

believe not the Evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Hobbes, Shaftsbury; I believe in Lord Bolingbroke, (Hume, Voltaire, Diderot, Boulanger, Volney and Thomas Paine:). I believe not in St. Paul.

"I believe not revelation: I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud: I believe in the Koran: I believe not the Bible. I believe in Socrates: I believe in Confucius: I believe in Sancho-mathon: I believe in Mahomet: I believe not in Christ.

"Lastly, I believe in all-unbelief."

Before closing this article I will subjoin another *Creed* equally as absurd and contradictory as the foregoing, which I met with a few days ago; it should properly have been placed *first* in order, as a belief in it would naturally lead to a belief in the former, and therefore it ought to take precedence; it is styled,

"Lord Chesterfield's Creed," adapted to certain *Youths of a Superior Class*.

"I believe that the world is the object of my hopes and morals, and that the little prettinesses of life will answer all the ends of human existence. I believe that we are to succeed in all things by the graces of civility and attention; that there is no sin but against good manners, and that all religion and virtue consist in outward appearance. I believe that all women are children, and all men are fools, except a few cunning people who see through the rest, and make their use of them. I believe that hypocrisy, fornication and adultery are within the lines of morality: that a woman may be honorable when she has lost her honor, and virtuous when she has lost her virtue."

"This, and whatever else is necessary to obtain my own ends, and bring me into repute, I resolve to follow: and to avoid all moral offences, such as scratching my head before company, spitting upon the floor, and omitting to pick up a lady's fan; and in this persuasion I will persevere, without any regard to the resurrection of the body, or the life everlasting. Amen."

I am, Rev. Sir,

Yours, very Respectfully,
SELECTOR.

ALARMING STATE OF PARIS.

From our files by the late Packet.

A funeral mass for the Duke of Berri was celebrated on the 14th Feb. at the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and against the advice of the magistrates of Paris. In that old sanctuary all the celebrities of the Carlist faction had a rendezvous, and collected money for the wounded of the ex-Royal Guard. A bust of the Duke de Bourdeaux was paraded in the church, and the consequence was, that the crowd assembled without, rushed into the church, and put to flight the whole assembly. The people then broke into the presbytery, and were prevented with the utmost difficulty, by the National Guard, from precipitating in the Seine several priests. The multitude around the church was immense the whole afternoon. In a short time the fine gilded cross, with the fleurs-de-lis at its angles, which crowns the steeple, raised a general cry of rage. The national Guard joined the people in demanding its destruction. Workmen were sent for, and under the protection of the National Guard, at torch light, with municipal guards about the church, the cross was precipitated, and fell with a thundering noise, amidst the thundering applause of the people, and the full chorus of the Marseillois. The night was pretty calm, but immense parties of people shouting, "Down with the priests!" filled the streets. On the following morning, another scene took place, of which it is impossible to give any description. The multitude succeeded in taking possession of the Church, and not an altar, nor a glass, nor a chair, nor a bit of wood is left. All the gold and silver ornaments were conveyed to the Louvre, in mock ceremony, and some of them thrown on the tombs of the victims, opposite which the curate of the church had thought proper to perform this Carlist exhibition. However, nobody perished. The National Guard saved every priest who was attacked. Paris was in the most violent state of effervescence for several days.

On the 13th, the church of St. Paul was attacked, and all the objects ornamented with fleurs-de-lis destroyed; many in wood were brought out and burnt before the church.

Destruction of the Palace of the Archbishop of Paris.

On the 16th, the popular fury was directed against the Archbishop of Paris. We copy from the *Constitutionnel* of the following day:—

A considerable crowd went yesterday, to Conflans, where the Archbishop of Paris resides, but he was absent.—Thanks to the assistance of the National Guard of Beres, the project of burning the house, which appeared to have been formed, was not executed, but his furniture and pictures were destroyed. The plate and linen were saved by the efforts of M. Michel, junr.

Towards seven o'clock crowds formed before the church Sainte Marguerite, and the mob loudly demanded that it should be pulled down, and that a stone, which had its angles fleur-de-lis, should be broken to pieces. Mr. Jacquemin, Commissary of Police of the Faubourg St. Antoine, gave orders to this effect, and the cross and the stone soon disappeared. A few minutes afterwards, information came that the Seminary of Picpus had been attacked and delivered up to pillage; the same Commissary of Police went there immediately with a large detachment of National Guards, and succeeded in clearing it of the mob, and in conducting to the Prefecture several individuals upon whom were found stolen articles.

Yesterday at one o'clock, by order of the authorities, scaffolding was put over the beautiful arch of the Carousal; and workmen, with hatchets, destroyed the bas-relief of the Tsocadero, and the emblems of the victories of the Duke d'Angoulême. General Pajol, accompanied by his staff, was present.—*N. Y. Albion.*

In obedience to the commands of the mob, the King has issued a royal ordinance surrendering the right to retain the fleurs-de-lis on the state seal, and providing that in future it shall represent an open book with the words, "Charte de 1830," surmounted by a crown, with the sceptre, and hand of justice crossed; and tri-coloured flags behind the shield. Poor Man! happy may it be for him if his "Dear Comrades" allow him in future to wear his head on his shoulders instead of a crown on his head. It further appears that an attempt has been made to declare a Republic.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

PARABLES.

We are in the habit of reading many childrens' books, that we may know what kind of food is prepared for our young friends. We have just read one published some time ago, called 'The Well-Spent Hour.' It is written by a person who well knows what kind of reading suits young minds, and is well able to provide it. But it is a pity that he (or she for very likely a lady is the author,) does not know our Saviour as the Bible teaches us to know him—the Son of God as well as the Son of man—who was the Lord of Glory at the same time that he condescended to take our nature, and be the meek and lowly Jesus.

The piece that follows, however, has none of the wrong notions of the writer in it; and is such an excellent explanation of the nature of those beautiful parts of the Bible called 'The Parables,' that we cannot refuse to give it to our young readers. Let them attend to the sentence with which it ends.

"Now mother," said Catharine, "I want you to tell me what a parable means exactly; because though our teacher told me, I don't think I understand it well enough to tell any body myself. What is the difference between a parable and a fable? though I know they are not alike."

"Do you remember any parable that you can repeat?" said Mrs. Nelson. Catharine related the parable of the good Samaritan.

"Is there any thing impossible in this story?" said Mrs. Nelson.

"No, mother, I should think it was true."

"Could the fable you told me, about the bee who was punished for being passionate, be true?" asked her mother.

"No, mother, bees never talk as we do."

"Then how are they alike, Catharine?"

"Why, mother, do you think the parables were really true stories?"

"No, my dear, I do not."

"Then fables and parables too, are stories made up," said Catharine.

"Yes but fables cannot be true."