the entire scene from whatever point you may; it seems as if a destroying curse had fallen upon and blasted the whole. Though nothing is to be seen in the shape of buildings on the north side, beyond the forts on the shore and some wooden huts scattered over the face of the slope, there is an extensive gathering of tents, and signs of great activity all over the enemy's new settlement. The width of the harbour is so inconsiderable, that all their movements can be seen readily with the naked eye. I returned to our lines by the quarter behind the Malakoff, and through that redoubt itself. I may

here mention that all this quarter of the town, as well as the great body of it on the opposite side of the Creek, is at present formally in the occupation of our allies...

French, nothing but French, were to be met with, the majority of them drunk, and all laden with every conceivable kind of plunder...

I cannot refrain from adding one sentence on a subject to which I shall again recur—the prohibition which has been issued against our own troops sharing in the spoil...

UNITED STATES.

Brownson's Review.—We are authorized to say that the next and succeeding numbers of the Review will be published in New York, by Dunigan & Brother.

A JUDGE INDICTED FOR CORRUPTION.—Judge Stuart, an official remarkable for his Know-Nothing predilections, has been indicted by the Grand Jury for malfeasance and corruption in office.

At the late Grand Fancy Dress Ball in Saratoga, it is said five of the most attractive ladies present were carried to their rooms in a state of intoxication, before two o'clock in the morning.

OBEYING SCRIPTURE.—A gentleman who was doing well, but wanted to do better, in Kentucky, removed to a farther western State, and, in answer to a correspondent, wrote back the following flattering account of the country and its inhabitants:

"You ask me how I like this country and the people thereof. As to the country, the land is cheap as dirt, and good enough; but the climate is rainy, blowy, and sultry. The people die so fast here that every man has his third wife, and every woman is a widow."

A POWERFUL WEAPON.—G. W. Brown, editor of the Kansas Herald of Freedom, having been challenged by Dr. William J. Scheaff to fight a duel, and to choose his weapon, selects the editorial pen for the contest, and bids his adversary to "come on."

JACKSONVILLE, Telfair Co., Ga., Sept. 18.—The state of morality in this part of the country will be learned from the following facts:—Telfair County contains only three hundred voters; and, small as the white population is, there have been no less than four homicides within the past four years in this little village of Jacksonville.

A HUSBAND FOR THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—The Spectator has the following remarks upon the subject of a husband for the Princess Royal:—"Prince Frederick William of Prussia is a guest at Balmoral, where the Royal Family of England is in villegiatura. The Princess Royal, now almost fifteen years of age, is as tall as her mother, and is 'quite the woman'...

GLENCOE MASSACRE WARRANT.—It has been a question whether or not King William ever knowingly gave the barbarous order for the massacre of the McDonalds of Glencoe, and an attempt has been made to throw the odium on his Minister, the Earl of Stair.

"A MISERABLE SINNER."—Not very long ago, I was induced to go and hear a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. —, one of the leading Evangelicals of this town. After dividing his subject into heads, he proceeded to enlarge upon each of them, in a very straight-forward and sensible way, till at last he reached the climax or culminating point of his discourse...

NO WONDER HE WAS THANKFUL. READ AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.

ROCHESTER, October 19, 1852. GENTLEMEN—Having experienced the beneficial effects of Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, I take great pleasure in recommending them to the public. I feel warranted in saying, that they are a certain cure for liver complaints and all bilious diseases, no matter how difficult or long standing.

This testimony I give you with the greatest pleasure, and hope it may do something towards making these invaluable Pills known to all who are suffering with liver complaints. WILLIAM HISS, Traveller in Western N. Y.

CENTRE OF FASHION! MONTREAL CLOTHING STORE, 85 McGill Street, 85 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. CAREY IS NOW RECEIVING, and will continue to receive, his splendid assortment of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, Consisting of BROAD, BEAVER and PILOT CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, TWEEDS and VESTINGS.

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

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

SOMETHING NEW!! PATTON & BROTHER, PROPRIETORS OF THE "NORTH AMERICAN CLOTHES WAREHOUSE," WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

No. 42, McGill Street, nearly opposite St. Ann's Market, WOULD most respectfully announce to their friends and the Public generally that they have LEASED and FITTED UP, in magnificent style, the above Establishment; and are now prepared to offer Greater Bargains than any House in Canada.

Their Purchases being made for CASH, they have determined to adopt the plan of LARGE SALES and SMALL PROFITS, thereby securing a Business that will enable them to sell MUCH LOWER than any other Establishment.

READY-MADE CLOTHING. This Department is fully supplied with every article of READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, Furnishing and Outfitting Goods.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT. This Department will be always supplied with the most fashionable as well as durable Foreign and Domestic BROAD-CLOTHS, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Vestings, Tweeds, Satinets, &c., of every style and fabric; and will be under the superintendence of Mr. DRESSER, (late Foreman to Mr. GEMMILL, of the Boston Clothing Store.) Mr. D. will give his undivided attention to the Orders of those favoring this Establishment with their patronage.

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

Montreal, May 10, 1854. PRAYER BEADS, SILVER AND GOLD MEDALS, STATUES, &c., &c.

JUST RECEIVED from Paris, several Cases of Catholic Articles, amongst which are—

Table with 3 columns: Quantity, Description, Price. Includes items like 40 Gross Jobs' Tears' Prayer Beads, 50 Common Brass, 30 Small Glass, etc.

At the following prices, according to the size. The Beads are composed of Cornelian, Mother of Pearl, Bone, &c., &c.:— At 3s 1/2, 3s 9d, 4s 4 1/2, 5s, 6s 3d, 6s 10 1/2, 7s 6, 8s 9d, 10s, 12s 6d, 13s 9d, 15s, 16s 3d 17s 6d, 20s, 22s 6d, and 25s

Crosses of Ebony, with silver mountings, at from 1s 3d to 30s, according to size. Ebony Crosses, with brass mountings, at from 9d to 15s.— One Case of Parian Marble Statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, at from 4d to 15s.

STATUES FOR CHURCHES FROM MUNICH JUST RECEIVED. A splendid Statue of St. PATRICK, beautifully colored, over 5 feet high, price £25. A beautiful Statue of the QUEEN OF HEAVEN—5 feet high—£18 15s.

An elegant Statue of the BLESSED VIRGIN, with the INFANT JESUS in her arms, about 3 feet 8 inches, £15. D. & J. SADLER & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets. Montreal, June 21, 1855.

WHY WEAR BOOTS AND SHOES THAT DON'T FIT?



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

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

M. DOHERTY, ADVOCATE, No. 59, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

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

A NEW WORK BY MRS. SADLER.

JUST PUBLISHED—"THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS," a Tale for the Times; by Mrs. J. SADLER, author of "Willy Burke," "Alice Riordan," "New Lights, or Life in Galway," &c. &c.; 12 mo., 400 pages, with a fine engraving; muslin, 3s 9d; gilt, 5s 7 1/2. D. & J. SADLER & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets, Montreal. September 18.

NOTICE!!! MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY.

HAVING now disposed of all the GOODS damaged by the late Fire on their Premises, 288 Notre Dame Street, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF PART OF CLASS Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 14, 19, and 31, And a portion of the GOODS in the 3rd and 4th Stories, they have determined to pick up the same in CASES, for disposal during the dull Season, and to OPEN for Inspection and Sale on Monday First, the 25th instant, their entire ASSORTMENT OF NEW GOODS!

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

AS OUR NEW GOODS Have come to hand so late in the Season, we have determined to mark them at a very SMALL PROFIT. In order to effect a speedy Sale, so that GREAT BARGAINS WILL BE OFFERED.

M., C. & E. beg to state, that the ENTIRE STOCK, though large, will be Sold by Private Sale, and not by Auction; and that the doors will be OPENED EACH MORNING, punctually at NINE o'clock. All Goods marked in Plain Figures, at such a LOW RATE that no Second Price need be offered. MORISON, CAMERON & EMPEY, 288 Notre Dame Street, (late No. 202.) Montreal, June 23, 1855.

TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN STUDYING FOR COMMISSIONS IN THE ARMY.

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

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

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

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

The best Professors are engaged, and the Students are at all hours under their care, as well during hours of play as in time of class. The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August and ends on the last Thursday of June.

TERMS: Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. Includes items like The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, \$150.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

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

W. MURRAY, Sec. and Treasurer. St. Bridget, 5th September, 1855.

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



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

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

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

SADLIER & CO'S. NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A NEW WORK,

BY MRS. SADLIER.

JUST PUBLISHED, 'THE BLAKES AND FLANIGANS.' A Tale illustrative of Irish Life in the United States.

Although this Work has only been published a few weeks, the first edition of two thousand copies have already been sold.

In its permanent and corrected form, we wish 'The Blakes and Flanigans' a place in every household, and we could not wish an Irish household a better guide, or a more accurate social chart.

We earnestly hope it may find a place in every Catholic household, and that it may be carefully read by every Catholic father and mother in the Province.

Mrs. Sadlier has been the successful authoress of several pleasing stories published heretofore, and we have no doubt, that the Work the Sadliers have just published will add to her reputation.

Independent, however, of the principle which it inculcates, the story is interesting and well-told, and is of a nature to please persons of all creeds and countries.

We can assert that it is one of the most useful books of the day, and the most pertinent to the circumstances in which we are now placed with regard to religious education.

The accomplished Authoress has put the Catholics of America under a strong obligation by this most excellent Work, the best ever written by her.

The tale is well written and graphically told, and maintains the high position Mrs. Sadlier has already attained in the world of letters.

NEW EDITIONS.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST CATECHISM for Schools and Families published, is the 'DOCTRINAL AND SPIRITUAL CATECHISM.'

By the Rev. Pere Collot, Doctor of the Sorbonne. Translated from the French, by Mrs. J. Sadlier.

This is considered by competent judges as the most complete, and at the same time, the most concise Catechism of the Christian Religion and of Scripture History that has yet been offered to the public.

We know that this work requires only to be known to secure for it a very wide circulation. In order to place the work within the reach of every person, we have determined to put it at the following prices.

NINTH EDITION: AN ORIGINAL TALE.

'NEW LIGHTS; or, LIFE IN GALWAY.' A Tale of the New Reformation. By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

GREAT SUCCESS OF THE POPULAR CATHOLIC LIBRARY.

The Six Volumes of the Library published, are the most interesting as well as the most useful Catholic Books yet issued from the American Press.

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'Eminently popular and attractive in its character, 'Fabiola' is in many respects one of the most remarkable works in the whole range of Modern Fiction.

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'Were we to speak of 'Fabiola' in the strong terms our feelings would prompt, we should be deemed extravagant by those who have not read it. It is a most charming book, a truly popular work, and alike pleasing to the scholar and general reader.'

We would not deprive our readers of the pleasure that is in store for them from the perusal of 'Fabiola'; we will therefore refrain from any further extracts from this truly fascinating work.

II. VOLUME POPULAR LIBRARY.

The Life of St. Francis of Rome; Blessed Lucy of Narni; Dominica of Baradiso; and Anne De Montmorency, Solitary of the Pyrenees.

CATHOLIC LEGENDS. (Volume III. of the Popular Library) containing the following:—The Legend of Blessed Sadoc and the Forty-nine Martyrs; The Church of St. Sabina; The Vision of the Scholar; The Legend of Blessed Egeidius; Our Lady of Chartres; The Legend of Blessed Bernard and his two Novices; The Lake of the Apostles; The Child of the Jew; Our Lady of Galloro; The Children of Justian; The Deliverance of Antwerp; Our Lady of Good Counsel; The Three Knights of St. John; The Convent of St. Cecily; The Knight of Champfleury; Quilms; the Moor-

ish Maiden; Legend of the Abbey of Einsiedeln; The Madonna della Grotta at Naples; the Monks of Lerins; Ensemble of Marselles; The Legend of Placidus; The Sanctuary of Our Lady of the Thorns; The Miracle of Typasus; The Demon Preacher; Catherine of Rome; The Legend of St. Hermil Nicholas; The Martyr of Reaux; The Legend of St. Gendimon; The Scholar of the Rosary; The Legends of St. Hubert; The Shepherdess of Nanterre.

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

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Heroines of Charity; containing the Lives of the Sisters of Vincennes, Jeanne Biscot, Middle. le Gras, Madame de Miranion, Mrs. Seton, (foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States), the Little Sisters of the Poor, &c., &c. With Preface, by Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

Gate of Heaven; or way of the Child of Mary. A Manual of Prayer and Instructions, compiled from approved sources for the use of Young Persons.

The following notice of the work, is from the Buffalo Catholic Sentinel:—'This is a pocket edition' brought out with clear type and very neatly bound, and its low price brings it within the reach of every person.

NOW COMPLETE, the most elegant Work published this year—A MONUMENT TO THE GLORY OF MARY. New and illustrated Work. Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York.

'LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, MOTHER OF GOD.' With the history of the Devotion to her; completed by the Traditions of the East, the Writings of Fathers, and Private History of the Jews.

This superb work is now complete, and is offered to the public at one-third the price of the French edition. Printed on the finest paper, and illustrated with 18 steel engravings.—740 pages, Imperial 8vo.

Table listing various items like Cloth, extra, English morocco, marble edges, etc., with prices.

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Cardinal Lambruschini's CELEBRATED WORK ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. A POLEMICAL TREATISE ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By Cardinal Lambruschini.

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

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NEW BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, AT SADLIERS' CHEAP CASH BOOK STORE.

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The Blessed Sacrament; or, the Works and Ways of God. By Faber. 18mo., 2s. 6d.; 12mo., 3s. 9d. Biblia Sacra. Vulgate Editiones, 8vo., 10s. Josephine; A Tale for young Ladies. Translated from the French, by Mary Hackett, 3s. 9d.

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