

derstand, but it greatly perplexes the Episcopalian champions to know why they cannot keep a bundle of contradictions straight on a donkey's back. So they go, leaning all over on one side, laughed at by every body, and greatly irritable in their own minds. They have voted every man unsafe that does not "commit himself"—and the worst of it is that Lord Fielding's case shows how the very act of committing oneself to the rickety affair is oftentimes the immediate occasion of repentance and other distrust of its truth. Can anything be richer than the following from the Episcopalian *Calendar* of Hartford:—

"Till Dr. Pusey defines his own position, we shall be forced not to put any trust in him. We want to hear something more decided even from Mr. Keble. In these days we can be sure of no man, whose Churchmanship is not as active against Popery, as against Puritanism. Disguise it as we may—we have reached a terrible crisis, in which every man must be suspected who does not commit himself to a definite stand against both evils. A succession of astounding developments, and revolting acts of perfidy, have reversed the ordinary rule, and made mutual distrust the order of the day. At such a time it is treason to be silent, or to be neutral."—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

Before we proceed further, let us clearly understand the meaning of these words: CATHOLIC, PROTESTANT, and REFORMATION. Catholic means *universal*, and the religion which takes this epithet, was called universal, because all Christian people of every nation acknowledge it to be the only true religion, and because they all acknowledge *one and the same head* of the Church, and this was the Pope, who, though he generally resided at Rome, was the *head* of the Church in England, in France, in Spain, and, in short, in every part of the world where the Christian religion was professed. But there came a time, when some nations, or, rather, parts of some nations, cast off the authority of the Pope, and, of course, no longer acknowledged him as the *head* of the Christian Church. These nations, or parts of nations, declared, or *protested*, against the authority of their former head, and also against the doctrines of that Church, which, until now, had been the only Christian Church. They, therefore, called themselves *Protestants*, or *Protestants*; and this is now the appellation given to all who are not Catholics. As to the word *Reformation*, it means an alteration *for the better*; and it would have been hard indeed if the makers of this great alteration could not have contrived to give it a *good name*.

Now, my friends, a fair and honest inquiry will teach us, that this was an alteration greatly for the *worse*; that the Reformation, as it is called, was engendered in beastly lust, brought forth in hypocrisy and perfidy, and cherished and fed by plunder, devastation, and by rivers of innocent English and Irish blood; and that, as to its more remote consequences, they are, some of them, now before us, in that misery, that beggary, that nakedness, that hunger, that everlasting wrangling and spite, which now stare us in the face and stun our ears at every turn, and which the "Reformation" has given us in exchange for the peace and happiness and harmony and Christian charity, enjoyed so abundantly, and for so many ages, by our Catholic forefathers.—*Cobbett's Reformation*, vol. 1, page 4.

GREAT BRITAIN.

BARCLAY AND PERKINS'S BREWERY.

This brewery, whose fame is announced at the corner of almost every street in London (the ordinary sign of a porter-house or gin-shop being, in almost every case, coupled with the conspicuously displayed notification of "Barclay and Perkins's Entire"), is almost a quarter of London, having whole streets and ranges of edifices; and which, standing by itself, would make a very tolerable town.

Here was a whole population devoted to the production of beer. They seemed also to be consumers to a very considerable extent; for they were rosy, hale, and portly. Horses of enormous size were circulating in various directions, either harnessed in numbers to ponderous carts laden with the drowsy fluid, to transport to customers in every quarter of the metropolis, or else singly drawing a barrel about on a wooden drag, similar to a sled. These sleds, by-the-by, are frequently seen in London, and strike me as offering a solitary exception to the rigorous exclusion from the streets of whatever can in any way interfere with the public convenience and safety. They are certainly dangerous, and I once saw one of them, at the turning of a corner, run directly under the legs of a pair of horses before they could be pulled up by the postillion.

I and my friend, having exhibited our letter of introduction, were admitted to the establishment, and put in charge of a person to conduct us. We were first shown the vast repositories in which the malt is stored. The malt used in making beer is simply barley parched, or submitted to the same process with coffee, preparatory to making the decoction. The malt store was so arranged, that it could be let at once through a trap in any given quantity, into the large boilers below. The beer is made in three large coppers, each capable of containing 340 barrels. The malt and boiled hops are added together, and boiling water is perpetually forced up from below. This process goes on twelve hours. In order to mix the whole intimately, a machine (called a "rouser" which is worked by steam) resolves perpetually within the coppers, disturbing the hops and malt, and preventing them from settling. When the liquor is sufficiently boiled it is carried off to the fermenting vats, where it gradually cools, and goes through the process of fermentation.

I was struck here by the singular effect which the sun produced in shining through the blinds, and casting its light obliquely over the purple vapour evaporating from the vats. When the fermentation is com-

plete, and the beer drawn off into the vats in which it is preserved, the various vessels are cleansed, and the process is renewed the next day.

Everything in this establishment is on a vast and magnificent scale, and the buildings and works are executed with neatness, elegance, and solidity. There are, among other things, eight vast hop-lofts, each seventy yards long, by forty wide; curiously-contrived purchases for lifting and cleansing parts of the machinery; railways to bring the coal from its depository to the furnaces; and even a very beautiful suspension-bridge, spanning a street, to connect the upper stories of opposite edifices. I never saw engines in more complete order than those which move the various machinery of this establishment. Both of them are of Watt's construction: and it seemed to me not a little creditable to the genius of that machinist, that he should himself have brought to such perfection (for manufacturing purposes, at least) a complicated contrivance, which the ingenuity of so many persons who have devoted themselves to its study has not been able essentially to improve.

There is much about the air of this establishment to convey the idea—not of something connected with individual enterprise, but of those vast public works, such as magazines, arsenals, and dock-yards, in which the greatness of a powerful nation exhibits itself. There is a massive stone inscription let into one of the walls of a new building, setting forth, for the benefit of posterity that its construction had been commenced in May of the previous year, and finished in November. This was a dispatch that would have excited wonder even in our impatient "go-a-head" brethren on t'other side the Atlantic.

In one of the court-yards is a beautiful iron tank, supported on columns, at a sufficient elevation to carry water to any part of the works; this is capable of containing 1,500 barrels of water. Neatness, order and arrangement prevail throughout every department of this vast establishment. The stables would remind one of the military precision of a cavalry barracks, though the animals themselves were not such as would have figured well in a charge, being strangers to every other gait than a walk: they were enormous animals, indeed, and of great price, many of them having cost as high as sixty or seventy guineas. A number of them were distinguished from their comrades by having a wisp of straw woven into their tails. On asking what they had done to be honored thus above their comrades, I was told that they were either lame, or required to be shod.

At a distance from the stable, a very neat edifice was pointed out as the horse-infirmiry, where those which were in delicate health were delivered over to kinder care and treatment.

The stable-men and drivers were as colossal as their horses; indeed, the appearance of all the people about this establishment went to prove that beer-drinking, after all, is not such a bad thing in its physical effect; for these people are, many of them, allowed a half-gallon a-day, which some extend, from their own means, to twice that quantity. Its tendency, however, did not seem to be to quicken the intellect, for most of the men had a dull, drowsy, immovable look, when unexcited; but, on *Haynau's visit*, their countenances lighted up with a vengeance.

It is in the cellars, however, where the beer is preserved, that one is most struck with the extent, and, if I may use the word, the grandeur of this establishment. A system of cast-iron columns props beams of the same material, while, on all sides, are ranged huge vats, containing beer in a condition for use. There were no fewer than 116 of these, which average 2,000 barrels of thirty-six gallons each, and the largest of which contains 3,400 barrels; so that there are actually always 232,000 barrels of beer on hand here. One may imagine what would be the effect of an accident which should burst these vats simultaneously. The beer deluge would become as fixed a part of the traditions of Southwark, as that of the olden time is of all mankind.

I and my friend left this establishment without any disposition to sneer with the conceited and the silly at brewers and breweries; perhaps there is no more direct road to great wealth and all the consequences which it carries with it, than the diligent and successful prosecution of this business.

Barclay and Perkins were the clerks, and became the successors, of Mr. Thrale, who was able, through his wealth, aided by his own good taste, and that of his wife, to surround himself, at his villa at Streatham, with a distinguished circle of the literary men of his time.

When Mr. Thrale died, the brewery only occupied one-fourth of its present space, and was every way inconsiderable in proportion; yet Johnson was at that time so impressed with its grandeur, that he is said (by the gossiping jackal who has commemorated his slightest doings) to have exclaimed at the sale, he being one of the trustees, with a peculiar display of that "weight of words" which Dr. Parr, in the inscription seen in St. Paul's, so felicitously ascribes to him—"We are not here, gentlemen, to sell a mere collection of empty vats and beer-barrels, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice."—*Correspondent of Weekly News*.

A meeting of the Society for Promoting Church Missions to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, was held in Newcastle-on-Tyne a few days ago. The meeting was attended by several Catholics of the town, natives of Ireland, mostly belonging to the working classes, who were determined to interfere and denounce the hypocrites and bigots who go from town to town collecting money to evangelize their native country. An Anglican Minister, of the name of Wright, was moved into the chair; on the platform were several Ministers of the Church established by law. The Rev. Alexander Dallas appeared as the deputation from Ireland; and he related a tissue of

most incredible stories connected with their "great success in Ireland." On his commencing to abuse the character of the Priests of that country, the Catholics, whose feelings had for some time been pent up and suppressed with difficulty, now burst forth into various indignant exclamations, charging this Dallas with stating falsehood—"cheats," "liars," "hypocrites," some voices exclaimed—"Keep your money; the whole concern is an imposition;" "sheer humbug;" and such like complimentary, though not inappropriate exclamations, resounded from various parts of the meeting. The Chairman now was induced to call in the aid of the police, who restored comparative order; but during the remainder of the proceedings there were frequent exclamations of disgust addressed to the speakers in reference to the misrepresentation of Mr. Dallas and Co., by which they beguile and seduce the simple people of England. The collection—the most important part of the affair—was miserably trifling, and far from adequate to their object—scarcely sufficient to pay the travelling expenses of these disturbers of the peace of society. If in every town they were met and denounced as they were in Newcastle, a great blow and heavy discouragement would be given to the Society for Promoting Church Missions to the Roman Catholics of Ireland.—*Correspondent of Tablet*.

PROSPECTS OF ANGLICANISM.—"We will acquit the present Government of any design to strengthen Popery; but, if they persevere, the Roman Catholic Church alone will be their debtors. The only ground on which the Church of England can stand against Rome, in a religious nation and a reflecting age, must be the old religious ground, that our Church is the true Catholic Church, descended from the beginning, and reformed in the sixteenth century. On no other ground could we have stood in the sixteenth century—on no other ground have rallied in the seventeenth. If we abandon that ground—and we do abandon it if we give our Prayer-book, our Bishops, our temporal head, and our spiritual courts, into the hands of the Parliament and the Ministry, who are no longer bound even to be Christian—if the Church abandons that, her position as a really spiritual institution, let us not fancy that the people of England will long have such a teacher. Our sacraments will be laughed at as mockeries before another generation has passed; and the lower classes will be Dissenters, or Romanists, or Socialists. The present anxious state of things cannot bear to be aggravated. Thoroughly to understand it, and to prepare for the future, is the plain and immediate duty of every wise public man."—*Morning Post*.

We (*Guardian*) have received a letter from a correspondent in Devonshire, dated yesterday, stating that the Bishop of Exeter had refused to accept testimonials signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE RECENT CONVERSIONS.—(*The Guardian* thus comments on the late conversions in terms of better feeling than we have had occasion to notice for some time.—*Ed. Tab.*)—"Our readers will have ere this been grieved to learn that men whose familiar and much-respected names we cannot write without pain and sorrow, have deserted our branch of the Catholic Church for the Roman. The Church of England is poorer—let us not hesitate to own it—by the loss of Mr. H. Wilberforce, Mr. Allies, and Mr. Stuart Bathurst; and the defection of one, at least, of those whom we have mentioned will be mourned as that of a personal friend by thousands to whom he was known only by name and reputation. Let us remember, whilst we lament the secession of men who were once as the salt of our communion, that so much the more plain and pressing is the duty of those who, with unchanged convictions, unshaken faith, and humble hope, 'abide in the ship.' The catholicity of the Church of England depends upon us, her members, who remain in her fold—upon our earnestness, our self-devotion, our mutual charity and forbearance, our personal piety, our prayers."

WRECK OF A STEAMER.—LOSS OF ELEVEN LIVES.—The steamer "Superb" was wrecked on Tuesday, on the Minquiers Rocks, and very near the spot on which the excursion steamer "Polka," whose destruction we noticed last week, was run to save the lives of the passengers. The "Superb," Capt. Priaux, left St. Malo for Jersey at half past 7 o'clock on Tuesday, and it is believed, with a view to making a shorter passage, took the course so distressingly fatal. She struck violently two hours afterwards on the sunken rocks, and immediately filled with water. The captain, it is said, immediately ordered the two boats to be lowered, and with some half-dozen got into one of them. This proceeding produced the greatest consternation among the passengers. The fire at the same moment was extinguished by the water, and an immediate rush was made for the other boat; but all who entered it were drowned. The plunges were not in the boat, and it was seen gradually sinking in smooth water. Upon the remonstrances of Mr. Hamilton and others, the captain returned to the wreck, assisted on board by a ladder from a point of the rock, not, however, until after his boat had swamped, being capsized by his leaping from it. Fortunately the tide was falling fast, which soon left the ship high and dry on the rocks. After a considerable time signals of distress were successfully made to the steamer "Collier," about five or six miles off. The lives of all were saved, excepting those who rushed to the boat, and two children, who were thrown overboard by the shock as the vessel struck. The passengers lost were—Mr. Gosset and wife, Mr. Jackson, son, and daughter, Mr. Rattenbury, Miss Price, Mr. Sedgwick, a fireman, and a boy. The survivors are about forty in number. "It is due to a lad, one of the crew," says the account, "to mention that he behaved with great gallantry and courage. When others were giving way to despair, he set to work to make a raft, which he accomplished in less than half an hour. He also ascended to the masthead to give signals. We regret we cannot give his name, but he was saved." The *Jersey Sun* says that the captain remained on board, and order been maintained, the passengers being persuaded to keep at the fore-end of the vessel, no one need have had even a wet foot; but the anxiety to reach the boats caused the swamping. "We quote," says our cotemporary, "from practical and scientific observation when we state that the rent in the vessel's side shows beyond all cavil that she was never fit for sea service. She was a river boat and nothing more; the thickness of her plates being only three-sixteenths of an inch. Well may we ask, will the public be safe, even in calm weather and broad daylight, until searching scrutiny is provided by law for their protection."—*Weekly News*.

The London *Daily News* says:—"Nearly one half of the population of England and Wales are unable to read and write. A large portion of the other half have received the scantiest instruction. Destitution, vice and crime abound, because the people are untaught. The gaols and work-houses are full."

Every gaol in Scotland is crowded with prisoners sentenced to transportation. In that of Edinburgh alone there are upwards of sixty male transports, and the other parts of the prison allotted to criminals of a less advanced stage are crowded to excess.—*Edinburgh News*.

JUST RECEIVED, and for Sale by the Subscribers, "WILLY BURKE," or, *The Irish Orphan in America*, by Mrs. J. SADLER, 18mo., handsomely bound in muslin, price only 1s. 3d.

The prize was awarded to this Tale, by Mr. Brownson.

D. & J. SADLER,
179 Notre Dame Street.

Montreal, 3rd Oct., 1850.

RYAN'S HOTEL,

(LATE FELLERS.)

No. 231, St. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL.

THE Subscriber takes this opportunity of returning his thanks to the Public, for the patronage extended to him, and takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public, that he has made extensive alterations and improvements in his house. He has fitted up his establishment entirely new this spring, and every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who may favor him by stopping at his house.

THE HOTEL IS IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF MERCANTILE BUSINESS,

Within a few minutes walk of the various Steamboat Wharves, and will be found advantageously situated for Merchants from the Country, visiting Montreal on business.

THE TABLE

Will be furnished with the best the Markets can provide, and the delicacies and luxuries of the season will not be found wanting.

THE STABLES ARE WELL KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC,

AS LARGE AND COMMODIOUS,

And attentive and careful persons will always be kept in attendance.

THE CHARGES WILL BE FOUND REASONABLE.

And the Subscriber trusts, by constant personal attention to the wants and comfort of his guests, to secure a continuance of that patronage which has hitherto been given to him.

M. P. RYAN.

Montreal, 5th September, 1850.

GROCERIES, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail.

THE Undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the Public, that he still continues at the Old Stand,—

Corner of MCGILL and WILLIAM STREETS, where he has constantly on hand a general and well-selected assortment of GROCERIES, WINES and LIQUORS, consisting in part of:—

SUGARS—Refined Crushed and Muscovado
TEAS—Old and Young Hyson, Gunpowder and Imperial Hyson, Twankay and Twankay of various grades, Souchong, Pouchong and Congo

WINES—Maderia, Port and Sherry, of different qualities and various brands, in wood & bottle
LIQUORS—Martel's and Hennessy's Brandies, De-Kuyper's Gin, in wood and cases, Old Jamaica Rum, Scotch and Montreal Whiskey, London Porter and Leith Ale

FLOUR—Fine and Superfine, in bbls.
SALT—Fine and Coarse, in bags
MACKAREL—Nos. 1 and 2, in bbls. and half-bbls.
HERRINGS—Archat, No. 1, and Newfoundland
Cassia, Cloves, Allspice, Nutmegs, Indigo, Copra, Blue, Starch, Mustard, Raisins, Macaroni, and Vermicelli

All of which will be disposed of cheap, for Cash.

JOHN FITZPATRICK.

August 16, 1850.

EDWARD FEGAN,



Boot and Shoe Maker.

232 SAINT PAUL STREET,

OPPOSITE THE EASTERN HOTEL.

BEGS leave to return his sincere thanks to his Friends and the Public, for the liberal support afforded him since his commencement in business; and also assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part, that attention, punctuality and a thorough knowledge of his business can effect, to merit their continued support.

On hand, a large and complete assortment, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

Low, for Cash.

Aug. 15, 1850.

JOHN MCLOSKEY,

Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Clothes Cleaner,
(FROM BELFAST.)

No. 33 St. Lewis Street, in rear of Donegana's Hotel,

ALL kinds of STAINS, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., CAREFULLY EXTRACTED.

Montreal, Sept. 20, 1850.