

ple. With this view he enumerates a long list of sources from which their revenues are derived, and thus sums up the whole:—"All these incomes, which amount to ten million, five hundred and ten thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars, are realised and enjoyed by the secular and regular clergy, composed, in all, of sixty thousand individuals, including nuns, without mentioning the incomes allowed them from foreign countries, for the chancery and other cosmopolitan congregations." Now, if the writer of the above has not over-rated his estimates, [which we by no means admit,] and if, instead of \$10,510,750, we allow it for sake of analysis to reach the sum of twelve millions of dollars—well, what then? Divide it amongst 60,000, and you find that these enormously rich individuals receive on an average the immense sum of \$200 per year!—not much more than half the sum a porter receives in a respectable mercantile store. If the "Crusader" examines the pages of the last census, he will discover that the Church property of the several denominations of Protestantism in the union is valued at seventy eight millions, seventy two thousand, and forty-three dollars! This is exclusive of fees, donations or subscriptions. If he looks into the Parliamentary reports of the Established Church in Great Britain, he will find that the Clergy of this one Protestant sect receive a larger revenue than the Catholic Clergy of France and Great Britain together. Figures (except figures of speech) are dangerous things, for the "Crusader" to meddle with.—Catholic Instructor.

CANADA.

We are happy to learn that the Government is in treaty for Russell's Hotel and Concert Hall for temporary Parliament buildings.—Quebec Gazette, 3rd instant.

F. X. JULIEN SENTENCED TO DEATH.—The Court of Queen's Bench has been occupied since Saturday morning last with the trial of Francois Xavier Julien, for the murder of his father-in-law, who yesterday afternoon was found guilty and sentenced by Mr. Justice Panet, to be hanged. The facts are simply these: Julien, a quarrelsome fellow, had disagreed with his wife, who left him and went to the house of her father, Pierre Dion, to remain there. Julien was displeased at his wife's continued absence, and attributed such absence to Dion, threatened repeatedly to kill him. This threat he actually carried into execution on the 14th ult., in the house of Dion's brother-in-law, by stabbing Dion with a carpenter's chisel in the left breast while in a passion. The clearest evidence of the intention to murder was adduced, and the actual murder was confessed. An attempt to save the unfortunate man from the scaffold, on the plea of insanity, was ingeniously made by the prisoner's counsel, but the rascality of the prisoner being much more apparent than his insanity, the Jury properly brought in a verdict of guilty, and the Judge sentenced him to be hanged on the 17th of March.—Ib.

We have again to record another elopement by a minister of the gospel with the wife of one of his flock. This extraordinary and aggravated case of elopement is said to have taken place in the village of Athens on Tuesday, the 15th Jan. The woman was the wife of a highly respectable citizen of that place. Suspicion of an improper intimacy had existed but a short time previous to the denouement of this disgraceful transaction. The guilty parties are both parents and have large families upon whom the conduct and shame of their parents fall with all the terrible consequences guilt incurs. This is the fifth time we have had to record elopement in less than two months, and we regret to have to add that four out of the five have been with ministers of the gospel.—The extraordinary confidence which is reposed in ministers, affords great facilities for this kind of conduct. Parents should recollect that ministers are but men, and until their godly conduct entitles them to unlimited confidence they should receive the same treatment which others under similar circumstances would.—Hamilton Evening Journal.

MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.—A communication has been received at the Police Office here from the Mayor of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, stating that a man is at present in custody in that town, under the following circumstances:—It appears, some time ago, this person told parties in Lancaster that about five weeks since he was in Toronto, and there met a man whom he agreed to play cards with for very heavy stakes. The former then lost \$500. They played again the following night, when he won back from the other, not alone the sum he had lost, but \$400 besides. A scuffle then ensued, when the person now under arrest stabbed the other, and to use his own words, "laid the man cold." It has been noticed by the authorities here that Munroe disappeared on the 13th of December, and that that time about corresponds with the period mentioned relative to the scuffle having taken place. Still it is unlikely that he should have such a sum of money about his person, as it is known that he was not possessed of more than \$50 in cash, so that unless the amount stated above was borrowed by Munroe, a fact which does not appear, it is extremely improbable that he is the victim of this affair. The mystery, however, must shortly be cleared up, as the police here are now in communication with the authorities in Lancaster.—Toronto Leader.

The Transcript remarks as follows on Gavazzi and the late trials at Quebec:—

The man we detest. He is just like his countryman, Mazzini, or like Kossuth, one whose sole element is mischief. The destructive, not the reconstructive, is the element of this class of persons. No doubt, there was a perfect right in him to revile the religion and the hierarchy of nine-tenths of the population, and for those who were not content with his printed lectures, to listen to them orally. For instance not to mention the balanced functions of States and particular orders of legislature, where balanced functions alone prevent anarchy by their discriminate exercise, a man has, at common law, a right to beat his wife, or his apprentice; but decent people do not do such things. Rights ought to be used temperately and courteously; else, as the civilians have it, *summa jus summa injuria*. The extreme of right is the extreme of wrong.

But in Quebec, as we have observed, they did the matter more scientifically. A body was formed of persons naturally feeling themselves deeply aggrieved by an outrage fresh in the recollection of all our readers, called by our contemporary the "Vigilance Committee," who, under the circumstances of the

moment, recommended to the Government, of whom the Attorney General had shown a most praiseworthy and honorable spirit to repress violence, to indict the presumed guilty parties, for that they "did, feloniously, and unlawfully, and with force, begin to demolish a church."

It certainly was very clever in the Crown Prosecutors to frame an indictment for an offence which never was committed. Of the intention of burning the Church, not the slightest evidence was offered. The intention was riot—the action assault and battery. But the Officers of the Government most dexterously took the advice of certain persons of much zeal. The advice would have been most atrociously nonsensical if the persons giving it had had the charge of drawing the indictment. But, in the hands of the Crown Officers, or rather of their subordinates, the lesser count was omitted. There was not a shadow of evidence to show that there was any intention but common assault and battery. The evidence of the intention to demolish the church, merely amounted to this—that after a certain gas pipe had been cut, the church might have been burned if there had been anybody to put the fire out; or, if it did not, like the bright idea of Sir Abel Handy, "go out of itself," the whole premises might have been burned.

Such frivolous evidence and argument could not, for a moment, be received in a Court of Justice; and, accordingly, the Judges—Panet and Aylwin—charged the Jury that there was no evidence against the accused, and the Jury most properly found, in accordance with the direction of those learned personages, that the accused were not guilty. No conscientious Jury could have come to any other verdict; nor could any conscientious Judges have given other instruction.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

MR. EDITOR.—On Saturday, the 21st ult., the settlers in this part of the country turned out en masse, with sleighs and banners, to welcome his Lordship the Bishop of Bytown, who had arrived amongst them for the purpose of consecrating a new and beautiful church erected in this village.

His Lordship was accompanied by the Revs. Messrs. McDonough, Bouvion, McPheely and Strain. A procession was formed some miles from the village, and though the utmost enthusiasm was exhibited, yet good order prevailed in every instance.

On the following Sunday the church was dedicated to St. James the Minor, the Rev. Mr. McDonough of Bytown, preached an eloquent discourse appropriate to the occasion. He feelingly alluded to the constancy of the Irish, at home, in all ages, to the Religion of their Fathers, and to the sufferings they have undergone for its sake; and how the same Irish race in America had carried the symbols of that Religion far and near.

Indeed, Mr. Editor, no stronger proofs can be had than the present instance, and similar ones afford, of the rapid spread of Catholicity on this Continent. Seven years ago, the ground where our village and church stand was occupied by primeval forests.—And now behold the change!—A numerous Catholic population, and a bustling place of business. Great praise is due to the Rev. Mr. Strain (priest for this mission) for his unwearied exertions in superintending and projecting the erection of the church; as well as to the people who have so liberally seconded his efforts.

CATHOLICUS.

Egansville, February 2d, 1854.

Mr. Mitchell has suddenly become a great favorite with the evangelical world, from his opposition to Popery: the Montreal Witness is in raptures with his Protestant ally. Hark how this Apostle of the holy Protestant Faith speaks of our Lord and Saviour:—"I can imagine," he says, "an enlightened inductive Baconian standing by with scornful nose as he listens to the sermon on the mount, and then taking the preacher sternly to task:—What mean you by all this—'bless them that curse you'—love your enemies'—'be perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect'—What mortal man ever attained these frames of mind? Why not turn your considerable talents, friend, to something useful, something within reach? Can you make anything—improve anything? You are, if I mistake not, a carpenter by trade, and have been working somewhere in Galilee," &c, &c.

AN IRISH WILL.

Charles Lever's story of Con. Cregan opens with a good joke. An old fellow named McCabe had two sons who were always fighting between themselves who should have the old man's money. Finally Mat cleared out, leaving his brother Peter in possession of the field. The old man died but refused to make a will, declaring that the property should be fairly divided between the two sons. This did not suit Peter, so as soon as the old man breathed his last Peter only being present, he remembered that the father of Con was very like the defunct. Off he goes, calls up the elder Cregan, and offers him five golden guineas if he will personate the dead man long enough to make a will bequeathing all to Peter. Cregan yields, is put into the dead man's bed, and shoes, the lawyer called, and the neighbors summoned. It is at night, and the rooms not well lighted. Nobody suspects the fraud, and Cregan proceeds to dictate the will.

"Where's Billy Scanlan? I want to make my will!"

"He's here, father!" said Peter, taking Billy by the hand, and leading him to the bed side.

"Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick, for I haven't a long time afore me here. I die a good Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty wont give me the rites!"

A general chorus of muttered "Oh, mnsa, mnsa," was now heard through the room; but whether in grief at the sad fate of the dying man, or the unflinching severity of the priest is hard to say.

"I die in peace with all my neighbors, and all mankind."

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

"I bequeath unto my son, Peter; and never was there a better son or a decenter boy!—have you that down? I bequeath unto my son, Peter, the whole of my two farms of Killmudonery and Knooksheboora, with the fallow meadows behind Lynch's house; the forge and the right of turf on the Dooran bog.

I give him—and much good may it do him—Lantry Cassan's acre, and the Luary field with the lime-

kiln; and that reminds me that my mouth is just as dry; let me taste what ye have in the jug."

Here the dying man took a very hearty pull and seemed to be considerably refreshed by it.

"Where was I Billy Scanlan?" says he, "oh, I remember at the lime-kiln; I leave him—that's Peter, I mean—the two potato gardens at Noonan's Well; and sure it's the elegant fine crops grows there."

"Ain't you getting wake, father, darlin'?" says Peter, who began to be afraid of my father's loquaciousness; for, to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk.

"I am, Peter, my son," says he: "I am getting wake; just touch my lips again with the jug. Ah, Peter, Peter, you watered the drink!"

"No, indeed, father, but it's the taste that is leaving you," said Peter, and again a low chorus of compassionate pity muttered through the cabin.

"Well, I'm nearly done now," says my father; "there's only one little plot of ground remaining; and I put it on you, Peter—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart as I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here.—Are ye listening? Are the neighbors listening? Is Billy Scanlan listening?"

"Yes sir. Yes father. We're all minding," chorused the audience.

Well, then, it's my last will and testament and may—give me over the jug"—here he took a long drink—"and may this blessed liquor be poison to me, if I am not as eager about this as about every part of my will; I say, then, I bequeath the little plot at the cross roads to poor Con. Cregan; for he has a heavy charge and is as honest and hardworking a man as ever I knew. Be a friend to him Peter, dear; think of me whenever he asks ye for a thrifle. Is it down Billy Scanlan; the two acres at the cross to Con. Cregan, and his heirs, in secula seculorum? Ah, blessed be the Saints! but I feel my heart lighter after that!" says he; "a good work makes an easy conscience; and now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns—"

What he was going to add there's no saying, but Peter was now terribly frightened at the lively tone the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people away into another room, to let his father die in peace.

When they were all gone, Peter slipping back to my father who was putting on his brogues in a corner; "Con," said he, "ye did it all well; but sure that was a just about the two acres at the cross."

"Of course it was, Peter," says he, "sure it was all a joke, for the matter of that: wont I make the neighbors laugh hearty to-morrow when I tell them all about it."

"You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me?" says Peter trembling with fright.

"Sure ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against yer father's dying words!" says my father, and he gave a low wicked laugh, that made myself shake with fear.

"Very well, Con," says Peter, holding out his hand; "a bargain's a bargain; ye're a deep fellow, that's all!" and so it ended; and my father slipped quietly home over the bog, mightily well satisfied with the legacy he left himself.

The practical creed of many people, is to associate God with spiritual concerns solely. He is to reign over churches, prayers, meditations, and so forth; but outside this sphere "cleverness, talent, a sharp eye to shop perseverance," and approved modes of taking advantage of the neighbor as shall be within the laws of the country, are the powers which rule and are worshipped. Within this realm God is allowed little concern, unless, perhaps, to punish, for the special purposes of the injured party, some murder or injustice which is committed in the course of business. This is a purely pagan idea. It is stamped in Protestant countries as the number of the beast which marks social retrogression to the animal selfishness of the Pagan. In Catholic countries it is the influence of Protestant example and ascendancy, and at least, as far as it is found here, it is Protestant in origin, influence, and nature.—Tablet.

RATHER COMMERCIAL.—The best bit of 'trading' that came to our knowledge was this, and it may serve to fill a gap in Mrs. Stowe's next work, we give her the benefit of it. A man married a dark girl, and finding out shortly afterwards, that she pleaded guilty to maternity, and had in reality living evidence thereof he went to his lawyer to consult him as to what was best to be done. "Done!" said the lawyer, "why nothin' out 'arth easier; give me the proof, and I'll get you a divorce in no time." "Divorce be'd—d!" replied the client; "all I want to know is, if I can sell the little nigger!"—A. Burn.

WORMS! WORMS!!

A great many learned treatises have been written, explaining the origin of, and classifying the worms generated in the human system. Scarcely any topic of medical science has elicited more acute observation and profound research; and yet physicians are very much divided in opinion on the subject. It must be admitted, however, that, after all, a mode of expelling these worms, and purifying the body from their presence, is of more value than the wisest discussions as to the origin. The expelling agent has at length been found—Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge is the much sought after specific, and has already superseded all other worm medicines, its efficacy being universally acknowledged by medical practitioners.

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