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# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## TRACTS FOR THE MILLION.

### HOW DID ENGLAND BECOME CATHOLIC? AND HOW DID ENGLAND BECOME PROTESTANT?

#### INTRODUCTION.

*How Certain Travellers forsook their Guides, and how they fared with them.*

A company of travellers were once journeying towards a great city in the East. Their road lay through a dangerous country, and was rather intricate; but they had a good party of guides who seemed perfectly at home in it, and so they went fearlessly and steadily on. However, the way was far from being as smooth and easy as the travellers would have liked it to be; it led them some times through thorny brakes, and almost always was on an ascent, sometimes a very steep one. This did not at all suit the taste of some of the travellers, who began to complain, and to whisper to one another that they had very serious doubts whether this difficult, disagreeable road was the right one. "Depend upon it," said one, "these guides are taking us wrong, and bringing us into all these difficulties, just to make themselves of consequence, and to make a demand upon us afterwards for more pay." "And, after all," said another, "what do we want of guides? You see they have each a map of the country in their hands: if we had but that, we could find our way for ourselves just as well as they can tell it us, and much better." At this bright thought they were much delighted; and seizing several copies of the map, they knocked down such of the guides as attempted to offer any resistance, and set off across the country to find out the right road by themselves. But though they were all together in the same place at the moment when they did this, and although the copies of the map which they had seized were all exactly alike, yet, as soon as they began to move forward, they immediately took different directions, so that in a few minutes they were completely scattered. Some, indeed, steadily followed the few guides who survived, and these kept close together, just as they had travelled on from the first; but of the rest scarcely any two chose the same path; one darted off in this direction, another in that, each all the while shouting out that he was right and the rest wrong; and what seemed most strange, each confidently appealing to the map he held in his hand in proof of what he said. Yet, as you have already heard, it was the self-same map, of which they all had good and perfect copies; but somehow or other, they each contrived to understand its lines and colors differently. Perhaps there was some key to it which they did not possess, or did not know how to use; but this is a part of their history which we are not going to inquire about to-day. I will only add, that when those travellers, who had remained faithful to the old guides, saw all this disturbance amongst those who had deserted them,—when they saw how some sunk into hidden pits and disappeared altogether, while the rest still kept on shouting, and running hither and thither,—they congratulated one another very heartily that they had not been seduced into following the example of the runaways, whose chance of reaching the great city they thought not much to be depended on.

Now, is not the state of the people of this country at the present moment with reference to matters of religion, very much the same as that of these runaway travellers with reference to their knowledge of the road in which they ought to travel? We are all agreed,—at least all for whom these pages are intended,—that God has revealed to man the way of truth; nay, we have our map of the road; there is a book in the hands of every one of us, which we are all agreed in calling the Word of God, and which, as some of us say, contains this way of truth so plainly, fully, and distinctly taught, that there can be no mistake about it; and yet as to what that way of truth is, we hold as many different opinions as did those travellers as to the right road. Moreover, in one very serious respect, we are far worse off than the travellers; there may be more than one road leading to a city; but there cannot—if God has really revealed any religion at all—there cannot be more than one religion that is true. Any how, two roads leading in opposite directions, cannot both end in the same place; and two religious doctrines which contradict each other cannot, by any possibility, both be true.

Yet we meet with such contradictions in doctrine at every step in this country, and that on points which are of real, living consequence to us all. To take only one instance: we most of us carry our little infants to be baptized; and any mother whose thoughts go deeper than the mere external ceremony, would naturally wish to know what good she may expect her child to receive from it. Let her ask her religious neighbors: some will tell her that the child

is cleansed in this water from the stain of sin which he has inherited from Adam; others will say that this is quite a mistake, that the child gets no good at all, that it is a mere ceremony; others, again, will tell her that it is wrong to baptize her children whilst they are so young, she should wait till they are grown up and able to think and judge for themselves; and, lastly, there are others who will not hesitate to assure her that they ought never to be baptized at all.

This is only one point among a thousand that might be selected; but it is a very important one; and even if it were the only point on which there was a difference of opinion, it would be extremely puzzling to any who trouble themselves to think about religion at all. What shall we say, then, when we consider that there is not a single doctrine upon which there is not a similar variety of opinions; when we are not even agreed on the one great doctrine which, one would think, must concern the very foundation of our religion; I mean, as to whether our blessed Lord Jesus Christ is God as well as man?

Now this is so strange a state of things, that one cannot help asking whether it was always so; whether the Christian religion made its first appearance in this country in that motley dress and with that discordant voice which it now has; or, if not, how it became such as it now is among us? In other words, we would ask two plain and simple questions: first, How did England become Christian? and, secondly, How did it become Protestant?

#### HOW DID ENGLAND BECOME CHRISTIAN?

Thirteen hundred years ago—that is, five hundred and fifty years after our Lord's birth—England was a heathen country. I do not mean to say, that there was not a single Christian in it: there were a few; but those few had been driven into the mountains of Wales and Cornwall by the Angles, or Anglo-Saxons, our forefathers, from whose name we are now called English. These Angles were pagans, and they were not the first inhabitants of this country, but had come over from their own land, Germany, on pretence of helping the native people, the Britons, against their enemies, the Scots. This they really did at first; but afterwards they turned their arms against the Britons themselves, and step by step, conquered the whole island, making a dreadful slaughter of the people, and driving such of them as were left into those parts which I have mentioned. Whether these few Christian natives were afraid to come out and show themselves, or whether they were not very zealous about their religion, I cannot say; any how it is certain, that, from some cause or other, they did not exert themselves to convert the heathen people who had conquered them. The whole of England, excepting only Wales and a part of Cornwall, lay in utter heathen darkness and ignorance, in the year of our Lord 596.

One day, however, early in the spring of the following year, there landed on the coast of the island of Thanet, in Kent, a company of venerable men, about forty in number, clad in long black habits, with one at their head, whom they seemed all to reverence and obey; and as soon as they were landed, they sent messengers, (whom they brought from France as interpreters,) to the king of the country, telling him that they were come from Rome, the bearers of glad tidings, which, if he would but hear them, would bring him to never-ending happiness after death. The king, whose name was Ethelbert, seems to have guessed immediately what this meant; for, though he was himself a heathen, he had yet heard of the Christian religion, because he had a Christian wife, called Bertha, a princess from France. Therefore he sent a courteous message to the strangers, praying that they would remain in the island where they had landed, and where he gave directions that they should receive all hospitality, and promised soon to visit them.

Accordingly, after a few days, the king went to the island with a great company of people, and invited the strangers to a conference, sitting in the open air; for, from some superstitious fancy, he was afraid of meeting them under a roof. They came then into his presence, one of them bearing a silver cross for their standard, and another a picture of our blessed Lord; and all with one voice singing litanies, and praying to God for their own salvation and that of the people to whom they had come. Then, at the king's command, they sat down; and their chief, who was called Augustin, preached, by means of his interpreters, the gospel of Christ to the king and all his nobles; and the king made him a kind and wise answer, that the words he had spoken seemed of blessed promise; but that they were new to him, and that he could not leave his old religion for a new one, without understanding the reason of the case; since, however, he could not doubt but that the reverend strangers really believed themselves what they desired to teach him, and had nothing in view but his own good and that of his people, he would not injure them, but rather

receive them with due hospitality, and in no way hinder them from preaching the faith.

And he certainly did receive them with princely hospitality, for he set apart for their use a large mansion in Canterbury, which was the capital city of his kingdom, and provided for them maintenance, giving them at the same time, as he had promised, full liberty to teach and to preach. They went, therefore, to the city of Canterbury, carrying before them, as at their landing, the cross and the picture of our Lord, and chanting with one voice this prayer: "We pray thee, O Lord, of Thy great mercy, that Thy fury and Thine anger may be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy house; for we have sinned. Alleluia."

When thus established in Canterbury, we are told that they led an apostolic life, in fastings, in watchings, and in continual prayer; and preached the Word of God to as many as they could reach, despising the things of this world, as matters in which they had no concern, and receiving from those whom they taught just what was needful to their daily food, and no more. And the result of all this was, that many, admiring the innocence of their lives and the heavenly sweetness of their teaching, believed and were baptized; and the king himself, before long, having searched out the truth of their doctrine, was convinced, gave up his idols, and became a Christian. He was then, of course, earnestly desirous that his people also should receive the true faith; but this he left entirely to their own conscience, for he had been taught by those who had instructed him in the Christian faith, that the service of Christ must be, not enforced, but of free-will. However, it was not long before he had the happiness of seeing his whole kingdom, or at least great numbers in it, become Christian;—and then Augustin according to commands which he had received—not from the king, but from some one else, whom we shall mention presently—went over to France, to the Archbishop of Arles, and by him was consecrated the first Archbishop of Canterbury.

Thus was the seed of the faith first sown among our forefathers; and soon it grew up into a great tree; for, before a hundred years had passed, the country was Christian from sea to sea, and the whole nation of the Angles, as we are told, praised God "with one heart and with one voice."

We may gather from what has been said, 1, that the Christianity which was thus gladly received by our forefathers was one religion, not many, for it was first preached by one company of men living all together; and 2, that it was one with the religion of other countries, or else Augustin would scarcely have gone into France to be made Bishop. Here, then, are two respects in which it was mightily unlike English Christianity of the present day, for that is altogether different from the Christianity of all other countries, and also altogether divided against itself.

What, then, was the Christianity of Augustin? Who were he and his company? Whence did they come, and who sent them?

To this I answer, that their Christianity was the Catholic faith,—that they themselves were Catholic monks,—that they came from Rome,—and that they were sent by the Pope.

Impossible, you will say; if they had been Catholics, they would not have prayed to God, as we hear they did, but to images of wood and stone; still less would they have taught King Ethelbert to leave his people's religion to their own consciences; on the contrary, they would certainly have made him torture and burn them; indeed, if they had been Catholics, so wise and good a king as Ethelbert would never have received them at all;—and, as to the Pope having sent them, we know that he is Antichrist, and how could Antichrist send missionaries to bring people to the worship of Christ?

Ah, these are difficulties which I cannot attempt to answer all in a minute; indeed, I shall not attempt at present to give a direct answer to any of them; I would only just beg of you to reflect whether you are quite sure that all these statements are true. Are you quite sure that Catholics pray to graven images, instead of God? Are you quite sure that the Catholic religion is cruel and intolerant? Are you quite sure that the Pope is Antichrist? However, whether you are sure of these things or not, and whether these things really are so or not, makes no difference to our present history. Any how, it is certainly and undeniably true, that Augustin and his companions were Catholic monks, and that they came from Rome, and that it was the Pope who sent them.

Who was this Pope, then? and how came he to send missionaries to England, to convert our heathen forefathers to Christianity?

There was a man named Gregory, a Roman by birth, and of noble family, who in the bloom of youth, wishing to give himself up entirely to the service of Christ, retired from the world into a monastery in Rome, which still exists, and where the very rooms

he inhabited, the very table at which he used to feed the poor, and many other memorials of him, may still be seen. Here he labored by prayer and obedience to perfect his soul in holiness, and so far succeeded, that, as we are told, all worldly things seemed to be under his feet, and his spirit burst, as it were, the prison of the flesh through holy contemplation. However, he was not only a very spiritually-minded man, but also a man of great talent; and so he could not be left in peace in his monastery, but was sent by those whom he was bound to obey to the great city of Constantinople, on some business to the Roman emperor, whose court was held there. But he was so afraid of his soul losing in the world some of the holiness it had gained in retirement, that he used to keep always near him some brethren he had brought from the monastery; and with them he devoted to prayer and study every moment he could spare from business. At last, to his great joy, he was allowed to return to Rome.

One day he was walking in the forum, or market place at Rome, which is not very far from his monastery, and he saw standing there, to be sold as slaves, a group of young boys, whom he knew at once, from their golden hair, blue eyes, and fair blooming cheeks, were not Italian. He asked who they were; and when he was told that they were from the distant island of Britain, and belonged to a pagan people, who were all of the same complexion, he sighed deeply, and said, "What a pity that men of such radiant countenances should be in the power of the spirits of darkness!" And then having inquired their name, and being told that they were called Angles, "Angles?" he said, "Angels, rather,—if they were but Christian." From the moment of that accidental meeting, the longing wish to turn that people of fair-haired strangers to the faith of Christ, was uppermost in Gregory's heart. His first desire was to come himself to preach to them; and this he attempted to do; but the Roman people, by whom he was much beloved, would not hear of his leaving the city; so he was obliged for a time to forego his charitable purpose.

At last, however, strange as it may seem to you, this good, loving, holy man was made Pope. And then, as he had full power to send missionaries wherever he pleased, his first care was to dispatch Augustin and his companions to England. They did not much like the prospect of their work; because, in the first place, they had a new, and what they considered a barbarous language to learn; and, in the next place, all they heard of our forefathers themselves was not very encouraging; for, if the truth must be told, I am afraid they were not at that time much better than barbarians. Discouraged by these considerations, they actually sent back messengers to Gregory, after they had gone some way on their journey, to beg to be let off. But he would not hear of it; on the contrary, telling them to remember what our Lord has said, that he who putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not worthy of the kingdom of God, he encouraged and commanded them to persevere; and it was by his command also, both that Augustin, when he had succeeded in converting so large a number from the kingdom of Kent, went over to Arles to be consecrated, and also that the Archbishop of Arles consecrated him.

And now one word more before we close this first part of our subject. How came the Pope to have such power, that he could send Augustin and his brethren hither and thither as he pleased? and that he could command the Archbishop of Arles to consecrate Augustin Bishop? and how came they all to obey him?

I suppose you know that the Pope is the Bishop of Rome, and that Rome at the time of our Saviour's birth, was the capital city of the whole world. You know also, that when our blessed Lord left His home at Nazareth, to preach throughout Judea the glad tidings of His kingdom, He called to him, one after another, twelve men, His twelve Apostles, whom He chose out of the world to be the princes and pastors of His Church, in His stead, when He should have ascended up into heaven. One of these, called Simon, He was pleased to mark out for especial honor; first, by giving him the name of Peter, which signifies a rock, telling him at the same time, that on that rock He would build His Church; then, by committing to him the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and lastly, after His resurrection, by thrice solemnly charging him to feed His sheep. From these and other marks of honor conferred by our Lord on St. Peter, the whole Christian Church, from the beginning looked upon him as the Prince of the Apostles. After our Lord's death, St. Peter went to Rome, and became Bishop of that city; and both he, and all the Bishops who have come after him, one after another, without interruption, even to the present day, have always been looked upon by the whole Catholic Church as its visible head upon earth, whom all

Christians in every nation throughout the world are bound to obey. These Bishops of Rome, the successors of St. Peter, then, are the Popes; and one of these was St. Gregory the Great, the same of whom we have been speaking.

The Christianity, then, that was first preached to our forefathers was the Christianity of Rome, the Roman Catholic faith; and those by whom it was preached, and who caused it to be received among us were, as we have seen, and as no one can pretend to deny, a good Pope, a good Catholic Monk, and a good king; and truly the blessing of God was upon them and upon their work.

Thus we have answered the first of the two questions we proposed to ourselves, viz., How did England become Christian? It remains that we should now answer the second: How did England become Protestant? that we should examine whether Protestantism was brought into this country by persons and under circumstances equally good in themselves, and equally likely to bring with them the blessing of God.

(To be Continued.)

AN ESSAY ON CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Such is the title of an article written by the Rev. Mr. Faber, and bound in the same volume with the lives of three modern saints. The Fathers of the Oratory in England are doing an immense service to the Faith by their incomparable works, whose frequent publication supplies what has been so long desired—an English Catholic Literature. To all the beauties of style there is added the grace of piety worthy of a KEMPIS. We would like to publish at length "the essay" of Father Faber, for we are certain it would charm the mind and heart of every true Catholic, but we cannot do more at present than reprint the five first pages for the meditation and delight of our readers. We hope that all will peruse them, and when they have concluded we will challenge them to say, whether they had ever read in modern works any thing more beautiful, more grateful to the heart, or more adapted to awaken devout reflections.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

"The especial work of the Church in all ages has been to multiply the harvest of our Lord's dear passion by the salvation of souls. She has done this in different ways, according as the times have differed; but, however various her means, she has never desisted from her work. She has not adopted any one solitary method, and kept to it in a dry and exclusive way, calling on sinners to come to her and be converted by certain preconceived formalities. Such was not the model shown her by our Lord. She has, as He would have her, left her place and gone after the stray sheep. Charity has led her to seek the lost ones in the wilderness, when she would rather have abided in the green pastures by the water-courses with those who had never wandered.—While in other matters she has resisted the world's lead, not to the concession of one title of evangelical morality, but with the charitable condescension of a mother who humors in things lawful that she may win to higher and more exalted paths. And as when she has resisted the world, the world has hated her, so when she has followed it, as the mother follows the wolf who has borne her young away, the same world has pretended to take scandal at her laxity.

"Her life is zeal for souls. To this instinct she has been ever true. In this time or in that she may have lost seeming dignity by the fond fervor of her charity, and the bold safety of her multiplied condescensions. She may have lacked in dry philanthropy, in stateliness of reserved condescension, in pompous admonition, in effective rebuke, in respectable censoriousness, in a successful police regulation of the externals of civic and rustic morality, and in the virtue afraid to sympathise with sinners, lest it should make light of sin. Such matters do not belong to her. She has to save souls, not to moralise the surface of society, or varnish the conventions of civilised life. A 'Satan Respectable,' as Michelet calls England, is not a Catholic chef-d'œuvre.—The eyes of the Church have been fixed on the Person of our Lord. Her end has been the fruit of His Passion. Her thoughts, her sympathies, her feelings, have been in time and tune with the feelings of His Sacred Heart. When she has pictured Him to herself, it has been as pale, and faint, and footsore on the Wall of Jacob's Well, or stooping to write upon the temple floor, or with Magdalene at His feet, and His indignant defense of her costly penance on His tongue, because all these mysteries taught her how to deal with sinning souls. She has been prodigal of His precious blood; for was not He Himself a very spendthrift of it? She has at heart this truth, and no truth lies nearer to her heart, that the only right zeal for the outraged Majesty of God is that which finds its vent in the conversion of the offender, and obliterates his offence with the washing of the Saviour's blood.

"O there are no bounds to her charity for souls, because there is no bound to her love of Jesus Crucified! And the one love plays into the other's hands. Her missionaries as they go along the road tell the beads of our Lady's dolours, a favorite devotion of those who spend themselves for souls. Why is it that they pause so long upon that second dolor, the Flight into Egypt? A good missionary is always a man of an interior life. He muses on that mystery; the Creator of the world has come among His creatures, and when He is but six weeks old, He has to fly before them like a thief. He has given no sign but weeping; He has no army but St. Joseph; He has no strength but the sweetness of His own weakness; He has no treasure but His mother, and His mother's humility and His mother's purity; and what wants the world with them? Yet He must away; wickedness has scented Him and is already on His track. Over the desert whose sands are counted in His wisdom, for He made them all, He must away; and it is not the burthen she bears which is Mary's grief, but it is

her knowledge that He is who He is; and yet that men do not love Him. By the fire of this thought the missionary is all inflamed. What will he not do, what will he not suffer, that men may come to the knowledge and love of Jesus? By the merits of her burning broken heart, Mary shall get him strength to suffer a life-long martyrdom of vulgar and ignoble toil for the good of souls. Has not she too felt what it was to love Jesus?—That third dolor, "the Three days Loss," that it was which fitted her to be the Queen of Apostles, the mother of missionaries.—He has drunk deeply at this fountain too; and when he gazes on the multitudinous souls who have lost Jesus by their mortal sin, and reck not of their loss, O how is his spirit moved within him!

"See what zeal makes of him! To preach is to him a sweeter rest than silence; to toil over hill and dale, in wind and wet, and cold, in his garden of delights; to be a dreary drudge for half a century in the intolerable confessional, is as St. Philip found it, actual recreation to tired spirit and aching limb; to be undignifiedly cloistered in the smoke and fret of unwholesome cities, is to him the liberty and freshness of the mountain tops; to lower himself to the vulgar lowness, or to bear with the uncivil petulance of sinners, is a joyous sympathy with the patience of Jesus when He was three years' novice master to those slow-hearted disciples; to invent all modes of making the yoke light to those who had better serve from fear than be lost for lack of love, and to save the honor of precepts, yet rob them of their native gravity by mild interpretations, is to him a good duplicity approved by the Incarnate Wisdom when he knew how to magnify his Father's law, yet save the victim taken in adultery. He is a man of one idea, which yet can expand into ten thousand. He is beside himself with love of souls. The Church makes him what he is, and then uses him as men would say unmercifully. He must set the world's Judgment at defiance; fame, and time, and health, and spirits, all must be sacrificed in the work. Superiors may be against him; good men his foes. The Church herself may doubt him; he may die behind a cloud. What if life be shortened no matter, other missionaries are grown up, and there must be no slackness in saving souls.—Xavier's failing limbs, Philip's fiery heart, Segneri's bleeding feet, Pinamonti's ceaseless headache, Camillus's wounded leg, Alphonso's palsied frame, Calasanctius's degraded order and work undone—they matter not: there must be no rest, no truce; what does matter is continuous work, continuous sacrifice for souls. He who sat by the patriarch's well, pale and faint and footsore, and yet forgot His thirst when an unconverted sinner came within His reach, He who gazed far down upon the cold sparkling element which He had created and yet thirsted more. O, infinitely more after the unconverted heart of an abandoned and uninteresting sinner; He it is to whom the Church is ever pointing; and when the brain is overwrought with fixed toil, and the voice gone with preaching, and the cramped limb aching with fatigue, and the tired temper outworn with the rudeness of the selfish sinner, and the very citadel of pure thoughts assailed by a host of besieging horrors, then the Church whispers to her missionaries, Now you have your exceeding great reward, for now you share the weariness of Jesus at the well!"

PROTESTANTISM AND EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

One of the most remarkable articles which we have seen from the pen of a Protestant, recently appeared in the *Mercersburg Review*, a highly-flavored Protestant publication. The article is on "Early Christianity," and is written by Dr. J. W. Nevin, one of the lights of the Protestant Church. He says:—"It needs but little knowledge of history certainly, to see that Christianity as it stood in the fourth century, and in the first part of the fifth, in the time of Jerome and Ambrose and Augustine, in the time of Chrysostom and Basil and the Gregories, was something very different from modern Protestantism, and that it bore in truth a very near resemblance in all material points to the later religion of the Roman Church." The Dr. adds, that this is most true as regards New England Puritanism, and equally true as regards the Anglican system, whether of the High or Low Church. According to the Anglicans, the Reformation was no revolution, but a simple clearing away of some abuses, and a self-righting of the English Church. "This is altogether a most lame and desperate hypothesis. All history gives it the lie. The boasted discrimination of the English Protestantism vanishes into thin air, the moment we come to inquire into its actual origin and rise. Never was there a great movement, in which accident, caprice, and more human passion, more clearly prevailed as factors, over the forces of calm judgment and sound reason."—Now mark! These are not our words, but those of the Protestant Dr. Nevin. He goes on to state, that whilst Bishop Wilson, (an Evangelical Episcopalian,) claims (St.) Andrews as a sound Protestant, two or three centuries before Popery commenced, he yet admits that he was 'infected with the incipient superstitions of the day.' Upon this, Dr. Nevin says—"If anything in the world can be said to be historically clear, it is the fact that with the close of the fourth century and in the coming in of the fifth, the Primacy of the Roman See was admitted and acknowledged in all parts of the Christian world. This is granted by Barrow himself, in his great work on the supremacy; though he tries to set aside the force of the fact, by resolving it into motives and reasons to suit his own cause. The promise of our Saviour to Peter is always taken by the fathers in the sense that he was to be the centre of unity for the Church, and in the language of St. Chrysostom, to have the president of it throughout the world. Ambrose and Augustine both recognise this distinction of

Peter, over and over again, in the strongest terms. To be joined in communion with the See of Rome was, in view of this period, to be in the bosom of the True Church; to be out of that communion was to be in schism." This idea of the Primacy, he adds, was but one part of the general doctrine of the Church. It, of course, included Episcopacy, but it also included "the idea of the Church as one, holy, and Catholic; the idea of an actual continuation of Christ's presence and power in the Church, according to the general terms of the original apostolic commission; the idea of sacramental grace, the power of absolution, the working of miracles to the end of time, and a real communion of Saints extending to the departed dead as well as to those still living on earth. It is perfectly certain, accordingly, that in the fourth and fifth centuries, all these and other naturally related conceptions, running very directly into the Roman corruptions, as they are called, of a later period, were in full operation and force, and this is no sporadic exceptional or accidental way merely, but with universal authority, and as belonging to the inmost life and substance of the great mystery of Christianity. . . . The religion of these fathers was not of the shape and type now usually known as evangelical, and paraded commonly as the best style of Protestantism. They know nothing of the view which makes the Bible and Private Judgment the principle of Christianity, or the only rule of Faith. They took Christianity to be a supernatural system, propounded by the Saviour to His Apostles, and handed down to them as a living tradition, (including the Bible,) by the Church." They believed (continues Dr. Nevin) in the necessity of Baptism; in the Real Presence; in the divine character of a Christian Priesthood; in the necessity of Confession; the grace of Absolution; in Purgatory; in the invocation of the Saints; in the propriety of venerating the monuments and relics of the Saints and Martyrs; in the continuance of miracles, the merit of celibacy, and of a monastic life. "All these [we give the Dr.'s previous words] things too went together, in their view, as so many parts and constituents of a single religious system; and the only voices that ventured here and there to make them the subject of doubt or contradiction, as in the case of Arius, Jovinian, and Vigilantius, were quickly cried down from every side as absolutely heretical and profane.

"In the bosom of this system, not outwardly and by accident only, but as true representatives of its very soul and life, such as men as Athanasius, Chrysostom, Basil the Great, Cyril of Jerusalem, Gregory of Nazianzen, and Gregory of Nyssa, Ephraim the Syrian, Hilary of Poitiers, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine. . . . The fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries were not Protestants of either the Anglican or the Puritan school. They would have felt themselves lost, and away from home altogether, in the arms of English Episcopals, as well as in the more bony and stern embrace of Scotch Presbyterianism." The learned Doctor having disposed of the Anglican and Presbyterian notion, that "Popery" came into the world after the fifth century, next applies himself to Dr. Bacon, and the New England Puritans, who admit that the Church was miserably corrupt in the fourth century, and was very questionable even in the third. "Up to the second century, and here and there in the third," says Dr. Nevin, "this theory ventures to assume what all historical documents fail to make clear, the existence namely of a strictly evangelical Church, founded on Protestant principles, [the Bible the only rule of doctrine, justification by faith, the clergy of one order, the people the fountain of all Church power] breathing a Protestant spirit, and carrying men to heaven without sacramental mummery or mysticism in the common sense Puritan way of the present time. . . . Is there any more ground for this fancy, than can be urged in favor of the one we have just now dismissed? We believe not. It rests throughout on a mere hypothesis, which involves in the end a purely arbitrary construction of history, just of wild and bold, to our view, as any that has been offered to us, from a different standpoint, by Strauss or Baur."

Into this second branch of the question Dr. Nevin promises to enter more fully, at a future day.

In the meantime, we venture to give a few facts for the benefit of our Puritan friends. In the first place, St. Mathew did not write his gospel until the year of our Lord 42—St. Mark wrote his in the year 43—St. Luke in 53. The Acts of the Apostles in 63, and St. John wrote his gospel, A.D. 88. Certainly the first Christians could not have made the Bible their rule of faith, as the gospels were not completed until ninety-eight years after Christ came on earth, and sixty-five years after he had ascended to Heaven.

Second—In the first century, Church power did not come from the people—how, indeed, could it, since the majority were Pagans and Jews; but besides, we know from Acts xiii, 3, that the Apostles, St. Paul and St. Barnabas, although immediately called by Heaven, could not exercise the functions of the Priesthood, until they were ordained, and sent, by the Pastors of the Church.

Third—We find that in the year 51, at Jerusalem, at a Council of the Church, held for the purpose of deciding the disputes about the circumcision of the Gentiles, the supremacy was yielded to St. Peter, who presided. In the same century, we find St. Clement the fourth, Pope or Bishop of Rome, authoritatively pronounced against certain schismatics, at Corinth. We find Hygynus the tenth in succession from St. Peter, in the year 140, exercising his supremacy by condemning the heresy of Cerdo, who taught that there were two Gods. His successor, Pius, condemned Valentine and Marcion. Soter condemned the heresy of Montanus. His successor, Eleutherius, was applied to as supreme pastor, to send some holy Priests to convert the inhabitants of Britain, and he sent St. Fugatius and St. Duminanus.

This Pontiff died in the year 192. St. Irenæus (year 100) says—"To this Church (of Rome) on account of its superior principality, every other must have recourse, that is the faithful of all countries." Hæzer L. iii. c. Tertullian (year 200.) "The Lord left the keys of Heaven to Peter, and through him to the Church." Scorpiac, c. 10. In Italy, Rome is at hand, from which we derive the authority. Præscrip. c. 10. In the second century, St. Polycarp was sent from Asia to Pope Amicetus, for his decision as to the proper time for celebrating Easter. The question raised in Africa, in the third century, about rebaptizing those baptized by heretics, was carried to Pope Stephen, for his decision. Thus our Puritan friends will perceive that Popery, or the Supremacy of Rome, existed and was acknowledged in the first and second centuries, as fully and as firmly as in the fifth or nineteenth century.

Fourth—We find from the Epistles and Church history, written in the first and second centuries, that the "Popish superstition" of venerating the relics of the Martyrs, was universal amongst the Christians of those times.

Fifth—The universality of the Church, and the unity of its doctrines, were proclaimed by St. Irenæus, at the commencement of the second century; and its infallibility and exemption from error, by Heysyppus, in the year 133.

Sixth—St. Justin, in the year 150, in his Apology, describes the ceremony of the Mass, Baptism, the Eucharist, and the frequent practice of celibacy, from religious motives.

Our limited space forbids us to enter more fully into the subject, but we have said enough to show the Puritans, that if they seek to fix the time when Popery and the supremacy of Rome did not exist, they must go beyond the date of the Christian era.

To return to Dr. Nevin; his able article has produced the utmost consternation in the Protestant camp. Our own dear Dr. Berg, of this city, in allusion to it, says—"Among all the friends of Dr. Nevin, there are few, if any, who more sincerely deplore what we cannot but regard as his infatuation. We had hoped, notwithstanding what we firmly believe to be the manifest and oft proved propension of his entire theory, that his Puritan education and his acknowledged piety would, by the grace of God, preserve him from making shipwreck of the faith; but, with a heavy heart we say it, we fear the worst. If we could have any influence with him, we would beseech, nay, by the mercies of God, we do beseech him to pause ere he takes another step. By all that is sacred, we conjure him to reconsider his premises. The law is in them. His system is consistent throughout; it hangs together in links of an adamantine chain. Adopt his preliminaries, and the consequences flow logically from them. He must retrace his steps, if he would escape from apostacy from the faith of his fathers."

Ah! Doctor, such an apostacy would be to the faith of the "Fathers." On the same subject, the "Friend of the Missions," a Presbyterian paper, published at Pittsburg, says—"The early fathers of the Church we have spoken of, as a caution to succeeding generations, but we do not mean to imply that they were not to be regarded as Christians as well as ourselves, of the time being. Nothing is easier than to adduce instances of elevated piety, virtue, and constancy, in any age, combined with what must be admitted to be an infatuated attachment to pernicious errors. Grossly erroneous as were our fathers and brethren of the early Church, they may well challenge our respect as well as affection."

Well, if Dr. Nevin does embrace the faith of the Fathers, we do not see that he is much to blame, seeing that they were Christians "as well as ourselves," and are "worthy of our respect and affection."

Previous to the appearance of this remarkable article, Dr. Nevin had tendered his resignation as Professor in the German Reformed Theological Presbyterian Seminary, and the Synod almost unanimously decided not to accept it. Dr. Berg says this article is to be brought under the notice of another Synod. We shall anxiously await the result.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECEPTION AT THE URSULINE CONVENT, WATERFORD.—On Thursday the ceremony of conferring the holy habit of religion was performed in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent, Waterford. The lady who received the white veil was Miss Hackett, daughter of Alderman Hackett, J.P., Clonmel. The Bishop of Waterford, the Right Rev. Dr. Foran, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, V.G., Clonmel.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

RELIGIOUS RECEPTIONS.—A clothing took place last week at the Benedictine Convent, Hammernsmith, when the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster officiated. The reception of two other young ladies into the Order of Our Lady of Mercy, by the Bishop of Southwark, takes place at Hermondsey on Thursday, the 27th inst.—*Tables.*

ITALIAN MISSION.—The Italian mission alluded to in our last, is under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Melia, the respected resident Pastor of the Italians in London. We are rejoiced to learn that the same chapel is daily crowded, and that the best results are anticipated from the mission, which will close with Grand Benediction and the Papal Blessing on Sunday next, the 30th inst.—*Ibid.*

DIocese of KILLALOE.—PROSELYTISM.—The Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the pious and Apostolic Bishop of Killaloe, addressed the Catholics of Nenagh, in eloquent terms, at last Mass, on Sunday last. The worthy Prelate dwelt on the necessity of practicing to the fullest extent the heavenly doctrine of Christian charity as ever inculcated by the Catholic

Church. The Right Rev. Prelate also attended to the ungodly crusade which a mercenary tribe of the ungodly fanatics are making against the Catholic religion, the only remnant of our country's greatness, and who go about striving to proselytise the poor, and offer tempting bribes to kidnap them from the only offering tempting bribes to kidnap them from the only true Faith, with the view to hand them over to the designs of those crafty men, who are sustained in their insidious efforts by the enormous sums subscribed by the misguided enthusiasts of England, who thus outrage the feelings of the Irish people, the Right Rev. Prelate showed how the "Bible system" utterly failed in Clare, though supported by certain sanctified magnates in that devoted country; and after urging his hearers to continue faithful to their religion which is based on that Gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," he concluded by stating that a mission of the Jesuit Fathers would, he hoped, shortly be held in Nenagh, and that a distinguished preacher would address them there on the day se'night.—*Tipperary Vindicator*.

**REOPENING OF CRESWELL CHURCH, STAFFORDSHIRE.**—On Thursday, Nov. 20, the Church of the above interesting mission was reopened with two highly imposing religious services in the presence of numerous and respectable congregations. The Church had been closed for a considerable time for the purpose of undergoing thorough repairs and alterations it stood in need of, and which now render it suitable for the celebration of the Divine Mysteries, and worthy of the spirited congregation constituting the mission. In addition to the general cleansing and repairing of the interior a commodious gallery, capable of accommodating a considerable number of persons, has been erected at the extremity of the building, and a well-proportioned rood-screen, and a tastefully arranged supply of well-executed church furniture, gives the whole a chaste and thoroughly Ecclesiastical appearance. The decorative part of the Church was executed under the artistic skill of Mr. John Gosling, of Tean. Nor has the exterior been neglected—the approaches to the Church, and neat crosses which meet the eye, being indicative of the internal order which pervades all the arrangements. The first service commenced in the morning at ten o'clock with a Grand Pontifical High Mass, sung by the Lord Bishop of Birmingham.—*Birmingham Correspondent of Tablet*.

## IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

### THE MIXED EDUCATION QUESTION.

The Bishop of Waterford has addressed the following letter to Mr. David Keogh in reference to the establishment of a model school in that city:—

"Waterford, November 20, 1851.

"Sir—When I affixed my signature to the memorial praying the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland to establish a model school in Waterford, I was not aware that the commissioners reserved to themselves the appointment of teachers to the model schools subject to their control. Nor was I aware that the selection of class books for the use of the pupils in those schools rested exclusively with them. In fact, I was under the impression that in these points model schools differed in no respect from the ordinary schools in connection with their board.

"I have since discovered that the management of model schools is entirely in the hands of the commissioners, and consequently that neither I, nor any one of my clergy, could have any control in the appointment of teachers, or the selection of books for the use of the pupils in the model schools proposed to be established in this city.

"Under those circumstances, I hasten to withdraw my name from the memorial.

"I could not sanction a school in which the commissioners would have the exclusive right to appoint the teachers, for I should thereby abandon a principle on which I acted when I recorded my opposition to the Queen's Colleges; nor would I sanction a school for the use of which the commissioners would have the right to select the books—as certain books are recommended by them which I entirely disapprove, and which I would not tolerate in my school over which I have control.

"Trusting that you will have the kindness to assure the commissioners that I not only do not sympathise with the attempt now being made to establish a model school in Waterford, but that I shall strenuously resist it.

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
NICHOLAS, Bishop of Waterford.

"To David Keogh, Esq."

**PUBLIC DINNER.**—We understand that the friends of General P. S. Devlin intend to entertain him in Belfast about the end of the ensuing week. The general has been eminently successful, combining the tact and business habits of an American citizen with the martial daring of the native born Irish soldier, whose powers beneath the stars and stripes has largely contributed to raise its present towering altitude the American eagle. We admire the taste which prompts the general's northern friends to give him a *cead mille faille* in his native province.—*Belfast Vindicator*.

**ARRIVAL AT GALWAY.**—General Stewart, of Baltimore, United States, arrived in town on Saturday morning, and after having inspected our bay, called on the Rev. Peter Daly, P.P., and was in communication with him until he left town in the nine o'clock train for Dublin. The gallant officer breakfasted at the college house with Mr. Daly, and expressed his warm admiration of the scenery and great natural advantages of Galway.—*Galway Mercury*.

The Treasury, on Saturday last, consented to advance £4,000, being the repayment of the reproductive fund in this district, towards the establishment of a Model Agricultural School in Limerick. A sum of £450, the surplus fund of the cattle show held at Limerick in 1846, will also be applied to this most desirable purpose.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

Edward Jones, Esq., has been appointed clerk of the peace for the county of Sligo, in the room of Richard B. Wynne, Esq., deceased.—*Freeman*.

**EXTERMINATION IN THE WEST.**—On the 17th of September Mr. John Robertson, agent to the mortgagees of the Martin estates, accompanied by sixty bailiffs, proceeded to the townland of Dorryrath, and evicted seven families comprising forty-two individuals.

The houses were levelled on the instant, without the slightest opposition being offered by the evicted. On November the 11th, the same party went upon the lands of Dooletter, and evicted two families, consisting of ten persons. November the 16th, the same party visited the townlands of Mace and Dooreher, and evicted seventeen families, comprising one hundred persons, and levelled the houses. November the 21st, same party proceeded to the townland of Atry, and evicted seventeen families, comprising sixty-five persons, and unroofed the houses. On the 22nd of November, the same party went on the townlands of Cashel, Doonreaghan, Rosroo, and Glynsk, and evicted sixteen families, comprising eighty-seven human beings, and levelled their houses.—*Galway Vindicator*.

**A TENANT RIGHT MEMBER.**—During the week some tenants have been appealing to the courts for whatever scintilla of justice the law has yet left them. For example—at Kilrush two bailiffs have been brought before the Assistant-Barrister, Mr. Major, who, after dwelling on their proceedings, sentenced them to six months' imprisonment. We trust this example will not be lost on the fraternity. Another case has also been tried at Tipperary; and we regret, judging by the report in Monday's *Sauaders*, that, in the case of O'Brien, a tenant, v. Sadler, M. P., the Chief Justice found it necessary to express his hope that the case would not be continued, as the tenant had paid his rent, and as Mr. Sadler's proceedings had already been declared illegal by jury. The court were fully aware the continued litigation would be ruinous to the tenant; and the court will not like to see the "Irish Brigade" and the "Crowbar Brigade" get confounded together.—*Nation*.

**DISCOVERY AT THE BLACK ABBEY, KILKENNY.**—Messrs. Richard and Henry Preston having renewed their search for ancient monuments at the houses on the west side of Friar-street, within the original precincts of the Dominican Abbey, succeeded, on Wednesday evening, in bringing to light a very handsome tomb at a depth of two feet beneath the floor of another room of the same house in which the former discoveries were made last September. It is a coffin-shaped slab, of the thirteenth century, ornamented with a floriated cross of a unique pattern, in relief, but without inscription or armorial bearings. A regularly arched vault has been found at some distance beneath, but it is feared that the strength of the water which bursts up every where on excavating in the locality, will prevent any further search from being carried out.—The tomb has been removed into the present Abbey enclosure in order to its preservation.—*Kilkenny Moderator*.

**DEATH AND INQUEST ON THE BODY.**—Mr. Pollock and a respectable jury held an inquest on the body of a young man named Smith, on the 24th instant, who died at the residence of his mother in Drumkino, parish of Crosserlough, county Cavan, on the day previous. The deceased came by his death in consequence of injuries inflicted by five persons unknown, who waylaid and beat him in a most savage manner on the head with sticks and other blunt instruments, on his return from the fair of Ballingagh on the evening of the 5th of October last. The government has offered a liberal reward for their apprehension. The police are scouring the country night and day, under the command of the vigilant head-constable Allen, of the Ballingagh station, but as yet they have not succeeded in arresting any person. It is supposed that the perpetrators have made their escape to America. The jury found the following verdict:—"Died from the effect of blows inflicted by some person or persons unknown."

**ATTEMPTED MURDER IN CLONMEL.**—At eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday last, a man named Michael Sullivan was brought to the police barracks, charged with a most diabolical attempt on the life of a female of abandoned character, named Mary Cleary. It would appear from the statement of a person named Cordon, that a short time previous, on the same evening, he had been walking on the quay, when his attention was attracted by hearing a man's voice, proceeding, as it were, from a bank near the river, and apparently in altercation with some other person; and, upon proceeding to the spot, he observed Sullivan engaged holding the woman in the water. On the approach of Cordon, it would appear that he desisted, and the woman was then conveyed to the police barracks in a very exhausted state. Medical attendance was immediately procured, and the usual restoratives having been applied, she so far recovered as to be conveyed to the workhouse infirmary, where she now lies in rather a precarious state. J. P. Phelan, Esq., J.P., was in attendance shortly after the occurrence, and took the depositions, upon which the accused was committed for examination.

**A WOMAN FRIGHTENED TO DEATH BY AN IDIOT.**—Mrs. Wadsworth, the wife of an agent residing at Cheetwood, near Manchester, died early last Monday morning, from the effects of a fright. The unfortunate woman, who was hourly expecting her accouchement, was at home alone on Sunday night a little after seven o'clock, when John Richardson, a man of weak intellect, went to the door, and attempted to force an entrance into the house, behaving with the utmost violence. Mrs. Wadsworth, who had been attacked by him before, and who knew that he was accustomed to leap on the backs of females in the streets, became dreadfully alarmed, and when her husband reached home at eleven o'clock, she was in such a state that he got her to bed as speedily as possible, and it was with difficulty he learned the cause. After she was in bed strong convulsive fits attacked her at about two o'clock, and with such rapidity that Mr. Wadsworth at once proceeded to fetch his medical man but on his return he found her a corpse.

Mr. Hussey, whose reaping machine was so successful lately at Windsor, is a native of Ireland—so is Mr. McCormack although an American citizen.

John Deviny, an Irish follower of the American army in the last Mexican war, and who died lately at Vera Cruz, left a large sum of money for his next of kin, as yet unknown.

**EXPORT OF MULES.**—On Monday last (says the *Armagh Guardian*) a waggon, laden with mules, left this city by the two o'clock train, for the firm of Messrs. Sinclair and Boyd, of Belfast, who carry on an extensive trade of shipping these useful animals to Demerara.

**EMIGRATION.**—It is lamentable to see the daily-increasing crowds of emigrants that are leaving this neighborhood. On Friday (22nd inst.) and the previous day, about ten families, in all upwards of forty persons, passed through this town on carts and on Bianconi's cars on their way to the hospitable shores of America.—*Tuan Herald*.

The tide of emigration is as great as ever. The Mars and Mountaineer, which left here on Friday, conveyed upwards of four hundred passengers, for the most part the energetic and persevering portion of our peasantry.—*Waterford Chronicle*.

A northern correspondent of the *Ballinasloe Star*, says:—"I have heard from trustworthy sources that if the landlords do not soon come to some arrangement with their tenants, another year will not elapse before there is as great an exodus from Ulster as from your own province."

The *Dundalk Democrat* tells the following curious story:—"An M. P., of an Ulster county, passing through this town last week, stated that the government were becoming alarmed at the crowds of emigrants leaving Ireland, and that the ministry will devise some measure early in the next session, to check emigration. It is probable, he said, that they will pass an act limiting the ports from which emigrants shall sail to one or two, and compel the owner of every emigrant vessel to pay a tax of £4 or £5 for each passenger taken on board."

**IRISH VALOR.**—We find the following notice among the Army news:—"Color-serjeant John Delany, of the grenadiers of the 2nd (or Queen's), was one of the brave non-commissioned officers who were killed by the Kafirs, while struggling to save Captain Oldham, when he fell in action at the Fish River, on the 9th of September." Color-serjeant John Delany died a hero's death in a bad cause. Fighting against the freedom of a nation, barbarian though it be, the Irish mercenary of England fell, as thousands of our countrymen have fallen, sacrificed to her lust for conquest and dominion. The valor that first desolated, and then captured, India—that invaded, and then wrecked, Australia—that subdued, and then outraged, America—has, alas! warred for England's despotism, from the rising to the setting sun, for the 'Saxon shilling.' From Wellington to Serjeant Delany, captains of the greatest genius, soldiers of the fiercest courage, have been reared for England's armies on Irish ground. The forlorn hope, and the gap of danger, have been filled by Celts in red jackets. And, wherever liberty has been struck down by Britain, there, alas! Ireland has her share of guilt and remorse. And even now, in this war of extermination against a brave people, who have done Ireland no wrong, who are beating off the rule that has been her ruin, we find our poor countrymen spilling their blood beneath the Red Flag that typifies despotism and cruelty to the nations. Still, poor Delany died nobly. He died defending his officer—faithful even in the face of death to a soldier's duty. It is the old spirit of our race. The gallant courage which bore the old Green Banner through Europe's battlefields, 'from Dunkirk to Belgrade'—which cowardice never shamed and dishonor never blighted— which seems, indeed, native to our fields and homes, and which may yet rally for Ireland on Irish ground. Amen.—*Nation*.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

**ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST IN LONDON.**—One of the most extraordinary attempts at murder that have been made of late years in England occurred on Tuesday evening in the very heart of the metropolis. For the last fortnight a mission has been held at the Catholic school-house, in Leopard's-court, Baldwin's-gardens, Gray's-inn-lane, for the Italians resident in the neighborhood, and the two Capuchin Friars, who arrived from Rome about a fortnight ago, officiate every day in their full canonicals. On Tuesday night about eleven o'clock, after the congregation had dispersed, the Rev. Mr. Ferrati, an Italian Clergyman, who had been assisting the Capuchin Friars in officiating, while leaving the chapel was attacked by three ruffians, supposed from their garb to be Italians, who knocked him down; one of them stabbed him with a long stiletto, and the others beat him about the head with their fists in a most brutal manner. His cries alarmed the inmates of one of the houses in Leopard's-court, who threw up a window to ascertain the cause. This, no doubt, saved the life of the Rev. gentleman, as the noise alarmed his assailants, and they made their escape. The Rev. gentleman was picked up in an insensible state, and taken to a surgeon's where it was found that the wounds he had received were not so severe as had been anticipated. The instrument with which the attack was made seems to have grazed along the left jaw bone, and instead of entering the side of the neck, as was doubtless intended, entered the back part of the shoulder, and struck against the bladebone, inflicting a flesh wound. His face was greatly disfigured. After his wound was dressed he was removed in a cab to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Kyne, Myddelton-square, Roscommon-street, Clerkenwell. It is supposed that the attack was made in consequence of some passages of a sermon delivered by the Rev. gentleman at Roscommon-street Chapel on Sunday last. Great prejudice against the school appears to have existed in the minds of some Italians for some time past, and one or two attacks of a brutal nature have lately been made on other persons connected with it, of which the two following are instances:—On the arrival of the two Capuchin Friars in London, the Rev. Dr. Faa, an Italian Clergyman, to whom they were known, engaged lodgings for them in Dove-court, Leather-lane, and on calling to see them a few days afterwards he was knocked down by two or three ruffians, who violently assaulted him. On that occasion, as upon this the delinquents escaped. Some few days previously one of two ladies (Sisters of Mercy) who teach at the Leopard's-court school, was also attacked in the vicinity with such violence that she burst a blood-vessel, and now lies in a very precarious state.—*Times*.

In this evidence before the House of Commons Committee on Church-rates, Mr. Edward Baines of Leeds produced a carefully-prepared estimate of the number of Nonconformist places of worship in England and Wales. The total is 14,340: the Wesleyan chapels are put down at 4,450, Independent 2,572, Baptist 1,943, Primitive Methodist, 1,662, Roman Catholic 597, and Unitarian 260.

**INTemperance IN SCOTLAND.**—Rev. Dr. McClelland, late Professor in the Reformed Dutch Theological Seminary, at New Brunswick, is writing a series of very interesting letters to the *Christian Intelligencer*, from Scotland, in one of which he says:—"Scotland expends in one year, at least seventy-five millions of dollars in guzzling. With less than three millions of people, they expend every year double the revenue of the American government—drink more than would support a hundred thousand missionaries, and more than would raise her whole Gaelic population from misery and degradation, with millions and millions to spare."

## UNITED STATES.

**WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 19.**—It is stated upon pretty good authority that all or nearly all the Ambassadors of the European powers representing monarchies in the old world, have had several consultations as to the proper course to be pursued in consequence of the projected public reception of Kossuth, by the President and Congress, on his arrival in this city. Some goes so far as to be favorable to a union with the Russian and Austrian Ministers, in a withdrawal from Washington, and a threat to demand their passports for the insult offered to their Governments. Kossuth is expected to be here on Wednesday next. The President, it is said, is to receive and entertain him at the White House, unless Congress can be warmed into more enthusiasm than they now feel, they will make no appropriation for Kossuth and his companions while in this country. As to any acts committing the country to further intervention in the domestic concerns of either nation, there are not twenty men in Congress who will vote for them.

**NEW YORK, DEC. 13.**—During the week, it has been all "Kossuth, Kossuth, Kossuth," who is now exactly "a nine-days wonder." What he will be in nine days more remains to be seen. He has been receiving deputations and addresses from all quarters and all descriptions of people—anti-slavery societies, and from the negroes themselves—a committee of thirteen organized here to resist the fugitive slave law, which is found in the provisions of the constitution. Most of the people who call on him do not care a straw for him. They only use him for their own glory, and, like a plaything, when they are done with him they will cast him aside for another one—perhaps Lola Montes, or some other notoriety equally extraordinary. The money is the test, being the object for which he openly declares he has come. What has he received? In all \$3100—of which Genin, the hatter, has paid \$1000, (the man who bought the first Jenny Lind ticket at \$325), a Mr. Smead, of Cincinnati, £1000, and who do you think another \$1000? Why, the philosopher with the white coat, Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune*. Some other man, not known to fame, has given \$1000. But the idea of Greeley paying \$1000, who has never accounted for the \$35,000 subscribed by the gulfed Irish people in this country before the famous battle of "Slievegammon," which he announced with such a flourish in his columns, in order to bring more money. Why do not the Irish people compel him and the other members of the Directory to account for that missing fund, of which there is now about as Flemish an account as there is of the proceeds of the Concert given by Miss Hayes for the benefit of Father Mathew. So strong did feeling run here on Saturday and Sunday last, that serious consequences were apprehended by many. Threats were used to burn every Catholic Church in the city, if the Irish regiment did not turn out, and if any of the working classes of the Irish interfered with the demonstration to Kossuth. A grand sennade was broken up, and a riot was nearly being the result. General Sandford gave the Irish regiment to understand, that they would be disbanded, unless they turned out at the pageant. Such is the freedom of opinion allowed in the New York Military.—*New York Correspondent of Boston Pilot*.

**AN INCIDENT.**—One day last week a large crowd of persons assembled in front of the Irving House and expressed their disapprobation at the appearance of a British flag, which had been flying in conjunction with the American, Hungarian and Turkish ensigns since the arrival of Kossuth. Word was sent to Mr. Howard, that the English flag was odious in the eyes of the crowd, and soon after a threat was sent that if it was not taken down instantly they (the people assembled) would take it down themselves. Mr. Howard had sent a man to take in the flag, on the first hint, and the excitement was soon over. We are not informed of the reason why the flag was so singularly obnoxious, but the promptness with which Mr. Howard accommodated the people was probably the means of preventing a serious outbreak.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

**THE EXILES.**—There was a large and respectable meeting in Hartford, Ct., at which the Governor presided.

**HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.**—Our citizens have been in a state of great excitement for a few days past, growing out of a most detestable and horrible outrage, committed upon the person of a poor German woman, by some fifteen or sixteen lads, of the ages of from fifteen to twenty. It appears that on Friday last, the poor woman arrived in this city, by the steamer Columbia, and was desirous of reaching German-town, where she had engaged a situation as a domestic in the family of Mr. Harvov. A young man (or rather brute) known generally as "Dusty Miller," happened to learn that she was ignorant of the country, and he therefore told her he would show her the direct way. He led her off, and was followed by a crowd of lads and on reaching a desired spot about a mile from the city, the poor woman was so terribly treated that the truth makes it impossible for us to give further details. It is sufficient to state that Miller presented a pistol to her head, before he and his filthy followers succeeded in despoiling her person. Luckily the most of the perpetrators of this awful crime are now in confinement. The poor woman cannot speak English—she is about 40 years of age, and is an object of deserved commiseration. If all is true that is represented, these fiends in human form, deserve such speedy punishment as their debauched conduct rightly merits.—*Hudson Freeman*.

**COUNTERFEITS.**—A Boston paper cautions the people of Canada against a band of counterfeiters, who is said to have come to the Province. We learn that yesterday a \$20 bill of the Farmer and Merchants Bank of the State of Michigan, was offered in payment of two pair of boots, value fifteen shillings, by a lady and gentleman, to a store-keeper in Yonge Street.—When the spurious bill was detected, the lady and gentleman decamped without taking the boots. There is not such a bank as the above named in the State of Michigan, but there is the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank. Look out.—*Daily Colonist*.

Mr. Smith of Alabama, gave notice of a bill looking to the arrest and conviction of Kossuth on a charge of Treason for incendiary speeches. Objections were raised, when he was notified that it could be introduced silently by handing it to the clerk. Mr. Stanton wanted to know from the gentleman whether he designed to re-enact the Alien and Sedition Law. The cry of "order! order!" was here raised by various members. Mr. Smith answered that he did not, but wanted to prevent any more Pampero Expeditions. Considerable sensation was produced by this novel proposition.

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 26, 1851.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The jealousies, the squabbling and bickering, between the President and the Assembly, during the last two months, must fully have prepared the minds of our readers for the intelligence brought to our shores by the steamer Europa. Revolutions, and coups d'état, have become so common in France, insurrection has been so long the order of the day, that we have come to look upon disorganisation as the normal condition of French society, and to expect an annual revolution in Paris, just as we expect flowers at midsummer, and snow at Christmas. Thus, though happening a few weeks earlier than was anticipated, this revolution of the 2d December has taken no one by surprise; it has long been evident that the quarrel between the Executive and Legislative, must result in an open rupture, in which victory would, in all probability, declare for the party which took the initiative—for in politics, as in war, the Napoleonic maxim holds true—"that a good attack is the best defense." The initiative has been taken by the President, who has done what his adversaries intended to do, and has acted vigorously whilst they were deliberating; by a series of well prepared and boldly executed manœuvres, he has abolished the Constitution, dissolved the Assembly, cast the leaders amongst his opponents into prison—proclaimed the dictatorship—appealed to the army and the people, and trusting to the attachment of the former, and the magic of his name, calmly and confidently awaits the result. In a word, the nephew as well as the uncle, has had his 19 Brumaire. In the interim, the position of Louis Napoleon is, that of absolute dictator, and that of the government of France, a pure unmitigated military despotism, perhaps the only form of government possible; by calling upon the army to register its vote as an independent power in the State, as something distinct from the people, the former has been formally proclaimed the sole power, and one to which the people, anxious for peace—peace at any price—will, most probably, cheerfully submit.

The Baltic brings four days later news, from which it appears, that the cause of the President is likely to triumph. The following are the most important items, by telegraph:—

FRANCE.

The latest accounts from Paris report quietness both in the city and the departments. Matters remain much the same as at the sailing of the Europa, and things were favorable for the Government. Napoleon had issued another proclamation declaring his intentions to abide the will of the people.

The Havre Chambers had passed a resolution denouncing Napoleon.

At the sailing of the Baltic it was reported that the Prince de Joinville had gone to Belgium to raise the standard of revolt against Napoleon.

The President had put forth a new proclamation, in which he invites the people to vote freely, and declaring that if the vote be against him he will resign every thing.

The correspondence of the Globe says he will have large majorities. The people claim him for his restoration of the Pantheon to its original destination—religious worship. It is a guaranty that he will uphold religion, and will render the Clergy, who have great influence in the rural districts, favorable to his re-election.

Immediately after the triumph of the troops, the President sent for the Minister of War, expressed his earnest desire that as much clemency as was consistent with security to the government, should be shown to the prisoners.

Many of the insurgents when about to be shot, were spared by the personal intervention of the officers.

The Prefect of Police has issued circulars which command that all the causes of agitation be suppressed by practising on a large scale or system of searches and arrests.

The exact loss sustained by the army in the late engagements is not known. One superior officer and fifteen soldiers were killed, and three officers and one hundred and four soldiers wounded. Many of the latter seriously. The loss is considered a heavy one.

Thiers has been liberated by the President on account of ill health, but with a promise that he leaves the country.

The Rue St. Antoine, the spot which has become classical for its love of insurrection, has remained quiet. The Socialists have committed great atrocities at Clarenay and elsewhere.

The departments of Allon and Saone and Loire have been placed in a state of siege. The proclamation is addressed by Louis Napoleon to the French people. It says:—Frenchmen, the disturbances have been pacified. Whatever may be the decision of the people, society is safe. The first part of my task is accomplished. The appeal I made to the nation to terminate the struggles of parties, was, as I foresaw, attended by no serious risk to the public safety. Why should the people have risen against me? If I no longer possess your confidence,—if your ideas have changed, there is no need to cause precious blood to be spilled. It suffices to deposit in this wise a single vote. I will always respect the desires of the people, but as long as the nation has not spoken I will recoi-

from no effort, from no sacrifice, to baffle the attempts of the rebellious. The task besides, is now become easy. It has been seen how mad it was to contend against an army united and disciplined, and elated by honor and patriotism; and on the other hand, the tranquil attitude of the people of Paris. The reprobation with which they stigmatised the insurrection, show for whom the capital has, itself, in those populous quarters where insurrection was wont to enlist its recruits,—commonly among workmen dociled to its instigation,—anarchy, this time, has only been able to meet a profound repugnance for their detestable invocations. Thanks should be rendered for this to the intelligent and patriotic population of Paris. Let that population persuade itself more and more that my sole ambition is to secure the repose and prosperity of France. Let it continue to lend its concurrence to authority, and soon the country will be able to accomplish in quiet the solemn act which is to inaugurate a new era for the Republic.—Done at the Palais d'Elysée, Dec. 8, 1851. LOUIS N. BONAPARTE.

PARIS Tuesday morning.—All is quiet.—A wealthy proprietor, at Nuitcole d'Or, has been assassinated. The houses of the wealthy Legitimists at Cahesty, Herault, were entered on the 6th, and the proprietors assassinated. At Breziers, several of the principal personages of the town had been murdered.

It is said that Marshal Jerome Bonaparte has written a strong letter to the President, entreating him not to establish a despotic government, but to call a constitutional Assembly to frame a new Constitution.

Catesby Jones, of the U. S. Navy, had been shot on the Boulevards, and very badly wounded.

INFALLIBILITY AND MIRACLES.

It is a pity, that men, who write against the Catholic Church, and protest against her doctrines, do not give themselves the trouble to inquire, what these doctrines really are,—what it is that the Church does enjoin, and what it is that she condemns. For the most part, Protestants will not take this trouble; they impute, doctrines to the Church which she formally anathematizes—practices which she positively prohibits—and then gallantly proceed to show the falsity of these condemned doctrines—the impiety of these forbidden practices. They make a great hideous giant, and call it Popery; and then all the artillery of Exeter Hall is called forth to slay this monster of their own creation, and precious butchering they make of it truly; they tear and mangle him, they break his bones, and flatter themselves that they have not left the poor old Man of Sin a leg to stand on; yet, to their surprise, the next day, on awakening from the feverish repose that succeeds their evangelical orgies, they hear that the Pope is still revered as the successor of St. Peter, and that Catholicity is just where and what it was the day before—unscathed, impregnable: they call upon their deluded followers, again to gird their loins for battle; again to kill the slain. Poor men, their labors are in vain, because they fight but against shadows—against Popery, not Catholicity—against the creature of their own morbid imaginations, and not against any living tangible reality—for no two things can be more dissimilar than the Popery of Exeter Hall, and the teaching of the Catholic Church.

Thus it is that *Irishman* has conjured up a monster, to which he gives the name of Pope, and seriously proposes to us a string of questions, as to whether we believe this Pope to be, "God on earth,"—*Deus in terris*—and Omnipotent. "*Papa omnia potest quae potest Deus*;" promising that if we will but give a fair and candid opinion on these questions of Faith? that he will not question us upon our Faith in "miracles wrought by old rags, illustrious shin-bones," &c., &c. We will give him a fair and candid answer, not only as to what we believe of the Pope, and mean by Infallibility, but, also, as to our Faith in Popish miracles, "winking Madonnas, old rags, and shin-bones." We are not ashamed of our Church, or of her teaching, and are quite ready to give *Irishman*, or any one else, a reason for the faith that is in us.

And firstly, we do not admit that Infallibility is a vexed question amongst members of the Catholic Church, or that its "very existence is a subject of angry discussion." It has been a vexed question amongst heretics; its very existence has been denied by them, but *ipso facto*, they ceased to be Catholics, for Catholicity consists in a belief in "One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church," and no one can believe in a fallible teacher, or in a Church whose existence he denies. This objection of an *Irishman*, has been so admirably disposed of by the learned Dr. Brownson, in his answer to the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, that we cannot do better than insert it here:—

"We have, he alleges, four theories amongst us on this point, one that the Pope alone, a second that the council alone, a third that the Pope and council conjointly, and a fourth that the Universal Church diffusely, is the organ of infallibility. He evidently supposes, or wishes to insinuate, that these are four exclusive and mutually hostile theories, and that he who accepts any one of them must necessarily deny the others. He perhaps is not so well informed as he thinks. From these four theories we must strike the second, for nobody contends that the council alone is infallible, and for the excellent reason that there is no such thing as an œcumenical council without the Pope, and only œcumenical councils are ever held to be infallible. Then, of the remaining three, we must remind the Reviewer, that they are not three theories as to the seat of infallibility, but three modes or respects in which the Church is held to be infallible, and the assertion of one involves no denial of the other two. The Pope and council conjointly is simply the council, neither more nor less, and all Catholics without a single exception hold the council infallible in all matters of faith and morals. 'The Universal Church diffusely' means, we suppose, what our theologians term the *Ecclesia dispersa*, or Church dispersed, in distinction from the *Ecclesia congregata*, or Church assembled in general council. The Church in this sense, again, is held by all Catholics to be infallible, and what in this sense she teaches, to be of faith. The infallibility of the Church in these two respects, assembled and dispersed, is of faith, and no man can deny it and be a Catholic. In addition, all, except a few individuals—now chiefly

laymen, devoted to politics, ambitious of state or court favor, or desirous of introducing political changes which are repugnant either in themselves, or in the manner of introducing them, to Christian morals, and who are called Gallicans, although the Gallican hierarchy disowns them,—hold that the Sovereign Pontiff alone, when defining officially, *ex cathedra*, a question of faith or morals, is also infallible. Those who hold, and those who deny the Pope's infallibility hold, be it remembered, the Church to be infallible in the other two respects mentioned. All the dispute there is amongst us is then confined to the first-named mode, that is, whether the Pope, *loquens ex cathedra*, be or be not infallible. But even here the dispute has little practical importance, for the Gallican holds that he is bound to receive the Papal definitions and constitutions as infallible, unless there is a reclamation against them; and a reclamation cannot be made, for the first bishop who should reclaim would be *ipso facto* excommunicated. The Gallican is not permitted to dispute any definition of the Pope when it is actually made, and he never does it. Bossuet, we believe, concedes that there is no instance of an erroneous Papal definition recorded, and there is never a question whether the Papal definitions actually made are or are not of faith. The Gallican bishops accepted at once, as the infallible voice of the Church, the Papal condemnation of the five propositions extracted from the book of Jansenius, and the Jansenists themselves acknowledged the authority of the Pope and the infallibility of his definition of the doctrine, and only objected that the Pope is not infallible in deciding a question of fact, such as whether the five propositions were contained or not in the book of Jansenius. The propositions they agreed were to be condemned as heretical, but as to the fact whether they were contained in Jansenius or not, they wished to maintain a respectful silence. But the Gallican bishops rejected this distinction as a vain subterfuge, insisted that the Papal constitution was infallible, and as to the question of fact no less than as to the question of doctrine.

The Reviewer says that the theory which ascribes infallibility to 'the Universal Church diffusely,' is unintelligible. 'The Universal Church resembles some gas, enormously voluminous and elastic; it has no visible dimensions, no tangible solidity. It is a nebulous matter, of which the orb of truth may be a making, for aught we know, but of which it has never yet been made.' No man appears to advantage who writes on what he does not understand. The Universal Church, as the Reviewer understands it, may, if he will pardon the bull, be unintelligible; but as a Catholic understands it, it is very intelligible. It consists of the whole body of pastors or bishops in communion with the Pope, their visible head and visible centre of unity. A body with a visible centre and a visible head cannot, except in Scotch metaphysics, be destitute of visible dimensions or tangible solidity. The Church dispersed, of which we predicate infallibility, is composed of these bishops or pastors teaching in communion with the successor of St. Peter, each in his own diocese. This is the ordinary way in which the Church teaches, and it is only when errors arise, and there are heresies to be anathematized, that she ever teaches in any other way. To know what she teaches in this way is always an easy matter. By virtue of the Papacy, the episcopacy is held by the bishops *in solido*, each standing for all, and all for each. All must respectively agree with the Pope, and if all respectively agree with him, all, by a well-known mathematical axiom, most respectively agree with one another. To know, then, what the Universal Church teaches, you have only to consult the first bishop you meet, we care not if a Gallican bishop, in communion with the Pope, or your parish priest approved by his bishop. All the talk, then, about the doubtfulness of the seat of infallibility amounts to nothing. The Gallican is, no doubt, more or less inconsequent, that is, not a good reasoner, but he can always learn without difficulty what the Church commands him either to believe or to do; and the Ultramontane, though asserting the Papal infallibility, asserts nothing to be of faith which the Gallican does not also assert; for he does not assert the Papal infallibility as an article of faith, or hold it to be of faith in such a sense that speculative denial of it must subject one to canonical censure for heresy.

The second difficulty we have already resolved. The utterances of the organ of infallibility, whether the Pope, the Council, or the Church dispersed, are infallible without any limitation; but the Pope, although infallible when that organ, is not always it, or does not always speak as it, and what he says in any other character is not necessarily the voice of the Church."

If *Irishman* wishes to know our own private opinions, we will, although they are of no consequence, give them to him. We accept the decisions of the Pope *loquens ex Cathedra*, as infallible decisions upon all questions of faith and morals; and this leads us to *Irishman's* objection to infallibility, "as a doctrine whose very existence has been the subject of angry discussion."

Here, perhaps, it may be as well to define what we mean by Infallibility, and this is easiest done by stating, first, what we do not mean by it. By Infallibility we do not mean Impeccability—Omniscience—nor yet Omnipotence. Popes and Bishops have sinned, and may sin again; they are exposed to temptation, as are their fellow-creatures, and, but for the special grace of God, restraining, strengthening, and upholding them, are just as liable to fall into sin as the simplest layman in the Church. Neither Popes nor Bishops are Omniscient; they are an authority on matters of "faith and morals;" but in other matters—on questions of Agriculture—Navigation—Astronomy—Geology—Chemistry, or Military Tactics—possess no means of information but what are common to all men. Nor are they Omnipotent; such a claim has never been put forward for them, and therefore it is unnecessary to rebut it. By the word Infallibility, we mean only that power, which was conferred by Christ upon His Church, of knowing and proclaiming, with unerring certainty, the truths revealed by God to man, through His only begotten Son; in fact, the Catholic claims for the whole Church, what every Protestant claims for himself individually. If *Irishman* denies that there is an infallible tribunal on earth, it is incumbent upon him to prove, either that Christ did not appoint a body of infallible teachers, with the promise of the Paraclete to abide with them for ever, or to show, when, and

under what circumstances, the promise of Christ became a lie. This definition of Infallibility gives *Irishman* an answer to his questions—whether it be of "faith" to acknowledge the Pope as God? *Deus in terris*. It is not of faith: the Church never taught any such an absurdity. God is Impeccable, Omniscient and Omnipotent; the Pope is not Impeccable, Omniscient, or Omnipotent—therefore the Pope is not God—neither can he do all things that God can do. Really, we must apologise to our Catholic readers for answering such silly questions.

But here is another question more absurd still: "Does the TRUE WITNESS believe that, should the Pope enjoin the practice of vice, and prevent the observance of virtue, that the Church is bound to believe that vice is virtue, and virtue vice, under pain of mortal sin?" We will answer this question by another. Does the *Irishman* believe that if God were to command us to disobey Him, we ought to obey Him under pain of mortal sin? *Irishman* would, most probably, reply—I reject your supposition; God cannot command men to disobey Him, because He is holy and just. An excellent answer, oh *Irishman*! and just such another we give to you. We reject your supposition. The Pope *loquens ex Cathedra*, in the name of the Universal Church, in which case alone his decisions are binding, under "pain of mortal sin," cannot teach that vice is virtue, and virtue vice, because, under such circumstances he is infallible, in virtue of Christ's promise, that the Holy Ghost should remain with His Church for ever; and Christ is not a man that He should lie.

Now for a confession of our faith in Popish miracles—old rags, shin-bones, &c.; *Irishman* will see that we do not shirk the question, and that we do not fear his sneers. These Ecclesiastical or Popish miracles, may be divided into two classes. The first containing those, whose truth is asserted by the formal decision of the Church; the second, those upon which no such formal decision has been pronounced. We firmly believe in the miracles of the former class, and we do not deny those in the second. Knowing that miracles have occurred, and that as the power of God is not diminished, nor His arm shortened, miracles may occur again—we hold our judgment in suspense, with regard to miracles of the second class, waiting for the decision of the Church, neither presuming to assert, nor yet to deny. But for the miracles of the first class, we believe them as firmly, and for the same reason as we believe in the miracles recorded in the Acts of the Apostles—in the miraculous cures effected by "old rags," and handkerchiefs, from the person of St. Paul, and in the restoration of the dead man to life, by coming in contact with the "illustrious shin-bones" of the long defunct Prophet Elisha. Indeed, if we reject the authority of the Church, there is far better proof for the truth of many of the Popish miracles, than there is for that of any of the miracles recorded in the Old Testament, and of many in the New.

We will discuss the question solely upon Protestant principles. Why does *Irishman*, or any other Protestant believe in the miracles recorded in the Bible? Not because the witnesses thereunto were inspired—for their inspiration must be proved, not assumed—but because the miracles therein related, were testified unto by honest, competent witnesses—by men who could not be deceived, and would not be deceivers. It is upon human testimony alone, that the Protestant believes in the miracles recorded in the Bible, in the Acts of the Apostles for instance. Popish miracles are attested by just the same honest eyewitnesses of the facts related. In this respect, indeed, if we reject the authority of the Church for the Divine authority of the Bible, many of the Popish miracles are far better attested, than many of the miracles related in the Bible. What eyewitness have we for the miracle of the Incarnation? The account of what eyewitness have we for the miracle of the Transfiguration? St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, who record it, were not eyewitnesses of the facts they relate, and yet Protestants are credulous enough to believe in the miracle of the Transfiguration, upon their testimony. Nor is there any such amount of antecedent improbability, as to induce a Catholic to reject the account of a miracle attested by honest, and intelligent eyewitnesses. He reads in the Bible Christ's promise, that certain signs were to follow those who believed in His name; he knows also from history, that the fulfilment of this promise was not confined to Christ's immediate hearers; that the power of working miracles remained in the Church for many centuries after the death of the Apostles; and that there is no reason to believe that the promise recorded in St. Mark xvi, 17, 18, has ever entirely failed: if it has, will *Irishman* tell us when, and why? That miracles were worked during many centuries after the first introduction of Christianity, long after its final conquest over Paganism, is what no man can deny, without rejecting all history as fabulous, and sapping the foundations upon which the Protestant's faith in Bible miracles reposes. We have the testimony of the Fathers—eyewitnesses to what they relate—of Irenæus, who expressly mentions the facts, as well known, of the sick having been healed, demoniacs restored, and the dead raised, and remaining alive in the Church. Tertullian, Justin Martyr, St. Augustin, are all clear on this point; if *Irishman* will read the concluding books "De Civitate Dei," he will find St. Augustin testifying to plenty of Popish miracles, wrought by "old rags, shin-bones," and the relics of saints. The evidence is so strong, that Protestants cannot deny it; the Protestant historian Gibbon, evidently would reject, if he could, the miracle of Tipasa, yet he mentions it as a "preternatural event, which will edify the devout, and surprise the incredulous." To the truth of this essentially Popish miracle at the end of the V. century, we have the



## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## FRANCE.

The news from France is most important, the affairs of that country having engrossed attention to the exclusion of everything else. The long-dreaded *coup d'état* has been made, and the President having seized the reins of Government, has dissolved the Assembly, declared a state of siege, arrested the leading opponents of his policy, and applied to the people. All this was done at an early hour on Tuesday the 2nd instant, preparations for it having been effected with consummate skill and secrecy during the preceding night, and the whole thing done and completed before any one had the least idea that it was in progress or in contemplation, and an entire new Ministry was formed during the night of Monday.

Proclamations dissolving the Assembly, appealing to the voice of the people, restoring universal suffrage, and proposing a new system of Government, were printed at the private printers in the Elysée, and were posted throughout Paris before day time. Copies of these and other circulars, from the Ministry and Prefect of Police, printed in like manner, were despatched to all the Provinces, announcing what had been done, and appealing to the nation at large, and conveying stringent orders and instructions to all the officers of the Government throughout the country.

The President's proposal is the instant restoration of universal suffrage, the instant election by the people and by the army of a President to hold office for ten years, supported by a Council of State and by two Houses of Legislature, and during the few days required to complete the election the Executive power shall remain in the hands of the President. The election fixed to take place in the present month, the President promising to bow to the will of the people, whether they elect himself or any one else, and declares that he holds power only until the will of the people can be made known; meantime he demands a preliminary vote from both the army and the people to declare whether they confide to him the Executive power *ad-interim*, the army to record their votes within 48 hours, the people being allowed a longer time.

The President declares himself to have been forced into this measure, and it is ascertained that Changarnier, Lamoricière, Thiers, and others of his opponents had decided to demand his arrest and imprisonment on the 2nd instant, and were together in the very act of confirming the decision, when they were themselves arrested and conveyed to Vincennes.

## INDIA.

The Overland Mail reached London on Wednesday, the 3rd.

Relations with the hill tribes of the north-west frontier continues in an unsatisfactory state. Sir Collin Campbell was to proceed at once to Peshawar, with a force of 2500 or 3000 men, to chastise a powerful tribe called Momuns.

There has been a serious Mussulman riot at Bombay. It was occasioned by the Parsee publication of an illustrated Gusee, in each section of which is given a life and portrait of some remarkable historical characters, having published in the series, next to one of Benj. Franklin, one of Mahomet. The riot lasted half an hour, but the rioters were dispersed by the Police. Several persons were seriously injured, shops plundered, and Parsee women violated. No means have been taken to ascertain the amount of property plundered. Its value is stated by Police authorities and their organ, the *Bombay Times*, to be under £1,000, and by other local papers to have exceeded £15,000.

A FOURTH PRESIDENCY.—We learn from our Indian correspondent that it has been resolved to recommend the creation of a fourth presidency for the better administration of our eastern dominions. The new government is to be styled the government of Lahore, and, if we may judge by the specification of a project which must still be rudimentary, it will greatly exceed the ancient territorial departments in magnitude and splendor. Its base, if we may so speak, is to be constituted by the spacious province of the Punjab, to which, on the east, it will annex the broad districts of Agra and Bengal, up to the banks of the Sonc, embracing the populous and important cities of Allahabad and Benares. To the south-west it will include our anomalous appanage of Scinde, and will thus extend itself from the Hindoo Koosh to the mouths of the Indus, and from the mountains of Beloochistan to the plains of the Ganges. Nor will its dignity be disproportioned to its dimensions, for the prescriptions of a century are at length to be demolished, and the supremacy of India is to be formally transferred from the residence of Clive and Hastings to the capital of the Sikhs. At the latter of these cities, or at Umballah, will be stationed a subordinate administration, and a Lieutenant-Governor will superintend from the deserted palaces of Calcutta the immediate interest of Lower Bengal. The supreme government and council of India, under the Governor-General in person, is to be permanently established at Simlah, from which agreeable retreat the affairs of our Eastern Empire will be henceforth directed.—*Times*.

SIR W. NAPIER AND MR. S. GURNEY.—A characteristic correspondence appears in the *Times* newspaper between Sir Wm. Napier, the historian of the Peninsular war, and the Chairman of the Peace and Aborigines Society. Mr. Gurney had said that since 1837 there has been at the Cape "a consistent reference to the sword." "Sir G. Napier (replies Sir William) had no recourse to the sword, because he deeply felt the awful responsibility of an appeal to arms, without absolute necessity, and because he judged that one month of hostilities would be more costly and more hurtful to the colonists than ten years of Caffre depredations. Yet he did not supinely

neglect those depredations; he always sought, and generally obtained redress—but peaceably, and often he found the savage more reasonable and just than the civilised man. And while he thus staved off war, he was active in peaceable legislation. He enforced the abolition of slavery without commotion. He reduced the paper money debt from £200,000 to less than £20,000, and, coincidentally, he abolished all taxes, relying for revenue on import duties only. He gave municipal governments to all the towns and villages, and he earnestly urged the home government to give a representative assembly to the colony. He found the public schools languishing, with only a few hundred scholars; he revived them, nourished them, reformed them, and left them flourishing, with upwards of 12,000 attending pupils.....In behalf of an absent brother, then, (concludes Sir William.) I say that these things, Friend Gurney, thou shouldst have known and considered before uttering thy sweeping assertion, that from 1836 'constant recourse was had to the sword,' and that 'all military governors would appeal to this weapon.' And now, Friend, one word as to thy comparison of military and commercial persons. What manner of men be they who have supplied the Caffres with firearms and ammunition to maintain their savage and deplorable wars? Assuredly they are not military." To this there is a good-humored reply from Mr. Gurney, and the dispute is wound up by another epistle from Sir W. Napier, in which he says:—"Mark, Friend, political and commercial men they are who have always had recourse to the sword. The soldier makes war, but he does not declare it. The political men declare war, and generally for commercial interests; but when the nation is thus embroiled with its neighbors the soldier saves it from danger. He draws the sword at the command of his country, but he has nothing to do with the sin, if it be one, of having 'recourse to the sword for the settling of international disputes.' He fights sternly to save the nation from the consequences of its own act—namely, declaring war; but he loves not war. Why should he? What does he gain by it? Death, wounds, pain, disease, premature old age and poverty, and insult when his services are no longer in request. Is that justice, Friend? Is it creditable?"

## THE STALKO.

(From *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*.)

"The human Stalko-warroga, or Stalko, as Miss Edgeworth in one of her dramas abbreviates him, is an Irish walking gentleman, a creature stuck up in society, without aim or occupation, to attract observation, and provoke the very puzzling question, What is the use of him? Your true Stalko must be a gentleman born; that is to say, his father before him must not have followed any industrious calling in a small line of business, nor been engaged in a derogatory employment, such as a tutor or a clerk, unless in a public office. To have served the Government, however, in any situation, no matter how subordinate, is an authentic mark of gentility, were it but that of a letter-sorter in the Post Office. The cadets of country squires divide with all the sons indiscriminately of beneficed clergymen, dispensary doctors, and half-pay officers, the honor of this name. A youngster so descended, having arrived at man's estate without any other inheritance, and scorning to attach himself to an industrious plan of life, becomes, *ipso facto*, a walking gentleman; and whether he plods the earth on foot, or can raise a trot upon a half-bred hackney, he is still among the most obstinate obstructions to the wholesome course of society that the spirit of modern improvement has to contend with. 'The *dolce far niente* is as essential a part of nature in him as it is in the original proprietors of that motto. From his birth he is an idler. If ever he were sent to a public school, that has been the be-all and the end-all of his education. Having passed his two or three years there, and been signalled as the best cricketer, the best racketeer, the greatest duncer, and sometimes the most accomplished smoker and drinker of his time, he goes home *finished* at sixteen, and sets up for himself. From that period no public meeting, no social circle, are free from his frivolous and vexatious presence. The young are constantly exposed to his pernicious conversation and example. The aged are bored by his affectations and absurdities. Shopkeepers are victimised by him, tradesmen bilked, and servants tormented. His life is a perpetual outrage upon good taste; and his habits, wherever he is privileged to indulge them, are always at variance with the pursuits of industry, the acquisition of knowledge, and the comfort of everybody.

"The Stalko-warroga is a sort of noxious Will Wimple. He is the Cæsar of field sports; that 'world was made for him.' From the first salmon in February to the last partridge in January, he pursues God's free creatures with unrelenting hostility, poaching without scruple where he has no leave, and destroying without mercy where he has. In country towns, which are rich in a barrack and the headquarters of a regiment, the Stalko is sometimes a great family auxiliary. He serves for a stalking-horse to the walking gentlewomen of the house; and both on the parade ground and in the ball room performs what they at least consider good service. In procuring partners for a sister, and keeping rival beds occupied while she is making play with the red-coats or other eligibles, he can render effective aid where the most skillful matron is powerless. He takes his post, and retains it, beside a formidable beauty, pestering her with his civilities, so as to keep less pertinacious, tho' more sincere, admirers at bay. In the days of practical joking, these useful family appendages were by turns the butts of their patron's wit, or the agents of his droilery; and the expertness which they acquired by practice, together with their reckless and indomitable impudence towards all who did afford them salt, made them the common pests of society. Mock duels; highway robberies in sport; alarming the house at dead of night with cries of "fire," first taking care to screw up all the chamber doors on the outside to prevent egress; mixing up the boots and shoes of a whole coach company at a country inn (in those days coaches took a couple of days to reach Dublin), and then sounding a horn lustily to summon them to the road; filling a tipsy guest's water-jug with whisky, in the hope that he may awake in the dark with a splitting headache, and swallow the contents in his raging thirst; running a drag with a red herring, or a piece of toasted bacon, five minutes before the har-

riers appear at the appointed meeting place, and thus leading the hunt, like the foul fiend, through ploughed lands and quagmires, till the horses are blown and the dogs rendered incapable of scenting any genuine game—these were among their ordinary exploits.

"But the letter-writing humorist was the plague of all plagues. His inventions were endless, his variety infinite, his industry unwearied, his resources inexhaustible. Every rank, age, sex, and condition, were continually exposed to his arrows that flew by night. Every mode of torment, from plain waggy to the blackest and foulest slander, issued with equal disregard for the feelings of whom he might wound, or for the reputation of whom he might belie, from his quiver. In whatever was ill-natured and calculated to raise a laugh lay the triumph of his wit."

A famous wag of this school was Bob D'Arcy, of Galway, several of whose practical jokes are here related by the author of these sketches, but we can only find room for the following amusing trick played off by him, of which the Protestant Archbishop of Tuam was the victim:—

"During the Peninsular war, his Grace Lord Decies, the archbishop, received a letter bearing the Oporto post-mark which ran to the following effect:—

"Headquarters, Coimbra.

"My Lord Archbishop—I have it in command from your Grace's kinsman, Field-Marshal Lord Beresford, to acquaint you that he caused to be put on board the barque Boniface, bound for Galway, ten pipes of genuine, undoctored port wine, with some cases of dried and preserved fruits, which are consigned to your Grace, and of which he begs your acceptance as a token of affectionate regard.

"The Field-Marshal is so entirely occupied by the harassing and incessant duties of his command, that he trusts he will stand excused in your kind allowance for employing a subordinate pen to make this communication.

"I have the honor to be, &c., &c.,

"MIL O'SHAUGHNESSY,"

"Aid-de-Camp in Writing."

"The simple Churchman was much affected by so graceful a proof of remembrance, which he prized sufficiently on account of the intrinsic value of the gift, but rejoiced in most exceedingly and above all price as exhibiting in so pleasing a light the family affection of the Beresfords. "William," said the good prelate, "is my godson. He bears my name; and I always knew from that beginning that he would cut a shining figure. When he received his ensign's commission I foretold that he was born to be a hero."

"The weathercock became the most interesting subject of observation from that day forward at the Palace of Tuam, and the heavens seemed to breathe propitiously to the offering of consanguinity. Gentle breezes from the "sweet south" heralded the approach of the good ship Boniface, and the archiepiscopal nostrils were observed to dilate more and more as the aroma of that generous and genuine present was wafted across the lessening distance. At last—and a long last it was; that is to say, in a fortnight after the above quoted letter, another in a different hand arrived from Galway.

"Galway Roads, on board the ship Boniface.

"Lord Archbishop—Arrived this day, having on board ten pipes wine, five cases fruit, and six casks Spanish hams, for your honor's account, which must be cleared out from on board by twelve o'clock on Friday morning, or shall be lodged in the King's stores, at your risk and expense.

"Waiting your holiness's blessing, I remain, &c.,

"TOBIAS QUICK, Skipper."

"It was now Thursday, and no time was to be lost. Perquisitions, therefore, of carts and horses were made among the tenants of the leelands adjoining the town; and on the following morning all Galway was astounded by the sound of a rushing mighty armament over its pavements. The archbishop's son, on a fiery hunter, led the advance, accompanied by a pair of mounted curates, an adjutant of the Roscommon militia, the organist of the cathedral, the gardener, the coachman, and half-a-dozen servants in livery, all prepared to escort the precious cargo to its destination. Then followed a train of Irish cars, like a pack of flying artillery, bounding from one large paving-stone to another across the ruts; while the drivers shouted and swore in Irish, and cracked their whips. The whole town ran to the windows and was grievously frightened, supposing that the expedition was come to take title in kind. But on they passed with the speed of "the wild hunter" through those splashy and rattling streets, on, on to the water edge, where the leader of the party first drew bridle and stood up in his stirrups, to hail the good ship Boniface.

"Devil a ship in the roads," was the answer of a sailor—a Claddagh boy—to his inquiry.

"Gone," cried the scion of archiepiscopacy, "before the time specified in his letter! Well, his owners shall pay for that;" and with a word, he wheeled his horse round, and in the same thundering pace led the way to the custom-house stores.

"There was a strong smell of tobacco about the entrance, enough to smother the delicate warm fragrance of the port; but the scent of oranges was quite perceptible; and jumping off his steel, the young gentleman strode confidently into the collector's room.—The port-collector, a member of a noble family in the same county, was well known to him; and seeing from the window the retinue of vehicles with which he had come attended, exclaimed—

"Is it for you, then, this large cargo has been stored with us?"

"For the Archbishop, at least," was the answer; "but I shall have my share of it, I expect, and so shall you, too, old boy, if you deserve it."

"Much obliged," said the collector, drily; "but there is a part of it which I had rather not deserve.—How good and considerate of your father to make such a bountiful provision, and so like himself, so thoughtful of the poor."

"The young "blood of a Beresford" colored, and seemed a little vexed. He could not see what interested the poor had in the affair; and he began to suspect that the collector was disposed to be ironical.

"What have the poor to say to it?"

"Why, let me ask in turn, what could your father want with it, unless to share with his neighbors, and scatter it over the country. He could not use all that flax-seed and hemp himself?"

"Flax-seed and hemp!"

"Yes; twenty hogsheds."

"No; port wine and hams; twelve pipes and six casks."

"Out of the ship Pluto, from Riga."

"What are you talking of? It is the cargo of the Boniface, from Oporto, you mean."

"It is needless to follow the unravelled thread of these

cross purposes to its final *dénouement*. It was demonstrated undeniably, if I cannot say satisfactorily, that the Boniface was a craft of the "Flying Dutchman" class, and its skipper a myth; that there was plenty of good port, not too highly "doctored," in Galway, which the Archbishop might have for its worth in money, if he chose to pay for it; and that a consignment of flax and kempseed had been lodged in the King's stores, for the account of some nameless philanthropist who took an interest in the agricultural prosperity of Connaught, but who had not yet turned up to claim it.

"The return of the cavalcade was performed in a more sober pace; but not without noise; for the disappointment had somehow become bruited through the town, almost before the Boniface had been mised from her moorings. Those who saw Bob D'Arcy, with his hands in his pockets, entertaining half-a-dozen loungers at the entrance of Buttermilk Lane, could give a shrewd guess at the quarter from which the true state of the case had made itself known to the beast of many ears. But however Rumor got possession of it, she made prompt use of her acquisition by gathering a mob, who saluted the crest-fallen party, on their reappearance in the streets, with mocking condolences and generous suggestions against going back all the way empty-handed, while, instead of wine, there was plenty of wash in the breweries; and for the mellow fruits of Lusitania, a great abundance of cat's heads and Kerry pippins ranged in apple stalls all along the sunny-side of Bohermore.

## THE MAYNOOTH GRANT—A BARGAIN!

A set of very wise gentlemen have banded themselves into a confederacy called "the Protestant Alliance," whose professed object is the withdrawal of the Maynooth grant. This agglomeration of fools and fanatics, gathered from all the corners of Anglicanism and Dissent, boast as its president the Earl of Shaftesbury, the right and true descendant of a more memorable Shaftesbury, better known in history as Anthony Ashley Cooper, and immortalised by Dryden in the most powerful of his satires.

We would be well content to let the Protestant Alliance run its stupid course. It is only another phase of the wild ferocity that has reappeared in so many various forms since the days of Lord George Gordon, who is the patron saint of Exeter Hall, and, after three-quarters of a century of what may be supposed progressive intelligence, is still at the head of the Hall calendar. We think this silly alliance of the Coopers and Buntings may be safely left to the fate that has overtaken all such promising leagues of episcopacy and dissent. They involve a solecism as extraordinary as the junction of French Legitimists and Red Republicans, and carry in their very birth the seeds of a still more rapid dissolution than heralded their advent into the realm of realities. But some of our London contemporaries, more liberal than the mass, have taken fright at this sudden combination of elements so discordant, and bode evil to Maynooth from a fusion so violent and unexpected. We, on the other hand, apprehend no such consequences. Protestant Alliances for the extirpation of Popery are as ancient as the days of the Reformation. They have turned up in English history, under circumstances more favorable to their progress than are likely to greet them in our times, and yet they have, one and all, died away and left no visible sign upon the earth.

The *Morning Chronicle*, which fluctuates a little in its principles, has exhibited some uneasiness at the Shaftesbury attack upon the Maynooth establishment, while the *Standard* steps in to justify the stroke, and expends a large share of argument to prove that the thing is not only possible, but necessary. Maynooth shall no longer be subsidized by any English government, unless all its *alumni* swear on the Holy Evangelists that they will do nothing to trouble the quiet of England in any capacity, public or personal, and abjure the rights of free subjects, as the consideration for the state munificence that helps them to the priesthood! We are no interpreters of the will of St. Patrick's College—but we may assure the *Standard* and the Alliance that no such conditions will be fulfilled on the part of the grantees. The Catholics of Ireland are wholly indifferent to the success or failure of the objects which are so close at the heart of the Bunting and Cooper alliance. Episcopacy and Methodism may club together, and extract all the remaining juices of Low Churchism and Cromwellianism to poison the public mind and direct its force into the new channels—but Ireland takes no note of the fusion or the folly. It cares not a farthing whether Parliament withhold or continues the grant. That is altogether for British consideration. It is a question of British policy with which Ireland will not interfere.

There is, however, another view of the question which the Alliance keeps out of sight. The simple salmon hides its head beneath the bank, and thinks the remainder of its body is safe from the attack of the spearman, while it is exposed, in all its tempting freshness, to the stroke of the trident. This Alliance designs and proposes, as if there were no such thing in Ireland, or in England, as a Protestant Church Establishment. The good folk are in the utmost alarm about the mote, but they have no thought whatever of the beam. What do the Protestant members of the confederation think of the designs of the co-operating Dissenters, who have as deadly an antipathy to the state church in England as the Irish Catholics have to its timid sister in Ireland? Dissent waxes strong. Anglican laxity has given it a head which it will be slow to abandon; and now the credulous, nursing mother of schism unites with her most deadly enemy to withdraw a grant of a few thousand pounds from the church which the forgetful mother acknowledged to be a church Catholic and episcopal! What a singular contradiction! If the wisest heads of the English church were to revisit the earth, how astonished would they be at the coalition of the enemies!

As we have observed, the Alliance is to us the most incorporeal of shadows. Let it succeed or be snuffed out by the mere strength of its own folly, we are equally indifferent. But we would offer terms to the Alliance upon which a fair compromise might be effected. Let us assume that a Protestant state is not justified in extending any support to a Catholic establishment. We put out of consideration altogether the contrary illustrations, which prevail in continental Europe, and accept as a dogma the proposition for which the *Standard* contends. Let us, then, lay it down broadly that the subsidization of Maynooth is contrary to principle. Will that satisfy the *Standard*? There is another branch of this proposition which the *Standard* must also acknowledge, for it rests upon a similar foundation—that a Catholic community should not be compelled—not to subsidize with a miserable

allowance of £20,000 per annum, but to support, soul and body—life and limb—a Protestant establishment, from which it not only derives no benefit of any kind, but, on the contrary, by temporal or spiritual slander, while all the sinister agencies of the Establishment are set to work to corrupt and debauch its poor exposed population!

The bargain we propose is this:—Let the state yielding to the wisdom of the Alliance, cancel the Maynooth grant. All quite reasonable and fair. No objection whatever. Not one in Ireland will resist the proposal—subject to the condition that the property of the Church Establishment be vested in Catholic trustees for the maintenance of Maynooth, and such other uses as may be deemed expedient. The bargain is thoroughly equitable. Even the *Standard* cannot deny that the property of the church is Catholic, alienated by force or fraud—parliamentary and imperial—from its original uses. Take back the Maynooth grant by its original uses. But let Ireland have the glebes and tithes to which her clergy have as moral a right as the creditor has to his debt, without the intervention of a stateable limitation.—*Freeman*.

WHAT PROTESTANT RULE HAS DONE FOR IRELAND.

Before the Saxon invaded the shores of Ireland, she was celebrated throughout Europe as the island of saints, and the school of the world. She was conquered, and her children, who were driven from their country by accursed penal laws, sold their swords to the enemies of their oppressors, and placed the name of Irishman high in the records of heroic daring and romantic valor. Within the last few years, Ireland has achieved a new, but melancholy, notoriety; for she is known over the whole world as the abode of mendicancy, to the subsistence of whose wretched inhabitants the very Turks and negro slaves have contributed. Millions of poor creatures are devoid of clothing, with the exception of a few miserable rags which scarcely cover their nakedness, but are no defence whatever against the inclemency of the weather. Forty-three out of every hundred families burrow in holes in which a well-reared pig would die; the door is the only aperture to let out the smoke, and let in the light and air, so long as the roof stays on; and here they lie down at night hungry and weary, separated from this cold damp earth by a little wisp of straw, and with no other covering but the wet rags which they wore during the day. English legislation has been almost uniformly excited to enslave and oppress, and never did she yield any of her just demands to Ireland until they were extorted by imperious necessity. In order to benefit a small knot of haughty, unfeeling, and rapacious landlords, the well-being of millions is disregarded, and thousands upon thousands are left to live or die upon potatoes and weeds. The landlords and the parsons must have their pound of flesh, and the people, who have committed no offence, except that of coming into existence at the command of nature, are devoted to starvation, by expulsion from their tenements, with as little ceremony, and as little remorse, as a scullion experiences in hunting a rat.—Yet, notwithstanding this state of affairs, the general Englishmen seem to believe that they give a sufficient compensation to the inhabitants of the sister island when they subscribe liberally to some Exeter Hall mountebank, who promises to convert the Papists—or, that excellent remedy, the Papal Aggression Bill, failing, to imprison or hang them.

The only inheritance left to Irishmen by England is their faith, and centuries of dire persecution have proved the impossibility of depriving them of that inheritance. The violated temples, the desecrated shrines, the uprooted altars, the tyrant's whip, and the corrupting influence of the tyrant's friendship, are so many standing memorials of the impotency of England's attempts on Ireland's faith. Notwithstanding this lesson, which past centuries have taught, the enlighteners of the public mind in England do not hesitate to make this startling announcement:—"The only safety, and therefore the first object, of the English Church must be the conversion of Ireland. The preservation of the Church of England, and the existence of Romanism in Ireland, are wholly incompatible." We are told that the misery of the inhabitants of Ireland affords an excellent opportunity for the work of conversion, and that want of funds is the only obstacle for the evangelisation of Ireland. The first essential to a Protestant Missionary's success is gold—without money he can do nothing. He feels that going forth without scrip or staff, as the apostles did, would be a very sorry method to come to terms with the naked backs, bare feet, and hungry bellies of the 'benighted Irish.' Truth could never prevail over error unless backed by the mammon of iniquity.—*Glasgow Free Press*.

CAOUTCHOUC, OR INDIA-RUBBER, AND GUTTA PERCHA.

(From the New York Evangelist.)

My young friends are quite familiar with the first article above named, so far as respects some specimens of it. But I will have a little conversation with them about it, which will carry their acquaintance with it somewhat beyond what it is at present, and afterwards I will speak of the second.

In its first state, India-rubber is a liquid, flowing from an incision made in a tree, but immediately separates, and the India-rubber we use, rises to the surface like the cream of milk. The air, therefore, seems to have great influence over it; but if kept from the air, by being put into tight bottles as soon as it is taken from the tree, it can be brought to this country. When it was first brought into England, it was sold at a guinea an ounce! It can now be bought for three or four shillings a pound.

We will look at some of the present uses of this curious and very valuable article. By means of oil of turpentine, oil of coal-tar, and some other chemical agencies, the sheets or blocks of the rubber brought to this country can be dissolved. In this state, it has been used as a coating for cordage and cables, to protect them from the destructive influence of salt water. Many kinds of cloth, as my young friends well know, are manufactured of it, through which moisture cannot pass. By coating small stoppers of cotton with the fluid, a species of corks for phials, &c., is made, which are of great service.

In surgery, great use is made of this article. It forms elastic bandages, of great service to broken or wounded limbs; plasters, impenetrable by moisture; flexible tubes, and various instruments of great value, but small cost. A kind of marine glue has been made by the addition of gum-shellac, which being melted and incorporated with it, makes an article, to make

bodies adhere together, better than anything else known. Masts of ships having been fractured, have been united by it, and when again forcibly broken, the fracture has been, not at the junction, but in the fibres of the wood itself. A ball of wood sawn in two, and then united by this composition, was fired from a cannon, and was found with the union unbroken in the least.

A new use has lately been made of it in England. It is "vulcanized," as they call it, by being immersed in a bath of fused sulphur, by which the sulphur penetrates the rubber, and greatly hardens it. In this shape it is the best article for "buffers," or pads to soften the concussion of railroad cars against each other. "A more forcible evidence of the strength of this material was obtained by firing a cannon-ball through a mass of vulcanized caoutchouc, and the ball was found literally broken to pieces, while there was scarcely a perceptible rent in the mass itself." It is extensively used for springs, more durable, and of greater power than those of steel. It has been thus applied to locks, window-blinds, &c. It has been manufactured also into beautiful ornaments, being superior to leather in the sharp outline and bold relief of their detail. It can be made into tubes of great strength and flexibility, which can be wrapped together, twisted and knotted into every conceivable shape, and instantly resume their first shape as soon as liberated from restraint.

Besides all these applications, it is proposed to apply it as a coating to the wires of the telegraph where it passes through water, to protect it from its influence; it forms bottles for ether, from which nothing can escape; it is used for ink-stands, gloves, boots, surgical bandages, and for many other purposes for which it seems almost expressly designed.

I will now introduce my young readers to another singular production of nature, in many respects greatly resembling India-rubber, and destined to become of great value to men. This is called Gutta Percha. It was first noticed by a gentleman in Singapore, in 1842. Like the rubber, it is contained in the sap of a tree.—This sap, when exposed to the air, quickly coagulates, or thickens. From twenty to thirty pounds is obtained from a single tree, which the natives fell for the purpose. After being purified by being kneaded in warm water, the thickened mass becomes soft and plastic, and of a whitish-gray color. It may now be moulded into any form desired. It is like so much softened beeswax. In whatever form it is moulded while warm, it remains after it is cool. Below the temperature of fifty degrees, it is as hard as wood. A ball of one inch in diameter was completely softened by boiling for ten minutes, and regained its hardness again in half an hour. It has surprising tenacity, for a thin slip, an eighth of an inch substance, sustained a weight of forty-two pounds, and broke only when the weight was fifty-six pounds. When in its hard state, it is cut with incredible difficulty by a knife or saw. It is dissolved easily in the oil of turpentine.

This article has been used for a great many of those purposes for which India-rubber is used. But by a mixture of it with rubber and another article called jantawan, a material is formed which may be used like ivory, being nearly as hard. In this state, it offers itself for a thousand valuable offices, as excellent picture-frames, incredibly tough walking-sticks, door-handles, chess-men, spoon and knife handles, buttons, combs, and flutes. By mixing a proper portion of sulphuric acid with it, or adding a portion of wax or tallow, it may be reduced to a fluid, and furnishes a good varnish, through which water cannot penetrate. Time only can determine the extent to which this article can be employed in the useful and ornamental arts. It is likely to become as important an article of commerce as India-rubber itself, to which it has so many points of resemblance.

This article is as yet but little known in this country. But American enterprise will not suffer it to remain long in the sole hands of the people of other countries. The Yankee will not permit so interesting and valuable an article to be ornamental and useful and gainful to foreigners, while he is kept at a distance from connection with it. We are yet to know more of it as it shall find its way into use on this side of the Atlantic. Here I will close my article, hoping that my young readers have not been altogether unprofitable by the facts stated, respecting these two valuable articles, which have been the subject of this communication.

Paritism is the same at this hour as two hundred years ago. Its outward trappings may have changed—its spirit is unchangeable. It is a plant which, under the mild and cheerful sky of the nineteenth century, and amidst the dull and gloomy atmosphere of the seventeenth, yields the same bitter juice. Squeeze it, crush it, apply to it whatever chemical test you choose, boil it, or stew it, the result is in every instance the same—sour juice. Everything about it—its creed, its prayers, its favorite preaching, its churches, its literature—all overflow with the same bitter ingredient. The sturdy Puritan scarcely knows, or at all events does not value half so much any other dogma as that of absolute and unconditional predestination.—What a holy and wholesome doctrine is that which teaches that God brings into existence the great mass of mankind in order to make them miserable, and gnash their teeth, and rave in fiendish despair, for an eternity! No prayer, private or public, in house or in conventicle, brings any comfort to the Puritan soul, unless it be spiced with the most terrible denunciations, and blackest prophecies, against the 'Man of Sin' and 'Son of Perdition.' The eloquence which obtain his applause is not that milk and honey mixture which Anglican preachers, and latitudinarian divines of other sects, are in the habit of dispensing to their hearers. Such weak stuff the Puritan has in utter abomination. Give him a man who startles by his doctrine, and terrifies by his action—who rocks to and fro in a convulsive fit—who pitches it in to everything, and to everybody—who clenches the fist, foams at the mouth, breaks down the pulpit twice or thrice a year; give him such a man as Burns describes—

'Should Hornie, as in ancient days,  
'Mang sons of God present him,  
The very sight o' M—ie's face  
To's ain' he! he! had sent him,  
Wi' fright that day.

'Hear how he clears the points of faith,  
Wi' rattlin' and wi' thumpin'!  
How meekly calm, how wild in wrath,  
He's stampin'! and he's jumpin'!

This is his favorite preacher—this is the Gamaliel at whose feet he loves to sit—and this is the General under whom he fights his way into heaven.—*Glasgow Free Press*.

WOMAN'S INVENTION AND REVENGE.—The Paris correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican*, relates the following little murder story, interesting from the originality of its execution:

"You have—everybody has heard of the Vale of Chamounix, whose peaceful solitudes have been sung by more than one great poet. In fact Chamounix had passed into a proverb for the peace and innocence of its inhabitants. But an incident occurred there a fortnight since, which has sorely injured its marvelous reputation. A beautiful young girl, Adelaide Twerti, loved, and was beloved by Carl Bigner, the most fearless and the most successful of chamois hunters. He had sworn eternal constancy to Adelaide, and promised her his hand as soon as he should have killed enough goats to buy a cottage. But, alas! human nature is weak, and man's nature especially so, where the ladies are concerned. It happened that Carl made the acquaintance of a rosy cheeked maiden of another village, and from that moment Adelaide was forgotten or rather the means of breaking with her, were very seriously pondered over. It is hard for a man desperately in love to disguise his sentiments, and Adelaide soon felt that Carl was less affectionate than formerly, and she tried to discover the cause. This she was not long in doing, and then she vowed vengeance. She had been a long time beloved by an apothecary of the town, who had in vain sought her favor. She had often seen in his shop some gun cotton, which looked for all the world like ordinary wadding. Carl was a great smoker, and Adelaide remarked that the sparks from his pipe, had burnt several holes in the scarf that he wore round his neck when he went to hunt, in the regions of glaciers and eternal snows. Well, what does the ingenious little wretch do, but beg a quantity of gun cotton from the apothecary, who would hardly have refused her his aid, if she had asked it, and then knit a long woolen scarf, with large meshes, and double, and between the two sides she fastened her gun cotton. This infernal machine she presented to her Carl with great marks of tenderness, taking his old scarf in exchange. For some time chance favored Carl; but one evening he did not return to his father's cottage. The next day his friends alarmed at his absence, searched for him in the mountains, and at last found him lying on the ground lifeless, and horribly burned.

When Adelaide heard of the success of her revenge, she gave herself up to the police, confessing her crime and its motive.

A NEW EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT.—The cart of modern boarding-school prospectuses, issued by schoolmasters with pet crochets, is well lit off by the author of a book just published by Mr. Pickering, entitled "Visiting my relations and its results; a series of small episodes in the Life of a Recluse." Mr. Grey, "a humanitarian," advertises as follows:

"At Sedley House,  
"Near M—, in Surrey,  
"Mr. and Mrs. Neale, beg to announce, that they receive individuals of all ages, and both sexes, to board and educate; devoting themselves, with the assistance of properly qualified instructors, to the development in their pupils of the highest perfection both of mind and body of which they may be susceptible. Proceeding on the principle that there is a divine germ to be elicited from the soul by culture of Love, and perfect health from the corporeal frame by the pursuit of a pure and simple diet, the most delicate attention towards the former on the part of philosophical minds, and a strictly vegetarian regimen as it respects the latter, will be the leading features in their scholastic administration. The fine arts of poetry, painting, and music will claim pre-eminence attention; while the abstruser subjects of the mathematics, algebra, geometry, and the dead languages, will not be forgotten. In a scheme which is based solely upon the principle of universal love and harmony, it is almost revolting to have to recur to pecuniary points. In the present stage of human affairs, it seems, however, indispensable to be furnished with means of that description. It may suffice to say, that no terms sufficiently remunerative will be refused; and it is left, therefore, an open question, to be determined by the ability of parties themselves, as to what will constitute the annual payment of respective pupils. Further particulars may be obtained on application to J. Grey, Esq., No.—, Carey St. Lincoln's Inn Fields; by whom any aid to the work, in the form of pecuniary contributions, will be thankfully received."

It is calculated that no less than from two to three millions of dollars are annually remitted by Irishmen in America, to their poor relatives in their fatherland. This one fact speaks eloquently for the industrious habits and noble hearts of Irishmen. But I mention the fact, for the purpose of stating that an attempt is about to be made by influential and wealthy parties, in England, to provide a guarantee for the safe transmission of such an enormous amount, the whole of which is the hard-earned savings of the Irish in the United States. The present mode of transmitting these remittances is full of risk, by the vicissitudes of failure or knavery. The money is sent through bills of exchange, many of which have been drawn informally, and dishonored in consequence. In other cases, parties, wholly irresponsible, draw bills on parties in Ireland, when there are no funds to meet them. A new system is now proposed; it is that an international post-office money order department should be at once established, between the governments of England and America, which should issue orders at such a rate of exchange, as would merely cover the expenses of the department, and nothing more. Such a system, although it would interfere with private interests, would render perfectly secure the money of Irishmen.—*London Correspondent of the Boston Pilot*.

A correspondent of the *Dublin Warder* shows what a powerful struggle for ascendancy is often going on between men's minds and actions:—"Sure, rainy's the time we heard the old people, in our chimney-corner, tell of Dan Buckley, that after a long course o' hard drinkin' made a vow he'd pass but M'Mahon's public-house, on his way home one evening, without turnin' in for his usual allowance; so, well became him, he got up a sort of dyalog, or private conversation, with himself, as he was goin' by the place, and, 'Come now resolution,' says he, 'stand by me, and let's see if yer made o' the right sort o' stuff.' With that he went beyond the place o' temptation about 50 yards or so, and then biggined to compliment himself—'More power, resolution; begor yer the real ticket, and I think 'tis richly deservin' of a dandy o' pufich you are,' says he, turnin' back on his tracks, and indulgin' once more in the old wake-nass."

The editor of the *Family Herald* is a disbeliever in public virtues; consciences, in his view, lie only in empty pockets. "Give a Chartist a large estate, and a copious supply of ready money, and you make a Conservative of him. He can then see the other side of the moon, which he could never see before. Once, a determined Radical in Scotland, called Davy Armstrong left his native village: and many years afterwards an old fellow grumbler met him, and commenced the old song. Davy shook his head. His friend was astonished, and soon perceived that Davy was no longer a grumbler, but a rank Tory. Wandering at the change, he was desirous of knowing the reason. Davy quietly and laconically replied, "I've a coo (cow) noo."

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No. 33 St. Lewis Street, in rear of Donegan's Hotel,  
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GUM-COATED FOREST PILLS.

(A Sarsaparilla preparation of unexampled efficacy.)  
These Pills are prepared from the best Sarsaparilla, combined with other Vegetable properties of the highest Medicinal virtue. They are warranted not to contain any Mercury or Mineral whatever. They purge without griping, nauseating, or weakening; can be taken at any time, without hindrance from business, change of diet, or danger of taking cold. They neither have the taste nor the smell of medicine, and are five times more effectual in the cure of diseases than any Pills in use.  
But a short time has elapsed since these great and good Pills were first made known to the public, yet thousands have already experienced their good effects. Invalids, given over by their Physicians as incurable, have found relief, and been restored to sound and vigorous health from their use.

TO FATHERS OF FAMILIES.  
Bile and foul state of the stomach occasion more sickness, and deaths in families, than all other causes of disease put together. Sometimes whole families are taken down by malignant fevers, Fever and Ague, and other dangerous disorders, all proceeding from a bilious and foul state of the stomach. No parent can be so ignorant as not to know the great danger existing from biliousness—no parent would be guilty of causing the

DEATH OF HIS OWN CHILDREN!!  
Yet thousands of children and adults die every year through neglect of parents to attend to the early symptoms of bile and foul stomach.  
Superfluity of bile may always be known by some unfavorable symptom which it produces, such as sick stomach, headache, loss of appetite, bitter taste in the mouth, yellow tint of the skin, languidness, costiveness, or other symptoms of a similar nature. Almost every person gets bilious, the neglect of which is sure to bring on some dangerous disorder, frequently terminating in death. A single 25 cent box of Dr. Halsey's Gum-coated Forest Pills, is sufficient to keep a whole family from bilious attacks and sickness, from six months to a year. A single dose, from 1 to 3 of these mild and excellent Pills, for a child; from 3 to 4 for an adult; and from 5 to 6, for a grown person, carry off all bilious and morbid matter, and restore the stomach and bowels, curing and preventing all manner of bilious attacks, and many other disorders.

SALTS AND CASTOR OIL.  
No reliance can be placed on Salts or Castor Oil. These, as well as all common purgatives, pass off without touching the bile, leaving the bowels costive, and the stomach in as bad condition as before. Dr. Halsey's Forest Pills act on the gnat-ducts, and carry all morbid, bilious matter, from the stomach and bowels, leaving the system strong and buoyant—mind clear; producing permanent good health.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.  
In 1845, Dr. Halsey's Pills were first made known to the public, under the denomination of "Halsey's Sugar-coated Pills." Their excellent qualities soon gained for them a high reputation, and the annual sale of many thousand boxes. This great success excited the avarice of designing men, who commenced the manufacture of counterfeit Pills, which they coated with Sugar, to give them the outward appearance of Dr. Halsey's Pills, in order to sell them under the good will Dr. Halsey's Pills had gained, by curing thousands of disease.

The public are now most respectfully notified, that Dr. Halsey's genuine Pills will henceforth be coated with GUM ARABIC.

An article which, in every respect, supercedes Sugar, both on account of its healing virtues, and its durability. The discovery of this improvement, is the result of a succession of experiments, during three years. For the invention of which, Dr. Halsey has been awarded the only patent ever granted on Pills by the Government of the United States of America.  
The Gum-coated Forest Pills present a beautiful transparent glossy appearance. The well-known wholesome qualities of pure Gum Arabic, with which they are coated, renders them still better than Dr. Halsey's celebrated Sugar-coated Pills. The Gum-coated Pills are never liable to injury from dampness, but remain the same, retaining all their virtues to an indefinite period of time, and are perfectly free from the disagreeable and nauseating taste of Medicine. In order to avoid all impositions, and to obtain Dr. Halsey's true and genuine Pills, see that the label of each box bears the signature of G. W. HALSEY.

Reader!!! If you wish to be sure of a medicine, which does not contain that lurking poison, Calomel or Mercury, purchase HALSEY'S GUM-COATED FOREST PILLS, and avoid all others.  
If you desire a mild and gentle purgative, which neither nauseates nor gives rise to griping, seek for HALSEY'S PILLS. If you would have the most concentrated, as well as the best compound Sarsaparilla Extract in the world, for purifying the blood, obtain Dr. HALSEY'S PILLS.

If you do not wish to fall a victim to dangerous illness, and be subjected to a Physician's bill of 20 or 50 dollars, take a dose of Dr. HALSEY'S PILLS as soon as unfavorable symptoms are experienced.  
If you would have a Medicine which does not leave the bowels costive, but gives strength instead of weakness, procure HALSEY'S PILLS, and avoid Salts and Castor Oil, and all common purgatives.  
Parents, if you wish your families to continue in good health, keep a box of HALSEY'S PILLS in your house.  
Ladies, Dr. HALSEY'S PILLS are mild and perfectly harmless, and well adapted to the peculiar delicacy of your constitutions. Procure them.  
Travellers and Mariners, before undertaking long voyages, provide yourself with Dr. HALSEY'S PILLS, as a safeguard against sickness.  
Wholesale and Retail Agents:—In Montreal, WM. LYMAN & Co., and R. W. REXFORD; Three Rivers, JOHN KEENAN; Quebec, JOHN MUSSON; St. John, BISSETT & TILTON.  
Feb. 5, 1851.

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All the above Tales are from Real Life, having been witnessed by the Reverend Author during a long Missionary Career, in that Modern Babylon, London. It is not too much to say in its favor that it is worth a dozen of the modern "Gift Books."

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Mrs. COFFEY, in returning her grateful thanks to her numerous kind Friends, respectfully intimates to them, and the Ladies of Montreal in general, that she has just received a new and varied assortment of every article in the DRY GOODS and FANCY LINE, which she is able to offer for Sale on the most reasonable terms. She begs leave, also, to announce that, having engaged the services of competent persons, she now carries on the MILLINERY and DRESS-MAKING business, in addition, and hopes, by strict attention and punctuality, to give entire satisfaction to those Ladies who may favor her with their patronage. 23 St. Laurence Street, Nov. 25, 1851.

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The Subscriber begs to inform the Public of Montreal that on MONDAY NEXT, the 3rd November, and Following Days, he will commence Selling Off his Stock at COST PRICE.

L. PLAMONDON, No. 122, St. Paul Street, Sign of the Beaver, October 30, 1851.

AMERICAN MART,

Upper Town Market Place, Quebec.

THIS Establishment is extensively assorted with Wool, Cotton, Silk, Straw, India, and other manufactured Fabrics, embracing a complete assortment of every article in the Staple and Fancy Dry Goods Line.

India Rubber Manufactured Boots, Shoes, and Clothing, Irish Linens, Tablecloths, and Frieze Cloths, American Domestic Goods, of the most durable description for wear, and economical in price.

Parties purchasing at this house once, are sure to become Customers for the future.

Having every facility, with experienced Agents, buying in the cheapest markets of Europe and America, with a thorough knowledge of the Goods suitable for Canada, this Establishment offers great and saving inducements to CASH BUYERS.

The rule of Quick Sales and Small Profits, strictly adhered to. Every article sold for what it really is. Cash payments required on all occasions. Orders from parties at a distance carefully attended to.

Bank Notes of all the solvent Banks of the United States, Gold and Silver Coins of all Countries, taken at the AMERICAN MART. Quebec, 1850.

T. CASEY.

INSPECTION OF BEEF AND PORK.

THE Subscriber, in returning his sincere thanks for past favors, begs to inform his friends that he holds himself in readiness to INSPECT BEEF and PORK for the OWNERS thereof, conformable to the amended Act of the Provincial Parliament of last Session. April 24, 1851. FRANCIS MACDONNELL.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has on hand a choice assortment of DRY GOODS, both Fancy and Staple, suitable to the season, at very low prices, and calls the attention of Country Merchants to examine his Stock, before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels confident, from his knowledge and assiduity in business, that he will give general satisfaction to all who may honor him with their customs. Liberal Credit will be given. ROBERT McANDREW, No. 99, St. Paul street, Montreal.

CANTON HOUSE.

FAMILY TEA, COFFEE AND SUGAR WAREHOUSE, No. 109, Notre Dame Street.

SAMUEL COCHRAN invites the attention of Consumers to his Stock of TEAS and COFFEES, which have been selected with the greatest care, and on such terms as to allow him to offer them at unusually low prices.

The MACHINERY on the Premises, worked by a Four Horse Power Steam Engine, for Roasting and Grinding Coffee, is on the most approved plan, the Coffee being closely confined in polished metal spheres, which are constantly revolving and oscillating in heated air chambers, is prevented imbibing taint from Smoke, danger of partial carbonisation of the Bean and loss of Aroma, so important to Connoisseurs, which is further ensured by attention to Grinding at the shortest time prior to Sale. To this elaborate process SAMUEL COCHRAN owes the high reputation his Coffee has obtained through a large portion of the Provinces.

CRYSTALLISED SUGAR (much admired for Coffee), REFINED SUGAR in small loaves, and WEST INDIA SUGARS, of the best quality, always on hand.

A few of the choicest selections of TEAS may be had at the CANTON HOUSE, Native Catty Packages, unrivaled in flavor and perfume, at moderate terms. Families residing distant from Montreal will have their orders scrupulously attended to, and forwarded with immediate despatch. June 12, 1851. 109, Notre Dame Street.

FOREIGN WINE AND SPIRIT VAULTS,

103 1/2, Notre Dame Street.

THIS Establishment was opened for the purpose of supplying PRIVATE FAMILIES, and consumers in general, with GENUINE FOREIGN WINES and SPIRITS, pure and unadulterated, in quantities to suit purchasers, and upon the most moderate terms, for Cash.

The experience of the last twelve months has amply proved to the public the utility of a Depot for such a purpose—enabling them to select from a large and well assorted Stock, the quantity suited to their convenience—combining the advantage of a Wholesale Store, with that of an ordinary Grocery.

SAMUEL COCHRAN, Proprietor. All goods delivered free of charge.

A very choice assortment of PORT, SHERRY, CHAMPAGNE and CLARET, now on hand.

And a small quantity of extremely rare and mellow OLD JAMAICA RUM, so scarce in this market.

OWEN McGARVEY,

House and Sign Painter, Glazier, &c. &c. &c.

THE Advertiser returns thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal support he has received since his commencement in business. He is now prepared to undertake Orders in the most extensive manner, and pledges himself that he will use his best abilities to give satisfaction to those who may favor him with their business.

Graining, Marbling, Sign Painting, Glazing, Paper Hanging, White Washing and Coloring, done in the most approved manner, and on reasonable terms. No. 6, St. Antoine St., opposite Mr. A. Walsh's Grocery Store. May 7, 1851.

RYANS HOTEL, (LATE FELLERS.)

No. 231 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

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

The Hotel is in the immediate vicinity of mercantile business, within a few minutes walk of the various Steamboat Wharves, and will be found advantageously situated for Merchants from the Country, visiting Montreal on business.

The Table will be furnished with the best the Market can provide, and the delicacies and luxuries of the season will not be found wanting.

The Stables are well known to the public, as large and commodious; and attentive and careful persons will always be kept in attendance.

The charges will be found reasonable; and the Subscriber trusts, by constant personal attention to the wants and comfort of his guests, to secure a continuance of that patronage which has hitherto been given to him.

M. P. RYAN.

Montreal, 6th September, 1850.

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