

Mr. Lawrence Gooley	0	10	0
" T. Morrissey	1	10	0
" Wm. Bates	0	10	2 1-2
" Patrick Baldwin	1	0	0
" Patrick Power	2	10	0
" Longard	1	0	0
" Michael Egan	5	0	0
" Jeremiah Conway	5	0	0
" James Hogan	1	0	0
" Timothy Lenihan	1	0	0
" James Wallace	5	0	0
" Michael Casey	1	0	0
" Joseph Purcell	1	0	0
" John Grant	1	0	0
Messrs. John & Joseph Barron	5	0	0
Mr. John Devanney	1	0	0
" Edward Kelly	0	10	0
" Edward Barber	1	10	0
" William Walsh	0	5	0
" Peter Power	1	0	0
" John Crotty	0	10	0
" Thomas Hennesy	1	0	0
Miss C. Devanney	0	5	2 1-2

[From the St. John Liberator.]

### THE CLIQUE.

The organ and representative of this contemptible party has made another attack on this journal, and on its conductors and supporters, and, as a matter of course, on a neighbouring prelate. How others will deal with that attack, it is for themselves to decide; for our parts, we despise it, as we will every such one that will ever emanate from the same quarter. For the present we will leave "Hudibras" and his clique to "Old Observer" and the "Cross," (God pity him who has despised and set his face against this emblem,) only reminding this sacrilegious scribbler that his profane epithets—"bosthunes," "drivellers," pompous pedants," &c., &c.—are too fresh in our memory to make us think that he has any respect for Bishop or Clergy.

**MORE CONVERTS.**—The London Morning Herald of the 7th ult. states that the Rev. William Howel Lloyd, a Minister of the Established Church, was received into the Church of Rome, at the chapel of the Bishop's house in Birmingham.

The Dorset (England) Chronicle relates that another secession from the Church of England, amongst the clergy of that diocese, is about to take place; the rev. gentleman having just resigned his preferment for the purpose of entering into the communion of the Church of Rome.

## LITERATURE.

Tales from the Canon Schmid,  
AUTHOR OF THE WOODEN CROSS.

### The Fire.

A TALE.

In five Letters addressed by Lewis May to his Mother.

#### LETTER I.

Thanks to God, dearest Mother, that I have had the comfort of meeting you once more, and finding you well and happy. I was delighted to see, that, in your widowed and desolate condition, you have been able by the industry of your own hands and the trifle which I have hitherto had in my power to send you, to support yourself so happily and independently. I am still more happy in the prospect of soon getting a more lucrative situation, and thus being able to support you more respectably. The sight of your heartfelt piety and motherly affection has renewed and strengthened my good purposes after long absence. I am continuing my business tour with fresh spirit; and, although the present season is the worst in the whole year, and the cold is excessive, I hope soon to have completed my rounds successfully; and then, as I have now been a clerk for a long time, I trust to rise still higher in my master's good opinion, as I am to be appointed book-keeper of his eminent house.

I shall write to you from time to time, in accordance with my promise, and though I have no taste for writing long letters, yet, in order to gratify your wish of prolonging the pleasure of reading them, I will take care that you shall get long ones from me henceforward.

My journey hitherto has been, thanks to God, most prosperous, nor has anything extraordinary befallen me except one adventure, which I shall relate to you somewhat in detail.

I arrived late yesterday evening at the hotel in Bergheim; and as I had no business in the town and was to resume my journey at day-break in the morning, I retired early to bed. But about midnight, while I lay sound asleep, my room was suddenly lighted up with so brilliant a glare, that I awoke. At first, I imagined that I was dreaming, and that I saw the roofs of all the houses, round about, which were quite covered with snow, illuminated with a dazzling fiery glare. But in a short time the alarm bell tolled, and trumpets sounded in the street. I sprung out of bed, ran to the window, and saw black clouds of smoke, mingled with terrific flames, rising from a large house at the end of the street. I threw on my clothes hurriedly, and ran to the spot. The fire engines were rattling up in furious haste, but there