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# THE



# WITNESSES

## CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1855.

NO. 19.

### PERSECUTION OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS.

The *Nation* gives a report of the infamous persecution instituted against these exemplary priests at the instigation of the Government. It will be seen that Father Petcherine challenges investigation into all the circumstances connected with the Bible-burning business. The case was heard on the 28th ult., before the magistrates of Kingston. We copy from the *Nation*:—

At a distance of about a hundred yards from the entrance of the Court-house a strong body of police horse, and foot, barred all passage that way; a similar barrier being placed beyond the Court-house in the opposite direction, and so far beyond, as to include the house where Father Petcherine is stopping, within the space from which the people were entirely excluded. Thus 'the authorities' prevented a repetition of what on Monday gave mortal vexation to the enemies of Father Petcherine—an 'ovation' as they termed his being accompanied to and from the court by the poor people who loved and revered him. At the risk of my life, from the heels of the four-footed members of 'the force' who were wheeling and prancing and kicking as furiously as if fully confident of the important part they were playing in the vindication of the authorised version. I succeeded in passing the barrier of biped and quadruped disciples of law and order, and reached the entrance to the court, which is hidden in the mysterious recesses of a narrow back lane, off Georges' street. Here I was again stopped by Colonel Brown's friends, and required to declare my business. I seized my tablets and wrote a few sentences in stenographic hieroglyphics which if he could have translated them would have made 184 B's loyal hairs stand on end—whereas he exhibited due and prompt respect, and inducted me into the court, a small room about 20 feet square. At one end was the Bench on which sat Mr. Porter (chairman) Mr. (J. M.) Bourke, Major Drew, and Mr. (R.) Burke, Magistrates. At the table in front on the left, was seated an elderly gentleman with hair white as flour, and a very florid complexion. He seemed nervous and consulted frequently with a gentleman by his side, from whom apparently he received his mental courage. There was a twitching of the thick lips, and a smile-seekingness in the glance which he threw around him, especially towards the corner of the court where a number of neatly tied, snow white cravats were congregated; and when he spoke, a kind of swagger like the bravery of a superstitious boy passing a lonesome laight on the road at night—that at once proclaimed him as a man who was resolved by ultra severity to wipe out, to some degree, the stain, and atone for the misfortune of being a co-religionist of the accused. My conjectures were correct. This was Mr. Corballis, the Catholic prosecutor on the part of the Crown; doubtless, selected on the principle by which, it is said, the overseer puts the whip, in his own absence, into the hands of a slave, who is sure to strike the harder in order to escape the imputation of partiality to his race. On the left of the table, at the end nearest the Bench sat the object of the prosecution, the Rev. Vladimir Petcherine. He is aged about 39, and rather under the middle height. He was dressed in the cape and habit of the Order of Redemptorists—rather a contrast to the 'West of England' of the finest nap, which ornamented the revered inciters of the prosecution. Father Petcherine is a native of Odessa, and his features are of a decidedly foreign cast; but the expression of the face is certainly more like that of the Monks Murillo and Rembrandt loved to paint, than anything I've seen for a long time. There is a quiet, calm, good-natured simplicity in the countenance, notwithstanding the plainness, as it would be called, of the features. His hair was cut short, his face was entirely shaven, and he displayed the 'tonsure' of the orders regular. His calm demeanor was audibly remarked upon; he listened most attentively to what was said on all sides, more with the air of a man curious to hear what they had got to say, than of one who could be in any way implicated by aught that could possibly be said on either side. On his left sat his counsel, Thomas O'Hagan, Q.C.; and seldom did I see exemplified the force of moral power and superiority, as when I saw Corballis positively quail under the calm dignity of the man who obviously was discharging not alone a legal but a moral duty; obeying not the behest of a civil functionary, but the call of conscience and of truth. At the end of the court, and on the right of the Bench, were a number of gentlemen in the garb of Protestant clergymen, one of whom seemed to have no desire save to catch the eye of Father Petcherine, in order that he might let off a ready-made laugh, which shimmered in a smirk over his countenance. Once or twice the good Father happened to turn his eyes in that direction, when the gentleman in question let

fy his features, utterly forgetful of the wide field for dental operation he thereby displayed. Several Catholic clergymen were in court, some of them were accommodated with seats at the table near Father Petcherine.

"The proceedings commenced by Mr. O'Hagan's saying that he, on the part of Father Petcherine, not only courted, invited, but demanded most complete and rigid inquiry—that in order that such should take place, and to afford the most ample facility on their part, they waived all right to cross-examine or question any evidence which may be brought forward there on that day. Therefore his duty there was done, save to declare that his 'client instructed him most solemnly on his behalf to say, that neither directly or indirectly, by act of his, or any other person, with knowledge, privity, or consent of his, was he guilty in any way of any such offence, and that he challenged investigation. I decline to interfere further in this preliminary proceeding.' A very unseemly interruption on the part of Mr. Corballis drew from Mr. O'Hagan a well-merited and dignified rebuke, and Mr. Porter expressed his opinion that it was quite natural Mr. O'Hagan should desire to disclaim as he had done the imputations cast upon his client as that "nothing could be more unlike the facts of the case than the publications which society had been favored with, on all sides.' It was then suggested that 'the man, John Hamilton, against whom imputations had been sworn on the last day,' should be called. He was. All eyes were strained to see the man for whose act—if act he had done—every Catholic was deemed accountable. Just before he was called, a good deal of winking, smiling, pointing towards Holyhead, and whisplings of 'fled,' 'dare not appear,' 'spirited away by Jesuits,' &c., went the round of the Tract Party; but lo! the moment his name was called it became evident that he, like Father Petcherine, had grievously disappointed them by not having fled. 'Here I am,' was called out in a sharp, juvenile voice, and a nice, chubby-faced, good-humored little boy of 13 jumped with the greatest alacrity on the table.

"A murmur of surprise arose from all but the Smith party. Was this 'the man, John Hamilton,' the counterpart of Guy Fawkes? This little boy, the delinquent whose supposed act had been trumpeted as the solemn and deliberate proceeding of Catholic men! 'John Hamilton' looked by no means cast down by 'the majesty of the law'; on the contrary, when asked by his greybearded prosecutor if he had any (legal) person to appear for him, he replied with great spirit and confidence, 'Oh, yes. I've Paddy Gaffney here, a boy who was with me.' Mr. Corballis looked shocked and grieved at the unhappy child, for not being frightened into tremulousness by a question from so terrific a personage as himself; whilst others in court maliciously construed the reply to mean that Hamilton considered the veritable 'Paddy Gaffney' as a match for Mr. Corballis any day in the year.

"The witnesses were then called, and their informations read over to them amidst the most perfect silence. The first two witnesses were heard with interest, but at the third, I can scarcely describe the feeling of dissatisfaction and impatience evinced to hear the evidence which was to be the keystone of all the rest—which was, in fact, to make evidence of the rest, by connecting Father Petcherine with the putting of the Bibles in the fire, or proving that it was at his desire or by his cognisance they were put into the fire. Judge of the suspense, amounting nearly to open indignation, felt when it became shamefully palpable that there was not the slightest attempt to prove the charge as trumpeted in England and Ireland—that so far from attempting to prove that there was an *auto da fe*, a 'bonfire of Bibles,' a 'demonstration against the Protestant Bible,' or against Protestant tracts, or against Protestantism at all—all the endeavors of the prosecutors were confined to the object of proving exactly what was conjectured in the *Nation* of the 17th November—viz., that among a heap of several hundred other books, some copy or copies of the Protestant version happened to be burned! For as then and there observed—'The real charge made against and denied by the Redemptorists, is not, simply, that a copy or copies of the Bible were burned. It is that they were knowingly and overtly and with public display, burned by way of disrespect to the volume, and defiance and insult to Protestants. If this be not what the charge means, it means nothing; and the language used with reference to it by our contemporaries, is scandalous and criminal in the extreme.'

"Let us review the entire of the evidence. We find every one of the witnesses proving that the fire was one of 'novels,' 'bad books,' 'Reynold's Miscellany,' and as I have above observed, all alluding to any bible as an evident accident or exception, and

a thing likely to be overlooked unless looked for amongst the heap.

"Halpin the policeman tells us, that among a large heap of books, two barrows full, there were novels and penny journals and books of that kind, he saw one book with 'testament' on it, but he did not open it, and that he saw one of the little boys 'averaging from 5 to 12 years' take a book with 'bible' on some part of the cover. That Father Petcherine came out of the chapel in plain clothes, and pointed to the children to throw the books in the corner—that he heard the Missionary gave them no directions; that the little boys struck matches and lit the heap; that the Missioner waited there four minutes during which time the children were crowding round to get his blessing. Every one in court was holding his breath to learn the question, 'was Father Petcherine near enough to detect a 'testament' among the pile of 'novels, journals, and books of that kind,' but no question of that kind was put.

"Mr. Darkens, Inspector of Factories, says that about 8 o'clock in the morning, ('at noon day in the public streets' shouts a horrified London paper) he heard that two barrows full of books were being burned in the chapel yard, he went in, saw them, they 'seemed to be of a light class of reading, some numbers of the *Family Herald* and such books.'—He saw a bible which a little boy took up and dashed back into the barrow. Mr. Darken very naturally was shocked, and called the policeman and told him it was an indictable offence to burn the bible. There is here no attempt to connect Father Petcherine with the transaction.

"Henry Lawson, coachman to Mrs. —, heard that a 'heap of novels' were to be burned—went amidst the heap saw a testament—went back to the stable; returned—saw Father Petcherine standing at the fire; he had several books in his hand, which he tore up and threw upon it, but he could not tell what they were.

"Charles, a brother of the last witness, came forward, with a haggard daring visible in his eye, that to my mind, suggested incipient insanity. I was not mistaken. He was a maniac (I believe under restraint) three or four weeks ago! He—this poor maniac, a week or ten days out of restraint—we are told went, the day after the burning, to the chapel-yard, and brought home to Henry some burnt leaves of a bible.

"William Hutchings strongly impressed me with the conviction that he was a sincerely religious, conscientious Protestant. His pain at being told insultingly by some ignorant wretched being inside, that they were burning what he verily believed to be the Word of God was most natural, and his expressions at the moment speak a mind pained and shocked to a degree. His evidence is merely that, amidst the burning heap he saw a page of what he is sure belonged to a Bible.

"Robert Wallace, of Sandy Cove, was next called, and the individual who presented himself demands my notice. He sloped into the witness box with a softened motion, like ghosts in the play, placed himself in a graceful posture and adjusted his lips to that placid expression which will best be imitated by putting a lozenge on the tongue and closing the lips. His toilet was faultless, his cravat was a *chef-d'œuvre* of the laundress, his coat a triumph of the tailor.—His hair was sleekly brushed off his forehead, and at each side straight over his ears—not a rebellious hair started out of place. He was about 30, nicely made, and with decided pretensions to being 'handsome.' There was a delicious languor in the half closed eye, which an opium eater in his elysium trance alone might exhibit—a sort of oily smack smoothness about the whole man, conveyed the idea that he could slip through a cullender or draw himself through a lady's ring, with as much ease as piously slip into the good graces of an evangelical lady of a £1,000 a year. He was handed the book to be sworn, and after glancing, in his own sleek fashion, around the court to see if all were observing, he slowly opened his fingers—closed them as if it were a poisoned cup.—Going to the train, his information tells us, he heard that Bibles had been burned at the chapel yard—he went up and saw in the chapel yard a smouldering fire which appeared to be that of paper; its diameter was, to the best of his opinion, from ten to twelve feet, and at its outskirts were patches of flame; a number of boys were standing round, and he saw them kicking, what seemed to him, and which he had no doubt were small-pocket Bibles into the flames. So scrupulous did he wish us to believe him, that he distinctly declared that he would not swear the fire did measure eleven feet exactly! But he did not doubt at all that the books were Bibles, though he would give no reason for thinking they were. The Rev. Robert Wallace, softly glided out of the box, and then we saw the spectacle of 'the Crown' and the Exeter-hall men dragging a little child aged 11

years into the box to add his cipher of evidence to the others, in the vain desire to prop a rickety case. Poor little Christie Duff cried and blubbered when put in the box, and even Mr. Corballis saw the necessity to ask if his age was an objection, and the Bench questioned him as to the nature of an oath, &c. Now had Christie Duff been the child of a Manchester cotton spinner or a Lancashire coal miner, the records of law courts in these places authorise us to say he never would answer as he did. But he is the child of Irish Catholic parents, and had been to hear the sermons of the good Father Petcherine, and so it turned out that little Christie Duff was able to teach some of the gentlemen present.

"This child says that at Father Petcherine's desire he took to his lodgings a wheel barrow; that he saw under the table a great heap of books. They were mostly, 'Reynold's Miscellany,' and 'the London Journal.' Amongst the heap in his barrow he saw what looked like a testament. He brought them to the chapel yard, put them in a heap and by Father Petcherine's desire he says they were lighted, but he did not see them lighted.

"This was all the evidence; how does it bear out the scandalous statements of the Protestant journals—how does it contradict Father Buggenoms' letter. We have no attempt to shew that he examined the books or was in any way cognisant of the fact that amongst the 'Reynold's Miscellanies' and 'London Journals,' there was a testament or a bible. We first have him in the room telling the children to remove a great heap of books from 'under the table,' to the chapel yard. We have him next standing in the yard, for four minutes while they were being burned. Was he likely to trouble himself to scrutinise the books, which were assumedly 'novels,' 'light reading,' &c. No, he had no reason to do so, he had no opportunity of even looking for three consecutive moments at any one volume in the fire, 'the children pulling him about, crowding round to get his blessing.' Some one saw him tearing a book and throwing it into the fire. Was it a bible—no. It is not even pretended that it was a bible. Bible leaves were found in the fire; admit it, and what then? Was Father Petcherine in any way directly, or indirectly cognisant that bibles were being burnt? No. He never said, no one ever said, that no bibles were burned. Because Father Buggenoms did not say so, which he could not, he was grossly abused—we now see why. He said and says, and the traducers shall know it to their cost, that if any bibles were burned it was without his knowledge, and without his wish.

"I have here briefly traced the whole evidence on the part of the prosecutors, and without even a knowledge of the evidence which will be brought forward for the defence, I predict as shameful a break down as ever terminated a trumped up case. A 'break down' which will upset Mr. Keogh and overthrow the swaddling interest. The reverend Father was bailed, himself in £100, two sureties in £50 each, to attend for trial at ensuing commission in Green street.

"Meantime the suspense outside of doors had grown ungovernable. Every one who was seen to leave the court, was seized and questioned 'was the holy missioner safe and clear;' when the result of the sitting became known the excitement began to assume a dangerous aspect. Men muttered and women prayed, while the younger portion of the mass loudly declared mischievous intentions. The moment Father Petcherine was seen emerging from the court, leaning on two clergymen, a cheer rose which was at once understood, caught up, and swelled all along the lines and cross lines of streets which were full of people. With one roar and rush the barrier was burst through by a daring band, who positively fled over the space, then free, between them and the Priest. He was surrounded, seized—some caught his coat, some kissed his hands, others knelt and asked his blessing; all wept bitterly. He was powerfully affected. By great difficulty, and not without a little unavoidable rudeness towards these faithful and affectionate beings, his friends got him into his lodgings. 'Well,' sobbed a decent poor woman, and she knelt on the road outside the door, 'May God Almighty deliver you from your enemies, who hate and persecute you. Oh, I'd go in your place myself, and sure so I ought, for you brought peace and comfort to my hearth.' I understood her to allude to the reformation of her husband or other members of the family.

"For several hours the town continued in a state of ferment; the crowd cheering vehemently whenever any known friend of the Missionaries passed along the street, and hooting the most obnoxious of the proselytisers. But I am glad to say no violence of any kind occurred, and the greatest good will and moderation was maintained between the people and the armed force: All was tolerably quiet when I left."

THE CHURCH AND SECRET SOCIETIES. (From the Northern Times.)

There are to notice the position of Catholics in these regions... never appears to their credit; but only let the evil deeds of some unfortunate nominal Catholic come before the world, and they are immediately distorted and swollen with frightful malignity and to a gigantic extent...

We deeply deplore these awful outrages; we denounce all such revengful acts with the strongest terms of reprobation; but we still more deplore, if it be possible, the existence of that injustice and of that unequal code of laws which is the only cause of such lamentable proceedings...

This confraternity is composed of men who profess themselves to be Catholics—who vaunt their tenets loudly, but seldom darken the church doors by their attendance at mass; who foolishly deem their society a sort of bulwark erected against heretical aggression...

Wherefore, in order, if huge prejudice will permit us, to check this popular error, and remove from ourselves its odious consequences, we here declare, that these Ribbonmen as they are called, are not Catholics...

her in 1731, excommunicate by the mouth of her Pontiff, Clement XII, all persons enrolled in the secret societies of Freemasons... her in 1731, excommunicate by the mouth of her Pontiff, Clement XII, all persons enrolled in the secret societies of Freemasons...

It has ever been the study of the secret societies to shut out, from the dark recesses in which they plot and plan, the light of Catholic truth, and the reason is apparent... They know well that the noisome vapors with which they are surrounded would ignite at the touch of the torch she bears...

But ere we conclude, let us caution those who live in glass houses, not to throw stones... The Ribbon Society was called into existence, in the first place, as a matter of sheer self-defence, to oppose an organization, if possible more deadly and malignant, and one supported and actively participated in by the highest and noblest of Protestants in the land...

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

We are happy to state that the Archbishop of Cashel is improving in health.—Limerick Reporter.

An abstract of the accounts of the Catholic University has been published, and it appears that within the last five years—but mainly within the first three of them—the sum of Fifty-four Thousand Pounds has been collected—in Ireland, America, and Great Britain...

The Rev. D. Flanagan, C.C., has been appointed by the Commander-in-Chief as Catholic Chaplain to Queen's county militia, at Mountmellick.

The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty has organised a movement at Tralee to withdraw the children from the local National Education schools, and to place them under the care of the Christian Brothers, at Id. per week each child.

We are glad to be able to state that the new Catholic church of Hackett's Cross, in the parish of Clogher, the foundation of which was laid about four months since, is now roofed, and that considerable progress has been made in plastering the interior.

Mrs. C. Mahony was received into the Catholic Church at Adare, on Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Cregan.—Munster News.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.—The Society of St. Vincent is one of those institutions to which every man of reflection and good sense, not matter what his peculiar form of creed, ought wish success to; but it is as particularly and pre-eminently Catholic, in its spirit, its objects, and its operations, that its active support by a Catholic community should be, as indeed it is to Cork, a matter of pride as well as duty...

Father Vladimir Petcherine, the priest charged with burning Protestant Bibles at Kingstown, is a Russian by birth, and a native of Odessa. The other fathers of the same order are also foreigners, with one or two exceptions. Fathers Buggenoms and Vanderaa are Belgians; Fathers Theonis and Leon are Greeks; Father Bagshaw is an Englishman, and Father Harbison an Irishman, and we believe a native of Dunganon.

THE MEATH ELECTION.—A most influential and enthusiastic manifestation of the feeling of the people of Kells, Navan, and the surrounding districts of the county, in favour of Edward M'Evoy, Esq., the popular candidate for the representation of the ever-patriotic and independent county of Meath, took place on Sunday at Kells...

POOR MR. CARDEN!—The Nenagh Guardian states that "The Lord-Lieutenant has refused to comply with the prayer of the memorialists on behalf of Mr. John Carden, stating that that gentleman on a former occasion was offered sufficiently liberal terms by the government for his liberation; but having declined them, his Excellency would not now interfere with the sentence awarded him, and that the law should therefore take its course."

MILITIA IN IRELAND.—The Dublin Mail states that Government have resolved on sending upwards of 50,000 English militia to Ireland. It is well known that a great paucity of barrack accommodation exists in England, while in Ireland there are buildings going to ruin capable of containing a vast army.

THE LEITRIM RIFLES.—The complaint of the Town Commissioners of Naas against this regiment has had its effect; they have been removed to Cork, and marched from Naas on Tuesday morning. A second investigation took place at Naas Barracks on Monday last, before Arthur French, Esq. J.C.M. It was chiefly directed against Lieut. Betty, and the piket under his command, who so wantonly stabbed the man and boy on the night of Sunday, the 18th November.

When Ireland comes to sum up her share of the blood and treasure laid down as the price of the present war, observes the Express, it will be found that her domestic capabilities far outnumber the proportion of her people to the entire population of the country. Their name is legion. In every rank and grade of life, in every town and village from Cork to Antrim, and from Wexford to Mayo, the outward symbols of inward suffering eloquently too plainly the havoc made amongst the peaceful homesteads of this fair island...

THE DOWNFALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—The following extracts are from an article in the new National paper, the Dublin Tribune:—Stricken down from being a first-class to the position of a second or third-rate military power, she is now completely at the mercy of her august ally, France, her ancient rival, and still her implacable and deadly foe. She is threatened with invasion from the North (Russia), and from the West (America), either of which, if successful, would seal her destruction as a commercial State, and neither of which she could repel without immense loss, perhaps total ruin...

arms, and make no sign. England's difficulty has come; has not Ireland's opportunity also arrived? Do you mean to let this opportunity pass also? or are you very braggarts, cowards, slaves?

ANOTHER "BASE OF GRACE."—We have been informed that the conduct of a certain Mr. Bryan MacNamara, a Scripture reader, as the swaddling papers delight to call them, is likely to form the subject matter of a *East* post-future investigation; the moment the police can lay hands on him. It seems that the "teacher of the Gospel" levanted on the 20th from Ballycroy, near Westport, county Mayo (Mayo of Partice, Achill, &c.), forgetting to leave with the proper owner the sum of £30, which he obtained by executing a clever forgery on Mr. Talbot of Westport, in the name of the Rev. J. Constable, his patron. A description of the traitor "saint" has been, we are informed, forwarded, by Mr. Talbot, per telegraph, from Athenry; and the authorities are making inquiries as to his whereabouts which there is little doubt must be proving uncomfortable to the erring and erratic "open-air preacher."

BIGOTED AND SCANDALOUS OUTRAGE.—The *Savannah News-Letter* relates, in becoming terms, a most disgraceful outrage of intolerance, namely, the destruction of a beautiful mediæval cross, of great value as a work of art, on the convent of Parsonstown. It is to be hoped that the Attorney-General will be as prompt in searching out and punishing the miscreants, who have committed this act, as he has been in prosecuting the Redemptorist Fathers. The following is our contemporary's account of this infamous outrage:—"Parsonstown, 22nd November.—The Dublin entrance to this town receives a very pleasing effect from the buildings forming the Catholic chapel, with the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and their schools attached, all of which are executed in an excellent style of Ecclesiastical architecture, of which all classes and creeds in the town and vicinity feel a considerable degree of gratification. The entrance to the convent was crowned by a beautiful mediæval cross in stone, which was very much admired, as well from its own merits as its suitability to the style of the buildings it ornamented. Universal indignation was felt throughout the town this day when it became known that this admirably-designed cross had been ruthlessly torn from the place where it had been fixed, and found broken on the highway. This wanton act was committed between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock last night. The senseless and malicious perpetrators of this abominable mischief must have used much force to effect it, since the cross itself was of considerable weight, and fastened to the key-stone of the arch of the gateway over which it stood, and which was also pulled down. It is, therefore, manifest that more than one person was engaged in this nefarious transaction.

If the outour of Protestant bigotry a year ago was followed by calamities and disgrace that silenced scurrility, and were never paralleled in English experience, we may rest assured that the outcry against the Redemptorist Fathers will likewise be followed, by condign castigation. Indeed already the darkening of the political sky shows the proximity of the coming storm. A deficient harvest and industrial mutiny—closing factories and trembling banks—the revival of faction and the depression of wages—the necessity of new loans and the ill-feeling of America: these are the instruments with which Providence will arrest and humble persecution. It is not with the depraved population of her Protestant towns that England can hope to recruit her armies and preserve her empire. Those towns produce legions of thieves, but they do not produce regiments of soldiers. London contains one hundred and fifty thousand habitual gin-drinkers—this army of toppers, who can handle the "rummer" with great dexterity, will handle the firelock awkwardly: London alone trains up 120,000 children to crime, but she does not train one hundredth part as many youths to the military defence of their country. Could she convert all her rascality into soldiers, England would become a first-rate military power. But this rascality, instead of recruiting the army in the Crimea, will only recruit the army of lost souls in Hell. London has 40,000 adults unable to read and unwilling to fight. She has 23,000 whom the police take up yearly for drunkenness, but whom Sergeant Kite will refuse for soldiers. Were Protestant England to exhibit her culprits in a "palace of crime," as she exhibited her manufactures in a "palace of industry," she would bear the prize from all nations. London alone might contribute the four thousand, who, in that city, are committed annually for violation of the law, as well as her three thousand receivers of stolen property. The chairman of a meeting last week in Suffolk calculated the number of children (mere children) committed for trial at sessions and assizes at 17,000 annually. England provokes God's vengeance, not only by persecuting his Clergy, but by generating hordes of villains. Could any nation in the world vie with her in this score? An empire so prolific of thieves and so scanty of soldiers should not, in time of war, quarrel with the Priesthood of a nation which has always abounded in soldiers, and, thanks to its Priesthood, is always stingily furnished with thieves.—*Tablet*.

This fact is very notorious, that though the Irish and the English Law Churches are united by Act of Parliament, there is no reciprocity between them. Englishmen are imported into Ireland as Archbishops and Rectors. Look, for instance, at the diocese of Dublin, which is becoming, under the fostering care of his Grace Dr. (Whately, a colony) of Anglican parsons; but who ever heard of an Irish parson being made an Archbishop in England? And who is there who does not know of Bishop Blomfield, of London, strong objection to let an Irishman into his diocese? Irishmen are allowed, in a few places in England, to fill curacies—very badly paid curacies, and miserable in their position in that country; for their brogue is laughed at, and they themselves looked down upon with contempt. It is remembered, they are Irishmen—it is forgotten they are Protestants—and the pure, genuine, bigoted English Evangelical is disposed to distrust them as half-Papists. The prizes of the Irish Law Church are regarded as belonging to the right of the English Protestant churchmen—the prizes of their own branch they reserve for themselves: It is not for us to express indignation at this treatment. The haughty English churchmen regard the Irish Protestants as lying upon their profligacy—as dependent upon their good will—because these Englishmen know they are upholding and maintaining the Irish Established Church in defiance of the will of the majority of the Irish people, and, therefore,

these English churchmen, fancy they have a right to take to themselves all the honours and emoluments derivable from it. They fancy they are most generous when they permit an Irishman to drudge in an English curacy; and that their disinterestedness is sublime when they permit an Irish parson to be nominated as a Bishop in Ireland. Insult and contempt have long been heaped by the English upon the Irish Law Church. What is the new degradation that is preparing for the Irish Law Church we do not know; but we are not surprised to learn from such high authority as the *Evening Mail* that some such project is in contemplation.—*Weekly Telegraph*.

FABRICATED OUTRAGES.—The *Westmeath Independent* has the following contradiction of the circumstantial account of an agrarian murder near Moate, which lately furnished the Orange journals with material for fierce denunciation of Ireland:—"There is no foundation whatever for the paragraph which has gone the round of the Dublin papers, to the effect that a man named Clarke was murdered near Moate last week; nor up to the present has any such outrage been reported to the authorities." The Coroner of Westmeath has addressed the following letter on the same subject to the *Western Star*—

"Farnagh, Moate, Nov. 16, 1855. 'Sir—Having seen a paragraph copied from your paper into the *Evening Packet*, headed 'Another Murder near Moate,' I beg to inform you no such outrage ever occurred, and also that I held an inquest to inquire the cause of the death of the deceased, Robert Clarke, when it was proved to the satisfaction of a respectable jury and myself that the said Robert Clarke died from the effects of excessive drinking, which has caused the untimely death of many others—'whisky.'—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, 'THEOBALD FETHERSTON H., Coroner.'

EVICTIANS IN GALWAY.—The following communication appears in the *Post* of this evening. The estate upon which the attempted evictions took place is the property of a lady named Blake, and for some weeks past paragraphs have appeared in the Galway papers which would seem to indicate that the dispute between the owner and the tenants is one of long standing:—"Loughrea, Friday Evening. 'This morning a detachment of military, supported by about 150 of the police, under Mr. W. Coffey, C.I., the entire force under the orders of Mr. C. F. Ryan, R.M., and accompanied by Mr. J. M. O'Hara, sub-sheriff, and a number of bailiffs, proceeded to Dartfield for the purpose of ejecting seven families. On the appearance of the military and police the persons who were to be ejected made a show of resistance, and declared that they would not surrender possession of their holdings. Mr. Ryan remonstrated, and advised them to give up quietly, as the law should be carried out at all hazards. The sub-sheriff also spoke to the same effect; but they replied that they would not yield except with their lives. After some further parley the police charged with fixed bayonets, and several of the peasantry were wounded. One man, named Monaghan, received a deep bayonet wound in the groin, and is not expected to recover. The houses, seven in number, were then taken possession of, amid the wailings of women and children who formed a part of the inmates."

GREAT BRITAIN.

PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN SCOTLAND.—We made our readers aware some months ago, that a kirk, the congregation of which had dwindled away, had been purchased in Bathgate for a Catholic chapel. We are now happy to state that mass was said for the first time in this edifice on Sunday last. Before, however, the *quondam* kirk can be turned into a respectable Catholic church, it will have to be subjected to various and important alterations. An altar must be erected, and a sanctuary formed; the pews will have to be considerably changed, and the whole building will have to undergo considerable repairs. The number of Catholics now congregated in and around Bathgate are subscribing liberally towards the funds required to pay the purchase money, and to effect these changes. We sincerely wish them and their excellent priest, the Rev. Mr. Dempsey, all success. The spirit and zeal they are displaying on this interesting occasion are beyond all praise, and cannot fail to secure to them the sympathy and assistance of their wealthier brethren.—*Northern Times*.

FLOATING CATHOLIC CHURCH AT PORTSMOUTH.—The *Thalia*, old 42 gun sailing frigate, has been removed from the ordinary to Portsmouth dockyard, to be fitted as a floating church for the Catholics of the fleet at Portsmouth.—*Times*.

The London papers are speculating on the probable dissolution of Parliament. In knowing circles, it is confidently asserted that a dissolution may be expected. The *Press* says that Her Majesty will summon Parliament to meet for the despatch of business on the 18th of January next, and the *Advertiser* is morally certain that an appeal will be made to the country in March: This we suspect is all a "Tap-Tub" ruse.—*Northern Times*.

WAR IN ENGLAND.—War has broken out in England—a civil war, the most uncivil of any. It is the old story, as old as society, wealth against poverty, capital versus labor. The cotton lords, finding trade dull, insisted on reducing wages; the operatives asked for less work at the old rate; the lords would not consent—they would make the work-people bear all the loss of the hard times; and there is a strike. This is but the beginning. The war in the Crimea will be suspended during the winter; but the war in England will go on. It will be a winter of crime and suffering—of destitution and guilt. It is quite possible that England has now entered on a war more costly and dangerous than that with Russia. It may be that we see the first clouds of a storm that will make the "lady of Kingdoms" reel on her seat. The seventeenth century gave England the revolution of the middle classes—the triumph of wealth against birth; we may be near another revolution—that of the people. The last was the Whig revolution; the next is to be a Radical one. The cotton lords are digging their own grave.—*Fermanagh Reporter*.

PRICES OF PROVISIONS.—The London papers say the prices of bread have lowered, in the inferior qualities, to 10d, 9½d, and 8½d, though the best bread remains as high as 11d and 11½d. It is attributed chiefly to the fact of the lower orders having to use rice, peas, &c. Sugar has also fallen, as the grocers discovered people could do with less; and inferior qualities are now at 5½d and 6½d, and beat at 7d and 7½d, loaf-sugar being sold at the last named figure.

Again the farmers of this country are having a singularly favorable seed-time; and in Ireland, where the soil is said to be in the same "beautiful condition" as in the greater part of England, a large tract has been sown with wheat, and more ground is being rapidly devoted to a cereal crop by graziers.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

TAXATION OF THE COUNTRY.—INTENDED NEW LOAN.—A morning paper states that it is the present impression of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the necessities of the public service will be met, in the coming Session, without having recourse to the imposition of new taxes. The public must not, however, console themselves with the belief that no more money will be required to carry on the war. There will be a new loan, and the amount at present fixed on is £25,000,000.

THE MILITIA BALLOT.—We understand that it is the intention of the Government to resort to at last to the ballot, and that it is to be carried into effect, without reference to rank, from the age of eighteen to forty. The term of service is to be for five years, and it is considered that the manner of raising conscripts for the French army will be adopted. The fine of five pounds for not serving will be paid to the Government, who will provide substitutes for those who decline to enter the force.—*United Service Gazette*.

THE PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE PARTY.—A large meeting of the inhabitants of Stroud, Gloucestershire, have given expression to their opinions on the war in an unmistakable manner. The meeting was called for the purpose of hearing an address delivered by Mr. H. Richards, the secretary of the Peace Society, on the origin, objects, and probable consequences of the war with Russia, and the chair was taken by Mr. R. Postlethwaite; Messrs S. Bowly, J. Sturge, and others of the Peace party were on the platform. Mr. Richards addressed the meeting at great length, and was listened to with patience, though his remarks were frequently interrupted by cries of dissent. He declared that, even upon ordinary and admitted principles of public morality and international law, the war in which we were now engaged was one which, with wise statesmanship and prudent counsel, ought to have been, and might have been, avoided, and that it was, therefore, an unnecessary war, and, of consequence a folly and a crime. He accused France of being the first to stir up a quarrel, and fixed on the Porte the charge of having commenced hostilities, and on England and France the responsibility of having incited her to it. He pictured the consequences of the war as fearful and disastrous, and said the burdens would fall almost entirely on the labouring classes. Mr. Richards was followed by several speakers, who vindicated the necessity and justice of the war. Among these was a working man named Wood, who denied that the labouring classes were the only sufferers by the war; the rich had their share of the burden to bear, and whatever those burdens might be, the working men would cheerfully bear them for the honour, safety, and welfare of the country. (Loud cheers.) Mr. S. Bowly followed on the peace side, and ridiculed the idea that we were fighting for liberty, or that we could conquer Russia, which was too difficult a task for Napoleon Bonaparte. On a vote of thanks to Mr. Richards being moved, an amendment was proposed by Mr. Harper, affirming that the war is both just and necessary, and that the warmest support ought to be given to the present Government to enable them to carry it on vigorously until a just and safe peace can be concluded. The chairman refused to put the amendment, and amid the greatest confusion left the chair, which was taken by Mr. Marling, when, thanks having been voted to Mr. Richards, Mr. Harper's resolution was put and carried amid thunders of applause.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.—The Rev. H. E. Head rector of Feniton, has addressed the Bishop of Exeter on the subject of a recent interruption of the communion service. He commenced:—"My Lord—Much astonishment, I have been told, was given, not very long ago, by the word 'damnation,' suddenly uttered in not the gentlest tone by the right rev. prelate during the celebration of the holy communion, in the way of correction, it would seem, of the officiating clergyman, who, in reading the passage relating to eating and drinking our own damnation, has substituted 'condemnation' for 'damnation.' He then proceeds to a philological examination of some of the texts of Scripture on which the doctrine of eternal punishment is based, and concludes:—"Whether this circumstance to which I have alluded in the beginning of this letter has been accurately reported or not I do not undertake to say, not having been present at that communion. This only I affirm, that the clergyman who substituted a softer word for 'damnation' was scripturally correct, and that the prelate who publicly rebuked him for so doing was doubly in the wrong."

DISTURBANCE OF A MORMON CONGREGATION.—A crowded meeting of persons of the Mormon persuasion assembled, as usual, on Sunday night last, at their place of worship at Worcester. The lecture delivered was on the subject of polygamy. Some policemen were present in coloured clothes, for the purpose of preserving order. Elder Wheelock, having delivered a long address in favour of the institution of polygamy, contrary to former custom, discussion was invited, and a number of questions were asked by those present, one of whom, a female, turned the elder's scripture very cleverly upon him, and at last pressed him so closely for direct replies to teasing questions that the "Saints" were fain to take a shelter in a hymn. This, however, was not allowed by the audience, who drowned the music with shouts, stamps, cat-calls, hisses; and the firing of a cracker, which reprehensible proceedings filled the female portion of the audience with alarm. Shortly after this, and when order had been somewhat restored, the gas was suddenly turned out, and then arose a din almost deafening. A rush was made for the door, a very narrow aperture, causing no upsetting of benches and forms, and this, together with the shrieks and screams of women, who were being terribly crushed, and some of whom had little children in their arms, and the cries of boys and girls, and shouts for candles, completely a scene such as might be fit for Pandemonium, but not to be expected in a licensed place of worship. The police did not attempt to interfere. On Tuesday, at the meeting of the Town Council, Mr. Watkins called attention to "a nest of infamy" in Carden Street, where the Latter-day Saints assembled and promulgated doctrines more calculated to injure the morals of the rising generation than anything since the creation of the world. The Mayor said he could not interfere in matters of opinion.—*Worcester Chronicle*.

THE MONSTER MORTAR.—We have every reason to believe that the difficulties experienced in constructing a monster gun or mortar are likely to be overcome through the genius and skill of our scientific countryman, Mr. Robert Mallett. One of these mortars has been completed at Millwall, and the shell already cast. The dimensions are startling. Instead of the thirteen-inch shell (the largest hitherto), weighing about 200 lbs., and carrying thirty pounds of powder inside, we are to have a shell of thirty-six inches diameter, weighing about 2,400 lbs., and charged with half a ton of gunpowder! The range will be about half as far again as that of the thirteen inch mortar. Half a dozen such shells would have left Sebastopol in ruins.—*Daily Express*.

UNITED STATES.

The so-called Irish Convention at the Astor House has met, plotted, and gone out like a snuffed candle, leaving sickening exhalations in the nostrils of the public. During the three days of its sitting it exhibited no talent, no concord, and no dignity. It only succeeded in fulfilling our prophecies, and in giving testimony against itself. The reader will see by the report of its proceedings in another column, that its first day was spent in bickerings and blackguardism; that its second was a modified repetition of the first, and that the last was frittered away in concocting and adopting a silly address, which calls upon Irishmen, of all creeds, to form themselves into a body of systematic outlaws, and to prepare for the invasion and "redemption" of Ireland by unlawful means. The sole cause for congratulation which we can find in its history arises from the consideration that its blunders were not extended over a greater period of time, and that it existed just long enough to draw upon the heads of its concoctors the indignation of all respectable citizens.—*American Celt*.

Every friend of equal rights—every unperjured lover of American institutions, every honest enemy of the Irish Emigrant, looks upon the coming contest between the Know-Nothing and the Democratic Party with an interest which can only abate when the light is over, and victory secure to one or other of the combatants. The race for the Presidency in '56 is regarded by all parties with one accord as the test of American feeling; and we see no reason why the apologists of the Proscriptionists in our own ranks should any longer affect to doubt it. It will either result in favor of the Democracy, or inaugurate an era of Protestant Ascendancy. In the latter case we, Irish Catholics, will be forced to undergo greater sufferings than our present ones—we will be trampled upon by the unscrupulous with the increased ardor with which success inspires fanaticism—we will be stamped into the mud and mire far below our fellow-citizens—we will be branded with the insignia of serfs, and debarred from the commonest privileges of American citizenship. In the former case we will only escape political proscription and outlawry, to struggle as heretofore in social life against a strong tide of prejudice and the hereditary conventionalities of a people primed with puritanism, and made riotous and arrogant with worldly prosperity. One of these two fates awaits us—for even the defeat of the Know-Nothing will not modify native predilections, or deaden the venom of the Sectaries. If all precedents, if all histories be not false preachers, it will, on the other hand, make the bigots more reckless, and inflame their zeal into murder heat.—*American Celt*.

NATIONAL HYPOCRISY.—In speaking of the probability of war with England, the "local" of the Buffalo Republic thus demonstrates to the public at large, how Johnny Bull would get "banged," should he have the temerity to attempt such a thing. The enthusiasm and fire of Haileck is nowhere when compared to this:—"We have no doubt, if it ever becomes necessary, that a million of Americans, regardless of life, and breathing only revenge for insult and desire for glory, could be placed in New York or Boston in one month—and not such men either, as any invading force would be composed of. They would be man imbued with freedom—with pride—with revenge—with recklessness of personal harm; and with a war-cry of 'Our country, our wives, and our children,' they would grind to a powder any opposing force that could be landed on our coast, for any object or in any cause. Such a people cannot be defeated—they will never retreat—they can only die." Some kind-hearted philanthropist had better smoke that local or he will be consumed in the blaze of his own patriotism.—*Detroit Tribune*.

POST OFFICE DEFICIT.—The deficit in the Post Office the present year will be about two millions and a half of dollars, or some three-quarters of a million more than last year. There have been added during the year 3700 miles of road service to the operations of the Department.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

CATHOLIC WORSHIP ON RANDALL'S ISLAND.—In the Board of Aldermen of New York, on the 11th inst., after an exciting debate, an order was passed directing the removal of the altar and other appendages of Catholic worship from the Almshouse on Randall's Island.

CATHOLIC CONVERTS AND PROTESTANT PERVERTS.—Have you ever reflected on the striking dissimilarity as exhibited in the characters of the converts to Catholicity, and of those perverts whom Protestantism and their inclinations to evil have induced to leave the church? This dissimilarity is a subject worthy of your study; and may give you some insight into the probable motives by which the two classes are influenced in changing their views of religious truth. Compare the Gavazzis, the Achillis, and the Justians, as enlightened by Protestantism, with the Newman, and Faber, and Wilberforces, who have come under the "monstrous superstition" of the Catholic church. Or which side will you find the learning, the talent, and the exalted purity of character? Which of the two classes will you find winning souls to God by preaching Christ and Him Crucified? The saying of the witty Dean Swift about the "weeds from the Pope's garden, is as true as it was in his day, and will continue true to the end. Protestantism can give nothing to the Catholic which he does not already possess: It can add nothing to his present happiness, and nothing to his hopes for the future. For the word of God it offers him the uncertain conceptions of the individual mind, and for the unity and fixity of the Catholic faith, the thousand and one vagaries incidental to its very foundation principle: It has nothing positive, nothing not liable to change with the ever changing phases of human opinion.—*New Orleans Catholic Standard*.

REMITTANCES

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND & WALES  
 SIGHT DRAFTS from One Pound upwards, negotiable at any Town in the United Kingdom, are granted on The Bank of Ireland, London. The National Bank of Scotland, Dublin. The Bank of Montreal, Montreal.  
 By HENRY CHAPMAN & Co., St. Sacramento Street.  
 Montreal, December 14, 1854.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
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THE TRUE WITNESS  
 AND  
 CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.  
 MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 21, 1855.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

By the Asia we learn that peace rumors continue to gain ground in England, but are not generally credited on the Continent. Austria seems inclined to side with the Allies to the extent of suspending relations with Russia if the latter Power still refuses terms. From the Crimea we have nothing to report. The Russians were still busy strengthening their position on the North, which is now almost impregnable. It was rumored also that they had taken Kars. Breadstuffs were coming down; Consols 90 1/2.

TO THE CATHOLIC ELECTORS OF CANADA.

His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto has issued the subjoined circular; in which, after recapitulating the merits, and the defects of the existing School Law for Upper Canada, he points out to the Catholic electors what is the duty which they owe to themselves, their children, and their Church, upon the all-important subject of education; and how they should exercise the elective franchise which the laws of the country confer upon them.

We earnestly recommend this document to the attention of our Catholic readers; and trust that they will, with the blessing of God, henceforward determine to be faithful to the important suggestions therein contained. No man, no matter what his other claims—no matter whether Whig or Tory, Reformer or Conservative—no matter what his past services, or his promises for the future, should ever receive a single Catholic vote, until he shall have pledged himself to carry out the views of the Catholic Church upon the School Question. If the Catholic laity at the next elections will but act as honest men, if they will but do their duty without fear or favor, and make up their minds to know no party—save their Church—we have no fear for the results. If they will not do this, they will richly deserve to be despised by their fellow-citizens of all denominations, and to have their dearest rights trampled upon, and crushed under foot by "mob Protestantism."

We therefore again pray of all our Catholic readers to carefully study, and faithfully carry out, the suggestions embodied in the following:—

Circular of his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto on the Separate School Act of 1855.

REV. SIR AND DEAR BRETHREN IN CHRIST:

As long as the Church will tell us that Mixed Schools are most dangerous, because they are the ruin of religion, that Pastors must, by all exertions, avert their people from such schools, and that Bishops ought to leave nothing undone in order to obtain Separate Schools, Colleges, and Universities, it remains our duty, despite any obstacle, to show you the practical course to be followed for improving this law, and for availing ourselves of its improvements—

1ST. ADVANTAGES.

The Act, 1st.—Has repealed the obligation for Catholics of appealing to, and of being authorized by persons opposed to Separate Schools for establishing them, and even for having an election *ad hoc*; repealed the incapacity of having a Separate School where a Catholic teaches in the Common School; repealed the necessity of being a freeholder or householder for being a Trustee; repealed one of the two yearly censuses and declarations of the supporters of Separate Schools, and some other formalities of lesser importance.

2d. It has placed the Trustees of Separate Schools on the same footing as the Trustees of the Common Schools, and given them the special power of qualifying their teachers and of disposing of all school funds for school purposes.

3d. It exempts from Common School taxes the tenant supporting Separate Schools, as well as the proprietor.

4th. It gives the taxpayer a right to a receipt of his declaration of being a supporter of Separate Schools.

5th. It gives the Trustees the right of receiving their share in the Government grant directly from the Chief Superintendent.

2D. DISADVANTAGES.

1st. The new Act contains one annual and very hard declaration from the supporters of Separate Schools, whilst that declaration once made should be sufficient.

2d. It excludes the Catholics supporters of Separate Schools, from the common municipal assessment and tax collection.

3d. It continues the obligation for Catholics, where Separate Schools are not in operation, to contribute to Protestant schools, school houses, and libraries.

4th. It deprives the Catholics from sharing in any fund arising from any source whatever set apart for school purposes, and the Legislative grant.

5th. It annuls the election of Trustees, if within two months after their election the Separate School is not established.

None of these provisions are in the legislation of Lower Canada on Separate Schools.

3D. COURSE TO BE FOLLOWED.

1st. To require from any new candidate to the Parliament—for instance in Peterborough and Renfrew—the pledge to support Separate Schools in Upper Canada, as enjoyed by Protestants in Lower Canada.

2d. To oppose, by all constitutional means, the reelection of any member who has voted or acted against that support; and if our active co-operation might be of any service in any constituency of our Diocese for either the said pledge or opposition, we should give it most willingly within the measure of our ability, and without any human consideration.

3d. To make before the 1st of February the necessary declaration to the municipality, in order not to be taxed for Common Schools.

4th. To elect Trustees, one in mind and heart with the Church, to notify their election, and to start the Separate School within two months.

5th. To tax the Catholics sufficiently for supporting their Separate Schools.

6th. To select good teachers, and principally females, who, though not read in the stars, nor understanding Newton's Theorem, are generally more economical and better able to attend even young boys and teach them prayers, Catechism, piety, modesty, good manners, reading, writing, cyphering, &c.

7th. To keep correctly the attendance registry, and to send punctually to the Chief Superintendent the half yearly returns, before the 30th of June and the 31st of December.

Wishing you, Rev. Sir and dear brethren in Christ, all the zeal and perseverance which the cause of education requires, and which have been so energetically and successfully evinced in some localities of the Diocese, I remain your devoted servant,

ARM'DUS FR. M.A.,  
 Bishop of Toronto.  
 St. Nicholas' Day, Patron of School Boys.

THE PROTESTANT INQUISITION.

On our first page our readers will find an account of the proceedings instituted by Government against the Redemptorist Fathers at Kingston, upon the charge of having caused to be burnt some copies of the Protestant Bible; which, together with other Non-Catholic works—such as obscene novels, and blasphemous treatises against Christianity—had been placed in their hands by persons whom their preaching had brought back to the fold of Christ, and who were desirous of testifying the sincerity of their repentance by the destruction of the books which had contributed to their perversion. Into the facts of the charge preferred against the priests—that they were privy to, and commanded the destruction of the Protestant Bibles—we do not intend to enter; because, in the first place, it is very uncertain whether any such books were burnt at all; and in the second place, because, even if some one or two copies did find their way into the flames, it is certain that it was without the knowledge, and against the will, of the Redemptorist Fathers; who took every precaution possible to separate them from those other pernicious works, which, as in duty bound, they had ordered to be burnt. Granting however, for the sake of argument, that the charge as preferred against the Fathers, is correct in every particular, their persecution by a Protestant Government for such an offence, is an edifying commentary upon the impartiality of British justice.

We learn, in the first place, that though it is but a slight offence for Protestants to burn and pillage Catholic churches, to break down and trample upon the Cross, and to assail with every conceivable indignity the sacred image of the Crucified, and His Blessed Mother—such objects being the property of Catholics—it is a high crime and misdemeanor for Catholics to destroy upon their own private property, their own books, should such books happen to be looked upon as sacred by Protestants. It is not even so much as pretended that the Redemptorist Fathers were not lawfully in possession of the books which they are accused of burning; or that in exercising absolute right of ownership over them, they were interfering in any way with the rights of others, or inflicting any injury upon the property or persons of their Protestant fellow-citizens. No; even if guilty, the very head and front of their offending is this—that they burnt, on their own private property, and without endangering the property of their neighbors, certain books, also their own private property. It is not therefore for any offence against man, or for any injury inflicted upon their neighbors, that the Redemptorist Fathers are prosecuted by the Civil Power.

From this we learn, in the second place, that the British Protestant Government arrogates to itself the right to take cognisance of purely spiritual offences; and claims for its civil tribunals all that was ever claimed for the Spanish Inquisition. It matters not what amount of punishment a British Court may think fit to award for what it considers an offence against religion; if it has any right to deal with such cases at all, it would be absurd to say that it has not as much right to condemn to the stake, as to impose a trifling fine; and if a purely lay Protestant Court of Justice may with propriety try, and visit with civil penalties, offences purely spiritual, the Spanish Catholic need not blush when British Protestants taunt him with the cruelties of Torquemada; who at least was an ecclesiastic, and a consummate theologian, which is more than can be predicated of any member of the Bench of Magistrates at Kingston.

Lastly, we learn, that for a Catholic to destroy a corrupt version of the Sacred Scriptures—a version which all educated Protestants themselves admit to be shamefully corrupt, and a disgrace to the scholarship of England in the XIX. century—is an offence against God, deserving of civil pains and penalties. That the Protestant Bible is the "Word of God," no man with a smattering of education will, at the present day, venture to assert; for the "Word of God" is pure, unmingled with error, and without alloy. That in which there is any error is not the "Word of God;" but in the Protestant Bible there are many and grievous errors; therefore the Protestant Bible is not the "Word of God;"—and therefore to destroy it is no sin against God; but rather, a meritorious act, a solemn duty which we owe to Him—Whose "Word" is truth.

That the Protestant Bible, which the Redemptorist Fathers are accused of burning, is full of grievous errors—errors the fruit of a peculiar doctrinal bias—and therefore not the "Word of God," has long been recognised and deplored by all intelligent Protestants; hence the numerous efforts that of late have been made, both in Great Britain and America, to procure a new and correct version of the Sacred Scriptures. In support of this assertion, we need only appeal to a British periodical, of whose Protestantism no one can doubt—the *Edinburgh Review*—for the month of October last. In an article headed "Paragraph Bibles," we find some remarks upon the errors and corruptions of the present Protestant Bible, a few extracts from which we will lay before our readers.

Having pointed out some of the minor objections which may justly be urged against the Protestant Bible now in use, and indicated a remedy, the *Reviewer* next discusses the question:—

"Does the translation itself present that full, correct, and distinct expression of the sense of the original, which all Christian people, who look to the sacred volume as their paramount religious authority would be desirous of possessing, and which all who entertain a pious reverence for its contents would be anxious to afford them? We do not ask this question unwisely, or from a desire of putting forward any peculiar theory or favorite devices of our own. We make the inquiry simply as Christian laymen, who most sincerely wish to learn what the Sacred Scriptures were designed to teach us; whose only means of acquiring a saving knowledge of the truth, is an accurate translation, and who look to our ecclesiastical superiors for the grant of so reasonable a demand on their learning and their zeal. We studiously place ourselves in the position of persons, who are utterly ignorant of the original languages, and whose only information respecting the state of our national version is derived from the most patent and familiar sources, the notes of Scott, of Adam Clarke, of D'Oyley, and Mant, and of the *Paragraph Bible*: and we ask whether any man, with the continual commendations which are suggested in these commentaries before him, can entertain the persuasion, that our common English Bible really does afford an adequate representation of the sense of the Inspired Writings, or that it should be allowed any longer to remain in its present unimproved condition."

"What was the opinion of Selden, a high authority on such a subject, at the time of its last revision? 'There is no book,' says that learned man, 'so translated as the Bible for the purpose. If I translate a French book into English, I turn it into English phrase and not into French-English. 'It fails froid,' I say, 'it is cold'; not 'it makes cold'; but the Bible is rather translated into English words, than into English phrase. The Hebrews are kept, and the phrase of that language is kept; which is well enough so long as scholars have to do with it; but when it comes among the common people, Lord, what gear do they make of it! Most extraordinary, indeed, is the gear they make of it! And none but those who may have had the curiosity to turn occasionally into some of our country convenicles, in which the neighboring tailor, or the journeyman cobbler officiates as the expositor of the Sacred Text, can imagine the miserable misapprehensions to which this peculiar, literal, word for word, mode of rendering the Scriptures has given rise."

"But if this scheme of word for word translation was to be adopted, why was it not uniformly carried out?—Why is the same word differently translated in different passages, though its signification is the same in all of them? Why is 'Dikaiosune' sometimes righteously and sometimes justification? Why is 'agape,' love throughout the whole of the New Testament, except in I Cor. xiii. 13, when the translators, lighting upon an eloquent passage, were struck with the ambition of using a fine word, and converted love into charity—a term only intelligible to the classical theologian, who knows that love is a fruit of grace, and that grace is English for 'charis'; that 'charis' is the etymological root of charity, and that, consequently, charity may be used as a synonyme for love? Why is 'adokimos' ordinarily rendered reprobate, and on one occasion (1 Cor. ix. 27) cast away? Of the text last referred to, the present Archbishop of Canterbury says—'This is one of the many passages, which have suffered by the general bias of the age in which our translation was made.'—That 'general bias' was Calvinistic—the bias, in our opinion, which is most thoroughly at variance with the spirit of the Gospel; but whether Calvinistic, or Arian, or Socinian, or Arminian, or of whatever party, if a tendency in favor of any particular school of theology be discoverable in the pages of our version, and the sense of the original has been warped by it, are we justified in permitting it to remain? On the contrary, are we not guilty of a very great irreverence and wrong, in allowing the poison to continue there and to mix its taint with the waters that flow from the well-spring of eternal truth?"

And in another place the writer adds:—

"In fact, that our English version of the Sacred Scriptures is very far from being unexceptionable; and that the imperfections which we have been complaining of are commonly felt and acknowledged among all denominations of Protestants in this country, cannot want any stronger proof than the publication of the *Annotated Paragraph Bible* by the *Tract Society*. For that edition of the Bible is nothing more nor less than the laudable effort of a religious society, which is seeking to extend Christian knowledge, supported by all classes of English Protestants and thoroughly acquainted with their feelings and requirements, to afford a cheap and popular work, by which the evils that we have been speaking of may be alleviated."

"But what intelligible reason can be alleged for the perpetuation of those evils? Surely it is high time for another revision of the English Bible."

Lastly, the *Reviewer*, after remarking that "they who would resist the elimination of the palpable mistakes, and the acknowledged imperfections of our English Bible, from an apprehension of offending the religious prejudices of the people, are guilty of a pious fraud," and are as bad as Romanists, assures us that, "whatever course our ecclesiastical authorities may pursue, they may depend upon it that the Bible will not long be allowed to remain in its PRESENT MUTILATED AND UNSATISFACTORY CONDITION."

"Mutilated" and "corrupt" is what Papists have, from its first appearance, pronounced the Protestant Bible to be; "mutilated" and "corrupted" to serve a particular doctrinal purpose. This is at length admitted by Protestants themselves to be the case.—They now tell us, by the mouth of their Primate, that the translation of their Bible has suffered by the "general bias of the age" in which it was made—a "bias," which we are also told "is most thoroughly at variance with the spirit of the Gospel." Harder things against the Protestant Bible were never uttered by Papists; and if true—and Protestants admit them to be true—how, we ask, can it be a sin against God, or an offence against religion, to burn a book—so "mutilated," so "corrupted," and corrupted "with such a bias" so "thoroughly at variance with the spirit of the Gospel"—when it is attempted to place it in the hands of the simple and uneducated as the

"Pure Word of God," and as the sole Rule of Faith by Him given to His creatures?

So far from its being a sin to burn such a book, and under such circumstances, we contend that, if half of what the *Edinburgh Reviewer* asserts of the Protestant Bible be true, it is the duty of every man who reveres God's "Holy Word," and who is zealous in the cause of truth, to burn or otherwise destroy, every copy of the "corrupt" and "mutilated" Protestant Bible upon which he can honestly lay his hands; and over which he can lawfully exercise the rights of ownership. More particularly is this the duty of the Catholic missionary, to whom has been committed the task of preaching the "Word," and converting the people to the truth. Thus we read in the Acts of the Apostles how, at Ephesus, "many of them" that had been converted by the preaching of St. Paul, "brought their books together, and burnt them before all men."—ix., 19.—Were the Ephesians justified in so doing? Yes. If the books by them burnt contained errors "at variance with the spirit of the Gospel," they die right in burning them. But the *Edinburgh Reviewer* tells us that the Protestant Bible does also contain such errors; therefore, it is lawful, and indeed meritorious, to destroy it, even as the Ephesians of old destroyed their erroneous books at the preaching of the Apostle of the Gentiles. It is impossible therefore to condemn the conduct of the Redemptorist Fathers at Kingston—even allowing them to be guilty of that which is laid to their charge—without, by implication, condemning the conduct of St. Paul at Ephesus. St. Paul however in his day was persecuted, even as are the Catholic missionaries in ours, and by the same class of men; by those who make a profit of the blasphemous errors of their countrymen; by the Soupers and Jumpers of the Establishment, who fear "that their craft is in danger to be set at naught"—and that the great temple of the Government church will be despoiled, and her magnificence destroyed, whom all Exeter Hall worshippeth.—Acts xix., 27.

The *Canadian* of Quebec takes the *Gazette* of that city severely to task for lending its valuable assistance to the dissemination in Canada of that eminently Protestant and evangelical work "The Revelations of Maria Monk;" a new edition of which—and it is an important sign of the intensity of Protestant feeling, and the soundness of Protestantism on this Continent—an eminent publishing house at New York has deemed it expedient and profitable to lay before the public. The speculation will, we have no doubt, turn out a lucrative one.

For it is as a simple speculation, and nothing more, that this book, long ago consigned to oblivion, as we thought, is puff'd and advertised by the *Quebec Gazette*. He knows well what kind of literary provender is best suited to the moral and intellectual taste of the great Protestant public for whom he caters, and to whose depraved appetite it is his occupation to pander. He knows too, of course, and so does every one in Canada, that the book is from beginning to end a tissue of lies—that, upon its first appearance, the friends of the *Hotel Dieu* in Montreal challenged the most rigid scrutiny into its assertions—that hereupon a Committee composed, with only one exception, of very zealous Protestant gentlemen undertook the investigation—and that after a long and minute search, conducted with every desire on the part of the Committee to find the *Hotel Dieu* guilty, and to establish the truth of Maria Monk's charges, her work was pronounced, by her coreligionists and fellow-professors of the Protestant faith, an infamous and groundless fabrication—a gross libel upon a body of charitable and pious ladies. All this, of course, is known by the editor of the *Quebec Gazette* who now recommends the work, and by the Protestant public to whom he recommends it, and who will, we have no doubt, peruse it eagerly. But because all this is so, it is, to say the least, unreasonable on the part of *Le Canadian* to express astonishment at, or to find fault and remonstrate with, the *Quebec Gazette* for its action in the matter.

For such astonishment and remonstrance would seem to imply that *Le Canadian* attributes to the editor of the *Gazette* and his fellow-laborers in the evangelical vineyard, the feelings of Christians and gentlemen, the sentiments of men of honor. Surely *Le Canadian* should be aware by this time that these gentry are above all such paltry considerations; and that there is no job however dirty, no action however vile or cowardly, that they are not prepared to undertake at a moment's notice, for the sake of the "trifle of money" thereunto attached. For a reasonable "con-si-de-ra-tion"—one of these fellows would not scruple to assail the reputation of his own sister, to proclaim his mother a w— in a court of justice (such things have been done), or to become accessory to the dishonor of his own wife or daughter.

*Le Canadian* has also a little reason to be offended with, as to be surprised at, the efforts now being made by the *Quebec Gazette* to obtain circulation for Maria Monk's obscene "Revelations." He should remember, that, if our opponents could urge anything true against our holy religion, or the Catholic institutions of Canada, they would do so; and that if they fall back upon old and exploded falsehoods—upon libels, so gross, that all honest Protestants disavow them, so monstrous that all intelligent Protestants disclaim them—it is because, neither in her doctrines nor in her discipline, does the Catholic Church offer any assailable point to her adversaries. Some twenty years have now elapsed since the evangelical Maria first startled the world with her "Revelations." That since then the malice of evangelism has been able to start nothing new, nor to fabricate fresh falsehoods, is the best proof of the moral excellence of our institutions, and is the highest compliment that the *Gazette* could pay us—the only one, in fact, that we should be willing to receive at his

\* Do avoid scandal.

hands. No one assails his enemy with a lie, if truth would answer the purpose as well.

We should be exceedingly unjust however to our Protestant fellow citizens in Canada, if we were to omit mentioning that—with the exception of the ultra-evangelical party, represented by such organs of public opinion as the *Quebec Gazette*, the *Montreal Witness*, and a few others of a similar stamp—the great majority condemn in the most forcible language possible, the reappearance amongst them of Maria Monk's Revelations. Amongst our Lower Canada contemporaries we know not one—with the exceptions aforesaid—who has given the book one word of praise, or who, if noticing it at all has failed to do so with well merited reprobation. The *Streetsville Review* of the 8th inst., edited by a well known clergyman of the Church of England thus warns his readers against this immoral and disgusting publication.

A CAVEAT.—We warn our clients not to throw away their lucre in purchasing the 'AWFUL DISCLOSURES BY MARIA MONK,' which some unprincipled Booksellers have just reprinted. Compiled by a thief and strumpet, the work was clearly proved to be an imposition when it first appeared, and it soon sunk into merited oblivion. Shame upon the sordid houndish bibliopoles who seek to fill their greasy pockets by thus pandering to the prurient appetite of 'mob Protestantism.'

We recommend the above to the notice of the 'sordid houndish' editor of the *Quebec Gazette*, who is intent upon filling his 'greasy pockets by pandering to the prurient appetite of mob Protestantism'; as also the following extracts from the *Leader*, a Protestant journal of Toronto:—

"It is now some 20 years ago since the world was taken by surprise, by the publication of the awful disclosures of Maria Monk, and there was so much circumstantial narrative about the book, that people at a distance gave ready credence to the statements it contained. It affected to set forth the economy of the Roman Catholic establishments at Montreal, and related scenes of debauchery and crime, in a graphic, imaginative way, as typical of convent life. By the evidence of the work, murder was a matter of common event, and those whose lives were marked by religious asceticism and retirement, only assumed the mask of piety to conceal sensuality. The authoress was excessively minute. She gave dates and names, with the plan of the *Hotel Dieu*, and appealed to known individuals in support of her assertions. A committee was formed to examine into the allegations. It consisted with one exception of Protestants. Their duty was to examine into the auxiliary facts, the topography of Monk's adventures. Not even a resemblance existed between the plan furnished, and the buildings as they stood; and, it was said at the time, that if the statements were true, the nuns of Canada yet retained the power of working miracles in masonry. The search was continued, through all the private apartments, declared to be the scene of such villainy. Books were searched, registers looked into, and every examination made that a rigid enquiry could suggest. Each step, however, showed the absurdity of the accusation. It only remains for us to say what was the fate of the book in Montreal, the scene of the assumed crimes, and where would be the fittest jury to judge if they were proven. There was but one feeling in the community. The easy Churchman, the strict Methodist, the stern Presbyterian, pronounced the work a huge lie—and the bundles which contained the volumes to be distributed in Canada, were returned to the bookseller who had sent them."

We regret very much to say that we find this book again among us. Booksellers announce it for sale in large bills, calling attention to the work. We have dealt hitherto with its authenticity. We believe that it was never pretended to have been written by Monk; on this ground we would not cavil. If the facts were as she represented them, it is of but secondary importance, whether or no, she applied to some other person, to put her narrative in good English. Our remark applies only to the facts. But we have a more serious charge against the work. To our mind, it is not simply the effusion of bigotry and intolerance. Were it so, there would be something worthy of respect even in its violence. It would be only another item in the chapter of history recording how the many true creeds have been propagated by fire and the sword; by falsehood and misrepresentation. But we regard this work as a mere bookseller's speculation. It is just such a book that the young and unthinking would buy; full of strong situations and delicate positions—one that would excite their imagination and bewilder their reason. This is its character; and under the plea of examining into what is faulty in a system, and of advocating truth, we have before us highly wrought scenes to tempt the purchaser. For our part we know no greater infamy, than thus to pervert young minds. There is but one worse than him who sells such a book—it is he who writes it. Unfortunately it is in secret that the manuscript is perfected, so the law cannot touch the hand which wounds good morals. The name of the writer never passes out of the ledger of the publisher whose hack he is. But the publishers should be held responsible. If they systematically give forth such works, let them have their share in the infamy. Prurient never benefitted any creed, or aided any party. The advocates of the Roman Catholic faith need ask no greater aid than is given them in the publication of such miserable libels, as the one we are considering. The falsehood of them can be easily proved. Even if true, there is no need for disclosures, which outrage delicacy. In the meantime, we hope that every respectable bookseller will banish this new edition from his counter, and we would recommend to any father or husband, should it come within his grasp, unhesitatingly to commit it to the flames.—*Toronto Leader*.

"There is but one"—says the *Leader*—"worse than him who sells such a book—it is he who writes it." The *Leader* will permit us to differ with him here. There is one who is worse than either—it is he who advertises it; and who, for a "trifle of money in his greasy pockets," does his best to extend its circulation. Such a one is the editor of the *Quebec Gazette*.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.—The *Scotsman*, a Scotch Protestant paper, complains of the great increase of evangelical scoundrelism in Great Britain generally, and in Scotland in particular. One of the leaders of the Edinburgh Saints, a shining light, one very powerful in his testimony against Popery, and who for years has figured at all the meetings for converting Irish Romanists to true religion, has furnished our cotemporary with his text. This evangelical worthy, who was lately Mayor of Leith, has just been convicted of a heasly offence, and sentenced to fifteen years' transportation, to the great dismay of the con-

† By many it is denied that Maria Monk was the author of the book attributed to her. The general and more probable opinion is, that it was composed by certain evangelical Protestant ministers of Montreal, aided perhaps by such hints, as Maria's experience of brothel life was able to afford.

venticle, amongst whose inmates impurity is not looked upon with a severe eye. Efforts are being made to procure a mitigation of sentence for the evangelical convict, upon the plea of an odor of sanctity, still, in spite of bestiality, adhering to his person. Hereupon the *Scotsman* breaks out and pitches into the "Saints" as they deserve. We do not think however that our friends of the *French Canadian Missionary Society*, to whom we respectfully dedicate this, will read the subjoined from the platform at their approaching "Anniversary Meeting." More's the pity:—

"There is in this country, but specially abundant and dominant in Scotland, a class of people who, with little social, and less moral, and intellectual station, yet are masters of a device by which they turn their natural weakness to strength, and exalt themselves into the oppressors and bullies of their betters. They are, of course, those whom we are sometimes reviled for calling Pharisees—although it is plain that, if these are not the men whom we have authority for so designating, no men of the Pharisaic type exist upon the earth, or have existed since the apostolic age, or even existed at the time they were characterised and denounced. In almost every community in the land, those people hold a position as to influence over public affairs strangely in contrast with their position as to influence and estimation in society and in business. By simply asserting that they have more and better religion than their neighbors—by giving every question that arises a religious aspect—by denouncing as 'infidels' or 'Papists' all who differ from them in opinion or even in policy—by being constantly seen in the high places of Exeter Hall and (say) the Music Hall—they have become powerful at the polling booth, and almost omnipotent on the platform; and in all public matters exercise an influence monstrously out of proportion to their numbers or their worth. Their neighbors, all the while they submit and tremble, know that the professions of these men are enormously beyond or altogether contrary to the fact—that, at the best, the mass or average of them, tried by any visible test, have no more of the truly religious character than the mass of those who submit to their usurpation, or even of those who ridicule and withstand them—that in understanding they differ not for the better from other men, and in malice are not the least like children—and that rather less than more of the ordinary weight belongs, either to their word to a friend, or their bond at the bank. Yet they are a power and a terror in the State, and honest, and better, and more religious men succumb before them. Now, without seeking to impute to a class the crimes of individuals, there is nothing unfair, and there may be something profitable for correction and instruction, in making note of the fact that those criminals, both of London and Edinburgh, to whom we have been alluding, were among those who, in religious matters, profess a zeal above other men, and carry out that zeal into denunciation and intermeddling. The firm of fraudulent London bankers derived the largest share of their business from banking for religious associations in which the partners took a lead; in all meetings and subscription-lists relating to religious objects Sir John Dean Paul was conspicuous; and it need scarcely be added that, in special, he and his accomplices flamed in front of such movements as those regarding compulsory "Sabbath Observance" and the "Repeal of the Maynooth Grant"—those two favorite refuges of the intellectually weak and the morally destitute. Latterly, at least, and in his own way, the ex-Provost of Leith sought the same kind of distinction. At the general election of 1852, having in his earlier and purer days, acted with the Liberal party, he declared himself constrained by religious considerations to go over to the Conservatives, the true friends of our Protestant religion." So earnest was he in that vocation that even the Free Churchmanship, eldership, anti-Maynoothism, and semi-Agnewism of Mr. Moncrieff, the then Liberal candidate for Leith, could not save him from the denunciations of the then Provost. Who that heard it can now forget the hustings speech in which this unhappy person ascribed his change of political opinions, to his being pre-eminently "a man of religious principles," and which he wound up by adjuring the electors to vote against the Liberal, and in favor of the Tory (an East India skipper or merchant, never heard of before nor since,) as they valued "the sacred religion for which our forefathers bled and died!" Both profit and power were got to the London bankers by their pretence of philanthropy and over-righteousness; and the Leith merchant by similar means attached to himself some of the odor of sanctity—Their zeal, their goodness—

"Church and crowd confess'd.  
Chaste matrons prais'd them, and grave bishops bless'd."  
And now, we who were duped and browbeaten see that all the while they were full of ravening and uncleanness. Shall the lesson teach nothing—neither less credulity nor more courage? If the cases stood alone and unprecedent, they might pass. But who that remembers much or anything of the history of Edinburgh society during this generation will hesitate to admit that such things have been seen before, in sufficient number to justify the conclusion that, while not on any such insufficient grounds condemning the class of "loud professors" as worse than their neighbors, we ought to be in less hurry than usual to acknowledge them better, or to submit, at their command, to bow the knee or hold the tongue.—*Scotsman*.

At a meeting of the "Souper's and Unclean Priests' Protection Society" lately held in Birmingham, Dr. Whately, the Government Archbishop of Dublin, gave some amusing details of the proceedings of that body: and of the character of the proselytes that, from time to time, it makes from the ranks of the Catholic clergy. "Many persons," said Dr. Whately—"had come before him, some of them with strong recommendations, chiefly priests, or persons professing to be priests, desiring to be allowed to officiate in his diocese as clergymen of his church."

What manner of persons these "strongly recommended" apostate priests were, and what their moral character, Dr. Whately then went on to describe:—

"Upon an examination he found three-fourths grossly ignorant and utterly unfit for the ministry. These he refused to employ, finding them, in many instances, persons of bad character, thrown overboard by the Church of Rome, and then turning converts to Protestantism, in order to 'make a gain of godliness.' In consequence of that, and some other causes, he was set down as indifferent and lukewarm to the grand questions between Protestantism and Romanism."

No doubt, as a gentleman of education and refinement, Dr. Whately must have often been disgusted with the "brands" brought to him out of the Romish fire; and have felt a very pardonable repugnance against admitting them within his sanctuary, which they were not calculated to ornament. Yet his enemies are right in their deducing an indifference on his part to the great Protestant cause; and in concluding that Dr. Whately has been wanting in one of his first duties as a minister of the holy Protestant faith. Why! if honesty or intelligence, pu-

rity of life and conversation, were required from the converts to Protestantism, the Jumpers' occupation would be gone; the "Souper's" might extinguish their fires, and the makers of "strabous" abandon their pots in despair. No man, having been reared a Catholic, ever lost his faith until his morals were thoroughly corrupted; and when we hear of a priest declaring himself a Protestant, we may be well sure that for some time previous he had been leading a life of sin. As in the beginning of Protestantism, so in the present day. Apostates from Rome are but the "weeds from his garden, that the Pope throws over the Protestant wall;" and if for this reason Dr. Whately rejects them—because, in his own words, "they are persons of bad character, thrown overboard by the Church of Rome, and then turning converts to Protestantism, in order to make a gain of godliness"—he will have to reject every single applicant that presents himself for admission into the Government church. Why! if there were no bad Catholics, if there never had been any persons within the Catholic Church "of bad character," there would be no such a thing as a Protestant church in existence at the present day. Evidently then Dr. Whately is quarrelling with his best friends, when he rejects such men, and refuses them employment in his diocese.

From the Secretary of the Society, we learn that their funds are reduced to £10. Within the last year they have expended—for the perversion of the Irish, and bribing them to change their religion—within 30 districts, £3,354; in 22 districts, £717; and in one alone, £400. The number of souls saved by these appliances was not stated; but allowing about £2 per soul—and with the present prices of oatmeal the job can't be done much cheaper—we should have about 2,250 souls as the result of the Souper Campaign, in Ireland, for 1855. We doubt however if the Society has had even this trifling amount of success; and from its silence upon this head, we feel inclined to draw the conclusion, that Protestantism has made but little progress amongst the Catholics of Ireland. What is wanted, and earnestly prayed for by Exeter Hall, is another famine and "Potato Rot."

PETERBORO' ELECTION.—Another candidate is in the field, a Mr. Sawyers. The *Catholic Citizen* of Toronto is inclined to support Mr. Conger, as less objectionable to Catholics than his opponent Mr. Fergusson. "Were there," says the *Citizen*—"on the carpet to-morrow a man more explicit, and more friendly to us on the subject of Separate Schools, we would, without the slightest hesitation, throw Mr. Conger overboard." That both Mr. Conger and Mr. Fergusson are opposed to "Freedom of Education" is manifest from their respective addresses, neither therefore deserves to register a single Catholic vote. Which is the more hostile of the two is another question, and perhaps the *Citizen* judges rightly in thinking Mr. Conger a less dangerous man than his opponent. The latter has however the merit of being a bolder and a more outspoken foe; from which we should feel inclined to conclude that he was the honest man. There is not however much difference betwixt them.—"Arcades Ambo"—i.e.,—bigots both.

THE "ASTOR HOUSE CONVENTION.—The most striking feature of this assembly was no doubt the squabbles of the members composing it; who if they are themselves to be believed, must indeed be a precious set. One man—a Mr. Doheny and a leader of one section—called Mr. McClenahan a leader of another section, "a liar, a mean man" and every thing but a gentleman. Mr. McClenahan retorted and told Mr. Doheny that he was another. Then another called the whole assembly "ruffians." No doubt these gentry know one another well.

The mischief of all this is, that it brings disgrace and ridicule upon every movement professing for its object the amelioration of Ireland. Herein is the great misfortune, especially in America, that the leading men in every Irish scheme are almost always such as to cast discredit upon every cause in which they are engaged. How can honest men, patriotic Irishmen, above all, good Catholics—and by such only can the cause of Ireland be won—serve under the banners of such men as these Doheny's, McClenahans, &c.

As to the talk of an armed invasion of Canada by 5,000 filibusters, it is all bunkum. We still reckon—thank God—the gallows amongst our institutions; and a rope, with a filibuster dangling at one end of it would be a very edifying spectacle one of these cold winter mornings; but one with which our friends will take remarkably good care not to furnish us. They are great at talking, mighty in mouth, very valiant powers forth of fustian, and adepts at wheedling their dupes out of their money; but they know a trick worth two of attempting an invasion of Catholic Canada.

We have been informed that B. Devlin, Esq., has resigned his connection with the Young Men's St. Patrick's Association. But we are glad to know that the reason which he advanced for taking such a step is one which shows that his practice as a lawyer is in so prosperous a condition—as he says, and we do not doubt it—that it requires his undivided attention. We hope his successor will be as prudent and as successful in directing the Association as Mr. Devlin has been.

We have received from C. Palsgrave, Esq., Proprietor of the Montreal Type Foundry, several large sheets of cuts, to which we would call the attention of printers as superior to any thing of the kind heretofore offered to the public in Montreal. The designs are by the well known engraver Mr. J. Walker.

The Benediction of the new church of St. Vincent de Paul will be given on Thursday next, the 27th inst., by His Lordship the Bishop Administrator of the Diocese of Montreal.

We regret to learn that of late the Rev. M. Duranseau, the venerable *curé* of Lachine, has been exposed to much ill treatment from the hands of some disreputable persons in that parish. Whether these scoundrels have been instigated thereunto by the strollers of the French Canadian Missionary Society, is more than we can say; but it is with much pleasure we have received permission to publish the following address of condolence from the Protestant clergymen of Lachine, to the Rev. M. Duranseau, together with that gentleman's reply:—

To the Reverend A. Duranseau.  
Lachine, 7th December, 1855.

REVEREND SIR—

We, the Protestant Clergy of the Parish of Lachine, having learned that some malicious person or persons lately made an attack upon your life, either for the purpose of intimidating you in the discharge of your sacred duty, or of driving you from the Parish, beg, to sympathise with you under the circumstances; and to state our willingness to aid in putting down such outrages by every lawful means in our power.

At the same time, we desire to convey our testimony to the uniform peaceable disposition and exemplary deportment which have marked your sojourn amongst us for a period of thirty odd years; and to say how deeply we would regret any circumstance that would lead to your removal from the Parish against your inclination or will.

J. FLANAGAN, Incumbent  
St. Stephen's Church.  
WILLIAM SIMPSON, Scotch Church.

To this flattering address—so creditable to the reverend gentlemen from whom it proceeded, the Rev. M. Duranseau replied as follows:—

REV. SIRS—

I had the honor to receive on Saturday your flattering address of the 5th inst., and it is difficult for me to express to you the pleasure with which I read it. Nothing in fact could more firmly convince me of your strong disapproval of the outrages of which, for some three or four months, I have been the object. But as in this world, nothing happens but by the order or permission of God, I adore the hand of this same God Who has humbled me; and, with the prophet I say—"It is good for me Lord that Thou hast humbled me; Thy Holy Name be for ever praised."

Permit me then, Gentlemen, to thank you for your sympathy, which I shall never forget; nor the regret, which—as you say in your address—my leaving the Parish, contrary to my wishes and inclination, would cause you. Truly, I dared hardly expect so flattering a testimonial on your part.

Accept then, Gentlemen, the sentiments of gratitude with which

I remain, very sincerely, your humble servant,  
A. DURANSEAU, *Ptre.*

To the Rev. Messrs. Flanagan and Simpson, Lachine.  
St. Laurent, Dec. 14th, 1855.

The Rev. Mr. Hughes has been removed from Aylmer, where he has resided for the last six years, to the adjoining parish of Chelsea. Previous to his removal he was waited upon by a deputation of the members of the Aylmer St. Patrick's Society, composed of the following gentlemen, viz.:—Messrs. George McGuire, J. J. Roney, D. Mooney, M. Cullen, P. Malarky, C. Devlin, M. C. Heely, P. Fitzgerald and James McArthur, who presented him with the following address:—

To the Reverend James Hughes, Pastor of St. Paul Church, Aylmer.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—

We the members of the Aylmer St. Patrick's Society, having learned with the deepest regret of your intended departure from amongst us, most respectfully beg leave to offer you our most grateful thanks, for the very edifying manner in which you have performed the onerous duties of your sacred calling, during your residence in this place. Your zealous endeavours to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the congregation entrusted to your pastoral care, added to your unassuming piety and gentlemanly demeanour, have endeared you to every heart. We ardently hope that we may profit by the sacred precepts and pious administrations which have from time to time fallen from your lips, and that their salutary influence may sink deep into our hearts.

As Irishmen and the descendants of Irishmen, we still retain that high respect and veneration towards our spiritual guides, which distinguished our forefathers in bygone days of persecution; like them, we look to the devoted and self-denying priesthood of the Holy Catholic Church, for instruction in our youth, for counsel in our manhood, and for solace and consolation when bowed down by age and infirmity we languish on the bed of sickness and of death.

In conclusion, Rev. and Dear Sir, rest assured that in whatever portion of the Globe an All-wise Providence may in future please to place you, we shall always retain a lively recollection of your many virtues, and remember your name with gratitude; our warmest wishes shall accompany you, and our prayers shall be offered up for your temporal and eternal welfare.

Signed on behalf of the Aylmer St. Patrick's Society,  
GEORGE MCGUIRE, *President*,  
JAMES MCARTHUR, *Secretary*.

December 10th, 1855.

To which the Reverend Gentleman made the following very impressive and feeling reply:—

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I receive with gratitude the kind and feeling address presented me by the members of your society, on this, the eve of my departure from amongst you. Were I possessed of that eloquence by which some can so easily communicate their sentiments to others, I would even then, fail to convey to you, an adequate idea of the feelings which at this moment fill my heart. The affection and esteem you evince towards me, and the many flattering compliments paid me, have awakened emotions within my heart, to give utterance to which, I feel language is wanting. However, you may rest assured, that your devoted attachment towards me is met on my part by an attachment equally devoted towards you. I beg also to assure you, that it will be always a source of the greatest pleasure to me, to hear of the advancement and prosperity of your infant society. In fine, no matter where Providence shall place me, I shall only forget you and the recollection of your kindness, when the cold hand of death shall have removed me from this world.

I remain my Dear Friends,  
Your most obt. servant,  
JAS. HUGHES,  
Parish Priest, Chelsea.

Aylmer, Dec. 10, 1855.  
To the Members of the St. Patrick's Society Aylmer.

MILITARY.—Montreal is again to be the military headquarters in Canada. Two regiments of English militia are to be sent here in spring.

Died,

In this city, on the 10th instant, Honora O'Brien, wife of Mr. Patrick McGue, aged 34 years, universally regretted by a large circle of friends.

**FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.**

**FRANCE.**

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"The announcement of the death of Admiral Bruat gives a painful interest to the details mentioned in the subjoined letter from Constantinople. His death, which took place while the French fleet, which is bringing home the Imperial Guard, was in the waters of Messina, is attributed in the despatch to an attack of gout, but it is stated in some quarters here that he died of cholera.

**MARSHAL PÉLISSIER.**—The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says it is reported that Marshal Pelissier is coming home for the winter on sick leave. The King of Sardinia has met with a most brilliant reception in France.

**GERMANY.**

The *Times* Paris correspondent writes:—"Some three or four days ago an observation fell from a person who is well-informed on German affairs, that the French Government appeared to be very well satisfied with the conduct of Austria. This has been so often, and I must add, so vainly said, that it attracted little or no attention at the time. Since then, however, not only has the same remark been made, but it is whispered rather mysteriously, that this time at least Austria is on the point of showing more determination than for a long time past. Austria, then, appears to come forward once more, after a long interval of repose, but in what manner? Has she at last determined to take an active part in the war, or is she inclined to offer her mediation between Russia and the allies? This I cannot say; I can only assure you that the move made by Austria will considerably advance the prospects of peace, and bring them nearer to realization than is supposed. I am unwilling to offer any conjectures on the subject, but the action of Austria will soon be felt in a manner not unacceptable to this Government and that of England, and, above all, involving no sacrifices of honor or consistency on the Governments who have taken up arms in a just cause. That she is doing much, cautiously but steadily, with the view of persuading, or, it may be, compelling Russia to come to terms is certain.

**ITALY.**

**POLITICAL ARRESTS IN ROME.**—The *Univers* says:—"Our letters from Rome, of the 15th, inform us that the police there have just made a capture of the highest importance. Two days before they arrested in a room in the Strada Laurina two of the most active and most dangerous agents of Mazzini, and chiefs of the demagogical party at Rome—namely, Mancini, of the village of Ariceia, and Lucenti, bell-founder at Rome. Mancini was arrested in 1853 as one of the getters-up of the plot of the 25th of August, and was condemned to several years' hard labor. To escape the punishment, he pretended to be subjected to attacks of madness, and acted so skillfully that he deceived the physicians who were charged to examine him, and he obtained admission to the Lunatic Asylum of the Holy Ghost. In a short time he succeeded in escaping in a boat placed on the Tiber, and all attempts to discover him proved unavailing. Lucenti played a leading part under the repudiating government of that epoch to remove the bells from the churches, he was condemned to several years' hard labor for that and other exploits, but he had the skill to get himself pardoned, and besides, he obtained an order for recasting several of the bells which he had destroyed in 1849. These two men hired, in the Strada Laurina, a chamber which became the centre of democratic conspiracies. On being arrested a number of papers, some of them of great importance, were seized; amongst others is a list of accomplices, containing, it is said, upwards of 2,000 names; also a great number of tickets, which were distributed to men charged to act as spies in different quarters of the town on behalf of Mazzini, and which, it is said, bear the title 'Democratic Army.'"

**AUSTRIA AND THE HOLY SEE.**—The Emperor of Austria, in order to show his satisfaction at the conclusion of the Concordat, has lately sent to the Pope, as he had some time back promised, the sum of £250,000 towards the construction of the monument of the Immaculate Conception. Several decorations have also been conferred on the high dignitaries who took part in drawing up that document, and among others on Cardinal Santucci and Mgr. Valenziani.

**ROME AND PORTUGAL.**—The Portuguese government has concluded a concordat with the Holy See, which puts an end to the schism at Goa, and to the differences which the patronage of the Indies had caused between Portugal and Rome.

**SWEDEN.**

A despatch dated Berlin, Nov. 27th, says:—"It is stated now that the success of General Canrobert's mission to Sweden is limited to having engaged that power to assent to the four points as the basis of any future negotiation. Sweden's co-operation with the western powers is not to be more active than that of Austria."

**RUSSIA.**

A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 17th, in the *Debat*, says:—"It is stated that, in addition to the militia of the empire recently formed, another body, called the rear-ban, or armament of the people, is to be organised. If this latter militia is really to serve any purpose, it must be composed of professions hitherto exempt from military service, such as tradespeople, artists, &c., and they are not very numerous, otherwise it will only be a recruitment under another form. General Tchekine, the new Minister of Public-Works, has left for Moscow, with Prince

Dolgorouki, the Minister of War. They will proceed from Moscow to the southern provinces to give directions for new works which have just been decided on in those parts. General Gortschakoff has sent a despatch, dated the evening of the 14th, in which he states that the enemy has embarked a body of troops near Eupatoria, and that a great part of them have proceeded westward. The defensive works which have been lately raised round Nicholasiaeff have been constructed with extraordinary care, two of the Grand Dukes taking part in the superintendence, the masonry and earthwork being under the particular direction of the Grand Duke Nicholas, as Inspector-General of Engineers, and the arming under that of the Grand Duke Michael, as Commander-in-Chief of the Artillery. General Todleben has had the immediate supervision of the works. The Emperor has expressed his satisfaction at these works to all the persons employed on them."

A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 16th ult., in the *Hamburg News*, contains the following:—"It seems that preparations are being made to equip for next summer the Baltic fleet, as it is found to have remained too long in inaction, and it is intended that at least a portion of it shall take the sea. Besides the reinforcements and improvements which are to be introduced into the navy, it is intended to place at its head younger and more vigorous men. Already has the former Commander of Cronstadt, Lieutenant-General Burmeister, received his dismissal. The Military Governor of Cronstadt has also been removed, as well as the Commander of the Fleet, old Admiral Lutke, who is admitted to a pension in the Council of State. He will be replaced by Admiral Novossilsky, who distinguished himself at Sebastopol."

The myriads that Russia is losing are the very hope and strength, and wealth of her empire, the growing youths and strong men. She is losing those without whom her territory is useless and her nobles destitute. It is not mere men, but provinces, fields, factories, civilization, improvement, hope itself, she is throwing into the ditch. The fortune of Russia is disappearing in these terrible conscriptions. Yet the waste of life and the cry for fresh levies increase with frightful rapidity. Slowly, but certainly losing ground in the Crimea before the Western Powers, she finds new armies required to meet the Turks in the Caucasus, and apprehends that at one word, one stroke of the pen on our part, she will have to find a hundred thousand men for the defence of her northern frontier. Meanwhile every dockyard in England and France is preparing the means for attacking what has hitherto been deemed impregnable in Russia. We may or may not succeed, but these attacks at many points occupy the armies of Russia and consume them. And while the war proceeds the plot thickens, the mischief festers, and new perils beset Russia. Ominous circumstances indicate something wrong within. The youth and inexperience of the later levies betray a greater drain on the class capable of bearing arms than the mere succession of ukases would lead us to expect; and it is evident that the Russian serf is often tied to the soil in a sense which even an Imperial ukase cannot always overcome. What will be the case when a stronger pressure is applied,—when the Czar has to announce that his territory is attacked on all sides, and that for one army destroyed two new armies must be found? It will then be seen whether there is indeed no opinion in Russia, even when it is a matter of self-preservation.—*Times*.

**WAR IN THE EAST.**

**CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 19.**—Within the last five days cholera has made its appearance at Scutari with considerable virulence. Amongst the patients in the hospitals there have been very few cases, but the Germans, the English of the Osmani Horse Artillery, now forming under Colonel Crofton, and the newly arrived Dragoons from the Crimea are suffering a good deal from the disease.

The following letter has been received from Constantinople, dated the 19th ult.:—"The destruction of Sebastopol having been resolved on, as you are aware, each corps has received its portion to work upon. The city presents consequently the most animated aspect. It is a demolition *en règle*, and in which the four armies take part. The houses and public buildings are attacked at the base, and on all sides are heard the blows of the hammer, and the crash of the rafters and timbers of the houses, which fall down amid clouds of dust. The soldiers at once proceed to the selection of all the materials capable of being employed advantageously for their use during the winter. Each man loads himself with objects the most varied. Some carry off planks, windows, doors, presses, fire-irons, kitchens utensils, even to old chairs, and old pots. Indeed, it may be said that soon not a nail, nor a piece of wood, nor a tile, will remain in Sebastopol. Of course the houses occupied by the troops of occupation are respected, but this respect has to be enforced by detachments of soldiers stationed in the court-yard—so ardent is the desire for demolition. On the other hand, the engineers have resumed their mining works, in order to blow up the military and maritime establishments of Sebastopol. The cannon balls and shells found are collected in huge pyramids, and it is ascertained that a great number are fit for use."

The following is an extract from a letter from Kamiesch, published in the *Gazette du Midi*:—"By next spring Sebastopol will have shared the same fate as Tyre, Persopolis, and other great towns of antiquity, of which not a stone remains standing. The loss will be great for the Russians, and almost nothing for the allies. The traders who intended establishing themselves in the conquered town will be disappointed, and we must now bid farewell to all ideas of cafés, restaurants, balls, and theatres. Meanwhile the firing from one side to the other still

continues, but is of the most ridiculous description. Our fleet in Kamiesch and Kasatch has been tried by a novel epidemic, which attacks not the men but the vessels. Their keels are attacked by large worms, which gnaw the wood, and menace the ships far more than have done the Russians. It seems that these worms are peculiar to these shores, and this eighth plague of Egypt extends all along the Crimea as far as Nicholasiaeff."

It is stated that the floating batteries, whose efficiency and invulnerability was so effectually tested at Kinburn, will take a prominent part in attacking the northern forts of Sebastopol, while 26 batteries, armed with mortars of the heaviest calibre, will de-luge them from the southern shore. Eighteen of these batteries will be manned by French and Sardinian troops, and eight by the English army.

**THE ALLIES BEFORE SEBASTOPOI.**

(From the *Times*'s Correspondent.)

**CAMP ON THE TCHERNAYA, Nov. 13.**—The nightmare of a Russian attack is still hanging over us; but although, if anything of the kind was really contemplated by the Russians, this part of our line would probably be chosen by them in preference, the idea of an attack haunts the imagination less here than, perhaps, in any other part of the allied camp. The reason of this is obvious. By the late movements of the French troops at Baidar, and by the arrangements made to defend the positions at the fords of Tchorgoun and of Alsa, our position has become stronger than ever. When the Battle of the Tchernaya was fought nearly all the troops who had to guard the positions were in one line, without any reserves. These had to be brought down from the plateau. To our extreme right we had only a small detachment of French—in fact, a foraging party, encumbered by waggons and arabs—who would have been obliged to retire had the Russians pushed forward on that side. Their retreat would have left open to the Russians not only all the roads from Baidar, but likewise the flank of our position at Aleu, which was only feebly guarded by two battalions.—The Sardinians were at the time decimated by sickness, and the French had not more than three weak divisions on Fedukhine Heights. And with all these advantages the Russians could not make the slightest impression. How can they flatter themselves with the idea of success now, when a strong body of French protects our right and guards the passes leading from Kamara to Baidar; when the Sardinians are double the strength they were then; when the whole Highland Division is close by to act as a reserve; and when, finally, the three French divisions of the Fedukhine are supported by a second line encamped on the Turkish redoubt hills? And one must not imagine that the Russians are not aware of this circumstance, for they have an excellent panoramic view of our whole position from the heights which they occupy, so that with good glasses they can see every man who passes and every tent or hut which is erected, and the continual activity of their telegraphs by day and night must convince every one that they keep a good look-out.

The information gathered of the movements of the Russian army can scarcely be said to justify an apprehension of an attack either. The only thing which seems to be certain is that the hospitals at Simphéropol have been inspected, and the sick and wounded removed northward in carts which had come down on purpose. But this means probably nothing more than that the Russians see no use in keeping and feeding a large number of inefficient men during the winter, when they will have enough to do to keep the soul and body together of those who can be of some use in the defence of their position.

There is another puzzling piece of news which a Cossack deserter, who came over to the Piedmontese, brought with him. He spoke rather vaguely of an attack—that is to say, when asked whether he had heard of anything, he answered he thought so, but when asked whether he had seen any preparations, such as bridges, &c., he said that the Russians were constructing large boats covered with skins. All the Russian pontoons are of this description, and they used them on the Danube; but apparently they would not make such preparations to cross the Tchernaya, which now is only a tiny little stream, and in winter more of a marsh than a river, where, therefore, pontoons would be of very little use. The simplest and most natural explanation is, perhaps, that they are only repairing the losses which they have suffered during the last campaign.

The little which can be seen of the Russian position just near the edge of the plateau shows rather an intention of the Russians to follow our example, and make themselves comfortable, than to attack us. You can see them continually burning the brushwood, and several white lines which can be observed some days after in the wake of their fires prove that they are just as busy with their roads of communication as we are ourselves, and the series of molehill-like huts which are crowning the edges of the cliffs show that they are more advanced with their hunting—at any rate on the more exposed part of the plateau—than we are.

But, certainly, if one has made up one's mind that there should be a Russian grand attack on our lines; followed, if unsuccessful, by the evacuation of the Crimea, all these signs may be construed into so many proofs of the contrary of what they must appear at first sight, supported as they are, moreover, by the relative positions of the allies and the Russians.

The question is simple enough—What ought to be the object of operations for a General of the allied armies, superior, as they have proved themselves without one single exception, to the Russians in the open field? Naturally, to force them to accept a battle. To suppose, therefore, a Russian attack is to suppose that the Russians are fools enough to play out their own game. If their lines of communication were seriously threatened it would be another thing; but this is not the case. Not only the Perekop and Tchorgoun roads are open to them for the winter, but likewise that over the Spit will be so when the ice begins to form on its shores and gun-boats will no longer be able to prevent the traffic on it. The expedition to Kaffe seems to be countermanded; at least the troops which had returned from Kinburn landed two days ago; consequently the idea of taking Arabat, which would have been the only way to shut up the road over the Spit during the winter, is given up. Thus the Russians have just as much facility for getting supplies as they had last year; they have nothing to fear

from an attack until next year. Why should they, then, risk everything on the poor chance which they have against our lines?

**DRUNKENNESS IN THE BRITISH ARMY.**

(From the *Times*.)

Time was when it could excite no wonder and little regret to hear of a drunken army and to imagine every soldier a bottle imp. The bottle, in fact, formed part of the national idea of a soldier as much as his bayonet and his musket. He was the type of a good fellow that would stand not only fire but fire-water, until he fell on that inglorious field of battle under the table. The sergeant drank; and the young recruit took the King's shilling in the glorious fellowship of the alehouse. His health was drunk twenty times a-day by admiring comrades; the farmer's wife quashed his thirst, as he passed her cottage, with a draught of homebrewed; gin he enjoyed, his ambition was cognac, and he was happy as a king when he sat nightly in the bar of the Swan-with-Two-Necks, a pipe in one hand, a pot in the other, and his mouth full of smoke, mild ale, and blarney.—Every song-writer asked the question, why should he not drink? "A soldier's a man, life's but a span, why, then, let a soldier drink." If he went to the picture gallery he saw a pretty *rivandiere* serving out liquor to the defenders of her country. If he went to the play he saw the model soldier tipping like a fish and every man, woman and child belonging to that laith and canvass village thinking it an honor to bring him brimner on brimner. He read a novel, and either some Major Galbraith was found throughout the volume hiccupping "God save the King," or the first chapter required a drunken quarrel of redcoats to set the story agoing. Who ever heard of sober soldiers?—Cromwell's Ironsides were not soldiers; they were militant parsons, who could not drink because they were always holding forth—because the devil of talk had cast out the devil of drink.

All is now changed; or, rather, the facts still remain what they were, but our ideas of what ought to be have been considerably modified. It is no longer a point of honor with gentlemen to drink so many bottles of wine per diem. The modern reader is rather startled to find Boswell, after announcing that his physician has put him on the shortest possible allowance of wine, taking great credit to himself that for six weeks he actually has not exceeded one bottle of sherry at dinner. Without any Maine Liquor Law or teetotal pledges the educated classes of society have become extremely temperate, and it may almost be said that drunkenness is unknown among them. We do not despair of soon seeing this good example influence all classes of the community, and without the aid of those physical restraints which the more violent advocates of temperance in this country and in America seek to legalize; but it cannot be denied that in the masses, and in that section of them from which our army is recruited, the vice is as prevalent as ever, and appears, indeed, to be worse because we of a different class have become better. Let it not be supposed for one moment that we have any desire to palliate irregularities in the British army which, with shame and sorrow, it has been our duty to record: There is the sad fact still staring us in the face that in our Crimean army sobriety is the exception, intoxication the rule; and that a remedy may be applied; we wish to ascertain clearly how the case stands, and where the blame lies. Let us therefore say, in passing, that we are measuring the British standard not one hair's breadth higher than it ought to be, but considerably higher than he is accustomed to. The bluejackets get drunk the moment they get on shore. The redcoats spend in drink every fraction they can spare. The French are not a whit better; the Zouaves are as hard drinkers as any of our Highland or Irish regiments. Our soldiers are doing what has been the immemorial usage of soldiers, and we conceive that the blame lies far less with them than with the authorities.

**THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR.**—Few men have, in a shorter time, been subjected to greater changes of fortune than the present successor of St. Peter, Pope Pius IX. Within the brief term of ten years he has been subjected to the extremes of popularity and obloquy; hopes of prosperity for his people unprecedented, in temporal relations, in the history of modern Italy, followed by the blakest disappointments. He has suffered exile, and run imminent risks in his own person, and has seen the bright prospects of his dominions go down in war, disease, and scarcity. On the other hand, Providence has made him the instrument of great blessings to mankind. It was his presence and influence which tended, in a great degree, to restore peace between the Prince, who sheltered him in his dominions, and his infuriated subjects. If he met with disappointment in his own people, his involuntary separation from them roused the generous hearts of Europe to the real position of the Father of the Faithful. His escape alone, and in the disguise of a simple Priest, in the night, carrying, for his sole consolation, what the consent of the Church concedes to him alone the privilege of carrying for himself, the Lord and Sign of the Church, hidden under the sacramental species, in his bosom, roused the sympathies, and elicited the written responses of the "Orbe Catholicco." What private individual, what monarch of Europe, can be visited with reverses so great, for who stands so high in the real esteem of men, or reigns so wide in their affections and sympathies? What Pontiff, at any former period of history, could have struck a chord which should have vibrated so quickly, and over a field of space so wide, scattered as the Catholic body now is over the entire circle of the globe? Here, indeed, in the outward splendour of Hierarchies and visible institution; there, gathered under the rough shed of the Missionary confined to the few converted savages whom his Apostolic zeal has snatched from the gloom of the present and the perils of eternity; but the Catholic Church still, wherever she has wandered on her heavenly errand. It is in these last days, of the modern world alone that Jews can travel so wide or circulate so rapidly, thanks to the world-wide selfishness of him in their search of wealth, and that written testimonials of such sympathy as the Order of St. Peter has experienced could be circulated.

Not to speak of these personal matters, which have reacted on the Catholic world, and even on the unanimity of men, wherever it has been found, in favor of the successor of St. Peter, while the painful and humiliating side of them has fallen to the lot of the individual only, who represents that character, there are other blessings which Pius IX. has been

the means of obtaining for us. It is in his time that a multitude of processes, interrupted for half a century, and for which favorable opportunities had been wanting to his predecessor, have been carried to completion. It was under the pressure of much temporal disaster and anxiety that measures were taken for the establishment of the English Hierarchy; an event more important in itself and significant, than can yet be made to appear on the surface of things. It was about the same time that a Hierarchy was similarly granted to the Catholics of Holland. The press of Great Britain, Protestant in all its views and interests, felt the sting which an act so momentous inflicted on Protestant society. Its crowning bitterness to the Protestant body lay in its contrast with the temporal feebleness of the Supreme Pontiff. What a prince who could not keep his own law subjects in order, to talk of governing in any sort of sense, though a spiritual sense, the subject of his Britannic Majesty! A ruler expelled from his throne, and brought back by the armed intervention of foreigners, to establish churches and thrones in the heart of England, and to subject to these the counties of Kent, Sussex, &c. &c. But the powerful do not suffer themselves to be transported with rage by the weak. The passions of the English public must be our criterion of its real sense of the importance of such acts emanating from Saint Peter's Chair. But momentous as these national blessings will prove, the Pope has conferred one infinitely greater on the world, within the year past. It has been reserved to him to bring to a happy conclusion a question so vast as that which ended in the declaration of December. Amidst wars and rumours of wars the new dogma beamed out on the Catholic world, a luminous star over the troubled sea. How many of his predecessors had longed for that day, and might reasonably have been judged more free and powerful to sound such a trumpet note to the world? Yet it was the quiet, persevering, determined energy of Pope Pius IX., making the most diligent use of the system of direct personal communications with every portion of his wide, spiritual domain which effected what none of these could at all see their way to accomplish.

Such has been the lesson and example it has pleased Providence to put before us in the person of the Holy Father. As if to counterbalance such benefits, and remind the world of what it is, two great afflictions have befallen him and all his faithful children in the defections of Piedmont and the religious troubles in Spain. And now, finally, a few months have passed, and in turn the new Concordat has made its appearance, and is actual law at this present moment in Austria. Well may the Holy Father say that God has sent him a consolation as great as have been his late afflictions. Within ten years nearly all Europe—England, Austria, Holland, Spain, Piedmont, not to speak of France—have been called to take a prominent part, one side or the other, in the affairs of the Catholic Church, and directly upon Catholic interests, and the Holy Father has found in each of them suffering and consolation, keen and sudden beyond all former precedent. If the blessings of men of good will followed the loyal Emperor Francis Joseph, it will not be the less that he has stepped in at a moment so disastrous as that which saw the commencement of these happy negotiations. Who that knows the humility, unselfishness, simplicity of heart which characterise the greatest potentate (be it always remembered), and the most ancient in descent of the modern world—who that has ever experienced the personal gentleness, kindness, and sympathy which the personal interests of any one of the most obscure of Catholics wake up at once in his heart, will not feel the obedience and fidelity of the Emperor of Austria a consolation to himself on this account?—*Tablet.*

**SPITTING.**—Will the time ever come when the spittle that disgusting reminder that people spit, will be removed from our parlors, steamers and cars? Those who chew tobacco should feel a delicacy in having any one of the lower voices made apparent by the use of *la case de tabac*; few others rarely avail themselves of this convenience. The habits of spitting is probably one reason why the Americans are so meagre in person. They spit themselves to death, and then talk wondering about our climate—swell the number of those who die by consumption, and look like scare crows during the period of their natural life. Women and girls rarely spit—from an instinctive sense of its indelicacy; but men look solemn, talk grave, and spit. They finish a sentence in conversation by a spit, just as we close a paragraph in our editorial with a period. Boys, as soon as they are installed into a broad collar, spit. They practice in order to do this, well—shooting forward the body and the underlip till they become masters of the art, and able to hit a spittoon at the greatest possible distance. If spitting must be done, the pocket handkerchief is the only legitimate medium, and this can be used in a manner as little obvious to the spectator as possible. Those who have this habit inveterately established, should carry an extra handkerchief that the one "wisely kept for show" may be as little objectionable as possible. Seriously, our secretions, if healthful, are never offensive, and never in undue quantities—the habit of casting the saliva from the mouth causes an extra secretion which must in its turn be ejected, and thus nature is severely taxed to supply the waste; the gums shrink, the teeth fade, the throat is parched—bronchitis first, and finally consumption, or some other decay of a weak organ, comes in to close the scene. An Arab would run a man through who should presume to spit in his presence. The bird never spits—the toad squats to the earth, and the serpent secretes saliva as deadly poison. If we weep passionately the saliva is bitter—it is pungent and scanty in the action of the baser motives, while love renders it sweet and abundant. The saliva is associated with our whole animal economy, and follows closely upon the action of our minds, sympathetically, intimately with all its moods. Sensitiveness inclines us to swallow down our saliva, while disgust disposes us to spit it out. The scent of rose moistens the lips more than the tongue; lemons cause the mouth to be filled with saliva. The sight of one hateful to us dries the mouth, while on the contrary, one who is agreeable moistens it. Hence those who weep much have dry lips, while those who suffer without tears have not only dry lips, but an acrid mouth. There is a beautiful philosophy in all this, and those who waste the secretions by spitting lose not only the action of these glands, but unquestionably weaken the fine sensibilities associated with them. Show us a man who spits, and you show us a man of uncertain character, and one whose sensibilities are not to be trusted. Do away with spit-

toons, and nature will do her work genially for man, she will beautify him, whereas now she is obliged to be continually patching him up.—*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

**FASHIONABLE CHURCH IN NEW YORK.**—You enter the church porch. The portly sexton with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, meets you at the door.—He glances at you; your hat and coat are new, so he graciously escorts you to an eligible seat in the broad aisle. Close behind you follows a poor meek, plainly clad seamstress, relieved from her treadmill round to think one day in seven, of the Immortal! The Sexton is struck with sudden blindness. She stands embarrassed one moment; then as the truth dawns upon her, retraces her steps, and with a crimson blush recrosses the threshold which she has profaned with her plebeian feet. Hark to the organ. It is a strain from Norma, slightly Sabbath-ized. Now the worshippers one after another glide in—silks rattle—plumes wave—satin glistens—diamonds glitter, and scores of forty dollar handkerchiefs shake out their perfumed odors. What an absurdity to preach the gospel of the lowly Nazarine to such a set. The clergy knows better than to do so. He values his fat salary and handsome parsonage too highly. So with a velvet tread he walks all around the ten commandments—places the downiest pillow under the dying profligate's head, and ushers him with seraphic hymning into an upper ten Heaven.—*Fanny Fern.*

**WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS.**

Throughout the numerous pages are interspersed some of the most original "poetry," extant. The Widow, in speaking of her late relict, Deacon Hezekiah Bedott, says:

"He never jawed in all his life,  
He never was unkind—  
And, the' I say it, that was his wife,  
Such men you seldom find.

I never changed my single lot,  
I thought 't would be a sin,  
For I thought so much 'o Deacon Bedott,  
I never got married agin.

And since it was my lot to be  
The wife of such a man,  
I tell the men that's after me,  
'o ketch me if they can.

Whiskey and rum be tasted not,  
He thought it was a sin;  
The inconsolable Widow 'o Deacon Bedott,  
Don't intend to get married agin."

Shortly after the inconsolable Widow falls in love with the preaching of Elder Sniffles, who is "laid up" with a cold, and receives the following epistle:

"Oh! Reverend Sir, I do declare,  
It drives me most to frenzy,  
To think 'o you alyin' there,  
Down sick with influenza.

A body 'd thought it was enough  
To mourn yer wife's departing,  
Without such trouble as this 'ere,  
To come a follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction is trials sent  
By the will 'o a wise Creation,  
And always ought to be underwent,  
With fortytude and resignation.

Then mourn not for yer partner's death,  
But to submit endeavor,  
For 'spoen she hadent a died so soon,  
She colident a hadent forever.

Oh, I could to yer bedside fly,  
And wipe your weepin' eyes,  
And try my best to cure you up,  
If 'twouldent create surprise!

Both sick and well, you may depend,  
You'll never be forgot,  
By your faithful and affectionate friend,  
PRISCILLA POOLE BEDOTT."

The tender sentiment of this poem reached the Elder's heart, as acknowledged in a feeling response. Shortly after the Widow retires to a grove, in the rear of Elder Sniffles' house, sits down on a log, and sings as follows:

"Ere love had teachen my tears to flow  
I was uncommon cheerful,  
But now such misery I do know,  
I'm always sad and fearful!

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,  
All on a summer day!  
But O, my comforts were destroyed,  
When Shadrack crossed my way!

I heard him preach—I heard him pray—  
I heard him sweetly sing,  
Dear Suzie how I did feel that day!  
It was a dreadful thing!

Full forty dollars would I give  
If we'd continued apart—  
For though he's made my spirit live,  
He's surely bust my heart."

The Elder overhears the Song, but does not yield until he hears the following:

"Here sleeps Priscilla P Bedott,  
Late relict of Hezekiah—  
How melancholy was her lot—  
How soon she did expire!  
She didn't commit self suicide,  
'Twas tribulation killed her,  
O! what a pity she hadn't a died  
Afore she saw the Elder!

After the Widow's marriage to Elder Shadrack Sniffles she contributes the following to "The Scrabble Hill Luminary."

"Priscilla the fair, and Shadrack the wise,  
Have united their fortunes in the tenderest of ties;  
And being mutually joined in the matrimonial connection,  
Have bid adoo to their previous affliction.  
No more will they mourn their widdered sattuawtion,  
And continuer to sythe without mitigation;  
But partners of life, to be parted no more,  
Their sorrows is ended, their troubles is o'er.  
O Shadrack! my Shadrack! Priscilla did speak,  
While the rosy red blushes surmanted her cheek,  
And the tears of affliction bedozoxed her eye,  
O Shadrack! my Shadrack! I'm yourn till I die;  
The heart that was scornful and cold as a stun,  
Has surrendered at last to the fortinut one;  
Farewell to the miseries and griefs I have had,  
'Til never desert thee; O Shadrack, my shad!

The future fortunes of the Elder and Mrs. Sniffles, and her sister, Aunt Maguire, are they not recorded in the book, with pictures to match?

It is not alone in New York that things happen not altogether creditable to the existing state of society. Even Boston affords her share of such incidents. We have had our Poole affray, and in Boston another homicide has happened under circumstances scarcely more creditable to the reputation of that Puritan city. Some two or three weeks ago the Boston papers published an account of what seemed to be a case of summary but well provoked chastisement inflicted by two injured husbands and brothers-in-law upon two young gallants. Subsequent developments at the police office and in the newspapers put a different face upon the affair. It appeared that the wives of the vengeful husbands, two young and gay daughters of a wealthy merchant, had undertaken to make love to two young men who were not yet scarcely out of their teens, writing love letters to them, appointing meetings, and encouraging them to gain their carresses, which, however, do not appear to have gone to any very serious lengths. By means of a note which fell accidentally into the hands of one of the husbands, the matter came to their notice, and they immediately plotted their revenge. One of the wives was induced to write an earnest letter to her gallant, asking him to her house. He came accordingly, and the two husbands, who were in wait for him, gave him a severe beating. The other young man, whose name is Sumner (a cousin, it is said, of Senator Sumner), was entrapped to the same house by the urgent personal solicitations of the two husbands, whom he did not know, and who almost forced him there in a carriage under pretence that his lady-love was very anxious to see him. Arrived at the house, in spite of the entreaties of the two wives, who were present, they dragged him into a coal-cellar and beat and kicked him in the most brutal manner. On the complaint of the first young man, both husbands have been held to bail for assault and battery. One of them was subsequently held to bail for burglary in breaking and entering his father-in-law's warehouse and helping himself to \$1,700 from the safe. And now the news comes that the young man Sumner is dead, and that his two assailants have been arrested for homicide. It will be rather a case of manslaughter than of murder, but of such an aggravated character that, on conviction, the punishment can hardly be less than from ten to twenty years in the State Prison.

**SISTERS OF CHARITY.**—I had some talk with an old woman in the market-place; she told me a sad story of misery and destitution. Her daughter lay at home in a bad fever. "Why," said I, "do you not have her conveyed to the hospital?" But I found I had made a great mistake. The poor old lady was horrified. "Send her daughter to a 'Boulogne Hospital' why she would not send a dog there." This was soon explained; there are no Sisters in the hospitals here, and the difference caused by want of their admirable supervision is incredible.—*A Glance Behind the Grilles of Religious Houses in France.*

**VELOCITY OF SOUND.**—Different sounds travel with different velocities. A call to dinner will run over a ten acre field in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

**FACTS, WITHOUT COMMENT.  
THE PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW THEM.**

New York, October 10, 1852.  
Mrs. Hardey, No. 119 Suffolk street, writes us that she has been troubled with worms for some three years, and that she used one vial of DR. MLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, which brought away over FIFTY LARGE WORMS. Her usual good health immediately returned.

Mrs. Quigby, No. 182 Essex street, New York, under date of November 23, 1852, writes us that she had a child which had been unwell for better than two months. She procured a bottle of M'Lane's Vermifuge, and administered it. The child passed a large quantity of worms, and in a few days was as hearty as ever it had been. Parents, with such testimony before them, should not hesitate when there is any reason to suspect worms, and lose no time in procuring and administering Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge. It never fails, and is perfectly safe.

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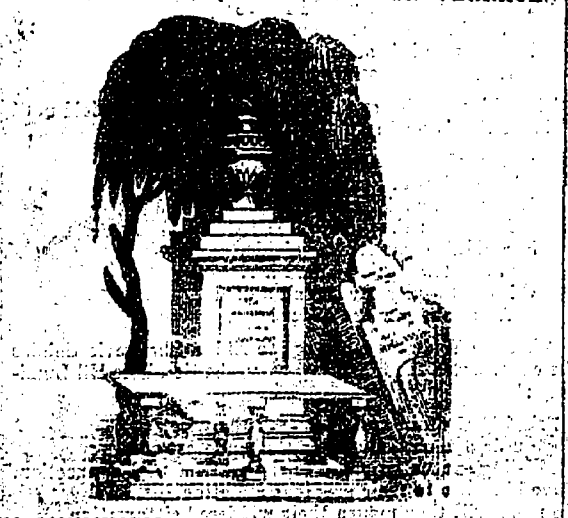
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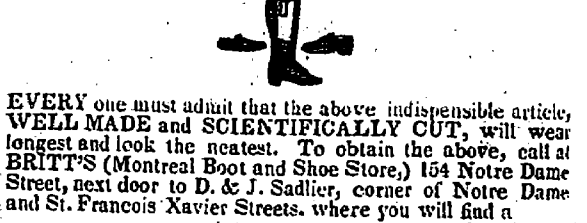
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