

multitudes that thronged her gates, she diffused at least a part of her means and influence on their behalf. She spoke in thunder to the sinful prince, whilst the solemn accents of her service swelled through the vaulted aisles for the meanest peasant in the land. On her broad floor, owning their common brotherhood, stood crowding on each other princes and plebians; not starched up in pews, shut up from the base serving fable, bending their idle looks where the few "free sittings," common benches, marked out what part of the temple of the Most High is yet left open to the humble worshiper, and where the pious poor are penned up for the edification of the rich. She was in, not on the people—*intus et cute*; and she was so because she solicited their affections. The intellect and energy of the world were hers, because she won them by persuasion. Art was hers, not because the artist was religious, but because he brought his highest works where they were most highly prized. Her spirit pervaded all places of the State. But now the men who echo "Church and State" never forget that they are distinct from the people; nor for a moment cease to boast that they are Dogberry and Verges, the officers of the law. Whatever other persons may belong to the State, they will be the mace-bearers and rap the knuckles of the populace.

While giving the above passage, we cannot forbear expressing our entire and heartfelt concurrence in the just preference declared by the writer for "the broad floor where princes and plebians stood crowding on each other, owning their common brotherhood, not starched up in pews," as is the practice even in Catholic Churches in this age of human pride and worldliness. But the day will yet come, we hope, when a more Catholic spirit will prevail, when the necessities of congregations will not induce them, under a mistaken idea of pecuniary advantage, to expose for sale, after the manner of base merchandize privileged places exclusive seats in the Temple of God, which pride, thus wooed and flattered, may deign to occupy, while the poor but pious worshippers must stand back from the presence of the rich, and kneel in the place, as they alone possess the spirit, of the publican of the sacred parable.

INTOLLERANCE. — THROWING OFF THE MASK.

A Catholic lady, who was connected by the closest ties of kindred with more than one family of Mr. Lefroy's congregation, expressed a desire upon her death-bed to have her remains interred in the family vault in the churchyard of Loughbrickland. The surviving Protestant relatives had her last will most religiously complied with. And, as it was their pleasure, during her life-time, to secure her the consolation of her own religion, so they felt it a duty to have her remains accompanied with the same ritual observances to their last resting-place. The Rector, who had just returned after a lengthened period of absence, learning these circumstances, announced his arrival by

the following note to the Rev. Mr. Doran:

"AUGHADERG GLEBE, Oct. 5, 1841.

Rev. Sir.—Being informed by my son that you performed service in the church-yard at Aughaderg, on Friday, the 24th ult., I beg leave to call your attention to the 5th Geo. IV. chap. 25, in order that you may perceive that your thus officiating without my permission was contrary to law. I am quite willing to believe that, on this occasion, it occurred through inadvertence; and I can assure you it would give me much pain to feel myself under the obligation of vindicating my rights in any manner unpleasant to you.

I have the honour to be, rev. sir,
Your obedient servant,
JEFFREY LEFROY.*
Rev. J. Doran, Loughbrickland."

We have not room for more than the concluding passages of Mr. Doran's reply, which are as follows:—"Do you really think it conducive to the maintenance of your rights, as you call them, to have a revision of Widow Wolfrey's trial in the law courts of Ireland? Take the disinterested advice of a friend. Your establishment is threatened at this moment with more serious injuries from some of her own children than may be justly apprehended from the repetition of a short 'de profundis' or a 'requiescat in pace' by a Catholic priest in a Protestant grave-yard. Your own church of Aughaderg and the adjoining burial-ground were, not long since, the property of Catholics. Ascend its belfry, and read there the name of its pious Catholic founder—the ancestor of the man who has planted the unostentatious, yet triumphant, cross of the beautiful Catholic church opposite. When you hear the toll of that bell, remember the virtuous donor; and should you not be disposed to comply with his last will by peating a "de profundis" for the repose of his soul, learn, at least to respect those who inherit his religion and his virtues. Remember that

True religion is always mild, propitious, and humane!
Pays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels;
But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,
And build her grandeur on the public good."

I have no tribunal to which I may appeal for sympathy except to an enlightened public of the nineteenth century. I shall willingly abide the terms of its award, with an undoubting confidence that the day is past when the pitch-cap and triangle will have many admirers, or the martyr to principle and conscience will be judged to have merited his fate.

I have the honour to be, Rev. sir,
Your obedient servant,

JOHN DORAN,
AUGHADERG.

Rev. J. Lefroy."

* This gentleman is the son of Dr. Lefroy, M. P., for Trinity College.

NEW HARDWARE STORE

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has re-opened the Store lately occupied by Mr. J. Layton, in Stinson's Block, and is now receiving an extensive assortment of Birmingham, Sheffield and American Shelf and Heavy HARD WARE, which he will sell at the very Lowest Prices.

H. W. IRELAND.

Hamilton, Oct. 4, 1841.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

This restless globe its annual race,
Hath travers'd round its circl'd space,
And dates a new career;
Time, that admits no moment's pause,
Obedient to Creation's laws,
Hath brought another year.

What wondrous power, what mighty soul,
Impels the planets as they roll,
Their trackless paths to find?
Who doth the certain seasons form,
And heat, and cold, and calm, and storm,
In one vast system bind?

Who scents the Spring's fresh blooming days,
Or kindles Summer's fervid rays,
Or mellow Autumn's store?
Who spreads the fields with living green,
Or painted the luxuriant scene,
That cheerful nature wore?

Who sends the wintry blast around,
Or bids the snow refresh the ground,
Or ices the floods onchain?
Say—is it chance, blind Atheist-say,
Shades o'er the night, illumines the day,
And forms these worlds in vain?

Ah, no! no reason dark can find,
The Almighty Hand, the eternal Mind,
On all his works imprest;
His terrors wake the sinner's fear,
His goodness crowns the fruitful year,
And makes Creation blest.

Jehovah spake, and time began,
And worlds their mystic mazes ran,
Obedient to his call:
His word shall quench the source of Light,
And turn to blood the Queen of night,
And make the planets fall.

Yes, worlds on worlds shall all expire,—
Expecting the refining fire,
They hasten to their doom:
What then is man polluted worm,
Of scanty date and fleeting form,
Durst he of time presume?

Ah, no! each moment as it flies,
Bears millions homeward to the skies,
Or plunges them beneath;
As bubbles rise and disappear,
As atoms float till lost in air,
We rise—then sink in death.

Then let me while the moments last,
With double zeal redeem the past,
While yet the season's mine;
And counting well my fleeting days,
Apply my heart to Wisdom's ways,
That lead to life divine.

ENGLAND.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER IN ASHTON.

—Our limited space does not allow us to lay before our readers the whole of a letter which we have just received under this head, but we will give them the more interesting portions. * * * I was grieved in my inmost soul to find, contrary to my expectations, that in Ashton men could be found sufficiently wicked to carry about on Catholic property even to the very gates of the temple of God, in effigy of the Venerable Pontiff, the meek Vicar of Christ; to collect together a venerable, the officiating of society, who during the winter season would perish were it not for Catholic bounty, and many of them would not have a blanket to cover them were it not for the same cause; to insult their benefactors, and to annoy the inoffending, and to frighten the sick. Never, Sir (and I have been in many places, at home and on the continent) did it fall to my lot to live in the neighbourhood of so vile a place as Ashton. Taking into consideration the smallness and

circumstances of the locality, I have no hesitation in boldly asserting that Ashton can boast of as vicious, as intolerant, as bloodthirsty a faction as any other village or township in the country. * * *

In Ashton, since the establishment of Orange Lodge, a vile and contemptible faction by a *clique*, possessing little money but no education, have periodically annoyed the peaceable inhabitants; and under cover of the night, and in the most despicable manner, they have committed the greatest outrages on the feelings of their Catholic neighbours. Why all this? Have the Catholics annoyed them? Has the respected pastor of the place in any way mixed himself up with party? Quite the contrary. And if I were to use the language of complaint, I would say that both priest and people have been too passive under the most galling provocation. One would really imagine that instead of being located on Catholic property, instead of being surrounded by intelligent Englishmen, we were living in one of the worst parts of the north of Ireland, and in the midst of a sanguinary Orange banditti. The windows of the Catholic chapel, built exclusively by the late Sir W. Gerard, Bart, were in 1839, and again in 1840 maliciously broken; and I well recollect, that on the 7th of November last year I myself saw a quantity of shot in the chapel porch, which was found in a heap of dirt that had been collected after the sacred edifice had been swept. Is it not mockery—a libel on truth—to assert, that Britain is, and exclusively so, the land of liberty? Of what avail is it that civil equality has been awarded us, if in Ashton, where the property is exclusively Catholic we are exposed to the insults of the vilest of human beings; if we are obliged to procure a guard to protect the windows of the temple of the living God from being sacrilegiously broken? Oh! what a dreadful curse fell upon this country when the Almighty permitted her to become a prey to the great revolt. * * * Tablet

CORONATION OATH.

Among the petitions presented in the House of Commons last night was one from Mr. Steele, O'Connell's head pacificator for Ireland, praying for an alteration in the Coronation oath, which certainly demands the attention of the Legislature. That the Sovereign of this realm should be compelled solemnly to affirm the brand of idolatry—of a most heinous offence against the Majesty of God—upon the religious faith of nearly nine millions of her subjects, including men eminent for the antiquity of their descent, their learning and their piety, reflects no credit upon the boasted liberality of the British Legislature. It is surely enough that the Sovereign should be a good Protestant, without compelling her to attest her sincerity by branding with infidelity the faith of others. Nor does our gracious Queen stand alone in the involuntary outrage thus offered to the Roman Catholics. Every Protestant member of the Legislature is obliged to take a similar oath, though in nine cases out of ten the swearer can know nothing of the truth of what he is swearing about, being wholly ignorant of the real doctrines