

THE GAVAZZI RIOTS IN CANADA.

ACCOUNT OF THE ATTACK IN QUEBEC, BY
FATHER GAVAZZI—HIS DESCRIPTION
OF THE RIOT.

We are indebted to Mr. G. F. Secchi de Casali, the editor of the New York *L'Eco d'Italia*, for the following interesting letter from Father Gavazzi, describing the attack made upon him at Quebec. It reached Mr. Secchi after his paper had been sent to press.

Letter from Father Gavazzi to the Editor of the New York *L'Eco d'Italia*.

G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI—
DEAR FRIEND:—

I only write a few particulars of the shocking case which happened the day before yesterday; you will perceive it more amply described in the papers I send you. I will begin by saying that the appearance of the assailants was most despicable, for they came dirty, torn, and in their shirt sleeves, the better to show their origin. It was their aim to secure me alive, in order to murder me without the church, but not having succeeded they attempted to kill me within the church. Many were led to believe it, when they had by repeated blows felled Paoli to the ground; for believing him to be me, they said one to another, "this is the very man." Another scheme of theirs was to blow out the lights, by turning the gas keys, for by so doing, from their concerted plan, they would have more easily succeeded in getting possession of me, seizing at the same time, every one present mostly ladies and children! But man proposes and God disposes. It was not possible to turn the gas key, or so easily capture me. Having rid myself of my first assailant by throwing him over the pulpit, I took off my cloak, brandishing the chair which had served me as an orator, I defended my post as a true Italian crusader. I think that many of this gang will remember for some time this passage of the Italian missionary's lecture.—Having a pulpit about twelve feet wide, with the stairs exposed, facing the church, and compelled to defend it against more than sixty savages, was rather a difficult task. An artillery sergeant—who now enjoys the sympathy of all parties—to the great shame of the policemen, [who were standing by as idle spectators] leaped from these stairs, and succeeded in defending with me my citadel. After the first attack, Paoli, who was at the church door, succeeded in reaching the stairs, having snatched a stick from one of the assailants hands, used it in every direction, and we were enabled to retain the liberty of our platform for more than twenty five minutes.

But again a gang of the outward assailants, to the number of more than seven hundred, rushed into the church. This is owing to another unpardonable mistake of the police; the stairs and parapet were assaulted with renewed violence. The Artillery sergeant feeling his equilibrium fail, clung to Paoli, who, amid the great throng of assailants, could no longer manœuvre his stick, meanwhile two of the savages had seized Paoli to overthrow him from the stairs, he cried out to me, "Gavazzi, help me." I abandoned the front of the pulpit and with a desperate blow of the bench which I held in my hands, fell upon the head of one of the two assailants, which caused him to bound from the stairs. I was returning to the front while some other assailants gained the ground I had abandoned to save my friend, lifted me from my feet and precipitated me headlong out of the pulpit, from a height of more than 15 feet.

This was to have been the hour of my death and could have been. The falling with such violence might have sufficed to crush my skull but God was there to protect his poor, but confident servant. I fell on a floor of enemies' heads and shoulders, and it was afterwards said that as I was of iron disposition, I weighed also as iron itself; but I sustained no wound from my fall. The crowd then dispersing, I found myself stretched out on the ground, with a legion of savages over me, enjoyed at being able to slay me. I then received a kick on my chin, which had produced a slight wound, and a contusion on the jaw, as the great crowd prevented the use of the stick they endeavored to supply it with their feet. I perceived

that nothing but a gigantic effort could save me, and I employed it accordingly. I rose in spite of them, and by blows opened a passage to the staircase which leads to the subterranean place where the Sunday schools are, and having met assassins on the stairs I overcame them; the last who from his size impeded my passage as it were a barricade, and threatened me with his large stick, calling me by the vilest of names, I very coolly rolled down the stairs, and jumping over him reached the entry of the Sunday school.

Fortunately the school was dark, having examined it in the morning I became acquainted with its structure. I took the left path among an innumerable quantity of benches, while the savages, who were still pursuing me, were obliged to delay before they could reach the door. It was then I heard the cry of Paoli, "God help me," which led me to believe that he was assaulted and beaten again by the assassins. Being left half dead, he would have been killed by the people had not an unforeseen hand conveyed him to the subterranean school, where he found himself, as it were, miraculously saved from a certain death. After five or six minutes of fatal suspense, some one of the police came. The lights were again lit, but this did not prevent the assailants from breaking all the windows of the school, by throwing large stones, one of which hit Paoli on the breast while Dr. Douglass was examining his wounds. But fortunately the military arrived and the assassins were dispersed. Paoli was the first to be led home. I followed him in a coach, with the Mayor of the city, and all the street was protected by strong patrols.—On examining our bodies, it was discovered that poor Paoli had received eight wounds from sticks, one of which is six inches long. I was found to have a wound on my head from a stone, and another on the occiput, from the blow of a club. They however gave me no pain as I contrived to let them bleed as much as possible. However, I have suffered nothing and am as well now as on my setting out from New York.

But the sensation experienced from this brutal assault results now contrary to what the assailants had expected. There is no Catholic Canadian but what does not disapprove of this outrage. It is to be observed that the assault had been organized; and consequently premeditated murder. The most aggravating circumstances are of having attacked a church in which women and children were assembled and to which the men had listened unarmed. But who then, could have conceived, organized and led so famous a scheme.

Sunday please God, we will gather together at our Italian service in New York, and I shall feel overjoyed in seeing again my brethren, after having escaped the death of my assassins.

Mennwhile remember me to them, and Believe me to be,

Your very affectionate friend,

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

—Toronto Globe.

COLD WATER STEAM ENGINE.—Yesterday afternoon, we visited the machine shop of Messrs. Burge & Johnston, to witness the performance of a new engine, styled as above, and recently invented by Mr. Edward D. Tippet. The steam is produced without boilers by simply injecting cold water into generators.—The amount of steam required to force out or return the piston rod is made by the introduction to the influence of the fire at each moment of precisely the quantity of water needed, thus doing away with the necessity of boilers. It is claimed that there is no possibility of an explosion, that greater power is obtained and less room occupied for the necessary machinery.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A SPIRIT RAPPER.—A young woman named Mary Ann Hammond called upon Mr. John S. Bussing, No. 32 Cliff street, on Thursday morning, to get the reward of \$200 that had been offered for the apprehension of the person who murdered Miss McElroy. She stated that she was a medium and carried the spirit of Miss McE with her; that Charles Fourier was her guardian spirit, and that the murdered girl had informed her that a minister had killed her. She was taken to the city prison, and placed in care of the matron as a lunatic.

Personal and Political Sketch of the Members of the House of Assembly of N. B., as we find them in 1853.

HON. J. H. GRAY.

This gentleman in stature is of the common height, erect, and well proportioned, hair glossy black, whiskers, and cheeks bearing the hue of health; eyes small, bright and flashing; nose slightly aquiline, and mouth rendered handsome by a fine set of teeth which the owner takes no pains to conceal, in brief Mr. Gray may be termed a fine looking man; but whatever his personal appearance may be, it is highly heightened when engaged in public speaking—then indeed he carries captive the attention and applause of his hearers; his voice is very rich and full of melody, articulating his sentiments with the sweetest elegance, while every sentence is expressed with the utmost regard to grammatical accuracy and the most precise pauses; while thus engaged his features assume a kindled glow and his eyes beam forth additional lustre—his attitude is becomingly dignified, and all his gestures graceful; thus then, we may without fear of contradiction pronounce Mr. Gray the most accomplished speaker in the House of Assembly his style being lofty, his language chaste, and eloquent.

No wonder that the liberals regretted his loss—nor less the wonder that the gov't. hailed his name on their list with demonstration of satisfaction; such a man as Mr. Gray must be influential on whatever side he lends his brilliant talents. Last session he leaned so far towards the ballot system that Attorney General Street roundly rebuked him, expressing surprise that he would oppose any part of his beloved creed—but Mr. Gray explained his views without pandering to the sentiments of the gov't. leader; there was consistency in forsaking the Reform party, whose cause he once espoused with the zeal and energy of a whole souled Reformer.

As a politician for the time being, Mr. Gray may be set down as an advocate of the present Gov't. and appears determined to risk his political existence on its precariousness.

HON. R. D. WILMOT.

Surveyor General, and member of the House of Assembly, in person, is of common size, firmly built, and indicates in his movements, much activity; his features are very pleasing, wearing when in good humor a continual smile—the very index of good-fellowship—but when irritated his countenance assumes a form betokening a violent and hot temper—his complexion is quite fair, and his eyes the tell-tales of mischief and intellect. In debate Mr. Wilmot is a rapid speaker—his voice is as pleasing as his features and he speaks with much force—studying neither rule nor art, he pours forth his sentiments loudly and vehemently; and yet despite his disregard of scholastic elocution, his sentiments are correctly expressed. Mr. Wilmot is a professed protectionist, and undisguised enemy of vote by Ballot; The good old English way, the open manly British way as he termed it, of coming to the Poll he delights in; and any opposing method he denounces most unsparingly. Mr. Wilmot forsook the liberal party and joined the Gov't. with Mr. Gray; and is as popular as his polished coadjutor, with the party whose cause he espoused. As surveyor general, we believe he gives the country entire satisfaction. If there be an honorable man among the batch of Gov't. officers we would venture to say as Nathan to David—tho' on a widely different circumstance "Thou art the man." If Mr. Wilmot would impose knowingly, upon the country, we must wait for proof ere we believe it—at present whether protectionist or free-trader, conservative or liberal, we put him down as an upright man—and will, until we are convinced to the contrary.

THE "CREOLE."—The wreck of the fine steamer was towed into this port on Sunday, supported by two Woodboats, and was grounded on the flats inside the Breakwater, where her deck and stern are dry at low water. We understand that her principal damage is the loss of her forefoot (leaving a large hole in the bow) and the grinding off of the false keel; but that not a butt in her is started, and she may therefore be repaired at no very great expense. The public will rejoice at her being again on the route, and feel gratified that her spirited owners will not sustain so great a loss as at first anticipated.—*New Brunswick.*

DISGRACEFUL SCENE AT A FUNERAL.—Religious intolerance seems to be the order of the day now in different quarters. The following we copy from the Newark (U. S.) Daily Advertiser of the 15th inst:

"A disgraceful riot took place yesterday afternoon on the Belleville Avenue, at the house of Mr. John Donahoe. A brother of Mr. D. who had been residing with him for about a year during which he had been ill of consumption, died on Saturday morning. Mr. D. is a Protestant and his brother was a Catholic, but when dying gave no particular directions concerning his funeral to the family, leaving it to their discretion, and they made arrangements with other friends, and Fathers Moran and Senez, for having Protestant services at the house, and then resigning the body to the Catholic friends of the deceased for interment in the Cemetery. This it was believed would settle all the difficulties which had been raised, and no disturbance being apprehended, the funeral was going on quietly, Rev. Mr. Townsend officiating. While he was in his discourse, Father Senez and others drove up and said, according to the testimony of those who heard it, "Is there no good Catholic here that will stop that babbling? He is playing a comedy over the dead body"—in allusion to Mr. Townsend.—The services were then stopped, the Catholics rushed in and attempted to get possession of the body and a general melee ensued, in which the coffin lid was taken off and used as a weapon by the assailants. The riot continued for some time, but the Protestant hearers and friends placed the body in the hearse and followed it to the grave among much ill language uttered by the other party. The affair will become a subject of legal investigation."

It is an absurd thing for us Yankees to rail at England, while we make ourselves dependent on her for the greater part of our intellectual enjoyment. If John Bull be the great, bloated, dull grasping, beef-fed, church-ridden, guzzling old dotard that writers tell us, in the name of consistency why not let go his skirts, and try to get along without his assistance? We use all his literary performances, refusing to offer him any recompense for them on the avowed ground that we can't get along without them, and then turn around and call him dunce, dotard, and flunkey, while our actions confess him our superior. Frenchmen may call John Bull perfidious with some reason, for they do not rob him of his works; but for us to do so, while we voluntarily submit to his mental government, is in the last degree absurd and nonsensical.—*Putman's Monthly.*

MASONIC.—On Wednesday last several of our "brethren of the mystic tie," principally members of the Albion and Carleton Union Lodges of this city, proceeded to Norton for the purpose of installing a Masonic Lodge in that delightful locality. Brother Henry P. Otty, was installed as Master, and after the ceremony the visiting brethren joined the members of "Corinthian" the name of the new Lodge, at an elegant collation. After a few masonic and loyal sentiments having met with a due response, the company separated and returned to their respective homes. We cordially tender to our Corinthian brethren the right hand of fellowship, and our best wishes for their masonic and individual prosperity.—*St. John Chronicle.*

A subscription, amounting already to upwards of £1000, has been raised for the widow and children of the late Peter Gillespie, shot by the troops on the evening of the 9th instant; and another subscription list is going round for the widow and family of Mr. Hutchison, who was similarly slain. We think a systematic effort should be made to relieve all the families which have been deprived in this way of any of their sources of support.—*Montreal Witness.*

An inquest was held on Wednesday evening last before Henry Fisher Esq., coroner, in view of the body of Louisa Westle, a little girl about three years old, who came to her death by falling into a large wash tub nearly filled with water, in a yard on the premises. The Jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."—*Fredricton Reporter.*