

There are two modes of misrepresenting the faith of Catholics. One consists in representing them as attaching little, or no importance, to the performance of duties which the Church imperatively enjoins. The other, in, attributing to them doctrines and practices which the Church condemns. Of the first mode, we have an admirable instance in the very Protestant historian Mosheim, who, to serve his dishonest purposes, deliberately garbled the writings of the Bishop of Noyon, in order to make it appear, that, in the seventh century, the Church laid no stress upon any thing, save the mechanical performance of a few external acts of devotion, and the payment of the Church dues. To effect his purpose, Mosheim, with true Protestant candor, purposely omitted from his quotations the whole of the concluding paragraphs, for how could a Church be represented

It appears, no doubt, as strange, as it is unpleasant, to our Protestant cotemporaries, that they are not allowed to have everything their own way; that Catholics should have the audacity to claim, as a right, to be heard in their own behalf, and should actually presume to ward off some of the filth with which their Protestant lords and masters have so long thought fit to bespatter them. Well, it may be annoying—but still, our friends, if they were wise, would quietly devour their chagrin, and, making a virtue of necessity, would learn to bear with patience, what they must perforce submit to, whether they like it or not. Especially would it be wise on the part of the *Montreal Herald* to eschew polemics, politico-religious controversy, and, indeed, all questions, which demand a little study—a little talent, natural, or acquired—a little of the style, habits, and education of a gentleman, on the part of those who attempt to discuss them; unfortunately for our cotemporary, he is preeminently deficient in every one of these qualifications. He is all very well, and very respectable, so long as he sticks to his own peculiar line of business; he can twaddle, solemnly, about Mess-Pork and Free-Trade; he is prosy—very—but still we can endure him, upon Canals and Railroads—Drains and Sewers; these are topics upon which he is great, and can discourse most eloquently; they are subjects, just suited to his intellectual calibre, and to which his style of composition can render ample justice. Nature has well adapted every animal for the peculiar work which it is called upon to perform; to the noble horse, she has given speed and courage; the sluggish ox, honest beast, is better suited for heavy drudgery; so with our cotemporary; though destitute of wit, fancy, liveliness, or anything bearing the remotest resemblance to genius, his plodding industry, though it cannot make him great, may, at least, if properly directed, place him above contempt; and if he will but abstain from seurrility, and personalities, he may hope to be forgiven his utter want of fun, and humor. We exhort him then, in no unfriendly spirit, to stick to the

And it is to perpetuate this foreign yoke, this ignominious badge of defeat and serfdom, that, under the pain of being branded as false to their country, Irishmen are expected to take up arms! What have Irishmen to do with England? England is not *their country*—they are *aliens*—at least Lord Lyndhurst said so; and if the Irish are *aliens* to England, it follows that England must be *alien* to the Irish. We defy the *Herald* to controvert our logic, or successfully to tax us with treasonable purposes. We said, and say again, that the best policy of the Irish is to stop “quietly at home”; “*quietly*,” because any attempt at insurrection would be sinful, inasmuch as success would be doubtful, much misery and bloodshed alone certain—for the hour of “Ireland’s opportunity” has not yet come; and “*at home*,” because Ireland requires all her children to cultivate her long neglected soil, to build up her waste places, to recruit her diminished numbers, and thus to increase her chance of being one day restored to the dignity of a free nation, when “the day of Ireland’s opportunity” shall have arrived. If to exhort men to “stay quietly at home,” be treason, our opponent is likely to hear much treason from us, and to be told again,

In this city, on the 5th instant, Mr. James Grace, aged 30 years. Friends and acquaintances are requested to attend his funeral, without further notice, from his brother's-in-law residence,—James Brennan, No. 5, St. Peter Street—to the place of Interment, French Burying Ground, on Saturday Morning, at eight o'clock, precisely.