

ence we are not without our misgivings on the subject. The Kildare Street Society of hypocritical memory, formerly made a great boast of distributing the *Douay* Testament amongst the Irish Catholic peasantry. What will our readers think when we tell them that the whole was a pious fraud, for the commission of which the Saints are, it seems, peculiarly privileged? The books distributed amongst the "benighted Irish" were the Protestant version, without a single note or comment; but the *Title page* was the title page of the *Douay* Testament, and on the back of this page were the usual Approbations of the *Douay* Catholic Theologians. Every syllable of the rest was Protestant. Who can wonder at the well merited fate of the holy tricksters of Kildare Street? But, *revocons a nos moutons*: If the authorities at the Horse Guards are really anxious to provide for the spiritual welfare of the Catholic Soldier, let them secure for him, at home and abroad, the services of the Clergy of his religion, and deal out to him the same justice that is meted to his gallant companions in arms who belong to the Scotch Kirk and the Church of England.

HORSE GUARD CIRCULAR.

Bibles for the use of Roman Catholic Soldiers.

Memorandum, April 11, 1846.

In reference to the directions contained in page 219 of the Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army, the Commander-in-Chief is pleased to direct that commanding officers of regiments and depots shall transmit, on the 1st of January in each year, under cover to the adjutant-general, for the information and guidance of the principal chaplain to the forces, a return, showing the numbers of Bibles (of the *Douay* edition) required for the use of the Roman Catholic soldiers in each regiment and depot, according to the form annexed.*

This return is required to be furnished, in addition to the usual return of the number of Bibles and Testaments, Books of Common Prayer, &c., in possession of each regiment and depot, as prescribed in the regulations of the army above alluded to.

By command of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, Commander-in-Chief,

(Signed) JOHN MACDONALD, A. G.

*This form has columns to be filled up—1. Number of Roman Catholic Soldiers present, who are capable of reading and desirous of possessing Bibles. 2. Number of Bibles in possession of the men. 3. Number in store. 4. Number required for hospital. 5. For individual soldiers. To be signed by the commanding officer.

The sad scene described in the following article is one of the thousand proofs of the delusive consequences of Private Judgment, and the indiscriminate perusal of the Scriptures. We were indebted to the pen of Mrs. Trollope for a graphic description of an *American Revival*; and though considerable doubt was thrown upon her narrative at the time, it is now well known that she concealed many of the horrible portions of those scandalous and indecent exhibitions. We were not, however, prepared for such an English Melodrame as that Brummagem Bunkum affords. How much better to have an ignorant multitude guided by the venerable Authority of the Church, than to be thrashed about by every wind of doctrine," the sport of silly enthusiasts or sly Pharisees? Talk to us, indeed, of "Priest-ridden Papists!" after such specimens as these. We defy all the daily and nightly gatherings at Exeter Hall, during the whole month of May, to produce from any part of the Catholic world a parallel spectacle. Oh! what a God-send it would be to find out a case in which Thirty Catholic Priests had countenanced such frantic blasphemy! Let it however excite our sympathy for the forlorn spiritual condition of once Catholic England. By a just, but terrible retribution of Providence, her people are punished for their desertion of the True Faith, and the horrible sacrileges of the Reformation, by being delivered over to a blind and stupid credulity on every thing that pertains to religion. Those who shook off the sweet yoke of Faith, now wear more galling chains. Those who rejected all that was venerable in antiquity,—Church, Councils, Fathers, Doctors, are now the sport of every mountebank who chooses to set himself up as a divinely-inspired guide. It is indeed passing strange that no people under the sun are more clever, more intelligent, or more quick-sighted in all *temporal matters* than the English; whilst in spiritual things there is more folly, weakness, and gullibility, than in all the world beside. We don't deny that the English are a Church-going people—but we repeat there are more religious dupes amongst them, and of a more extravagant kind, than any where else. In the religious department, those men, otherwise so shrewd, will gulp down any thing—no matter how ridiculous or absurd—whether a disgusting Southcote proclaim that she has conceived the Messiah, or a Thom