

**OPINIONS ON AMERICA.**—America is not a country for gentlemen. Here every man labors at his calling, and no matter how much of wealth a man has acquired, he still continues occupied either in the business in which he realised his fortune, or in some other. Although the Americans are civil and amiable in their intercourse, strangers will find them very different from their own countrymen. Their mode of living, and extreme anxiety about business, prevent them from enjoying society as in old countries. They rarely dine with each other, and, except in a business way, there is little of social intercourse. There is no diversity of classes as in Europe. Good conduct and a little wealth seems a passport to almost every family. Outside the professional classes there are but few sufficiently educated to converse freely on any subject of interest. Their education is confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic. They have no time to devote to higher branches, for they go to business at fifteen. A farmer who was accustomed when at home to enjoy society, to content himself with the mere superintendence of farming operations, will find a great difference on coming here, where there is scarcely time allowed for the due mastication of food at meals. Hence those of the comfortable class of farmers who have emigrated to America have discovered that change of location has not improved their condition. They should stay at home, where their life will be much happier than here.—*Correspondent of Tablet.*

It is proved by statistics, although it seems perhaps hardly probable, that more deaths and serious accidents annually occur from the use of "burning fluid" in the United States, than from steamboat explosions and railroad accidents combined. Professor Silliman says that, if his word were law, there should never be another drop of it used in the ordinary lamps now kept in shops and families.

**A FACT TO BE PONDERED.**—Dr. Howe has examined almost the entire number of cases of idiocy known in Massachusetts, and the result is, in all but four instances, he found the parents of those idiots were either intemperate, addicted to sensual vices, scrofulous, predisposed to insanity, or had intermarried with blood relations.

**VAGARIES OF PROTESTANTISM.**

(From the Philadelphia Catholic Instructor.)  
A writer in the New York Observer proposes that "each Christian denomination should appoint and set apart a certain portion of time for uniting in prayer to Almighty God, for the conversion of the Pope of Rome, his Cardinals, bishops, priests, and people."

We recollect to have read of a Presbyterian Minister, who went from Glasgow to Rome, for the express purpose of converting Pope Ganganeli. The enterprising missionary was very kindly received. His Holiness consented to argue the matters in dispute between them. As the Presbyterian, although a fanatic, was one who really desired to know and to follow the truth, the result may be easily imagined—the Presbyterian became a Catholic, and spent the remainder of his days in a Roman cloister, affording a brilliant example of piety to all who knew him. But to come back to the proposal in the Observer, we must admit that it is truly a most felicitous and purely Protestant idea. Let it, by all means, be realized. We almost imagine we see a delegate from every Protestant denomination, assembled in Independence Square, (a lesser space could not contain a representative from every shade of Protestantism,) what delightful fun, to hear all these pious men "write in prayer, for the conversion of the Pope," and all the rest—but conversion to what? To Episcopalianism, of course, exclaims one—to Methodism, meekly replies another—nay, friend, to Quakerism, seriously adds a third—to Presbyterianism, sturdily shouts a fourth—to Mormonism, leeringly whispers another—and so on, through the nine hundred and ninety-nine shades of Protestantism, so that "it would puzzle a Saint" to know what was the meaning of the prayer sent up from this "united" body of every denomination. The congregated prayers would give us a lively idea of ancient Babel. The rev. gentleman who originated the idea, deserves, at least, a leather medal!

The next vagary we have to notice, is to be found in the following paragraph taken from another paper of the same date. It says:—

"A Rev. Mr. Cummings, of Concord, N. H., has issued a parcel of flaming handbills, announcing the end of all sublimity things in 1854. He finds a number of deluded followers."

Of course, the Rev. Mr. Cummings will find a number of deluded followers in any Protestant community.

Next comes the "Spiritual Rapping" division of Protestantism. We are told that they "still continue to hold their Conventions, and one was in session, last week, in Boston. Quite a discussion occurred as to whether the spirit-world should be consulted respecting the organization of the Convention, which was decided in the negative, and considerable excitement grew out of the assertion by one of the believers that the 'knockings were nothing.' Explanation was made that the brother 'wanted light.'"

"Again, it is said—  
"There are three hundred spiritual rapping circles which meet nightly in Cincinnati; and a St. Louis paper says that in that city there are over a thousand members of similar circles."

Of these lunatics it is not necessary to say a word. The result of their belief is to be seen, not merely in monomania with regard to this particular subject, but in their absolute insanity in all the affairs of life.

Next, we are informed that—"A Mormon organ called the Seer, has been started at Washington city, by Orson Pratt, one of the Latter Day Saints. It is in favor of polygamy, and attempts to justify the practice by Scripture. The power of Congress or of any State to prohibit it is denied. The statements that polygamy is allowed and practiced in the Mormon community, seems to be well established, from their own organs. Anything more socially corrupting or demoralising, cannot be conceived." So says one of our cotemporaries, but he should go a little deeper. This demoralisation proceeds not merely from Mormonism, but from Protestantism, which permits every individual to take up the Bible, and pick up any form of religion which suits their passions.

But the last vagary is to be found in a petition from a new sect of Protestants in Syracuse, N. Y. The petitioners pray the legislature to make concubinage equally as lawful and binding as marriage. This legalisation of concubinage could only originate with the co-religionists of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Luther. Such are a few of the vagaries of Protestantism, at the present day—they furnish a beautiful illustration of the Protestant doctrine of "Private Judgment."

**WHAT KEEPS ANGLICANS FROM JOINING THE CHURCH.**

(From the Catholic Standard.)

From reading, from reflection, from the force of conscience, very many of them become believers in all the essentials of Catholicity. They are convinced that their own church, their own teachings, are the antagonists of truth. They will not, they dare not return to the centre of unity. They will not lose caste. They will not, from being clergymen, become laics; they dare not brave the censure of a busy, meddling, prattling world, or endure the stinging comments of the press. Pride forbids them to acknowledge, by their abjuration of error, that they had taught a false doctrine, and insulted so often, in speech and writing the venerable mother of true believers, the One, Holy, Catholic Apostolic Church of Rome. Afection blinds them, hardens them, in many cases to their injustice.

Like the Israelites of old, they whisper in dread secrecy to their troubled hearts, "I have married a wife, and cannot come." Interest blinds them. "How can I abandon for ever my rectory, my curacy, my lectureship, which are my sole means of support? Dig, I cannot; to beg, I am ashamed." No, I must live and die a Protestant clergyman, "though I know I live in heresy, though I know I live in mortal sin, though I know I incur by so doing my eternal damnation, though I know I teach an heretical doctrine, and peril the salvation of my flock by so doing. Oh, God! how shall I meet Thee face to face at thy judgment seat? How shall I answer to Thee—O Thee my God for thus living in heresy, for thus teaching heresy to others, when my conscience tells me that in so acting I am dragging myself and them to perdition?"

Sometimes we hear of clerical suicides—sometimes of debauched characters among the reverend profligates of the Establishment, occasioning infinite scandal when their crimes are dragged into the light of open day, and are taken cognizance of in the Ecclesiastical Court. May not these unhappy events, in very many instances, have been mainly produced by the remorse of conscience from retaining the truth in injustice, by the consequent depression after long continued and most fierce mental strife, by eventual despair of God's mercy, and then, the flying to wine, to sensual indulgence, as a momentary relief from the agonising thoughts that festered deep into the heart, and left no rest either by night or by day? We think it possible; by all means, we think it more than possible.

How many rural deans, and portly archdeacons, and highly respectable beneficed clergymen of the present day are there, who, in their youthful career at Cambridge or Oxford had their conscience seared, stifled, and eventually blind into *cras* ignorance of the truth by the lewd, irreligious lives they led when undergraduates; when wine-parties and champagne breakfasts, and midnight carousals, and after-criminal excesses, added to the utter want of all collegiate guidance or control, made them easily martyrs to dissipation, and drowned in the deep draught of youthful thirst the thought that would press home in the intervals of sober reflection. "Is my church Catholic, after all? Am I not uttering a lie as often as I repeat the Apostles' Creed? Am I not worse than a fool—in reality, a knave—in preparing for orders in that Church which can only trace back for three centuries its Parliamentary existence of title-protected misrule?" But away with such thoughts, so wearying, so harassing—away to the boat race, the wine party, the dog fight, the stolen hunt with the hounds, the sparring match, the run up to town, and its maddening vortex of pleasure, and riot, and debt, and consequent embarrassments; anything and everything, however impure and unholy, and perilous, rather than prosecute an inquiry which might lead to throwing up expectations of a snug living in perspective, and an easy luxurious life in a rectorial house and glebe, a good trout stream handy, and plenty of game in adjacent covers, and a cool nine hundred a year to boot!

And so the bitter pill which tells so hardly against his conscience is hastily bolted. After being cleverly "crammed" he is ordained, though in his heart he disbelieves in many of those articles of the Establishment which he had so rashly sworn to believe, and knows that his Church is radically deficient in each and every one of those notes which are essential to the one true Church of Christ, out of which there is no salvation. He is now a clergyman, and has the *cure of souls*. He marries; becomes "respectable," a cool and decorous observer of all the proprieties of his station; and finally settles down into the high and dry and exemplary churchman of the Establishment, whistling to the winds every latent doubt, "that, after all, the Catholics may be in the right; their Church is older and better than ours; we are like rotten, unbonned faggot-sticks, opposed to each other—my bishop is infamously wrong in his last charge; my neighbor Jackson is sending his flock to the Devil by his Methodistical, 'Low Church notions;' and my old chum, Harris, is running the gamut of the infidel press with hearing confessions in the vestry, and his trash about the real Presence, and his refusing to bury old Ben, the rat catcher, because he was a non-communicant; and died drunk in a ditch; but, still, that 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church,' like the 'Amen' of Macbeth, sticks in my throat, after all; I wish I was not obliged to say it so often, or that other musty old clause of the Athanasian, which is most unpalatable to many of my flock, and to me also,—if it were prudent to let the truth be known." And so the good man lives on in doubt, and a plurality of good livings; but these will aid him little in making up his last great and heavy account with God.

**THE FISHERIES.**

The following resolutions were carried at a public meeting held at St. John, N. B., with reference to the negotiations now pending between Great Britain and the United States, on the Fishery question:—

"Resolved—That this meeting considers the coast fisheries of the North American colonies, the natural right and property of the inhabitants thereof, and that they should not be alienated, without their consent, in any negotiation with the United States government, or any other foreign power, without their consent, inasmuch as the value of the fisheries to the British provinces, with an increased and increasing population, cannot be estimated aright at the present time.

"Resolved—That the meeting view with deep anxiety and concern the announcement in her Majesty's speech to the Imperial Parliament, that negotiations are now pending between her Majesty's government and that of the United States, relative to the fisheries of the North American provinces; and also the recommendation of the President of the United

States, in his official message to Congress, to negotiate a treaty for a participation by the citizens of the United States in the said fisheries, irrespective of any question of reciprocal intercourse between the United States and the North American colonies.

"Resolved—That a committee be now appointed to prepare an humble address, praying that her Majesty will be graciously pleased to refuse to entertain any proposition from the United States Government, for any modification or alteration of the treaty of 1818, unless such a proposition embraces the full and entire question of reciprocal intercourse in commerce and navigation, upon terms that will be just and reasonable, inasmuch as the value of a participation in our fisheries by the citizens of the United States, would greatly exceed any concessions that the United States Government can offer to the inhabitants of the British Colonies, and that before any treaty affecting the fisheries is agreed upon, her Majesty will be graciously pleased to afford her Majesty's loyal and faithful subjects in the provinces an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the terms proposed in said treaty, and of laying their case at the foot of the throne."

**THE LAST HOURS OF A BACHELOR.**

This morning, November 11th, at half-past eleven o'clock precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pinckney underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar-railings of St. Mary's Church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at Jones' party at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinckney was then and there first introduced to Miss Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced an intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinckney had barely attained his twenty-eighth year; but there is no belief but that, for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus became accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half past eight to ten he was engaged in writing letters.—Shortly after, his young brother Henry knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in.—On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied—"not yet." The question was then put to him how he thought he would sleep, to which he answered—"I don't know." He then confessed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother, who sat down and partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would take anything more that night. He said, "nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take his leave, when the devoted one considerably advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid having been called, according to his desire, he rose, and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he devoted a longer time than usual at his toilet.

The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress coat with frosted buttons, a white vest and nonkeen trousers, with patent boots. He wore round his neck a variegated satin scarf, in front of which was inserted a breast pin of conspicuous dimensions.

Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends awaited him. He then shook hands cordially with all present; and on being asked how he slept, he answered, "very well;" and to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said that he "felt happy."

One of the party then suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through; he exclaimed with some emphasis, "decidedly!" Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate a French roll, a round of toast, two sausages, and three new-laid legs which he washed down with three great breakfast cups of coffee.—In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of persons present, he declared that he had never felt heartier in his life. Having inquired the time and ascertained that it was ten minutes of eleven, he remarked that it would be over soon. His brother then inquired if he could do anything for him; when he said he would take a glass of ale. Having drunk this he appeared to be satisfied. The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distribute those little articles he would no longer want. To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and charged his brother Henry with his latch key, with instructions to deliver it after all was over, with due solemnity to the landlady.

The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said, "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother, his friends following on behind in others. Arrived at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some seconds took place; after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side; but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinckney endeavored to preserve decorum, but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows, proclaimed his inward agitation. All necessary preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed melancholy formalities gone through, the usual question was put,—

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

"I will."

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymeneal nozze was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into matrimony.—*Waverly Magazine.*

**NEVER MARRY.**—The following interesting piece of advice was given by a housekeeper of a maiden lady of thirty, who at last thought of entering into bonds:—"Take my advice, ma'am, and never marry; now you lie down master and get up dame. I married a cross man of a husband, and the very first week of our marriage, ma'am, he snapped me up because I put my cold feet to his. You don't know the men ma'am, as well as I do."

"The rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious summer."—*Song of Solomon*, as quoted by an American Statesman.

The editor of the *Atlas*, a zealous Protestant editor of the United States, is almost as well up in his "Scripture" as the statesman. On the eve of last Christmas the learned editor thus addressed his intelligent readers:—"A few hours more will bring us to the anniversary of that great day which commemorates the completion of man's redemption by the resurrection of our Saviour. More than eighteen centuries ago, two timid women first discovered the empty tomb and the garments laid aside of Him to whom they looked as Israel's deliverer. With to-morrow's dawn, Christmas welcomes and Christmas greetings will round the world, from the sun's earliest risings to its latest settings. The shout of 'Merry Christmas!' from the lips of youth, will greet the aged, while a gentler 'Merry Christmas' will respond from age to youth, in every land where our common language is spoken. Even more emphatic will ring the merry shout with which, as the midnight hour is struck, all the nations of Northern Europe unite in the single cry—'Christ is risen.' \* \* \* In every household where death has penetrated, sorrow will temper the Christmas joy, and few are the families into which he has not entered. To all these, Christmas-Day, commemorating the resurrection of Jesus Christ, is also the pledge of the final resurrection of those they have loved and lost. With all its pleasures and all its hopes, with the memory of the past and the prospects of the future, we proffer an anticipatory wish, for a merry Christmas Day to all our friends and readers."

"John, how I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as it is to trade horses." Why so Pete? "I'd cheat somebody most shock in bad afore night!"

The following singular epitaph is on a tomb in the parish churchyard of Pewsey, in Dorsetshire, England:—"Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great niece of Burke, commonly the sublime; she was bland, passionate, and deeply religious; also, she painted in water colors, and sent several things to the exhibition; she was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

**BRANDY, GIN, WINES. FOR SALE.**

Martell's Brandy, in Bond Do Free  
DeKuyper's Gin, in Bond Do Free, and in cases  
Wines, in Wood and Bottle.  
Teas, a few good samples  
Tobacco, &c. &c. &c.

G. D. STUART,  
154 1/2, St. Paul Street,  
Opposite the Hotel-Dieu Church,  
Montreal, December 16.

**DR. HALSEY'S GUM-COATED FOREST PILLS.**

**SUPERFLUITY of Bile** may always be known by some unfavorable symptom which it produces, such as sick stomach, headache, loss of appetite, bitter taste in the mouth, yellow tint of the skin, languidness, costiveness, or other symptoms of a similar nature. Almost every person gets bilious, the neglect of which is sure to bring on some dangerous disorder, frequently terminating in death. A single 25 cent box of Dr. Halsey's Gum-coated Forest Pills, is sufficient to keep a whole family from bilious attacks and sickness, from six months to a year. A single dose, from 1 to 3 of these mild and excellent Pills for a child; from 3 to 4 for an adult; and from 5 to 6, for a grown person, carry off all bilious and morbid matter, and restore the stomach and bowels, curing and preventing all manner of bilious attacks, and many other disorders.

**SALTS AND CASTOR OIL.**

No reliance can be placed on Salts or Castor Oil. These, as well as all common purgatives, pass off without touching the bile, leaving the bowels costive, and the stomach in its bad condition as before. Dr. Halsey's Forest Pills act on the gall-ducis, and carry all morbid, bilious matter, from the stomach and bowels, leaving the system strong and buoyant—mind clear; producing permanent good health.

**NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.**

In 1845, Dr. Halsey's Pills were first made known to the public, under the denomination of "Halsey's Sugar-coated Pills." Their excellent qualities soon gained for them a high reputation, and the annual sale of many thousand boxes. This great success excited the avarice of designing men, who commenced the manufacture of common Pills, which they coated with Sugar, to give them the outward appearance of Dr. Halsey's, in order to sell them under the good will Dr. Halsey's Pills had gained, by curing thousands of disease.

The public are now most respectfully notified, that Dr. Halsey's genuine Pills will henceforth be coated with GUM ARABIC,

an article which, in every respect, surpasses Sugar, both on account of its healing virtues, and its durability. The discovery of this improvement, is the result of a succession of experiments, during three years. For the invention of which, Dr. Halsey has been awarded the only patent ever granted on Pills by the Government of the United States of America.

The Gum-coated Forest Pills presents a beautiful transparent glossy appearance. The well-known wholesome qualities of pure Gum Arabic, with which they are coated, renders them still better than Dr. Halsey's celebrated Sugar-coated Pills.—The Gum-coated Pills are never liable to injury from dampness, but remain the same, retaining all their virtues to an indefinite period of time, and are perfectly free from the disagreeable and nauseating taste of Medicine. In order to avoid all impositions, and to obtain Dr. Halsey's true and genuine Pills, see that the label of each box bears the signature of G. W. HALSEY.

Reader!!! If you wish to be sure of a medicine which does not contain that lurking poison, Calomel or Mercury, purchase HALSEY'S GUM-COATED FOREST PILLS, and avoid all others.

If you desire a mild and gentle purgative, which neither nauseates nor gives rise to griping, seek for HALSEY'S PILLS.

If you would have the most concentrated, as well as the best compound Sarsaparilla Extract in the world, for purifying the blood, obtain DR. HALSEY'S PILLS.

If you do not wish to fall a victim to dangerous illness, and be subjected to a Physician's bill of 20 or 50 dollars, take a dose of DR. HALSEY'S PILLS as soon as unfavorable symptoms are experienced.

If you would have a Medicine which does not leave the bowels costive, but gives strength instead of weakness, procure HALSEY'S PILLS, and avoid Salts and Castor Oil, and all common purgatives.

Parents, if you wish your families to continue in good health, keep a box of HALSEY'S PILLS in your house.

Ladies, DR. HALSEY'S PILLS are mild and perfectly harmless, and well adapted to the peculiar delicacy of your constitutions. Procure them.

Travellers and Mariners, before undertaking long voyages, provide yourself with DR. HALSEY'S PILLS, as a safeguard against sickness.

Wholesale and Retail Agents:—In Montreal, WILLIAM LYMAN & Co., R. BIRKS, and ALFRED SAVAGE & Co.; Three Rivers, JOHN KEENAN; Quebec, JOHN MUSSON; St. John's, BISSETT & TILTON; Sherbrooke, Dr. BROOKS; Melbourne, T. TATE; St. Hyacinthe, J. B. ST. DENIS.  
July 2nd, 1852.