

time in a disgraceful state of dilapidation. The large east window of the chancel has been blown in and covered with a tarpaulin; and the other window to the south, likewise broken, has been repaired with a plank!

The Manchester police-force, to the number of 250, have resigned their staves, and the city of Manchester is in some commotion, the safety of the property being entirely dependant upon about 200 instead of 400 men, most of whom are altogether new to the business; and some, it is suspected from their demeanour not the best men for the purpose.

Smuggling.—Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made for its suppression by the officers of Inland Revenue, smuggling seems to be prosecuted to a considerable extent in several parts of the country, the recent increase of duty apparently giving an impetus to that demoralizing and nefarious traffic. Many seizures have been made of late in different parts in this neighbourhood.—*Inverness Advertiser.*

Perjury is on the increase in England. The convictions in '49 were 18; in 1851 the number was 29. The contradictory statements before the Dockyard Committee are not included in this account.

According to a census just published, more persons are arrested in Glasgow in a year than in all the rest of Scotland.

To split up seems to be the inevitable fate of all Protestant sects; even the Mormon Israel has its troubles as will be seen by the following:—

REFRACTORY HUSBAND.—A curious application was made to Mr. Hall at the Bow Street Police Office, London, on the 9th inst., just before the closing of the Court. A young man, respectfully dressed, stated that he was married on Monday morning at Islington church and that they had scarcely got out of the church when his bride threw her wedding ring in his face, declared she would not have him, and returned home to her friends. What was he to do? Could he not have a summons to compel her to live with him? Mr. Hall regretted that he had no control over the young lady, and, as the marriage had not been consummated, the applicant could hardly go into the Ecclesiastical Courts for the restitution of conjugal rights. The application was certainly a novel one. Men came to the Court every day to try and get rid of their wives, and there had been two such appeals to him that very afternoon; but unfortunately they never had a man imploring to have his wife restored to him.

TABLE-TURNING OVERTURNED.—The phenomenon of table-turning has at last received its probable solution, and the dénouement is duly moralized. Some weeks back, the turning was ascribed to "unconscious muscular action." More recently, a gentleman eminent in science ascribed it to the resolution of oscillating forces—the result of a tendency which oscillating forces have to resolve themselves into one. Professor Faraday has thought it worth while to examine the subject somewhat exactly, and he has published the result. First, by a variety of experiments, he ascertained the fact that the turning power did not depend upon the materials of the body to be turned. He then constructed a light lever, so placed on the table as to indicate whether the hands moved first, or the table—whether the hands moved the table, or the table the hands. This was tried in two ways,—with the index concealed, and with it unconcealed. When the index was visible, the table did not move at all; when it was concealed, the index showed that the movement of the hands preceded that of the table. He explains the matter thus. Waiting for a long time, the fingers becoming stiff with pressure and insensible, the force of the muscular momentum becomes sufficient to move the inert body, without conscious action. If the index be watched, this unconscious moving or yielding in the direction to which attention has been turned is corrected: "no prompting or checking of the hands is needed—the power is gone." Mr. Faraday is "greatly startled by the revelation which this purely physical subject has made of the condition of the public mind"; because unlearned people have rather referred the phenomenon to all sorts of imaginary causes,—to electricity, supernatural agency, to some unrecognized physical force, or other fancy,—rather than suspend their judgment, or acknowledge its insufficiency, or inquire whether cause and effect were proportionate to each other. But is not the philosopher unphilosophical in philosophizing thus? Does he not know that equation of cause and effect is a process so far transcending the ordinary capacity as never even to be thought about; that to admit the insufficiency of one's own knowledge requires a definite state of ideas seldom attained; and that to suspend the judgment is a duty sometimes forgotten even by lawyers, much more by natural philosophers. Rudely observed, the experiment did not in itself supply the evidence which Mr. Faraday has now furnished. And although—if the phenomenon had been caused by a hitherto unrecognized force—it was rather surprising that we had no traditions of dining-tables playing pranks under the casual evocation of the force, yet before now real forces have marvellously escaped recognition by scientific observers, and have been long set down to that supplemental philosopher "the Devil." The fact is, that the laity outside all crafts and mysteries—the nobility, gentry, and public in general—are not bound to be the reverse of foolish in matters of special wisdom; though it is desirable to have them behave as sensibly as possible. To teach is the very duty of philosophy; and it is not less a duty to correct error than to teach positive truth. To us, the animated curiosity and ready faith of the good public did not present the worst aspect of its "condition of mind"; it was not half so bad as the spirit of a more sceptical and so-called "philosophical" time—the blank blasé unbelief, ready-made for every new idea, or the pedantic weary watch never to be caught tripping. And while we admire the philosopher, inclining from his pedestal, deigning to investigate, making his explanation scientifically exact and popularly intelligible, and thus performing a valuable public duty, we cannot but be amused at the inextinguishable simplicity which reciprocates the popular wonderment at the turning of tables with an equal wonderment at the table-turners' "condition of mind."—*Spectator.*

UNITED STATES.

Ladies porter houses are becoming fashionable in New York, so it is said. They are for the accommodation of ladies—all ladies. Even a lady's husband would not be admitted into these saloons. Cigars are said to form a considerable item of the refreshments.

Division in the Mormon Camp.—On the 27th of March President Brigham Young addressed the saints assembled in the tabernacle in Great Salt Lake City, for this purpose of warning them against the apostates

in their midst, who were trying to rise up and usurp Joseph's (Joe Smith's) place. "What do we see here? exclaimed the prophet. "Do we see disaffected spirits here? We do. Do we see apostates? We do. Do we see men that are following after false and delusive spirits? Yes. When a man comes right out, as an independent devil, and says, 'D—Mormonism and all the Mormons,' and is off with himself, not to Texas, but to California (you know it used to be to Texas)—I say he is a gentleman by the side of a nasty sneaking apostate, who is opposed to nothing but Christianity. I say to him,—Go in peace, Sir,—go and prosper if you can! But we have got a set of spirits here worse than such a character. When I went from meeting last Sabbath my ears were saluted with an apostate crying in the streets here. I want to know if any one of you who have got the spirit of Mormonism in you—the spirit that Joseph and Hiram had, or that we have here, would say, 'Let us hear both sides of the question, let us listen and prove all things.' What do you want to prove? Do you want to prove that an old apostate, who has been out from the church 13 times for lying, is anything worthy of notice? I heard that a certain gentleman, a picture maker in this city, when the boys would have moved away the wagon in which this apostate was standing, became violent with them, saying 'Let this man alone, these are saints that are persecuting (sneeringly.) We want such men to go to California, or anywhere they choose.' I say to those persons, you must not court persecution here, lest you get so much of it you will not know what to do with it. Do not court persecution. We have known Gladden Bishop for more than 20 years, and know him to be a poor, dirty cur. I dreamed that I was in the midst of a people who were dressed in rags and tatters—they had turbans upon their heads; and these were also hanging in tatters,—the rags were of many colors, and when the people moved they were all in motion; their object in this appeared to be to attract attention. Said they to me, 'We are Mormons, Brother Brigham.' 'No, you are not,' I replied. 'But we have been,' said they, and began to jump, and caper about, and dance, and their rags of many colors were all in motion, to attract the attention of the people. I said, 'You are no saints, you are a disgrace to them.' Said they, 'We have been Mormons.' By and by along came some moloerats, and they greeted them with, 'How do you do, Sir, I am happy to see you.' They kept on that way for an hour, I felt ashamed of them, for they were in my eye a disgrace to Mormonism. Then I saw two ruffians whom I knew to be robbers and murderers, and they crept into a bed where one of my wives and children were. I said, 'You that call yourselves brethren, tell me is this the fashion among you?' They said, 'Oh, Oh! they are good men, they are gentlemen.' With that I took my large bowie-knife, that I used to wear as a bosom-pin in Navoo, and cut one of their throats from ear to ear, saying 'Go to hell, across lots!' The other one said, 'You dare not serve me so!' I instantly sprang at him, seized him by the hair of the head, and, bringing him down, cut his throat, and sent him after his comrade; then told them both if they would behave themselves they should yet live, but if they did not I would unjoin their necks. At this I awoke. I say, rather than that apostate shall flourish here I will unsheath my bowie knife and conquer or die! (Great commotion in the congregation, and a simultaneous burst of feeling assenting to the declaration.) Now, you nasty apostates, clear out, or judgment will be put to the line, and righteousness to the plummet. (Voices generally, "Go it, go it!") If you say it is right, raise your hands. (All hands up.) Let me call upon the Lord to assist us in this, and every good work."

TROUBLE IN LOUISVILLE.—In view of the symptoms of a religious riot in Louisville, Ky., owing to the excitement caused by the Protestant preaching of Kirkland, of Cincinnati, the Catholic Bishop has issued a circular to the members of his denomination to the following effect:—

CIRCULAR TO THE CATHOLICS OF LOUISVILLE.—Having been informed that some excitement has been caused by the violent harangues of a street brawler against our religion, I deem it my duty hereby solemnly to advise and warn you against being present at any street meeting of the kind in future. Your attendance can do no good, while our holy religion can surely receive no injury from attacks so utterly reckless and unprincipled. Therefore, let every Catholic stay peaceably at home, and treat with neglect or merited contempt those who seek to render themselves notorious by assailing our character. Their efforts can do harm but to themselves.

M. J. SPALDING, Bishop of Louisville.

BIBLICALS.—The School Report says, "a part of the exercises of these schools is the daily perusal of the bible." The following example from the New York Times, will serve as an illustration of this kind of instruction, and is by no means an uncommon case: A celebrated character in this city was lately taken ill and confined to his bed for several days. His wife proposed to read for him, to which he readily assented. "Shall I read a chapter or two out of the Scriptures?" enquired the anxious wife. "Oh, yes, that will do very well." "But what part of the bible shall I read?" "Any part you like, love." "But, dear, you must have some choice—some preference." "No, I have none in the world, dear; read any part you like best." But I would rather please you, dear John, and you must surely have a preference." Well, well, dear if you will please me, then pitch into Nicodemus.—*Catholic Mirror.*

EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL.—On the 27th of April last, the sum of \$1,700, with a gold watch, chain and ring, was stolen from the house of Samuel B. Parmelee, in Wallingford. Application was made to Mary Rich, a clairvoyant, 13 years of age. Her father put her into the clairvoyant state in the presence of Mr. Parmelee the loser, and a Dr. Simons. She said, while in the sleep, that an Irish girl, a servant in the family, had stolen the property, but had burnt the money and thrown the watch, chain and ring into the well near the house of Mr. P. The well was searched the watch and ring found there, and traces of burnt paper was also found in the stove pipe and chimney. The girl was arrested, and confessed that she did steal the property and dispose of it as described. The trial took place in New Haven last week. It appears from the evidence that Mr. Parmelee returned from New-Haven to Wallingford on the 27th of April. He testified that he counted his money (\$3,170) and placed it in a bureau drawer, in which was also a gold watch worth \$140, two gold chains and a gold ring. This servant girl came into the room and undoubtedly saw him

count the money. The bureau, containing this property was in a room adjoining the bedroom of Mr. Parmelee, and the door leading to it was left open when he went to bed. He retired at 9 1/2 o'clock, and left a door unlocked to admit this girl, who had gone out.—The house was in process of painting, and the windows were left slightly up, to keep them from sticking. In fifteen minutes after he went to bed, he heard the door below open and the girl (as he supposed) came in. She went up stairs—had on shoes; shortly came down without shoes, and went into the buttry. Then she went back to her room, he heard her there, but heard no more that night. She got up about 5 1/2 o'clock next morning—the usual time. He soon after got up, and noticed that the desk and drawers were open. The book case key was used to unlock the desk. He saw that the watch, money and jewellery were gone. There were marks apparently by hands on the fresh paint of the window, and he thought they were made from the inside. He went over to Samuel Peck's to consult another about the matter. [The Court ruled that what the girl said in the clairvoyant state could not be received as evidence if repeated by others.] Mr. Parmelee continued his evidence. He said that he found the watch and jewelry in the well on the 29th of April; but he never found the money. It belonged to him solely. He had not shown this money—intended to pay out \$150 of it next morning. Mary Rich, the clairvoyant, was called upon. She testified that she knew nothing of the facts in issue—that she could not remember anything she had said when in the sleep. Ebenezer H. Ives, who had been appointed guardian of the prisoner—she being an orphan, and 16 years of age—testified that the girl confessed that she did steal the money, and that she burned it because she was frightened, and that she threw the jewelry in the well. Ann Dagnan testified that threats were used to make the prisoner confess. The prisoner declared she was not guilty, but finally said she would own it to please Mrs. Parmelee. After a consultation of 15 minutes the Jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty.—*Hartford Daily Times.*

TWELFTH OF JULY AT ST. JOHN'S, N.B.

UNPROVOKED AND MURDEROUS ATTACK BY A PARTY OF ORANGEMEN—BRUTAL TREATMENT OF WOMEN.

The twelfth of July, the great anniversary of the Orangemen, had come and the city presented an unusual appearance of peace and calmness. Men looked as if they dreaded the possible recurrence of any of those scenes that so frequently disgraced the city, and an unusual degree of quiet and reserve was manifested. The Orangemen made little display, those who desired to celebrate the day having for the most part gone to the country for that purpose. There was peace and order and quiet. The fear of all disturbance had subsided and peaceful men began to flatter themselves that at least one Twelfth would have passed in the city without the shedding of human blood; that men had at length begun to learn the lesson of peace and good will to men, and no longer to think it necessary to offer up human holocausts on their great festival.

But, alas! they were mistaken. Fanatic frenzy had not yet lost its power over men, to brutalize them and render them ravenous for blood; for, on Tuesday afternoon, one of the most savage, brutal, unprovoked outrages that it is possible to conceive any beings in the forms of men could perpetrate was committed at the Suspension Bridge. On Wednesday, about noon, Mr. Cushing, proprietor of a steam mill, near the Falls, came to the Police Office and enquired if any steps had been taken to bring the parties who had stabbed the young man, on the previous afternoon, to justice. He was told that no information had been lodged there. The Superintendent stated that he had merely heard some reports of the matter; that he had also heard other reports of three men being shot, &c., and had put them all down as mere rumors. The Magistrate referred Mr. Cushing at first to the Portland Office, but on being told that the offence was committed in Lancaster, heard the account which Mr. Cushing had to give of the affair. It was this: a young man named McEvoy with his brother and another young man walked with three young ladies (their cousins) to see the Suspension Bridge. Two of the ladies were strangers from Eastport and wished to see the Bridge. As they returned towards Carleton on their way to the city—the young women intending to return by the "Admiral," on Wednesday morning—they met, immediately back of the Asylum barn, a party of Orangemen, who were returning in waggons from the country, and were dressed out in scarfs, &c., and waving Orange handkerchiefs and flags. The road is very narrow and they waved and slapped their flags in the faces of the women of the little party and called them names, using the coarsest and foulest language. McEvoy, who is of a very gentle disposition, said to the others "never mind them, come on," and they continued to walk along. As they passed, however, some of the Orangemen finding that their coarse language could not create a pretext for a quarrel, threw lobster shells and oyster shells (the debris of their feast) at them and struck one of the women. One of the young men, (not McEvoy) whose temper was warm, could not endure this, and turning round he said, "you had better not do that again." The Orangeman replied with an oath that he would let him see he would; and, jumping from the wagon, instantly attacked the young woman, knocked her down, jumped on her and kicked her. Nine of his companions jumped out of the waggons at the same time and attacked the men, of course overpowering them at once. One, with a sling shot, struck one of the three on the head knocking him down and continued to beat him until he was all but killed—others knocked down and beat and kicked McEvoy's brother dreadfully, while a man with a dirk stabbed poor McEvoy between the seventh and eighth rib through the lung, and two fellows armed with guns pursued the other two young women who ran screaming through the Asylum grounds. Then the whole number jumped into their waggons, drove at a gallop over the bridge, and along the Straight Shore into the city.

This outrage exceeds in brutality anything we have ever heard or read of. Women were in the first place insulted and struck, and a woman was the first to be knocked down and jumped upon by a brute who, no doubt, gloried in the feat; and other women were pursued by men armed with guns. That ten armed men should have unprovokedly attacked and even murdered three unarmed men merely because it was the Twelfth of July, and the larger party were determined to celebrate it, would have been bad enough, and yet perhaps such conduct might have found its apologist,

or even men to approve of it; but, that women should be thus brutally treated, insulted, attacked, beaten, trampled upon in open day by a band of drunken armed men is so revolting to every feeling of which man is proud that these ruffians cannot receive the sympathy of any one in the community who pretends to feel or think as a man. Orangemen themselves must be ashamed of such unspeakably disgraceful, ruffianly conduct.

It is remarkable that though the outrage was committed so early in the evening nothing was done to prevent the arrest of the murderers, and the first move was only made when Mr. Cushing made his statement at the Police Office. No information had been received up to that time and none had been sought.—We hope, for their own sake, the Police will exert themselves. The party must have been seen by numbers as they passed along the Straight Shore and through Portland after their victory, and it is the duty of any one who knows any of them to give me the information he can, and as soon as possible, to the Police Magistrate or the Superintendent of Police.—*St. John's (N.B.) Freeman.*

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