

**STREAM TO AUSTRALIA.**—We are glad to learn that one of our most enterprising Australian firms, who have hitherto restricted their operations to selling and shipping to the colonies, are about to make a grand enterprise. To this, which must cost some \$400,000, they have agreed to follow up by other expeditions, and the sooner the plan is followed by others the better for all.

**WALLACE'S FATE.**—The Wallace and Home Memorial Association, who have been engaged in the raising of money for the erection of a monument to the Wallace monument, has only raised \$2,000, and for the Wallace monument.

**MILITARY MATTERS.**—One of the reports of the new tales every day turning up about the mismanagement, or something worse, of the war, is that disclosed in the *United Service Magazine* for December, wherein it is shown from confidential sources that the late Lord Dalmeny was more than a little displeased with the conduct of the military operations, and that the late Lord Dalmeny was more than a little displeased with the conduct of the military operations, and that the late Lord Dalmeny was more than a little displeased with the conduct of the military operations.

**THE DUNSTON CASE.**—The Rev. Canon Denison, in the diocese of Exeter, has issued protests, addressed to the Bishop of Exeter, against the recent decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Denison case. One of them, issued by some Clergymen in the diocese of Exeter, and signed by the Rev. Canon Denison, states that they apply to the Bishop of Exeter in all confidence for counsel and advice under circumstances of great difficulty and with minds grievously disquieted by the decision. They feel that restrictions are imposed on that liberty of opinion which the Church has ever allowed on points which she has never strictly defined, and that the opinions of Divines, whose writings have been hitherto referred to as examples of sound teaching, are thereby called in question. They do not wish to be rash or hasty in expressing their opinion, but they are desirous to be guided by the counsel of their diocesan in any measures which shall be deemed necessary for securing to the Church that liberty which the decision seemed calculated to narrow, and restrict. The Rural Dean having received this address, convened a meeting of the Clergy of the diocese, at Barnstaple, and it was resolved, unanimously, that, under present circumstances, it was not desirable or expedient to interfere with the decision given in the late judgment of the court held at Bath.

**UNIONIST MATTERS.**—We give the *Weekly Register* a Report of the judgment given by the Court of Arches in the Denison case on Friday. Sir John Dodson decides, apparently in accordance with common sense, that an appeal from the Archbishop in person to his representative would involve an absurdity, and therefore rejects it. But (on the motion of Mr. Denison's counsel) he suspends the execution of the sentence of deprivation till next Term. What the next step will be the lawyers must decide. Mr. Denison, we presume, may obtain the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench as to his right of appeal, by applying for a mandamus directing the Court of Arches to receive it. Or he may possibly carry the question at once to the Privy Council. To suppose that the sentence of the Archbishop of Canterbury upon an important question of doctrine would be final without an appeal to the Sovereign, from whom alone he derives his spiritual authority, and in subordination to whom he exercises it, would imply an entire overthrow of the first principles of the Church of England. The only question is, in what form and by what proceedings it is to be reviewed? This is a question of considerable difficulty, owing to the unusual circumstances of the case, in which the Archbishop sat, not as the highest spiritual authority of the Establishment under Her Majesty, but as representing Lord Auckland in the Diocese of Bath and Wells. We may trust the ingenuity of the lawyers to find some way out of the difficulty, and to afford Mr. Denison the opportunity of obtaining the sentence of the highest spiritual power recognised by him, the British Sovereign, advised by the legal members of her Privy Council.

The proposition made by Sir Roderick Murchison and a number of scientific and naval men for the continuance of the search for Sir John Franklin and his companions has been strongly opposed by the *Times* and in other quarters as a perfectly useless proceeding, and as hazarding the lives of brave men for the sake of those who are undoubtedly dead. Captain Collinson, however, argues strongly in favor of the expedition. The danger, he urges, is not so great as is represented, because we have not now to search every nook and corner of the Arctic Sea; we know the exact spot where to go; and, setting aside the question as to whether there are any survivors or not, we owe to the memory of these 135 Englishmen, whose lives have fallen a sacrifice in the accomplishment of a great geographical problem, that the mystery attending their fate should be cleared up. Besides, he says, we owe it to our national honor that we should accomplish what we have begun, and not stand still when the noble object which has occupied the attention of the whole civilised world for the last ten years is fairly within our grasp.

**INDEPENDENT ASSAULT BY A CLERGYMAN.**—At Weston on Friday, the Rev. George John Freeman, the rector of Buntingford, in the diocese of Lincoln, and who is upwards of sixty years of age, was placed before the magistrates, charged by Mr. Superintendent Norman, with an indecent assault on a little girl, named Frances Reusel. Mr. Superintendent Norman deposed to the assault. The little girl fully corroborated the officer's statement, and gave her evidence very clearly. The magistrates then retired, and upon their return, the chairman, with manifest emotion, said:—“It is much to be regretted that a clergyman should be placed in the disgraceful situation in which you stand. It is quite clear that you committed an indecent assault upon this child scarcely nine years old. It is fortunate that you did not effect your wicked purpose, or you might be standing at that bar charged with a much more serious offence. The magistrates consider it a most disgraceful act in you, and sentence you to be sent to the House of Correction and kept to hard labor for three calendar months. The prisoner was removed to the cells, and subsequently conveyed to Peterworth Jail. — *Liverpool Journal*.

The subject of crime and criminals has been ably ventilated in the leading London paper. The text is the ticket-of-leave system, which everybody admits to be a failure. *The Times* says:—“The scheme makes no allowance for previous habits, confirmed tastes, and the excitement of prison dodges, the force of association, and the goadings of suspicion. It forgets that the man who is sentenced to four or six years' penal servitude has in many cases been associated with the worst men and the worst misdeeds since the age of twelve or fourteen; that he only knows two languages and two crafts—the language and the craft of the habitual criminal, and those of the habitual prisoner; that his good behaviour under sentence is a 'dodge'; his conversation with prisoners a summary of past or a sketch of future atrocities; his return to honest courses startlingly impossible, because he never made them the starting point of his career; and his assumption of them nearly as impossible, in face of the vigilance of the police, the suspicions of neighbors, and the lengthening chain of habit.” The same article strongly advocates the resumption of transportation, but contends that it should be transportation for life and not for years. With regard to locality it observes, “We have enough, and more than enough, in the Pacific, in the Atlantic, in the islands to the west of the Australian continent, or the space in the actual or possible possession of Great Britain, whither we might send that portion of community which, subsists by strangling and murdering the remainder. The main and important point to be remembered is that we are now fostering in the bosom of society, at great expense, and with the certainty of a due reward, the pupils, adepts, and professors of every lawless art.”

**RELICS OF THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN-FIELD.**—There was found, on Tuesday last, close to the base of the hill of Flodden—memorable as the scene of that battle which occupies such a conspicuous place in the history of our country—a sword and steel helmet, imbedded about two feet beneath the surface of the ground. The weapon is three feet long, the helmet mounted with silver, bearing on each side the figure of a thistle, the lion rampant, and the date 1500, all quite legible. The head-piece is similar in shape to that worn by our cavalky at the present day. Although much corroded, it is apparent they have been rich and costly pieces of workmanship. It is intended to present the relics to the Museum of Edinburgh. — *Berwick Advertiser*.

**THE IRISH ESTABLISHMENT.**—The London correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman* refers to some tolerably significant circumstances at present occurring in this country, which relate to a question possessing deep interest for the Irish people. Speaking of the candidates at Southampton, the writer says that both Mr. Weggelin and Mr. James, who has retired, in their addresses were quite identical in their political creed with regard to the Irish Church Establishment. Mr. Weggelin's address was in substance, “I have no objection to the institution of an anomaly, and an anomaly it is. The expression is received with ‘infinite cheering.’ Mr. Weggelin, in his address, professes his readiness to seek for an inquiry into Irish ecclesiastical revenues, with a view to their redistribution in a way more consonant with the wants and opinions of the people.” “Now,” says the writer, “if this were addressed to the electors of some northern constituency where there is a strong leaven of Catholicity, one would be inclined to set it down as a parenthetical vote-catching paragraph to secure the Catholics. But Southampton is a Protestant borough, with, perhaps, not three per cent. of electors who profess anything but Protestantism in some shape or other. They are rather no-Popery people too, although generally liberal in other respects. I recollect spending some days there about the time of the ecclesiastical titles bill, and none were harder on Cardinal Wiseman than the inhabitants of the Southern Liverpool—for such will that rising port be before many years are past. Now, I do look upon it as a remarkable circumstance that two men like Mr. James and Mr. Weggelin—the one among the foremost of the bar, the other the official head of the mercantile world—should deem it their interest, with such a constituency as that of Southampton, to make the Irish Church question a prominent feature in their respective political programmes.” — *Weekly Register*.

UNITED STATES.

**THE TRANS-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.**—The New York Herald shows a little alarm about some of the probable results of the Submarine Telegraph. It says:—“In the course of a year we shall have hourly intelligence from Europe, and it is yet impossible to foresee the consequences of this enterprise. But there is one view of it which is perhaps more interesting and important than any other. The terminus of the whole line are exclusively under the control of the English proprietors, and there may arise occasions when this circumstance may have an important influence upon the welfare and security of the United States. Suppose future difficulties should arise between the two countries, what will be easier, what more probable than the early stationing of large British fleets at Halifax and large armies on the Saint Lawrence and lakes? Suppose war is declared by England against this country; the news can be sent by telegraph, and a hostile fleet might be at work upon our coast at least a week before we should have direct information of the fact. Incursions could be made along our Northern frontier with even greater celerity. In twenty-four hours after the telegraphic despatch is received at Quebec, Montreal, or Kingston, troops might be in motion for a descent on our territory. No doubt Lord Palmerston has well considered the subject, and has not given the scheme his countenance without perceiving the advantages it will give his country, if it should suddenly break up its peaceful relations with our own.”

**IRISH SERVANT GIRLS.**—The *Irish American* thus states a new grievance inflicted upon Irish servant girls:—“We are informed by reliable persons that hiring Irish help, without any intention of paying them, is a systematized practice by many a housewife employer. The plan is to go to the intelligence office—engage a servant—get her to scrub and to do chores, and the heavy and coarse washing of the family—and then put her to do some fancy grimcrawling of the kitchen. The ‘help’ not being skilled in the culinary art and mystery, fails; and, being soundly rated for her pretentiousness, she is unceremoniously evicted, without receiving a cent for the labor she has gone through! We believe that the editor of the *Times* has no notion to sanction such barefaced fraud as this. We know he is ready to denounce it as a disgusting cheat—a cruel act of larceny; but we should be much gratified to see it come under the castigation of his pen.” — *The New York Times* says:—“It would be much better to bring it under the castigation of a court of law. Such barefaced swindling ought to receive some other punishment than that of a newspaper paragraph. Irish servants, like all other persons, have their rights, and the law should and will protect them. If the expense of prosecution deprives them of this resort, let a fund be made up by those interested in the redress of the wrong, to be devoted to securing justice in such cases. But let them be careful in the selection of the lawyer into whose hands the case and the money shall be entrusted.”

**FACILITIES FOR COMMITTING CRIME.**—The *New York Police Gazette*, speaking of the late arrest of burglars in that city, says:—“The facilities which the thieves of New York have for committing crime, are almost beyond belief. Their organization is complete. In searching Moore's house, after her escape, the police discovered a number of confidential letters, which he had received from all parts of the country. These letters it would be highly injudicious to publish, as they implicate respectable merchants out West and parties in this city, who are supposed to be beyond suspicion. These letters showed the facility afforded thieves in disposing of their property. There were also letters from the owner of a noted ‘fence,’ in Tenth Street. In perusing these letters carefully, it was also discovered that this gang, with which Moore was connected, had mechanics and laborers in their employ, furnished them with a full and accurate description of the houses they were to work upon. There were also found a number of diagrams of stores and dwellings, of an innumerable number of houses in this city, how the various apartments were laid out, and if a store, where the safe and silks were deposited; if a dwelling house, where the money or the silver plate was located. Who furnished the thieves with these?—There is not a store or house worth breaking into, but is as well known to the burglars as the owners themselves. Even the very locks on the doors are known, yet no impression has been made with wax. Who gives information of this character? New York is at the mercy of thieves—no police, however effective, can afford adequate protection.”

**LIGHTING CARS BY GAS.**—The reign of greasy and dim oil lamps in railroad cars is soon to be ended. Messrs. Hill and Demarest of Rochester, N. Y., have invented an apparatus for lighting cars with gas, which seems destined to come into immediate and general use. It is a very simple contrivance and can be placed upon cars, ready for use, at a small cost. It consists of a portable gas holder, made of rubber such as is used for machine belting, and packing and a small air pump. This holder is placed under the floor of the car and connects with the burners in the car by means of the ordinary iron gas pipes. The gas holder is separated into two apartments, one bag being inside the other, and is filled with gas from the gas works before starting, and when the gas is to be lighted a small tin box containing a ‘clock work’ and an air pump is attached to the outside apartment of the ‘holder,’ by means of a rubber tube. The ‘clock work’ being wound up sets the air pump in motion, this creating an atmospheric pressure upon the inside apartment of the ‘holder,’ and forcing the gas through the pipes to the burner. This pressure, being entirely unaffected by the motion of the car, ensures a full supply of gas to the burners so long as any gas remains in the holder and prevents the light from ‘jumping’ out. The invention admits, with equal facility, of attaching a holder holding gas sufficient to last thirty hours for one burner, or of a large holder being placed in the baggage or a separate car and supply all the cars in the train, by means of small rubber tubes. The inventors have fitted up a car on the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad where they exhibit their invention to all desirous of witnessing its operation. The experiment, with a single machine, was tried on the Dixon Air Line Road to Fulton city, and returned, two nights last week. It worked to the entire satisfaction of all, fully justifying all that has been claimed for it. The railroad men in our city are greatly pleased with the invention. Messrs. Hill and Demarest are at present stopping at the New York House. — *Chicago Tribune*.

**MOORING IN NEW ORLEANS.**—Murder still stalks abroad in this city of villany and crime—where villains are clothed in the vestments of the law, and protect the bloodiest assassins to their terrible works of slaughter. Human life is not sacred in the eyes of many who make their home here. Prejudice grows into hatred—hatred into the contemplation of evil—and the spirit of murder enters the breast to raise the arm and slay the victim, eventually to afflict the murderer with the glaring dreams of a midnight visitant. Some of our murderers, however are known. They may escape the legal tribunals, but they do not escape those who bear their threats, and who believe them guilty. I will yet give a record that will startle some of them from their fancied security. Day before yesterday an inquest was held on the body of Richard P. Baggart who on Tuesday night was fatally stabbed in the Third district, which on the same night was the scene of terrible affairs, fatal to the reputation of that section of the city, if it had any reputation left after the many cases which have written its character in blood. Two others who were stabbed, are lying in a critical condition in the Charity Hospital—William Smith, an Irishman, and a Scotch sailor, James Scott. A person named Whaling, or Whalen, was also stabbed in his breast and stomach with a slung-shot. There have been no arrests of course. On Wednesday evening, at the Horse Station, a police officer, named George C. Russell was shot and severely wounded by a bar-keeper named Frank King, who has been arrested and sent to prison, without privilege of bail. Russell was chased from the bar and shot. These are a few of the cases which make this city a complete den of vipers, and a curse to the refined society which we can boast. Who is to blame for such acts? I answer society—for society can give security to citizens, and should it not at all hazards. Several terms of incarceration for carrying or using knives or pistols, or murderous weapons, would put a stop to some of this foul play, and the shutting up some of the unlicensed groggeries should be an attendant act upon the part of the authorities. On the Sabbath bell is let loose here. The cabarets are open. Bad liquor flows freely, and murders are the result—horrible, execrable murders. The worst murders committed here have taken place on Sunday nights, when the city should be quiet. It was on Sunday night, the 30th of last month that Panning and Bennett were murdered. James Cruise has not yet been taken—and another James Cruise, who is under sentence of death, committed a murder on Sunday night in the same district! In the Fourth district, some weeks ago, when two women and one man were killed, the affair took place on Sunday night. It is often a bloody night with us, and something must be done to stop these terrible slaughters. In reply to inquiries about Dazell I would say he is not here. The last that was heard of him was in Norfolk, during the fever, when he was caught in the act of robbing a man to whom he was acting as nurse. He took thirteen hundred dollars out of the dying man's trunk, before the breath had left the body—was put into prison, and begged off. He is a smooth-tongued, plausible fellow, and expert in hotels. — *Cor. of Commercial Advertiser*.

**A MURDERER MURDERED.**—The following item appears in the *Chicago Press*—On Friday evening last a man named McArgar was murdered near Gibson's Station, on the Michigan Central Road, twenty-four miles this side of Chicago. “It appears that McArgar had been in Voorman's house with whom he had a little quarrel on a previous occasion, and while he was sitting on a chair, speaking to Voorman's wife, Voorman got behind him with an axe and struck him so hard as to let the head of the axe into McArgar's head up to the handle. After he was struck he got up and went out of the house, and went about a mile from the house, as ascertained by the track of blood on the road. He sat down where he was found dead thirty-six hours afterwards. “An inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death by a blow with an axe inflicted by Timothy Voorman. Voorman was at the house adjoining during the time of the inquest, but through the negligence of the Justice, he was not arrested. Voorman has fled to parts unknown. He is about five feet five inches high, rather stoutly made, heavy head of hair and quite gray, fifty-five years old, blue eyes and fair complexion; he is a little lame, as he has had one of his legs broken, which has left a scar. A reasonable reward will be paid for the apprehension of the murderer.”

Then we say that Mr. McArgar, or, more properly, McCargar, has met the doom his crimes provoked at last. Justice, though tardy, has overtaken him at last. Some ten years before the advent of railroads, where there was a lonely road along the sand ridge through the wilderness between Michigan City and Chicago, there were a few poor log cabins at which, for want of better accommodation, travellers were compelled to stop. In one of these cabins, near the scene of this tragedy, lived one McCargar, with his wife and son, a lad about 14 years old. To that cabin there came one night a lonely traveller, from the West, tired and foot sore, with his staff and little bundle, and a pair of boots in his hand, walking in his stocking feet, because the boots hurt his feet so that he could not wear them without pain.

This traveller was a native of Ireland, who had been to Illinois, toiling through the summer to earn money to send to the old country for his wife and children, and he was now on his way to meet them in New York, to guide them to their new home in the West. Of course he had the money with him. These facts he made known at a wood chopper's camp into which he strayed, and where he stayed all night, but he did not tell his name or where he came from, or any particulars by which he could be traced. When he left the wood chopper's camp it was late in the day, for he had been unwell, but thought he could reach ‘Gibson’s’ that night, where he could get better accommodations. He never did reach there. The wood cutters showed him across the river, ‘the old fork of Calumie,’ in the direction of Gibson’s, but with McCargar's boy intervening, and they saw him steering directly towards it, but a short distance from it;—and no one but McCargar's family ever saw the man alive again. They each told different stories about the matter when separately questioned. The boy first said that he came at the time and stopped a little while, and then went on four miles that night to Gibson's. The woman said that he staid all night, and was better in the morning, and went on. “Did he wear his boots?”

“Oh yes—I gave him something to bathe his feet and they were well in the morning.”

McCargar himself said that the man did not stop at all; he saw him go by just at night, with his boots swung across his stick, just as described by the wood cutters.—That was a lie, for he was in Chicago that day and did not get home till 9 o'clock. Two weeks after the traveller's body was found at the bottom of the river, six miles below McCargar's, with the back of his skull mashed by his own walking-stick, a heavy oak cudgel, which was found near him. The body did not float there, for the river was frozen, but a track of a hand sled was seen upon the ice, and McCargar's boy owned a sled. The writer of this article was foreman of a jury of inquest upon the murdered man's body, and had the man McCargar, his wife, and boy separately, and without any suspicion on their part, that they were suspected, before the jury as witnesses. The boy was first examined. He had upon his feet at that moment, the murdered man's boots, and we felt a sort of prescience of that fact the moment we saw them, but kept our thoughts in the back ground, while we drew out their matter. We then said confidently, “Your mother says those are not the fellow's boots that he had with him that you traded for.”

“Well, she lies—she knows well enough they are. I gave him my old ones, and half a dollar, and went with him a good piece on the way.”

True, we thought; but it was on the way to the grave.

“Didn't your boots fit you better than these?”

**Why yes, they were not so big.**  
**The murdered man was already buried, but we dug him up and found these boots would fit, and that the boy's boots would not by more than two inches.**  
**The mother declared that the boy had had but one pair of boots in two years, and those he had on, and that his father bought them in Chicago at the very time the murdered man was at that house. This was an evident lie, for no mortal in that time could have worn the soles so much. Her statement was made to repel a mythical charge, got up for the occasion, that some teamster had accused them of stealing a pair of boots.**  
**Then came McArgar's turn, and being led to believe that we were on the track of some lumbermen on their way from Chicago to Michigan, who might have‘stayed’ at his house this very night, and might have murdered this man. To refresh his memory, we reminded him that it was the same team that he bought the boots from that his son had on, and then he remembered the circumstance perfectly well, and that it was that very night—His neighbors remembered that no team passed the road that day or the next, for that night came a fearful storm, and that night, without a shadow of doubt, McCargar murdered the poor traveller. His wife gave him something that stopped all pain and soreness in his feet, and during the storm the father and son put the boy on the hand-sled, hauled it over to the river, and down on the ice near the lake, where they found a hole and checked it in, the boy wearing the murdered man's boots.**  
**Although the jury were all convinced of these facts, they could not be proved, and the murderer was permitted to go unhung; but he has met a fearful fate at last. — *Chicago Tribune*.**

**NEGRO TRAVELERS IN KENTUCKY.**—The correspondent of the *Louisville Journal*, writing from Campbellsville, Taylor county, Kentucky, on the 10th Dec., says that a negro boy had disclosed a plot of the negroes in that neighborhood to rise about Christmas Day. Several arrests had been made and an examination was had before Justice Cloyd, but nothing was elicited save the statement of the boy, that he overheard the negroes say that they intended to make war on the whites about Christmas, and that if he would join them they would make him rich.—The negroes are reported to possess guns, pistols, &c. The correspondent adds that considerable dissatisfaction exists generally among the negroes, which if not promptly suppressed, may lead to serious trouble. The City Council of Clarksville, Tennessee, instructed the Recorder to notify ironmasters and other owners of slaves that no slave will be permitted to come to the city to remain more than two hours, unless accompanied by a respectable white person, under a penalty of twenty lashes. Slaves having wives and their masters passes are exempted. Persons having slaves going to or from Christmas festivities are not to allow them to pass through Clarksville unless a respectable white person will keep them together, and not allow them to mingle with the negroes of Clarksville. Thirty negroes have been arrested at Gallatin, Tenn., on suspicion of being concerned in the conspiracy. The citizens have appointed a committee to examine into the matter.

**THE ‘SPIRITUALISTS’ OF NEW YORK** have resolved themselves into two factions—the ‘Christians’ and the ‘Non-Christians,’ the former acknowledging the Divinity of our Saviour. These have established a separate church. The congregations number several hundred each.

**REPUBLICANISM.**—The *New York Tribune* after pointing out what it considers the evils in a despotic Government and a limited Monarchy, thus sums up on republicanism.—“A democratic republic promises better things on the day of election; but on the morrow the elected and installed functionary says, I am snug in power for some months (or years), and must make my hay while the sun shines. If I were in for life I could afford to enrich myself gradually; as it is, I must make my grab at once or be turned off my hands.” so he steals right and left, impelled by consciousness that his time is short. Next year a new man takes his place, needy and voracious, forgets his virtues and patriotic denunciations of past pecculations, and hardly warms in his official chair before he looks warily about to discover some chance for clandestinely filling his pockets.

**FALSEHOOD ON A BOLD SCALE.**—Our sectarian contemporaries on this side of the Atlantic, it must be confessed, are neither very dainty in the choice of the weapons, with which they assail us, nor very scrupulous as to the quarter whence they are borrowed. The dreary verbiage of Mrs. Sherwood, and the wanton tales of Maria Monk; the courteous sarcasms of polished divines, and the beastly consciousness of licentious apostates—all contribute their periodical share to the arsenal, whence No-Popery, triumphantly entrenched, keeps up against us a very zealous and unceasing, but rather ill-directed and ineffectual fire. Most of these fabrications are of British importation; the few that can boast originality are either so stupidly reckless as far as probability is concerned, or such awkward, bungling imitations of foreign wares that they are as incapable of mischief as they are creditable to their framers. But here is one of German origin, which in sheer impudence out-does them all. We have not seen its equal for a long time, and we give it as a fair specimen of the length of fiction to which anti-Catholic literature can go, or the depths rather of moral baseness to which it can descend. M. Wimmer, an Evangelical minister of Bremen, has lately published a work entitled ‘Christianity and Popery; or, Proofs, that Popery is unjustifiable inside the Christian Church.’ On page 127 of his book, he pretends to give what he calls ‘the notorious formula of abjuration of all who go over from Protestantism to Popery.’—It is as follows:—‘I abjure and curse the Gospel, my Lord Jesus, Whom I once learnt through His Word, and Whose baptism I once received. I abjure and curse that glorious Divine Service that refreshed my soul, the Preaching that I have listened to; the Teachers who led me to the Lord I abjure and curse the parents, who have begotten me; the womb that bore me, and the breast at which I was nourished!’ After repeating his shocking formula, M. Wimmer, with defiant air, thus insolently apostrophizes the whole Catholic world:—‘I know of course that you will repudiate, as false the above form of abjuration. But the writer of these lines once stood no farther than six paces from a young peasant who seduced by a popish maiden, was compelled to recite the above form, word for word.’ It might be asked who is ‘M. Wimmer. Minister of Bremen, and what his special claims to the belief of all mankind, that he should thus arrogantly give the lie to the whole Catholic world; or why it is that in making such a grievous accusation, he should have forgotten those important accessories of time, place and names of the guilty parties. But to put such questions would be really doing too much honor to this monstrous falsehood and its Reverend author. In the Catholic Church, as all converts can attest, from their own experience, there is a form of abjuration prescribed by law, and which cannot be altered or dispensed with at the caprice of either priest or convert. It is the Creed or Profession of Catholic Faith, which bears the name of Pius IV, and which is nothing more than a recapitulation of the Nicene creed, and those other doctrines against which modern heresy has raised its special protest.— *Catholic Miscellany*.

**HOW THE CATHOLIC CHURCH DISPOSSES OF LOST PROPERTY.**—The following is a note from Mr. Jonathan Harrin, who is employed in the ‘Boot’ cotton mill. It tells its own story.—“Dear Sir—Last fifty-five dollars about eighteen months ago on the streets of Lowell.” The same amount I have received from the Rev. Mr. McCarthy, of St. Patrick's Church, who told me he obtained it from a poor old woman. The whole affair I wish to lay before the public to show the honesty and the religious principles that actuated the parties concerned. — *Lowell Advertiser, Dec. 11th*.