

no harm, perchance, to peruse the title of the book from which I have been quoting! Here!—take it in thine own hands—as, peradventure, thine optics being younger, are stronger than those which I own!”  
George clutched the duodecimo as a hawk tackles a sparrow, when the following words glared upon his eyes like a flash of lightning:  
“The Confession of Faith; of public authority in the Church of Scotland!!!”  
The curtain, we presume, may as well drop at this point!—*Hamilton Gazette.*

The following is from the *British Canadian of Toronto*. If Catholics can doubt—after such plain and repeated warnings from their Non-Catholic brethren—of the inevitable results of “secularisation” upon Catholic ecclesiastical property, it is in vain to argue with them—“*Quem Deus vult,*” &c. The proverb is an old one, and we beg of the *Canadian* not to be “ended.”  
“The *Journal de Quebec* has put the question of Ecclesiastical property in Lower Canada in its true light, and left it unnecessary for either the advocates or antagonists of secularisation to discuss the questions whether or not the religious endowments of Lower Canada be held by the same tenure there as in Upper Canada, and whether or not there exist a right in the Legislature to meddle with the one more than the other. The view which we have long since put forward on that question, is now expressly enunciated by *Le Journal de Quebec*, which fearlessly faces the danger, and tells the French Canadians that this is not a question of right but of might, and that no matter how the right may be, if the advocates of secularisation get the upper hand, if the ‘Pharisaical brawlers’ have their way, might will be taken as right, and having the power, they will not fail to use it in a hostile manner. In another place we give a translation of the article from the journal to which we refer.”

“There can be no doubt that this is the correct view of the case, and that if at the approaching elections the advocates of secularisation get the upper hand, the Clergy Reserves will be secularized, neither can there be a doubt that the ‘paltry mess of pottage’ as the *Globe* calls it, will but create a relish for more such food and lead immediately to an attack upon the Roman Catholic endowments of Lower Canada. If this war of spoliation once be entered on, if this appetite for church plunder get but a mouthful of the reserves, it will look to be gorged on the Romish Endowments, and however much the Conservatives of Upper Canada may desire to check the sacrilegious career, it will have passed beyond their power. Fanaticism once let loose can not be easily curbed and if a crusade be preached against Roman Catholic endowments there are too many who would be found who are opposed to secularisation now, but who, if they thought the reserves of our Church were lost either by French Canadian aid or French Canadian indifference, would at once either retaliate upon the latter, or apply the same principle of religious equality as regards property to the rich endowments of the Church of Rome. Were such a cry once general, the opposition which the Conservative representatives of Upper Canada could offer to it would be as nothing, and though they might never lend themselves to the movement they would be rapidly thrust aside and others put in their place who would not have the same respect for either political principle or religious endowments.”

“The bait which the ministry are throwing out to win over some Conservative votes to the measure of secularisation, in order to dispose of the question for ever, on the terms of a grant in perpetuity of some £20,000 a year, being secured to the Church of England in this Province is a trap into which Conservatives of Upper Canada will not fall, no not were it ten times that sum. The question is not one of amount, but of principle—the right to rob religion of the means set apart for its advancement. If the value of the property in question were but a farthing, the principle would still be the same. On it the Conservatives have taken their stand, and whether they fight the battle single-handed or strengthened by volunteers from the French Canadian ranks, one thing is certain that they will abide by principle, and fearlessly do their duty, even though as a party they be overwhelmed in the conflict.”

CANADA AND CUBA.—The New York correspondent of the *Cohogus Star* writes as follows with reference to John Mitchell’s filibustering proclamation to his countrymen in the United States to invade Canada, which we give for just what it is worth:—“From Mitchell’s articles in recent numbers of the *Citizen*, particularly from the leader in last week’s issue, it would appear as if there were more truth than fiction in the warlike movement against the British possessions which rumor says is contemplated by our Irish population. It is certain that these glowing appeals, coming from a man whom they almost idolize, have raised to a high degree of excitement the mercurial temperament of his imaginative countrymen. The latter are ripe for any undertaking to which their leaders may call them, however wild or desperate.—New Irish companies are forming every day, as we see from the advertisements in the papers. Something is in the wind; but whether the real direction of the enterprise has been guessed aright remains to be seen. Annexation seems just now to be the spirit of the age. While, as we have seen, the Irish appear to have set their eyes justly on Canada, the months of another class are watering for Cuba. Already, in imagination, the conquest of the Queen of the Antilles is an *fait accompli*. Believing that the stars and stripes must, in accordance with the decrees of manifest destiny, soon float over the Moro, some sanguine spirits have already organized a company for working the copper-mines of Cuba as soon as it shall have been received into our confederacy of states.—The company starts with a capital of \$100,000, to be increased, as circumstances may require to \$1,000,000. The shares are selling rapidly in this city, Philadelphia, Washington, and elsewhere. This looks like counting ones chickens before they are hatched, or even before the eggs are laid; but it must be remembered that this is emphatically a fast age. Moreover the infatuation of the Governor General and his counsellors may bring the company into action before any of us anticipate.”

HISTORY BELIEVED.—Moved by the Rev. H. Mulkins, seconded by Lieut. Farrell, R. E.  
Resolved—“That in view of the war of opinion everywhere prevailing, it is a subject of devout thanksgiving to God, that the Church of England stands foremost as the great conservative of truth in her

standards and confessions of faith: thus demonstrative claims to be a living member of that universal church of which Christ is the living head.”

Well, well, we hear strange things in these latter days. No wonder April is fixed upon by the adherents of crazy Joe Miller, as the period when this old crazy world is to topple from its equilibrium and sink into deeps profound. The Rev. Hannibal is death on a joke. We never heard him preach, but we would wager a year’s subscription to the *Morning Herald*, against the last of the Penitentiary sermon’s, that there are at the least half a dozen Millerisms in it. Fancy the Rev. Carthaginian, seconded by one of Her Gracious Majesty’s peace preservers, moving the above delectable resolution. Did Hannibal ever read ancient history, or does he notice the latter day progress of the Church of England. What about the inroads of Puseyism, and the terrible, the astounding, the almost incredible defections from the fold, that have convulsed that Church, as if rocked by an earthquake? What of these, Hannibal? Where is the evidence that she is the “great conservative of truth?” Is it in the fact of her brightest lights having been extinguished, or standing as candlesticks upon other altars. A “living member” of the Church militant indeed, when, were it not for the zeal and self-sacrificing piety of the dissenting sects, she would long ago be so overwhelmed by Catholicism, as to leave not a wreck behind. There is too much arrogance and presumption in the Rev. Hannibal’s resolution; it belies history: but the Christian general is not very particular in his choice of weapons when he is attacking imaginary foes. Lieut. Farrell was in uncongenial company. He had better been at home gathering up his pack for a march to the Danube, and not to be bothering his brain with the jargon of the conventicle. The Russian Bear, he may be assured, “cares for none of these things.”—*Kingston Herald.*

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—One of the greatest discoveries of our day is that made by Claude Bernard, of the constant formation of sugar in the liver of animals. Feed an animal how you will—with food containing saccharine matters, and with food containing no trace of them, you always find the animal has, from the blood, formed sugar for itself. This sugar, which is secreted by the liver, is, like all secretions, under the influence of the nervous system; you have only to cut what are called the pneumogastric nerves, and in a few hours all the sugar vanishes. The amount of sugar thus formed in every healthy animal may be increased by certain influences, and then it gives rise to, or is the indication of, various diseases. In one disease the quantity is so great that M. Thenard extracted 15 kilogrammes of sugar (something like thirty pounds) from the secretions of one patient? Real sugar, too, and of irreproachable taste, according to Roussingault, who tasted it. But now attend to this; what nature does in disease, man can do in the terrible theatre of experiment. Claude Bernard has proved that there is a very small region of the spinal column (by anatomists styled the *medulla oblongata*), the wounding of which between the origin of the pneumogastric and acoustic nerves) provokes this increased secretion of sugar, and if with a sharp instrument you wound a dog or a rabbit in this place, you will find that in a little while sugar has accumulated to an immense extent in the blood and other liquids. One trembles to think of the commercial application of this discovery! Instead of Uncle Tom perspiring among the sugar canes for amiable Legrees, we see a European Legree collecting together a menagerie of animals, pricking the spinal cords, and opening a new field to commercial enterprise with the sugar thus obtained. Imagine Mrs. Jones mixing in her tea the sugar extracted from a favorite cat, whose sudden disappearance she deplors! Imagine the sudden rise in the market of cats and curs! Perhaps benevolent Burkes and Hares might be found who would thus utilise superfluous Christians!

A DECIDED CASE.—This is not the time of year for mushrooms; but a new sect has just quietly sprung up, as mushrooms spring. Witness a recent *Times* advertisement:—

A “decided Christian” is wanted as a superior general servant, in a very small family. A good character indispensable.”

The “decided Christians” are quite a novel denomination. From the above advertisement it would seem that a good character is not a recommendation, which the “decided Christians” necessarily possess. Ordinary Christians had better beware of the “decided.”—*Punch.*

This is not the only “new Protestant sect” that we have heard of lately. A friend informs us of one just coming into vogue, founded upon the text that, to enter Heaven we must become “as little children.” The members of this sect, taking the admonition literally, have given themselves up wholly to “long clothes, peg tops, marbles,” and other juvenile sports: whilst some of the more advanced amongst them already manifest a longing for the breast. One grey headed elder has composed a very pretty book of hymns and other devotional exercises, in easy words of one syllable, which the congregation hush out in a charming and inconceivably infantine manner.

Some persons having delivered a eulogistic lecture on Cromwell, in Malone, N. Y., the *Jeffersonian* of that town thus develops the character of that war-loving Puritan:—“If any one doubts his cruelty, let him read the history of Cromwell’s campaign in Ireland, where he surpassed all who had preceded him or have come after him, in merciless slaughter, wholesale expatriation, and systematic depopulation of the native inhabitants. And notwithstanding the denial that the religious element entered into his warfare upon the Irish people, to exterminate, or at least reduce to a miserable minority, the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland. And the means to which he resorted to accomplish this object were of the most barbarous and revolting character. And in his pretended and now lauded principles of religious toleration, he always excepted the papists and the mass. So sanguinary and iniquitous was his career in that unhappy country, and so deep an impression did it make on the Irish heart—an impression which ages of subsequent oppression and outrage have failed to efface that it is the remark of a modern historian of Ireland, that “At this very hour, the heaviest execration which an Irish peasant can pronounce is, ‘The curse of Cromwell be upon you!’”

“How shall I always find a subject to preach about?” asked a new aspirant for clerical honors of an old practitioner in the pulpit. “Why?” replied the elder divine, “when you have no other topic, pitch into Popery.”

WORMS.

As this is the season of the year when worms are most formidable among children, the proprietors of M’Lane’s Vermifuge beg leave to call the attention of parents to its virtues for the expelling of these annoying, and often fatal enemies of children. It was invented by a physician of great experience in Virginia, who, after having used it for several years in his own practice, and found its success so universal, was induced at last to offer it to the public as a cheap, but certain and excellent medicine. It has since become justly popular throughout the United States, as the most efficient Vermifuge ever known, and the demand has been steadily on the increase since its first introduction to the public.  
Purchasers will please be careful to ask for DR. M’LANE’S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, and take none else. All other Vermifuges, in comparison, are worthless. Dr. M’Lane’s genuine Vermifuge, also his celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.  
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Mr. MAFRE.

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Duet—“I know a Dank.” Mrs. Unsworth and a gentleman.  
Fantasia, from Lucia de Lamermoor, performed on the Piano, by M. D’Albert.  
Song—“Ask me not why.” La file du Regiment. Mrs. Unsworth.  
Grand Fantasia, with Tema and Variations on the Swiss Boy. Flute. Mr. Hall.  
Irish Ballad—“The Last Rose of Summer.” Mrs. Unsworth.  
Scottish Song—“Cam ye by Athol.” Mrs. Unsworth.  
Solo (Clarinete). Mr. Mafre.  
Irish Ballad—“The Harp that once through Tara’s Halls.” Mrs. Unsworth.  
PART II.  
Duet—“My Pretty Page.” Mrs. and Miss Unsworth. Bishop.  
Aria—“Gratias Agimus.” Mrs. Unsworth; Guglielmi.  
Clarionette Obligato—Mr. Mafre.  
Duet—“Hear me, Norma.” Mrs. and Miss Unsworth and a gentleman.  
Fantasia, Flute, from Lucrecia Borgia. Mr. Hall.  
Piano—M. D’Albert.  
Cavatina—“The Mocking Bird.” Mrs. Unsworth; Bishop.  
Flute Obligato. Mr. Hall.  
Irish Ballad—“She is far from the Land where her young hero sleeps.” Mrs. Unsworth; More’s Melodies.  
Piano—Mr. D’Albert.  
Irish Ballad—“The Minstrel Boy.” Mrs. Unsworth.

Admission 2s 6d. Tickets to be had at the Music Stores of Mr. Herbert, Messrs. Sebold, Nordheimer; Mr. Henry Prince; at the Bookstore of Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, and at the *Freemans Office.*

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Montreal, March 25, 1854.

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WILLIAM DALTON, FREDERICK DALTON.

Montreal, March 25, 1854.

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The Evening School (from 7 to 9) will be exclusively devoted to the teaching of Mercantile and Mathematical Branches.  
N. B.—In order, the more effectively, to advance his Commercial and Mathematical Students, Mr. D. intends keeping but a mere few in his junior class.

Montreal, March 30, 1854.

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF MICHAEL LYHANE, or LYONS, a native of Macroom, County Cork, who, with his father, sailed for America from the Cove of Cork, in April 1847. Any intelligence of him will be thankfully received by his brothers, Cornelius and Patrick Lyons, Oshawa, C. W.

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