

friends, must not quarrel with me, in stretching forward to seize upon that pearl, and to make it my own, I have severed the tie which bound us. Do you yet ask to what Church I belong? I will tell you. I belong to that Church which Jesus Christ Himself and His Apostles founded—in which the great saints and learned men of old were nurtured—which built those beautiful cathedrals and ancient parish churches which are scattered up and down through the length and breadth of his land, and which are even now the boast and glory of our country—which founded our universities, and all the noblest institutions we have. Day by day do I now hear the same services which were heard in your old church when it was first built, and consecrated, as your village tradition says, by St. Thomas of Canterbury, otherwise called Thomas a Beckett, and I have no doubt that, if he were to come amongst us again, he would weep over the deserted altar of your church, and would with sorrow tell you that you are wrong—that you have lost Catholic truth in rejecting Catholic unity and Catholic practice—that the way in which I now worship God is the same as the way in which he, and the whole company of saints and martyrs before him, worshipped the God of our fathers. Farewell, my dear friends. May God ever bless you, and watch over you, and may it please him to restore to our country her lost inheritance.

Always your affectionate friend,
CHARLES THYXNE.

Clifton. Feast of the Purification of the B. V. Mary. —1853.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE BIBLE.

(From the Lenten Pastoral of his Grace the Archbishop of Halifax.)

The Bible, the Bible is in every mouth; but very few of those who rant and rave about it, and who think themselves fully qualified to sound its mysterious depths, know anything whatsoever of its real history. People speak of the Bible as if it were all one book, written at one time, by one writer, for one purpose, in one language, in one country, and in one familiar style, equally intelligible to all. But what in reality is the Bible? It is a volume written by many different pens. The labors of upwards of thirty different individuals have formed its materials. Some of those authors are known; respecting others all is ignorance or doubt. The writers of the Bible were of different nations, but principally Jews. They wrote at different periods, and frequently at long intervals. From the composition of the first chapter in Genesis, to the last text in the Apocalypse, some two thousand years, nearly twenty long centuries intervened! Not one word of a most important portion of the Bible, namely, the New Testament; not one word of the Gospels, the Epistles, the Acts, or the Apocalypse, was written during the life of Christ. Not one advice or command, or direction was given by Christ to write any part of the New Testament. It is not recorded that He ever wrote one sentence Himself, except in one solitary instance, upon the ground, and even these few words have not been preserved. He gave a solemn commission to his Apostles to preach the Gospel and to teach all nations, but made no allusion whatsoever to the writing or publishing of books. And when the Apostles met together for the last time, and dispersed themselves throughout the world to fulfil their great commission, stranger still, not one word of the New Testament was written. The Epistles and Gospels were written very many years after the death of Christ; the inspired writings of St. John so late, as between sixty and seventy years after our Lord's Crucifixion.

The Bible is a series of unconnected Treatises, and on a vast variety of subjects; at one time prophetic, at another historical; now doctrinal and again poetic; a narrative, a code of morals, a genealogical tree, a natural history, a catalogue of names and numbers, a geography, a book of rites and ceremonies, an allegory, a mystery. We know not the objects for which many of those treatises were written; we know not the dates.

Of the writers in the modern portions of the Bible, of the very Gospels themselves, St. Matthew and St. John were eye-witnesses of most of what they relate; St. Luke and St. Mark were not Apostles, and wrote from hearsay and the testimony of others. Five only of the Epistles are termed Catholic or Universal, as being addressed to Christians in general; six were written to individuals, and ten others to Converts in various and distant countries, in Italy, Palestine, Corinth, &c. Thus, so many treatises, and histories, and Epistles, written at so many places, by so many authors, and under so many circumstances were floating about the world for hundreds of years before they were collected together in one Book, and authoritatively reduced to one Canon.

This book is the Bible; and, taken as a whole, it must be admitted that it is the most abstruse, the most difficult, the most mysterious volume that was ever published to the world. Not one autograph line of its various writers is now extant, or has been known to exist for more than a thousand years. Not even one copy of the original words in which St. Matthew's Gospel was penned, has been preserved.

The Bible, such as we have it, comes down to us through the Catholic Church, and through her alone. It was in her keeping for many centuries. Her various versions were the translations of fallible men, the works of individuals upon whose capabilities it would be impossible for any one to pronounce a judgment. The Bible has come down to our Protestant brethren through the Catholic Church alone. The first founders of Protestantism did not receive the sacred book from Heaven, nor from the hands of Christ or His Apostles, nor from any of their early disciples: they did not receive it from the Jews; nor from the Greek Church, which never had any connection with them, which condemns them on almost every point on which they differ from us, and which still retains in the Bible, the very books which Protestants are pleased to call Apocryphal, without possessing any authority whatsoever (for they admit their fallibility) to decide upon the sacred Canon. Thus, with marvellous inconsistency, they accept the very foundation, and what they call the only rule of their faith, from the hands of a Church against whom they have rebelled; whom they accuse of idolatry and superstition, and perversion of truth; whom they hold up to the detestation of all mankind. And if they sincerely believe that the Catholic Church has been such a hideous monster, and for so many centuries, how can they receive the Bible from her? How can they be certain that this artful, wicked and unscrupulous Church (as they are pleased to term her) has not grossly corrupted and mutilated the sacred volume during the many long centuries that it was in her custody? How can they believe her on every other point, and reject her testimony on every other?

UNITED STATES.

In Boston, the venerable Charitable Irish Society celebrates its one hundred and sixteenth anniversary, by a public dinner at the Merchants Exchange. The Governor of the State, the Mayor of the City, and other distinguished individuals, are invited, and will, in all probability, dine with the society. The committee of arrangements have already issued the tickets, and they are going off rapidly.—*Boston Pilot*.

ROMANISM ON THE INCREASE.—If what we hear be true, the number of conversions from Protestantism to Romanism has been alarmingly large during the past few months. Several cases in this and adjoining cities have come to our knowledge recently. They were principally ladies. It seems to have assumed an epidemic character, and it behoves the learned Doctors of Divinity to look to their patients, and to administer a cure, if not a prevention.—*Auburn, N. Y. Advertiser*.

The Catholics of Syracuse are about erecting a church in that city next spring. It will be 146 feet long by 66 feet wide, the elevation of the cross will be 210 feet above the street.

The New York Parsons tried lately to impose an Indian, named Williams, on the community as the Dauphin of France. All seems now ashamed of the trick, and like the Kossuth affair, each pretends that he was not mistaken at all.

A magistrate of Chicago proposes to marry couples at one dollar a piece, if they will form clubs of twelve, and get "fixed" at the same time.

METHODISM IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—The following account of the spiritual state of the Genesee Conference is taken from the *Northern Christian Advocate*. As to dollars and cents, and other proofs of physical and pecuniary prosperity, they are uncommonly well off.—“And yet,” continues the writer, with all these marks of prosperity, there has been an actual decrease of more than eleven hundred members during the last ten years. This great declension in numbers is *prima facie* evidence that our spiritual condition is not very good. We are, as a Conference, low in spirituality. There is great want of the power, and even of the form of godliness. In many, and perhaps in most of our charges, probably not one-half of our members are enjoying justifying grace, according to the scriptural and Methodist standard. The discipline is a dead letter. The Bible, where it forbids fashionable vices, and enjoins duties irksome to the carnal heart, is virtually repealed. The conscience is seared. Many living in open violation of God's commands, profess to feel no condemnation. A tide of worldliness threatening to sweep away the boundaries between the Church and the world, is setting in. There must be causes for the existence of this state of things.”

THE GODLESS COMMON SCHOOLS.—Read the following and learn the condition to which education without religion will reduce society:—

SINGULAR SECRET SOCIETY.—The police of Perryville, Ashland county, have just discovered and exposed a "Secret Society" among the youth of that town which is startling enough in its features; the penalty a little harder than usual:—The society numbered a band of fifteen young men and boys, formed for the purpose of robbery. A captain was chosen and a regular Constitution and By-Laws, the violation of which was death, were adopted. One of the band stole from his own father \$10, which he had collected for a poor widow, who had a son belonging to the band. Learning that the money belonged to her, the band stole \$10 from another woman to replace it. The cash-drawer of a landlord in Perryville was opened by two of the band, and a ten-dollar bill taken from it. The one who changed the bill to divide with his comrade, charged a premium for making change. This being a violation of the By-Laws, the rest of the band unknown to him, held a meeting and determined on his death. It was arranged that all were to go out upon the ice (in which a hole was to be previously cut) to skate, and that all should appear struck at some curiosity of the water, and look in, and when this one should stoop down over the hole one of the company should strike him with a club and pitch him in. One young man, whose heart was not so corrupt as the rest, relented, and by giving information prevented the murder. Several of the company are now in the Ashland jail.

GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.—For several days past there has been a startling prophecy current among the substratum of credulous ignorance in some parts of the city, that this Island and Brooklyn and Williamsburg were to be last night swallowed up by an earthquake. The story is that two angels appeared to a policeman and told the terrible intelligence. (Only think of angels appearing to a New-York policeman!) Ridiculous as it was, there were really some believers, and extraordinary preparations for escape were made. But the result is not at all flattering to the prophet; Sodom is still permanent, and the Gomorrah on the other side of the East river looks as pleasant and real as ever.—*N. Y. Tribune*

Insanity appears to be on the increase, under the prevalence of the "spiritual" delusions of the day. From Monday to Friday of last week—five days—seventeen new patients were admitted into the Lunatic Asylum at Utica—the greatest number ever admitted in so short a time.

A respectable Long Island Farmer, having become interested in the spiritual delusion got entrapped by a "medium."—A Mrs. French of Pittsburg—who obtained so much influence over him, that he was induced to turn all his property into cash, and even force his wife to give up her interest, and having obtained about \$13,000, paid it over to the witch, who immediately took French leave, and he has attempted to kill himself, and is now in the New York Lunatic Asylum. He has a wife and two interesting daughters.

ANOTHER WEBSTER AND PARKMAN TRAGEDY.—A letter in the *Lynchburg (Va.) Express*, from the Kanawha Salines, states that a man named Sloghin, went to the house of a neighbor to pay him several hundred dollars he owed him. As he was not seen afterwards, his friends instituted inquiries for him, and finally searched the house where he had gone, without success, until one of them commenced scraping the ashes of a large fire-place, and to his surprise, found several human teeth and the cheek-bone—also, part of the flesh, supposed to be that of the missing man, which had run in a crevice in the fire-place, partly roasted. The occupant of the house was immediately arrested.

John McCabe, a native of Dublin, Ireland, was attacked in a grocery store, New York, by Peter Lasphey, who, after assaulting him, went out and brought in two of his companions, who violently assaulted

McCabe, and after knocking him prostrate upon the sidewalk, beat his brains out with a weight or slung-shot, killing him immediately. The police took the parties into custody.

The *New York Daily Times*, in an article upon capital punishment, says:—"Of the two persons who were to be executed yesterday, one received his doom, and the other was left in the enjoyment of life-long imprisonment. For what reason this discrimination was indulged by Governor Seymour we do not know. Doubtless he is in possession of evidence which has not appeared on the record; for whatever has been published on the subject makes the criminality of the two convicts as nearly equal as may be. Some may fancy that palliative facts may have been recently elicited in favor of Sullivan; while the case of Clarke retained its original darkness of dye to the last. From the apportionment of the punishments, we should suppose precisely the reverse. The punishment of Sullivan is in fact more cruel than that of Clarke. A man barely past the prime of manhood, is condemned to be buried alive. What weary years are before him, assuming that his existence in his earthly purgatory be prolonged to the ordinary term. Labor for the benefit of others; shame that may not be effaced; moral and physical degradation; mental decay; everything that renders life tolerable, gone hopelessly, and all that can make it wretched intensified by remorse! Fortunately, but a portion of this long period can be attended with acute suffering. Time and habit will produce their usual effect. For all practical purposes, life imprisonment is no worse than a term of 10 years. Little is left at the end of the shorter period to which a further infliction can add anything of pain or punishment. The enfeebled intellect is the prey of stolid indifference. The feelings and faculties have become insensible. The man is intellectually dead; and his "mitigated sentence" only sends him to the bar of judgment, an imbecile and idiot, instead of a sane and repentant man. It is, no doubt, true that the prisoner received the news of his commuted sentence with unmingled content. Those who were present at the scene, describe his joy as almost too great for endurance. When the man Johnson was similarly reprieved the other day, the same effect was observed. Anything, the human nature within him reasoned, anything rather than death. And it is this very principle, this terror of the gallows, which renders all the fuss of Anti-death penalty Philanthropists contemptible. Life confinement has no terrors which can be realized. It requires a powerful exertion of the mind to form even a faint and partial preconception of them. But the fear of death appeals directly to ever-natural instinct. The dread of the mortal penalty has stayed many an uplifted hand, upon which the most powerful delineation of solitary confinement and its horrors would have been ineffectual. And thus while long imprisonment is really the more barbarous infliction, it has none of the preventive efficacy of death.

The *Boston Chronicle* says:—"Thousands have been made liars and dishonest by the Maine Law, but that it has ever made one temperance man we have yet to learn.

TO MR. "PUNCH."

Sir,—Having had the pleasure of hearing one Mr. Barclay Fox, of Falmouth, narrate to the Manchester Peace Conference a charming anecdote of a French captain who, having captured a Quaker's vessel, instantly restored it on finding that the owner would not fight, I have gone through various histories in my possession, and have transcribed a few similar Peace anecdotes, equally authentic, and equally satisfactory as proofs that we have nothing to fear from Louis Napoleon. I beg you to accept them. You may rely upon the accuracy of the details, because I got Mr. Cobden to be so kind as to collate them with the very authorities from which he proved that the last war against France was begun by England.

Your obedient well-wisher,
MACAULAY PALISON MACKENZIE.

During the war in Spain (which was caused by the Duke of Wellington's criminal ambition to become Marquis of Donno) a native family was peacefully sitting down to its *siesta*, or mid-day meal, which consisted of Spanish onions and Spanish liqueur, when a savage-looking French dragon (not that he really was savage, none of them are, like our own brutal soldiery) entered. "Soh!" he exclaimed, drawing his sabre, "Palafox proclaims 'War to the knife.'—Ha! And doubtless you cry 'War to the knife,' also. Eh?" "And fark," replied the father of the family, mildly, and pointing to a chair at the table. The brave Frenchman paused a moment, burst into tears, ate up all the onions, and departed, saying, "C'est different. Dieu vous bénisse!"

At the storming of San Sebastian (where the British army's wickedness so unfavorably contrasted with the conduct of the French, who only set the town on fire by accident, and treated the women and prisoners so humanely) a British grenadier, who was in one of the forlorn hopes, was rushing furiously—with levelled bayonet and dreadful execrations—upon the gallant defenders, when his foot slipped, and he fell at the feet of a young French officer, who, sword in hand, was directing the defence. Instead of passing his weapon through the Englishman's body, the noble-minded young hero picked him up, restoring to him his gun, which had slipped from his fingers, and said, "Now, *mon ami*, at it again." The grenadier again fell—this time on his knees—and registered a solemn oath never to shed another drop of blood. Will it be believed that when Picton heard this, instead of being affected at the anecdote, he flogged the man?

After the storming of Seringapatam, while the British soldiers were scattered over the town—killing, robbing, and debauching—a private in the 19th Dragoons strayed into a garden, and suddenly found himself surrounded by 10 or 12 armed followers of Tippoo Saib, who were about to cut him to pieces. Happening, fortunately, to speak their language, he exclaimed, "Tuta ko karnee punah-be-khodah kondapilly pugree bundy," that is, "The object of the English here is simply the liberation of the prisoners so improperly incarcerated by your inconsiderate master, now no more, and the general adjustment of the fiscal and financial arrangements of the country." He had hardly said the words, when they all threw down their arms, and saluted him, saying, "Mozuffaruggar yeruddy baguawuttur bung gong?" or, "Why was not this explained to us by arbitrators? and it should have been done without bloodshed." Why, indeed?

As the great Napoleon dashed triumphantly into Lodi, in pursuit of the Austrian Beaulieu, his eye fell upon a pretty little girl at a window, who, scarcely heeding the military clamor, was tranquilly singing

a song. The conqueror, arrested by the spectacle, checked his horse and said, "Que chantez-vous, petite?" "I sing the 'Maid of Lodi,'" replied the child innocently. "Tu as raison," replied Napoleon, monrfully, "and I too would sing, if my enemies would give me time, and if I had a voice." And that day he would not attack. Yet it was a man with these amiable feelings whom the Allied Armies hunted to his grave.

While, at Trafalgar, the French vessel *l'Indomitable*, and the English *Thunderbomb* were lying yard-arm and yard-arm, a French and an English sailor, each armed with a blunderbuss, climbed into the tops of their respective ships, and each took aim at an officer of the enemy. While their fingers were on the triggers their eyes happened to meet, and the common-sense which nature has implanted in all of us came to their aid. They both laughed. Jack was the first to speak, "Why, *mon bo*," he said, "if so be as I kills that cove of your in the sprangles, and you kills our fust luff down here, what's the odds? We're just where we was. Let's save powder, and have a quid." "C'est juste," said the Frenchman, and the friendly enemies, having arrived at the real state of the case, held a peace conference of their own until both ships blew up.

21, Main Street, St. Lawrence Suburbs.

MRS. COFFEY begs leave to inform her Friends and the Public in general, that in consequence of intending to REMOVE to No. 148 NOTRE DAME STREET, on the 1st of MAY, she is determined to dispose of her present Stock of Goods at COST PRICE; therefore she solicits an early call.

BRANDY, GIN, WINES.
FOR SALE.

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

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Opposite the Hotel-Dieu Church.
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L. P. BOIVIN,
Corner of Notre Dame and St. Vincent Streets,
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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 as bad condition as before. Dr. Halsey's Forest Pills act on the glands, and carry off 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 of 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, supersedes 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 fill 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.

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

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July 2nd, 1852.