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"THE IRISH EMIGRATION OF 1847."

A Lecture delivered before the N. Y. Catholic Institute.
BY REV. D. O'REILLY, S. J.

About five years ago, while surrounded on the shores of the St. Lawrence, with the victims of hunger and ship-fever, I was given a copy of a lecture delivered in New York, on "The Antecedent causes of the Irish Famine." I had then before me a truthful commentary to these elegant pages; my only regret in perusing them was, that their illustrious author had not been an eye-witness of the scenes in which I was nightly and daily privileged to take an active part. What an inspired energy his eloquence would have caught from their contemplation! What a lesson his revered voice could have read to Europe and America, on the working of that Government, which but a very short time ago, we heard praised up in our midst as the very perfection of political liberality, wisdom and enlightenment! How the dungeons of Naples and the cruelties of Sicily would have sunk into the shade before the horrid realities of Grosse-Isle!

Still is it not on these horrors that I wish to dwell. I only mean to touch them lightly. But I do intend even that little to remain on record as an irrefutable instance of the practical philanthropy of that model government, whose great men have overflowing sympathies for the down-trodden of every clime save their own, and who love the negro so ostentatiously and noisily in order to dispense themselves from loving their own brethren.

My purpose in appearing before you, is a higher one. I wish to disburden my soul of the conviction which I felt even in the lazar-houses and fetid ship-holds of Canada,—that Providence would bring some mighty good out of all that suffering. Yes; I read that assurance in the sublime virtues which it was then given me to witness. That alone enabled me not to curse the oppressor—and this was much; it gave me also hope for Ireland—and this was more; but, above all, it made me rejoice for America.

Nor must you deem this to be the illusion of a youthful enthusiasm, on the effect of an overweening love of country. I had not then touched the soil of the United States. But since that happiness has been vouchsafed me, my previous convictions have acquired the evidence of a mathematical demonstration.

They have assumed the form of this consoling truth. That the heart of a Nation tried by suffering so unparalleled in duration and intensity, and giving all the whole unflinching evidence of superhuman fortitude, is destined for some great end; and that, moreover, where Providence forces such a nation, under such pressure, to diffuse abroad a portion, and a large portion, of her vital energies; it must be in a design of kindness to the regions towards which these energies are made to flow.

Such is the two-fold truth, or fact, which will stand out from the following statement.

In making them, I shall not promise to be unimpassioned; for that would argue that I would be without feeling, and without feeling on a subject where every thing so powerfully moves the sympathies of a manly and christian heart; nor shall I promise to be impartial in this sense, that I will show no predilection for my unfortunate country, for this would be unnatural indeed:—but I do promise that every fact which I shall adduce, will be incontrovertible. And you will bear witness, before the end of this lecture, that far from drawing a highly colored picture, or pressing facts to their obvious conclusions; I have, on the contrary, exerted no small industry in keeping out of sight the most revolting details, and in thrusting aside the exciting reflections that crowded under my pen.

That we may fully appreciate the longanimity of the Church of Ireland, and see clearly her position in 1847, allow me to bring you back three hundred years, to the time of Elizabeth.

Ireland, we know, was then recalcitrant to the will of the British Queen; we know, too, what means the latter took to break Ireland's spirit and overcome her conscientious resistance. The heart sickens in passing over the history of that struggle; let us merely ascertain the motives of the persecutors.

Lord Clare, who was no friend to Catholics, thus spoke in the Irish House of Peers, towards the close of the last century: "Persecution, or attempts to force conscience, will never produce conviction; they are calculated only to make hypocrites and martyrs; and, accordingly, the violence committed by the Regency of Edward, and continued by Elizabeth, to force the Reformed Religion on Ireland, had no other effect than to foment a general dissatisfaction to the English Government."

So much for the character of the persecution. Now listen to some of its results, in a description from the pen of the Secretary of Lord de Grey, Elizabeth's Lieutenant:

"Notwithstanding that the Province of Munster was a most plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, yet ere one year and a half, they were brought to such wretchedness as that any heart would rue the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glynns, they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anomalies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy when they could find them. Yea! and ate one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their grave; and if they found a plot of water-cresses and shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue there withal. So that, in a short space, there was none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country left void of man and beast."

"That country," another un-Catholic writer says, "which, under a protecting government, could have contributed to enrich the royal treasury, and to supply its inhabitants with every comfort, presented one unvaried scene of wretchedness and desolation, the solitude of the desert and the tranquillity of the grave. *Cum solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*"

Then it was, a third author informs us, that the Protestant University of Dublin was founded. "The artful Minister of Elizabeth recommended this . . . as the chief monument of her antipathy to the ancient religion of Irishmen. Under the fascinating robe of national education, she concealed the design of establishing a bank of national apathy on which England might draw without possibility of exhaustion."

One could imagine all this to have been expressly written for the year 1847, instead of the year of Grace, 1580.

So that after well nigh three centuries of gigantic struggles and suffering, a nation of eight millions and a half stands before the civilized world as a mendicant for universal charity; her population starving while her granaries and warehouses are filled with her own grain and provisions, which she is not allowed to touch; while in the treasuries of the Imperial Government are piled up heaps of gold, which Ireland may touch only in such a miserable pittance, that the proffered relief becomes a cruel mockery, or which she may share in sufficient quantity only at the price of her conscience.

Now let us allow facts to speak of the heroic endurance of the children, as they wandered abroad in hunger and disease, as well of the long agony of the mother at home.

Early in the spring of 1847 the tide of emigration set in through the valley of the St. Lawrence. The local authorities in every part of Ireland had been anxiously watching for the time when the Canadian navigation usually opens, in order to rid their wharves, poor houses, crowded hospitals, and the hulks at anchor in every seaport, of the living mass of misery for which they could not or would not find shelter and relief. The landlords, too, throughout the country had begun their work of wholesale demolition and extermination; some gave to their famishing tenants a mere trifle, on condition that they should take the road to the nearest place of embarkation; others put into their hands pretended cheques on Canadian mercantile houses, to induce them to give up their little farms, while all employed every means of persuasion and coercion to urge their dependents to the sea side.

And, sooth to say, the tenants, whether they found themselves absolutely penniless, or still possessed of some little money, were not loath to hurry away to the great Republic of the West, where loving friends awaited them, and whence, during that dreadful winter, they had been sent such generous although insufficient assistance. They crowded, therefore, improvidently and recklessly into every vessel that was advertised to sail for America. Nor did the ship owners, nor the emigrant agents, make any scruple of receiving more passengers than the law permitted; the law was notoriously and most shamefully violated.

In the colonies, meanwhile, Government and people were quite unprepared for the frightful amount of sickness and destitution which the Eastern winds were hurrying to their doors. More than ordinary precautions had, indeed, been taken; and, I am confident, no necessary expense and pains would have been spared by the Canadian Executive, had timely notice been sent, and it was so easy and so urgent to do so! But, as it was, there was not accommodation for one-fifth of the sick and dying that the months of April and May deposited on the barren rocks of Quarantine.

The military authorities, at the first fearful tidings, with characteristic promptness and generosity, sent every tent which their stores contained. But the workmen hired to erect sheds had soon caught the contagion. Higher, and the very highest wages were

offered to others; who, in their turn, sickened and died after a few days, so that, at the very height of the disease, no bribe could induce mechanics to approach the island.

The fierce Canadian summer had now come, attended with unusual sultriness. Thousands upon thousands of the sick, melting under the united influences of long confinement, hunger, fever and dysentery, kept pouring in at Grosse-Isle.

Not one drop of fresh water was to be had on the island—there was no lime juice—no clean straw, even, to protect the patients from the wet ground in the tents, or the rough boards in the hospitals; while in the beginning of July, with the thermometer at 98° in the shade, I have seen hundreds landed from the ships, and thrown rudely by the unfeeling crews on the burning rocks, and there I have known them to remain two whole nights and days, without shelter or care of any kind.

Without shelter or care of any kind—for the few trustworthy persons whom the zeal of the clergy, or the prospect of a large salary, induced to go down at the beginning, were soon exhausted; want of sleep, of proper nourishment, and the pestilential atmosphere in which they had to move continually, had soon laid them prostrate. How, then, were skillful, careful sick-nurses to be found? I blush, I weep to say it, the common jail was opened, and its loathsome inmates were sent to watch the death-bed of our pure, helpless, emigrant youth.

This it was—together with the hope of earning fully the crown which they all expected—that made the clergymen who attended the station in turns multiply themselves by day in ministering to the wants of both soul and body, and spend their nights in relieving, as they might, the unspeakable wretchedness of that multitude whose groans arose like a hoarse and mighty murmur in the stillness, making sleep a thing not to be thought of. One devoted priest—the Rev. Hubert Robson—an only son, too, of an infirm and doating mother—after the fatigues of confessing, anointing, consoling the sufferers, was wont to spend his few recreation hours, in carrying in his arms and on his back, the sick from the beach to the hospitals. One very sultry day, overcome by this labor of love, he lay himself down on the shore, beside a rock, to snatch a moment's sleep. Alas! he awoke with a raging fever, and, the first of the long list of those Canadian priests who laid down their lives for the emigrant, he went to his early reward in heaven. The grief of the poor people on learning his death, was as moving as it was universal.

Meanwhile the multitudes who had strength enough to baffle the scrutiny of the visiting physicians, proceeded to Quebec, Montreal, and the cities of the upper Province, spreading the infection on their way. The hardships of their long exposure on a steam-boat deck had soon developed the latent germs of the malady. Alarm and death were everywhere.—The cholera, in its most malignant form, did not visit with death and desolation half the families which ship fever caused to mourn. It was sufficient to give the new comers, how healthy soever in appearance, hospitality for a single night, to meet them even on the road, or to inhale the miasmas which clung to their persons and luggage, in order to contract the pestilence. Whole families were swept away in return for a single act of kindness done the passing emigrants.

Despite the vigilance of the municipal officers, every Canadian city soon presented the same spectacle of disease and suffering as Quarantine.

From the outset, the Canadian clergy felt that an opportunity had come for them to display the sublime virtues which Catholic charity inspires. Their presentiments and hopes were not disappointed.—Every one of the clergymen who had been summoned, or who had volunteered, to meet the danger, during the two first months and a half, was either dead or dying, or slowly recovering. The Bishop of Montreal and his coadjutor gave the example of spending the entire night in confessing and anointing the sick who came up by the evening boats. The Nuns of the General Hospital and the Sisters of the Asylum of Providence were the first to offer themselves to share in the good work. Although very numerous, their whole community could not suffice, and their cloistered Sisters of the *Hotel Dieu* soon came to relieve them at the pillow of the emigrant. For months did the whole city behold these devoted women, moving like angels of light and peace through the crowded sheds, and wading literally knee deep in the mire from tent to tent on the low and marshy ground, until at length the Nunneries themselves were converted into hospitals for the perishing sisterhood, where the few who retained their strength could scarcely tend their own sick and dying.

I cannot trust myself longer on this part of my narrative. Yet, before I turn away from it, I owe it to truth, and holiest gratitude, to declare:—That

with the facts of every plague and epidemic of ancient and modern times, vividly present to my memory. I do believe such suffering never before existed—and that such an instance of devotedness and magnanimity has never been exhibited to the world, as by the Bishops, Priests, Nuns, and people of Canada, in 1847.

I say the *French Canadian people*; for, not satisfied with collecting for the relief of Ireland, some £8,000 sterling—so strongly were their sympathies aroused towards the emigrant—that although most parishes already wept for their dead, or feared for their sick Pastor, and that it appeared certain death to take an emigrant under one's roof; still, as each Parish Priest returned from Quarantine, or from Montreal, the parishioners came to meet them at the landing places with long trains of carriages, to escort the Priests and his numerous orphans home. And touching was the meeting of these French mothers with the little children misfortune gave them; and warm and happy the homes they were brought to.—But these recollections unnerve me.

There is, however, one other instance of generosity, that I must place on record. I do so the more willingly, as the whole course of this narrative must tell the more severely against other official personages. The Governor-General of Canada, the Right Honorable, the Lord of Elgin, at the very moment when the thought of approaching Grosse-Isle, appalled the stoutest hearts, went down himself to examine into the state of things; and he went through every ward and tent fearlessly, and cheerfully. During the winter he zealously adopted every suggestion made for the relief of the sick and poor, and provided with a fatherly solicitude against the contingencies of the approaching Spring. The Sisters of Charity of the *Asylum of Providence*, who had borne a conspicuous part in the labors and sacrifices of the two Sisterhoods already mentioned, now offered to go down to Quarantine, and superintend the Hospital Department; they were destined to an equally meritorious duty in the Hospitals of Montreal.

The Spring did, indeed, bring fever; and with it came the dreaded Cholera. The noble-hearted Governor would trust to no one but himself the duty of securing the comfort of the emigrant sick. When Cholera and Ship-Fever were raging together at "the Sheds," he would be seen passing through the wards, going with the Nuns from bed to bed, to inquire into the condition of the patients. But this is only what we should expect from the descendant and representative of the Royal Bruce.

Thus passed the Spring and Summer, in one continuous influx of pestilence, terror, and misery indescribable; fleet after fleet of passenger vessels, bearing their cargoes of dead and dying up the Canadian waters. Some ships had lost 100, some 200 persons, since they had sailed; some had lost all, or nearly all their crew; so that they lay below in the stream, carried up and down with the tide, until discovered by chance from the shore, or until pity induced the Canadians from the neighboring villages, to work them up to port.

In many cases, as where these ships had been laden from the hulks and poor-houses, the passengers had never left the hold, very many had never stirred from their berths from the hour they had lost sight of Ireland, to their casting anchor at Grosse-Isle. The dead were dragged up by means of a grapple or hoat-hook, and cast into the deep. You may fill up the picture that met the eyes of the Missionaries when they descended into this living mass of putrefaction to strive and strengthen the living.

And now the Autumn had arrived. Many a Parish was left without its Pastor. Montreal had wept its Vicar-General; its two Bishops were long despaired of; well-nigh twenty of its Priests, with a far greater number of Nuns, had died in the work of mercy. Quebec, too, saw many of its most pious and promising Clergymen sink under their labors; Bytown, Kingston, and Toronto, paid also their tribute to death and charity. The indefatigable Bishop Power closed the heroic list. He went to join his fellow-martyrs, after months of obstinate and super-human fatigue, leaving his young diocese long widowed and inconsolable.

About the beginning of September, two emigrant ships were obliged to put in to the nearest ports of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. They had taken out the tenants of a Minister of the Imperial Crown; but so dreadful was the state of all on board, that the Municipal authorities, after furnishing the Captains with the most pressing necessities, compelled them to put once more to sea.

In the beginning of November, when the St. Lawrence was already covered with floating ice, a vessel was observed beating about the mouth of the Saguenay; she was evidently in distress. The Canadian Pilots whose Catholic sympathies had been al-

ready so nobly tested, boarded her. The crew were disabled to a man; the hold was a sepulchre. Every assistance that could be procured, was speedily sent, and the ship was brought up the river. As it was found impossible to provide hospital-room for these new-comers at Quebec, the Rev. Bernard McGauran who had been the first at Quarantine, in the spring and the last to leave it in the fall, embarked with these last sufferers and had them towed up to Montreal. At their arrival, so indescribably loathsome was their condition, that as soon as the living had been extracted from the heap of death in which they had been buried for months, the vessel was burned to the water's edge, and sunk.

Now, who, think you, was the noble landlord who treated his tenants with such exemplary tenderness? Heard you of a British statesman, who, scarcely a twelve-month ago, endorsed a Pamphlet written by one of his former associates in the Ministry, on the cruelties, real, imaginary, or exaggerated, committed against a few political prisoners at Naples? who denounced those cruelties from his place in parliament, at a time when any means of getting up excitement against the people, or creating prejudice against Catholic cruelties, was deemed of paramount importance in England? Who sent copies of that same pamphlet, accompanied with an insolent official note, to all the Catholics of Europe? Who could suspect that this nobleman, this minister so jealous of the rights of liberty and humanity in other countries, so tender-hearted towards Sicilian political prisoners, would allow, if he did not order, the subjects of the Crown he served, his fellow-countrymen, his own tenants, to be shipped off more carelessly and treated more inhumanly than the slave-seller would ship off, or the slave-buyer treat, his cargo? What do you say if this man is Lord Palmerston?

But what was the behavior of the emigrants under privations and sufferings so unequalled? Let me state to you, that you will only get one answer from every point of the Provinces. The Prelates, the Priests, and those incomparable women whom I have mentioned, are unanimous in asserting:—"That such a spectacle of meekness, of uncomplaining, unwavering patience, purity, piety, and faith, they have never heard of, and had never hoped to see on earth."

This opinion had also spread among the country people; their priests had told them that those fever-stricken emigrants, were religious heroes; and hence the eagerness with which they took to their bosoms the Irish orphans, and the affectionate reverence with which they still regard them, as the children of martyrs in Heaven, the offspring of a martyred Church.

Turn we now to the Church of Ireland herself: what was her attitude all this while? That which we might expect from the mother of such a race; an attitude of moral sublimity to which nothing in any age can be found superior. Her fields were blighted; her populous villages had become a howling wilderness in which dogs fought for their masters' unburied bones; her high-ways were covered with multitudes, whose cabins had been levelled before their eyes, and themselves and their little ones left to perish with hunger and fever on the road-side, or to find their way, as best they might to the far distant coast of the Western World. There she sat, amidst solitude and sickness, surrounded with the corpses of one portion of her children and the ghastly forms of the remainder writhing in the last throes of starvation; her heart pierced with ten thousand sorrows, but her calm blue eye fixed with unflinching gaze on Heaven.

And this was the moment for the ministers of Victoria, to try again the policy of Elizabeth; this was the opportunity for Evangelical devotees, to step in between Ireland and her starving children, and buy their consciences with bread and gold; while the Government were making one last and mighty effort to coerce the agonised nation into their godless school-system.

History, inspired history, has preserved one other such example, in the mother who stood by, while her seven sons, were flayed alive, dismembered, and roasted with every circumstance of cruelty that a king could command, or his fanatic ministers devise. To each of the heroic boys, as his life ebbed slowly away, under the executioner's hand, did that mother address the most moving encouragement to suffer and to die for conscience sake.

The turn of the youngest had come; did the mother's heart grow faint, did her color change, as her only remaining child—her youngest, her best blood—stood up to confess his faith? Was it compassion for the tender youth, or pity for the mother? or was it rather the master stroke of the tyrant's fiendish policy? He speaks to the child of *Royal friendship*, of making him a rich and happy man, if he would turn him away from the faith of his fathers, and accept the brilliant advantage of a courtly education. How he plies the mother to beseech her son to listen to the impious proposal.—"So binding herself towards him, she said in her own language: *My son, have pity upon me that bore thee, and gave thee suck, and brought thee up unto this age. I beseech thee, my son, look upon heaven and earth, and all that is in them. And consider that God made them out of nothing, and mankind also; so thou shalt not fear this tormentor, but being made a worthy partner with thy brethren receive death, that I may receive thee again with thy brethren.*"

Now, sons of Ireland, what say you to your mother?

Then, her spirits has not been broken—her soul has not grown old amidst the trials of centuries? Her teeming church-yards, her depopulated districts, where silence sits heavier on her heart than the earth on the bosom of the dead; the uncounted thousands of Grosse Isle, with the uncoffined corpses over which the spirits of the deep keeps respectful watch; all, all

this, has not then weighed down the heart of dear Old Ireland?—You are proud of her, it is a lawful and a holy pride.

For there is more than life in that heart so full of faith, and that unconquered soul, there is divinest charity.

There is divinest charity, you must now hear something still more sublime of your mother in these days of her agony, a noble son of England, the saintly Spencer, came to ask of that martyred church, to raise her hands to Heaven, while yet on the rack for conscience's sake and pray for the return of her persecutor to the Faith, what was Ireland's answer?—In every pulpit, in every country church to which the famishing congregation could scarce crawl,—his voice was drowned with the sobs and cries, that ascended to Heaven for the Church of St. Austin and St. Anselm.

This was Ireland's revenge.

And we have this generous heart in America.—We possess it in the hundreds of thousands of working men whom the Atlantic wave deposits yearly upon our shores; with their livery of abject wretchedness, it is true, and their awkward gait and unseemly accent; with their haggard look, their emaciated cheek, their fevered eye, it is also true; but with minds enlightened with the clear belief, and the understanding of the heart; with the soul capable—America will not gainsay me—capable of every ennobling virtue, of every duty of citizenship. We possess that pure, incorruptible heart, that patient, invincible heart, in these poor Irish maidens, the glory of Ireland, the Apostles of England in our day; who turn away from its Godless coal mines, and manufactures, from its pampered middle classes, and its self-adoring Aristocracy, the wrath of heaven; and draw on the land the eye, the love and intercession of the countless host of England's and Ireland's Saints. We, too, have them scattered through every house—hold these hard working daughters of holy poverty and honorable exile, who by their faithfulness, their generosity, their love of Ireland, their gratitude to America, by their self-denying spirit, their devotedness to the friends whom they have left behind them, and above all, by their lion-hearted chastity, teach woman where is her true sphere, and place; and on the basis of what virtue she can build up her empire over the respect and affections of the world.

No, Catholics do not expect the model woman the type of her sex. She has been found, since the Son of God was born of a woman; since lowly-mindedness, love of poverty, obscurity, and toil, and the spirit of sacrifice, have raised a daughter of mankind to be mother of the Most High. And to find her faithful followers, we have only to recollect our mothers, and sisters.

Yes, they are to be found every where, from the opulent mansions of New York, to the newest sheds of San Francisco and Australia, these daughters of St. Patrick, always and every where modest, mild and true to the service of their Heavenly Mistress, and the interests of their earthly masters.

Surely, the mighty heart of America, will not beat less free, or bold, or pure, because such blood will mingle with it.

Am I wrong then in supposing that the energies of this mass of men and women, unceasingly poured in upon our land, form a most important element in the future destinies of our Republic!

This is a fact already felt, acknowledged even, we have only to glance at its most obvious results.

There is, therefore, in the influx of strangers brought us by the famine and Emigration of 1847, an element of strength for the Constitution, as well as of prosperity for the land.

We are not dreamy, discontented, ever-seeking theorists in politics, no more than in religion. We have well defined, unvarying duties towards the Law, and the Magistrate entrusted with its execution. It is hard in any case to make us rise against authority; but when we have found rational liberty with Institutions that protect industry, and interfere not with conscience, then our hearts and lives are at the command of authority.

We find such here; liberty to worship the God of our fathers; liberty to advance in all the paths of honor and wealth; liberty for the exercise of every lawful faculty of mind, heart, and conscience. Our feeling, on seating ourselves at the hearths of the American people, in the Temple of the American Constitution, is much like the sensation of the bondsman in the olden time; when his Catholic master liberated him from the yoke, and brought him to the Baptismal Font. There he stood with his new and twofold liberty, near the altar, with the reflexion of heaven's glories around him, with God's Angels and Saints smiling on him from their places in the sanctuary and many colored windows; with the evidence in the demeanor of all present, that he was henceforth among equals and brothers; disenthralled, regenerated, free as the spirit of the Saint and the Seraph.

And freedom to become a saint on earth, a Seraph in Heaven, with no hindrance to take the means of becoming such, is all that man can ask, is as high as he can aspire; it is the end of liberty; it comprises man's holiest duties, and divinest rights.

If we have this freedom here, then we must be satisfied. If we have it not fully, we may soon obtain it by calm, united, persevering action. The indomitable persistence of the past, is a guarantee, that we shall, in the future, compromise or betray none of our conscientious rights.

But while enjoying this noble share of Freedom, or awaiting quietly, though watchfully, the balance of our Christian liberties, we never will join in any dissatisfaction from within, or sanction any unwholy agitation from without.

Already have the sons of Ireland approved themselves not unworthy brothers of the ancient Catholics of the land; steadfast friends of union, as well as determined foes to all revolutionary extravagance.

The prophetic voice which spoke from this same spot last year, is an illustrious instance of it.

We are patient of political errors and abuses, like the Church whose children we are.—She has withstood, or corrected the errors and abuses of 18 centuries; she has cured the wounds of every nation that did not repel her healing hand. With her is truth; and good; the fulness of life vouchsafed to mankind here below. She is calm, because she is sure of the means of salvation, she is patient, because she is immortal. Her children partake of her patience and serenity.

It is time that we should proclaim it; she, too, is the mother of Civilization and Liberty. The remedy for the social evils of a portion of our country, is not in agitation, in unjust and angry invective. The political quacks who have poisoned Jamaica, who allow Ireland's sores to remain without binding up, would not cure, but kill.

The balm is with her who is the spouse of the Crucified, of the Liberator; for with her is the tree of life, and the fruit that can heal the nations.

She alone can heal them; she alone has healed them. History is there to tell it, and the past is for us a sure pledge of the future.

I believe God has implanted the Church in this land, and sent the Irish Emigrant to multiply her temples everywhere, in order that when other doctrines will have borne and ripened their fruits of death and disorganisation, she may be there with her fruit of life and communion.

She will, in the hour given her by Providence, shed her softening, sanctifying influence, around the heart of the master and the slave. Let her only be allowed to send one Peter Claver, one Vincent of Paul, to take on themselves the infirmities of that race.—How soon their charity would possess itself of every heart! How they would raise these lowly ones to God's own bosom; and then bring them down filled with the light of Faith, with immortal hope, with the love of that Lord and Father whose every good is theirs, with love and submission towards their temporal masters. Let the Church only place on the heart of all, of the white man and the black, that bread which knits souls in union with Him whom to serve, is to reign, whom to love, is to be merciful, meek and humble of heart, is to fulfil every duty to heaven and earth, to man and society.

And who can say how many Peter Clavers and Vincents of Paul, Providence may have chosen among these little children whom the tide of misfortune leaves on our coast, and whom misery scatters thro' the land?

They are no small gift, then, to this vast and prosperous commonwealth, these two millions of Irish hearts, of stout, loyal, loving hearts, which emigration has brought hither.

Prize them duly, cherish them well, O ye that boast their religion or their blood.

To you, gentlemen of the Catholic Institute, to your Sister Societies in New York and in every other city, to all the Catholic youth of America, be it a pleasing, a patriotic, a most sacred duty, to unite heart and hand, in protecting these crowds of strangers, who bear the not inglorious stigmas of sufferings and struggles, with which you deeply sympathise. Guide them, direct them, to a proper field of industry; counsel them kindly, treat their infirmities tenderly; what other people have endured so long and so much, and brought from the ordeal less of bitterness of temper, of distrust and hatred of their fellow men.—Beneath that rude exterior, that untutored speech and bearing, for which they have not to blush, there lies the soul of fire, the lofty mind, the eloquent tongue. Preserve from every danger these simple-hearted sufferers; in each one you save a treasure to God and your country. Provide for them, for their children especially, the means of an education which, while keeping before their mind's eye the Christian glories of the country they have left, shall omit nothing of what may fit them for the service of the country of their adoption; which shall, above all, place their faith in safety, and feed it with every suitable aliment; what a service to your country is this! What a consolation to yourselves! What a blessing to these poor exiles! And what a balm to the wounds of unfortunate Erin!

But will she have no other return to expect from us? Most certainly shall there be another. It is in this country, in every Irish—No! in every American heart, that providence elaborates and prepares, for its own good time, the freedom of Ireland. This is the debt America owes the Emerald Isle; and she will know when and how to pay it.

It is well then that God has allowed human events to hold on their course. The sufferings of 1847 will have had their own purpose, their own memorable result on both sides of the Atlantic.

Let us, children of Ireland, hold up our heads, and strengthen our hearts with the high hopes which I have set before you. When the Hebrew giant of old was compelled to the ignominy of the servile toil, deprived of his sight and show of the strength which he held from on high, he confessed himself justly punished for having betrayed the secret of that strength.

Ireland never has betrayed the secret. She will not have, like the Israelite hero, to sacrifice herself in order to pull down destruction on her oppressors. But, like him in his innocence, while walled in by the foe from every outward succor, and seemingly beset with inextricable difficulties, she may be seen bearing far away beyond the reach of the pursuers, the very gates of her prison.

When the dawn of that blessed day will have come to gladden our hearts, when the young giant of Ireland's liberty, will wake with his tread the echoes of the American hills, on that day we shall not forget the "Famine and Emigration of 1847."

THE CATHOLIC PRIMACY OF IRELAND—CONSECRATION OF THE MOST REV. DR. DIXON, LORD ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.—The solemn ceremonial of the consecration of the Most Rev. Doctor Dixon, as Archbishop of Armagh, took place on Sunday the 21st ult., in the chapel of Maynooth College. An event of this character, witnessed not oftener, perhaps, than once in a life-time by Catholics in those countries, was fraught, as may be imagined, with intense interest; and we may be pardoned for expressing some regret that a scene so impressive and edifying was not witnessed by a larger congregation in one of our metropolitan churches. The chapel of Maynooth College—designed only for the accommodation of the students, professors, and *habitués* of the institution—afforded, of course, but very meagre accommodation, and therefore the number of the lay congregation was small indeed, as compared with the overflowing crowd of the Catholic gentry and citizens who would have been present if the consecration had taken place in any of the metropolitan churches. However, even as it was, the College gates were besieged from an early hour in the morning; and long before the commencement of the ceremonies the chapel was filled in all the departments accessible to the laity with a congregation comprising a large number of the *élite* of the Catholic gentry, not alone of the counties of Kildare and Meath, but also of Dublin city and its vicinity. The body of the chapel was filled with the students of the College—all costumed in soutans and wearing the clerical band; and, if we may be pardoned the digression, assuredly we can agree with the expressed opinion of many visitors—a more splendid *corps* of intellectual looking young Irishmen—a nobler assemblage of young Celts it has never been our lot to see collected together.

The sanctuary—which occupies a larger space than usual in this college chapel—was occupied by the various arrangements for the ceremony. The high altar blazed with waxen lights, and the preparations on either side displayed the usual glittering array of altar plate, comprising all the *matériel* necessary for the coming ceremony. The side altars—or oratories—one for the archbishop celebrant, and the other for the archbishop elect, were duly prepared according to the rubric.

Shortly after ten o'clock the procession issued from the sacristy at the left of the sanctuary, the choir of priests leading the way, preceded by the crucifer bearing a cross, then followed the body of clergy, and then the prelates representing the four provinces of Ireland. Each bishop was attended by his chaplain, and followed by his train bearer.—There were fifteen bishops present besides his Grace of Dublin and his Grace of Tuam. As the prelates were conducted to their *sedilia* around the sanctuary we noticed them as follows:—His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam; the Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Lord Bishop of Raphoe; the Right Rev. Dr. Higgins, Lord Bishop of Ardagh; the Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Lord Bishop of Meath; the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor; the Right Rev. Dr. McNally, Lord Bishop of Clogher; the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Lord Bishop of Limerick; the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Lord Bishop of Cork; the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, Lord Bishop of Cloyne; the Right Rev. Dr. Haly, Lord Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Lord Bishop of Ossory; the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Lord Bishop of Elphin; the Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert; the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, Lord Bishop of Bombay; the Right Rev. Dr. Errington, and the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Lord Bishop of Kilmore.

Amongst the dignitaries present we noticed the Very Rev. Dr. Yore, V. G.; the Rev. Dr. Kiernan, V. G. Armagh; the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, the Rev. Dr. Haly, S. J.; the Rev. B. Russell, O. S. D.; the Rev. Mr. Cavanagh, P. P.; Rev. Mr. Lennon, P. P.; the Rev. Mr. Marmion, P. P.; Rev. Mr. Loughran, P. P.; Rev. Mr. Campbell, P. P., parish priest of the Ulster district. The attendance of dignitaries and other clergy of the secular and regular orders officiating in Dublin and in the neighboring counties was most numerous.

The officiating prelate was his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Lord Bishop of Kilmore, and the Right Rev. Dr. Errington. The Masters of Ceremonies were the Rev. Dr. Ford and the Rev. Mr. Keogh. The Very Rev. the President of the College, and the other principal dignitaries of the institution were present, and assisted at the ceremonial.

The ceremonial commenced with the usual preliminaries, the solemn mass proper to the occasion; and, after the *Intruit* and *Gloria*, the Archbishop elect was led forth, robed in a new vestment, &c. He knelt before the officiating Archbishop, who took his seat in front of the altar. The necessary documents were then read; setting forth the authorisation by the Holy See of the consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon. The form of postulation was then gone through, the solemn interrogatories and pledges were put, and replied to by the Archbishop elect, who knelt prostrate in front of the altar and at the feet of the officiating Archbishop. Nothing could be more impressive and sublime than the portion of the ceremonial which involved the performance of the rite of consecration over the person of the Archbishop elect.

Grand and significant of holy things as are all the ceremonies of the Church, yet none seem to partake of such awe-inspiring solemnity as those which are prescribed for the induction of a prelate into his sacred office—the sacred pledges which are demanded, and given of purity of heart, uprightness of intention, and holiness of purpose—the imposition of the sacred volume upon the shoulders of the prostrate

bishop-elect—the imposition of hands over him, and the solemn abjuration to Almighty God to visit the elect with His Holy Spirit—the invocation of the glorious army of the saints to add their acceptable prayers in communion with the faithful on earth on behalf of him who is to assume the pastoral charge of the people—the peculiar prayers and observances of the mass—the moving imprecation conveyed in the preface, whereby the Redeemer of the world—He who is both priest and victim, and whose great sacrifice is about being made, is appealed to ratify, to sanctify, and accept the sacrifice made to Him as the Eternal Father, in the name of His Adorable Son—the solemn offering of the mass—the anointing of the head and hands of the prelate elect with the holy chrism, and finally, the blessing and placing upon his head the mitre, and the benediction of and placing within his right hand the pastoral crozier—thus constituting the elect a ruler of God's people—a high priest for ever—all these touching and sublime ceremonies must have been witnessed by those who had the happiness to behold them with feelings of awe and pious joy.

The choir composed of a select body of the students, chanted the hymns and canticles proper to the ceremonial with sublime and touching effect, and the responses were sung by the entire body of five hundred students, with a correctness and beauty far exceeding in devotional effect all the borrowed splendor of organ music.

At the conclusion of the ceremonial, his Grace the Most Rev. the Primate and Archbishop of Armagh was conducted round the chapel, and conferred his blessing on the kneeling congregation; and subsequently, from the altar, his Grace bestowed on the faithful present his first pontifical benediction.

The ceremonial was witnessed by the Marquis and Marchioness of Kildare, Lord Bellew, H. W. Wilberforce, Esq., A. Strong Hussey, Esq., and a numerous body of gentry and citizens of Dublin.—*Freeman's Journal.*

CONVERSIONS.—On Tuesday last, in the Cathedral, Miss Ann Potter, daughter of the late D. B. Potter, Esq., of this town, having made a formal recantation of Protestantism, was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. E. Coyne, R.C.C., assisted by the Very Rev. John McEvilly, President of St. Jarlath's College.—*Tuam Herald.*

On Friday Mr. James Sealy, jeweller, of Galway, was received into the communion of the Catholic Church by the Rev. George Commins, P. P.—*Galway Mercury.*

CONVERSION OF A PROTESTANT BISHOP.—The important news has just reached us (*Dublin Tablet*) that the Right Rev. Doctor Ives, Protestant Bishop of Carolina, in the American Reformed Episcopal Church, has abjured the heresy of the Reformation, and submitted to the Catholic Church. Dr. Ives is now in England, and in passing through London last week, on his way to Rome, he had an interview with his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, who very warmly sympathized with the new convert in his feelings of thankfulness for the mercy which had been shown him. As Doctor Ives is married, unfortunately there is no prospect of his devoting his energies as a Priest to the service of the Church of his adoption. Dr. Ives, we understand, was much beloved and respected in his diocese of Carolina, and his example is very likely to have a wide influence upon a considerable number of his late clergy. We shall, in all probability, be enabled in an early number of the *Tablet* to give further particulars of this most interesting conversion.

THE COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN.—The famous Countess of Hahn-Hahn, authoress of "Jerusalem and Babylon," and other works, whose recent conversion to Catholicism made some noise, has just entered the convent of the Order of the Good Shepherd, at Angers, in France, and will, after due probation, found a similar convent in Coblenz or Cologne.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Marchioness of Shgo died on Tuesday last, Nov. 23, in the 28th year of her age. By the demise of this gentle, amiable, and charitable lady the poor, especially in the neighborhood of Westport, have lost a kind friend and most generous patroness.—*Freeman's Journal.*

We have to announce the death of Peter McKeogh, Esq., M. A., Crown Solicitor for the counties of Leitrim, Roscommon, and Mayo. The value of the appointments held by him were, we understand, upwards of £900 per annum.—*Nation.*

It is announced that Dr. Boyd, late M.P. for Coleraine, has been offered by the Derby Government the office of Ambassador to South America, to which is appended a salary of £1,000.—*Northern Paper.*

CONVERTED ELECTIONS.—Alluding to these petitions, the London correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* says, "the following will, I think be found to comprise the whole of the Irish petitions:—

Newry—Against Mr. Kirk for bribery; Cork—Against Sergeant Murphy and Mr. Fagan for intimidation.

Waterford County—Against Mr. Esmonde for alleged bribery, and complaining of false return. Clare—Against Sir J. F. Fitzgerald and Mr. C. O'Brien for intimidation.

New Ross—Against Mr. Duffy for intimidation, want of qualification, and alleging his incapacity to sit from the circumstances of his having a prosecution for high treason hanging over him.

Dungarvan—Against Mr. J. F. Maguire, for bribery. Mayo—Against Mr. Moore, for want of qualification and intimidation, and against Mr. Higgins for intimidation alone.

Youghal—Against Mr. Butt, for, I believe, bribery. Athlone—Against Mr. Keogh, for intimidation and want of qualification.

Carlow County—Against Colonel Bruan, by Captain Keogh, and against Mr. Ball, by Captain Banbury. Downpatrick—Against Mr. Hardinge.

Sligo—Against Mr. Towneley, for bribery, &c. Galway town—Against Mr. M. J. Blake, bribery."

At a meeting of the clergy of the deanery of Tuam, last week, a resolution in assertion of the principles of Religious Equality and Tenant Right were adopted, and it was afterwards agreed that petitions in accordance with those resolutions should be forwarded to the British Parliament.

The mines of Clogher, so rich in promise, have been resumed; and we are in a position to state that the works of Castlemaine will be in full operation as soon as the machinery shall have arrived from England.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

THE CORK INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—The remission by the Treasury of a sum of £400, for the payment of extra police employed at the recent Exhibition has given the most lively satisfaction to the good citizens of Cork. This act of especial grace is due to the intervention of the Earl of Eglinton, who, in the official communication to the Mayor of Cork notifying the decision of the Lords Commissioners, states that their Lordships have observed with much satisfaction that the inhabitants of Cork have been the first to adopt and apply the principles of the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851, and that principally by their own efforts the undertaking has been brought to a successful issue, productive of beneficial results to the arts and industry of the country. The repayment of the £400, is to be made on the completion of the Exhibition-hall on its new site as a permanent building.

EMPLOYMENT OF WEAVERS IN GALWAY.—We are gratified to learn that a gentleman from the North of Ireland, has, at this moment, about thirty weavers employed in the manufacture of calico in Galway. He brought the yarn prepared from Belfast and gave out the work to the men at their own houses. He is now ready to give employment to three hundred weavers. This gentleman will give out the work on receiving security for the value of the raw material. The source of employment which is now opened up here by this enterprising individual must eventually confer vast benefits on the laboring population of our town. The company which is in the course of formation for the establishment of a woollen factory at Galway, are progressing most satisfactorily with their arrangements, which they expect to have shortly completed.—*Galway Packet.*

THE FLOODS.—Throughout all the lowland agricultural districts of Leinster the floods have been general and destructive—the digging out of late potatoes having been entirely prevented, and that crop materially injured; wheat sowing is totally obstructed, and in some places where it had not been covered in it has been swept away by the inundations, consequently but little agricultural labor is afforded. On Saturday, the Waterford and Maryborough mail coach was near being lost in the floods on the road near Dunkithbridge, county Kilkenny, where the Waterford and Limerick Railway joins the Waterford and Kilkenny line. The coachman did not perceive his danger until the "leaders" were literally swimming, and he was obliged to get off the box and unharness them, while two Frenchmen who happened to be travelling on the vehicle, kept "the wheeler quiet." With the assistance of some country people, however, the coach was put upon another road, and was then enabled to proceed on its journey. Subsequently on the same day, in the same place, one of Bianconi and Dobbins' cars was covered in the flood, and two of the horses drowned, while the passengers with difficulty escaped.—*Leinster Express.*

THE FLOODS NEAR WATERFORD.—We learn that on Saturday last two horses belonging to Mr. Dobbin, of this city, were drowned at Granny, in consequence of the high flood which covered the road at that place. The driver of the car fortunately saved himself by holding fast to the box seat. We have heard that there were no passengers on the car at the time.—*Waterford News.*

In consequence of the heavy rains of the past week, the flood-gates of the mill adjoining the bridge at Balbriggan were burst on Friday, the bridge itself considerably damaged; the two houses on either side of the bridge partially carried away, and a poor woman drowned in one of the cellars.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS.

The following extracts taken from a letter signed "Clericus" in our High church contemporary, the *Evening Mail*, show if correct, the necessity for inquiring into the working of the Ecclesiastical Commission Board. Perhaps some of the anti-Maynooth howlers will take the matter up?

When Universities and Cathedral Chapters are to be inquired into, in obedience to public opinion—the distribution of the funds entrusted to their charge to be narrowly examined, and made if possible more subservient to the great purposes for which they exist, surely we may demand that a crude experiment, which has existed for nearly twenty years, be subjected to a like scrutiny for the same beneficial end.

A *prima facie* case exists against the Ecclesiastical Board in their published accounts, for the enormous proportion of twelve two-thirds per cent. of the funds have been swallowed up in the expenses of their office.

Is there any other country under the sun, except Ireland, where a sum of twelve pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence would be paid for receiving and disbursing a hundred pounds? Is there any other corporation existing, except the Irish Church Establishment, whose pillage to so enormous an extent is legalized?

The commissioners receive a thousand a year for labor not in extent one-twelfth part so onerous as that of a country curate. They are excellent gentlemen, who, no doubt, are fully worthy of the loaves and fishes to that extent, if it did not unfortunately happen that what feeds them deprives perishing congregations of the bread of life, leaves churches in ruins, parishes without resident ministers, and congregations without the ordinances of religion.

A sum of £80,000 has yearly to be collected and disbursed for the use of the Irish Church. Cannot this be done at a less expense than from 13 to £15,000, a sum that would build ten churches, or pay 150 efficient curates? Must gentlemen drive up in carriages daily to the door of a sumptuous mansion, mend a pen, sign their names and receive £1000 a year for their pains? Is this necessary? Surely we do not require a cumbersome board, a host of clerks, and a swarm of retainers for so simple a matter. There would be some excuse for such an establishment, but certainly of a less expensive character, if no other means of collection and disbursement of the church's fund existed. But there is now no excuse, because the whole material of a more efficient board already exists—well paid officers of station and character with subordinates ready and willing to act in the matter, to the saving of many thousands a year to the church.

THE EXORUS.—The emigration continues to flow west night as strongly as ever, and to carry with it many who in their own land enjoyed the respect, the esteem, and regard of the extensive circles in which they moved. On Friday the members of two highly respectable and affluent families, natives of, and residents in, Limerick, where they enjoyed every possible advantage, as well as the affectionate attachment of "troops of friends" and relatives, left by the afternoon train en route to Liverpool, to take shipping in the Africa for Melbourne, Australia.—*Limerick Reporter.*

IRISH WRETCHEDNESS.—A summary of the census in the counties of Clare, Cork, and Kerry, exhibits some startling results. The progress of depopulation in these Irish counties during the last ten years is without a parallel in historical records:—In Clare, for example, the population of which was 286,394 in 1841, the number of inhabitants had fallen to 212,428 in 1851. The population of the East Riding of Cork has decreased from 541,134, in 1841, to 437,142 in 1851. The figures in the West Riding, to the same periods, are 312,984 and 211,761. The population of Kerry, in 1841, was 293,580, and in 1851, 238,239. But it is only when we glance at the results in the unions that we get a full view of the scourge which has devastated some districts. Part of Limerick Union, for example, has fallen from 28,262 to 16,483—very nearly one half of the population having thus been swept away. The population of Fermoy Union has decreased from 64,277 to 44,950 and that of Skibbereen, from 58,335 to 38,059. The decrease in the number of houses is equally marked. The number of inhabited dwellings in the county of Clare in 1841 was 44,870, and in 1851, only 31,422; in the East Riding of Cork, 79,376 in 1841, and 60,379 in 1851; in the West Riding, 50,597 in 1841, and 33,228 in 1851; and in Kerry, 46,628 in 1841, and 33,372 in 1851. The great majority of the untenanted houses have been levelled to the ground. In all these counties there were only 3,882 more uninhabited houses in 1851 than in 1841, while the inhabited houses had increased by 63,173. No fewer than 59,290 dwellings, therefore, have been destroyed.—The landlords, eager to destroy the nests, so that the human rookery might no more return, appear to have demolished the rude hovels as rapidly as the people were carried off by the famine or emigration. The destruction of such miserable cabins is, of course, no great loss in a pecuniary point of view to Ireland; but nevertheless the decrease of population has left deep traces on the means and substance of the country.—The Government valuation of Clare, for example, in 1841, amounted to £314,286 17s 7d. The poor law valuation in 1851 stands at £209,655 16s 1d. In former ages, probably when the means of intelligence were scanty, and when human beings suffered and perished in multitudes, without finding a historian of their woes, such immense revolutions in the population and social condition of a country may have sometimes occurred. In the Highlands of Scotland it would even not be difficult to adduce examples of equal depopulation; but the process was spread over a longer period of time, and confined to more limited districts. The depopulation of Ireland stands alone in the rapidity of its accomplishments, and in the breadth of country over which it has operated.—*Daily News.*

CRIME IN IRELAND.—A parliamentary blue-book has been printed showing the number of Criminal offenders committed for trial or bailed for appearance at the assizes of each county in Ireland in the year 1851.—These returns present a decrease of 6,642 committals, or 21.20 per cent. as compared with the year 1850, the total number of committals in that year being 31,326, while in 1851 the number rose not higher than 24,684. The offences against the person with violence had decreased from 4,930 in 1850, to 2,930 in 1851. The number of offences against property had hardly undergone any change for the better; the figure was 2,224 in 1850, and 2,215 in 1851. A table of the amount of crime committed during the last four years gives the following result:—Murder, 1848, 195 cases; 1849, 170; 1850, 113; and in 1851, 118 cases. Attempts at murder, in 1848, 15; 1849, 5; 1850, 28; and in 1851, 14 cases. Shooting at or stabbing, in 1841, 110; 1849, 66; 1850, 62; and in 1851, 87 cases. Conspiracy for murder in the four years respectively, 49, 26, 12, and 10 cases. Manslaughter, 166, 173, 156, and 135 cases. Arson 134, 189, 155, and 160 cases. The other crimes in the list are—attacking houses, killing cattle, perjury, riot, rescue, and assault on peace officers. Riots have declined from 3,222 cases, in 1848, to 1,827 cases in 1851; and rescue from 4,131 cases in 1848, and 3,077 cases in 1850, to 1,915 cases in 1851.

The number of paupers in the Ballymena Union Workhouse on Saturday, were 190; on the corresponding week of last year, there were 232. There are only four in hospital.

EVICIONS.—To the Editor of the *Catholic Standard*.—Sir—I have respectfully to inform you and all good Christians that there are in this district of Mayo several poor families, consisting principally of widows, who had been evicted from their holdings of land, and whose houses had been levelled with the ground during the past years of famine in Ireland. These poor widows, with their heavy and long families are living in wretched huts, exposed to wind and rain. Their clothing for night and day is tattered and scanty, they have not a sufficiency of food to eat, and their poor children—for whom I feel very much—are so semimarked that they cannot go to school to learn their prayers and social obligations to God and man. For any person who will assist me to relieve the wants, spiritual and temporal, of these destitute families, they and myself will pray that the grace of God may bless him.—I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,
MICHAEL PHEW, P. P.

Shrule, Headford, Nov. 20, 1852.

MORE EXTERMINATION IN TIPPERARY.—Wail and woe continue to descend on several parts of Tipperary, where, unawed by the dread experience of the past, and the direful evils which have befallen the country through the land-ocracy, the Crowbar Brigade is still busily engaged in ejecting the natives of the soil. To enumerate all the evictions that have lately taken place would be impossible; a large number of persons have been evicted in the immediate vicinity of the famed razzia of Toomevara. When shall these frightful occurrences cease, and kindlier feelings actuate the hearts of those who promote them?—*Limerick Reporter.*

IRISH CONVERTS.—I apprehended that many, if not most of the list of the converts to Protestantism which we see published, would prove equally delusive as mine, and this, at all events, I can vouch

for, that those which are collected from Irish returns are for the most part of a like description; for in Achill (the head-quarters of proselytism) which I know as well as my native parish, it is all gammon and humbug from beginning to end, and I solemnly assure you that the story told by Maxwell (a Protestant prebendary) in his "Wild sports of the West," is literally true, that when a deputation of Exeter Hall saints came to the determination of going to witness the wonders worked by the Rev. Mr. Nangle in that holy colony, that pious deluder was obliged to ask his Catholic friend, Dean Lyons, for the "loan of a congregation for the occasion," and I know myself, scores upon scores of instances where poor creatures were held up to the world as sincere seceders from the errors of Popery not a whit more guilty of the act than myself. One story is so much in point that I cannot resist relating it. Sir William Park and his lady, neighbors and friends of mine, were such zealous reformers that they actually induced their whole tenantry, for a considerable period, to go to church with the greatest regularity. But after their return from a Continental trip they were shocked to find that all their sheep had returned to the old fold. As a matter of course they were summoned and taken to task for their impiety; and when asked for their reasons, one of them stepped forward, and scratching the side of his head like an overgrown innocent, said, "Arrah, sure, your honor! the blankets you gave us didn't come beyant our knees; and as for her ladyship's caps, they melted entirely in the washin'." I believe you will find that nine-tenths, if not the whole of the conversions in the West of Ireland will turn out in the end cases of "short blankets."—*Correspondent of French Times.*

On Saturday night, Mr. James Montgomery, a respectable farmer, who lived in the townland of Ballygarvey, near Ballymena, took down his gun, and, to try whether it was charged or not, urged a man who was standing beside him to hold a candle to the touch-hole while he blew into the barrel with his mouth. Some sparks from the candle came in contact with the powder, which ignited, and discharged the contents of the gun into the head of the incautious victim, killing him on the spot.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—The *Cork Constitution* contains a paragraph stating that an inquest had been held on the body of a man named William Duke, a carpenter, who was drowned in the Mardyke stream. While the body lay at the bridewell, poor Duke's wife and daughter called to see it before the inquest, and left the bridewell with tears and lamentations. They returned home and the inquest was held, the coroner thinking it unnecessary to call for the evidence of the mourners, and the jury came to a verdict "that the deceased William Duke was accidentally drowned." When the wife and daughter returned home, what was their astonishment to see him whom they thought they had just seen dead, alive and well, warming himself comfortably by the fire. The frightened women for some time refused to believe the evidence of their senses; and it was not until some neighbors called in and collected a mutual understanding between the parties that anything like quiet was restored. At length after some explanations, it appeared that the deceased was not William Duke, who had been away from home, and had only that evening returned. Who the deceased really was no one knows. Duke, on learning that he was supposed to have been drowned, was exceedingly angry at the stupidity of his wife; and it was with much difficulty the neighbors, who had come in to comfort the widow and orphans, effected a complete reconciliation.

DESPERATE OUTRAGE.—On Thursday morning a burglary and attempt at murder was committed at the house of Mr. Doyle, a carpenter, Painstown, county Kildare. Mr. Doyle's sister was awakened by a noise in her bedroom, and on looking sharply, observed a man in the act of searching the pockets of her dress; she immediately called out to alarm the rest of the family, when the man instantly snapped up an axe, which lay upon the floor, and, furiously approaching her, raised it in the air. At this critical moment, the door was burst open by Mr. Doyle, who rushing forward, fortunately caught the weapon as it was descending upon his sister's head. A desperate struggle ensued, in which Mr. Doyle was near being defeated, when his sons came to his assistance, and the ruffian was conquered and arrested. He pretends to be a simpleton, and will not speak. He has on a convict dress, branded "M. Gaol." Informations being sworn against him, he has been committed to Naas prison.—*Leinster Express.*

DISCOVERY OF A GANG OF ROBBERS.—On Monday morning Constable Malloran, in consequence of information they had received, proceeded to a garret in a dilapidated house in Bridge-street, where they discovered a quantity of wool and mutton. From the manner in which the sheep had been killed, it was evident that a professional butcher had not been employed.—A woman named Mary Mooney, found in the room was arrested, and not being able to account satisfactorily for the way in which these articles were obtained, she was committed to goal for three months by Messrs. Kernan and Maunsell. A sheep, the property of H. Comerford, Esq., was killed on Friday night, and it is supposed that the gang of robbers known to infest this house, were the parties implicated. The prisoner Mooney, is the mother of one of the notorious characters who broke out of the Tuam Bridewell last summer killed a sheep belonging to Dr. Plunkett, regulated themselves on the mutton, and very coolly returned to their cells. It appears that these depredators have latterly shifted their quarters to Galway, and great credit is therefore due to those active officers for discovering and breaking up this haunt of robbers.—*Galway Packet.*

ARREST OF ALLEGED MURDERERS.—On Wednesday night, the Ahascragh police succeeded in arresting three men named Quigley, charged with the murder of Michael Fox, in July last, since when the accused parties have succeeded, by the most extraordinary exertions in evading the police, being at times so closely pressed as to be obliged to conceal themselves in pools of water, and they are quite emaciated in appearance. They have been committed to the county goal to await their trial.—*Tuam Herald.*

An Irish lawyer, in a neighboring county, recently addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologise thus:—"May it please the court—in the heat of the debate I called your honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, your honors." The gentleman sat down, and we hope the court was satisfied.

challenges us to "adduce from any Protestant Confession, or any Protestant author, the sentiments there attributed to Protestants at large."

For this purpose we will turn first, to the Homilies of the Anglican Protestants—Homilies which the 35th Article asserts "contain a godly and wholesome doctrine."

We will turn to another Protestant sect. Mr. Wesley, the founder of the Methodist religion, assumes the withdrawal of God's Holy Spirit—the supernatural—from the Christian Church, to be a fact so universally admitted by all Protestants, that it is only necessary to assign the reason for that withdrawal, or "elimination of the supernatural."

We do not consider it necessary to adduce any more testimony to the truth of our proposition—"That Protestants, whatever they may profess, do practically ignore the supernatural in religion"—that the basis of all Protestantism is—that the supernatural element—the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Spirit, and Christ's presence—have long ago—for "eight hundred years and more"—been withdrawn from "Whole Christendom."

of Christ—which is tantamount to asserting the worthlessness of that "continual Divine presence"—or else they must assert the previous withdrawal of that "Divine presence," and thus, by implication, assert, Christ to be a liar, and Christianity a monstrous humbug.

"A lie, repeated after it has been refuted, and scouted by all honest men, is a lie raised to a higher power—the square of a lie."

We clip the following from the Canadian Churchman, the Anglican organ of Upper Canada; our contemporary professes to have extracted it from some other Anti-Catholic journal:

"POPEY ABROAD.—The Vicar of Bouge has lately accosted himself to impose a penance on the females of his flock, the obligation of coming to his chambers, where, after their backs are stripped, they receive a flagellation from the pastoral hand. There is no mistake about the fact which has evoked a cry of indignation throughout the commune.

Now we call this a very pretty specimen of Flag-doodle—the stuff they feed fools on," according to Capt. Marryat—an article of diet of which our Non-Catholic friend of Upper Canada must have partaken very largely in his time; it is also a fair average specimen of Protestant argument against Popery, a mode of argument which is as creditable to the gentlemanly feelings of those who employ it, as it is illustrative of the intellectual calibre of those who allow themselves to be convinced by it.

THE MONTREAL WITNESS.

There are few people of any sense of propriety in this city who do not consider this paper (the Montreal Witness) as an absolute personified impertinence, and even amongst those who subscribe for it many declare that it is an Achan in the camp of the peaceful and conscientious Christian.

"It is really too bad" to speak so harshly of our evangelical cotemporary; we feel quite sorry for him, we do; though perhaps he don't think it; he is a regular bred martyr—that's what he is; and it's a shame for the Commercial Advertiser so to pitch into the holy man, who has such "noble sentiments."

We copy the following testimony as to the working of the "Maine Liquor Law" from the Boston Pilot; similar results may not unreasonably be expected here, if unfortunately a similar measure should ever be placed on our Statute Book.

"The liquor law question" distributed all parties, still, it was generally understood that this fanatical measure was favored by the freesoilers, and opposed by the other parties. This circumstance contributed to swell the majorities against freesoilism, the more especially as it is now clear that this measure, like all such measures, not only fails to accomplish its purpose; but substitutes for the evil to be cured two or three as

great evils. There is more rioting and drunkenness, even in the country towns, since the passing of this silly law than before; and what is worse, "moral sensibility" and other gentle means for repressing drunkenness seem, since the passage of the law, to have been shorn of their wonted strength.—Lying, and perjury are becoming more common sins.

ST. PATRICK'S CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE SOCIETY.

Quebec, 9th Dec., 1852. The annual general meeting of the St. Patrick's Christian Doctrine Society for the election of officers for the ensuing year, was held yesterday in the upper Sacristy of St. Patrick's Church.

The Report made by the Committee for last year, as well as the Treasurer's account, show that the Society is prospering. The Committee noticed the departure of Mr. P. O'Dowd for Australia as follows:—"Your Committee cannot close the present Report without calling to mind the loss the Society has sustained by the departure, from amongst us, of Mr. P. O'Dowd, our 2nd Vice-President, one of our most efficient officers, and a worthy member of the Society for many years."

The following is the result of the election:—Honorary President.—Rev. J. Neilligan. Honorary Vice-Presidents.—Rev. Messrs. Boneau and Campbell. Acting Vice-President.—Mr. M. Mernagh. Acting Vice-Presidents.—1st, Mr. John Hearn; 2nd, Mr. J. C. Nolan. Treasurer.—Mr. Francis Doherty. Secretary.—Mr. Charles McCaron. Assistant Sec.—Mr. Mathew F. Walsh. Librarian.—Mr. John Gibblin. Assistant Do.—Mr. William McDonald.

Committee of Management: Messrs. John Sharples, Messrs. Charles Gilbride, " Mathew Ryan, " J. Foley, " Henry Martin, " T. J. Murphy, " William Quinn, " J. Lane, " John Lilly, " Frs. O'Rorke, " J. O'Leary, " L. Stafford. After a few appropriate remarks from the President elect, the meeting adjourned. CHARLES M'CARON, Secretary.

The following communication from a member of the London Catholic Institute has been handed to us for insertion; as we see nothing objectionable in its contents, we have no hesitation in complying with the writer's request. We rejoice to learn the intentions attributed by the writer to the London Catholic Institute, viz: to abstain from all interference with questions affecting the ecclesiastical government of the diocese of Toronto.

To the Editor of the Toronto Mirror.

Sir—Having been present at the late annual meeting of the Catholic Institute of London, and having perused the editorial comments appearing in last Friday's Mirror, along with what is there put forth as a faithful report of the proceedings of the Institute, I take the liberty to dissent from the tenor of your observations, and also to say, that the sentiments contained in the report are not altogether correct. Had your anonymous and unknown contributor furnished you with the Report of the committee, which was unanimously adopted at the meeting, I am sure you would have been better able to judge of the undivided sentiments of the members. However, allow me to state that I am one of the persons who organized the Institute in London, and we did not then think that the objects in view were of solely a religious character; on the contrary, it was considered necessary to interfere in political matters affecting the religious, social, or civil rights of the Catholic body in general.

A MEMBER OF THE LONDON CATHOLIC INSTITUTE. London, C.W., Nov. 16, 1852.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Quebec, M. Enright, £5, J. Coridan, 15s; Sherrington, J. M'Vey, 6s 3d; North Lancaster, A. B. M'Dougal, 6s 3d; Yankleek Hill, P. Merriman, 10s; St. Lin, Rev. Mr. Hurteau, £1 5s; Port Stanley, J. Butler, 10s; Beauceville, A. McDonald, 15s; Beaulieu, Dr. Gernon, 12s 6d; Portland, U. S., Dr. Leprohon, 6s 3d; Eachine, P. Ducharme, 12s 6d; Oshawa, Rev. Mr. Proulx, £2 10s; La Colle, M. Flanagan, 6s 3d; St. Anicet, J. Curran, 6s 3d; P. Barrett, Esq., 6s 3d; Henryville, Rev. Mr. St. Aubin, 12s 6d; J. McCarthy, 12s 6d; Williamstown, M. Heenan, £2 10s.

CANADA NEWS.

We are authorized to state that there is not the slightest foundation in fact for any of the rumors which have been so industriously circulated of late by several of our contemporaries of the press, relative to the intended retirement from the Administration of the Hon. Mr. Hincks.—Pilot.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Our good citizens have been painfully excited by a sad occurrence which took place on the evening of the 7th instant, and for which they all agree the Corporation should be held responsible. As Captain Brady, of the "Lumber Merchant," accompanied by Captain Roche, was stepping on board the "Lady Elgin," he fell from the top of the wharf into the river; he was taken up almost instantaneously, but life was extinct, his neck having been broken in the fall. He leaves a wife—in the last stage of pregnancy—and eight children to deplore his untimely death.—Quebec Canadian.

The attempt which Mr. Brown, the Member for Kent, is making, to stir up the flame of religious discord in the Province, cannot but be the subject of deep regret; happily, however, the feelings which it is calculated to create are in some degree neutralized by a conviction of its utter impotency. In our legislature, which numbers members of every religious persuasion, questions of an ecclesiastical nature are treated with impartiality; and the privileges conceded to one sect or denomination of Christians, it seems to be generally admitted, must in like manner be yielded to others. It is perfectly evident, that on no other principle can the inhabitants of a country, so divided as is Canada in religious opinion, live in peace and harmony.

UPPER CANADA NORMAL SCHOOL.—The elegant and well planned building erected for the accommodation of the Normal School was formally opened on Wednesday evening. With few exceptions the proceedings were staid, flat, and unprofitable as the contents of an uncorked bottle of soda water. Dr. McCaul let off a handful of telling Irish squibs, but in general the orations were indigestible masses of intensely lean platitudes.

More Murders.—We received intelligence last week, too late for our previous issue, of a shocking tragedy at Bear Creek. A man of the name of Curtiss, and his two sons, residing on the south branch of Bear Creek, left home for Wallaceburgh accompanied by two other men, to one of whom he owed five dollars. While on the road, this man named Meadows and the elder Curtiss quarrelled about the money, and Meadows said he would have the money or his life before they returned. Curtiss paid him at Wallaceburgh.—The parties returned in the evening much the worse of liquor, and quarrelled again on the way home.—This time they leaped out of the wagon to fight. Curtiss, however, was soon brought to his senses by the pain of the blows dealt by his antagonist. It was immediately discovered that he was stabbed in the side and abdomen.—Sarnia Shield.

Died. In this city, on the 13th inst., Mary McCambridge, daughter of Alexander McCambridge, aged 4 years and 21 days.

YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION



A SPECIAL MEETING of the above Association will be held at the MUSIC HALL, Notre Dame Street, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, December 22d, at EIGHT o'clock. A prompt attendance of Members is requested, as matters of interest will be laid before them.

(By Order) R. P. REDMOND, Secretary. Montreal, Dec. 17, 1852.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE EMPIRE.—The *Moniteur* of Tuesday gives the following as the definite result, so far, of the vote on the *plébiscite* in the department of the Seine:—

Electors inscribed	315,501
Number of voters	270,710
Oui	208,615
Non	53,617

Of the votes in the army 85,595 are known, of which—

Oui	82,399
Non	2,416

In the departments the result is equally favorable. REDUCTION OF THE ARMY.—The following extract from the non-official part of the *Moniteur*, reveals the extent of the truth of the rumors so long in circulation about a reduction in the army:—"On the 1st of January 1848, the effective of the army amounted to 380,500. After the revolution it was 446,808. It was so at the time of the first election of Louis Napoleon. By successive diminutions, the number on the 1st of January, 1852, had descended to 400,594 men. His Highness the Prince President has just given orders to the Minister of War to reduce it to 370,177. This effective will comprise the army of Africa and that of Rome. On the 1st of December next this important measure will be realised; it will form a reduction of more than 30,000 men in less than a year."

PARIS.—Some parties are very busy spreading false rumors. At one time the Prince President has had a fall from a horse; at another plots are discovered. Another manifesto from London came yesterday, bearing the signatures of Felix Pyat, Ronge, and Louis Avril. The Post Office was made the agent of its circulation, and many persons in office or in business had to pay postage for the following piece of information and advice:—"An appeal is made to all hearts, to all arms, to fire-arms, to scythes, and to paving stones. Every thing that comes to hand must be turned into an instrument of war and means of extermination. We are not to vote but to fight. Keep, then, your bulletins for the day of battle and of victory."

The marriage of Louis Napoleon with the Princess of Wasa is again generally spoken of, and it is now said that it will be officially announced immediately after the proclamation of the empire. It is also said that he is anxious that his cousin Napoleon Bonaparte (Jerome's son) should marry, and that he is on the look-out for a German Princess for him. Among the inmates of St. Cloud and the Invalides, it is said that some overtures on this subject, already made at some of the German Courts, have not been badly received. The financial position of Jerome and his son is to be settled by the Senate, which is to be called on to grant them a dotation in money or Crown lands. The other princes are to receive allowances from the President himself. They will only have the title of princes.

MUNIFICENCE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU.—The Prince President, when at Fontainebleau, visited the hospital, the house of the Sisters of Charity, and the Orphan Asylum. In each he left marks of his munificence. The Prince was accompanied by the prefect of the Seine-et-Marne, the sub-prefect of the town, and the mayor. The Prince afterwards visited the church, and was much struck by its small size, and its want of repair. The Mayor and the Curé told the Prince that the town ardently desired, to see a new and a larger church constructed, but that funds were wanting. The Prince reminded them that he was christened at Fontainebleau, and promised to give 200,000*fr.* from his own purse towards a fund for a new church. He subsequently charged M. Blouet, architect of the palace, to draw up a plan of the church. When the generosity of the Prince became known it excited great enthusiasm amongst the population.

The Prefect of Police has given notice of his intention to exercise the powers conferred upon him by the law of July 9th, 1852, of expelling from Paris suspected persons having no visible means of subsistence.

ROME.

The following is from the Roman correspondence of the *Univers*, under date Nov. 10th:—

"Since Sir H. Bulwer's departure from Rome, people have added to the motives which had suggested his negotiations with the Holy See, and which the papers have given with more or less exactness, another object, on which, say they, he had strongly insisted. They assure us that he had demanded that the Holy Father should write a letter to the Clergy and to the Catholics of Ireland to engage them to moderation, to calm, and to a more sincere attachment to the government of the United Kingdom; it being of course well understood that this demand has shared the fate of the rest.

"It has also been said that the English diplomatist seeing himself beaten on all the points, had threatened that a British fleet would be sent before Ancona and Civita Vecchia, to support the reclamations of his government. This proceeding is assuredly consistent with the habits of England; Greece is yonder to remind us of this. Nevertheless, under the actual circumstances, we believe that such language was not used, and that the English diplomatist was rather a suppliant than anything else. If the Pontifical flag was floating alone on the forts of Ancona and of Civita Vecchia—oh! then, we would readily believe that the menaces that have been spoken of might possibly have been put forward. But to-day, with the flag of the Pope, that of France floats on the ramparts of Civita Vecchia, and that of Austria on the towers of Ancona.

RUSSIA.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 16.—The Emperor has started an expedition to Japan, consisting of the Frigate Pallas, a tender, and a screw steamer bought in England, to be under the command of Vice Admiral Poatatine, a very efficient officer and a worthy man. The frigate left Cronstadt a few weeks since, and will stop at some port in the English Channel, where the Expedition will finally start from. It is said to be for scientific purposes, but it is pretty certain it is sent to watch the American Expedition, of which they are almost ridiculously jealous.

Letters from Kalisch state that important movements of troops are going forward throughout the entire kingdom of Poland. In Kalisch and its neighborhood, which, throughout the summer have been void of troops, an entire army corps is expected, and will be located along the entire western frontier of Russian-Poland. From these arrangements, the writer states, the inference drawn on the spot is, that the Czar is preparing for eventualities in the west of Europe.

SWEDEN.

The members of the Regency appointed for the period of the King's illness were admitted to his Majesty's apartment on the 8th. Since the 25th of October the King had been too ill to see any one but the Crown Prince and his personal attendants. His Majesty is, however, now out of danger.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE PROTESTANT RIOTS AT GRAVESEND.—In the letter which we gave last week from "Theophilus," dated Nov. 10th, on this disgraceful affair, it was stated that the magistrates had "sentenced two or three drunken wretches to pay £5, or undergo two months' imprisonment." We have since, however, learned that this was for another offence, not connected with the outrage on the Catholic Church, but merely for letting off fireworks from their own windows. Of the others who were brought up for the ruffianly attack referred to, as we have stated in our leading columns, two were acquitted, and two sentenced to pay the tremendous penalty of ten shillings each.—*Tablet*.

MORAL ENGLAND.—On Thursday, Mr. Wakley held an inquest in the Marylebone Workhouse, on a newly-born male child. George Robinson, gravedigger to St. John's Wood Churchyard, stated that, at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, two ladies informed him that there was in a certain part of the churchyard something that ought not to be there. He went to the spot, and found deceased's body, quite wet, and covered with a colored apron. He instantly conveyed it to the workhouse. By the coroner: There are upwards of one hundred still-born children interred every year in that churchyard, for each of which a burial fee of 2*s.* is charged. All that was required was for the body to be brought in a box, accompanied by a certificate, signed by a surgeon or midwife, that the child was still-born. They (the gravediggers) did not know whether they were murdered or not; they never looked into the coffins.—Coroner: This is a horrible state of things. The child might be murdered, brought from a distance, and the certificate forged.—Under that certificate the child would be buried, and the guilty parties escape with impunity. It is a regular premium for murder. The law is very faulty on that point.—Mr. Squires, surgeon, said that he performed the autopsy. Deceased was born alive, and had lived some time. The umbilical cord was not tied, and the child was neglected. Death was caused from suffocation, produced either by exposure or by the hand being placed over the mouth.—Coroner: It is terrible to think how children are murdered and their bodies thrown about like so many cats and dogs. The disclosures by the gravedigger proved that no child, either still-born or otherwise, should be buried without being properly registered.—The jury fully concurred with the coroner, and expressed a hope that the Legislature would enforce such a regulation. Verdict—"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."—*London Observer*, Nov. 7.

CHILD MURDER.—Another case of child-murder has been discovered in Chester street, London. Kennington, a police man in going his rounds at an early hour of the morning having found the dead body of a fine full grown female infant wrapped in a piece of dirty canvas. The police surgeon ascertained that it was born alive, and that the mother allowed it to die from neglect. There were no external marks of violence. Two women have been committed for trial within the last ten days, one called Bridget Dowling, for concealing the birth of her child which was found dead and wrapped in a piece of carpet in the closet of a house in Marshall street in which she lodged; the other Harriet Earwaker, a cook in the family of Captain Podridrington, Eccleson square, Pimlico, whose child was found wrapped in a towel under a deal box in the yard of her master's house. In this case the prisoner was committed on the charge of manslaughter, the child, according to the medical evidence, having died of neglect.

Another case of child murder has occurred in the neighborhood of Wrixham, the body of a child, with injuries about the head and body, sufficient to cause death; having been found in the river, wrapped carefully in a piece of brown sacking. The jury have returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, but there is a strong suspicion attached to a woman who has had seven children, six of whom died suddenly.

The two sons, Henry and Thomas Blackburn, and three other men, are now in custody on suspicion of having been concerned in the number of their aged parents, at Ash-flats, Stafford. The police have obtained a chain of evidence which will go far to bring them to justice, an Irishman called Moore, who was in the habit of working for the old people, having confessed that he and four others (two of them being the sons of the deceased) were concerned in the murder.

About two years and a half ago, Sarah Lister, wife of a laborer at North Ockendon in Essex, died, and was buried. She had seven children by a former husband; since her death, one of these, a girl of eighteen, has lived on familiar terms with Lister. They quarrelled, and the girl exclaimed, "You are not going to poison me as you did my mother!" This got abroad; and the upshot has been that the woman's body has been exhumed, a Coroner's Jury summoned, and the viscera taken out in their presence. Dr. Taylor is now analyzing them for the discovery of poison.

POLICE CASE EXTRAORDINARY.

To the Editor of the Daily News.

Sir,—A charge, which appeared to excite great interest in a certain portion of the public, was yesterday brought before a bench of magistrates, sitting in the Guildhall, at Westminster, by a French gentleman of the name of Thiers, against an individual known by a formidable array of aliases as Benjamin Disraeli, Runnymede, Contarini Fleming, Coningsby, Fakredeem, &c., &c.

Both plaintiff and defendant are well known as dealers in ornamental articles manufactured of imitation or mosaic gold. M. Thiers complained that the defendant had abstracted from his shop certain mouldings and other ornaments prepared for the tomb of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, and offered them as his own property to the Commissioners appointed to superintend the obsequies of the Duke of Wellington.

The defendant pleaded that, admitting for argument's sake the statement of M. Thiers to be correct, yet, inasmuch as the commodities fabricated and exposed for sale by both, had no intrinsic value, no action could lie against him.

The bench decided that, however worthless the articles in question might be, abstractedly considered, yet as they had a price in the market, they must be held to be worth as much as they would bring.

The defendant next objected that M. Thiers had not established any right of property in the articles he alleged to have been stolen from him. The reputation of the pursuer, like that of the defendant himself, for appropriating the ingenious inventions of others, was rather equivocal. M. Thiers ought to be called upon to show that the articles he claimed were really his own.

The bench admitted the validity of the representation; and the pursuer, asking time to bring witnesses from France, the defendant was ordered to be remanded.

The defendant asked to be admitted to bail, but after the magistrates had decided that his offence was bailable, he had no better sureties to offer than a crowd of suspicious-looking persons who accompanied him, and who were declared by the police in attendance to be individuals calling themselves "corn and coal merchants," notorious for running up the prices of their corn by nefarious means.

The defendant asked, not to be allowed to go at large on his own recognisances, but volunteered to produce witnesses to character. He accordingly called upon an elderly gentleman of the name of Hume, who, however, shook his head, and said that all he knew of the defendant was, that, some years ago, he, seeing him a sharp boy and friendless, had been induced to take him as an apprentice, but that the defendant absconded in a few days; and when he (Mr. Hume) met him some time after, flippantly told him his business was too slow for a lad of parts. The defendant appealed to a Mr. Cobden, who was also in court; but that gentleman replied he could say no good of him. Defendant had once obtruded his company on Mr. Cobden, had professed great compunction for the line of business he was pursuing, and spoke of amending; but Mr. Cobden found him, nevertheless, going on in the old way. The magistrates here interfered, and warned the defendant that he was only injuring himself by the course he was pursuing. He accordingly submitted to be remanded.

As the police were removing him from the court, a sharp, sour sort of a person, who had been watching the proceedings with apparent interest, and to whom the officers gave the names of Regby and Wenham, while the gamins in attendance struck up the tune of "Alie Croaker," as he passed, advanced to the prisoner, looking at him with an expression of countenance that reminded one of bile boiled in vinegar, whispered:

He as prigs what isn't his'n,
When he's cotched must go to prison.

POPULATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE—EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA AND THE UNITED STATES.

(From the London Times.)

Rarely have human calculations or human foresight been more rudely exposed than by the events of the last few years. Our age imagined that it was past the calamities and errors of former times, and perused the records of ancient generations with a mingled sentiment of incredulity and compassion. But our own turn was close at hand. Not all our political economy nor our commercial resources could save us from the visitation of a worse than mediæval famine; not all our sanitary science can detect the source or ascertain the nature of a mysterious and deadly plague, and never were armies more numerous or politics more unsettled than since it has become the fashion to ridicule the idea of war. There now appears to be impending a revolution more perilous still. Among the thousand social questions which have occupied the attention of statesmen, the single one which was never included is that which is likely to overpower all the rest.—Half our legislation and all our fears have proceeded on the supposition that these islands must necessarily suffer from an excess of population, and that neither work nor wages, social place nor political function, could be long provided for such an abundance of claimants. We are now actually threatened with something very like danger from the opposite quarter, and this very moment, for the first time, perhaps, within man's memory, the population of Great Britain is rapidly increasing.

We yesterday published the usual return of births, marriages, and deaths, carrying this periodical census of our progress up to the end of September. We have used the term "progress" mechanically, not we trust, without a considerable degree of general propriety; but to the relative state of our population, as compared with former records, it is wholly inapplicable.—There were at least sixty thousand fewer people in the British Isles on the 29th of September than there had been on the 24th of June. The great question is how long this drain will be continued? We can only say, that there appears, as yet, no doubt but that more people left it in September and as little that more are departing in this present month than departed in October. Only the other day we published a notification that the Government Emigration Commissioners, having fixed Southampton as a dépôt, had stipulated for the construction of a species of barracoon at each terminus of the South-Western Railway, capable of containing 2,000 emigrants, who were to be cleared off with extraordinary facility and quickness, and replaced by fresh claimants for a passage. The opening of the new year, according to the announcement, was expected to communicate a strong additional impulse to the traffic, and, as Australia will at least

take all we can send, it is hard to fix any limit to the displacement. The effects, indeed, are already felt in almost every branch of every day business, and the experience of another year under these strange conditions will go far to teach us how soon what is now relief may assume the character of exhaustion. As many men are now employed in the army, navy, and militia, all taken together, as are now leaving England every six months.

A remarkable feature of the event is the diversion of the emigration stream from the westward to the southward. The population of the American Union is likely to suffer in proportion as what may be some day a New Union is likely to gain. As yet the attractions, principally, no doubt, through family ties, of the United States still preponderate, and they received 62,579 emigrants out of the 109,236. These, however, were mainly from the port of Liverpool, and the exportation from this quarter consists chiefly of Irish. When we turn to London, which sent forth 21,788, it appears that Australia was the destination of no fewer than 14,956 of the number, and we may reckon, perhaps, on at least a corresponding proportion of the 3,125 who sailed from Plymouth. The effect of the diversion will tell also upon ourselves in the difference of the classes which will be allured by the difference of attraction. The rush to Australia is not constituted by the impulses of famine, wretchedness, or despair. It arises from a deliberate preference of one field to another, and we should probably not be wrong in concluding that at least one-half of the 15,000 persons who last quarter left London for the gold-fields had already a position more or less settled of their own. Many large establishments are now, in fact, like regiments after a battle, with young hands unexpectedly promoted to the duties of seniors, and vacancies in abundance still. No man can pretend to conjecture where this will end. At every turn and in every department of life we shall encounter the results of a revolution which is almost converting an old country into a young one, which tends to depress capital and to elevate labor, which will put prizes at a discount and candidates at a premium, which will abolish the burden of pauperism, extinguish the springs of Socialism, and open fair avenues of advancement to all the middle classes of society. Even if the steam should continue running but for two years longer it will probably deprive Great Britain of at least a million grown up men, and will create a chasm in the population which ten years of subsequent progress will not fill.

UNITED STATES.

John H. Brownson, Esq., son of Dr. Brownson, lectured at Randolph on the 2nd, and in South Boston on the 3rd inst. We understand that Mr. B. was quite successful.—*Boston Pilot*.

Cholera is prevailing in Norfolk. Mr. Foster, Harbour Master, died on the 7th, and four or five cases have occurred within the last fortnight.

IRISH BUTTER.—Our enterprising neighbor Governor Davis, has imported several firkins of Irish butter by way of experiment, and finds the actual cost of the article on its arrival here, duties and freight included, is within a fraction of 25 cents per pound. We have tasted it, and find it of as good quality as the Orange county butter, which is now sold at from 31 to 34 cents per pound. It is rather too salt, but for culinary purposes that will not probably be considered an objection. Mr. Davis offers to sell at 26 cents—a very small advance on cost.—*N. Y. Com.*

There are at the present time seven men who have been found guilty of murder awaiting sentence of death in the New York city prison.

The New York Tribune says there are 6000 hotels, drinking saloons and dram shops in that city, and the amount expended in them is amazing, almost exceeding belief.

PROGRESS OF PROTESTANTISM.—THE RAFFERS DELUSIONS.—The editor of the *Cincinnati Advertiser*, who lately visited the State Lunatic Asylum at Columbus, says there are in that institution twenty persons whose insanity is clearly traceable to spirit rappings; and it is stated that there are in the Utica (N. Y.) Lunatic Asylum nine victims of the same delusion. The *Cleveland Herald* says:—"In many minds it seems to finish the work commenced by second adventism—the fruits being neglect of business, neglect of families, running after visionary and pretended seers, scouting of Christianity and its institutions, spiritual wilfulness, insanity, and in some cases suicide.

LAWLESSNESS IN BALTIMORE.—Few prudent persons sally forth, after dark, without being armed with a reliable weapon. A reverend clergyman has suggested the discontinuance of public worship, after night, in consequence of the insecurity of our streets. On Saturday evening Mr. McCormack shot a rowdy who assailed him on Liberty street, whilst walking with two ladies. In the same week, several gentlemen were similarly attacked. Every alarm of fire breeds a brawl in which pistols, muskets, and brick bats are liberally used. Gentlemen are stopped on the street, in the twilight, and asked for liquor or "a loan" in such a way as to make obedience to the request rather more compulsory than socially. Certain quarters of the town are avoided by discreet pedestrians after dark, as if they were infected with a pestilence. Nay, the columns of our papers are so filled with outrages, showing the insecurity of life as well as property, that it is needless to recapitulate misdeeds which unfortunately are too familiar to the public.—*Baltimore American*.

THE GODLESS SCHOOLS IN PHILADELPHIA.—A few days since we learned from one of our contemporaries, that two of the youths connected with the High School were arrested and held to bail for various larcenies. Since then the Grand Jury of Philadelphia have made their Presentment, in which they complain of the vast increase of forgeries and counterfeits which have taken place on the paper of the various banks, and on the coin of the United States.

It is evident that these forgers, counterfeiters, and thieves, have been persons of education—educated according to the godless schools system, which ignores the worship of God as an infringement of human liberty. It is true there have been and there are forgers and counterfeiters in England, Ireland, and France, but why? Because in each of these countries the godless system has prevailed. In France an avowed system of infidelity was until very lately taught. In the public schools of Ireland there is, like those of the United States, a negation of all religion. In England pure Protestantism is taught.—With such educational systems, who can wonder that forgers and thieves abound. It is only by entrusting to the Catholic Clergy the education of the rising generation, that these evils can be corrected.—*Catholic Instructor*.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS—COMING FORTH FROM THE CATACOMBS.

In this new Continent, in the heart of the freshness and life and activity of material enterprises, the Catholic Church has hitherto been at work, like the leaven hid in the three measures of meal. Along all the banks of the American rivers the Kingdom of Heaven has been planted in great humility, and small as the grains of mustard-seed. But now already the leaven is affecting the entire mass, and the mustard seed is growing apace in the sight of the whole world. Already the Gospel of the Church of God is preached in the listening ears of the entire nation. It stands, as it must ever stand, a witness and a testimony, convincing those who accept it, and condemning those that reject it.

At length in America the Church has come forth from the Catacombs. No longer is it only in the rude, shanty, and stript of external pomp, that the truth can be heard in our land. Far and wide in our cities, Cathedrals and splendid Churches rear their vast and solemn arches, and once more in the conviction of all men the Catholic Church is showing herself the true Mother of the Arts, and the mistress and teacher of the magnificent and the ideal. "Ah, yes!" it was said to us a few weeks ago, by one of those fine intellectual characters, who still refuse to accept the whole Truth where alone it is to be found, and grope for light where there is darkness only—"ah, yes! it is there you conquer us. Cathedrals, and that whole grasp of the external by the spiritual world, is the special property of the Roman Communion." The remark was in reply to a somewhat ironical excuse given by us for deferring the discussion of some interesting but not very practical questions, on the ground that our columns were likely for some weeks to be occupied with chronicling the consecration of a series of Cathedrals.

And is it not indeed a wonderful thing? What we speak of is not any studied or concerted efforts on the part of the Catholic Church to do something grand and imposing. It is prompted by a want and a necessity; and those who are accomplishing it, so far from glorying and exulting in it as a great thing, bemoan themselves because their performances come so far short of the needs of the faithful. Catholics multiply by hundreds of thousands, and cry out for altars before which to kneel and worship. Sees and Bishops are multiplied, and the faithful demand vast Cathedrals where they may assemble to receive the blessings of their Chief Pastors. This is the spirit still new and yet old. This is the need—the necessity—that stimulates to Catholic exertion. But the result is that the dilettanti turn away from Wall Street and Broadway, from the shrines of Mammon and the temples of dead and withered Protestantism, to see in the Catholic Church whose consecration we recorded last week, the truth and perfection of an art that lives and speaks, that is twice beautiful because it is also appropriate to its purpose. They visit Albany, and the object that first draws their attention as they approach that city is the Cathedral, the lofty bulkiness of which the visitor no longer remembers when from within he examines its soft lines and mellow light, and admires the beauty of art in the sculptured stone of the Altar brought from Europe to crown the splendor of the Sanctuary. When they reach Buffalo they see another great Cathedral rising above the level of the city, and hastening to its completion. They go on to Cleveland and find another Cathedral of imposing character, consecrated but a few weeks ago, and the fact recorded only in a passing newspaper paragraph, as if the fruit of so many labors was but an every-day occurrence. Yet they may enter it and admire the oak carvings of the Altar-piece. And if they care to inquire whence they come, they may learn that the Catholic Faith inspired in a simple joiner the talent for their workmanship. They are from St. Paul-de-Leon, in Brittany, and are due to the chisel of St. Yves, who has restored architectural harmony to so many churches of Little Brittany, always under the learned guidance of a de Courcy, who labors as devotedly to imprint the mark of his Catholic genius on archeology, as the distinguished brother of his house does on periodical literature.

But the lover of the fine arts may travel on with his admiration still renewed from Cleveland to Detroit, and from Detroit to Milwaukee, and thence to Dubuque, finding Cathedrals either just finished, or in progress, till he gets back to Cincinnati, where a splendid Cathedral has been finished these many years. Thence he may visit Louisville, to see another dome of a Catholic Cathedral newly overshadowing the city, and thence to Nashville, and so down to New Orleans, and then to Mobile, where the mortar is scarcely yet dry on the splendid monument of Catholic piety in generous Alabama. In Savannah he will find the work of Cathedral building already splendidly inaugurated in that newly erected See; and in Charleston he will see the same thing far advanced. When he has got back to Philadelphia he may see the gigantic foundations of the new Cathedral there, and Pittsburg, with one almost finished and surpassed by very few, if by any, in the country, will still be unvisited.

These instances of Cathedrals and Cathedral building are imperfect from our want of minute information, and perhaps from slips of our memory. And when we have finished with these, we might go again over the whole country, telling of each district the fine churches that are in course of erection, or but just completed. Our rivers and lakes are already studded with the towers surmounted by the cross, and supported by tasteful and ornamental churches, where but a dozen or twenty years ago no mark of religion was to be seen, except from place to place dismal and ill-shaped meeting-houses, looking more fit for stables than temples of worship, and grotesquely situated for the most part, in nooks and holes which men would reject for their own residences. The seekers of pleasure at Newport, the great ocean-side watering place of the United States, saw last Summer a beautiful monument of architectural skill dedicated to Catholic worship. Next summer, Saratoga, the other greatest gathering place of the Union, will see a like splendid edifice devoted to the same Divine service. These we give but as examples of what is now seen everywhere in this country. The Church comes forth from the Catacombs and challenges the attention and homage of the world. Her great work is as a teacher and a law giver. As a teacher she prepares to educate the generations of men in the ways of virtue and of religion. As a law giver she instructs rulers in the holiness of justice, and teaches the governed the dignity of obedience. But she, at the same time, leaves no innocent demand of human nature unsupplied.—Even now, still in her poverty and her self-denial, may, by means of her voluntary poverty and self-de-

nia, she instructs a new nation on a fresh continent in the arts and accomplishments of æsthetic culture. Music, and architecture, and painting, are in her treasures, and she brings these forth by degrees, and exorcises them of the spirit of the world that has profaned them, and harmonises them with the discipline of religion, and makes them all point heavenward. Such is the mission the Church is now accomplishing, and such are the motives that prevent Catholics from growing weary with the great sacrifices that they are called on to make for the advancement and strengthening of their religion.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY TO EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

Dr. Nevin, in concluding his contributions to the *Mercersburg Review* on Cyprian, gives testimony in favor of Catholicism which will not be much relished by his Protestant brethren. It is as follows:—

We are now done with Cyprian and his theology.—Our object has been to describe simply, rather than to explain or defend. We have wished however to make the picture properly coherent with itself, and to set one part of it in right relation always to another. So much was due, in a case of this sort, to simple historical verity. If the representation may have proved offensive to some, we are sorry for it; but we are not able to see well how it could be helped.—What is the ground of dissatisfaction? That the subject should have been brought into inquiry or review at all? Or, that it should have been forced to present itself in quite another light? Are we to be silent where history is concerned, or must we bend it into a false and deceitful shape, to escape the glare of unpleasant truth—and this too to please those, who are forever wearying out ears with the stalest cant about "intelligence—knowledge—free inquiry—coming to the light," and other such common places, and yet can bear no truth or fact, do inquiry or discussion whatever, that goes to disturb and unsettle in the least the profound sense they have of their own infallibility? Cyprian's system of religion, which was at the same time that of his age, we have found to be mainly Catholic, and not Protestant. All is conditioned by the old Catholic theory of the Church; all flows, from first to last, in the channel of the ancient Creed.—The whole is in such view in perfect harmony with itself. There is nothing broken or fragmentary in the scheme; and no unprejudiced mind can fail to see, that it is in all material points, in its fundamental principles and leading elements, the same system that is presented to us in the Nicene period, and that is brought out still more fully afterwards in the Catholicism of the middle ages. It is not the Protestantism of the sixteenth century, and much less the Puritanism of the nineteenth. This then is the same result precisely that was reached in our articles on Early Christianity; only we have it here under a somewhat different view. The result may not be agreeable or pleasant. But what of that? The only question is, whether it is true. If it be so, we are bound to take it as it is, and to make of it afterwards what we can. Why should we not be willing to know the truth?—Have we any interest in ignoring it, in shutting our eyes to it, in obstinately embracing instead of it a shadow or a lie. No sophistry can ever make early Christianity to be the same thing with Protestantism. Episcopalianism here too, with all its pretension and self-conceit, has just as little real historical bottom to stand upon as the cause of the Reformation under a different form. No part of the interest can ever be successfully vindicated, as being a reprobation simply of what Christianity was in the beginning; and it is only a waste of strength, and a betrayal indeed of the whole cause, to pretend to make good its assumptions and claims in any such violently false way.—Sooner or later history must revenge itself for the wrong it is thus made to bear. Any true defence of Protestantism, as all the waking part of the world is coming to see more and more, must be conducted in altogether different style. The fact now stated must be admitted, and boldly looked in the face. Early Christianity was in its constitutional elements, not Protestantism, but Catholicism. There are but two general ways of vindicating the Reformation. We must either make all previous Christianity, back to the time of the Apostles, a Satanic apostasy and delusion, and say that the Church took a new start in the sixteenth century, as original as that of the day of Pentecost, and a good deal more safe and sure; which is to give up historical Christianity altogether, and so if we understand it the whole conception also of a supernatural holy and apostolic church. Or else, we must resort to the theory of historical development, by which the Catholic form of the church shall be regarded as the natural and legitimate course of its history onward to the time of the Reformation, and the state of things since be taken as a more advanced stage of that same previous life, struggling forward to a still higher and far more glorious consummation in time to come. To reject both of these solutions, and to quarrel only with the facts that imperiously require either one or the other as the only escape from the argument in favor of the Church of Rome, may well be pronounced *obscurantism* of the first order.

We of course reject in full the unhistorical theory; and one object we have had in view always, has been to expose its most insane and most perfectly untenable character. It is at last but a decent name for infidelity. Religion built on any such foundation as this, rests only on the sand or wind. We are shut up then of course, so far as we have any faith in Protestantism to the theory of historical development, as the only possible way of setting it in living union with the Divine fact of early Christianity. But this theory may be carried out in various ways, as we have shown on a former occasion. The methods of Newman, Rothé, Schaff, Thiersch, are not just the same. Neander too has in some respects his own scheme. The whole later German theology, in its better form, moves in the bosom of this theory, is constructed upon it, or at least takes it for granted, though often in a vague and indefinite way. If it be asked now, what precise construction we propose to apply to the subject we have only to say that we have none to offer whatever. This has been no part of our plan. If we even had a theory in our thoughts that might be perfectly satisfactory to our own mind, we would not choose to bring it forward in the present connection; lest it might seem that the subject was identified in some way with any such scheme of explanation. What we have wished is to present the subject in its own separate and naked form, not entangled with any theory; that it may speak for itself; that it may provoke thought; that it may lead to some earnest and honest contemplation of the truth for its own sake. The importance

of the subject, the nature of the facts in question, is not changed by any theory that may be brought forward for their right adjustment with the cause of Protestantism. This or that solution may be found unsatisfactory; but still the facts remain just what they were before. There they are, challenging our most solemn regard; and it is much if we can only be brought to see that they are there, and to look them steadily in the face. We have had no theory to assert or uphold. We offer no speculation. Our concern has been simply to give a true picture of facts. The difficulty of the whole subject is of course clearly before our mind. We feel it deeply, and not without anxiety and alarm. But we are not bound to solve it, and have no more interest in doing so than others.—We have not made the difficulty in any way. We are not responsible for it and we have no mind or care at present to charge ourselves with the burden of its explanation. There it stands before the whole world. It is of age too, we may say, full formed and full grown; let it speak for itself.

J. W. N.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER IN THE UNITED STATES.

(From a correspondent of the *Dublin U. Magazine*.)

A system of puffing, much resembling that adopted by the proprietors of monster shops, is frequently employed by the teachers of religion. In Philadelphia, the Saturday newspaper is half taken up with advertisements of the sermons to be preached on the following day. Casting my eye down a column of these notices on one occasion, I came to the following:—"Fortunately for saints as well as sinners, the Prophet James has been detained, and if the Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites will meet next Sunday, at three o'clock, in the hall at the north-east corner of Callowhill and Sixth Street, they will hear from him." Never having seen a "prophet," in my life, I determined for once to refresh my eyesight with so delightful a vision, and accordingly found myself, a little after three p.m., ascending a narrow staircase, which was to lead me into the prophet's presence, intent on gratifying my curiosity. During the ascent, I heard the tones of a man's voice, it was not till I had opened the door that I felt the full force of a storm of eloquence which made me look upon myself in the light of a ship unexpectedly taken a-back. Staggering under the influence, I sat down on the nearest seat. At the upper end of the room, which was about forty feet long, and nearly half full of people on cross-benches, a dirty-looking man, in a frock coat, buttoned half way up, was throwing his arms about like a windmill out of order. He was in a profuse perspiration, and his hair was flying disordered above a forehead of almost Shaksperian height. He was roaring like a bull; but at intervals he lowered his voice to a scarce audible whisper, occasionally stopping altogether, either for want of words to give expression to his ideas, or which is more probable, for want of ideas to express. He had a large Bible before him, which he was thumping most unmercifully—a glass of water stood on the table beside him, and two or three assistant prophets were disposed on either side of him, whose duty it appeared to be to preserve a grave countenance, which was more than I could do; nevertheless, all the rest of the audience sat as composedly and reverently as if the sermon was really well worth attending to. The Prophet was arguing in violent language on the uncharitableness of all other sects—especially the Church of England. He went into lengthy arguments to prove that he could not take up his "precious *lain*" in disputing questions with his "enemies."

"What's the use of their sending a man here to tackle us, when the same things has been said over, and over, and over agin? They're bold enough in their own churches I expect (lowering his voice), but why don't they get one of us to preach to their people? Because they darn't do it," groaned the Prophet, with intense nasal emphasis, rapping the desk three times—"because I guess they darn't do it." The prophet raised his voice and rapped harder "Because their system couldn't stand if they did!" The Prophet shrieked loudly, and dealing a terrible blow on the desk, seemed anxious to prove by the trial whether his material or his list were the harder. A pause of about a minute. "The wolf," quoth St. James, softly but impressively resuming the thread of his discourse, "is one of the bravest animals in the forest"—he pointed to the walls, as if he had just observed one of the animals in question, and then suddenly changing his attitude, snapped out—"when the *laiser's* not there, I guess he'll give you a deal of trouble to catch, and so I calc'late will an old ewe," said the Prophet, speaking fast, and in a familiar tone, strikingly in contrast with his former didactic, lofty manner, while, at the same time, he slowly untied his neck handkerchief, and folding it up neatly and with the greatest deliberation put it down beside him. "And so I calc'late will an old ewe, unless you corner him; mayhap you may corner him if you're *pu'* smart about it. Well, and the *laiser's* the bravest animal in the forest, when the lion's not there; but he'll tarnation soon whip his tail between his legs and sneak just right off, when the lion comes. So it is with our enemies. They darn't come here to tell us that our system is wrong. Why? Because as I said before, they darn't."

"This argument seemed a clincher, and so the Prophet pulled out a dirty old cotton pocket handkerchief, and wiped his face, while a momentary convulsion of coughing, spitting, and clearing of throats, reminded me of a Scottish kirk, when the paraphrase has just been given out.

"The foregoing rhapsody had been listened to by the audience with excessive gravity. He continued his discourse by taking the passage of the charge to the Apostles, where it is said—"These signs shall follow them that believe," &c. He said that the words applied to the present day as well as to the times of the Apostles, as his hearers were well aware. He observed that doctors and other infidels had said to him, "Drink the poison, and then we'll believe what you say." "But," said he, "they err, not knowing the Scriptures, people couldn't even see the miracles until they really did believe that they could be done." This I thought probable enough.

"I have neither time nor space to put down the rest of his observations, among which was this:—That the expression "to be damned," in Scripture meant, to be damned; that infidels who did not believe the true doctrines, should be "damned up" for a thousand years, and then come into the world again to have another chance. Suffice it to say, that he was sometimes ludicrous, and sometimes blasphemous. He once mentioned the Mormon Bible, and alluded to "Latter-day Saints," from which I concluded that he was one of the Prophets of that strange sect."

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

The *Boston Gazette* gives the following communication from a Mr. Wm. Trumbull, recently deceased, and endorses the character of the lady who purports to be the medium on the occasion:—

"Dear Friends, one and all:—Look at yonder pomp and show. Is this where my body is to repose? Yea, but not my spirit. Already have I reached the angels, already felt God's love. Joy beams around me. Let me turn on any side I will, I see the boundless works of God.

"Mourning parents, ye who now are weeping o'er my lifeless body—companions of the school-room in which I so oft have perused my studies—view me in the light of an angel. I am free. I would not come again to earth to share sin, woe or pain, if I could, for I feel boundless joy in worshipping God. A crown sparkles on my brow. That I ever felt pain, flits across my brain like a dream. I cannot realize that ever I was sick, I am now so perfect.

"I must bid you farewell. I go to join an angelic troop—the spirit of

WM. TRUMBULL."

"Mrs. D. C. Kendall, Medium." We give this piece of absurdity in full to show the absolute profanity into which Protestantism leads its followers. Here we have a respectable Protestant paper publishing a letter from the dead with all its errors in Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody, and at the same time vouching for the respectability of the "medium."

Mr. Trumbull, it appears has taken his brain with him, and after a week is about to join the angelic troop! where was he and his brain during the week? We pause for a reply.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH WAR SCREW STEAMERS.

The present Admiralty are determined to put on the screw and prepare for the worst, for which the country cannot fail to be otherwise than thankful. Besides the ships already fitted, and in process of conversion to screw propulsion, we believe we are right in announcing the following also as screw ships of the line!—Royal George, 120; Algiers, 90; Caesar, 90; Hanibal, 90; Orion, 80. The first-named is to have engines of 400 horse power. Upon this latter subject we offer a few words. We are following suit to the French lead again in the matter of our steam navy, but, as in the former case, our tricks are all odd. The French give their line-of-battle-ships full power, ranging from 700 to 1,000 horse. We give ours from 400 to 700. Now, one of the two allotments must be weak, and consequently wrong: we don't think the French are, even according to our countrymen's accounts of the performances of their screw ships, in which a liberal percentage is taken off for Gallic nautical swagger. One feature needs but little argument. We give our Agamemnon 91, 650 horse power, and apportion Royal Albert, 120, and Royal George, 120, 400 each, only! whilst our *Terzagant*, a vessel of 24 guns only, has engines of 630 horse power! The inconsistency of these items are too striking to need remark, but they are of that character to bring our steam progress into derision, and the very reverse of efficient. It is of no use doing these matters by halves. The Parliament votes the money and the people pay the taxes to have the work done well. The building of sailing vessels must be stopped. Ships that cannot help themselves, except by the aid of wind, will in future be at the mercy of those which are independent of that precarious resource, and, therefore, it behoves us to look a little ahead and provide the necessary material for the coming occasion.—*Portsmouth Times*.

CURE OF ASIATIC CHOLERA IN ITS WORST STAGE.

BY COLD WATER.—During the late ravages of Asiatic cholera in the small Polish town, Koval, where, out of a population of less than 1,500 inhabitants, thirty or forty were daily falling victims to that fatal scourge, the Canon Stobieski, prebendary of that town, universally respected for his piety and benevolence, raised that feeling of respect to an enthusiastic veneration by his unremitting attendance upon the sick during this awful violation. He thus, heedless of danger, toiled day and night administering religious consolation, and lavishing upon the poor—irrespective of creed or persuasion—food, comfort, and medicines; until at last, sinking from over-exertion and the last trial of his fortitude—the sudden death of his sister and cousin—he in his turn manifested the fatal symptoms of the dreadful epidemic the inhabitants of the place, terror-stricken by the excruciating sufferings of their idolised benefactor, thronged the church, crowded the court yard of the paragon; and even the Jews assembled in their synagogue, and prayed for his recovery. The physician, his intimate friend, and inseparable companion in his visits of charity, applied all the remedies which science and experience suggested; but, alas! without any effect; and he was compelled to see the cramped limbs of his venerated friend assuming the coldness of death, and the livid hues of that awful malady. All at once the sufferer, to all appearance in his last agony, asked for cold water.—The physician, in despair, yielded. The patient drank an incredible quantity of coldest spring water; the crisis took a favorable turn; and, through the mercy of God, his life was spared for the benefit of the district, to continue his pious works of charity.

BRANDY, GIN, WINES. FOR SALE.

Martell's Brandy, in Bond Do Free
DoKuyper's Gin, in Bond Do Free, and in cases
Wines, in Wood and Bottle
Teas, a few good samples
Tobacco, &c. &c. &c.

G. D. STUART,
154½, St. Paul Street,
Opposite the Hotel-Dieu Church.

Montreal, December 16.

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY, SIXTY TAILORS, COAT, PANT, and VEST MAKERS. Constant Employment, the Best Wages, and all Cash paid. Apply to

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Oct. 23, 1856.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

December 14, 1852.

Table of market prices for various commodities like Wheat, Oats, Beans, etc., with columns for item, unit, and price.

AGENTS FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

- List of agents for the True Witness in various locations including Alexandria, Aylmer, Beauharnois, Brantford, etc.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT.

Legal notice regarding a case in the Circuit Court of the Province of Canada, District of Montreal, involving William McGowan and P. Cowan.

JUST PUBLISHED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS, THE GOOD COOK;

Advertisement for 'The Good Cook' book, containing 120 pages of recipes and illustrations.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, BY M. P. RYAN & Co.

Advertisement for Franklin House, a new and magnificent building for business, with details about its location and amenities.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, &c. &c.

Advertisement for groceries and sugar, mentioning 'FRESH TEAS, very Superior JAVA COFFEE, PICKLES, SAUCES, HAMS, BACON, &c.' and 'JOHN PHELAN'.

Advertisement for Edward Fegan, a boot and shoe maker, located at 232 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Advertisement for Mrs. Reilly, a midwife, with information about her services and location.

Advertisement for Devlin & Herbert, advocates, located at No. 5, Little St. James Street, Montreal.

Advertisement for H. J. Larkin, an advocate, located at No. 27 Little Saint James Street, Montreal.

Advertisement for John O'Farrell, an advocate, with office location at Garden Street, near the Ursuline Convent.

Advertisement for M. Doherty, an advocate, located at the corner of St. Vincent and St. Thérèse Streets.

Advertisement for three hundred oil cloth table covers, manufactured by Joseph Boese.

Advertisement for Thomas Patton, a dealer in second-hand clothes, books, and furniture.

NOTICE.

Notice regarding the removal of a business from No. 93, St. Paul Street, to No. 154, St. Paul Street.

SEASONABLE NOVELTIES.

Advertisement for Wm. Cunningham's Marble Factory, featuring an illustration of a marble monument and listing various types of marble goods.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM'S MARBLE FACTORY,

Advertisement for William Cunningham's Marble Factory, listing various marble products and services, with an illustration of a marble monument.

BOOKS SUITABLE

Table listing various books for sale, including 'Commencement of a Catholic Library', 'History of the Church', 'Catholic Tales', and 'Devotional' books.

Table listing 'Moral Entertainments' and other books, including titles like 'Man's only affair' and 'Piety Exemplified'.

Table listing 'Books of Instruction, Sermons, &c.' including 'Cochin on the Mass' and 'Catechism of the Council of Trent'.

Table listing 'Miscellaneous' books, including 'Brownson's Essays and Reviews' and 'The Green Book'.

Text advertisement for prayer books and bibles, stating 'We keep constantly on hand the largest and greatest variety of Prayer Books, and Bibles, to be found in America...'.

FLYNN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, REGISTRY OFFICE, AND FEMALE SERVANTS' HOME,

Text advertisement for Flynn's Circulating Library, mentioning the collection of books and the female servants' home.

P. MUNRO, M. D., Chief Physician of the Hotel-Dieu Hospital, and Professor in the School of M. of M.,

Text advertisement for P. Munro, M.D., mentioning his medical practice and location.

L. P. BOVIN, Corner of Notre Dame and St. Vincent Streets, opposite the old Court-House,

Text advertisement for L. P. Boivin, mentioning his jewelry and watchmaking services.

REMOVAL. DYEING BY STEAM!!! JOHN M'CLOSKEY, Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer,

Text advertisement for John M'Closkey, a silk and woollen dyer, mentioning his removal to a new location.

AMERICAN MART, Upper Town Market Place, Quebec.

Text advertisement for American Mart, mentioning the variety of goods available and the location in Quebec.