

MY SISTER I SEE THEE STILL.

M. A. T.

"I rocked her in her cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the youngest;
What fieside circle hath not felt the charm
Of the sweet tie? The youngest ne'er grow old.
The fond endearments of our earlier days
We keep alive in them, and when they die,
Our youthful joys we bury with them."

I see thee still,
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee, as of old—
Then thy soft arms my neck unfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear,
In every scene to memory dear.—
I see thee still!

I see thee still,
In every hallowed token round,
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided—
These flowers, all withered now like thee,
Sweet Sister! thou didst cull for me,—
This book was thine, here didst thou read—
This picture, ah! yes, here indeed,
I see thee still!

I see thee still—
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Here was thy favorite fireside seat—
This was thy chamber—here, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie,
Here, on this pillow—thou didst die!
Dark hour—once more its woes unfold,
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still!

I see thee still—
Thou art not in thy grave confined,
Death cannot chain the immortal mind—
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust—
Thee, O my Sister, 'tis not thee,
Beneath the coffin's lid I see—
Thou to a fairer land art gone,
There, let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still!

American Daily Advertiser.

WAR, AND RUMORS OF WAR.

Mr. Editor.—From the various organs of the different religious creeds, it appears there is no little discord among the most of them. With no governing principle they are divided amongst themselves, and their end is foretold in the text:—"the house that is divided against itself, cannot stand."

A few years ago our city was the theatre of a most bitter (though bloodless) war, amongst the Quakers, which resulted in a division of their hitherto peaceful body. Parent and progeny denouncing each other, whilst both professed to be governed by the Holy Spirit received through the medium of the Bible.

The slamming of the gates in the faces of a portion of the General Assembly, by others of its members, some three or four years since, when a tremendous battle was near coming "off," in Spruce street and at Washington Square, produced not only a division, but a divorce, and entailed an endless law-suit on the Old and New School Presbyterians. The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible—is the proud source from whence they both derive their rule of faith and practice!

The Methodists, with their Episcopal, and Protestant, bonds of union, according

to accounts of a recent eastern Conference, are horror-stricken at what they call the new heresy of Pseycism. They view it as the most alarming event that has ever happened. It threatens to spread before the world, the character and doctrines of the Catholic Church in such a smooth style as to shake the faith of the whole Protestant community. To counteract this, brethren must be more united. The old fashion must be revived, of setting apart stated days for belaboring the "Man of sin" with "no popery" sermons—all minor differences must be forgotten—or Protestantism will soon be at an end.

The Baptists, Pseco-Baptists, Free-will Baptists, Seventh-day Baptists, and Campbellites, show in their rancorous strictures with each other on close communion, &c., that no great harmony exists among them—yet they all find their rule of faith and practice in the Bible. In Scotland, the "Intrusionists," versus "Non-Intrusionists,"—appellations bestowed on each other by their respective assemblies—are brandishing, if not using, weapons of course material than paper bullets,—in unity on no other point than hatred towards the Catholic Church, except in taking their rule of faith and practice from the Bible.

The "Church-by-law-and-bayonet established" (as Cobbet calls it) in England, is fast approaching its end. Founded as it was by the civil government for the special purpose of covering the crimes of the King, who fed and fattened all who assisted in the unhallowed business, during his natural life—it is the more surprising it has withstood so long. The house built upon the sand is incapable of weathering the tempest. Clouds are now gathering. The temple shakes. The worshippers within are overtaken with misgivings—startled at hearing unearthly croakings, and their slumbers are disturbed with uncertain sounds! in bewilderment they gaze on strange scenes.

From the threatening wreck of matter and the crush of crowns, let us propose, that all who value their future safety, seek it in the only quarter where it is certain to be found—in the HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, whose foundation is upon a rock that no tempest can disturb, whose duration is prefigured in this contrast, to be forever.—*Catholic Herald.* FELIX.

NATIONAL CRIME.

Boasting of one of the most magnificently paid establishments in the world, an abundant and learned Clergy, let Englishmen be asked to point out the religious fruits, and probably they will not refer either to the overground brutalities of the factories, or the underground abominations of the mines. There is no part of Ireland in which the name of CHRIST is unknown—nor is there any subterranean hell, in which the earliest years of girlhood are consecrated to the most appalling vices and the most destructive labours. We have no lordly hierarchy, with princely revenues and legislative dignities; but nevertheless, our peasantry have been preserved by their Clergy from the base and horrid profligacy which Lord Ashley's labours have brought

to light, and which the Reports of the English Poor Law Commission have put upon record.

These thoughts have occurred to us in reading through the English newspapers of the last fortnight. Their well-written leaders are full of invective or pity, aimed at our agrarian violence, our numerous delinquencies, our superstition, and what not; whilst the smaller and more candid type in which the news of the day is recorded contains such interesting specimens of national virtues as the following:—

"CLERKENWELL.—On Tuesday, a young woman named Jane Ward, aged about eighteen, a mild-looking and apparently destitute creature was charged with begging.

"Jones, the mendicity officer, deposed that on the previous evening he saw the prisoner begging in Montagu-street, Russell square; witness saw her receive money from two persons, and took her into custody.

"Mr. Combe—What have you to say to the charge?

"Prisoner—I was only trying to get a few half-pence to buy a little lavender to sell in the streets.

[The poor creature burst into tears, and continued to weep bitterly.]

"Mr. Combe—Is she known at the mendicity as a beggar?

"Jones—No, Sir, that I am aware of.

"Prisoner—I never begged, indeed, Sir; I was trying to get a few pence to buy lavender.

"In answer to farther questions from the magistrates, she said that her mother and father lived in Spitalfields some years ago, but that she now lived with a married couple named Street, in Queen-street, Bloomsbury.

"Mr. Combe asked the police officers present if they had ever seen her begging, or if they knew any thing about her, but none of them remembered having seen her before.

"The prisoner protested, in the most solemn manner, that she had never begged, and that when the officer apprehended her on the previous evening she had just sold the last bunch of the lavender.

"Jones—I never saw any lavender at all with you.

"Mr. Combe sentenced her to seven days imprisonment in the house of correction. The poor girl was removed weeping bitterly."

Was there ever anything more horrible? O, ye Bible Societies!—O, ye foreign missions!—O, ye conversions of the Jews!—O, ye generation of vipers.

Again—

"MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—George Lowndes, barrister, the individual who has been three times committed from different police courts for infamous assaults on boys—who has at this moment two prosecutions pending over him, and who has very recently regained his liberty, owing to a verdict of acquittal recorded in his favour by a jury a short time ago—was yesterday brought up on a fourth charge of indecent assault to this court, and placed at the bar before Mr. Malby, the sitting magistrate.

"The prisoner, when asked to answer the charge, said he was sorry that it would not avail him anything to make any statement at present, and therefore he should say nothing—He was then fully committed.

"[Is not this a case of monomania, and treatable as such?]"

Our readers will take the trouble of remarking that English brutalities generally proceed from monomania, and Irish crimes from Popery!

As a specimen of the agrarian murders of England; take the following:—

"In Cheshire, the gamekeeper of G. Wilbraham, Esq., of Delamere-House has been murdered in one of those night combats with poachers; and in Staffordshire, a constable who had accompanied the gamekeeper of R. St. Heathcote, Esq., of Apedale-Hall, fell a murdered victim in an affray with a gang of poachers, and Vaughan, the gamekeeper, was desperately, and it is feared fatally wounded.—*Globe Newspaper.*

In that country in which an unfortunate girl, who might with impunity parade the streets as a prostitute, is sent to gaol for endeavouring to provide herself with the means of livelihood by honest means, a cruel aristocracy is permitted to have armed retainers about their immense demesnes to preserve the lives of overfed pheasants and hares from the attacks of pieceman hunger and want. There is an inconsistency in all this. A virtuous young woman goes to gaol if she sells lavender to support her existence, whilst lives upon lives may be lost in preserving the second course of Mr. Wilbraham of Delamere-House, and Mr. Heathcote of Apedale-Hall!

These are people who have taken upon themselves the burden of legislating for Irishmen. Could not Irishmen do it as well?—*Dublin Nation.*

From the Catholic Herald.

Mr. Editor.—The following, selected from the History of Ireland, by W. C. Taylor, of Trinity College, Dublin, might be well placed in contrast with some of the strange proceedings of the present day.

Speaking of the fanatic followers of Cromwell, the author says:—"The most remarkable feature in the characters of these fanatics, was a furious hatred of Popery—a religion which they only knew by name, but which they firmly believed to be an abomination in the sight of Heaven, which, if permitted to exist, would bring vengeance upon the land." This passage, we would say, presents an admirable picture of our English-hating brethren of the Protestant Association of our own mis-called "city of brotherly love," except that we would be uncharitable enough to change, in the original of this passage, as well as in its present application, the words, "they firmly believed," into "they pretended to believe." Our author continues:—"Their rancorous rage, was directed principally against the cross, which they unhesitatingly stigmatised as the mark of the beast—and with strange inconsistency labored to destroy every symbol of that, from which they professed to expect salvation." The subjoined follows the above