SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1851.

THE Weekly Chronicle

Volume 13. "Opposition without faction, and Measures irrespective of Men." Number 34.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DURANT, at his Office in the Brick Building of L. H. Dovober & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

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Weekly Almanack.

May.		R. Sun s.	Moon H. w.		
3 Saturday,	- -	5 51	7 4	8 33	ev 30
4 Sunday,	- -	4 49	7 5	10 58	1 10
5 Monday,	- -	4 48	7 6	11 36	1 53
6 Tuesday,	-	4 46	7 7	morn.	2 44
7 Wednesday,	- -	4 45	7 8	0 25	3 45
8 Thursday,	- -	4 44	7 9	1 19	5 1
9 Friday,	- -	4 42	7 10	1 54	6 56

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By Samuel La'Mert, M. D.
No. 37, BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON.
Doctor of Medicine, Matricular Member of the University of Edinburgh, Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, London, Honorary Member of the London Hospital, Medical Society, &c.

CONTENTS OF THE TREATISE:

CHAPTER I.—On the Philosophy of Marriage, with its Hindrances and Obligations, and on Infelicitious and Unproductive Unions.
CHAPTER II.—On the Anatomy and Physiology the Generative Organs, their functions, structures, and secret ones, proving that great Mental and Physical Power are dependant on their healthy action.
CHAPTER III—On solitary Habits; their various effects on the Animal Economy; the concealed cause of Debility of the functions of the Stomach, Lungs, and Brain, and general Weakness of the Mental Faculties.
CHAPTER IV.—On the Secret Disorders of Youth and Maturity, and the Treatment of Nervous and Local Weakness, Mental Debility, and Premature Decay.
CHAPTER V. and VI—On the Disorders arising from indiscriminate Excess, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures, and other diseases of the Urethra.

REVIEW OF THE WORK.

Marriage requires the fulfilment of several conditions, in order that it may be really the cause of mutual happiness. Could the veil, which covers the origin of domestic wretchedness, be raised and its true source in every instance disclosed, in how many could it be traced to physicial disqualifications and their attendant disappointments. Excesses are always injurious; the gift, which when used in moderation is fraught with advantage, becomes, when abused, the prolific source of mischief, and of greater or less injury to the constitution and vital powers. The particular excesses, on the nature and consequences of which this Treatise professes to dilate, are productive of greater misery to the human frame, than any other to which it is subject.

This Work contains an accurate and complete account of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Reproductive Organs, and of their relative conditions in health and disease. Not are these the sole contents of the Work, the means of escape, as well as the nature of the danger are pointed out in clear and intelligible language. It deservedly requires the closest attention and study, for what subject can be of more importance than the preservation of health, and the physicial capabilities of which every man should be possessed. It unfortunately happens that the unhappy victim of excesses indulgence and vicious habits, whether acquired in early life, or from the follies of advanced age, while suffering from their invariable consequences, unwisely entertains a fear of applying to the qualified physician for relief. Shame and the dread so frequently and erroneously entertained that these complaints are beyond the reach of art, alike restrict him, and prevent his seeking for assistance where alone it can be procured. In acting thus, he forgets that actuate discrimination in ascertaining the causes of disease, sympathy with the sufferer, and above all, secrecy, invariably characterize the intelligent and practical physician and to the medical man, who can show by his possession of the requisite legal qualification that he is entitled to esteem and respect in his professional pursuits the utmost confidence should be extended. DR. LA'MERT has obtained the highest medical honours, as his diplomas testify, and the great extent of his practice for many years is a guarantee for his professional experience, which has reference almost solely to the treatment of these diseases.

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August 24, 1849.

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Miscellany.

THE CONSTANT—OR, THE ANNIVERSARY PRESENT.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

It has an excellent influence on one's moral health to meet now and then in society, or, better still, in the close communion of home life, such a woman as Catherine Grant. She influences every one that comes within the pure atmosphere of her friendship, and as unconsciously to them as to herself. She never moralizes, or commands reform. There is no parade of her individual principle in any way, but she always *acts* rightly; and if her opinion is called forth, it is given promptly and quietly, but very firmly.

Yet, though even strangers say this of her now, there was a time when few suspected the moral strength of her character. Not that principle was wanting; but it had never been called forth. She moved in her own circle with very little remark or comment. She was cheerful, and even sprightly in her manner, and her large blue eyes, as well as her lips, always spoke the truth. I do not know that she was ever called beautiful; but there was an air of *ladyhood* about her, from the folding of her soft brown hair to the gloving of a somewhat large but exquisitely—shaped hand, that marked her at once as possessing both taste and refinement.

I remember that a friend spoke of her engagement with a Willis Grant as a "good match," and rather wondered that she did not seem more elated with the prospect of being the mistress of such a pleasant little establishment as would be hers, for she was one of a large family of daughters, and her father's income as a professional man did not equal that of Willis, who was at the head of one of our largest mercantile houses. But it was in her nature to take all things calmly, though she was young, and enjoyed all the kindness of his attentions, and the prospect of a new home, as much as any happy bride could have done. It was a delightful home—not so extravagantly furnished as Willis would have chosen it to be, but tasteful, and withal including many of those luxuries and elegancies which we of the nineteenth century, are rapidly, too rapidly, learning to need. Willis declared that no one could be happier than they were; and, strange as it may seem, the envious world for once prophsied no cloud in the future.

But we have nothing to do with that first eventful year of married life—the year of attrition in in mind and character, when two natures differing in many points, and these sharpened as it were by education, are suddenly brought into immediate cotact. There were some ideals overthrown, no doubt—it is often so; and some good qualities discovered, which were unsuspected before. The second anniversary of the wedding-day was also the birth-day of a darling child, and the house was more homelike than ever.

Yet Willis Grant was seldom there. It was not that he loved his wife the less—that her beauty had faded, or her temper changed. She was the same as ever—gentle, affectionate, and thoughtful for his wishes; and he appreciated all this. But before he had sought her, in those wild idle days of early manhood, when the spirit craves continual excitement, and has not yet learned that it is the love of woman's purer nature which it needs, Willis had chosen his associates in a circle which it was very difficult to break from, now that their society was no longer essential to him.—He was close in his attention to business; his great success had arisen from industry as well as talent; but when the counting house was closed, there was no family circle to welcome him, and the doors of the club-house were invitingly open.

True, it was one of the most respectable clubs of the city, mostly composed of young business men like himself, who discussed the tariffs and their effects upon trade over their *recherche* dinners, and chatted of European politics over their wine. And this reminds us of one thing that argues much, if not more than anything else, against the club-house system, that is so rapidly gaining favor in our cities. It accustoms the young man just entering life to a surrounding of luxury that he cannot himself consistently support when he begins to think of having a home of his own. He passes his evenings in a beautiful saloon, where the light is brilliant, yet tempered; where crimson curtains and a blazing fire speak at once comfort and affluence of means. There are no discomforts, such as any one meets with more or less, inevitably, in private families—nothing to jar upon the spirit of self-indulgence and indolence which is thus fostered. The dinners, in cooking and service, are unexceptionable; and there are always plenty of associates as idle and thoughtless, and as good-natured as himself, to make a jest of domestic life and domestic virtues. And, by-and-by, there is a stronger stimulous wanted, and the jest becomes more wanton over the roulette table or the keenly tested rubber; and the wine circulates more freely as the fire of youth goes out and leaves the ashes of mental and moral desolation. Ah no! the club-house is no conservator of the purity of social life, and thus Catherine Grant soon felt, as night after night her husband left her to the society of her own thoughts, or her favorite books, to meet old friends in his familiar saloons, and show them that he at least was none the less "a good fellow" for being a married man?

It was all very well, no doubt, to be able to break away from the pleasant parlor, and the interesting woman who was the presiding genius of his household, and spend his evenings in the society of gay gallants who talked of horses and Tedesco's figure, or the gray-headed votaries of the whist table, who played the game as if the presidency depended upon "following lead," and each trump was a dimond of inestimable worth, to be cherished and reserved, and parted with only at the last extremity. Sometimes a thought of comparison would arise, as he sat with elevated feet beside the anthracite fire and gazed steadfastly upon his patient leathern. Sometimes the idle jests and the heartless laughes would jar upon his ear; and the cigar was suffered to die out as, in thought, of wife and child, he longed to put it to his lips. But the injustice of his conduct, in thus depriving them of his society, did not once cross his mind, until he was in voluntarily made the [illegible] of a visit between Catherine and a lady who had been her intimate friend before marriage.

He had returned hurriedly one morning in search of some papers left in his own room, dignified by the name of study, though it must be confessed that he passed but little time there. It communicated with Catherine's apartment, which was just then occupied by the two ladies in confidential chat.

'And so you won't go to Mrs. Sawyer's to-night?' said Miss Lyons, who had thrown herself at full length upon a couch, and was idly teasing the baby with the tassel of her muff. 'How provoking you are! You might as well be dead as married. It's well for your husband that I'm not in your place. Why, every one talks about it, my child, how you are cooped up here, and Willis at the club-house night after night. Morgan told me he was always there, and asked me what kind of a wife he had—whether you quarrelled or fretted, that he was away from home so much.'

Had the heedless speaker glanced up from her play with little Gertrude, she would have seen her friend's face suffused with a slight flush, for the last view of the case was entirely new to her. But she said, quietly as ever—

'Everybody' might be in better business, Nell; and why is it well for Willis that you are not in my place?'

'Why? Because I'd pay him in his own coin; he should not have the game all in own hands. If he went to the club, I'd flirt, that's all, and we'd see who would hold out the longer.'

'Bad principle, Nelly. Two wrongs, as the old proverb says, never make a right; and yet, I am sorry I said that, for so long as it gives Willis pleasure, and he is not drawn from his business by it, it is not wrong, though there is danger to any man in confirmed habits of 'good-fellowship,' as it is called. No one could see that more plainly than I do, or dread it more. Of course, when we love a person it is natural to wish to be with him as much as possible; and I must confess that I am a little lonely now and then. But your plan would never succeed, nor would it be wise to annoy my husband with complaints. Nothing provokes a man like an expostulation.'

'And what do you do, then?'

'Nothing at all but try to make his home as comfortable as possible, and when he is weary of his gay companions, he will return to me with more interest.'

'Well, well,' broke in her visitor, 'Morgan can make up his mind to a very different state of things. I shall stipulate, first of all, that he must give up that abominable club-house.'

'And do you intend to lay your flitting propensition on the same altar of mutual happiness?'

Willis did not hear the reply, for he stole softly away: annoyed, as he thought, at having been a listener to what was not intended for his ears.—But there was a little sting of self-reproach at his selfish desertion of home; and, more than all, that Catherine should have been blamed for offences that any one who had known her would never have attributed to her.

'Ah, by the way, Kate,' he said that evening turning suddenly, as she stood arranging her work-table beneath the gas-light, 'how about that invitation to Mrs. Sawyer's? It was for to-night, if I recollect?

'I sent regrets, of course, as you expressed no wish to go; and, to tell the truth, I would much rather pass the evening quietly here with you.—How long it is since we have had one of those old-fashioned chats! Not since baby has been my companion.'

This was said in a cheerful tone, as a reminiscence, not as a reproach; and yet Willis felt the morning's uncomfortable sensations return, though he tried to dispel them by stooping to kiss her forehead. Nevertheless, he ordered his coat, as the servant came in to remove the tea-things, and took up his gloves from the table. The very consciousness of being in the wrong prevented an acknowledgement, even by an act so simple as giving up one evening's engagement.

'And here she comes!' he said, as the nurse drew the cradle from an adjoining room, so lightly that the little creature did not move or stir in her sweet sleep. And when his wife threw back the light covering, and said, '*Isn't she beautiful*, Willis?' as only a young mother could say it, it must be confessed that he thought himself a very fortunate man to have two such treasures, and he could not help saying so.

'I love to have the little thing where I can watch her myself; so, when there is no one in, nurse spares her to me, and we sit here as cosily as possible. I could watch her for hours.' Sometimes she does not move, and then she will smile so sweetly in her sleep—and only look at those dear little dimpled hands, Willis!'

And yet Willis took the coat when it came, though with a guilty feeling at heart. The greater the self-reproach, the more the pride that arose to combat it; and he drew on his gloves resolutely.

'Don't sit up for me,' he said, as he had said a hundred times before; and in a moment the hall door shut with a clang, as he passed into the street. Catherine echoed the sound with a half sigh. The morning's conversation rose to her recollection, and she had hoped, she scarce knew why, that Willis would remain with her that evening. But she checked the regretful reverie, and took up the pretty little sock she was knitting for Gertrude, and soon became engrossed in counting, and all the after mysteries of this truly feminine employment.

Willis was ill at ease. He met young Morgan on the steps, and returned his bow very coldly.—His usual companions were absent, and, after haunting the saloon restlessly for an hour, he strolled down to his counting-house. He knew that the foreign correspondence had just arrived, and, as he expected his confidential clerk was still at the desk. And here he found, much to his dismay, that the presence of one of the firm was immediately necessary in Paris; and that, as the partner who usually attended to this branch of the business was ill, the journey would devolve on him. He was detained until a late hour, and as he turned his steps homeward, the scene that he had left there rose vividly to his mind. He hurried up the steps, hoping to find Catherine still there, and the fire glowing redly though the bars of the grate, was the only thing to welcome him. He stood a long time, leaning his elow on the marble of the mantel, and thought over many things that had happened within the last few years.—the many happy social evenings he had passed at that very hearth; the unvarying love and constancy of his gentler name; and then came the thought that he must leave all this domestic peace, which he had valued so little—and who knew what might chance before he should return? He kissed his sleeping wife and child with unwonted tenderness, as he entered their apartment, and thought they had never been so dear to him before.

It would be their first protracted seperation, and Catherine was sad enough when its necessity was announced to her. But all preparations were hastened; and, at the close of the week, they were standing together in the dining-room, the last trunk locked, and the carriage waiting at the door that was to convey Willis to the steamer.

'And mind you do not get ill in my absence, Kate,' he said, as he smoothed back her beautiful hair, and looked down fondly in her face. 'If you are very good, as they tell children, I will send you the most charming present you can conceive of, or that Paris can offer, for the anniversary of our wedding-day. Too bad that we should be seperated for the first time; but 3 months will soon pass away.'

And Catherine smiled through the tears that were trembling in her eyes, at the half sad, half playful words; and a wife-like glance of trustfulness told how very dear he was.

There is nothing very romantic now-a-days in a voyage to Europe. It has become a common place, everyday journey. You step to the deck of the steamer with less fear and trembling of friends than was once bestowed on a passage down the Hudson, and before you are fairly recovered from the first shock of sea-sickness, you have reached the destined port. But, for all that, longing eyes watch the rapid motion of the vessel as it lessens in the distance, and many a prayer is wafted to its white sails by the sighing nigh-wind. There are lonely hours to remind one that the broad and silent sea is rolling between us and those we love; and we know that it is sometimes treacherous in its tranquility.

It is then we bless the quiet messengers that come from afar to tell us of their well-being—when the seal, with its loving device, is pressed to trembling lips, and the well-known hand recalls the form of the absent one so vividly. So, at last, the long looked-for letters came with tidings of the safe arrival of Mr. Grant at his destination, and the hope that his return would be more speedy than was anticipated. A month passed slowly away, and little Gertrude had been her mother's best comforter in absence. Every day some new intelligence lighted her bright eyes, and Catherine could trace another look of resemblance to the absent one. But, suddenly, the child grew ill, and the pain of seperation was augmented, as day by day the mother watched over her alone.

It was her first experience of the illness of childhood, and it required all her strength and all her calmness to be patient, while sitting hour after hour with the moaning infant cradled in her arms, unable to understand or relieve its sufferings, and tortured by the dull look of apathy which answered to her fond and endearing exclamations. She had forgotten that the birth-day of the infant was so near—that first birth-day—and the anniversary which they had twice welcomed so joyfully. At last the crisis came; the long night closed in drearily, and the physician told her that, ere morning, there would be hope or despair. Those who have thus watched can alone understand the agony of that midnight vigil; how every breath was counted, with feverish anxiety. And Catherine sat there, forgetting that food and rest was necessary to her, conscious only of the suffering of her child, and picturing darkly to herself the loneliness of the future, should it be taken from her. How could she survive the interval that would elapse before her husband's return? and how dreary would be the meeting which she had hitherto anticipated with so much pleasure.

She was not to be so sorely tried. The hard feverish pulse gave place to a gentler beating; the fever flush passed away; and the regular heaving of a quiet sleep gave token at length that all danger to the child was over.

Then, for the first time, Catherine was persuaded to seek rest for herself, and all her anxiety was forgotten in a deep and trance-like slumber.

When she awoke there were letters and packages lying beside her bed, directed by her husband; and after that she had once more assured herself that it was no dream that her child was really safe, she opened them eagerly. The letter announced that the business was happily adjusted, and that his return might be looked for by the next steamer. Meantime, he said, he had sent some things to amuse her, and more particularly the choice gift for the anniversary of their marriage. It was the morning of that very day! She had not thought of it before. She stooped to place a birth-day kiss upon the fair but wasted little face beside her, and then, more open the envelopes.—There were many beautiful things, 'such as ladies love to look upon,' '*For our Wedding Day.*' It contained a little jewel case; but there was nothing on the snowy satin cushion but a pair of dainty wrought clasps for the robe of the little child, marked, 'with a father's love;' and then, as she was replacing them, a sealed envelope caught her eye. There was an enclosure directed to a name she was not familiar with, and a few lines pencilled for herself:—

DEAR KATE:—I have searched all over Paris, and could not find anything that I thought would please you better than the inclosed, which is my resignation of club membership. Will you please send it to the president, and accept the true and earnest love of

YOUR ABSENT HUSBAND."

Then he had not been unmindful of her silent regret; he still loved his home, and the dangerous hour of his temptation was passed! Had she not great reason for the gush of love and thankfulness that filled her heart and renewed her strength that happy morning—her child saved, and her husband, as it were, restored to her? Ere he came, the little one was fast regaining her bright playfulness, and became a stronger tie between Willis Grant and his happy home. I do not know that you and I, dear reader, would have learned the secret of his renewed devotion to his wife, had he not told Nelly Lyons himself that 'Kate's way was the best, and she had better try it with Morgan, if ever he showed an undue fondness for the club after their marriage.' Of course, the volatile girl could not help telling the story, and when two know a thing, as we are all aware, it is a secret no longer.

PRIESTS AT A DEATH-BED.

(From Marryat's "Midshipman Easy.")

"This is steady work," thought Jack, "I may have more fun outside:" so Jack put on his cloak, left the masquerade, and went out in search of adventures. He walked into the open country about half-a-mile, until he came unto a splendid house, standing in a garden of orange trees, which he determined to reconnoitre. He observed that a window was open, and lights were in the room: and he climbed up to the window, and just opened the white curtain and looked in. On a bed lay an elderly person, evidently lying, and by the side of the bed were three priests, one of whom held the crucifix in his hand, another the censer, and a third was sitting at a table with paper, pen and ink. As Jack understood Spanish, he listened, and heard one of the priests say—

"Your sins have been enormous, my son, and I cannot give you extreme unction or absolution unless you make some amends."

"I have," answered the moribund, "left money for ten thousand masses to be said for my soul."

"Five hundred thousand masses are not sufficient. How have you gained your enormous wealth—by usury and robbing the poor?"

"I have left a thousand dollars to be distributed among the poor on the day of my funeral."

"One thousand dollars is nothing—you must leave all your property to holy church."

"And my children?" replied the dying man faintly.

"What are your children compared to your salvation? Reply not; either consent, or not only do I refuse you the consolation of the dying, but I excommunicate——"

"Mercy, holy father, mercy!" said the old man in a dying voce.

"There is no mercy, you are damned for ever and ever. Amen. Now hear: *excommunicabo te*——"

"Stop—stop. Have you the paper ready?"

"'Tis here—all ready, by which you revoke al former wills, and endow the holy church with your property. We will read it, for God forbid that it should be said that the holy church received an involuntary gift."

"I will sign it," replied the dying man; "but my sight fails me. Be quick—absolve me."—And the paper was signed with difficulty, as the priests supported the dying man. "And now absolve me."

"I do absolve thee," replied the priest, who then went through the ceremony.

"Now, this is a confoundedly rascally piece of business," said Jack to himself, who then dropped his cloak, jumped up on the window-sill, opened wide the window curtains with both hands, and uttered a yelling kind of "Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

The priests turned round, saw the paper on the table, and threw themselves with their faces on the floor.

"*Exorcizo te.*" stammered one. "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" repeated Jack entering the room, and taking up the paper, which he burnt by the flame of the candle. Our hero looked at the old man on the bed; his Jaw had fallen, his eyes were turned; he was dead. Jack then gave one "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" to keep the priests in their places, blew out the candles, made a spring out of the window, caught up his cloak, and disappeared as fast as his legs could carry him.

A WHITE MAN SOLD AT AUCTION. The following incident occurs in a letter written on the 8th inst., by a lady—formerly of this city—from Rushville, Schuyler county, Illinois:

There has lived here for many years a man named Barnaby, by trade a blacksmith, having a wife and a large family of children. He has always been somewhat intemperate, but latterly the habit has so completely taken possession of him that he had been found at times rolling about the streets, utterly helpless. Complaints were lodged against him by some of the citizens, and he was arrested as a vagrant.

At the trial he proved that his family had never suffered by his intemperance, and that there were then in his house sufficient money, meat, flour and wood. The jury, notwithstanding, brought him in guilty, and the judge sentenced him to be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, for the term of four months.

The sale actually took place yesterday at the Court House door, in the presence of a large assemblage of citizens. I think the South may well laugh at these anti-slavery fanatics of the North, who have thus forever cast a stigma of disgrace on a respectable and innocent family, by publicly selling the husband and father as a slave.—*N. O. Picayune.*

An English gambler, Fredrick Roe by name, was less fortunate at Sacramento city having shot through the head a Mr. Charles A. Myers, an industrious resident of that place, who interferred for the purpose of putting an end to a quarrel in which he was engaged. The citizens assembled at once, tried Roe upon the charge of murder, convicted him, and in five hours after the commission of his fiendish act, hung him in the presence of several thousand persons. It is a fact worthy of remark, that the proceedings both in this city and Sacramento were conducted in a satisfactory manner.

HORRIBLE STATE OF A BRITISH SHIP.—The British ship Blanche, Capt. Duckitt, arrived at New Orleans on the 25th ultimo, in the most filthy and disgusting condition. She left Liverpool on the 22d January with 502 souls, in all.—On the 21st February the ship fever made its appearance, and twenty-six deaths occurred. Subsequently, all the ships crew was attacked. The captain is now down with fever, both mates confined to their berths, and about seventy or eighty cases of ship fever on board.

Communication.

[FOR THE CHRONICLE.]

Mr. Editor,—Having noticed a communication in the Courier of the 12th inst., in reply to my communication to the Grand Master of the Orange Lodges, (and which was published in the Chronicle of the 10th March,) said to be with a desire to disabuse the public mind, but as I consider, with a desire rather to abuse and slander the members of Orange Society generally. As a member of that Body, and Master of a Lodge, I consider it my duty to rebut the false statements in that communication, in order that the public may not be misled by a deceiver.

First, I have no pretentions to the appearing as the champion of Orangemen in this Province, altho' falsely so stated by the writer in the Courier, but as an humble advocate of the truth; and if there be any championship in the case, the title will fail more appropriately upon "*One of the Congregation*;" but not as a champion of Protestantism, not as a champion of Church and State, but as the columnator of one of New Brunswick's noblest Institutions. I would not have it supposed that the Grand Master takes precedence of the Lord Bishop as head of the Church, as is foolishly stated by that writer; neither would I, or any of my Orange brethren, pretend to interfere with the rites and ceremonies of the Established Church, or any other Religious congregation. The writer refers to an Act of the Assembly to prove that any person using any of the rites or ceremonies of the Church without proper authority, is liable to a fine of £100, or one years imprisonment, and seems to insinuate that I have subjected myself to that penalty. The writer must be either very dull of comprehension, or must imagine the people to be so, the most ignorant man in the community must know that the ceremonies used by Orangemen at their funerals in no way interferes or dispences with the rites or ceremonies of the Church.

I agree with the writer that the Church is composed principally of a body of Protestants firmly attached to the faith of our fathers, as established at the Reformation, and founded on the Word of God, I can assure the public that the Orangemen by no means consider their book of charges a higher higher authority than the Church, as falsely stated writer. I agree with him also that the Church itself is tolerant, and I am only sorry to find one of her clergymen, and "*One of the Congregation*," by their intolerance, endeavouring to rob her of her good name. I ask the writer will he deny, dare he deny, that many of the Church clergymen in England are tainted with Tractarianism, yes, that many of them have actually seceded