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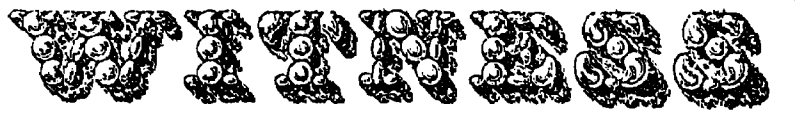
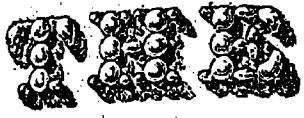
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. II.

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NO. 17.

TRACTS FOR THE MILLION.

THE CHURCH THE WITNESS OF SCRIPTURE; OR HOW DO WE KNOW WHAT THE BIBLE IS?

We have already shown you* that it is to the Catholic Church alone that Protestants are indebted for the possession of that sacred volume of which they revile her as the enemy, inasmuch as but for her, it must, humanly speaking, have perished long ago from the face of the earth. This, however, is but a small part of the debt they owe her; the preservation of the Bible they may look upon as a service long past, and therefore, according to the ordinary practice of mankind, may consider themselves justified in throwing aside the remembrance of it. Scripture, they think, no longer needs a guardian, nor ever can need one again; for, by means of the art of printing, its copies have been multiplied and diffused to an extent which defies all future danger of destruction: "It little matters to us," they may say, "who kept it in times past; we will keep it for the time to come, or it will keep itself." But there is a further service which the Catholic Church has not only rendered them in ages gone by, but which she continues to render them at the present day, and which is needed by them at the present day quite as much as it ever was; that, namely, of bearing witness to Holy Scripture. She has not only secured to them the possession of the Word of God, but that also without which such possession would be of little value,—the knowledge that it is the Word of God. If Holy Scripture no longer requires a guardian, it still requires a witness as much as ever; nay, increasingly, as years roll on, and remove us further and further from the time when it was originally put forth among men. And this witness, *the only sure witness*, is the Catholic Church.

Why do Protestants believe in the Bible? This is surely but a fair and reasonable question to ask of men who profess to make the Bible their sole rule of faith. We are told over and over again, that "the Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants," meaning, we suppose, the foundation, the groundwork of their religion; that upon which their religion is built. The Bible is to them what St. Paul says the Church is, (1 Tim. iii. 15.) "the pillar and ground of the truth;" that is, they believe in Christianity because they believe in the Bible. It would be but reasonable then, on their parts, resting, as they do, their whole belief on the Bible alone, to make very sure their grounds of belief in the Bible itself. We have read of certain adventurous mariners in the Polar Seas, who, after walking northwards with all perseverance for upwards of forty miles, found, after all, when they came to make their observations, that they were considerably further to the south than when they set out; the broad plain of ice on which they were walking having steadily drifted southward all the while, and with much more rapidity than they were urging their toilsome way to the north. Even so it may be with those who do not look well to the foundations of their faith; the very ground on which they stand may be sliding away in one direction, while they are straining in another. What becomes of the whole belief of a Protestant, if the Bible be not the Word of God? That point, then, that it is the Word of God should surely be thoroughly made good by them, established by such sufficient reasons as really to satisfy their own minds, and to furnish them with an answer to all gainsayers.

Yet Protestants in general leave this very point, so all-important to them, uncared for, and themselves in utter ignorance about it. What ought to be proved is carelessly taken for granted; and, while they are very conversant, it may be, with the text of Scripture, (at least with the letter of it, knowing perhaps whole chapters by heart,) they have never even asked themselves this simple question: Why they believe in it? why they believe it to be the Word of God?

Their reason, however, for thus neglecting so important a question is not very difficult to discern. The fact is, that the answer to it throws out in bold relief, the inconsistency of the whole Protestant system; for when we trace back their belief in the Bible, step by step, from authority to authority, we find that the authority on which it rests at last is the Catholic Church; that very church from whose bosom they have torn themselves away, which they denounce as corrupt, and full of foul deceits, nay, as Antichrist, the man of sin; and therefore it is not very wonderful that they should be shy of investigating the matter. To find that their belief in the Bible rests at last on the testimony of Antichrist, might stagger the simple-minded, and lead to misgivings which their teachers might not find it altogether easy to remove.

* See the Church the Guardian of Scripture.

Yet on what testimony but that of the Catholic Church do Protestants rest their belief in the Bible? Those of the present day of course received it from their parents and teachers in their childhood, and took it on trust from them without inquiry: so that, with all their hatred of "tradition," it is manifest, that for this foundation-stone of their whole religion, it is to tradition alone that they are indebted. But so far this is a mere human tradition, and one not to be implicitly depended upon; parents and teachers have no promise of infallibility, and are, as we know, very often mistaken. Mahometan parents and teachers teach their children that the Koran is the Word of God; why must our parents and teachers necessarily be right? Perhaps you will go back a step further, and say that the sect to which they belonged, Wesleyans, or Baptists, or whatever they might be, receive these Scriptures, and that they receive them on the authority of their sects. Here is tradition again; and still a mere human tradition: what authority has that sect? Had it any promise of being divinely guarded from error? and, as a mere human witness, how could it know any thing of the matter, having sprung into being so many hundred years after the latest Scripture was written? Where did that sect, then, get its knowledge concerning Scripture? The next step leads you back to the Established Church, the oldest Protestant communion in Great Britain; for the translation of the Bible put forth under her auspices was adopted without inquiry by almost all the other sects.

This said translation is dedicated to his majesty King James I., in a very pompous preface, wherein he is addressed as "the sun in his strength," and the nation is congratulated on his having arisen to cheer it after the setting of "that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth of happy memory;" and as it seems from this said preface, that the translation was made at his command, we may suppose that he guaranteed to his people that the volume thus presented to them by him, the supreme head of their Church, was the true inspired Word of God, as in the translation, so, of course, in the "original sacred languages" from which it was taken. But on what authority did he speak? Does any one suppose that he, or the "bright occidental star" who went before him, had any supernatural gift of discernment, whereby to know what was the inspired word? Had the church over which he presided any such? Certainly not, according to her own showing; for she herself declares in one of her articles of religion, that "particular churches may err;" and if on other points, so also in this. On what authority, then, did she receive the Scriptures? A chasm of more than 1500 years separated her, just sprung into being, from the age in which those Scriptures were written: how was this chasm bridged over? But one answer can be given: by the Catholic Church.

She alone it was who could reach back to the times of the Apostles, and so give her testimony in this matter; and her testimony was accepted even by her revolted children. As it was from her hands alone that they received the sacred volume itself, so also was it from her lips alone that they received the knowledge of what that volume was,—that it was the inspired Word of God. Why they believed her in this matter, without question or hesitation, and disbelieved her in almost every other, it is not for us to explain; but such was the simple fact.

Some, indeed, unwilling to be thus beholden to her, assert that the Bible needs no witness, being a sufficient witness to itself; but those who thus talk can never have realized the number, complication, and difficulty of the questions with which this subject is entangled, and can never have tried to make out in their own minds what they should think and feel about the Bible, if it were really presented to them for the first time without any evidence concerning it, but such as may be gathered from its own pages. It is indeed almost impossible for people to put from them, even in thought, the traditions which have grown round them from their childhood; and so, whenever they take up the Bible, coming to it with an undoubted belief in its inspiration already ingrained into their minds, they find in it a great deal which harmonizes with and corroborates that belief; and so they are apt to imagine that it is on what they read in the Bible that the belief itself is grounded; whereas, in reality, they take up the Bible with that belief already established; a much smaller amount of evidence being sufficient to strengthen an opinion once formed, that we should have required for the original formation of that opinion.

The mass of mankind would certainly never be able, from the mere study of the Bible itself, even to prove to themselves its genuineness: I mean, that its several books were really written at the time and place at which they profess to have been written, or by the persons whose names they bear; still less could they prove to themselves its truth, that its his-

torical parts are the records of real events, or its prophetic parts the record of true prophecies. For if the New Testament bears witness in some measure to the truth of the Old, we still want a witness to the New; otherwise the whole falls to the ground. I do not mean that there are no evidences to the genuineness of the different books of Scripture, or to the truth of much that they contain, to be gathered from their own pages, for many and learned works have been written to gather up such evidences; but I mean, that they are, of their very nature, too subtle and delicate to be the groundwork of a universal belief. And even if the genuineness of Scripture could be satisfactorily proved from its own pages, and the truth of its contents established in the same way, or by evidences drawn from other books, all this would by no means prove its inspiration; no, not even if the facts, the truth of which has been thus established, were of such a nature that they could only be known to man by a direct communication from God. This would prove indeed that the book contains the record of a revelation, but it would by no means prove the inspiration of the record itself, still less that of any thing else contained in the same book. For instance, supposing it proved beyond dispute, that the book of Genesis is really the work of Moses, and supposing it proved further, (if it were possible,) that all it recounts is perfectly true, this would by no means prove that the book is inspired. It would prove that a revelation had been made from God, because several of the events related, such as those preceding the creation of Adam, could not otherwise have been made to man. But it does not even follow that the revelation was made to Moses; it might have been made to Adam, or to Seth, or to Noah, and handed down to Moses by tradition; or even if made to Moses himself, this would not prove that he was inspired in recording it, still less that he was inspired in any thing else that he wrote.

To take another instance. There is, as we know, a famous prophecy of Daniel, predicting the rise and fall of the four great empires of the world, and the establishment of the kingdom of God, the Church, on their ruins. Now, it is quite certain that this prophecy was written before the establishment of the Christian Church, because it is to this day in the hands of the Jews, who have certainly received no additions to Scripture since that time; and therefore its wonderful fulfilment sufficiently testifies that it was a true prophecy. But it does not follow that the person who recorded it (even if it could be proved to have been Daniel himself by whom the prophecy was spoken) was inspired in the act of recording it; still less, that any thing else to be found in the book bearing his name is inspired; and far less, again, that the whole Bible is inspired because this book is among its contents.

So, too, with the New Testament Scriptures. To prove that they were really written by those whose names they bear, and that the facts they record really happened, is not sufficient to prove their inspiration. Some may say, that to prove a book to have been written by an Apostle, would be the same thing with proving it to be inspired; but St. Barnabas is spoken of in the Acts (xiv. 13,) as an Apostle, and also as one full of the Holy Ghost; yet an epistle of his which has come down to us, and of whose genuineness there is no doubt, is not considered an inspired Scripture. And several of the books of the New Testament are written by those who were not Apostles at all, as St. Mark and St. Luke. What is there on the face of it to prove that these last were inspired, any more than St. Clement and St. Hermas, who were, like them, friends and companions of the Apostles, and of one of whom (St. Clement) St. Paul says that his name was "written in the book of life," whose writings, nevertheless, though some of them are undoubtedly genuine, and all no doubt containing true doctrine, yet nobody holds to be inspired?

Taking for granted, as even Protestants do in this country, the inspiration of Holy Scripture, they have never examined the question sufficiently to be aware how impossible it is to gather sufficient evidence of it from the pages of Scripture itself, and how entirely therefore, the belief in it rests on external testimony. What is there in the structure of any part of Scripture to indicate it? It nowhere assumes the form of an address from God to man, but in some parts, as in the Book of Psalms, of an address from man to God, and in all the rest, from man to his fellow-man—now in historical narratives, and now in moral and spiritual lessons. The nearest approach to an address from God is in the Books of the Prophets; and there we are only presented, as we have said before, with a record of revelations made by God to His Prophets, and by them spoken to His people before they were thus recorded. Not a single passage can be quoted, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the Apocalypse, in which the writer declares himself to

be writing from inspiration. Some people, indeed, quote that saying of Paul (2 Tim. iii. 16.) "All Scripture, inspired of God, is profitable," &c., (or, as the Protestant version renders it, "All Scripture is written by inspiration of God,") as a triumphant proof of the inspiration of the Bible, the comprehensive word, "all Scripture," settling the question, as they think, entirely. But what does this "all Scripture" comprise? The Old Testament Scriptures alone; for St. Paul congratulates St. Timothy on having known them from his infancy, which could only be true of these. The faith of Christ he had learned, not, certainly, from the New Testament Scriptures, which, at the time of his conversion were in all probability none of them yet written, but from the teaching of the Apostle St. Paul. "Continue then," St. Paul says to him, "in the things which thou hast learned, and which have been committed to thee, knowing of whom thou hast learned them;" and he goes on to say, and that "from thy infancy thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which can instruct thee to salvation by the faith which is in Christ Jesus." And then comes the passage in question, "All Scripture, inspired of God, is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the name of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work." Surely the meaning of this is sufficiently clear: the Apostle rejoices in St. Timothy's knowledge of the Jewish Scriptures, as being able to instruct him to salvation, "through the faith which is in Christ Jesus;" that is, with the faith of Christ for his key, he could unlock the mysteries of those old Scriptures, more especially of prophecy, to which the attention of believers is so often called by the Apostles, and seeing their perfect fulfilment, become himself better and better instructed, and better able to instruct others. All, therefore, that this passage really proves is this, that there were certain inspired books which Christian bishops, such as St. Timothy, did well to study; but what those books were, it gives us no clue for ascertaining, and, as we have seen, to the New Testament Scriptures it certainly does not apply to all.

And, after all, if the New Testament Scriptures bear witness to the inspiration of the Old, which of course they do in some measure, though by no means completely, yet (as we said before with respect to their genuineness) this avails us but little unless we can also find a witness for the inspiration of the New. There is no such claim on its own behalf expressed in its pages; and even if there were, a claim is not sufficient to establish its own truth. "If I bear witness of myself," said our blessed Lord, "my witness is nothing." The Koran, the book held sacred by the Mahometans, distinctly declares its own inspiration, much more distinctly than any one can pretend to say that the Bible does, inasmuch as it really purports to be an address from God to man, which the Bible does not. But you do not therefore take its own word for itself, and believe in its inspiration.

Again, others say that the Bible bears witness to its own inspiration from the superhuman wisdom and beauty of its contents. Now this is precisely what Mahometans say of the Koran; Mahomet himself did not pretend to work miracles, but appealed to the wisdom and beauty of the Koran as a sufficient proof of his divine mission, he being an unlettered man, and therefore, as he argued, incapable of producing such a work. "You ask for miracles," he used to say; "the Koran itself is a standing miracle."

That there is superhuman beauty and wisdom in the Bible is, of course, most true; but that it is so obvious as to create in ordinary minds, coming to the study of it altogether unprepared by any previous training, a certain conviction of its inspiration, is what we cannot believe. Surely, for the most part, we do not grow into a sense of its beauty until we have well studied it, and that with the temper of mind produced by the certain knowledge that it is the word of God. Most people, taking up the Bible for the first time, without any such preparation, would find at least as much to repel as to attract them; a great deal would strike them as very difficult to be believed; and a great deal too, without the traditional interpretation which even Protestants in this country have been taught from their childhood, would surely tend rather to scandal than to edification. Who, for instance, could possibly discover, from the sacred text alone, that the song of Solomon has a mystical meaning, and is an inspired composition? And, in fact, it is generally found by missionaries that the Bible itself makes little impression on the heathen; for they often declare that they have much better books of their own. The truth is, that all such evidences as these serve to corroborate a belief already existing; but the belief itself, universal as it is among Christians, rests mainly, and in the first instance, on testimony—the testimony, as we have said, of the Catholic Church.

(To be Continued.)

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
Nov. 4th, 1851, Airdrie, Scotland.

My Lord—This day brings before the minds of the Catholics of the whole world the painful recollection of your letter to the Bishop of Durham. Twelve months have now elapsed since the publication of that inflammatory and persecuting document; and time and experience, which are the best tests of political wisdom, have proved that your views have been incorrect and your speeches exaggerated. The Bishops have assumed their titles, and they exercise their diocesan jurisdiction without infringing on the principles of the constitution, or trenching on the prerogatives of the crown. Your statesmanship, therefore, is a palpable failure—your penal law is a political lie, and Lord John Russell stands before the gaze of mankind a false leader and a naked bigot. As your lordship is about to enter on this day into the second year of your ministerial Hegira, it may not be amiss to present to your lordship a historical review of the conduct of your cabinet during the last few years; and to inform the people of Ireland and Great Britain of the disastrous position to which you have reduced the British empire, both as regards its internal interests and its external relations. I have already laid before my most persecuted fellow-countrymen the intrigues of Lord Palmerston and his *corps diplomatique* in aiding the revolutionists of five different countries in Europe; and I have proved that he attempted at the same time to overthrow the authority of the Pope and to uproot the discipline and the Faith of the Catholic Church. You were of course the abettor and the prime mover of these two-fold intrigues, and thus we clearly convict you of appearing during five years as the advocate of our national and religious liberties, while, in fact, you were secretly undermining our inherent rights, and treacherously sapping the foundations of our creed. Your letter of November, '50, disclosed your real character, developed your long concerted plans, and will be distinguished in our future history as the Russell conspiracy; and it will take its place in enormity next to the atrocious memory of the Gunpowder Plot. Guy Fawkes and Lord John Russell will, therefore, fill two correlative pages, alike in their aim, their treachery, and their failure. I informed my poor faithful countrymen in last March (that is such of them as you had not starved, and pitted at that time), that your intrigues were well known in every court in Europe; that you were digging a pit for England, which very soon would engulf the whole empire; and that a European combination against the machinations of the English cabinet would be the inevitable result of your unexampled political and religious deceit. And I exhorted my bleeding countrymen not to despair, that the sword of God's justice would be soon drawn against our oppressors—that the hour of their deliverance was nearer than they imagined, and to stand fearless and firm together in a national confederacy. I am now in a position to prove these points, and to lay before the Queen and the country the undisguised expression of universal hostility which your unprecedented cabinet schemes have lashed into fury in almost every court in Europe. May I, therefore, my lord, beg your calm perusal of the following extracts; they will point out the unmistakable combination of foreign courts, and the gulf which you are preparing for England:—

"A private letter from Frankfurt, dated the 6th, and received in Paris on Monday, states that Lord Palmerston has directed a note to be presented through Lord Cowley to the President of the Diet, Count Thun, in which he requests the Assembly to take steps with respect to the Neapolitan government, in order to induce it to abandon the political system it has hitherto followed. The note was accompanied by several copies of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet. The affair was discussed in the sitting of the Diet, held on the 20th September. The President, in an address at once clear and precise, showed how unusual and unbecoming such a demand was. He dwelt particularly on the extraordinary proceeding of a government claiming the authority of any individual statement to interfere in matters purely domestic of another nation, and with the administration of justice of an independent government, and he concluded by calling on the Assembly to reject the demand made on it.—The minister of Prussia to the Diet declared it as his opinion that the demand of Lord Palmerston was neither more nor less than defiance to all continental policy, and should be met by a very decided answer. It was, therefore, resolved that the President of the Diet should be authorised to reply to Lord Palmerston, to the effect that the German Diet, having made itself acquainted with the note of the British government, and the contents of which appeared to it as unusual as they were little in harmony with the ordinary usages of international relations practised by all governments, felt all the less disposed to interfere with the domestic affairs of a foreign government as independent of itself, as it would not permit any one, whoever he may be, to meddle with those of the Confederation; and that it was for that reason it disapproved and rejected the line of conduct proposed by Lord Palmerston in the name of his cabinet. An answer to that effect has been made to Lord Cowley."

"The Frankfurt journals state that Russia has replied to Lord Palmerston's note, enclosing Mr. Gladstone's letter, in a strain exactly similar to that put forth by the Germanic Diet against interference with the concerns of foreign countries."

In the foregoing communication Lord Palmerston, with his usual duplicity, endeavors to concoct a conspiracy against Naples, and hence he sends one of his characteristic despatches to one of his characteristic companions (your nominees and servants) to intrigue with the German Diet, and through the Diet to intrigue with Prussia, and through Prussia to intrigue with Russia, and when this sneaking and most cowardly conspiracy should be finally formed, then to

menace Italy and Naples with a combined attack in order to redeem your pledge to the unfortunate dupes and victims, whom your diplomacy excited to revolution, and drove to exile and death. But Germany, and Prussia, and Russia, have clearly "snubbed" your colleague, and have read to you and to him a lesson of defiance which places your cabinet in the most humiliating posture. But the contempt offered to you does not end here; Lord Palmerston grounded this your conspiracy on the private communication of Mr. Gladstone, which has been disproved word for word by Mr. McFarlane, and Monsier Condon. And here I shall take leave to present to the Queen, "snub the second," which your honorable colleague has received from Prince Castelcicala, minister of the King of Naples; let England read this second contumely cast on this country.

[Here follows the note from Prince Castelcicala, to Viscount Palmerston, and the reply of the latter to the Prince's note.]

It is impossible not to see the sneer of contemptuous derision with which the foreign prince demands reparation for this national slander, backed as he is by all Europe, and the painful position of Lord Palmerston in his shifting reply excites pity for the man and shame for the minister. Your Minister of War stammered, hesitated, shuffled, before this honorable, firm, and decided request of Naples; and finally, with a doggedness so peculiarly his own, refused to make the reparation of a gentleman for the most palpable misstatement, and the most obvious perversion of facts.

My next extract shall be taken from one of the highest ministerial and commercial journals of Austria—an extract which places your cabinet in a position degrading to the whole empire, tending to tarnish the high reputation of British honor, and which ought to be a sufficient reason to remove you from a station which you fill with discredit to the state and with injury to the crown. No British subject can read the following extract without shame, and horror, and indignation:—

(From the Austrian Lloyd's.)

"The ovations which are now under preparation in England, in honor of an Austrian subject guilty of treason to his sovereign, and of having ignited the flame of revolution in his native country, do not arouse our indignation to any great extent. We feel a pity, mixed with uncommon contempt, for the stupid, well-fattened aldermen of Southampton and London. In 1848 the English Foreign Office gave itself every possible pains to dismember the Austrian empire.—The noble lord at the head of the government tried all that intrigue, duplicity, treachery, and deceit, could do to obtain his ignoble ends. Whilst a minister of the highest diplomatic rank represented his Queen at the Austrian court, and ostensibly in public spoke of the friendly relations existing between Great Britain and Austria, secret agents in the pay of the British cabinet, and its public servants—men like Lords Minto and Abercrombie—were laying intrigues which were soon to acquire an historical importance. The mines were dug, the powder laid, and on a signal transmitted from Downing-street, the explosion followed. A portion of South and Central Europe was in flames. Lord Ponsonby remained in Vienna, a guarantee of England's 'Punic' Faith to her old ally. Meanwhile that unhappy King, whose tragic fate shields him from too severe a judgment being passed upon him, was driven to distraction and to death by British intrigue; and as Kossuth can boast of Lord Palmerston's friendship, with equal right may it be claimed by all the rebel leaders in the different parts of Europe. That many of them were discarded by their *quondam* friend in their hour of distress is no refutation of the fact. Even English journals have declaimed against Lord Palmerston for having unmercifully abandoned the men he had misled as soon as their plans proved unsuccessful.

"Every victory of the Austrian arms in Italy and Hungary—the close alliance between Austria and Russia—the successful suppression of the revolution wherever it broke forth—the failure of the Prussian scheme to drive Austria out of Germany—finally, the consolidation of the power of the empire—were so many severe and keenly-felt blows to English policy. Never was a cabinet compelled to make so many miserable retractions, never did a cabinet suffer so many painful defeats, or lose so much influence, honor and respect as the English cabinet at this period.—Its influence in the Mediterranean, to which England attached so much importance, vanished. The cabinets of Madrid, Naples, Athens, justly regarded England as their enemy. The infamous proceedings against Greece aroused the slumbering sense of honor and justice even of the British parliament, and threatened the ministry with a disgraceful termination of office.

"Rage at foiled plans, vexation at the defeats sustained by Sardinia, shame at being convicted of dishonesty, had been gnawing for some time at the hearts of leading men in England. Their impotency to harm Austria makes them give vent to their feeling by making grimaces at it. A man convicted in Austria of high treason is therefore to be received as an honored guest. This is not done so much in his honor as to offend loyal Austrians. We scarcely think this demonstration will attain its object. The loyal Austrian has reason to rejoice that the mightiest and most hostile endeavors, that the most deeply laid and deceitful plans of one of the most powerful cabinets of Europe have not succeeded in preventing the regeneration of his country, and that England has no other means left to resort to, to express its rage at its failure, but to render honors to a man who has been banished from his country for political offences."

Verily, my lord, your diplomacy on the European continent is likely very soon to inflict a heavy blow on our common country. There can be no doubt that all Europe is beginning to combine, and, in fact,

to arm itself against England. You have roused (and the world will say justly) the anger of Switzerland, and Naples, Germany, Prussia, Russia, and Austria. Lord Palmerston is in fact the Captain Rock of Europe, and under the pretext of preserving European peace, you are fomenting a European war. Take care lest the mines you are digging under other nations may be imitated in return under England; and beware lest the explosion you have prepared for them may not involve your own country in irretrievable ruin. Verily, Lord John Russell is rather unfortunate in his foreign relations, and as Lord Stanley has already prophesied of your cabinet, "unless you are checked in this unrestrained career, you will inevitably bring on a European war." There can be no greater enemy to England than the man who endangers the supremacy of her commerce, and there is no question that you are laying the foundation of a combined resistance to England over the civilised world, which sooner or later will check her dominant power, lower her high national name, and vitally damage her commercial interests. The clear statements of all reform associations show that the taxes direct and indirect on every twenty shillings' worth of consumption and manufacture in England amount to thirteen shillings and two pence; that the people of England therefore can claim as their own (for their capital and skill) only six shillings and ten pence in every pound which they give the state. And hence, Sir, if through your unbridled ministerial dictation and domination through Europe, you compel foreign nations to quarrel with us, to dread our connection, to establish their own factories, and to annihilate or diminish our trade, you will cause a revolution in England such as history has never recorded, and your name will be transmitted to posterity as the greatest enemy that England ever saw. For the first time in English history we behold a decided and a universal attitude of defiance assumed by Europe against England; your ambassadors are insulted, your votes of diplomacy scoffed, and one loud voice of contempt and indignation is raised against your diplomatic conduct and your country from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. This is a fact beyond all dispute, and it establishes by a clear demonstration that England is regarded at this moment by universal Europe as the disturber of international peace, the fomenter of revolution, the secret enemy of foreign thrones, and the insidious persecutor of the Catholic Church. If I were actuated by the revenge to which your treatment of my country has forced the Irish heart, I should rejoice at the perilous position to which your unexampled perfidy has reduced your country; but I am neither a revolutionist or a rebel, but I am an Irish Priest. These two words contain the record of national honor and of national loyalty. And when you and your colleagues would behead the sovereign, as you did Charles, and join a plebeian usurper, as you did Cromwell, and expel your monarch, as you did James, and receive a foreigner out of a poorhouse, as you did William, I, and every one of the ancient order to which I belong, would bleed at the foot of the throne, as we have done through every age and country. And when you and the class to which you are associated would change your creed from Presbyterianism to Protestantism, and *vice versa*; and from somethingism to anythingism or nothingism; and while you prove before scornful men, weeping angels, and laughing devils, that your official lordship cares no more about faiths and creeds, and Priests and Bishops of any denomination than you care about the color of your official cravat, or the cut of your official coat, we, the glorious Catholic people, and we, the heroic Priests, stand through all time, and place, and circumstances, faithful to God and loyal to the throne; and we stand forth a contrast to your officiality like truth to falsehood, light to darkness, and national honor to national perfidy.

Such, my lord, being your official work on the European Continent, I shall proceed to inquire how matters stand at home in persecuted Ireland. But before I shall commence this melancholy view of your disastrous legislation, I must beg leave to tell you, that, although Ireland is bent to the earth by the heartlessness, the calumnies, and the cruel oppression of your rule, we are still firm and fearless, and we are undismayed either by the threats of unjust power, or the scandalous jibes of a lying and bribed press. You may cut down, but you cannot eradicate—you may strike us prostrate for a time of ferocious triumph, but we shall rise again—you may expel us from the soil of our fathers, but we shall appear again, renovated in number and power, on the glorious American Continent. You may make cruel laws for the year 1851, but take warning of the results of these laws before the year 1951. You cannot keep us always in slavery and degradation; the history of the world is against this position. Where you least expect a reaction, you may receive a fatal national blow; and your name as an English gentleman, and your character as a statesman, will live longer in the future applause of the historian for being the advocate of honor and justice, rather than the supporter of perfidy and persecution. Powerful as you are, we shall never learn a lesson different from the instructions which our fathers have taught us; we have never yet yielded to your injustice through three centuries of cruelty, and we shall not now begin to take you for our political and national masters. We believe, besides, that between the Kaffirs, and the Australians, and the Canadians, and the people of all Europe, you have rather too much on your hands just now to appear in the second act of the late dramatic trials, and we think (that is, as many of us as are alive) that in the present state of France (with which your Captain Rock appears on such good terms) you will rather defer for the present the ancient custom of erecting your gibbets and your old racks, on the red cross-roads, which bear your name. Indeed, I may as well tell you, my lord, that, without meaning the least disrespect (of course) to the Queen's minister, we fearlessly set you at defiance; and we are thoroughly convinced (a position which I could prove if I wished) that you have not the most remote notion of persecuting us at present; and we know that you are very near a crisis when you will be compelled to cultivate our friendship rather than provoke our further anger at your unprecedented conduct. Alas! alas!

where shall I begin to tell your political career, as regards poor trodden down, faithful, persecuted Ireland? Nor is it with ink and paper I would attempt the description of the woes of your rule. No, no, my lord; the deserted village—the waste land—the unfrequented chapel—the silent glen—the pale face, and the mournful national voice, stamp the history of Ireland with the deep, deep impression of your administration; while the ferocity of the unbridled landlord, and the terrors of the uprooted and smouldering cabins, and the cries of the houseless orphan, and the tears of the brokenhearted widow, and the emigrant ship, and the putrid workhouse, and the red oozing pit of the coffinless and shroudless dead—these, these, oh all these, are all the thrilling and the eloquent witnesses, to publish to coming generations, to unborn Irishmen, the character and the laws of the Russell-cabinet! Ah, Sir, when you had read the terrific facts of the mother living on the putrid remains of her own child; and when you saw the awful account of several cases of the dead bodies of the poor Irish being exposed for days in unburied putridity and devoured by dogs in this unheard-of state; and when you had heard the cries that were wafted across the Channel for help, and those that rose to Heaven for mercy from Skibbereen, from Ballinasloe, from Killybegs, and from Dal-linrobe—has your heart, Sir, ever smote you with remorse that you heard these cries of Ireland with a pitiless composure, and sent to starving and dying millions a heartless pittance from your overflowing treasury? I distinguish your cabinet from the English people; they stretched forth their hands with the characteristic generosity of their nation; the Society of Friends well fulfilled, too, the expectations of their known philanthropy in our regard; but you, from an exchequer filled with eighteen millions of bullion—you doled out in withering insult (as to the beggars of a foreign country) a miserable and totally inadequate relief; and you called by the name of charity an act which should be designated the first demand on the realm, and the highest duty of the crown. Lord Stanley paid twenty millions sterling to give liberty to a few descendants of African slaves in your petty West Indian colonies; to men who never manned your fleets or swelled your armies, or fought for your name. But you, Sir, grudgingly lent in part, and bestowed in part, the paltry sum of eight millions to aid the last struggle for life of the faithful people whose misfortune in all our past history was imperishable loyalty to the throne, and undying devotion to our unfortunate kings—men who belong to an ancient unbroken race of forty generations; lion hearts which crimsoned with their blood every ocean where your navy fought and conquered; which stood before the bristled steel of England's foes in all your struggles; which shared the perils of a thousand fields of blood by the side of your countrymen, and won your victories—these are the men and this is the nation to whom you have given your paltry usurious charity to preserve their lives.—But the history of all nations will yet tell that you permitted five in ten to perish of hunger, while your exchequer was filled with gold. You, therefore, Sir, have made my country a desert—you have banished and starved the people—you have a grave for the Irish—and you have buried our race and name. May God forgive you this cruel treatment of our fine people—this ministerial atrocity. We charge you before avenging Heaven with the exile and the death of our people; both crimes lie at your door. And you have added ingratitude to cruelty. We honored you, we followed you. You did not so much surprise us by the introduction of your penal bill as by the historical falsehood and the insulting bigotry of your speeches; they were unworthy the historian, below the dignity of the statesman, dishonorable to the man. A third-rate orator amongst your own party, and a fifth-rate speaker in the whole house, you never could lay claim to distinction, except from the supposed honesty and liberality of your political opinions; but now your inconsistency and your bigotry, having torn from your face the mask which concealed your mediocrity, it is agreed that the foremost leader of the Whigs has now been befittingly transformed into the last lack of the Tories. Oh, for the ancient truth and honor of the old English statesman!—oh, for the sterling word, the generous foe, the brilliant genius of the days that are gone. Now, the origin of all these misfortunes at home and abroad arises from a twofold cause; firstly, to organise an English party in every country as you have done in Spain and Portugal; to keep a perfect internal system of disorder in every nation in order to keep the power of each country engaged in quelling this confederacy, and thus leaving England free to pursue her views of conquest and commerce without fear of resistance from the surrounding nations; and secondly, the object is to uproot Catholicity. This latter point is, in fact, your chief aim; and so wide-spread are your present stratagems to speech down, preach down, write down, drink down, eat down, dress down, sail down, and shoot down Catholicity, that all orders of the state are actually gone mad with what may be called a furious fanaticism to get rid of Catholicity. All the lawyers are infected, from the well-known Chancellor to the parish beadle; all the clergy are bitten from Canterbury (the cubical head of your present creed) down all along to the thin Curate; who, being the living definition of a mathematical straight line, may be considered as the Clerical element of the Archbishop. All your ambassadors are actually become swaddlers in every court in Europe, as I have already proved, so that yours should be called the swaddling cabinet; and the omnipresent navy and the invincible army of Great Britain have raised their swaddling colors nearly as high as the union-jack all over the earth—all your modern writers are inoculated with swaddledomania, down from the historical lies and rhetorical foppery of Macaulay to the half-penny sheet; there are even swaddling commercial travellers, swaddling hotels, and swaddling boarding-houses; and such is the vast ramification of this most absurd but terrific movement against Catholicity, that "Moore's Melodies" are banished from the society of all anti-Papal pianos, because they relate to Ireland, and were composed by the native fancy that drank its poetic inspiration at the fountain of Irish genius! But amongst the various incongruities of this mania which you have originated, there is not one which strikes the observer with such preposterous associations as to see an admiral of a fleet dressed in the garb of Johanna Southcote! or to see a general of an army converted into a Praise-God Barebones. Nothing can be so extremely ludicrous as to see Neptune kneeling and praying on a three legged stool, dressed in a white cravat and a coat of shabby black! or to behold Mars habited in lawn sleeves and a powdered wig, reading and singing Psalms on a tar-barrel! There is scarcely a paper which does not contain, with the cognisance of the Duke of Wellington, religious collisions in chapels,

in barracks, and in church-yards, between the faithful, fearless Priest, and some "Jumper" in epaulettes at the different military stations. Take my advice, my humble though it be, and put an end to this monstrous "state" of things. The individual who checks this incongruity is the best friend of the throne and the public interest. Give up the idea of uprooting the Catholic Church; stamp on the earth, and stop its motion; command the tide, and arrest its progress; prove that you command and preach down the cross, and we will believe you; but, until you have demonstrated that your words are more credible than "the language of an angel from Heaven," we shall laugh at your folly and despise your impotency.

In conclusion, my lord, I must tell you, with the greatest respect for your exalted position, that this letter is not so much intended for you as for the courts of Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, Naples, Spain, Portugal, and the glorious Republic of America. I do not mention this fact from any puerile allusion to myself—I cannot so far forget the rules of public courtesy as to be wanting (while in your presence) to the serious respect and becoming reverence which so humble an individual as I am owes to your exalted station, but an individual as I am owes to you in station, and you I repeat that men equal to you in station, and your superiors in aristocratic associations, have made official arrangements to publish my letters to your cabinet all over the civilised world. My only merit consist in publishing the woes of my country, and the unparalleled cruelties of your administration to the whole people of Ireland and to our ancient Church; and I shall undertake to say that the united voice of Europe is already expressed against you in the various cabinets (which I shall furnish to you in a succeeding letter), and that your treatment of Ireland, and your persecution of the Catholic Faith, will raise such a combination against you during the next three months, that your Sovereign will be necessarily and justly compelled to remove you from an office which you hold at present with such injury to the English name and so much indignity in the course I am taking by any revengeful feeling towards you. I am grateful to England for whatever favors she has conferred upon Ireland, and I am most ready to acknowledge it; and I pray to God that He may change the hearts of our rulers to govern us by the justice of law and not by the bigotry of persecution; but I shall never flinch from the post I have taken in defence of my country and my creed, though that defence were visited with banishment or death.—I am, my lord, your obedient humble servant,
D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

CATHOLIC DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the Committee of the Catholic Defence Association was held on Thursday last at the Committee Rooms, Lower Sackville Street. Amongst the members present were his Grace the Lord Primate, his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Tuam, the Lord Bishop of Killaloe, with several members of parliament, and many other gentlemen. Amongst the subjects discussed by the committee, was that of the secretaryship of the association; but it was finally arranged that the present honorary secretaries should be requested to continue in office for one month longer. A resolution was passed, disconnecting the association from any newspaper speculation sought to be got up under its assumed sanction.—*Tablet*.

The Very Rev. Dr. Kirby, who succeeded the Primate as President of the Irish College at Rome, has been staying on a visit with his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam during the last week. The sermon preached on Sunday by the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, in aid of the utterly exhausted funds of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, procured a sum of £132—a splendid testimony to the value of this institution in times like the present. On Friday last the funds of the society amounted to two shillings and eightpence.—*Cork Examiner*.

The Rev. Mr. Marshall and the Rev. Mr. Montgomery visited Tuam on Friday, on their return from a tour in Connemara. In company with his Grace, they visited the several religious and educational establishments of the town, and expressed their warm approbation of the management of the schools. In the evening they were entertained by his Grace at dinner. These two gentlemen are amongst the many learned and distinguished Anglican clergymen who resigned valuable livings in that church, and are now humble priests of the Church of Rome. They left town on Saturday morning for Dublin, where the Rev. Mr. Marshall is to preach on Sunday.—*Tuam Herald*.

DIOCESE OF KILLALOE.—The Lord Bishop of Killaloe has translated the Rev. Mr. Nealon, C.C., Bodyke, to the curacy of Clare Castle; Rev. Mr. Hannon, C.C., Clare, to Carrigaholt; Rev. Mr. Foley, C.C., has been removed from Killaloe to Quin.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. BROWN.—This venerable and respected Prelate, the Bishop of Liverpool, has proceeded to London, where all the Bishops of England are at present assembled in solemn conclave, and will remain so for at least a week.—*Tablet*.

THE ORATORY.—The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster administered the sacrament of Confirmation at the London Oratory on Wednesday, the 12th ult. Nearly the whole of the recipients of the sacrament were converts to our holy religion.

GREENWICH.—The 9th of December is the day fixed for the solemn dedication of the beautiful and richly-finished Church of Our Lady Star of the Sea, which will be previously consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Southwark. An adjourned meeting of the Catholics of Gateshead was held on Monday evening last, connected with the formation of the Defence Association and Mechanics' Institute. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. President, when it was unanimously resolved to sign a requisition (which was prepared) to the Bishop of Hexham, soliciting his Lordship to become the patron of the institution, and give his Episcopal benediction to the efforts making to raise the character, position, and circumstances of the people of Gateshead.—*Correspondent of Tablet*.

THE REV. HENRY E. MANNING.—We read the following paragraphs in the *Univers* of Saturday last:—"The Rev. Mr. Manning, late Archdeacon of Chichester, arrived to-day in Paris. This eminent theologian, one of the most brilliant conquests which the Church has made in England in the ranks of the Anglican Clergy, is going to Rome, where he purposes to pass some months. The Rev. Mr. Manning stayed two days at Amiens, where he wished to pay his respects to Mgr. de Satinis, and to see M. l'abbé Gerbet, whose writings long before the celebrated Archdeacon's conversion had exercised the most happy influence on his spirit and heart. At Paris, as at Amiens, the visit of the Rev. Mr. Manning, whom his late co-religionists called with so much reason, the Fenelon of Anglicanism, will leave precious souvenirs, and regret not to have been able to keep him longer than a few hours."

CONVERSIONS.—The lady of T. L. Coghlan, Esq., (formerly curate to the Rev. W. Park Smith, of St. John's Torquay), has recently been received into the fold of the Catholic Church, at the convent at Taunton. Mr. Coghlan was received, as our readers will remember, about nine months since.—*Catholic Standard*.

The Professor of Natural Philosophy in Queen's College, Galway, Mr. M. W. Crofton, has become a convert to the Catholic faith.—*Limerick Examiner*.

The *Limerick Reporter* says:—"It is confidently asserted that Archdeacon Wilberforce is about to resign his appointment, and embrace the ancient faith."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

TENANT RIGHT MEETING AT NEW MARKET-ON-FERGUS.—On Sunday, a district meeting was held at Newmarket-on-Fergus to advance the principles of the Tenant League.—The meeting was held in that once prosperous village, now a lamentable remnant of decay and desolation. The number in attendance were considerably larger than those at the meetings of Feacle and Scariff, and a degree of interest was attached to the proceedings greater than we have witnessed in other places. Several independent and respectable land-holders were among the crowds in attendance.—*Tipperary Vindicator*.

There are already three hundred names attached to the Arundel dinner list. It is generally supposed that his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster will accept the invitation to attend the banquet.—*Limerick Reporter*.

THE GRAVE OF SHEIL.—The mortal remains of Richard Lalor Sheil were interred on Wednesday se'night in the churchyard of Templemore, near Long Orchard, the property required by Mr. Sheil by marriage with Mrs. Lalor, his relict. Templemore—a wretched little village, approached from the Kilkenny side by a marshy road, as plashy as a Highland glen in wet weather—is about six miles from Templemore, county Tipperary. A more dreary out-of-the-way resting place could scarcely have been chosen for the remains of one who, certainly, in his time, was claimed by all classes of Irishmen as conferring honor upon their country, by the brilliancy of his genius, if not the direction of his talents.

The Galway *Vindicator* of the 5th November contains an account of a meeting that had been held in that city, on a subject of a steam communication with New York, at which a Mr. Wagstaff, who presented letters of introduction from Mr. Abbott Lawrence, stated that he and his father had determined on trying an experiment for six months, with first class steamers, the first of which—one of the fastest and strongest that ever sailed—would leave New York on the 15th December.—Superior arrangements are made for emigrants, and they are to be carried at £6 a head. A resolution was passed that Mr. Wagstaff's vessels should enter the port free of all dues for six months. The greatest unanimity and enthusiasm prevailed.

A GOOD LANDLORD.—The *Tipperary Free Press* states that the venerable Baron Pennefather has given another instance of his benevolence as a landlord in his late arrangements with his tenantry, to many of whom he has made abatements amounting to fifty per cent., whilst he has allowed the rents to remain in their hands for the purchase of stock, which must be of incalculable advantage to them—increasing their comforts, and stimulating industries and enterprising men to the attainment of an honorable independence.

ACTION AGAINST THE CHIEF SECRETARY OF IRELAND.—The case of James Birch, proprietor of the *World* newspaper v. Sir William Somerville, Court of Queen's Bench on Saturday 11th of November. An action has been brought by the plaintiff for £7000 claimed as a balance due "for work, labor, and service rendered by plaintiff in support of the existing Administration, at the instance and request of the defendant, from the 16th of July 1848 to the 16th of January 1851," including a charge of £300, for copies of the *World*, supplied and distributed as alleged in the declaration. The defendant required as would enable him to proceed with his defence; and the question was fixed for final decision on Saturday, when the Lord Chief Justice and Judges Crompton and Moore took their seats on the bench. The argument terminated in the granting of the application made by Sir William Somerville, and in the staying of all further proceedings in the action.

REMOVAL OF MAJOR HART AND THE 49TH DEPOT.—The depot of the 49th regiment, quartered at Birr, received, on Saturday morning last, an unexpected route for Templemore, and the unseemly warfare waged by Major Hart against the Catholic clergy is thus, so far as one locality at least is concerned, put an end to. The military authorities have acted with judgment and discretion in the matter; and it is to be hoped that the gallant major will find other occupation, on change of garrison, besides exercising his petty tyranny over the Catholic chaplain, and practising the other antics for which he has lately been so conspicuous.—*Freeman*.

LEGISLATION ON THE LAND QUESTION.—The Primate's letter read at the Athlone meeting increases the expectation that the land question will be forced upon the attention of parliament early next session. That letter has had the effect of placing this question second only in importance to the great struggle for religious freedom into which the Irish Catholics have been driven by English bigotry. *Pro aris et focis* is a sentiment, especially at this juncture, which is worthy of the head of the Catholic church in Ireland, in whom are so strikingly united the functions of the prelate and the feelings of the patriot.—*Ibid*.

THE BISHOP OF KILLALOE ON THE TITLES ACT.—The Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the esteemed and patriotic Bishop of Killaloe, exhorted the Catholics of Nenagh in eloquent terms at last Mass, on Sunday, on the nature of their three-fold duty, towards God, their religion, and country. The venerated Prelate, who spoke at great length, was most happy in his allusion to the ceaseless ferocity of the British government towards the over loyal Catholics of Ireland, against whom government has, for centuries, waged war with the deadliest feelings, placed a ban on education, and made the profession of the true religion a felony, and whose cruelties, robberies, frauds, and oppressions, have long since become familiar to the whole civilised world. He expatiated in fervid language on the treachery of the "mammoth" Premier, who, when he found the ever devoted people of Ireland bent to the very earth by blight, famine, and woe, belied the principles of his early life, and sought to extirpate the Catholic Faith, whose confiding professors had placed him in power, by renewing the hideous penal code, seeking the fanatical frenzy of a degraded rabble, and setting again in motion the fierce elements of religious discord, and intestine hate. But whilst the worthy Prelate felt it his duty to allude to this distressing topic, he warmly urged his hearers to be obedient to the laws, to render to God the things that are of God, and to Cæsar the things that of Cæsar. He adjured them to join the Catholic Defence Association, which will prove a sure barrier against the insidious assaults of heretical deceit; and spoke of the kindly feelings which he always cherished for his dissenting brethren and of a Protestant Bishop of Killaloe, who gave him for the small sum of half-a-crown a year half an acre of land as a site for a church, on which is now erected an edifice which will ever remain a monument of Protestant generosity and of Catholic piety. The reverend Prelate concluded by urging his hearers to imitate the constancy of their ancestors, to put on the armor of justice and the helmet of salvation, to continue to the end steadfast in the one true Faith, in order that they should enjoy the endless felicity to come.—The Right Rev. Prelate also spoke at first Mass, and his discourse made a deep impression on a large congregation.—*Tipperary Vindicator*.

THE TREASURY ADVANCES TO THE IRISH UNIONS.—On Saturday a numerous and highly respectable meeting, presided over by the Mayor, was held in the Cork county court-house. The meeting was addressed by Lord Bernard, Mr. Sarsfield, Mr. H. Townsend, Mr. J. F. Maguire, Dr. Verling, Mr. Drew, J.P., and other gentlemen. The *Cork Examiner*, which reports the proceedings at considerable length, says:—"A general feeling pervaded the meeting as to two points—the one, that Irish famine, being a national and not a local calamity, should be met out of the resources of the united empire, and that it was a violation of the principle of the Act of Union to tax Ireland solely for what should be borne by the consolidated fund; the other, that even supposing it were just and equitable to demand the payment of this famine debt, or calamity tax, from a portion of the same empire, the condition of Ireland is such at this moment, that any, even the slightest, increase to the present grievous taxation must be attended with the most destructive consequences to every existing interest."

James Hagan, Patrick Kelly, and others, against whom a charge of Ribbonism was lately preferred at Belfast, have been liberated upon giving bail to appear whenever called upon.

At Birr quarter sessions Michael Higgins, for burglary and robbery in the house of the Rev. Mr. O'Meally, P.P., Shinnone, and of Mrs. Lauder, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to ten years' transportation.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A fire broke out on Wednesday evening, at the extensive print-works of Robert Howie, Esq., Old Park, near Belfast. Mr. Howie's dwelling-house, which is close by the stores, was saved; but the stores and their contents were completely destroyed. The value of the property consumed amounted to upwards of £5,000, and the insurance, it is said, only reaches £1,500.

EMIGRATION.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the season the drain of emigration from this neighborhood still continues heavily. One hundred persons have left during the present week, who, on parting with their friends, manifested no grief at their separation, but apparently exulted in the hope of meeting each other next season at the other side of the Atlantic.—*King's County Chronicle*.

ELECTIONS IN IRELAND.—We have heard that Sir Robert Gore Booth intends entertaining the county electors at public dinners in Lisadel, Sligo, Ballymote, and Tubbercurry, in order that he may have an opportunity of meeting his constituency. Mr. William Ormsby Gore is about to make no sign. The electors must remain satisfied with the honor of being represented by the "jolly light dragon," whose time is so occupied with his Parliamentary and military duties, that he cannot spare a moment to visit them, or in any way testify that he is, in the smallest way, aware of their existence.—*Sligo Champion*.

EXPENSE OF THE SLIGO ELECTION.—The *Sligo Chronicle*, in an article on the St. Alban's Bribery Commission, pooh poohs the expenses of a contest in that immaculate borough, when compared with those attending the late struggle in Sligo between Messrs. Somers and Townley—the latter an English Roman Catholic merchant. During the election, which cost Mr. Townley alone eight thousand pounds, our contemporary states that "organized mobs (on the Townley side), regularly captained and sub-officered, were wont to relieve each other in their work of lawless violence and outrage. The mob was then as essential as the electors. The mob was fed, and paid and honored with orations." Notwithstanding, Mr. Townley was defeated by a considerable majority.

MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.—A few evenings since as two ladies who had left the Limerick junction were proceeding homewards in their carriage, a man muffled in a large military cloak, stepped from beneath a tree on the roadside, and deliberately took aim with pistol at the fair occupants, fortunately the suddenness of his appearance started the horses, and the shot passing through the back of the carriage took no effect. One of the ladies we regret to say, received such a shock, that she continues seriously indisposed. The whole affair is at present wrapped in the deepest mystery, but from what we are able to learn, it is supposed that jealousy prompted this outrageous act.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

GALLANT CONDUCT.—On Saturday night last Michael Brophy, of Kiltushi, and James Cummins, of Dovea, both laborers in the employment of John Trant, Esq., of Dovea, proceeded, unarmed, to a house on the lands of Ballinabow, where they arrested a notorious character of the name of Carroll, who has for some time evaded the vigilance of the police, and who is charged

with stealing a sheep, the property of their employer. They conveyed him to the nearest police-station, to be dealt with according to law.—*Nenagh Guardian*.

ASSAULT BY BAILIFFS.—On Monday three bailiffs, named Coffey, Connors, and Butler, went to the house of a man named Grace, residing in Pound-street, in this town, to distrain for rent, without, it appears, having sufficient legal authority. Being about to seize the furniture, Grace, who was the only inmate in the house, made some peaceful remonstrance, whereupon the bailiffs turned upon him, and three of them in the most violent manner assaulted him, giving him a most severe cut on the head, and inflicting other injuries on him. Shortly after the occurrence, Sub-constable Maher arrested the bailiffs, and brought them before Mr. Plunkett, R.M., who directed Grace to lodge informations, and summon the party to the next petty sessions of Nenagh for the assault.—*Ibid*.

UNITED STATES.

STEAM CARRIAGE FOR PLANK ROADS.—Mr. Fisher, a well known artist of the city of New York, has recently turned the ingenuity, which is characteristic of his profession to other purposes. He has patented a steam carriage for ordinary travel on plank and macadamized roads. We could not, without drawings, give our readers an intelligible description of this invention. But we may state that he has introduced a new method of working steam expansively. By the combination of the radius and parallel rods he gives great steadiness to the machines even at the highest velocities, and by other arrangements for cutting off the steam, &c., enables one person to work the engine with perfect ease and effect. A committee of the Mechanics' Institute, consisting of Prof. Renwick, Mr. Dunham, and Mr. Meigs, report favorably upon his instrument, and the editors of the American Artisan competent authorities, we notice, speak of it at length and in terms of praise.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

PROTESTANT LECTURES.—REV. GEORGE LORD.

Troy, N. Y., Nov. 17th, 1851.

To the Editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal*. Dear Sir,—The people of Troy are well acquainted with the pranks of this lying hypocrite. His first essay in the United States was in this city, commencing as a pedlar of the famous confession of "Piest Murphy," some hundreds of which he found amongst the lumber of a printing office, where the Orangemen of this vicinity got their dirty work done. He was next taken in hand by the Methodists who on inquiry in Canada respecting his statements, "let him down: the wind to prey at fortune." Since then he has practised as an itinerant lecturer on Popery and pedlar of Anti-Popery Tracts—and I saw it stated a little more than a year ago that he had been sent to prison in New England for obtaining money by false pretences.

His real character and motives, like those of his more cute compeer Leahy, the quondam monk of La Trappe, are very soon discovered and are equally disgusting to sensible Protestants as to Roman Catholics.

STREET PREACHING.—Protestantism has now so very generally extended so far as to protest against the necessity of praying or entering a house of prayer, that most of the sects in New York, have recently resolved, to go upon the highways, and preach to those who will not come in, to hear. This is their own version of the story—they say, there are hundreds of thousands in New York, who never enter a Church, "we must go out and preach to them." What an absurd idea! Recollect it is not any one particular Protestant sect, but all, with scarcely an exception, have resolved to enter upon the Crusade. If it should happen that an Unitarian, a Lutheran and a Calvinist, should carry each, his spiritual ammunition to any one district, at the same time, what a precious row might be expected!—the wandering souls must be still more bewildered, by the confusion of the light thus called to guide them. For our own part, we suspect that this new mode has been set afloat by some pious Wall Street Saint, who in the afternoon-warmth of his heart was willing, that those unable to pay for pews, might yet be permitted to travel on towards Heaven, provided they did so as "outside passengers."—To be sure it would be too bad to send the poor outsider to hell outright, but he cannot sit in the box with us, he is too shabby do all we can for him—"send him as an outside passenger." Our very clever contemporary of the *Pennsylvanian*, in noticing this matter says:—"We think, that these out-door preachings were commenced at the wrong season. When a poor, shivering, half-clad sinner is standing on an icy pavement, listening to an exhortation from a street missionary, he will not have that salutary dread of the fires of Tophet that he might feel if his frosted blood did not incline him to regard a change to any warmer climate as no very great calamity." We entirely agree with the *Pennsylvanian*.—*Catholic Instructor*.

The Grand Jury, at New Orleans, have been charged by Judge Larue to present all persons who are known to have been concerned in the destruction of the property of the Spanish Consul and his countrymen in that city. This is all very correct, and if it had been done before, many of the inflammatory rumors, relative to our relations with Spain, would have never been set afloat.

The *Liverpool Standard* relates a laughable anecdote, in connection with the recent visit of the London Corporation to Paris, when a certain alderman had printed on his cards the following intimation of his having once been chief magistrate. "*Le feu Lord Mayor de Londres!*"

Boxes for the reception of alms and donations are now put up in the principal churches in Rome, for the purpose of aiding in the construction of the great Catholic church in the centre of London.

The accession of Mr. Frederick Peel to the Russell Ministry is regarded with feelings of no slight satisfaction by the Catholic party in Dublin. The appointment is looked upon as one foreshadowing coming events; and Mr. Peel's acceptance of office under the Cabinet which carried the Ecclesiastical Titles Act is very naturally considered to be an assurance that that Act will not be enforced with any great degree of severity.

KOSSUTH AND MAZZINI.—An important fact connected with Kossuth's visit to London is his union with M. Mazzini. On Tuesday, the two celebrities had an interview, and on Wednesday, in reply to an address presented to him by a deputation from the Society of Friends of Italy, Kossuth distinctly announced the alliance that had been made. Hungary and Italy, he said, were like two wings of a single army arranged against one enemy, and it was a great benefit that those countries could be represented by individuals.

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THE TRUE WITNESS
 AND
 CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 5, 1851.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Irish papers contain the most flattering accounts of the progress and prospects of the Irish Catholic University. The amount of receipts, since the last meeting of the Committee, exceeds £1,000.—Dublin has been unanimously selected as the site of the new University, of which, it is confidently asserted, that Dr. Newman is to be President. At a meeting of the Committee, on Wednesday, the 12th Nov., His Grace the Primate in the chair, letters of the most promising character were read from the Rev. Collectors in this country. The amount collected in Newfoundland, in a few days, by the Rev. Mr. Hearne, was £400. The *Tablet* mentions, that the statutes of the Synod of Thurles are in the course of publication among the Clergy for official purposes, and that that part of them, which most immediately concerns the public at large, will soon be made generally accessible. At the opening of the third session of the Goddess or Queen's College at Cork, there was, according to the *Times*, a good attendance of Protestant ministers of the Government church, "but not a single dignitary, Priest or Curate" of the Catholic Church.

There has been a well attended meeting of the General Committee of the Catholic Defence Association, the Archbishop of Armagh in the chair; amongst the Prelates were the Archbishops of Tuam and Cashel, and the Bishops of Meath, Killaloe and Elphin. We read in the *Freeman*, that "the basis of decisive and early operations has been laid by the Committee," and that "the organization of the old and victorious Catholic Association will soon stand revived in its whole force and extent."

A meeting of all the Catholic Bishops of England was to take place at the residence of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, on which occasion, for the first time for many centuries, thirteen English Bishops will be assembled together.—This bodes some more audacious violations of the Penal Laws.

The *Freeman* publishes a letter from the unfortunate O'Donohoe, giving an account of the atrocities exercised upon him, and his brothers in exile, by order of the British Government; that very Government which pretends to be so horrified at the manner in which the convicts of Naples are treated, and which deifies Kossuth, for doing in Hungary, what Smith O'Brien and his companions attempted to do in Ireland:—

Oatlands, Van Dieman's Land, Wednesday, May 7, 1851.

I have so much to say, I scarcely know where I shall begin, but the most natural way is to commence where I left off in my last letter. I think I wrote poor James a letter in the first week in January, while I was lying sick in bed in custody of the police, stating the fact of my arrest, and that I was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and hard labor in the chain gangs of Port Arthur.

I remained in this state fourteen days; but having heard that O'Dogherty and McManus had been sent to their penal stations in Tasman's Peninsula, I resolved that, sick or well, I should be removed, lest it should be said I acted as a coward, or was shrinking from danger. Full of those feelings, I sent word to the controller that I was ready for removal. Whereupon, on the 5th of January, 1851, I was taken at five o'clock in the morning in custody to the prisoners' barracks of Hobart Town, stripped of my clothes, and dressed in the convict grey uniform—they even took off my shirt, and put on me a filthy chequer one—and conveyed me to a government steamer, and placed me on board with thirty robbing, thieving, murdering convicts.—The steam got up, and we were soon aloft. The distance we had to sail was about 80 miles. I must tell you Tasman's Peninsula is situate at the south-western extremity of Van Dieman's Land, divided from the main land by an isthmus called "Eagle hawk neck," which is guarded by wild dogs chained at such distances as to meet at the centre of the isthmus.—The most extreme point of the peninsula is Cape Pillar, which is the most southerly headland bounding the Pacific, and near the mouth of the Derwent. On this peninsula, situated so securely, is the famous penal station of Port Arthur. There are three other out stations on the peninsula, but not so severe. The "Casendes," where McManus was sent, is one of those stations. "Impression Bay," where O'Dogherty was sent, is another of them. "Saltwater River" is another station. To this I was at first sentenced, but, on second thoughts, the government finding me so ill, and with that characteristic humanity which the British government ever show to their victims, finding me so very ill, sent me to Port Arthur, the severest penal settlement under the British crown! Little did they know how honored I felt at this heartless and inhuman sentence. This was the spot where they sought to take the life, by slow tortures, of the noble-hearted O'Brien, and thither I was doomed to go, there to suffer, and to live or die. Myself, and the group of rascally vagabond convicts that surrounded me, arrived on the evening of the day we embarked at a point of the peninsula called Norfolk Bay, and from thence we had to walk, guarded by police, across a neck of land, nine miles in breadth, to Port Arthur station.

On disembarking at Norfolk Bay, the thirty were chained together and handcuffed. The head-constable was a man named Kelly, from Dublin, and would not

chain me. A fellow named Major Smyley, of the 99th, inspected us there. He is brother to the Queen's Counsel of that name in Dublin—one of Blackburne's pets, and his father was "devil" to blood-stained Saurin when Attorney-General for Ireland. Having marched the nine miles, and arrived at Port Arthur, without food or drink all day, I was placed in a black hole, and kept there three hours, when a doctor came and ordered me to hospital, he having found the three broken ribs still bad and unknit. At the end of ten days I was quite well, and ordered into a gang chain to work. They first took me to a convict store-room, stripped me of the grey clothing, and dressed me in black and yellow striped clothes, which is the most degrading of all dresses, and is termed the magpie dress. I got a leathern cap to wear on my head, which they call a commissary, and strong clumsy shoes, without stockings for my feet. Thus equipped, I was numbered with the figures 147, and placed in a hard labor chain gang, with a brute named Hulme placed over me as overseer. I think he is a relative to the wretch who arrested Smith O'Brien at Thurles.

Now, I must tell you, as concisely as I can, my hours of labor, its nature, my hours of rest, the accommodation for repose, and the general discipline; but in doing this, it will be merely an outline, as I am about to write a "narrative of my residence in this colony."

The entire number of convicts at this station of Port Arthur was 300. These were divided into gangs of about 60 each, with two overseers over each gang. I was placed in the gang called the "agricultural gang," at task work. The 300 men slept in a long, narrow, low roofed shed, called a dormitory, their beds, or berths, or places of sleeping, are called "bunks."—There are two tiers of them, one over another—the bunks being separated by mere laths—each bunk is merely the length and breadth of a man—you must crawl in on hands and feet, roll yourself in a filthy rug and blanket, alive with vermin, and there sleep if you can. A clean pig-sty in any part of Ireland is preferable to a Port Arthur bunk! Having crept into this loathsome hovel, nothing but oaths, imprecations, and obscenity met the ear from the wretched companions all around, and between these sounds, the darkness of the den, and the torture of all sorts of vermin, it was truly an earthly hell. It was summer when I was there; 9 o'clock was the hour for retiring to this place of rest, and 4 o'clock in the morning the hour for rising. A bell rung at 4, and you were allowed 5 minutes to dress, fold your rug, and sweep out your "bunk." The 300 men were marched, rank and file, two deep, to a cistern to wash; and here men with inveterate ophthalmia on the eyes, ulcerated legs and arms, and all manner of diseases, performed indiscriminately their morning ablutions. This process lasted half an hour; the gangs again mustered rank and file under their overseers' orders, and were marched to their respective places of worship; prayers lasted half an hour, and at five o'clock the gangs again were mustered, and marched, rank and file, two deep, through the outer gate of the prison, where the superintendent and master master stood and called out each man's name, to which an answer should be given, accompanied by a salute. The gangs were then marched to their work, and each man was at his daily labor at half-past five o'clock in the morning. We worked till eight, and were marched in to breakfast, when we got some coarse brown bread, and a pint of skilly. Skilly is made of coarse flour and water, without salt. After breakfast we mustered again, and were marched back to our work, where we continued till 12 o'clock, then we were marched to dinner, when we got some coarse broth and bread, with a very few ounces of very bad meat—mustered again, and marched to work till six o'clock—brought to prison again, rank and file—general muster—names called over—stood in columns with legs bare and uncovered (this was the most insulting and degrading scene in the vile discipline—it was quite numbing), got some brown bread and skilly—to prayers at half-past six, prayed till seven—then to school—remained at school till eight, listening to atrocious recitals of crimes of every enormity—after school to the "bunks."

This is a short account of one day's life at Port Arthur—multiply it by 97, and you will form a sort of estimate of what I had to endure. During the early part of my time I was kept sowing corn, digging ground, and sowing vegetables. It was broiling hot weather, and to be kept 17 hours, out of every 24, standing under a blazing sun was hard enough. I remember one day being marched eight miles into the bush with a scythe to cut down grass, tie it up, load a bullock dray with it, and then walk eight miles back, and never taste food or drink all the while. I presume the Whig press, including the London *Examiner*, will call this "merciful treatment" of an Irish rebel.—During the latter days of my sentence I was put to besom making. This was considered a sinecure!

While undergoing my besom making probation I had to go into the bush at half-past five o'clock in the morning, with a sickle in my hand, out down a load of "cutting grass," tie it up, carry it three miles on my back to a hut, then cut down New Zealand-flax, split it up, make twisted gads of it, then sit down and make twenty four besoms, tie them up, and carry them in on my back, and deliver them to the store-keeper; and if it were one short of that number I should go into a black hole for solitary confinement. This was the most dangerous work that could be invented for me, because every time that I put my hand among the tufts or tussocks of cutting grass I was in danger of being bitten by a snake, and yet this was a sinecure! How merciful those Whigs are! Are there any hearts or souls remaining in the priests and the people of Ireland? If there be, surely, surely, those "dogs of office," Russell, Grey, and Clarendon, must be driven from their bones. I should rather hear that the land of my birth perished and disappeared from the earth than that her people should submit to the misrule of those miscreants—those "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," whom the man who thus stigmatised them, afterwards, in the plenitude of his power, left as a legacy to Ireland! Alas for human weakness.

Well, at the expiration of my sentence, a second sentence was passed upon me—that was, to be removed to the Oatlands district, in the bush, where I could have no possible occupation or employment. I remonstrated against this fresh injustice; but in vain. I was accordingly sent to this place on the 15th April last; and how am I to live here, or how long, God knows.

P. O'DONOHUE.

It is hard to say whether the brutality of the government towards its victims, or its hypocritical sympathy for Pœrio, and the Italian cut-throats, is the more disgusting.

At New York, at Portland, and at Philadelphia, large meetings have been held for the purpose of petitioning the President of the United States to use his influence with the British government, in behalf of those distinguished Irishmen who are now expiating, in exile, the offence of having attempted to procure Irish Emancipation.

The *Spectator* thus sums up the intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope:—

The last mail from the Cape of Good Hope brings plenty of newspaper writing, but the news amounts to a simple reiteration of the statement that bad is going on to worse. The troops in Caffraria are becoming sensible of a growing ability in the Caffres to annoy them; and Sir Harry Smith's congratulatory orders of the day are less calculated to encourage them, than to throw dust in the eyes of the public at home. In the Eastern districts of the colony every road is rendered insecure by prowling Caffres and Hottentots. In the Sovereignty, considerable alarm has been excited among the settlers by the arrival of several hundreds of Zoolu allies. There is everywhere anarchy and turbulence, and no appearance of either head or hand to restore order.

PROTESTANT CHURCH AT ROME.

We copy from a Protestant cotemporary, the *Church*, of Toronto, the following article, headed

"ROMISH TOLERATION."

"We learn from our English exchanges that the Pope anticipating a demand for liberty to erect a Protestant Church in 'the eternal City,' has abolished a precedent on which much weight was laid.

"The *English Churchman* says:—'Permission was given in an impulse of gratitude by Pío Nono, to the American Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Cass, in return for his preventing the Propaganda College from being turned into barracks for Garibaldi's legionaries during the siege of Rome, for an American congregation to meet within the walls. That permission is now withdrawn, and they may find the best extramural accommodation they can.'

"Should the British or United States governments, acting upon the principle of reprisal, adopt a corresponding line of action towards the Romanists inhabiting their territories, would the *True Witness* be prepared to impugn the justice, or liberality of their proceedings? Most probably our Montreal cotemporary would prefer to blink the question, at the present juncture, but we would recommend it to his special consideration. He had better be preparing his reply, as it is not at all likely that Rome's cherished policy of giving nothing and grasping at everything, will be much longer tolerated by anti-papal Christian powers."

So very much has been written on this subject, that in despair of saying any thing new, we have hitherto held our peace; but as our cotemporary thus challenges us, and as it is not our custom to blink a question proposed to us, we shall endeavor to meet our adversary boldly and honestly. In substance, the question he proposes to us is—"Would it be just for the British and United States governments, to put any restrictions upon the full and free exercise of the Catholic religion within their dominions, because the Pope puts restrictions upon the introduction of Protestantism into Rome?" By stating the question in this form, we retain the substance of the subject matter in dispute, divested of the other complicated questions, as to why—and how far—the Pope has prohibited the erection of Protestant churches within the walls of the city. The conduct of the Pope towards Protestant strangers at Rome, cannot alter the duties of the British government towards British subjects at home. Justice is always justice, and cannot be affected by the behavior of a third party. We answer, therefore, without hesitation, that it is, and must always be, grossly unjust, on the part of any Protestant government, to put any restrictions whatsoever, on the full and free exercise of the Catholic, or of any other religion.

No body of men—Government—Church—call it what you will—of which infallibility, in matters of religious doctrine, cannot be predicated, has any right to encourage or discourage—foster or persecute—introduce or prohibit—or in any way interfere with any form of religion, because, as without infallibility, it can have no certainty of truth, and is unable to distinguish unerringly between the true and the false, it might, through ignorance, be encouraging, fostering, or introducing error—or discouraging, persecuting, and prohibiting truth. Absolute toleration of all religions is, therefore, the duty of all societies, of which infallibility cannot be predicated.

But infallibility cannot be predicated either of the British government, or of the government church.

Therefore, neither the British government, nor the government church, has any right to encourage or discourage—foster or persecute—introduce or prohibit, or in any way interfere with, any form of religion whatsoever. Absolute toleration of all religions is its duty, because the inevitable consequence of its position, that is, of its inability to distinguish, unerringly, betwixt truth and falsehood. No act of any foreign power, can release the British government from the obligation of fulfilling its duty towards all its subjects.

Again, as absolute toleration of all religions is the duty of all societies, of which infallibility cannot be predicated—so, absolute intolerance towards all religions, except its own, is the duty of every society of which infallibility can be predicated. This truth is universally admitted, and universally acted upon—by Protestant as well as by Catholic governments, because there are questions upon which even Protestant governments can arrive at an infallible decision. Thus, there are many crimes—not directly injurious to society—but which affect only the individuals who are guilty of them—blasphemy—sins of impurity, which it is needless to specify—which all governments claim the right of not tolerating, because they can pronounce with infallible certainty, that such crimes are—if not directly injurious to any, save those who commit them—yet, offensive in the highest degree to God—and it is the duty of all governments not to

tolerate any thing which they infallibly know to be contrary, and highly offensive to His will.

But false doctrine is as offensive to God—as contrary to His will, as blasphemy and sins of impurity—as adultery or murder.

If, therefore, any government could be infallibly certain of the falsity of any doctrines, (which presupposes the power of knowing infallibly what doctrines are true,) it would not only have the right, but it would be its bounden duty, not to tolerate such false doctrines, and to look upon them with the same abhorrence, as it looks upon the crimes of blasphemy, impurity, adultery and murder. We do not say to treat the holders of false doctrine, in the same way as it treats the blasphemer, the unclean, or the murderer, because the errors of the former may proceed from a defect in the intellect; the crimes of the latter must proceed from defect in the will; but the crime itself is, in no case, to be tolerated. Absolute intolerance of all false doctrine, is just as much the duty of all governments of which infallibility can be predicated, as absolute toleration of all doctrines is the duty of all governments of which infallibility cannot be predicated.

Whilst, therefore, the duty of toleration upon the part of the Protestant government is clear, the justice or injustice of the conduct of the Pope, in discountenancing Protestantism at Rome, depends upon, whether the Pope can, or cannot know, with infallible certainty, what doctrines are true, and what are false. If, as a Bishop of the Catholic Church, and as Christ's Vicar on earth, he can so distinguish, then it is his duty, as a civil ruler—as the temporal sovereign of Rome—to use every means in his power to exclude all false doctrines from his dominions. Why, even Anglican Bishops—the mere creatures and tools of the civil power—the efficacy of whose consecration is solely derived from an Act of Parliament, and to whom the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, supply the place of the teaching of the Holy Ghost—why, even an Anglican Bishop would, if he could, exclude from his diocese, all doctrines, contrary to those which he preaches at so much per annum. Dr. Philpotts would not have allowed the entrance of the Gorhamite heresy into his diocese, could he have excluded it, for his consecration oath binds him to "be ready to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine"—and to correct and punish the disturbers of the peace, according to the authority committed to him by the law of the land. Shall, then, a Catholic Bishop be more remiss than an Anglican superintendent? Shall the Pope—the successor of St. Peter—be less zealous than Dr. Philpotts, the Queen's Bishop of Exeter? Shall the Bishop of Rome, having the power to exclude false doctrine from his diocese, be asked, not only—not to exclude it, but to allow its introduction? Why this would, indeed, be asking him to stultify himself—to acknowledge himself an impostor—as contemptible, with his shuffling, and quibbling about Episcopal ordination, and non-Episcopal ordination. Besides, when the Pope is requested to grant permission for the erection of a Protestant church, in which Protestant doctrines are to be preached—he has the right to know what kind of doctrine, Protestant doctrines are—what form of damnable heresy—what kind of mortal sin it is, that he is requested to tolerate—Whether Trinitarian, or anti-Trinitarian doctrines—whether Arianism, or Anglicanism, or Hæckism, or Juniperism, or Universalism, is the Protestant doctrine, for whose dissemination he is to allow the erection of a temple. Before accusing the Pope of injustice or *illiberality*, (though the latter is a compliment,) our opponent should define what a Protestant church is, and what kind of error it is to which, *par excellence*, the name Protestant doctrine belongs; as yet, all that the Pope knows is, that a few foreigners demand permission to propagate their heresies throughout his dominions—to preach denial of his authority, and encourage his people to rebellion. And this our Protestant friends may be assured the Pope will not grant; his duty is to keep the wolves out of the fold, not to let them in; it was bad enough that the adversary should sow tares in the field, whilst the husbandman slept; but what should we have thought of the latter, if, wide awake, and in full possession of his senses, and with power to prevent it, he had allowed, may invited, the adversary—the Satan—to do his best to ruin the prospects of the future harvest.

But we can adduce another reason why the Pope cannot permit the establishment of a Protestant church within his diocese, the force of which our cotemporary, as an Anglican Episcopalian, must admit. By the word Church, of course, he does not mean merely a material edifice—a collection of wood, stones, brick and mortar—but a Christian community, and, of course, a community governed by a Bishop, with the right of spiritual jurisdiction; for, if he be indeed a member of the Church of England, he must look upon all other communities as heretical, and schismatic, and cannot, therefore, be supposed to be pleading for the establishment of heretical and schismatic communities. The permission to establish a Protestant church at Rome, must, therefore, with a consistent Anglican, imply the granting of permission to a Bishop to exercise independent spiritual jurisdiction in Rome. Our cotemporary will also admit that there cannot be two Bishops in one diocese; that a Bishop cannot exercise any lawful spiritual jurisdiction in the diocese of another; he must also admit that the Pope is Bishop of Rome, with exclusive right of spiritual jurisdiction within his diocese, and that therefore no other Bishop can exercise any independent spiritual jurisdiction therein; but, as without a Bishop, with the right of spiritual jurisdiction, there can be no church, it follows that the Pope cannot grant permission for the establishment of a Protestant church within his diocese.

Our cotemporary may retort, that the Pope has appointed Bishops in England, and that it is inconsistent for us to deny that a Protestant Bishop may lawfully exercise spiritual jurisdiction in Rome, when, at the same time, as Catholics, we contend for the right of the Archbishop of Westminster, or the Bishop of Southwark, to exercise spiritual jurisdiction within the diocese of a Bishop of London, or Archbishop of Canterbury. To this we answer, that there is no inconsistency in our conduct whatever. Did we recognise the validity of the orders, and of the jurisdiction of Drs. Sumner and Bloomfield—as Anglicans are obliged (and little, thanks to them for it) to recognise the validity of the orders and jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, we should indeed be guilty of gross inconsistency, in applying the title of Archbishop of Westminster to Cardinal Wiseman, or in claiming for him the right to exercise any spiritual jurisdiction whatever, within another Bishop's diocese; but we deny their ordination altogether. We do not believe them to be any thing but laymen—unauthorised intruders into holy things; there is, therefore, no inconsistency in our mode of argument at all.

The Church of Toronto must, before he can consistently demand of the Pope to accord permission for the establishment of a Protestant Church at Rome, adopt one of three courses. He must deny that the Pope is Bishop of Rome, with sole right of spiritual jurisdiction within his diocese;—or, assert that one Bishop has the right to exercise independent spiritual jurisdiction within the diocese of another;—or, assert that there can be a Church without a Bishop. When we see which of these three courses he thinks fit to adopt, we shall know how to answer him.

ONLY THE CATECHISM!

Q. "For what end did God make us?"
A. To know and serve Him here on earth, and after to see and enjoy Him for ever in Heaven."—Catholic Catechism.

An argument often advanced against Catholic schools, and especially against those excellent schools under the direction of the Christian Brothers, is, that "only the catechism is taught." Our would-be philosophers—our men of enlarged and liberal views, sneer at a system of education which professes to teach the Catechism, as if, forsooth, the advancing intelligence of the age, had far outgrown the Catechism of the Catholic Church, and the need of the truths therein contained. It is a pity that these wise men had not learned the Catechism in their youth, or, that having learned, they have since only learned how to forget the sublime doctrines it inculcates; for did they know what was in the Catechism, they would be ashamed to show forth their ignorance, by pretending to treat it, and its lessons, with contempt—"Professing themselves to be wise, they become fools."

"Only the catechism!" and yet therein we find the solution of the "great problems," which, since men first forsook the teaching of God, to follow the dictates of their vain imagination, and of their passions, have engaged the attention, and baffled the ingenuity, of the wisest of men.—Whence an I?—What am I?—Why am I? Surely the education that affords satisfactory answers to these questions—that teaches man—whence—what, and why he is—that teaches him how he is to fulfil his destiny, and to accomplish his end, the—why he is—is not imperfect—deserves not to be treated with contempt.

But if our opponents object to our schools, that too little is taught therein—we, on the other hand, object to all non-Catholic schools, as unsafe places of education, because therein far less, and, at the same time, too much—that is, something positively false, is taught. Far less—because the child is not taught why he is; too much—because he is taught that he is, and was created for something besides God. Children, in Protestant schools, are not taught that their sole end is to serve God on earth, in order to enjoy Him for ever in Heaven; and they are taught that they have an end, independent of this—to serve themselves on earth, in order that they may become rich and esteemed of men, or, in the words of an evangelical exhortation, lately addressed to the French Canadian Catholics, that "he who does not seek to better his condition, neither understands his duty, nor the intention of his Creator towards him." This fatal error of the twofold destiny of man, pervades and vitiates all Protestant systems of education; to it we are indebted for the fatal distinction between religious, and secular education, and for the favorite mixed and godless schools and colleges, as if any education, from which the religious element has been eliminated, is worth having; to it we are indebted also for the theory of the independence of the State, or Civil power, upon the Church, as if there were any power or authority which does not proceed from God, and which is not responsible to Him, and bound to hearken to His voice, speaking by the Church. It cannot be too often repeated. Man is not a being with a twofold destiny, one earthly and temporal—the other spiritual and eternal; he has but one destiny—one sole end to fulfil, as the Catechism teaches—"To serve God on earth, and enjoy Him for ever in Heaven." All that conduces to this end, is good—all that does not, is bad, as tending to divert the heart of man, from that which should constitute his sole business and occupation here below; and because Protestant schools not only do not teach this, to be man's sole end, but, on the contrary, hold out to him another, and an earthly end, we object to them as positively evil—as teaching too little—and as teaching too much, that is, something positively false.

For the very reason, then, that Protestants condemn our schools, should Catholics, at the present time, be zealous in their support—because the Catechism is, and always will be taught therein, as containing all that it is absolutely necessary for man to know. The Church desires that the Catechism

may be taught to all her children, from their youth upwards, not merely to impress it upon their memories, and to enable them, parrot-like, to repeat it with their lips; but that it may be graven upon their hearts, and become the rule of their daily conduct, and of their every action; she teaches it, in order that when about to do anything, they may first pause, and diligently examining themselves as to their motives, ascertain whether, in what they purpose, the honor and glory of God, or the advancement of self, be predominant. If the former, she bids them, in His name, go on, and prosper—but if the latter, if they are but seeking their own profit—the gratification of their own lusts, or pride, her voice is heard calling upon them to desist—because man is placed on earth, not to do his own will, but the will of his Father who is in Heaven.

Not only is the Catechism useful for children, but for grown men, for the rich as well as for the poor, for the learned as well as for the simple; there is no age, no condition of life, at, or in which it may not be studied with profit, as containing the true foundation of all philosophy worthy of the name. We think it no reproach to be told, that a knowledge of the Catechism is the principal knowledge imparted in Catholic schools; we rather accept it as a high homage to the excellence of the Catholic educational system, because a knowledge of which society stands most in need, at the present day. We have plenty of reformers, moral and political—plenty of lawyers, statesmen, and merchants—plenty of philosophers, of geologists, mathematicians, and men of science—what we want are men of faith—sound Christians—servant Catholics—men who do thoroughly know, and practise the lessons of the Catechism—even if they know nothing else.

CITY ELECTION.

The polling for the city election, commenced on Wednesday morning, and with the exception of a disturbance in the St. Antoine Ward, the first day passed off quietly enough, Messrs. Young and Papineau being a-head at the close of the first day's polling. The Pilot gives the following account of the row in the St. Antoine Ward, but it is always difficult to ascertain the true particulars of an election fight:—

About two o'clock in the afternoon an attack was made by between two or three hundred of the Rouge party on the poll in Mountain Street, St. Antoine Suburbs. These persons suddenly made their appearance with several sleighs filled with bludgeons, and so armed, made a most murderous attack on a few Irishmen who were on the spot, beating two of them so severely that they had to be taken to the hospital. They also fired several pistol shots, and wounded one Irishman severely in the arm. Fortunately, a party of police, with Captain McGrath, were near at hand, and succeeded in capturing two sleighs, with a large number of sticks, and several prisoners. It is allowed on all hands that the attack was entirely unprovoked—the voting was uninterrupted at the time, and had been so all day. Indeed it is fully exhibited by the result of yesterday, that with twenty-one polling places, anything like continuous interruption by violence is impossible. This is the second or third time similar attacks have been made during the election by the rouge party, and we trust the public will mark it.

Thursday, the second day of polling, passed off as quietly as Wednesday, thanks to the precautions taken by the authorities, and to the imposing display of constables, and military. Mons. Larocque retired from the contest at about one p.m.; and we understand that his friends, who had not voted, contributed to place Mr. Badgley a-head of his opponent, Mons. Papineau. The following is the result of the pole:

Young,	-	-	1321
Badgley,	-	-	1235
Papineau,	-	-	1164
Larocque,	-	-	934
Devins,	-	-	989

To the Editor of the True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

ST. PATRICK'S HOSPITAL.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a statement exhibiting the expenses and probable resources of the St. Patrick's Hospital. From the joint report of the gentlemen at present in gratuitous attendance on the St. Patrick's Hospital, it appears that each bed of a hospital, when occupied throughout the year, is estimated in the London, Quebec, and Montreal hospitals, at a yearly cost of £6 5s. And if we deduct from this, the sum of £1 5s., on account of hospital rent and nurse's fees, both which are saved to us, by having the use of the St. Jerome Asylum for the present, at a nominal charge, with the nuns to superintend the sick, we have each bed at the annual cost of £5.

Now, if the ordinary term of treatment, in the various cases of disease, one with another, which fall within a hospital yearly, be put at one-half month, each bed would be able to afford accommodation to twenty-four patients annually, or one hundred beds to twenty-four hundred patients, at a cost of £500. The cases of outdoor relief, from gratuitous advice and medicine, to all who seek it, cost, at an average, 1s. each.

With regard to the resources: There are fourteen thousand Irish Catholics in Montreal, as ascertained by our clergy, having sundry national and humane societies of their own; and the combined efforts of these societies, properly constitute our first resource. And if we can but find a few hundred Irish and other Catholics, within this city and district, able and willing to pay a qualification fee of £5 as governors, and 4 dollars yearly afterwards as members, (these being likely to be the terms come to) we have another respectable resource. Then, passing over the sessional fee of medical students, and the infinite variety of private offerings from rich and poor, we have an indisputable claim, to a share at least, of the government annual grant of £1,000, at present made from the emigrant tax to the English hospital, on account of the emigrant sick, whom, in part at all events, we propose, here-

after, to accommodate. This claim we will always be in a position to enforce, if we be but thoroughly united. More than this: we may be able ere long to address ourselves to another matter, hopeful as regards our material prosperity and political standing, and not only patriotic on our part as Irish Canadians, but as Irishmen—having regard as well to the influence which we ought to be ambitious of one day exercising on the fortunes of the "poor old country," by encouraging her trade and manufactures as they arise; I mean the colonising of our people on the public lands.

When our hospital shall be built, for the accommodation of the emigrant, we may erect in connection with it an Emigrant Lodging House, like that in Liverpool, wherein the friendless stranger shall be free from extortion and temptation while resting a day, and learning his first lesson in independence, ere directed on his way up the valley of the Ottawa or elsewhere, to parts pointed out for his future home. This Emigrant Lodging House would constitute another resource to our hospital, which would continue till whole Irish constituencies were formed; while lodging accommodation is all that would be needful, as our Irish retailers generally could agree to supply the place daily with every necessary, and even to give and receive orders from the settlers afterwards, through the office of the establishment.

At present, from the want of something of this kind, the poor, persecuted Celt, bowed down in manhood under many wrongs, and no longer the type of chivalry and daring, sinks, as he arrives, into the slums of our cities, and there loses his virtues and his hopes together. Or, if he does bravely penetrate into the "bush," he is as likely to settle down upon some conceded lot there, to become the "rack-rent-tenant" hereafter, of some one of those numerous patentees, whose parcelsments fill whole cases in the provincial archives; but who, regardless of the proviso in their patents, which make it incumbent on them to make certain improvements, within specified periods of time, leave them to the poor "squatter" to make, when they will infallibly fall upon him in such fashion, as to prove to his utter satisfaction, that he is still within the pale of civilised life!

The few, however, who do succeed in becoming proprietors, afford us all encouragement by the progress which they make. The surveyors sent out from the Crown Lands Department, say that they can earn some shillings daily at making potash, and in this way support themselves, while clearing their lots and preparing them for cultivation.

The evil attending all popular schemes, which have for object sympathy and assistance to the emigrant, is the inducement thereby held out to emigrate. But, in any thing which we can devise for ameliorating the lot of our people, there is surely too little of inducement to win the patriot from his native land. We may, in this way, however, preserve the virtues warm of those who are already here, until a land-law shall be passed for Ireland, when the "Celtic Exodus" will likely be reversed, and men be for revisiting the tombs of their fathers, and turning their experience and skill to some account, in building up the fortunes of the poor old island.

Montreal, Dec. 1, 1851.

M.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

SIR,—The efforts attempted, by a few foolish, and I might say, misguided and bigoted men, to revolutionise Europe, and, if possible, to overthrow the Catholic faith, compel me to trespass on your columns. Every one of your numerous readers must have heard or read something of Kossuth, and his famous, bigoted speech in England, wherein he referred to his being a Protestant from his birth, and from conviction.—It is certain, Sir, that this great hero of Hungary, —this mighty defender of Protestantism, is in league with the enemies of the Catholic Church, (Mazzini and Garibaldi, the foul murderers of the Pope's Secretary, Rossi, on whose heads the blood of that good and innocent man rests); and their principal aim is, the overthrow of the Chair of St. Peter; they have another object in view,—to stop the onward progress of Catholicity; and to effect, if it can be effected, its entire destruction. What a foolish thought! what an absurdity! As well might they endeavor to stop the sun's course, or the stream from flowing and contributing to swell the larger rivers, as to think of retarding the onward strides of Catholicity. It is a fact, Sir, which no one can deny, that the Catholic faith is making wonderful progress in England; nor do Catholics feel surprised at this. The conversion of those eminent and learned men in England and Scotland, causes no great stir in the Catholic press. It merely inserts the fact. Neither are they afraid of the downfall of their Church. She is built upon a rock, and has the promises of Christ with her,—"And lo, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." But, Sir, Protestants have every reason to be in dread of the downfall of their church—the State Establishment.

Speaking of the present condition of the Church of England, the London Weekly Times (a High Church organ), says:—

"The unparalleled disorders that affect both the faith and discipline of the Protestant Church, demand the strictest scrutiny. It is lamentably deficient of those visible signs and tokens which should belong to a creed claiming to be Catholic. It is rent and torn by doctrinal squabbles—it is arrogant in its bigoted teachings."

Listen again, O ye Church of England sycophants, —ye, who would extol to the skies, the purity, the simplicity, the unity! of your church. Listen, I say, and be amazed at what the London Weekly Times says again:—

"It (the Protestant Church) is a foul mess of heterogeneous equivocations. As an establishment it is destitute of all the characteristics of a national Church—its authority is disobeyed, and set at naught by large bodies, who uphold opinions differing from those of its

own members. Its whole affairs, both temporal and spiritual, are in such a state of confusion, that the human mind is annoyed at such a crazed system of religious teaching having endured so long. No other church in the world, possesses such a body of heretical ministers. The whole of them have swallowed the 39 articles; notwithstanding which, we have Popish churchmen—Baptist churchmen—Methodist churchmen—Unitarian churchmen, and every description of opponents, of the several doctrines that agitate the Christian world to its foundation. The last thorn planted in the church's side, was the schism on the subject of Baptismal regeneration, and it has added so largely to the already too well developed seeds of discontent, that the mind of the church is in a state of revolution; its dissensions have destroyed its individuality, and the fragments have been handed over to a greedy leaves-and-fishes loving multitude of bitter-tongued Parsons. As to the immorality and vices of many of its ministers, they are so notorious, that the scandal is regarded as one of the sins of the age.

"Numbers of its clergy uphold Unitarian principles—deny the Trinity; and yet, rather than submit to a pecuniary sacrifice by seceding, they would cling to their pulpits, until the last thread of their gowns had been torn from their backs."

So much, Sir, for the leaves-and-fishes loving clergy—ministers of the church, by law established. Now, for the good character, which the Times gives to this Bible-preached church of England. It says:

"The Church of England, in fact, is rotten to the core—it is an abomination in the land."

Well, Protestants of Montreal, what say ye to this. Mind, the quotations are from a Protestant—a High Church—organ. How can it be possible that men, with open eyes, can be found, in the present enlightened times, to remain in a church, thus described. Comment is, unquestionably, not necessary. Men of judgment, men of information, who can judge for themselves, must see something very strange in all this. Protestants should say to themselves—"There must be something wrong in the Protestant church—it has no fixed standard of faith to guide us—no fixed rule to lead us to the fountain of grace—our ministers cannot agree—our church is carried to and fro by every wind of doctrine."

I say, Protestants are bound, if they regard the salvation of their souls, to reason thus. If they do not, the words of Scripture are surely verified, "They have ears, and they hear not; they have eyes, and they see not."

Such, Mr. Editor, is the description given by the Times of the disorganised and confused state of the Protestant church—a church (to quote the words of the Times) which is an "abomination in the land"—a church which has no fixed doctrine to guide its members to the fountain of happiness, which can raise doubts, but which cannot solve them.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
CATHOLICS.

To the Editor of the True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,—Happening to read some of your late remarks on those religions which take their rise from the many fiery zealots, who twist the sacred volume to suit their whims and fancies, I thought it would not be amiss to expose a circumstance, to confirm your observations regarding the result or consequence of the real Protestant principles, or system, truly carried out. No one can rightly understand the effects of the Bible mania, into which so many deluded wretches are ensnared, so long as duty does not bring him into contact with any of the infected; neither can one imagine the excess or exertions to which the delusion is carried. To be brief, the substance amounts to this: that common sense, or the rules of common politeness, seem, sometimes, to have no bearing, whilst an individual is under the influence of such guides as a heretical brawler, the fancies of a heated imagination, and the sacred writings profaned by their 2000* corruptions. I chanced yesterday evening to accompany our Rev. Pastor, who had been sent for on a sick call, and I learned, from experience, the direful consequences of bibliomania. No sooner did the Clergyman enter the apartment of the infirm, than a man of no ordinary size, and father to the sick person, stood up, rather overawed at seeing the clergyman about to enter on his sacred functions. As soon as the Priest approached the bed of the dying woman, the father and mother rushed forward, seemingly determined to prevent the Priest from doing his duty. Upon the Priest's remonstrances, the mother ran out bawling—"Oh! are you to be lost?—the hand of flesh!—if the hand of flesh is stronger than Jesus Christ—the hand of flesh! oh! John come away!" The Priest finally succeeded in getting them out of the room, and was about putting on his surplice and stole, when the mother cried out, "The cross—oh! the cross on his breast!" and rushed once more, with the huge father, into the room. The latter stooped once more over his daughter, saying something which seemed to act very powerfully on the poor, weak woman's mind. "Allow me," said the Priest, "to speak a few words more to the poor soul." "Oh no, I stay here," said the masculine fellow, who seated himself on the side of the bed, and interrupted at every word, so that the clergyman had to leave the room. Whilst the Priest was putting on his coat to leave, the mother recovering from her faint, cried out—"I would sooner confess my sins to that dog than to a Priest." The clergyman entered the room once more, but to no purpose—the poor sick person seemed to wish to defer until another time. Though she had been crying for a Priest, and near her last moments, still those wretched parents were beyond the reach of understanding. They had belonged to the church of England, and were afterwards linked to some ranting-house in the States. Behold the fruit in destroying the peace of mind of their daughter, and casting her into despair!!

This, like the scenes of the General Hospital, needs of course no comments; the facts speak for themselves; convincing, at the same time, any man endowed with the least particle of common sense, of the dire effects which may be produced by upstart preachers, and charity suffocated by self-conceit, prejudice, and bigotry.

This, Mr. Editor, is only a faint idea of a scene in the back woods, but is a real one, given by
AN EYE WITNESS.

Gananoque, Nov. 26, 1851.

* Bishop Tunstall.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE ASSEMBLY.—The rejection of the *urgency* of the electoral law proposed by government did not, as was expected, end in referring the measure to the tardy consideration of the *Conseil d'Etat*. The Assembly, on Thursday week, decided to transfer it to a committee, feeling probably the danger of keeping the country in suspense. The majority, at meetings held at the houses of M.M. Daru and Molé, had already fully resolved on throwing out the measure, and accordingly the committee, which met on Friday to examine the bill, having appointed M. Molé its President, and M. Daru its reporter, at once decided on its rejection. M.M. Baroche, Léon Faucher, Fould, de Montalembert, de Broglie, and Cavagnac, all spoke strongly against the measure. M. de Broglie declared that for the Assembly to yield now would be to vote its own annihilation.

At the sitting of the Assembly on Tuesday, M. Daru presented the report of the committee, urging the Assembly not to agree to the abrogation of the law of May 31, as proposed by the government, which would be a stultification of themselves, and a yielding to threats most unbecoming to the Assembly. The discussion was fixed for Thursday.

There is as yet very little prospect of an arrangement between the two powers.

Many timid persons are giving credit to a rumor, that if the new electoral bill be rejected there will be an *emette* on the occasion of the election in Paris on the 30th Nov.—One would have supposed that these announcements of *emettes*, after so many proofs of their being utterly unfounded, would now have no effect. As regards the prediction for the 30th, I can assert that there is not the slightest thing to give importance to it. The only thing to be feared for the 30th is, that there will not be voters enough to secure the return of the candidate, whoever he may be.

I wish there was nothing to alarm us but conjectures of disturbances. Unfortunately the crisis has produced an evil greater than a street row, which could be suppressed in a few minutes by the armed force. Trade of every kind is paralysed, and if there be not soon a solution to the dispute between the two powers, Paris will be in almost as bad a state as it was in 1848. The funds alone are steady, but, under existing circumstances, this is no criterion of confidence.—*Globe Correspondent*.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 15TH.—The sitting of the Assembly to-day afforded a new instance of the utter absence of parliamentary decorum for which the proceedings of that body have become notorious. A perfect storm was excited by the "interpellations" of which M. Sartin had given notice; but all storms subside, if you only give them time, and at length this hubbub lost so much of its intensity as to permit the assembly to pass to the order of the day.

MILITARY POWER OF THE ASSEMBLY.—It will be recollected that the constitution grants the power to the Assembly to call out and dispose of any number of troops which it may consider necessary for its defence. The words "dispose of" would by ordinary people be considered as implying the nomination of the commander of the troops in question, especially as in a subsequent clause it is added that the President of the Assembly can issue his orders to all military and civil functionaries; but it is certainly not explicitly stated that the Assembly should have the power of nominating the general to command the troops. Unfortunately for themselves, the questors of the Assembly have a lawyer among their number (M. Baze), who discovered what he considered an omission, and who determined to show his zeal by endeavoring to have it supplied. No one had hitherto doubted the power of the Assembly to nominate its own general, but he, instead of saying nothing about the matter, which was the course prudence would have dictated, proclaimed the doubt to the world by introducing a declaratory bill. A more mischievous proceeding could not be conceived, for it at the same time throws doubt on the powers of the Assembly, and enables Louis Napoleon to stand up for what he is entitled to consider an invasion of his prerogatives.

The Court of Appeal at Nismes has sentenced Rosette Tamisier to six months' imprisonment, and sixteen francs fine, for the affair of the picture at St. Saturnin.

SPAIN.

MADRID, Nov. 5.—The chambers were opened to-day by a decree of the crown. There was no speech. A vote of thanks to the army and the inhabitants of Cuba was moved by Benavides, and carried unanimously. The minister has refused to suppress the *Nacion* on the demand of the Pope's nuncio, on account of the general indignation caused by the suppression of the *Europa*, the radical evening paper. However, the *Nacion* and four other morning prints have had informations filed against them by the fiscal.—*Daily News*.

ITALY.

Strangers are beginning to arrive in great numbers, chiefly Prussian, German, and English, but very few French. A certain number of the French Bishops are expected, probably five or six at least will arrive to make their visit *ad limine*. Among the strangers of distinction at present in Rome is Silvio Pellico. The *Corps Diplomatique* is also assembling. M. d'Useedom, the Prussian Minister, arrived two months ago; M. de Bouteneif, the Russian Minister, only a few days since; as also M. de Liedekerke, the Belgian Minister; and M. de Venda Cruz, the Portuguese Minister.

There is also talk in the Piedmontese journals of the speedy arrival of a Sardinian envoy, who is to

resume, if possible, the negotiations relative to the Concordat.

Mgr. Valerga, Patriarch of Jerusalem, left for that city on the 22nd. This Prelate, consecrated by the Sovereign Pontiff in 1847, is the first Patriarch who, since the Holy Land was in the hands of the infidels, has had the mission to reside in Jerusalem. Before him, the Patriarchs decorated with this title, like those of Constantinople, lived away from their see. The tolerance happily introduced into the Ottoman empire, the establishment at Jerusalem of a Protestant bishopric, the titular of which resided, the desire of raising again a see so illustrious, and of giving a more efficacious protection to Catholic interests, and of furthering the restitution of the Holy Land usurped by schism, were the motives for deciding on this measure.

The *Bologna Gazette* of the 29th ult. publishes the following notification of Count Nobili, commander of the 8th corps of the Austrian army:—

"At the moment when Nicholas Moschini, lieutenant of the Pontifical Gendarmes, was entering his barracks on the 8th of July last, he was stabbed in the back with a stiletto, and expired almost immediately. The murderer escaped in consequence of the terror he inspired, but, having been since arrested at Cesena, he was recognised to be an individual named Artidoro Branzanti, who had formerly been confined at Ravenna for a robbery committed in France. As no proof, however, could be adduced he was restored to liberty. Branzanti pleaded his innocence of the murder of Moschini, but was nevertheless sentenced by court-martial to twenty years' hard labor."

AUSTRIA.

Terrible floods are again desolating parts of Upper Austria and the southern portions of the monarchy. The Drave has inundated southern Styria and the communications with Croatia over the Save are interrupted. The Isenzo has likewise overflowed its banks, and, with the sole exception of the line of road between Bruck and Klagenfurt, all the roads in Carinthia are under water. Similar accounts come in from the Venetian provinces, the Adige, the Muso, and the Tagliamento having burst their boundaries, and overspread the country with desolation. On the 2d instant the grand square of St. Marc, at Venice, was under water, and only accessible in gondolas. All this devastation is attributable to the heavy fall of snow that has lately covered the mountains of the Tyrol.

HANOVER.

The state of health of his Majesty during the last few days has been of a hopeless nature. On the night between Tuesday and Wednesday his decease was hourly expected, and the Crown Prince was sent for. Since yesterday a change for the better has taken place.

KOSSUTH.

(From the *Dublin Freeman*.)

What is Kossuth? Kossuth is an unsuccessful "insurgent"—a fugitive Mitchel of Hungary—the Robert Emmet of Eastern Europe—the Smith O'Brien of England for doing that in Hungary which Irishmen have been hanged for even attempting in their native land. In behalf of Kossuth, the theoretical "justice" by which the affairs of Ireland are conducted has been suspended or outraged with the most barefaced audacity. It cannot assuredly be consistent with "justice" to eulogise Kossuth to the skies, and to hang or banish an Irishman for performing the same deeds! A native of Hungary who revolts against Austria is greeted in Britain as a demi-god; while a native of Ireland who revolts against unparalleled oppression is transported as the blackest villain. The very efforts which are held meritorious in the one, are punished as offences of the deadliest type in the other, and by the same "just judges." Had M. Kossuth performed the same acts beside the Shannon which he has attempted beside the Theiss, far from being feasted in England by civic adulators, he would be hanged on another "Tyburn-tree," with the hearty concurrence of those very men who now feast and fete him. Fortunately it is for M. Kossuth that he is not a native of Ireland! In that case, the newspapers which extol him as a hero, would denounce him as a "diabolical incendiary." Had his name been Milesian, and his birth-place Donegal, he would be pursued with curses and howled at with loathing.

We cannot understand how it is that "insurrection," when it is exotic, smells so sweetly in English nostrils, while the same flower is trampled with horror when found budding near home! Why should not Irish rebels come in for a modicum of the admiration which is lavished with so generous a profusion on the rebels of Hungary? When Irishmen resist oppression, the rope is hung out and the coffin is made ready; while, if a foreigner perpetrate the very same action, the table is prepared and the feast is seen to smoke! The foreign rebel is embraced as a brother, and the money-loving English encircle him with salutations and bellow forth hosannas, and bray their veneration in all the modulations of the great gamut of donkey-ism.

It is plain, however, to the most superficial observer that the adulation bestowed on Kossuth in England is false and grossly hypocritical. There is no sincere love for human liberty in the hearts of those who cram their stomachs at the groaning tables where Kossuth plays the orator. They have no real love of patriotism—no hearty passion for the struggles of an uprising people, else those attributes would be admired in every lover of his country; and the Shannon and the Theiss, the Suir and the Danube, Buda and Dublin, would be all the same to them.

In estimating the value of England's sympathy for Kossuth's struggle, it must not be forgotten that the stimulus which roused the Hungarian to revolt was by no means so urgent as were the stimulants in operation nearer home. The sorrows of Kossuth's country were not so dark as the sorrows of Ireland. Hungary under the protection of the house of Hapsburg was a paradise when compared to that country of which it has been said so truly by an English writer:—"No description can describe it. No parallel exists, or has ever existed, to illustrate it. No province of the Roman Empire

ever presented half the wretchedness of Ireland. At this day the mutilated Fellah of Egypt, the savage Hottentot and the New Hollander, the New Zealander, the Negro slave, the live chattel of Carolina and of Cuba, enjoy a paradise in comparison with the condition of the Irish peasant—that is to say of the mass of the Irish nation."

We repeat, under the shadow of the double-headed eagle—dark though that shadow was—the incentives to revolt were not so stimulant as those described by Sergeant Byles, from whose book we have quoted, to exist under English misrule. There was no Golgotha like Kilmish in the fertile valley of the Drave or the Danube. The dead men were not devoured by dogs, as they were at Skull and Skibbereen! The Hungarian peasants enjoyed rights and comforts for which the serfs in Ireland still vainly implore. They enjoyed a tenant-right—the principle of compensation for labor was recognised in Hungary; or, to use the language of Malte Brun, "the peasants could not be turned out of their farms until they were indemnified for labor" bestowed upon such farms. The Hungarian peasant was generously fed and warmly clothed.

Those palsy gormandisers who gobble victuals and drink to honor Kossuth in the presence of his exiled companions should blush for shame at the contrast between the Irish peasant and the Hungarian boor.—They should cover their moon faces when they offer sympathy and roast beef to a revolutionist who, comparatively speaking, had so little reason for rebellion as this Hun, and applaudingly acquiesce in the banishment of Smith O'Brien, whose reasons for rebellion were so strong and powerful. The bigoted Kossuth is far less worthy of honor and eulogy than Smith O'Brien, who was no bigot. His countrymen were not threatened by famine like those of the Irish chief. His attempt, heroic and gallant though the struggle was, has been crushed with as ready a tyranny. Wherefore, then, should he be extolled if Smith O'Brien is proscribed. The Hungarian Mitchel—this Magyar Emmet is not a whit more illustrious or glorious, if judged by the motives that impelled, and not by the quantity of blood that flowed, than the Mitchel of Emmet of Ireland. If, then, the English sincerely love patriotism, let them feast the Irish rebels. They need not go to Hungary for machinators of rebellion! When we produce Kossuths the English hang them—the Hungarians produce Mitchels, and the English hug them. Let the gluttonous gormandisers be just to our productions. Why should not a rebel from Dublin be as acceptable as a rebel from Pesth?

THE POPE AND LORD MINTO.

The *Freeman's Journal* gives the following narration of a dialogue which is stated to have taken place between the Pope and the Earl of Minto:—

"Within the last few days we have been put in possession of the following particulars of an incident connected with this very subject, which we would recommend to the attention of any person, lay or clerical, in Ireland, who may be inclined to attach importance to the project. The incident appertains to this very matter of a state provision for the Catholic Priesthood in this country; and we make no doubt but the report of the same facts was reposing in black and white in the portfolio of Lord John Russell when he issued his ukase against the Catholic Episcopacy of the kingdom. The narrative rests upon the authority of one who tells it upon the evidence of a person who, we believe, heard it from the lips of his Holiness himself. Amongst the several topics which occupied the attention of Lord Minto in his late quasi-official and memorable mission to Rome, the question of a state provision for the Irish Priesthood held a prominent place. In a special and quasi-diplomatic interview with the Pontiff, Lord Minto introduced the subject, and expressed to his Holiness the great anxiety of the British Cabinet to provide for the more decent maintenance of the Irish Clergy. He made no secret of the wish of the government to attach the Clergy more closely to the ruling body in the empire by means of the proposed state provision. 'Some Ecclesiastics in Ireland,' said Lord Minto, 'more turbulent than others, and, in consequence of their present independence of the government, more free to express their sentiments, succeed in creating feelings of discontent with certain of the acts of the English cabinet.' 'I am not aware,' observed his Holiness in reply, 'that Ecclesiastics in Ireland possess any Ecclesiastical immunities or exemptions from the civil law.' 'Nor do they,' was the answer of Lord Minto. 'Well, then,' said his Holiness, 'if they violate the civil law, you punish them?' 'Certainly,' continued his lordship. 'So far, then,' said his Holiness, 'you show cause against the necessity of my interference.'

"His lordship continued to urge the propriety of providing a state pension for the Clergy, as one of the means of connecting them in closer bonds of union with the government. His Holiness, upon being thus urged, expressed his readiness to co-operate with the British cabinet in bringing about such a consummation, and continued by observing that 'if he was correctly informed there was an immense amount of property confiscated by the state from the Catholic Church in Ireland, and handed over to another Clergy, whose flocks formed only a fractional portion of the Irish population.' Lord Minto admitted the truth of the statement. 'Well, then,' said his Holiness, 'restore this property to its rightful owners.' 'The British Sovereign,' observed his lordship, 'would sooner part with the brightest gem in her diadem than give up the temporalities of the Established Church in Ireland.' 'Upon no other condition,' concluded his Holiness, 'shall I ever give my consent to have the Irish Priesthood accept a state provision from the British government.'

"The moral deducible from the foregoing narrative, the truthfulness of which rests upon indisputable authority, is twofold. The conversation in which his Holiness's hostility to an enslaving pension was so clearly expressed was known to the Whigs, and yet they would fain persuade us that such a state pension was a legitimate subject for discussion amongst the Irish Catholic body. In the next place, the same narrative discloses in the most glaring manner the moral depravity of the leaders of the present English cabinet.—The very men who, in the year 1848, were anxious to secure not only a legal existence in all its integrity for the Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland, but to tax the empire some millions sterling per annum for their support, turn round in the year 1850, and, without any alteration in their conviction, have the shameless effrontery to come down to the House of Commons with a bill purporting to ignore and destroy the legal existence of the very same Episcopacy. There is in this an extent of political knavery to which we hardly imagined that even Whig baseness could descend."

PROTESTANT BISHOPS AS THEY ARE.

What asks the *Morning Chronicle*. "It is the abstract conception of an English Bishop—the *de facto* Bishop? It is that of a dignified Clergyman made up of equal parts of proctor and registrar-general, whose function it is to keep things straight, to discourage extreme people, to put the best face upon things in general, and to see only what it is convenient to see, or impossible to affect not to see." Of Anglican Episcopal charges, the same journal remarks:—"They do for the most part say nothing—only they have got the knack of saying that nothing in the most offensive way—or rather, perhaps, they come to nothing, for by simply clearing the board, by snubbing everybody, by proscribing everything, by vexing and irritating every variety and shade of earnestness, by paring down zeal and consistency wherever it inconveniently manifests itself, and, by forecasting dangers in every direction, every scheme is clouded with suspicions, while hesitation, doubt, distrust, irresolution, and vacillation are encouraged and invited. The only parties who escape scathless from a visitation are, we fear, those who are least worthy of respect—those who certainly are not innovators simply because they try nothing, think nothing, teach nothing, and do nothing." We quite agree with most of these observations, as characterising very forcibly and truly the notion which Anglican Superintendents appear to entertain of the duties of the Episcopal office. At the same time, there is one subject unnoticed by our contemporary, on which the Anglican Superintendents take care that their teaching shall be highly positive, and that its drift shall not be misunderstood by the humblest of their flocks. Witness a charge lately delivered by the "Bishop of Oxford," of the principal portion of which we give an abstract in the following paragraphs:—

"THE BISHOP OF OXFORD" ON CATHOLICISM.

"The Bishop of Oxford" (Dr. S. Wilberforce) delivered a charge to his Clergy on Thursday, the 6th inst., in which he stated that the chief dangers he apprehended were "Romanism" on the one hand, and infidelity on the other. Yet, as to the first he said—"I have no apprehension that there will be any large defection of our people to that corrupt Church. The prevalent temper of the present day appears to me to be hostile to her pretensions, and proof against her efforts. The Romish agents may accomplish something among the teeming population of our large towns, where our Church has scarcely yet fixed its seat, and among whom the other sects languidly subsist; but where, with her usual subtlety, Rome makes the main object of her efforts; but I do not believe that they will ever bring again the masses of this country to believe in superstitions which they detest—in impostures which their forefathers detected, and in corruptions which have no temptations for them." He admitted, indeed, the fact that though Rome "made no impression on the masses of our army," she had, nevertheless, "borne away leaders, some of whom had left behind them no superior for power of intellect and for devotion of the soul to the cause of God."—This unpleasant phenomenon, led the Bishop "to allude to some of the chief instruments by which Romish artifices triumph, and against which, therefore, it was necessary to be upon their guard." What were these artifices? The Bishop considered that in a great number of cases the approach of "the enemy" had been through the feelings and not the understanding. Hence he advised his Clergy not so much to fortify themselves with new arguments, as "conscientiously to guard their feelings." Then, another artifice was the "undervaluing the palpable corruptions of the Papacy." Most of these preserved some truth, and an "ingenious" [did he mean fair and honorable?] "mind will love to follow up the train of thought till he comes to where the falsehood joins to the truth, and where the evil is explained. There is no more safety for him who has reached that point." Then Rome had many attractions. "One will be overcome by the apparent want of unity in our Church; another by his soul being tremblingly desirous to secure his own safety. Absolution may betray a third. A fourth may fall from the deceitful halo of holiness which invests religious vows, religious orders, and mortifications of the body, while lighter minds are led astray by things not more substantial than the incense of the altars and the decorations of the Priests." The great remedy was to keep clearly in view "the great corruptions of the Romish Church, and to beware of 'tampering with temptation' [i.e., steadily resist the grace of God pleading with their souls].—*Tablet*.

FRANKLIN'S POLAR EXPEDITION.

A fresh effort is about to be made in a region hitherto untried, to discover traces of this long-missing expedition. From the remains found at Cape Riley it is now pretty generally inferred that the exploring vessels passed through Wellington Strait, beyond which and to the north of the Parry Islands it is thought by many geographers and navigators that they would meet with a more open or "Polar" Sea. It is also believed that Franklin himself had resolved to endeavor to reach the longitude of Behring's Strait by sailing westwards in such Polar Sea. On these dates Lieutenant Pim, a zealous and able officer, who has served on board her Majesty's surveying-ship *Herald*, Capt. Kellett, in Behring's Strait, has formed the following plan of research:—

He conceives that when Franklin reached the longitude of Behring's Strait he would be foiled in all his efforts to get southwards through the one only passage from meeting with a great east and west barrier of ice and land, and that consequently he may have struggled on along its northern shore further to the west, until he became inextricably entangled in a region which, though entirely devoid of human beings, is supposed to abound in animals on which the navigators could subsist. Lieutenant Pim has in consequence suggested the following bold plan of research:—He proposes to leave London on the 18th of November for St. Petersburg to present letters, and to enlist the sympathy of the Russian government in the cause. Supposing that the negotiations with the court of Russia terminated favorably, his track would lead from St. Petersburg to Moscow by railway, from Moscow to Irkutsk by sledges, a distance of 3,544 miles; and from Irkutsk to Takoutz also on sledges, a distance of 1,891 miles, the whole journey occupying about four months. At Takoutz all regular travelling conveniences terminate, and the 1,200 miles to the river Kolyman, as well as the 2,000 miles of search, would have to be performed in a manner best adapted to the resources of the country. From the river Kolyman, accompanied by two or three persons only, he would proceed either to the islands of New Siberia and others visited by Wrangel and Anjou, or in whatever other direction he

may be led by the information obtained from the Samoyedes, who roam farthest towards the north in those parallels of longitude, there occupying himself those parallels of longitude during two or more years. In a thorough survey during two or more years. In 1854 the task might be completed, if unfortunately before that time no traces should have been found.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE BREVET.—The Brevet was published in the Gazette of Tuesday evening. Its extent has been finally settled, as follows:—Lieutenants-general of 1837 to be generals; majors-general of 1841 to be lieutenant-generals; colonels of 1841, as far as Chamblin, to be majors-general; colonels of 1841, as far as Lieutenant Johnston, 87th foot, to be colonels; as Lieutenants of 1841 to be lieutenants-colonel; captains of 1845 to be majors.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—The Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition have reported to the Queen on the general objects to which they consider it desirable to devote the surplus funds. The commissioners have come to the conclusion that after discharging all the expenses of the Exhibition, they have exhausted the powers of their charter, and have no authority to deal with the surplus. Under these circumstances, they solicit her Majesty to grant a royal charter, empowering them to recommend a scheme for the disposal of the surplus. They recommend that something should be done, as far as possible open and equal to all nations, which may increase the means of industrial education, and extend the influence of science and art upon productive industry. The actual surplus cannot be safely estimated at much over £150,000 out of £505,000, the gross receipts of the Exhibition.

The charge of the police force at and during the Exhibition was £10,000.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY IN LONDON.—On Monday the annual ceremony of inaugurating the Lord Mayor of the city of London took place, with all the pomp and civic parade for which this time-honored "show" has ever been celebrated. The inaugural banquet in the evening at the Guildhall, excited the usual interest, and the guests began to arrive early. The members of the government were well received; and when Lord John Russell entered the hall, and crossed it to proceed to the reception-room; his appearance was the signal for general cheering. It was a remarkable circumstance that at this civic feast no representative of a foreign power was visible, and the consequence was that the usual toast of "The Foreign Ministers," was on this occasion omitted.—Freeman.

THE CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, HAMMERSMITH.—On Friday se'night, Angelina Adams, alias Mary Anne Burke, the young woman at whose instigation the Board of Guardians of the Fulham Union took out a summons against a Nun in the Convent of the Good Shepherd, at Hammersmith, for an alleged assault on the prisoner, while in that institution, was finally examined before Mr. Paynter, on a charge of having committed wilful perjury in the evidence she gave in the case. Mr. T. Alley Jones, solicitor, of Hammersmith and Clifford's-inn, attended for the prosecution, instituted by the board of guardians. The facts of the case having recently appeared in our journal, a short statement of the evidence will suffice. The prisoner, in her examination before Mr. Paynter at the hearing of the charge against the Nun, stated that she had been about six weeks an inmate of the Good Shepherd, and shortly after her admission her hair had been forcibly cut off by the Nun without her consent, and while held by two of the Nuns. Evidence was, however, called for the defendant, which proved that the whole of her evidence in the case was a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end; and Mr. Paynter, at the close of the examination, ordered the prisoner to be put to the bar to answer for the perjury she had committed, and she was remanded. The depositions of the witnesses, which were clear and conclusive of the offence, were now taken. Mr. Paynter fully committed her to Newgate for trial.—Tribune.

THE MAYNOOTH GRANT.—The Morning Herald announces an alliance of clergymen of various denominations, and of members of Parliament, formed for the purpose of bringing the public voice to bear upon Parliament, in the matter of the grant to Maynooth. A public meeting will be held in London, some time in the course of the present month, at which the whole matter will be considered, and it is expected that the example thus set by the Metropolis will be promptly followed by all the great towns of the United Kingdom. Letters from Edinburgh and Glasgow promise the warmest support that the people of Scotland can give. And Dublin, which in 1845 was apathetic, now declares its determination to be foremost in the fray.

HOW THEY TAKE CARE OF THE POOR IN PROTESTANT CITIES.—Some very disgraceful facts, respecting the lodging of Irish paupers in London, have been made known through a case brought up for the adjudication of Mr. Yardley, at the Thames Police-court. Some person, it appears, has contracted with the Middlesex magistrates to remove these unfortunate creatures back to their own country, and to find them maintenance meanwhile. And what a maintenance! Were they only pointers, or rats for the amusement of the Jockey Club, they would be better used. It appears that they are stowed away in a "depot" at Wapping, sometimes being sent there from the unions in a state of filth disgusting to refer to. The place was thus described to the magistrate:—"The pallets and covering were in a dirty state and swarmed with vermin. The place was cheerless and cold. There was no fire in the loft. The food supplied to the inmates during their stay was very scanty indeed. The poor and friendless Irish were often sent to the old loft or warehouse ill or exhausted, and detained there until the steamer bound for the sister country was about to sail, and they were then shovelled on board without any one to look after their welfare." The superintendent of the place told the officer that "the paupers were kept as clean as possible, and that the blankets and bedclothing were washed once a month." As to the bedclothes and coverings being invested with vermin, "he could not help it. Trampers and others, from all parts of the country, came into Middlesex to be passed to Ireland, and they were only supposed to remain in the depot two or three days and nights. Sometimes, however, if there was no steamer ready to carry them away, they remained in the depot ten or twelve days, and he caused them to be cleansed as much as possible."—Weekly News.

A peep into the Ecclesiastical Gazette rapidly cools one's church predilections. In the number for last month, a coming sale in the diocese of Exeter is thus announced:—"To be sold, with a prospect of early possession, the next presentation to a rectory in the most beautiful and picturesque part of North Devon,

close to the meets of the Devon and Somerset stag and fox hounds." One gentleman comes down with a run from things spiritual to things earthly. "The advertiser is a married man, of considerable experience in the ministry, and is truly desirous of pointing his fellow men to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." House near the church indispensable. "Livings are to be sold in all directions with old incumbents nearly run to earth. One charming place is to be had, "only fourteen miles from a fashionable watering-place, on the Suffolk coast;" another, "with an excellent newly-built, middle-sized house, stabling, coach-houses, walled-in garden, lawns, entrance-lodge, cottage, and other buildings, most complete, and conveniently situated to the church."

THE COST OF YOUTHFUL CRIMINALS.—The Magistrates of Liverpool have given some attention to this matter, and have ascertained the cost of apprehending, prosecuting, and punishing fourteen juvenile thieves. Here is the list:—No. 1, cost £129 5s 6d; No. 2, £71 2s 10d; No. 3, £74 1s 10d; No. 4, £71 13s 1d; No. 5, £47 9s 3d; No. 6, £64 6s 6d; No. 7, £99 2s 5d; No. 8, £72 1s 4d; No. 9, £52 9s 7d; No. 10, £64 18s 9d; No. 11, £23 10s 4d; No. 12, £39 8s 10d; No. 13, £26 10s 10d; No. 14, £47 7s 7d. Fourteen little urchins, over whom no proper surveillance had been kept, and to whom no suitable instruction and training had been given, thus cost the ratepayers of Liverpool no less than £889 1s. "These victims of vice," says the Ipswich Express, "are still young, and there may be many a dark and costly page in their history yet. But this is not all. The prison was frequently their home, and they came from it without a friend in the world to love, to guide, or help them, and, as a consequence, became fixed in their dishonest and immoral pursuits. One of the number is dead, and ten of the others are transported. Alas! this is no selected tale. It is the history of every day English life, and for it the English people must, in a great measure, be responsible. It is a question of hard cash, but, more than this, it is a question of duty and Christianity, which sooner or later society will be compelled to take up."—Liverpool Times.

THE SAINT ALBAN'S BRIDERY COMMISSION.—At the sitting on Friday last, the commissioners called on the voters in alphabetical succession, of whom it had been stated that they had received money for their votes at the last election. All these persons had been summoned; and the majority promptly answered to their names. As the respondent placed himself in the box, the question put was "Mr. Edwards has told us that he gave you—for your vote, is that true?" The answer generally was, "Yes." And on the further question being put, "Have you any explanation to offer?" the ordinary reply was, "No." The third question was, "Did you vote at the election in 1847?" and the reply being in the affirmative, it was asked, "Did you receive money for your vote on that occasion?" Perfectly explicit replies were given in each case; and, as if the whole town had come to an arrangement with the commissioners, the demeanor and language of each person was almost precisely the same—in apparent compliance with a positive formula. Occasionally there was some eccentric answering and some amusing explanations. One man acknowledged that he had received the £5; but he was ill in bed at the time, and the money was laid on his chair at his bed-side. "But you got it?" No; I never touched it. "Did you give it back?" "Back! of course not." "Who got it then?" "Why, my missus. But I never seed it." "What did she do with it?" "Why, put in her pocket, most likely." Another man, having acknowledged to the receipt of a bribe at the last election, was asked if he had got anything in 1847. "Of course." "How much?" "£5; always do." Another man got £11 for "vote and services." "What were your services?" "Oh, anything. I was generally useful." One was asked did he receive anything in 1847. The reply was briefly and significantly, "Certainly." One acknowledged to the receipt of money, but he repudiated the idea that anything had been said about his vote. But he did take the money from Edwards, and he did vote for Edwards' candidature; he considered that merely a coincidence, not cause and effect. One dull, heavy fellow, gave the concise "yes" and "no" to all the questions. The supplementary query was then put—who did he vote for in 1847? He was not sure; he thought it was for Mr. Raphael. Many of the persons of the poorer classes of voters were unaffected models of rustic simplicity. They had never been in a court of justice before, and seemed to consider that their principal business in the witness box was to kiss the book incessantly. They were obviously unconscious of there being any degradation in the admissions which they had to make, and seemed greatly puzzled why the commissioners should be at all curious about their arrangements with Mr. Edwards. Mr. Edwards was all and all to them. When they were asked a question they looked at Mr. Edwards, and watched his god-natured face for permission to oblige the inquisitive gentlemen on the bench. One of them was asked, "What sum did you get for your vote?" The answer was, "£5 and upwards." "How much was the upwards?" "Oh, I don't know. I only knows Master Edwards said he got £5 and upwards. I only seed £5. What upwards may be I don't know." Another of the same class was asked, "Did you vote for Mr. Raphael in 1847?" "Mr. Raphael, oh, no, I votes always for Master Edwards." Another was asked, "Did you receive money for your vote in 1847?" The reply was, "I don't recollect; but it was very likely. Master Edwards knows." The only delay in getting the explicit acknowledgments in confirmation of the evidence of Mr. Edwards was in the cases of persons who had sheltered their corruptions under the plea of "services." A publican had received £5 from Edwards. "Was that for your vote?" "No, for my services." "What were your services?" I gave the voters bread and cheese." "Was your bread and cheese worth £5?" "No." "What was it worth?" About 10s? "And what did you do for the £4 10s?" "I advocated Mr. Bell's cause in my house?" "Do you mean you made speeches for him?" "No, but I got all who came to my house on his side." One man was a printer, and he had received £5, and he maintained this £5 was for printing the poll cards; but the items being examined, it was ascertained that he had charged 6d. a piece for the cards." One man was a prizefighter and a publican. He had received £8. This, he insisted, was for keeping the peace. "How did you keep the peace?" "Oh, I does a bit of fighting now and again, but I am never for quarrels; and when I see a scrimmage, I go among 'em, and I generally find they like a quart of beer better nor a punch or two." A very old man, eighty years of age, appeared. He had become possessed of a vote, for the first time in his life, at the last election. "Did you

receive any money?" "Yes." "Who gave it to you?" "No one gave it to me. Edwards put it down on a chair, and I picked it up." "Was that for your vote?" "I heard so afterwards. But Edwards said nought about the vote. He said it was for a Christmas dinner." A very well-dressed voter was very precise. "I got £5. They said it was for my 'services,' but as I never was asked to do anything, I thought it was for my vote, and so I voted. It's the first time I ever had a vote, and I don't want anything to do with that sort of thing again. I don't want a vote." There were many "most respectable" inhabitants in the witness box, and their inevitable revelations afforded immense mirth to the poorer persons in the court. One gentleman, a "master" tradesman, had received £15 from Edwards. But he had not kept all this for himself—half of it went to his brother-in-law, a retired and well-to-do professional man. Another individual, whose appearance betokened the reverse of poverty, confessed that he had received £5. "Did you receive money in 1847?" "No," because I hadn't a vote for them." A "musician" was examined. He had received £5 from Edwards—for "services." What had he done for the money? "Copied three pieces of music for Edwards." He was pressed for a candid answer, and even threatened, but he resolutely repeated that he had never imagined Edwards had meant to buy his vote. "He believed Edwards had given him the money out of charity, for he was at the time distressed; and Edwards had often assisted him before." And, in the end, he had not voted for Mr. Bell.

The men charged with the burglary at Ravelly, near St. Ive's, have been committed for trial. On the occasion of their examination, Mr. Fairley, whose house was entered, and who is described as a "fine specimen of the old British yeoman," narrated the circumstances of the attack with much quaintness:—"I was awakened about eleven o'clock by a noise outside resembling a clap of thunder; the door was down in a moment. I jumped out of bed and went to the window looking into the yard; I could not see the door; I called out, but received no answer; I turned round and got my pistols, and then saw a light at the stair foot. I always sleep with the door open. I went to the door and cried 'Beware!' The light was then withdrawn, but speedily returned, and I saw a man, and fired at him. The man said, 'Oh, you keep those things, do you? We've got plenty of those,' and in a minute or two, he returned the fire, but missed me. I called out to know what they wanted, as I could hear by the whispering that there were more than one. They said they wanted money, and I said I had none, I had paid it all away that morning. They said, 'Come down,' and I replied that I would not. I said, 'Come up two of you, you cowardly rascals, if one's afraid.' They again desired me to come down, saying there were ten of them; and I said, 'I don't care if there were twenty of you, I am prepared for you,' and fired at the man I could see. They returned the fire. They fired five shots at me in all. The man I could see was under cover in a room below. After they had fired three times, they said they would fire the house, but I did not think they would come to that. One said, 'Bring in the straw, and they lit a fire with some bean straw, and fed it with the leaves of a large Bible, the barometer, and the clock-case. They then fetched the instrument they broke the door with, and knocked out the window sash of the room below, and broke the door into the passage. The smoke nearly suffocated me, and I went to the window, and found a man had command of it with a pistol. He threw some stones in. My wife could stand it no longer, and rushed down stairs. They then pushed her in a closet, and shut her in. I fired once after she went down, and one of them called out, 'If you fire again, we will shoot Mrs. Fairley where she stands.' I was then obliged to give up, calling upon them for God's sake to have mercy on my wife. They then came up stairs." In the course of the siege which lasted till three in the morning, Mr. Fairley was wounded in the thigh by a gun-shot, and struck across the kidneys with a poker. Nevertheless, he did not abate his activity and presence of mind. As soon as the burglars had done "enjoying themselves," and the coast was clear, he was in action:—"I asked my wife if she dare sit alone while I went for assistance. She said yes; and I then saddled my horse and rode to Upwood (about a mile), and soon returned with Mr. Wright, the constable, and other parties. The walls at the top of the staircase are marked with shot as though there had been a siege. The balls from my pistol lodged at the bottom of the stairs. They drank and carried off about a dozen and-a-half of (currant) wine." The result of this energetic proceeding was, that two men were found drunk and asleep, each in his separate ditch, and each with evidence about him to warrant his committal for trial at the assizes.—Weekly News.

MURDER OF A WOMAN BY HER HUSBAND.—A frightful murder was perpetrated in the neighborhood of Portman-square, London, Nov. 1st, by a man named Bear. For some years Bear, by trade a tobacco-pipe maker, has been in the habit of treating his wife (the deceased) in a most cruel manner, and on several occasions the poor woman was driven to seek magisterial protection. It was at length deemed advisable by her friends that she should leave her husband, and take lodgings for herself. This she frequently did, but as soon as he found her out he continued his system of persecution. At length, the poor creature having obtained work at the patent leather bonnet depot in the neighborhood of Wigmore-street, she was persuaded by two other females working in the same establishment to lodge with them at No. 33, North-street, Marylebone-lane. Here her husband found her out, and on Saturday evening between six and seven o'clock went to the house and inquired for her, but was informed that she had not yet returned from her work. He waited for her, and after the lapse of an hour, the poor woman came home, having in her hand a new cap which she had purchased as she came along. The moment she entered the passage of the house, Bear saw her, and said that is the party I want, and followed her upstairs into the first floor back. Almost directly a tremendous noise was heard accompanied by fearful screams. Some of the lodgers went to ascertain the cause, and found the poor woman lying near the fireplace, with her head resting on a chair, and blood flowing from her face and forehead. The man had meanwhile escaped into the street, and entered the Bedford Arms Tavern, where he called for a glass of gin, drank the same off at a draught, and on getting into the street he ran against a police-constable, to whom he said he had done something to his wife which he had no doubt would require his attendance at the police station. The policeman removed him to the station at Marylebone-lane. Two others of the police then proceeded to the house in North-street, where

they beheld the lifeless body of the man's wife, lying on the floor, and blood oozing from the numerous stabs in the face and head. The instrument used to perpetrate this diabolical crime was a common blacksmith's file, about six inches long, and sharpened for the fatal purpose. Upon taking him to the station-house, and while Mr. Inspector Jackson was booking the charge, he inquired whether his wife was dead. A policeman answered in the affirmative, when he replied, "Ah, well, I feel more happy now than I have been for a long time since." The inspector having proceeded to make inquiries at the residence of the deceased's mother, the moment she beheld the officer she said she knew the object of his mission. Before he had time to utter a word, she said she was quite sure her daughter had been murdered by her husband, as he had often threatened to do so. The prisoner has been fully committed for trial.—Tribune.

AMOUNT OF MONEY FOUND IN "DEAD LETTERS."—How much money or money's worth does the reader imagine was consigned to the Post-office within the last twenty-four months, so loosely and carelessly that it could not be delivered at all? No less than one million and a-quarter sterling! Between the 5th of January 1849, and the 5th of January 1851, there was found in dead letters the sum of £1,226,282, 18s 1d., in the shape of bills, checks, notes of hand, and money orders, and in hard cash or bank notes £18,870, 10s 4d more. There are few persons, we suspect, to whom this will not appear almost incredible; and yet here (in a Parliamentary return) are the plain figures before us, showing that a sum of money exceeding the whole receipts of the Great Exhibition is every year dropped into the Post-office under such circumstances as to make its loss very possible. Concerning the restitution or disposition of this property, it was merely stated in general terms that "nearly the whole" was ultimately delivered to the writers of the letters; but it is clear that the escape was due wholly to the provision made by Government against the general carelessness of the population. It is very probable that some of the bills and notes thus discovered represented but little bona fide property, but still the incontestable facts of the case are prodigious. Ten thousand pounds a-year are actually risked in money and bank notes, not to mention checks and money orders, which must be in a far larger proportion, and which are little less available than cash. After this disclosure, it can be no matter of surprise that the total number of casualties should be absolutely unmentionable. We may safely believe that a letter containing property is posted, in the vast majority of cases, with greater care than a letter containing none, and if these particular letters, therefore, "die" in such numbers that their effects yield £600,000 a-year, we may form some conjecture of the gross mortality.—Times.

The bodies of two infants were found in the Trent, near the bridge where the corpse was discovered last week. EIGHT HUNDRED INFANTS have been found in that vicinity within a year.—Spectator.

EXECUTION AT GLASGOW.—On Friday se'night Archibald Hare, Orangeman, suffered death for the murder of Ronald McGregor.—Glasgow Citizen.

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