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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 23.

"ON REVISITING ROME:" A SERMON DELIVERED BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN,

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREA DELLE FRATTE IN ROME, ON THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

(From the Catholic Standard.)

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee; if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."—Psalm cxxxvi, 5, 6.

To open the lips after many years in the place where first they were bidden to unloose and proclaim the things of God—to return after a long interval to the path which the foot, but not the heart, has long abandoned, the path which was trodden in the spring, when all its freshness, and beauty, and brightness were upon and around it—to return to tread it again in the autumn, and see if yet one can find there any of those flowers and those charms which then endeared and beautified it; to collect, once more, the thoughts which those days inspired, and to entwine and unite them with the ruder realities and the sterner experience of a later period; such, my brethren, is the task which is imposed upon me, in being commissioned to address you in your native tongue.—Many of you, no doubt, know how many of the best years of my life were spent in this city; and you cannot be surprised that my affections leap back over the intervening space, and endeavor to revive once more impressions which may have faded, but can never be effaced; to strengthen again bonds of sympathy which may have been weakened, but never broken; to gather once more, and revive to the utmost, those maxims and lessons which cannot but have exercised a constant and most important influence on every period of life.—And you cannot be surprised that these thoughts should take the form of voices, and that sounds which, during the whole of life, have been as whispered in my ear; words often spoken in those earlier days, when the mind of a student in this city is a fleece stretched forth to receive the dew of heavenly knowledge and wisdom that rains upon it; that words which again and again have presented themselves with thrilling interest on the banks, not of the rivers of Babylon where first they were uttered, whose waters were already choked with ruins, but of that stream whose course is almost checked by the tide of industry which floats upwards on its current; you cannot be surprised if words like these come back on this occasion, when, humbly, but not without gladness, I commence the task enjoined me, and that I say, "Let my right hand be forgotten, and my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

It is to convey briefly and simply the thoughts and feelings which come back to my mind, after an absence of many years from this dearest spot, that I wish this evening rather to address to you some preliminary thoughts than to occupy your minds with anything requiring studious attention, or in which I can expect many of you to take great interest. It would be an insult to any educated mind, to suppose that the sight of this city does not strike chords in it which will remain unmoved in visiting any other place; or that it approaches Rome without feelings so peculiar to itself, that they cannot be experienced elsewhere. When you visit, for example, the other great city of central Italy—the capital of the neighboring Tuscan States, you are prepared to find the very home of art in its triple form, and allied familiarly with all that is graceful in literature and science. When you visit the Queen of the Adriatic, you are prepared, and without fear of disappointment, to see two at least of these forms developed in their greatest beauty, but handled by men who gave together with them proofs of unbounded enterprise and noble daring. And if you go to the South, you will find a city on which nature seems to have lavished whatever is most beautiful, from the most restless of mountains to the calmest of seas; and, in the midst of that unaltered region, ancient times are lived over again in cities discovered, and monuments collected together of an ancient population. But when you come to Rome, although you know that you will find more than elsewhere whatever is improving and beautiful in art, still you will feel that this is all but subservient to something greater; that these objects, which may elsewhere be worthy of reverence and almost worship, are here but landmarks and tributaries round a higher throne—that if they are brilliant stars in another firmament, here they are but satellites that revolve round a brighter luminary. You feel that you stand at once in the presence of a great religious power, existing not elsewhere; in the centre of a moral empire, exercising dominion in a mysterious and almost unseen manner over the whole world; an empire which does not depend on physical position, nor on the wealth of industry, nor on the might of worldly power; an empire in which you see

at once, that whatever is great and noble in the remains of the older, or beautiful in the creations of the new, are but symbolical tributaries to it, the one characterising the extent, the other the nature of its sway—an empire which holds itself firm, not by grasping this earth, but which, amidst invasions, and wars, and revolutions, and devastations, and overthrows, and discomfitures, shall remain poised in an unchanging and directing level, as the compass in the midst of a rocking and reeling vessel. Whence comes this? how can this be accounted for? When you have entered the interior of any of the great cities of this beautiful country, you endeavor to dive, if possible, into what may be considered its essential principles; you study its schools of art, the peculiar form and character of its monuments; you learn the history of its great men, of its very walls and all they contain. And will any of you reside in Rome, and not at once try and unravel the mystery of mysteries which makes this city so transcendent over every other, and gives a character as peculiar as that possessed by any of them, and a character, too, which is interesting, not merely on the spot, but of which every one must see the influence reaching to the utmost bounds of earth? Stability, firmness, unchangeableness, seem to be the characteristics that rule over all that you see here, ancient and modern, physical and moral. Go back with me over the few years that have just passed in that country from which you and I have come; and, before returning again to resume the threads of which I have but laid out the beginning, let us see, by way of contrast, what amount of these peculiar virtues, of these graces, of this character, if you please, is to be found among those who profess to hold up a different standard of religious belief.

I look back on a period of little more than twelve years, during which I have been absent from this city. What revolutions, what changes have taken place in the religious establishment of that country! There was in it, at the beginning of that time, an upheaving and fomentation of which God only could see the issue; but so promising were the first manifestations, so cheering its symptoms, that we could not but believe that the Master of the house had hidden, unseen by men, a little leaven in that paste, which was spreading through it only to make it savoury and wholesome, that it might be laid as an offering on His altar. During this period, brief as it is, I have no hesitation in saying, that so many men eminent in that body for their piety, for their learning, for their eloquence, and for their zeal in the ranks of the clergy—so many laymen, eminent not only for blamelessness of life, but for peculiar powers of reasoning and that sound judgment which made them oracles in temporal affairs; that so many of the other sex who, to the quiet and not easily changing domestic virtues of English life, added all that stability which social position gives in our country more than any other; so many of all ranks and ages, and positions in life, have abandoned that body, and joined the Catholic Church, that, if you will go back over the last three hundred years, including the so-called Reformation, and count up those who have left the Catholic Church, regretted by it beyond the sorrow for the loss of individual souls—who have been considered as a loss to the Church by the possession of signal virtues or extraordinary gifts; there have been more of this character who have come from the one side, in the last ten or twelve years, than you will find have taken the opposite course during the last three hundred years. And they have come, not one by one, but as men come from a water-logged vessel settling down in an unruffled sea, by boats full, steering towards the noble ship which is inviting them all to take a shelter within her ample bulwarks. And, while this has been taking place, so as to alter completely the features of the Establishment, so as to deprive it of much that formed its beauty, and in the eyes of many followers of its principal mark of grace, see what has happened within this short time, in the centre, in the heart and very life of that institution. While there has been much change in the doctrine and dogmas of that teaching body, you cannot trace any, either in the last three hundred, or the last thousand and more years of the Catholic Church's existence. That momentous, that tremendous, that, I may say, awful catastrophe in the Church of England which lopped off, not, as used to be the familiar language of men, a limb or a secondary, though useful part of the body, but which may be said to have cut off the very principle and source of vitality, by destroying within it the doctrine of baptismal regeneration; that catastrophe, for I can call it nothing else, has inflicted a wound upon it, not merely dangerous, but fatal. It has deprived it of the very principle of dogmatic teaching, for it has struck at the root of dogma. And what is to come next? What is being prepared at this moment?—Another great doctrine, that terrible dogma which

has for centuries wrought so powerfully on the troubled conscience, and from its depths brought forth saving sorrow unto life; another great doctrine, terrible indeed, but which has arrested the arm of the oppressor and the tyrant when going to strike his victim, by its threat or avenging the stroke, by plunging him into everlasting death; that doctrine which, it is admitted by all parties, has given a motive for sincerity and earnestness in virtue, and for a desire to avoid sin, because there was the fear of a gulf before the feet, into which he who is unfaithful to God's commands, or offends him grievously, was sure to fall; that great doctrine is now trembling in the balance, and men are speculating and doubting whether it also will not be banished from the belief of Christians, as far as secular decisions can banish it after 1,800 years of undisturbed possession. Yes, but it is not that alone which is trembling in the balance—it is not the eternity of torment which is now under deliberation: it is the eternity of joy as well, for it forms the counterpoise of the other; the reasons for the one are the reasons of the other; in the hands of the Imperial Judge the two stand poised equally. "And these shall go into everlasting punishment; but the just into everlasting life." (Mat. xxv. 47). Destroy the one and you annihilate the other.

All this is within a very short space of time; and if we could enter into the other considerations, we should see not only how this great body,—which rules so many consciences, and rules the belief of the larger portion of the nation,—but many others, which have gradually stolen on its domain, are in the same trouble; how the greatest Dissenting body, within the last ten years, has been gradually dividing and splitting in every direction, giving those notes of preparation to be heard in the ice of the northern rivers, when all know that in a short time will come a terrible upheaving of the stream, and the mass will be floating abroad on the waste of ocean.

Such has been the aspect which our own country has exhibited within a few years in its religious world. I come back after these years of change, and turmoil, and religious revolution, in which it may be said a new system has been gradually created, and a broad path laid for infidelity and rationalism, to walk into the hearts of our population—and what do I find here? Is there change? Has there been in this time any new form of doctrine introduced? Has there been any revolution of any tribunals to blot out an iota from the Church's teaching, or to cause a void of one sentence in her old and stable canons? Not a change do I hear of. Not one do I see. All is as when I left.—There is new beauty, new grace, a new, and, in many respects, improved aspect of religious things; but change, overthrow, revolution—none! What am I to conclude, and in what way am I to explain this? Is it that ten or twelve years, or half a quarter of a century, which may do much in a northern country, can act but little on the people of this country? Then test it by a far longer period. Go back to a far remoter age; and I will endeavor to give you my thoughts, by putting before you a reflection, a meditation, if I may so speak, which came into my mind—not here, after my return, but some months ago, when I little thought of visiting this spot. It was on the day when the Church was celebrating the festival of two Saints, almost unknown in the English Church, martyrs of Rome. I was asked to say a few words of instruction on the festival of the day—that of Saints Nereus and Achilleus. What are they to us moderns? it seemed to me might be asked. What are two slaves of Nero to the English of the hard 19th century? What sympathy, what tie between the two? How can anything relating to them bear on this century? And yet the mind going naturally to the spot of their martyrdom, would find no difficulty in seeing how much even they could contribute towards strengthening our faith in this cold and unbelieving age. I went back in spirit to their little church on the Latin way, near the gate where St. John suffered martyrdom. I remembered its quiet and apparently neglected beauty, seldom trodden by the foot of pilgrim or stranger, and yet there standing in an integrity hardly to be equaled by any other ancient monument of Rome. I entered there in mind, and recalled to myself that altar detached and looking towards the people, the ambones from which the Epistle and Gospel have been read by ancient sages; and I beheld the episcopal chair which is yet behind the altar, and I read engraven upon that chair that very homily which I had read in the Breviary that day, and which was uttered from that chair by St. Gregory the Great; and I remembered how St. Gregory spoke of those Saints as belonging to a remote period of the Church. If the Saints were old after 400 years had elapsed, yet their memory was still fresh; a church had been built over them, and it had been preserved to the days of St. Gregory. And he spoke of the differ-

ence of the times—how those Saints had seen the world in the grandeur and beauty of the Roman empire, while he and those surrounding him saw it in its perishing decay. And then he described the symptoms, as he supposed, of the coming of the last day; and wondered how men could cling to the world which was withered and faded, while those Saints despised it when it was flourishing and green. And this holy Pontiff, when he spoke those words, believed in their truth; for at that time the melancholy impression was common, that the elements of destruction—invasion, eruption, and earthquakes, that were destroying the ancient world—were the forerunners of the immediate coming of the eternal Judge. "And then with the world," must he have thought, "ends the terrestrial Church.—Why, then, need we trouble ourselves to support that which is on the verge of destruction?" Perhaps it was on that very day, after speaking those words, that he went forth, and passing through the neighboring forum he saw some youthful captives, and, charmed with their natural grace, enquired who they were, and learnt that they were Saxons, brought from a far island to be sold in the slave market of Rome. And did he any longer remember that earthquakes, and plagues, and wars were threatening the instant end of the world and of the Church? Oh, no! He went home to his Colian monastery; he called Austin and Justus, and Paulinus, and Mellitus, and he sent them forth as if he had lived in the days of Nero, when the Church was in its infancy, and as if the Church, instead of approaching the term of its existence, were just starting on its errand of converting nations. What boldness, what stability in the Church of God! These Apostles went forth, and you well know they converted the Saxon race. That nation soon covered the island with ministers and churches. Some, perhaps, of them still remain. The first stone church, as venerable Bede tells us, erected at Larningham, by S. Ceadda, now forms, perhaps, the crypt of the modern structure in that place. And perhaps the original Church of S. Wilfrid is found in a little nook in Ripon Minster. But generation succeeded generation. The Danes came and swept the country clean of its religious memorials; they destroyed its monuments, and often buried their occupiers beneath them.

When the storm had passed away, they came forth, like ants, industrious and active, to reconstruct their crushed and utterly ruined nests. And churches arose again, and more magnificent than before; when the Normans, with their grander ideas and more beautiful types, came into the land, and then again they rebuilt or remodelled without destroying. Ages passed on, and those solid and magnificent churches had become old, and by degrees were going into decay; they were renewed with greater beauty, and it may be said that almost every church and every cathedral in England was reconstructed, to meet new tastes, and adopt fresh styles, a second and even a third time! And now nearly a thousand years had elapsed from the time that Saint Gregory sent his Apostles, to that day, when a tyrant made up his mind to efface and destroy the whole work; and then those churches which some may say had lasted their fair share of time, were indeed despoiled and defaced. And by degrees altars were destroyed or broken, and all that recalled the faith and practice of those that built them was clean removed away.

And now look at the contrast? At the very time when Henry the VIII. and his daughter were plundering and ruining those, to England, ancient churches we find Cardinal Baronius, the titular of the church of Saint Nereus and Achilleus, restoring that little church. It was the same in which Saint Gregory had preached, with the same chair, the same ambones, the same divisions for the different classes of worshippers; and as he restored it according to the ancient model of churches, Cardinal Baronius, in an inscription yet to be read there, entreated his successors, Cardinals of that title, should they have occasion, in course of time, to make other repairs, not to depart from that beautiful type. One little church on the side of the Latin road had outlived four successions of magnificent churches in England, and was merely being put back as it was two or three hundred years before the time of Saint Gregory, when men in England were tired of seeing the beauty of God's house, and thought it high time to deface it. What a contrast between the two? And will you tell me that it is because the climate or the soil is here more favorable to the preservation of monuments, while our cathedrals are obliged to be propped up and restored, not so much because neglected for ages as because natural causes have hastened their destruction? Some ground for this difference no doubt exists, but not enough to account for results. Have you stood by this little church and looked around you, and seen what records of destruction are on every side! Have you wandered among those

waterless aqueducts, those unlitigious forums, those desolate palaces, and those untrodden streets, which block up the whole of the hills, at the foot of which this church stands; and do you find something conservative in the air, or the ground, or aught that could account for the stability of the tombs of the martyrs? Oh, no! Look to another power for this; and you will not be long in discovering it. You will soon find that there is some great moral principle of inflexibility in Rome of which this permanence of sacred edifices is but the symbolic evidence. For how can you believe for a moment, that men would preserve the altar with such jealous care, and have watchfulness over the doctrine which it simply embodies? Can you believe that there has been such guardianship over the porphyry sarcophagus resting under the altar in an old basilical church, that from that time to this, lamps have ever been lighted around it, that this holy oblation has been offered on it—can you believe that the seals which hold the treasure in it have been so jealously guarded while its construction tells you that the church was built in the time of Justinian, and that the tomb was then built to contain the relics of martyrs; and can you believe that what the Church teaches now on the doctrine of Saints, their intercession and their relics, is not secured to us as having been taught then, by the very strength of the tomb in which his object is enclosed?

If you will in Rome look around you with these eyes, you will see in the very walls of this city records of the doctrines which are taught; their stones cry out in defence of them; these will present themselves to you; from the rudely scratched inscriptions on the tombs of martyrs down to the latest witness in this church of the wonderful things God does for the salvation of men. You will find Catholic doctrine and practice engraven on the very foundation stones of this Jerusalem; and as the names of the Apostles are inscribed on those of the heavenly Jerusalem, inscribed on foundations which the eye of man cannot see, so is the apostolic teaching of the Catholic Church inscribed under ground on the very foundation stones of its edifices, in those subterranean churches and tombs of God's holy martyrs; and the records are borne up as the temple rises, till at length the whole symbolism of the faith is collected in the cross which surmounts it, and tells you that in that banner is contained the whole complete and incorruptible teaching of Christ and His Spouse.

Many more things I could say, but with the day my discourse must close. I will content myself with giving you a few words of advice on the manner in which you must view this city and study it. We may suppose that every one who comes here enters the gate of Rome with something of the feeling of a man who, loving nature and her beauties enters a magnificent domain, in which are collected all her most choice productions. He will see there magnificent trees, some fantastic in shape, some mighty, and venerable, and even in the midst of decay worthy of admiration. He will see on every side flowers and plants of exquisite beauty and delicious odor, and he will disport himself as he pleases; he will wander all at random, and he will revel for a time scarcely knowing what it is that he has seen, or what he has to learn. And now, my brethren if one was thus engaged imbibing delight through every sense, would he despise a man who, perhaps more humble than himself, finds on those trees so magnificent and beautiful, a fruit unobserved by himself, but which to him who tastes it, is evidently most delicious food? Would he despise him who among those beautiful plants which he admires, discovers saving remedies which, applied to wounds, heal them, and, administered to a diseased system, cure it? Oh, no! you will say, if this could be added to the charms and beauties that surround us, it must be Paradise indeed. And now you are come to Rome, and you see the elegant columns, or the broken blocks, and the ruined walls which tell you of its ancient grandeur. Some are rough and shapeless, some are beautiful, still, but we admire them all. They are as the great and lovely trees of the forest. Then you descend to the more living charms of later art. You pass from one to one, as from flower to flower, lingering over them in turn, and returning back to find new beauties, where you have most admired before. You wander and are delighted, and you think you have made yourself master of ancient and modern Rome. No, my brethren, it is not so. As yet you know it not.

Go into that ruined but still magnificent amphitheatre in which all Rome used once to be collected. Stand in the middle and look up and wonder, while your imagination pictures it as of old, complete in matchless grandeur. The emperor, with the magnificence which the riches of the world could concentrate on one person, is surrounded with his courtiers all lavish of ornament to do honor to the festival of the day—the return, perhaps, of his birthday. Here are the senators and there the knights, rank above rank, until above them rises a wall of faces all bearing the features of earth's noblest race; and you seem to hear the deafening shout that breaks forth from the multitude as some skilful feat, or some deed of prowess of daring is performed before them. Can you imagine anything more overpowering than this? What ideas rise before you, as you see there assembled, and hear in one sound the voice, of whatever is great in Rome's mightiest days. But your dream will be, perhaps, interrupted by a low, plaintive chaunt, telling you there are others present who have better thought than you; who remember, and would have you reflect, that a far grander spectacle to angels, and to men was presented by the martyrs who stood on that very arena, and bravely defied all the power of this emperor, and his furious people; that the noblest music which ever broke forth from that spot, was not that shout of savage triumph. Oh, no! it was the last meek and holy prayer of resignation whereby the Virgin Holocaust commended her pure

soul to God, and made a hideous death precious in the sight of the Lord.

You go into that grandest of ever-existing edifices St. Peter's Church; you look up into its unparalleled dome; and it appears, most justly, to be the most like a temple—not made with hands, nor resting upon earth, but to be either borne up by angels' arms, or suspended from the vault of heaven above, you admire its grandeur and boldness; you marvel at the beauty of its decorations; you are lost in wonder at this unrivalled piece of human skill combined with power. But the Catholic will tell you that, to his mind, it is too low, too little, too poor, to overshadow the ashes of the fisherman of Galilee and the tent-maker of Tarsus—of those men, the dust perhaps shaken from whose feet, as they went repulsed out of Caesar's gate, may have made the noble Palatine a ruin, and whose ashes gathered up in the unadorned Vatican have certainly made it the Sinai and the Sion of the Christian law.

You look at an altar in some church, not merely inlaid with rarest marbles, but incrusting with precious stones; you admire the rich combination of the malachite of the Ural and the alabaster of the Nile; you think that so exquisite is the combination of skill with taste, that it would be a gem of untold price if put in a museum to be admired and studied. The Catholic peasant would tell you that it is too mean for its purpose, which is to bear each day the bread of life and chalice of salvation; that it is too poor to receive upon it the pure stream of the Blood of the Lamb immolated for man's salvation; and that nothing but that altar on which He rests in Heaven, if it could be brought to earth, is worthy to receive Him!

Make yourselves familiar with the homely thoughts of the people of the land. You will find them more sublime than the highest flights of art and poetry; and their sublimity consists in this—that they are real, that they are true. Think how many a mystical Egyptian, and supercilious Persian, and witty Greek, and haughty Roman, may have walked round the temple of Jerusalem, and gazed on its walls, its columns, and its massive basement; admired its materials, and been delighted with its grand proportions; he may have even looked in and been a spectator of the unintelligible rites that were going on; and perhaps he went his way, shrugging his shoulders; aye, and if he had condescended to ask the beggar at the gate for an explanation, and had believed his words, he would have gone home justified, made wise unto salvation, and might have afterwards lived a life pleasing to God, and died a death precious in His sight. But perhaps he did ask, and was told how Moses brought frogs and gnats upon Egypt, how Josue made the sun stand still, how Elias went up to heaven in a fiery chariot, and how the bones of Eliseus raised a dead man to life; and the Egyptian and Persian, or Greek, or Roman smiled; and prided himself in his own heart for not belonging to this narrow minded nation, and thought better of his own country, his own religion, his own freedom of thought; and perhaps he went home and wrote a book on the legendary tales of the over credulous Jews.

But, my brethren, you will learn better things. You have come to this city to study it as it is. Endeavor to think of Rome, not with the prejudiced minds you may have brought here. When you are tempted to think what you witness must be modern and corrupt, remember that the wisdom neither of man nor of God would employ an unbroken series of links, such as we have in the Papal succession, for losing rather than for preserving truth. Remember that if the hand of Providence anywhere deals in a peculiar, and a different manner, with persons, places, and things, from what it does with the same objects elsewhere, it naturally thereby points to a principle, of which those who are thus exceptionally treated have a right to consider themselves as the illustration. Think not then, of Rome merely as once the stronghold of ancient Paganism, or as the seat of modern Catholicity; but go back to the corner-stone that joined the two—that apostolic age which attached Christianity to the ancient and Pagan empire. Believe that where God has allowed the ashes of Apostles to rest undisturbed through the revolutions of ages, He has there preserved their spirit and principles; that He cannot have allowed the very springs of His truth to remain undisturbed, only that from it might flow a polluted spring. Learn, in fine, thus to know Rome only as the city of God's Apostles—as the city consequently, of the Apostles' God.

DIocese of Arichat, N. S.

We have much pleasure in complying with the request of a respectable correspondent to insert the following communication:—

FOR THE CASKET.

Mr. Editor—You have often spoken in your paper about the good intentions and real apostolic zeal of our most worthy Bishop in promoting the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of the newly founded Diocese of Arichat, intrusted to his care by Divine Providence. His last and laborious visit to the remotest parts of his Diocese, where never before the comforting voice of a Bishop was heard, is an especial proof of his ardent zeal. Wherever he directed his course, true Catholic spirit was aroused, strengthened and increased. Dissensions were settled for ever by his presence. Everywhere he diffused peace and joy, which are the natural offspring of the living and active Catholic Faith. Many poor missions experienced the effects of his generosity. The promotion of a good and sound Catholic education has been, during his visit, one of the most constant objects of his cares.—If every parish was so highly benefited by his visit only, how much greater advantages must be conferred on that Parish which Divine Providence has chosen for his Episcopal See? Arichat experienced the salutary effects of his presence immediately after his return, so universally longed for by the inhabitants. At his arrival he found upwards of one hundred and fifty children duly prepared for the First Communion, which his Lordship administered to them on the

Octave of All Saints, under solemnities well calculated to make an indelible impression on the innocent hearts of those young communicants.

On the following Sunday prizes were distributed in the Cathedral by his Lordship to those children, who had distinguished themselves by their assiduity, attention and proficiency in learning the Christian Doctrine, under the direction of able catechists. This reward, though small, will certainly have the effect of creating a laudable emulation among the youth, of gratifying the parents and nourishing their paternal solicitude for their religious education under the guidance of zealous Pastors.

A useful and magnificent appendage has been added to the Cathedral of Arichat in the splendid Vestry, which has been lately finished. This very spacious building, which may well be considered a church in itself, was consecrated by the Bishop, attended by a numerous clergy, who were then here on a visit, to the service of God Almighty, under the invocation of St. Joseph in the second week of November. The plan of the Vestry was given by Mr. Alexander McDonald of Antigonish and the work was executed by several of the most able Mechanics of the Diocese. It is already well furnished and upon week-days, let the cold be ever so intense, the daily sacrifice is attended by a crowd of devout adorers. As the beautiful furniture of this Vestry, including Baptismal Font, Altar, Confessionals, stove and pipes, are either of Canadian manufacture or wrought after Canadian models, a stranger, at least from Canada, would consider himself quite at home within its walls.

The interior of the Cathedral has also received additional ornament in a magnificent lamp about seven feet high, and two feet in breadth, which the visitor sees now always burning, to remind him of his short existence in this life, while it points out to him the awful presence of his God in the sacrament of Divine Love.

On Friday last his Lordship, attended by his Clergy and in presence of a very numerous congregation, solemnly erected in the Cathedral the *Via Crucis* or Stations of the Holy Cross. This pious work was preceded by a preparatory address in French from the Rev. Hubert Girroir. After the blessing of the Stations and Crosses, a solemn procession took place.—This done, the mournful way of the cross was performed, to which an efficient choir added no small solemnity while they sang the plaintive tones of the *Stabat Mater*. These stations, of the largest size, are enclosed within glass in beautiful frames. They have been presented to the Cathedral by Mademoiselle Maranda, sister of the late and lamented parish priest of Arichat.

The Festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God was celebrated with great solemnity. His Lordship officiated pontificaly at Mass and Vespers. The Rev. W. B. McLeod acted as Archdeacon, the Rev. Dr. Schulte as Deacon, and William Chisholm, Seminarian, as Subdeacon. The Rev. Hubert Girroir directed the ceremonies with that ease and ability which characterize the *Alumnus* of the Catholic University of Quebec. After Gospel the Rev. Alexander McDonnell, an alumnus of the Urban College de Propaganda Fide in Rome delivered in English an elegant and profound discourse on the Festival of the day. Said reverend gentleman is at present on a visit to his friend and old school-fellow, the Bishop of Arichat, where probably he will remain until the spring. Owing to the circumstance of the happy return of most of the hardy seafaring men of the town of Arichat to their families, the Cathedral, though the largest house of religious worship in the Province, was crowded at the morning and evening service of the day referred to. It was on this occasion that the ecclesiastical students of the Seminary appeared for the first time in clerical costume within the Sanctuary. It was a sight most consoling to his Lordship and to all who feel interested in the progress of Catholicism in our recently founded Diocese to witness the edifying demeanor of these young Levites attending the Altar of the Most High.

Every one, who is interested in the welfare of the Diocese of Arichat, will certainly, in seeing the zeal of the Right Rev. Dr. McKinnon and the energy with which he carries out his views, say rejoicing with me, may God grant him His powerful assistance and long life to promote the cause of religion.

PERSECUTION OF CATHOLICS IN BADEN—THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

(From the Dublin Weekly Telegraph.)

The persecution of Catholics still continues in the Grand Duchy of Baden. Two hundred Priests have been doomed to incarceration!!! (and the sentence has only failed, from the inconvenience to the authorities of its execution) because, in a matter affecting their spiritual conduct as clergymen, they have preferred yielding obedience to their spiritual superior, rather than, as Catholic priests, place themselves at the disposal of Protestant ministers.

The Jesuits have been expelled from Baden by a Ministerial ordinance, but, upon demanding to know the reason for their expulsion, it was refused to them. They then required a certificate that they had infringed no law during their abode at Freiburg. That certificate could not be withheld from them; and when they had once obtained it they placed themselves under the protection of the Prussian Minister. One of their body is a Prince of Germany—the Prince of Waldbourg-Zeil—and as he cannot, being a German territorial dignitary, be expelled from any part of Germany, he has taken up his residence at Freiburg.

A Catholic German newspaper, the *Volkshalle*, of Cologne, has been seized at the Post-offices and confiscated, because its directors have expressed an opinion favorable to the persecuted Archbishop. At Dusseldorf—that is in the Prussian territory—pamphlets containing the Pastoral of the Archbishop of Freiburg, and of the Bishops of Mayence and of Limbourg, have been seized. The latter, the Bishop of Limbourg, has been treated as a criminal by the Grand Duchy of Nassau, because he did not abrogate his functions as a Catholic prelate, at the command of a Protestant Government.

The Governors of the cities of Rastadt and of Heidelberg, the Count de Hennin, and the Baron d'Uria, have declared to the Baden Ministry that it would be repugnant to their conscientious feelings to enforce the edict against ecclesiastics faithful to the Church, and obedient to their Archbishop, and therefore have demanded that the enforcement of such an edict should not be required from them.

The clergy of Rhenish Prussia, of Hohenzollern, Sigmaringen, of Westphalia, and of the neighboring

Provinces, have forwarded addresses to the Archbishop of Freiburg and his clergy; and in those addresses they tender to their brethren suffering for religion's sake all the aid they can command, in money. In France, large subscriptions are collecting for the same object, and a letter, which we this day publish, from the Count de Montalambert, will tend considerably to arouse the popular feeling in all parts of the French Empire.

The Baden population have risen in many places, and rescued the clergy from arrest, whilst in all other places where the Protestant Governments, as in Prussia, Nassau, and Wurtemberg, have manifested a sympathy with the persecuting Protestant Government of Baden, the greatest discontent and a very dangerous agitation have been excited amongst their Catholic subjects.

Germany is, in truth, moved from one end to the other by the circumstances we have detailed, and if the people of Baden were Protestants, and the Grand Duke a Catholic, and that Catholic Prince had insisted that no Protestant should be educated as a Protestant clergyman unless in the manner he approved; of that no Protestant should be ordained a clergyman unless with his approval, and that when ordained should be appointed to no parish but with his sanction; then all England would by this time have rung with accounts of the "persecution of Protestants by a bigoted Papist Sovereign!" But as the case is reversed—as it is the Catholic Church that is so persecuted by a Protestant, the London papers are silent, or the truth is concealed from their readers.

The state of disorder into which ecclesiastical affairs have been thrown in the Rhenish Provinces of Germany are not, as the *Spectator* affirms, to be dated back to the peace of Westphalia, nor to the compromise of 1830. Their true source is to be found in infidelity, in the disciples of infidelity, in the secret societies of the *illuminati*, in the philosophy of Voltaire, and the despotic tendencies of *Josephism*, which corrupted the hearts of kings, and the princes, and people, in the last twenty years of the last century; and the creature (the Revolution) which was generated by their wickedness was also the avenger of their crimes and their impiety. Never was the hand of an avenging God more visible than in the punishment of all kings and princes who, at the close of the last century, persecuted priests, and Pope, and Church. There was not a Catholic monarch who joined in the conspiracy against the Jesuits whose throne was not overthrown, and his family a victim to the French Revolution, whilst the ecclesiastical princes of Germany who would not submit to a Pope, saw their crossier-sceptres for ever broken by the rude sword of the soldier. Baden now suffers, because its former Electoral Prince and Archbishop was one of the conspirators in the schismatical congress of Ems; and, if what had formerly been a portion of his dominions, was bestowed upon a Protestant temporal prince, it was upon the express condition that the independence, rights, and privileges of the Catholic should ever be respected. A perfidious Protestant Government has violated that condition. It is against such a violation the Archbishop of Freiburg, the Bishops of Mayence, of Fulda, and of Limbourg have protested.

Catholic Germany is aroused. It will not permit despotism unchecked to trample upon mitre, and crossier, and altar. On the other hand, this attempt at persecution will be persevered with, for it is urged on by the King of Wurtemberg, and the King of Wurtemberg, it is declared by the *Univers*, is an instrument in the hands of Russia.

The Czar, whose first act on entering Bucharest was to close the doors of the Catholic Church there, has a double object in view in the course of policy he is now urging onward in southern Germany. First, he incites Protestant princes to persecute their Catholic subjects; next, he incites a civil and a religious war amongst those who would willingly co-operate together in placing a check upon his ambition.

England, completely blindfolded as to facts by its anti-Catholic London papers, fancies it is but gratifying its fanaticism in approving of this persecution of Catholic archbishops, bishops, and priests, when, in truth, it is, by its approval, strengthening the diabolical policy of Russia, to encounter and thwart which, in Turkey, it is prepared to shed its blood and expend its treasures.

THE PERSECUTION IN BADEN—THE ARCH-BISHOP OF DUBLIN.

The *Univers* publishes a translation of the original Latin letter of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin to his Grace the Archbishop of Freiburg:—

"Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Lord—The Chapter and the Clergy, Secular and Regular, of this diocese of Dublin have begged of me to present to your Grace a letter, written in their name and signed for all of them by the Dean of the Chapter, the two Vicars-General, the Provincial of the Order of St. Dominic, and the Provincial of the Society of Jesus. In this letter they endeavor to express the grief which the persecution excited against the Catholics in the Ecclesiastical province, of which you are the Metropolitan, causes them to feel, and the joy with which they are penetrated by the glorious example of courage and of immoveable firmness, in defence of the liberty of the Church, which you give to all the Christian people. They have, besides, resolved to send, according to their means, some assistance to aid and solace their afflicted brethren. I gladly comply with what the excellent Clergy of Dublin ask of me, and I beg your Grace to accept the assurance that I participate fully in all the sentiments expressed in their letter. I hope that in the course of a few days the majority of the Bishops of Ireland, acting in concert, will be able to address to you a common letter; therefore I abstain from saying more here, and content myself with remarking that the conduct of your Grace, and your courage in defending the rights of the Spouse of Christ, have already had the result of making your name illustrious and venerable in the eyes of Catholics in every part of the world. As to the future, I beg of the Almighty and All-Merciful God to accomplish in you the work that He has commenced, and to bring you forth safe and triumphant from all the snares of your enemies. In these sentiments, and with an ardent desire to see all things turn to your advantage, I am your very obedient and very humble brother and servant,

"† PAUL CULLEN, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland.
"Dublin, 8th Dec., 1853."

There were 138 railroad accidents in the United States in 1853, 234 persons killed, 499 wounded.—

MITCHEL AND THE IRISH CAUSE.

(From the Catholic Miscellany.)

In his Banquet address, after sneering, Kossuth-like, at the solemn avowals of the principles of foreign policy, made by our government, and soundly berating Mr. Secretary Marcy in a style that, to say the least of it, showed a great want of good taste in a newly arrived stranger, Mr. M. passes to make his profession of political faith in the following terms:—

"I am a professed revolutionist now—an adventurer—a seditious propagandist. I mean to make use of the freedom guaranteed to me as a citizen or inchoate citizen of America, to help and to stimulate the movement of European democracy, and especially Irish independence. I mean to claim for the revolutionary refugees here, not only the hospitality and the coinage of America, but also her sympathy and active friendship—nay, I claim for them that America shall be to them the very standing ground prayed for by Archimedes, whereon they may plant a lever that shall move the world."

Mr. Mitchel is unconsciously false to his own honest, upright nature, when he gives himself those detestable names of professed revolutionist, adventurer, and seditious propagandist—at least in the sense in which they are commonly understood by honest and sensible men throughout the world, all, indeed, save the few nefarious demagogues who are plotting in secret for the overthrow of society. He is also false to the cause of Ireland in coupling it with that of the secret societies and bands of assassins that infest Germany and Southern Europe. Mr. Mitchel is—what Kossuth and his popinjay successors are not—a man of truth and sincerity, and, therefore, has some meaning in his words. He is no rhetorical butterfly, flitting at random from one flower of speech to another, in quest of sweet sounds and gaudy phrases, wherewith to tickle the ears and to mystify the minds of his hearers. He is in earnest; and his sentiments, even though borrowed from dreamland, are the result of conviction. In calling himself, therefore, a revolutionist, propagandist, &c., he means that he will to the best of his power defend and second the attempts of all Hungarian, Italian, French, and other conspirators. He yet labors under the innocent delusion that those men are struggling for liberty and the happiness of the nation. He cannot see as yet, that they are contending some for vile and interested, others for the most criminal motives. He cannot discern that the infallible end of their conspiracy, foreseen by almost every one, openly avowed and ardently desired by most of them, is the downfall of all government, the destruction of all religion, and the utter subversion of the whole social state. A few years will undeceive him. It is impossible that a man of his vigorous understanding, and, as we believe, sterling honesty—a quality rare enough amongst "revolutionists" and "seditious adventurers"—can remain long the dupe of lying theories and lying knaves. We flatter ourselves that he will be the first to quit with horror and loathing the dishonorable company—in which misfortune rather than guilt now keeps him—as soon as he shall have discovered its inherent base character.

Another orator on that occasion was the notorious declaimer against priestly intolerance, Thomas F. Meagher. As usual, he gave a profusion of sound, some of it sweet enough, most of it very windy, but all of it without substance; pounds of rhetoric, without a grain of sense; oceans of foam and bubble, from out which no intellectual chemistry could possibly draw a drop or two of pure water to quench the spirit's thirst. But it is not of his peculiar style of eloquence that we wish to complain. The most notable feature of his address was that it talked of everything but his main point, the cause of Ireland. His gentle lute-string harped eternally on Austria and Italy, Rome, and Naples, Milan and Buda, the tyrant of Naples, the boy of Hapsburgh, the hangmen of Vienna, and lingered from beginning to end, in that cycle of melancholy song, without ever vibrating to the wrongs of Ireland. Yet the occasion, the heroic guest of the day, the very main feature of the toast, to which the orator spoke, all pointed to Ireland. A very noticeable symptom this of the direction which is now given by some demagogues to what they presume to call the cause of Ireland! It becomes, in their hands, merely a blind to seduce innocent Irish Catholics and their American sympathizers of the same faith, into alliance with Red Republicanism, into degrading fellowship with the cut throats of subterranean Europe. If it be really true that the cause of Ireland is identical with that of Hungarian nobles, Slovak thieves and Italian assassins, why, in God's name, let it wither away and perish? Far preferable that Ireland should be submerged in the sea, than that she should lose her Faith and virtue. Far better that her sons should be butchered to a man by their tyrants rather than that they should be dragged down to the ignoble level of the cowardly cut-throats that ruled for a while the streets of Rome and Vienna.—If Ireland's nationality cannot be obtained unless she consents to make, not only a practice, but a creed of crime, let her remain forever, bound hand and foot, in the chains of her oppressor! This is not only our prayer, but that of ninety-nine hundredths of Ireland's most devoted children, and of her true friends, over all the world.

But we are ashamed to have admitted for a moment even by way of hypothesis, the abominable assertion that Ireland's cause has ought to do with that of Red Republican democracy. Ireland has a cause singularly and exclusively her own. It is a cause noble and true, not born yesterday, not begotten of tumult in the streets of her metropolis, nor hatched in dark conventicles of secret crime. Her cause is grounded on her religion, it belongs to all her children, it pervades her whole territory. It finds a home in the breast of peer and peasant. It is not circumscribed by the walls of her capital; it extends thence to every mountain and valley, to every hamlet, however remote, of the land. And how dare any Irishman stand up and in the face of God and his countrymen attempt to drag down that sacred cause, ennobled by right and hallowed by ages, to a level with the pretensions of a few haughty Magyars, with the frenzied licence of a handful of Vienna school boys with the dark machinations of Mazzini or his fellows, or with the atrocious brigandage of Garibaldi and his murderous band? If any thinking man, above all an Irishman, cannot, with a little reflection, see the difference deep as from heaven to hell, that exists between the cause of Ireland and that of the "professed revolutionists, adventurers, and religious propagandists" of other countries, we can only exclaim with the poet,

Judgment! thou art fled to poets,
And men have lost their reason.

THE RESTORATION OF IRELAND.

(From the American Celt.)

It was lately stated in a Waterford paper, on the authority of a letter from this city, that preparations for an armed expedition to Ireland were going on here, and the names of three gentlemen were given as directing these operations. A paper, affecting to speak officially, after copying the report observes, with a variety of grave innuendoes, that "it is not prepared wilfully to deny" the accuracy of these statements.

Of course, the whole thing is a ratiocance. That there are some persons among us weak or wicked enough to set on foot such a scheme we think quite likely, for, as Solomon says, "the number of fools is infinite." But that any such preparations are going on, or that any good citizen or sane man is concerned in them, we cannot believe. Indeed, from the style and source of the statement itself, without other information, we would not hesitate to pronounce it one of those silly fabrications with which the dissipated dabbles in universal revolution are apt to amuse sensible men and cheat the gullible in this city of excitements.

We notice this story at present as a warning to the imprudent and a text for a few words on the restoration of Ireland; a work of the most arduous and noble kind, and one in which a zeal that never flags needs to be guided by a prudence that never fails. The wild and conflicting projects mooted by some of our refugees in the name of Ireland are not creditable to them as men of ability, nor are they of the least service to their cause. Good they cannot do; mischief they might do, but for the internal evidence of their own absurdity. They serve only to prove the melancholy fact that, men long living in exile become incapable, through want of observation on the spot and current sympathies, of forming sound opinions even on the affairs of a country once their own.

The safest rule of conduct for us perhaps is, to observe closely the course of those public men on the spot who are most distinguished for their patriotism. Supposing them to have inferior abilities to others who live abroad, their superior opportunities for observation entitle them to greater confidence. No published diagnosis of a case is equal to seeing the patient face to face, neither can the imagination be considered a safe guide in practical politics. Every true friend of Ireland ought, therefore, it seems to us, to take his cue from her own dictation, and not construct, like Richard Lovel Edgeworth, a steedle on the earth without knowing by what machinery he is to raise it to its place.

Our readers are aware that, for some time we have given up the advocacy of any special Irish-American organization. The material we feel always exists; it is to be found at an hour's notice in the generous hearts of our emigrants. But never again shall we see those Irish energies brought out to the full unless a great occasion and a reasonable chance of success should offer. The shame of '49 for the folly of '48 is not forgotten; that must not befall again. But to all who have true sympathy and voluntary aid for Ireland, we say help those who stand in the gap there; help the Catholic university; (a sacred duty nobly begun); help All-Hallows, the revival of those ancient missionary schools which shed such honor on early Ireland; help men like Higgins and Farrell, of this city, who have introduced a new branch of Irish trade—the lace and muslin business; help the application of the Irish linen manufacturers to Congress for a reduction of duty on the staple of Ulster; help forward the feasible and practical plan of steam to Galway, which only wants constant advocacy to succeed; help, encourage, cheer on Dargan and the industrial enterprise of Ireland in every way within your power; help Dr. Cane and "the Celtic Union"; help Lucas and Duffy; help Curry and O'Donovan; help Petrie and Pigott; encourage the better education, the literature, and the music of Ireland, and "hide your time," for a more decided course of conduct. The great game of national chances is not all over in Europe.

DEMONOLOGY IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Subjoined is an article from the London Examiner, about Table-turning in connexion with theology. From this it will be seen that the Rev. Mr. Gillson not content with finding out that the devil "was at Rome," has also made out a highly numerous and influential collection of devils among his own congregation at Bath, strictly excluding, we dare say, the names of all his personal enemies. We warrant that gentleman was a very stout opponent of Papal aggression. There would be something intelligible in the metaphor of Satan's being *viceroyed*; but the public will no doubt be very much interested with this being literally and physically the case:—

First comes the Rev. E. Gillson, M.A., curate of Lyncombe and Widcombe, Bath, with a pamphlet entitled "Table-talking, Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs," and he introduces us to a predecessor in the same field of investigation, in the Rev. Mr. Godfrey, incumbent of Wortley, whose good service to the cause he recognises in a certain publication bearing the still more racy title of "Table-Moving Tested, and proved to be the result of Satanic Agency; and Table-Turning the Devil's Modern Master Piece!" These very titles carry us back four hundred years. But to the evidence, and first we take Mr. Gillson:—

"I found that some members of my congregation had tried the experiment of putting questions to the table. On their first attempt, they were not prepared to expect an answer; but, to their great consternation, when a question was proposed, the table deliberately lifted up its foot, and replied. Further questions were put, and an instant reply invariably given. I heard of this, and felt desirous of witnessing the phenomena, for the purpose of investigation.—I, therefore, proposed a meeting with these friends and another family who had been accustomed to table-turning as an amusement. We accordingly met last Friday evening (Sept. 2, 1853), seven in number. I had never before witnessed any experiment in table-turning, and therefore requested those who had been accustomed to it to commence operations. Their hands had not been on the table many minutes, before a crackling was heard, and this was immediately followed by a slight movement of a very peculiar character. It was a sort of heaving, straining motion in the table. A question was then put, and an answer immediately given. I placed my hand upon the table, and put a variety of questions, all of which were instantly and correctly answered. Various ages were asked, and all correctly told. In reply to trifling questions, possessing no particular interest, the table answered by quietly lifting up the leg, and rapping. But in answer to questions of a more exciting character, it would become

violently agitated, and sometimes to such a degree that I can only describe the motion by the word frantic.

"How long will it be before he (the Devil) is cast out? He rapped ten.

"Will wars and commotions intervene? The table rocked and wheeled backwards and forwards for a length of time, as if it intended a pantomimic acting of the prophet's prediction.

"The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again."

"I then asked, where are Satan's head-quarters. Are they in England? There was a slight movement.

"Are they at Rome? The table literally scemed frantic."

We pass over some experiments tried with the Bible, because the introduction of the Sacred Volume upon such an occasion seems to us a profanity, upon which it is better to be silent.

Mr. Gillson proceeds to extol the extraordinary intelligence and ingenuity of his table, which, besides giving him the most copious information about the devils in Bath, being a perfect spiritual directory or Infernal Court Guide, is moreover a sort of Jim Crow in its way, walking, stopping, turning, or rapping, in obedience to every direction given.

Having thus authenticated table-turning and table-talking in all its branches, Mr. Gillson proceeds to prophetic warnings. He argues that the devil has come to very close quarters with us, sitting at table with us, and he especially advises all pious persons to eschew any conversation with tables. Indeed prudent Christians should prefer dumb waiters for their use, in order to make sure of avoiding the trap of Satan.

It does not appear what the peculiar constitution of a talking-table is, whether there is a specific Satan wood, of which Satan wood is perhaps the corruption, or whether the diabolic constitution depends on the cabinet maker, upholsterer, or joiner. Artizans ought to be instructed on this head, as an honest carpenter would not willingly put his planks and sticks together in such sort as to form a tabernacle for a devil. Large square tables are not to the devil's mind, because he naturally hates dealing on the square. Your small round table is the very devil, and it will run away with all the conversation, if you let it have its legs.

No doubt we shall see advertised in the Record or Guardian, tables on sale at certain upholstery warehouses, warranted free from vice, and having no connexion with the devil. For means must be found of ascertaining tables of good character, and detecting the evil ones, which should be handed over to an inquisition to be burnt, and their charcoal scattered to the winds. Hitherto, the bad spirits which have possessed tables have been gin, whiskey, brandy, and rum, and at one time not very far distant, the spirits of wine committed direful excesses, and caused a vast deal of talk of no reputable character; and it is a hard fate of tables that, just as the reformation of these abuses has been effected in them, Satan himself pops in place of the minor evils.

The accounts of the conversation of tables are somewhat contradictory. In one breath we are told of the wonderful exactness of their responses, in another, that they are egregiously and irreclaimable liars.

The Rev. W. Vincent, M.A., in a sermon preached at the Trinity Church, Islington, warns his flock:—

"I could tell you of awful consequences from playing with this subject; in one case insanity, and in two others, thoroughly investigated by a clergyman in Yorkshire, the parties were disturbed at night by knocking, rustlings, and other noises, while an appearance was in one case distinctly witnessed by two persons. I would especially warn all impenitent and unpardoned sinners against having anything to do with table-turning. They have no God to protect them against the consequences. If they treat it as child's play they may find it fool's play. It may fare worse with them than with the seven sons of Sceva, the Jew at Epheesus (Acts xix). The wickedness of these spirits is their most evident and dreadful feature. Many of the answers proceeding from the tables have been false; and on being solemnly adjured in the name of Jesus, the spirit has then stated the truth, and confessed that it was a lying spirit, and that it loved a lie. I regard these things myself as signs of the times."

This rev. gentleman, in conclusion, refers to the number of persons whom table-turning has sent to lunatic asylums; but from the evidence now before us, we know that there are individuals still at large, who ought to be added to the number in mad houses.

We have suggested an Inquisition for tables, but before handing them over to such a tribunal it would be well to ascertain, beyond all doubt, the fact of their possession, or liability to possession, according to the convenience of their configuration. The Rev. E. Gillson indeed tells us,

"We see a table manifesting all the appearance of a most animated creature—obeying every command—answering questions with such intelligence and ingenuity, as to render any conversation perfectly easy."

"These are simple facts, they cannot be denied" adds the rev. gentleman. "I am a liar if it is not true," says Major Longbow.

But we are not satisfied with the questions asked of tables, and too much stress is laid on mere circumstances of demeanor, such as that a table replied to an inquiry with such emphasis as nearly to overturn itself! But emphasis and discretion should be combined, as in the words of the old school "Speaker," and we are not to be dnped by the mere animal spirits of our table. We want to know what there is in him, in his innermost drawer, as it were. It is not enough that the table can dance before us like Tagliani, and pirouette like Rosati, that it can make the legs which the carpenter has made for it, and caper about. What it knows is our inquiry, and for this purpose let it be asked questions which the examiner cannot answer at the time, the answers to which future time will verify or falsify. To ask an animated, intelligent table, how many lies there are in the Czar's manifesto, is simply childish, because every one knows who can count 20; but a question, for example, of the present state of the belligerents in the principalities would bring the information of the spirit to a decisive test, the news of a fortnight hence confirming it, or proving it an impostor. Another home question would be the plan of the new reform bill, or what are the coming politics of Mr. Disraeli.

Mr. Gillson, however, contends that none but the impious will doubt the evidence of talking tables, which he connects with the beast in Revelations, and indignantly observes, "If it were the testimony of men, it would obtain a hearing, but because it is the

testimony of God, it is disregarded, thereby giving a striking proof that the Devil reigns."

But this testimony of tables is the testimony not indeed of man, but of a thing made by man, the work of his hands. It is the testimony of a piece of carpentry. Isaiah cuts idolatry to the quick, in the description of the mechanical part. He cutteth a log, and with one half he maketh an idol and falleth down and worshippeth it, and with the other he maketh a fire, and crieth ha! ha! I am warm.

And so the carpenter takes a plank, and cuts it in two, and with one half he makes a table, capable of the most wonderful intelligence and animation, and with the other he makes a kitchen dresser, which cannot speak a word, which knows nothing, and is as inanimate as any other log. The cook cannot ask it what the orders for dinner will be, nor consult it in any of the abstruse mysteries of cookery, nor whether the policeman will make her an offer of marriage, nor whether kitchen stuff will rise in the market with other articles. But as there were people once who believed that they could split a log, and allot one-half to the fabrication of a God, the other to the uses of a faggot, so there are folks now who believe that the carpenter or cabinet maker can put together a plank and four legs, so as to shape an organization for a spirit. And they are not all in Lunatic Asylums, some of them are in pulpits in the year 1853. And we prate of enlightenment and progress; heaven help us and scoff at Catholic miracles, &c.

DEATH IN THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

A writer in the New York Tribune, describing a Liverpool ship in which he was a passenger, says:—She was 170 feet in length, and about 38 feet in beam. Her decks were a spar-deck, main-deck, and steerage. The spar-deck was furnished with skylights for the first and poop cabins, together with the usual number of hatchways. Upon the main-deck were the above cabins, the "houses upon deck;" the cabin and steerage galleys, sick bay, fore-castle, and water-closets. The first cabin occupied about a quarter of the length of the whole ship. Next came the poop cabin. This was about 18 or 20 feet in length, by about 12 in breadth. On one side were what the broker pompously designated state-rooms. These were separated from the cabin by a partition. The room on the right hand side was furnished with ten berths, in each of which two persons were packed. These berths were ranged in two tiers, three on one side and two on the other. Each berth for two was just as wide as the law demands—3 feet; and in length, the legal six feet were granted, but not a shaving more. The height between the decks was about seven feet—one foot more than the law demands! In this state-room twenty persons of both sexes slept. Three of the men were married, and had their wives with them; two respectable young women about twenty years of age, occupied one of the berths; the other six were filled by young and middle-aged men.

The berths were two feet above each other, the space between the opposite berths was four feet. In this room slept twenty people of both sexes of the better class of emigrants, for fifty-six days, without any means of observing the common decencies of life.

On the other side of the cabin were two state-rooms. One of them was occupied by a family of respectable Germans, consisting of two men and three women, together with two English girls. In this room the berths were four in number, the two next the side of the ship were of the statute width, three feet. On the other side of the room were the other two berths; these were not two feet in width; in the upper one the patriarch of the Germans, a six feet, 60 year old grenadier slept; in the lower one were the two English girls lying as best they could.

Between this state-room and the other, on the same side, was a water-closet. The last state-room was of the same dimensions as the one preceding, with the difference that the upper berth was six inches narrower. This berth I was to occupy, assisted by a young friend who was very lean and bony. So narrow was this berth, that when both of us lay in it, only one could rest upon his back at a time.

The same writer, after showing how it was impossible to get anything cooked with any degree of cleanliness, or even cooked at all, so that women with families of young children often had to wait several hours each morning before they could procure a morsel of food to appease the hunger of their exhausted and fevered little ones, gives the following picture:—

One of the most vitally important requisites on the emigrant ship are clean and commodious water-closets. On board the ship these necessities were situated on each side of the forward hatchway, very near to the cooking galleys. They had just been erected by the ship's carpenter, and were composed of rough pine boards. They were ranged three together on each side of the deck, one being appropriated to the use of female, the other to the male passengers. They were about twenty inches in width, and five feet in height. The interior of each consisted of a single cross-bar, and a wooden shoot leading out through the bulwarks.

So ill-adapted and incommodious were these places that in rough weather, or when the ship was rolling, the inmates were often thrown through the frail door, and precipitated upon the deck. The doors would thus get knocked off their hinges, and the carpenter would let them stay knocked off. It was almost impossible to escape defilement in these places, even with all the advantages of the most favorable weather. There was no supply of water to keep the channels clean, and every time a wave broke against the ship's side, or she plunged, the accumulated filth would be washed out upon the deck. This often occurred when there were several of these places occupied, and the inmates presented the most pitiable spectacles. The stench at all times emitted from these places was not unlike that which would arise from laden nightcars, anchored on one side of the deck. So totally unfit were these houses for what they were designed, that even the most reckless and vermin-crawling passenger entered them with loathing. The care of the male passengers was distressing, but that of the females was wretched beyond description. The effluvia arising from these places, together with their general repulsiveness, is undoubtedly a pregnant cause of much of the disease which prevails upon emigrant ships.

With such facts before us, the wonder is not that cholera and ship fever destroy thirty per cent. of the emigrants, but that so many escape. The same kind of miscalled accommodation on land would breed a contagion, and what then must be their effects on ship-board, where, under the most favorable circumstances, the condition is sufficiently disagreeable and unwholesome.

THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 20, 1854.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The only noticeable event, in the world of English politics, is the return of Lord Palmerston to office, with, of course, the understanding that henceforward the foreign policy of Great Britain is to be carried on in accordance with the views of the Home Secretary. War is now looked upon as inevitable; and the Northern powers, alarmed, at the imperious tone of Russia, seem inclined to join the coalition against her. The Porte still professes its willingness to treat, upon the basis of the evacuation of the Principalities, to which it is not likely that the Czar will consent. Meantime, the war continues without, since the disaster of Sinope, any important results. The blockade of Sebastopol by the allied fleets is spoken of; but it is not likely that during the winter months, and in such a stormy sea as the Black Sea, an operation of such a nature will be undertaken.—Great discontent prevails throughout England, at the underhand part which Prince Albert is accused of playing in the British Cabinet; to his influence is attributed the vacillating policy of the Aberdeen Ministry, whose position is certainly not improved by the singular revelations made in a late trial at Dublin, in which their Irish Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Sadler, cuts a very melancholy figure. Dr. Cahill has addressed a very powerfully written letter to Prince Albert on the present aspect of affairs, which we will publish in our next.

Gavazzi is on his way to Europe; Kossuth has suddenly left London for Constantinople. There is meaning in these movements; there must be carnion where the vultures are congregating; there must be villainy toward—throats to be cut, priests to be murdered, churches to be burned, convents to be pillaged, and governments to be overthrown—when we see the champions of rascal democracy thus flocking together. They scent the carcass from afar.

The bold and successful stroke of Louis Napoleon, on December 2nd, 1851, defeated the hopes of the anarchists, and compelled them for the time to desist from their infernal machinations against the peace of Europe. But their plans were postponed only, not altogether abandoned; they were deferred until a more convenient season, which they deem now to be at hand; and truly—for a general war must inevitably entail another Hungarian, and Italian insurrection.

It is this which gives its peculiar interest to the otherwise uninteresting quarrel betwixt Russia and Turkey. With neither of these Powers can the Catholic sympathise. If one is anti-Christian, and the persecutor of the followers of the Cross, the other is no less anti-Catholic, and is inspired with an equal hatred to the Church of Christ. In no country in Europe has the great Protestant principle—of the supremacy of the temporal over the spiritual order—been so fully carried out as in Russia. The Czar is, in fact, what the English Sovereign is in theory: absolute head of the Church; supreme governor in all things, whether Civil, or Ecclesiastical. The triumph of such a power, cannot but be productive of many trials, many persecutions, to the Catholic Church.

On the other hand, infidel Turkey is known to be favorably disposed towards the revolutionists of Europe; and it is not difficult to see what a powerful diversion in her favor would be caused by another outbreak in Hungary; to be followed of course by an insurrection in Lombardy, and a social convulsion throughout the Italian peninsula. Betwixt the triumph of Russian Protestantism, and Protestant Demagogueism, there is little to choose; but perhaps, of the two evils, the second would be the greater.

Left to her own resources, the fate of Turkey would not be long doubtful. Sinope is not far from Stambul, nor would the fortifications of the Bosphorus present any insuperable obstacles to a fleet of war steamers bound for the Golden Horn. On land, the raw levies of the Turk would have but little chance against the soldiers, who, at Friedland and Borodino, proved themselves worthy to cross steel with the legions of Napoleon. One campaign would settle the war, were the other Powers of Europe to withhold their interference.

Whilst the governments are deliberating how, and where, to interpose, there is too much reason to fear that the revolutionists are acting, and that measures are already concerted to light once more the flames of rebellion in the Austrian provinces, and thus to put it out of her power to lend the assistance of her arms to Russia. It is hinted too, in certain quarters, that these designs, if not countenanced, will at least not be opposed by the Western Powers; though it is certainly most improbable that Louis Napoleon will lend himself to such a revolutionary policy. He has, since his advent to power, been a powerful supporter of the cause of order and good government; to him, under God, it is owing that the machinations of the anarchists, in 1852, were rendered abortive, and European society preserved from the deluge with which it was threatened. Remembering then his antecedents, and grateful for the services which he has rendered, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the Emperor of the French approves of the designs of Kossuth, Gavazzi, and Mazzini. But that these worthies are bent upon mischief, and that this is what is meant by the sudden movements of the former two, is beyond a doubt.

REPUBLICANISM.

The TRUE WITNESS would beg leave to correct a misapprehension of the *Montreal Herald*. The TRUE WITNESS is not hostile to, and has never di-

rectly, or indirectly, pronounced any censure upon, republicanism. To attack, or censure, republicanism, is to denounce all good government; for no government is good which is not republican; and government is only good in so far as it tends to republicanism, or the common weal. Every government, whose object is the public good, is republican, no matter the form in which it is administered. Whether it be monarchical, or polyarchical—whether the office of chief executive magistrate be hereditary, or elective—is of little, indeed of no consequence, provided it fulfill the true end of all legitimate governments—viz., the Commonwealth, or Res-Publica. In European nations, compelled from the vicinity of rival and hostile powers to keep on foot large military establishments, we certainly prefer the monarchical form of government; and think that the Commonwealth requires that the office of chief executive magistrate, to whom the command of that military force must be entrusted, should be hereditary, in order to prevent the evils which would inevitably accrue if it were left open to competition, and were thus held out as a prize to the successful Captain, or ambitious statesman. Large standing military establishments entail the necessity of hereditary monarchy; and therefore, as a consistent republican, we would advocate hereditary monarchy in Europe as the form of government best adapted to promote and secure the stability of the Commonwealth, or Republic.

On this Continent the case is different, and the hereditary principle may be safely dispensed with, though certainly its absence is by no means of the essence of a republic. As yet the United States have no powerful neighbors to guard against; have no need of a standing army, and their military establishments are so trifling as not to be worth mentioning. But if the President were Commander-in-Chief of a permanent military force of some 500,000 men, the office could not long remain elective, in the popular sense of the word. Either the holder of the sword would make his office permanent in his own family; or else it would fall, as it did in Rome in the days of the Cæsars, into the gift of the prætorian cohorts, by whom, it would be conferred upon the successful general, or else put up to public auction. Thus must it ever be with great military powers, in which the liberty and happiness of the people, or in other words, the republic, or common weal, can only be secured by the establishment of the hereditary principle.

But as the principle of an elective head of the executive is the principle legitimately established in the United States; as it fully answers the true purpose of all legitimate government, viz., the republic; and as all attempts to overthrow the settled and legitimate form of government are invariably injurious to the common weal—the Catholic, upon the same principles as those on which he would advocate hereditary monarchy in Europe, would, if in the United States, defend the settled order of things, viz., an elective executive; not as more favorable to the republic than the other; but as the legitimate form of government, which every good citizen is bound to respect, in obedience to the laws of God and of the Church.

Now by applying these principles to Ireland we can easily explain the conduct of the Archbishop of New York, and his subscription of \$500 to the Irish popular cause. The object of the British government of Ireland is not republican, or the common weal of the people. On the contrary, its avowed object has been for 300 years, the exaltation of one class of the community, and that the minority, at the expense of the other, or great majority. The British government of Ireland has been, and is, essentially evil, because anti-republican; but anti-republican, not because monarchical and hereditary, but because anti-Catholic; but because its object has been to promote Protestant ascendancy, and to depress the Catholic. Now, just as we are called upon, on republican principles, to support the hereditary form of government where it is the established legitimate form, and to support the elective form where the latter is established and legitimate, so also are we at liberty to oppose any form of government, whether hereditary or elective, which is not republican; that is, whose sole object is not the common weal. Not indeed always by an appeal to arms, though even arms are sometimes lawful; and never by evil means, such as assassination, and the means recommended by the demagogues of the XIX. century; but still, as Catholics, we may safely assert the right of the subject to oppose every anti-republican government, so long as the object of that opposition is not the overthrow of government, but only to compel it to fulfil its sole legitimate end, viz.—republicanism, or the common weal. For this legitimate purpose, His Grace of New York contributed his subscription to the Irish popular cause, not as the enemy of the hereditary form of government, but as the friend of republicanism.

We have ventured upon this exposition of our political principles for two reasons. Firstly, because it is often asserted that Catholicity is unfavorable to republicanism—than which nothing can be more untrue. Secondly, because of the ridiculous error into which many shallow pated coxcombs of the present day fall, and from which our cotemporary the *Montreal Herald* does not seem to be perfectly free—viz., That republicanism means only, a government of which the office of chief executive magistrate is not hereditary—instead of a government whose one object is the good of the governed, or commonwealth.

We are happy to see that in fighting for Freedom of Education, and Free Schools, against the monstrous tyranny of State-Schoolism, Catholics are likely to have the support of the more respectable portion of the Protestant community. The *Patriot* has an excellent article upon the subject; in which he points out that the despotic system advocated by Mister George Brown, and the Radical snobs of

Upper Canada, would, if carried into effect, bear as heavily upon Protestants in the Eastern section of the Province, as upon Catholics, in the Western. It is for the interests of Protestants, as well as Catholics, to resist every attempt to enforce the loathsome tyranny of "State-Schoolism;" and by every honest Catholic it will be made a test question at the next general election. Let no Catholic vote be given, on any pretence, to any man, who will not pledge himself to support the principle that no man should be compelled by law to pay for a system of education or of religion—for a school or church—to which he is conscientiously opposed. If we cannot have "Separate Schools" perfectly free from all State control—"Free Schools" in fact, as well as in name—then let us have entire separation of School and State.

We would remind our readers that the Annual *Soirée* of the Young Men's St. Patrick's Association will take place on Tuesday next; and that the Committee of Management have spared no pains to make this one of the most attractive public reunions of the year. The Band of the gallant Cameronians will be in attendance; refreshments have been furnished by Mrs. McConkey; and there is no doubt that the *Soirée*, this year, will be, what it always has been hitherto, the merriest *Soirée* of the season.

The *Pilot* of the 14th states—that the present Mayor has refused to allow his name to be again brought forward as that of a candidate for civic honors. At a numerously attended meeting, of both French and Irish citizens, held on the 12th ult., a requisition was adopted, calling upon Dr. W. Nelson to allow himself to be put in nomination for the Mayoralty. Since then the friends of M. Fabre have induced that gentleman to come forward as a candidate for the same honors. Captain McGrath is spoken of as the popular candidate for Griffintown.

The Annual Report of the St. Patrick's Catholic Institute at Quebec, discloses a very flourishing state of affairs. The Society has a Reading Room well stocked with the periodical literature of the day, and to which a library will shortly be added; lectures also are occasionally delivered before the members. The funds of the Society are in a healthy state; the receipts being £137 10s 4d, against an expenditure of £86 13s 4d; thus leaving a balance in hand of £50 17s 0d. These facts speak well for the energy of the Irish Catholics of Quebec. The following are the names of the officers for the year 1854:—

- Michael Connolly, President.
- Lawrence Stafford, 1st Vice-President.
- William Quinn, 2nd Vice-President.
- Charles T. Colver, Recording Secretary.
- Matthew Ryan, Corresponding Secretary.
- John P. O'Meara, Treasurer.
- Wm. T. Burke, Assant Rec. Secretary.
- John Lane, Jr., Assant Cor. Secretary.
- COUNCIL.—Messrs. J. Sharples, J. O'Leary, T. J. Murphy, J. Foley, W. McKay, M. Mernagh, P. Whitty, J. Lilly, J. Madden, and M. O'Leary.

The Court of Queen's Bench for the district of Quebec meets to day; and we would recommend our Irish Catholic friends to keep a close look out on the formation of the Jury Panels; as, after the revelations of last July, we may be sure that the Protestant Sheriff will not shrink from any act of rascality, in order to procure the conviction of innocent men, his religious and political opponents. The administration of justice at Quebec, so long as Mr. Sewell has any part therein, is a disgrace to a civilised community; and can be looked upon by Catholics, only with suspicion and contempt. Be on your guard then, Catholics and Irishmen of Quebec; for you know, by sad experience, that, in so far as your Sheriffs are concerned, your Courts of Law are administered by dishonest, and unscrupulous knaves; men who will shrink from no act of meanness in order to carry out their dirty ends.

"A PROTESTANT'S APPEAL TO THE DOUAY BIBLE."

We have seen that the whole question of human merit, resolves itself into the question of human responsibility. Merit, in the Catholic sense, consists in man's hearty, and voluntary co-operation with the Grace of God; without which indeed, he can do no work meritorious of a supernatural reward; but with which, he is able, if faithful, to fulfill all justice; and thus to merit that reward which God has of His free grace offered to man as the reward of his obedience. In that heaven is propounded to man as a reward, it is clear that man must merit, ere he can obtain, it.

But to merit, or demerit, man must be responsible; and to be responsible, man must be a free moral agent; and therefore is it, that Protestantism, in order to disparage good works done by the justified man in connexion with Christ, is obliged to deny the meritoriousness of such works; and this again compels Protestantism to deny man's responsibility, which it does, by depriving him of all moral freedom, and by likening him to a stone, or stick, to the inanimate, unconscious, purely passive, and therefore perfectly irresponsible, branch of a tree. This singular doctrine is put forward by Protestants as conducive to the greater glory of God, and the humiliation of man, whom it deprives of all power of meriting, and from whom therefore it requires not any good works.—Yet its origin is to be found in the corruption of the human heart, and in the natural aversion of man to the doctrine of the cross; it is, if rightly considered, but an apology for idleness, and self-indulgence.—Man can not merit; therefore, concludes the Protestant—what need is there of mortifying the flesh, with the lusts thereof? Let us eat, and drink, for to-morrow we die. Setting out with high pretensions to spirituality, Protestantism is found, upon careful examination, to be but the expression of the lowest, and grossest carnalism. It is the protest of the hog in its sty against short commons, and hard work; it

is as the voice of many swine exclaiming against cleanliness, and the intolerable hardship of soap and brushes. "What need is there of scrubbing us?"—says the hog—"What need is there of good works, fasting, and self-denial?" asks the Protestant.

"Shall I then?"—exclaims the Protestant—"attempt to add to Christ's merit by lacerating this poor sinful body? No! for by His stripes, and not my own, am I healed. Shall I pierce myself with spikes and thorns for the purpose of helping to satisfy divine justice? No! for He was wounded for my transgressions. Shall I chastise my sinful flesh? Shall I macerate this polluted clay? No."—p. 259.

No, indeed Mr. Jenkins; we are very sure that, until you become Catholic, you will not. Your sinful flesh is too dear to you, for you to lacerate it; and you have no doubt a very tender regard for your polluted clay; mighty little fear is there that you will chastise it. But not thus spoke the Apostle, St. Paul; his doctrine was not that of Mr. Jenkins; for St. Paul—he was a benighted, superstitious Papist to be sure—for St. Paul expressly says:—

"But I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection; lest perhaps when I have preached to others, I myself should become reprobate."—1. Cor. 9. 27.

Clearly St. Paul was not a Methodist, and knew nothing of the blessings of sanctuary privileges, which supersede all necessity for good works—fruits of penance, fasting, and chastising the body.

And truly, in the Protestant system of Justification, as there is no need of any of these things, so in it there is no place even for good works. Protestantism requires no moral change in man as essential to his Justification. The justified man, considered in himself, is no whit better, or less a sinner, than the unjust, or unjustified, man. God beholds him in a different light, and sees him through another medium; but the man himself is the same as ever: impure, unclean, and unjust. Justification, according to Mr. Jenkins, is defined as—

"A blessing, which has no reference to any other change than that which is relative."—p. 223.

It requires, or involves no change in the sinner; it is—

"A change which alters merely the position, or relation of a sinner to his God; he was guilty, he is now accounted righteous."—p. 224.

And of course, if God will account a man righteous, who is not righteous, there can be no necessity why man should strive to be righteous. Such conduct, upon his part, would clearly be a work of pure supererogation; not only useless, but insulting to God, Who, by some strange process, not easily reconcilable with any ordinary ideas of truth, or honesty, is willing to account man what he is not. Here again we have an appreciable practical result from the different meanings which Catholics and Protestants attach to the word Justification. As, according to the Church, God accounts no man just who is unjust, as He can never account a lie, so He cannot account the unrighteous man, righteous. To be just in the eyes of God, according to the Catholic, man must be just; to be accounted righteous, he must be righteous; and to be righteous, he must bring forth the fruits of righteousness, z.e. good works. We need hardly add, that the Church calls those works alone "good," which are consummated in a real vital communion with Christ.

But if God will only account man for what he is, what room is there for the exercise of His mercy? Does not the Catholic system exalt the merits of man, and dim the brightness of the attributes of the Merciful One? Does it not require of man a degree of excellence, unattainable by him in this mortal life? No indeed; for, in opposition to the Pelagian, the Church teaches that it is only by the free, and perfectly unmerited Grace of God, that man is able to do one single work meritorious of a supernatural reward—because, in opposition to the Lutherans and Calvinists, she teaches that, with that Grace, none of God's commandments are impossible to man.—But God has commanded man to be holy; therefore man can be holy, not indeed, as Moehler beautifully remarks, by himself, but in himself. And thus we see, how in the Catholic system of Justification, whilst to God alone the glory is given, yet a place is assigned to the works of man, from whom an active co-operation with the proffered Grace of God, is constantly demanded, in order that he may merit that eternal reward which, only by God's free grace, he is able to merit at all. In fine, the Catholic doctrine is this—that Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law—though not from the obligation of fulfilling, or satisfying, the law—that He has purchased for us the power, which of ourselves we have not, of satisfying that law; but that He has not purchased for us leave to disobey, or neglect that law; or, in other words, immunity to sin, in order that Grace may abound.

Thus we see that, in the Catholic system of Justification, whilst good works are constantly demanded of man, and whilst merit is attributed to them, there is no room for man's boasting, or self-glorification; but, on the contrary, that all tends to the honor and glory of God alone; Who, in crowning man's best works, crowns His own free gifts. The language of the Council of Trent is nowhere more explicit than on this point. Though of ourselves we can do nothing, says the Council, yet with Him who strengthens us, we can do all things. Thus man has not where-in to boast, but all our glorying is in Christ; in Whom we live, and merit, in Whom we satisfy, and bring forth worthy fruits of penance, which derive all their efficacy from Him, are by Him to the Father presented, and through Him, by the Father accepted.—*Sess. XIV., c. 8.*

Having now stated the Catholic doctrine of Justification, having shown the place in that system which good works occupy, and how, and in what sense, the Church calls them meritorious, we shall proceed to the examination of the propositions which Mr. Jenkins

lays down, as supported by the Douay Bible, but opposed to the Tridentine decrees:—

"There is no man, be he in his natural state, or in a justified state, who is not utterly destitute of personal merit."—p. 224.

Here we have the "natural state" put in opposition to the "justified state" of man; we suppose therefore that Mr. Jenkins means by the natural, the unjustified state of man; and if so, we can cordially agree with him in denying all merit to the works, or person, of the unjustified, or unjust man. To the second part of the proposition, which denies all personal merit to the justified, or just man, we would also agree, if, by "personal" merit, Mr. Jenkins means a merit independent of Christ, in Whom alone man can merit. But as the justified, or just man; is, and must be, in a state of intimate union with Him—(or else he would not be in a justified state)—it follows that His works are done in, and through Christ; and that therefore merit may be predicated of them; in other words, the just, or justified man, merits the reward which, of His free mercy, God has propounded to man as the recompense of his justice.

Our author's second proposition is this:—
"Justification is a gratuitous blessing, i. e., it is bestowed upon man irrespective, in the least degree, of human merit."—p. 238.

And the Council of Trent says—that man is justified freely:—

"Gratis autem justificari ideo dicamur, quia, nihil eorum quae justificationem precedunt, sive fides, sive opera, ipsam justificationem gratiam promeretur."—*Con. Trid. Sess. VI., c. 8.*

But this does not preclude the necessity of man's co-operation, and it is of this co-operation only that the Church predicates merit. The first grace indeed of Justification is a perfectly free gift, with which however man must freely co-operate ere he can be justified, or made just. For, as St. Augustine remarks—"though God is our helper, he cannot be helped who does not freely strive"; for God works in us, to salvation, not as in senseless stones, destitute of reason and free will.† Thus the grace of Justification can not profit man, unless he avail himself of it.

Mr. Jenkins' third proposition is—"When God justifies a sinner, He justifies him wholly."—p. 233.

To understand our author's meaning, it is necessary to bear in mind that, in the barbarous jargon of the conventicle, the real meaning of the word "Justify" has been lost sight of; and that it is employed only in the restricted, or forensic sense—to acquit, or absolve from punishment. As used by Mr. Jenkins in the above proposition, the word Justify does not mean to make just, but merely to remit the sentence pronounced upon sinners. Translated then into our author's jargon, this proposition would read thus—"When God remits the penalties which, by his infraction of the law, the sinner has deserved, He remits them wholly."

Of sins committed before Baptism, and remitted in that Sacrament, this holds true certainly; but if asserted of sins committed after Baptism, it is opposed to the teachings of the Bible, the Church, and our reason. The wages of sin is eternal spiritual death; and though to the truly penitent sinner that penalty of spiritual death is remitted in the Sacrament of Penance, it does not follow that all temporal punishment is thereby, and at the same time, remitted. On the contrary, we know, if the Bible be a credible history of God's dealing with man, that He does not always remit all punishment when He pardons the sinner. We know too, from daily experience and observation, by the light of human reason, that the temporal consequences of the sinner's guilt may long continue after that his eternal condemnation has been rescinded; were it not so, why should the Lord chastise whomsoever He loveth? and why scourge He every son whom He receiveth? Are not the temporal chastisements of the Lord upon penitent, and therefore pardoned, sinners, corrective and curative, as well as punitive and vindictive,† even as are the chastisements, which an earthly father inflicts upon an erring though much loved, child? God is Just, as well as Merciful; as infinitely Merciful, He is ever ready to pardon, and receive into favor the truly penitent sinner—as infinitely Just, He will not allow His creatures to sin with impunity. As in Baptism we are made members of Christ's body, and receive full strength to observe every precept of the Divine Law, it is but meet that sins committed against Grace should be more severely dealt with, than those committed before Baptism, in which Sacrament all punishment, temporal as well as eternal, is fully remitted. Reason would seem to teach that all chastisement for sin is not remitted when the sinner is pardoned.

God is the author of the natural, as well as of the supernatural, order: in both, the laws are His laws; and it is reasonable to suppose that there is an analogy betwixt them. Now, we know that all violations of the natural law, are attended with punishment in this world, no matter how sincere, how fervent, the repentance of their infractor. The drunkard, the spendthrift, the libertine, may truly repent, and be received into favor again by Him whose laws they have violated; through Christ they may receive a full pardon for their sins, and the remission of the sentence of eternal, spiritual death pronounced upon them; and yet daily experience convinces us that the ways of the transgressors are hard; and that all temporal punishment is not invariably remitted to them upon their repentance, and consequent forgive-

† Adjuvator enim novus Deus dicitur; nec adjuvanti potest, nisi cum etiam aliquid sponte conatur.—*De Pecc. Mer. et Rem. l. 11., c. 6.*

† Qui, non sicut in lapidibus insensatis, aut sicut in eis in quorum natura rationem voluntatemque non condidit, salutem vestram Deus operatur in nobis.—*Id.*
† Not enough that the arrow has been extracted from the body; the wound which it inflicted must also be healed; so with regard to the soul, not enough that sin has been pardoned, the wound which it has made must also be healed by penance.—*St. Chrysostom.*

ness. The health of the debauchee, the squandered wealth of the spendthrift, are not always restored simultaneously with the remission of their sins. Often they continue to suffer the consequences of their past offences, to the last moments of their lives; and who can doubt that, if accepted with resignation, and borne in the spirit of true penitence, these passing tribulations, united with the infinitely meritorious sufferings of Christ, may, without detracting from the merits of His One Sacrifice, be very precious in the sight of Him whose delight it is to dwell with the humble and contrite of heart? Reason alone, without the help of revelation, would seem to indicate, that, when God pardons the sinner, and remits the curse pronounced upon him, He does not always remit all temporal punishment.

And if we turn to the Bible, we find revelation confirming the dictates of our reason. God does not—if the Bible be a credible history of His dealings with man—He does not always remit all temporal punishment along with the sentence of eternal spiritual death, propounded as the wages of sin.—Though the sin of Adam was forgiven unto him, yet its temporal consequences remain to the present day, in his descendants. Cursed is the earth still, with the first curse pronounced upon it by Him who looking upon it had blessed it, and pronounced it very good; thorns and thistles does it bring forth, and in labor and toil, in sorrow and heaviness, do the sons of Adam eat of its fruits, until they return to the dust from whence they were taken. Still in sorrow, and in affliction, do the daughters of Eve bring forth children; and all creation witnesseth, to the present day, to the prevarication of our first parents: yet has their guilt been remitted, and Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law. Moses trespassed against the Lord, at the waters of contradiction, in Cades, of the desert of Sin, "Num. 27. 14"; and though the trespass was forgiven unto him, yet the Lord suffered not Moses to enter into the promised land. David sinned—and David repented him in that he had sinned against the Lord. Then said Nathan unto David—"The Lord also hath taken away thy sin," *II. Kings, 12. 13*; yet did not the Lord take away from David all temporal punishment on account of his repentance. And when again David sinned, in that—in the pride of his heart—he did exceeding foolishly in numbering his people, David confessed and did penance before the Lord; and yet in the morning, the word of the Lord came by Gad, the prophet and seer of the Lord, announcing to the penitent David that punishment still awaited him for his folly. But why multiply examples? when one instance is sufficient to prove the truth of the Catholic doctrine, that, when God remits the eternal punishment due to sin, He does not always therewith remit all temporal punishment. Revelation fully confirms what reason suggests.

"JUSTO UCUNDINO" PRINCE OF JAPAN.
BY PHILALETHES.

We have to thank the author for a copy of this interesting book, which we hail as a valuable addition to our Catholic literature, and as the precursor of still further contributions to the same cause.—From a notice of the work in *Brownson's Review*, we learn, what we should hardly have suspected from its perusal, that the talented author addresses the public in a language which is not to him the mother tongue: but beyond this, we have no clue to the real name, or country, of Philaethes, who, for reasons best known to himself, is pleased to retain his *incognito*.

The story, in so far as there is any story, is very simple. Justo, the heir apparent to the imperial throne of Japan, arrives at the age of maturity without so much as having had the slightest knowledge of any religious system imparted to him. All religious instruction has been carefully, and purposely, withheld from him, in order that, arriving at the years of discretion unprejudiced, he might be the better able to judge for himself what religion to embrace. The different theological systems of the human race are then laid before the young prince; who, by the light of reason, pronounces in favor of the Monotheistic. Jew, Christian, and Mahomedan, then appear before him, and plead, each in favor of his particular religion: Christianity triumphs over its competitors; and from amongst the numerous forms of Christianity, Justo is called upon to decide which he will accept as the revealed religion.

For this purpose the representatives of the different Protestant sects on the one hand, and St. Francis Xavier, as the advocate of Catholicity on the other, appear before the Prince; and support their respective principles—private judgment, and authority. The "Bible alone" is confronted with the Church commissioned to teach all men for all ages; and the inadequacy of the former, as the medium of a supernatural revelation, fully established. Convinced by the arguments which the writer puts into the mouth of the "Apostle of the Indies" that Christ did not command His religion to be propagated by means of a book; and that He did appoint a body of men, to propagate it by; reaching—and whom He duly commissioned and qualified for that purpose—Justo Ucondino decides in favor of the Teaching and Living Church versus the dead book, and submits himself to the guidance of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, from whose lips alone it is given to man to learn those sublime truths which make him wise unto salvation.

Philaethes wisely confines himself to the discussion of the sole question which Catholics should ever discuss with Protestants—Did Christ, or did He not, appoint a permanent teacher to the human race?—Did He, in fact, establish a Church, as well as reveal a religion? This one question involves all others; for it is clear that—if it is answered in the affirmative—if Christ did appoint a Church to instruct men

in their duties, and if that Divine Commission has never been revoked, or modified—then all that that Church teaches must be true; and that all that is opposed to that teaching must be false, and therefore of the devil, who is the father of all falsehood.

We trust that this work may obtain an extensive circulation, as being admirably adapted to the wants of the age, and as putting the controversy betwixt Catholicity and Protestantism on a proper footing. "There is no work in our language," says *Brownson's Review*, "of moderate size, if of any size, so well adapted to the intellectual wants of a large class of our unbelieving community;" and in so far as their unbelief springs from any intellectual want, or deficiency, we doubt not that the work will do great good. But with every desire to think as charitably as possible of Protestantism, we cannot help believing that it is owing, in a great majority of cases, to something besides, to something far more difficult to deal with than, a mere intellectual depravity on the part of its professors. We are more inclined to look upon Protestantism as a disease of the heart, than of the head; and therefore to mistrust the effect of the exhibition of merely intellectual remedies. To effect a cure, we must rely more upon the Grace of God than logic; and in nine cases out of ten, prayer, humble and persevering prayer to the Throne of Grace, will be found of more avail than any amount of argument. Still the latter must not be neglected; it has its uses, and, in certain stages of the disease, may be resorted to with great success, and indeed may be applied in all; all we contend for is, that it should not be relied upon, to the exclusion of those other spiritual remedies which we have indicated above. Prayer for the victim of heresy, must be constantly made use of, as well as logic, if we wish to effect a radical cure; for, as we said before, with most Protestants, it is not so much required to convince the head, as to convert the heart.

Protestantism is essentially the rebellion of man's lower, or animal nature, against his higher, or spiritual nature; and hence its constant opposition to the ascetic practices of Catholicity. The belly dislikes fasting, and the Church recommends it; man's lusts cry out loudly for gratification, and the Church enjoins chastity; his members are importunate for indulgence, and the Church says "mortify the flesh and the lusts thereof." And herein lies the secret of the, otherwise unaccountable, hatred which the Protestant feels towards the Catholic Church; hence the reason that the arguments of the Catholic controversialist are so often thrown away upon him, and that the logic of a Philaethes is often barren of results. Nor need we wonder; for the belly is an unruly member, which will not yield to the force of a syllogism; and yet it must be subdued and brought under, together with all the lusts of the flesh, ere Catholic truth can find an entrance. We want therefore a preliminary discipline for the body, as well as for the mind; we have sensuality, as well as ignorance, to contend with; and should therefore address ourselves to the task of weakening the dominion of the flesh, ere we can hope successfully to assert the empire of the spirit. Thus, in certain cases, we have no doubt that an active antiplogistic treatment would be found of great assistance in disposing the Protestant to accept the authority of the Church; and, though we do not actually recommend its employment, we firmly believe that much benefit might be derived from the occasional exhibition of small doses of Tartar Emetic, as a means of weakening the influence of the flesh, and thus of casting the enemy from his stronghold, the belly.

In the mean time, and whilst waiting for the adoption of our prescription, we would beg of Philaethes to continue the application of remedies similar to that which he has given us in "Justo Ucondino." Catholics, as well as Protestants, may profit by them; for if the latter need to be healed, the former no less require a preservative against contagion. They live in a Protestant community; they breathe a Protestant atmosphere; daily, hourly, are they exposed to the risk of Protestant infection. Against all these contaminating influences, deadliest perhaps when least suspected, ever active though unseen, infecting the air they breathe, and poisoning their daily food, the Catholics of America require to be guarded. It is by works such as this of Philaethes that the moral malaria of Protestantism must be neutralised, its foul gases rendered innocuous, and the atmosphere, tainted by its noisome exhalations, be purified. It is to Catholics, then, as well as to Protestants, that Philaethes addresses himself; and it is to the Catholics of Canada, beset as they are by the emissaries of Satan, that we would heartily recommend the perusal of this little tale; they will find it a remedy, at once wholesome and palatable.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

Always a welcome visitor, the present number will give as much satisfaction as its predecessors. It contains articles on the following subjects:—

- I. Uncle Jack and his Nephew.
- II. Schools of Philosophy.
- III. The Case of Martin Kozsta.
- IV. "You Go Too Far."
- V. Hillard's six months in Italy.
- VI. Literary Notices and Criticisms.

The first article is a dialogue betwixt an "Old Fogie" and a "Young American;" in which the former defends against the latter, the true principles of political and social liberty: the "Old Fogie" approves himself to be in argument more than a match for the "spirit of the age."

In the second article, the *Reviewer* defends his Ontology against the sneers of the *Civilita Cattolica*: and refutes the objection of Pantheism, urged by some against his *primum philosophicum*—"Ens creata Existens." The *Reviewer* denies that the necessary can be concluded from the immediate in-

tuition of the contingent—for this would lead to Atheism; or that the contingent can be immediately concluded from the intuition of the necessary—for this would plunge us in the slough of Pantheism.—We can only have intuition of the one, together with intuition of the other; and in this, necessary being or God, is really presented in the intuition, but, in relation with the soul, or the contingent. Not as clearly and distinctly known, but, as in all direct cognition, as known only in an obscure and indistinct manner. This article, which is decidedly the gem of the number, demands, and well deserves, a careful perusal.

In his third article, the *Reviewer* goes over the Koszta affair, and clearly shows that the interference of the American officer, who threatened to fire into the Austrian brig, was perfectly unwarranted, by the laws of nations, positive treaties, or the peculiar circumstances of the case. Koszta, at the time of his arrest at Smyrna, was not an American citizen, and was an Austrian subject; and as such, the Austrian Consul had, in virtue of treaties with the Porte, the right to arrest him. The object of the Austrian Government seems to have been to get information respecting the Hungarian regalia, stolen by Koszta; Koszta was suspected of having been an accomplice to the theft, and to be in possession of the secret of their concealment. It was owing in all probability to the revelations of Koszta, that the regalia were discovered in the spot where Koszta had secreted the stolen goods.

"You Go Too Far," is a review of an Essay by M. Gosselin, on the origin and extent of the temporal power of the Papacy in the middle ages; which is followed by a favorable notice of Mr. Hillard's account of his Italian tour. The usual Literary Notices and Criticisms complete this number of this interesting periodical, which stands unrivalled amongst the Catholic Literature of this Continent.

THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC, for 1854. By F. Lucas, Baltimore. For sale by J. & D. Sadtler, Montreal.

This very useful annual contains the general statistics of Catholicity in the United States; the dioceses of the Union with their prelates and priests; collegiate, conventual, and other institutions, given in the order of their precedence. It also contains an alphabetical list of the Catholic clergy of the United States, with a summary of the clergy of Great Britain and Ireland, and of all the British colonies. It contains over 400 closely printed pages; and being intended as a medium of useful information for the Catholic public, it is sold at the extraordinary low price of 1s. 3d.

"TALES OF THE FESTIVALS." "BLANCHE LESLIE AND OTHER TALES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE." J. Sadtler, Montreal.

Two pretty volumes of interesting "Tales" for young Catholics; the first containing remarks and meditations for the principal Festivals of the Ecclesiastical year; the other, a collection of pretty stories, intended to increase the love of Mary, and the practice of piety. Both are admirably suited for Christmas, and New Year presents; and we have much pleasure in recommending them to the notice of Catholic parents.

The *Citizen*, Mitchell's new paper has made its appearance, and is more remarkable for its violent Protestant tone, than for anything else. In Ireland it recommends Ribbonism; and, on the Continent of Europe, barricades, massacre, and the burning of thrones, and palaces, as the prelude to the millennium of democracy, and that happy day which shall witness "the last king, choked with the bowels of the last priest." We wish Protestantism joy of its new ally. The *Montreal Witness* of course is in raptures with him, and denounces the illiberality of his Popish opponents.

We have received the prospectus of the *Enquirer*, a semi-weekly newspaper, to be published at Three Rivers, about the beginning of May next. From the absence of any allusion to the subject, we suppose that, in religion, the *Enquirer* will be neutral; in politics, he professes himself a Liberal Conservative; the advocate—of retrenchment, consistently with the efficient discharge of the public duties—of free education, equal representation, and a speedy settlement of the "Clergy Reserves" question. We wish the *Enquirer* all manner of success, and doubt not that it will prove a great acquisition to the people of Three Rivers, and the neighboring districts.

REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

Grafton, D. Roche, 10s; South Mountain, J. Owens, 12s 6d; Orono, F. Earley, 6s 3d; Ingersoll, Rev. Mr. Carayon, 15s; St. Hyacinthe, M. Buckley, 12s 6d; Chambly, J. Dunne, £1 5s, Lyceum, 6s 3d; Illinois, Rev. T. Lynch, 15s; Prescott, B. White, £1 6s 3d; Hamilton, Rev. E. Gordon, £1 5s; St. Anne's Rev. Mr. Bourret, 7s 6d; Granby, Wm. Holland 12s 6d; Danville, per T. Donegan—J. Masterson, 12s 6d; P. Conckly, 16s; N. Chapman, 15s; J. Gleeson, 3s 1s; T. Gunning, 6s 3d; G. Crosby, 12s 6d. Quebec, Per M. Enright—Rev. Mr. Maguire, 15s; J. T. Taschereau, 15s; Louis Prevost, 3s 9d; Wm. Quinn, 15s; E. Quinn, 15s; J. Quinn, 15s; J. J. Saurin, £1 10s; P. Lawler, 15s; P. Ryan, 15s; P. O'Brien, 15s; R. Clancy, 15s; T. J. Murphy, 7s 6d; J. Lee, 7s 6d; F. Gavreau, 7s 6d; J. Smith, 7s 6d; P. M'Clory, 7s 6d; Wm. Carroll, Leeds, 6s 3d; Rev. Mr. Proulx, Rivie du Loup, 12s 6d; Rev. Mr. Chauvin, St. Paul's Bay, £1.

Birth.

In this city, on Thursday, the 19th inst., Mrs. James Sadtler, of a daughter.

Died.

On the 11th inst., at his Mother's residence, Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Patrick McCarthy, late of his city; aged 23 years.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The French government is making quiet but efficient preparations for war. At the Ministère de la Guerre plans are being prepared for the organisation of forty-two divisions, which will give an effective force of six hundred thousand men. One of the great difficulties is to find the money necessary to carry the measure into execution.

Disturbances were, it appears, apprehended at Lyons during last week, and for twenty-four hours the guards were doubled, and the whole garrison kept on the alert. A paragraph in the *Moniteur* makes light of the incident, and all accounts state apprehension to have subsided.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The Porte has consented, at the invitation of the Powers of Europe, to send a Plenipotentiary to reopen negotiations in some neutral city; but Turkey will not abate any of her just pretensions. There have been no military operations of any importance on the Danube; but in Asia the Turks have met with another serious repulse, and have been compelled to evacuate Russian Armenia. An armistice has been demanded.

Up to the 19th ult., the allied fleets were still in the Bosphorus.

At St. Petersburg, the greatest activity prevails; and it would appear that the Czar was preparing for something more serious than a war with Turkey only. The treaty between Russia and Persia was ratified at St. Petersburg on the 18th. The latter Power has dismissed from her service, all French, English and German officers; her declaration of war has been accepted by Turkey.

GERMANY.

The persecution against the Church still rages, and as usual, the Jesuits are called upon to bear the brunt of the war. The iniquitous edicts of the petty tyrant of Baden have again been levelled against them, and their Missionaries have been ordered to leave the country. The sympathies of the people are strongly with their venerated Prelate the Archbishop of Freiburg.

ITALY.

There have been riots in Piedmont, arising from the high price of corn. The military were called out, and the insurgents were dispersed.

Rome.—Our letters from Rome are of the date of the 20th ult. We learn from them that a secret Consistory was held on the 19th ult., in the Palace of the Vatican.

The Holy Father pronounced an Allocution, which is supposed, and perhaps correctly, to have related to religious affairs in the ecclesiastical province of the Upper Rhine.—*L'Univers*.

THE GENERAL STATE OF EUROPE.

(From the Correspondent of the New York Tribune.)

LONDON, Friday, Dec. 23, 1853.

According to my last advices from Constantinople, there was a general outcry against the treacherous conduct of England, even before the defeat of Sinope. The mediating powers, England and France, were well aware that no settlement was possible unless the Turks were defeated. And as Lord Redcliffe, the mouth-piece of English policy, believed fully in the bragging of Russia, and had no doubt that Omer Pacha would be beaten as soon as he encountered the Russian army, he did not oppose the plan of the General in Chief for crossing the Danube. But as soon as the battle of Oltenitza was fought and won by the Turks, and Omer Pacha was anxious to march upon Bucharest, and to expel the Russians from the Principalities, Lord Redcliffe did not cease to entreat the Sultan not to risk his army, and to warn him not to trust the reports of Omer, though the noble Lord was sufficiently informed to know that Prince Gorchakoff could not oppose more than 80,000 Russians to the 120,000 Turks of Omer.

The reason of this conduct is self-evident. The English Government had made up its mind that the evacuation of the Principalities was to be the great concession of Russia, for which the demands of the Czar were to be agreed to in an inoffending manner by the Sultan; and had Omer expelled the Russians by force, no such concession could be made by the Czar. Lord Redcliffe's counsels prevailed at last with the Sultan, and Omer received orders to recross the Danube, and act on the defensive. This was to be the condition of the co-operation of the combined fleet with Turkey. Of course the people of Constantinople were excited, and the army of the Danube plainly stated to Omer, by a deputation of officers of all ranks, that in case peace should be concluded and the demands of the Czar conceded, they would not lay down their arms, but would march against Constantinople, and take revenge on the treacherous counsellors of the Sultan.

Soon after, when a considerable portion of the Turkish fleet was destroyed at Sinope, the Sultan applied to Lord Redcliffe for the serious co-operation of the fleet at anchor in the Bosphorus, so much the more, as it was in consequence of English advice that the Great Turkish fleet had returned to Constantinople, and the squadron of Sinope had remained quiet in the harbor, Admiral Dundas being of opinion that at this advanced season the Black Sea had ceased to be navigable, and nothing more was to be feared from the Russians. But the Black Sea was unsafe only for the English; the Russians, advised by an Austrian steamer of the state of the Turkish squadron at Sinope, attacked and sunk it.

And now Lord Redcliffe backed out, and instead of giving orders to the fleet to bombard Sebastopol he sent two steamers to Sinope with some surgeons, in order to take care of the wounded; and two steamers to Varna in order to see whether any other mischief had happened on the European coast. The indignation at such mean and treacherous conduct became stronger from day to day, and at last compelled Lord Redcliffe to give orders to the Admirals to enter the Black Sea. In Constantinople people thought of course that the English would now be as good as their word, and go straight to Sebastopol, and avenge Si-

nopé, but I am sure that after a short cruise, the fleet will put back into the Sea of Marmora as soon as the first excitement has subsided. Nobody can doubt any longer that it was not in the interest of the Sultan, but in the interest of the Czar that the fleet was sent to Constantinople.

But in the meantime things are daily growing more serious in England. The *Morning Advertiser* and the *Tory papers* openly denounce Prince Albert and the German influence at Court, and by a strange breach of confidence—which people are ready to impute to Lord Palmerston—the official instructions sent on the 5th instant to Lord Redcliffe have been published in the *Journal des Débats*, making it clear, even to the most short-sighted politicians, that Lord Aberdeen is only anxious to obtain good terms for the Czar, and not for the Sultan. A storm is rising in England, which will soon sweep away the blundering Ministers of the Coalition, and the popularity not only of the Cobdens and Brights, but of persons in a higher sphere. The Ministry are beginning to be frightened.

The working of Diplomacy is not restricted to the Councils of the Great Powers. In the camp of the exiles the intrigues are just as ably conducted as in the conferences of the Cabinets.—The Pan Slavists of the school of Prince Czartoryski are hard at work; they have sent Lord Dudley Stuart to Constantinople to pave their way, and prepare for action. Their plan is that of a great Slavo-Greco-Wallachian Confederation, which is to absorb Hungary, Poland and Turkey, and to rule the East of Europe under the scepter of Prince Czartoryski. In 1848 this same party met at Prague and openly declared for Ban Jellachich and for the Serbs, because Hungary was in the way of such a Pan Slavist realm. In fact, they would put themselves at the disposal of Austria, in the case that that treacherous power would favor their principal idea. Of course they are most energetically opposed by all the Hungarians, and all the good Poles, who do not care either for the crown of Prince Czartoryski or for the ambitious views of the Pan Slavists; but who are ready to fight for the independence of their country under a republican form of Government. But Austria makes no difference between the Pan Slavists and the Patriots. She hangs them both if she can catch them.

The financial statement of Austria for 1853 shows a deficit of 95,000,000 florins—that is to say \$42,000,000—enough for a bankrupt State which is unable to contract a loan either at Paris or London.

The great victories of the Russians in Asia have, in the course of a week, dwindled down to very petty skirmishes, and the Turks are yet in possession of all the country they had to cede to the Czar in 1829. But their moral influence is far greater. The population of Russian Transcaucasia is emigrating to the Turkish districts. Mustapha Pasha has succeeded in landing the ammunition and arms destined for Shamy, on the coast of Circassia, and the great Bey of the Caucasus is pressing his victories to the gates of Teflis.

All the provinces of Turkey are now ranged against the Russians, Abdalla Pasha, the Arab, who had been exiled to Adrianople for rebellion, was sent to Arabia by the Porte, according to the last advices, he already had 20,000 volunteers, all horsemen, under his command, and was on his march to the seat of war. The Kurds, the Albanians, the Druses, are all gathering around the standard of the Prophet, and there is no doubt that the Sultan will in the spring have 600,000 men under arms. The enthusiasm at Constantinople is indescribable, and Damascus, Aleppo, and Smyrna vie with each other in offering money, horses, accoutrements and cash to the Sultan.

According to the telegraph an insurrection has taken place in the Crimea in favor of Turkey, among the Mussulman Tartars. The great Russian victory at Alkhalzik, of which we now have received the Russian bulletin, is nothing more than a successful sally from the fortress, which continues to be beleaguered. The battle of Kafelat, as mentioned by the Vienna papers, seems to be a hoax, though skirmishes continue regularly on the Danube. Omer Pacha has gone to Rostshuk, on the Danube, and may soon again cross the river. The public in Paris expect the Russian Ambassador to retire at the confirmation of the report that the combined fleet has entered the Black Sea. The *Times* on the other hand plainly indicates that the fleet will not attack Sebastopol or the Russians.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH PARTY.—The Independent Opposition will go back to Parliament strengthened with renewed popular confidence. There is a banquet to the party by some great constituency every week till the opening of the Session. And each constituency is careful to proclaim, in terms that admit of no mistake, why they do them this honor.—*Nation*.

THE PLEDGE-BREAKERS.—In a Christmas Address to the readers of the *Dundalk Democrat*, the editor ably reviews the political events of the old year. Touching the treason of the Aberdeen pledge-breakers, he justly observes:—"My friends, the year which is about to close has been to Ireland a disastrous one. It opened with hope for the people, giving promise that amelioration and redress would be found for the injustice we suffer. But treason entered the popular camp; English gold, as usual, tempted its victims, and half of our little national army fled to the enemy. The day is not far distant when the traitors shall meet their reward. There are some persons, unfortunately, who say they acted right in deserting! None of you, I trust, are of that opinion. I, at least, have done my utmost to bring a contrary conviction to your minds.—And why have I done so? I will tell you. English statesmen will never do justice to this country if they can avoid it. They want Ireland for these purposes, and for nothing else. They have need of it in order that they may man their navy and recruit their army with its young men; that they may sell their manufactures in it, collect taxes in it, and get beef, mutton, corn, and other good things from it. Believe me that England wants Ireland for no other purposes than these. And to prevent us from becoming her rival in Manufacturing or in commerce, she will do her utmost to keep a heavy yoke on our necks. And, mark! she will never confer a title on any Irishman, or give power or place to any Irishman only for the purpose of getting him to assist her in fastening that yoke more firmly on Ireland. I believe this to be as true as Gospel; and therefore I call on you, and all who hear my voice, to denounce place hunting; and to strangle that monstrous doctrine now preached with unblushing audacity, and which advocates the debasing iniquity enacted by Keogh and Sadleir."

THE LATE CARLOW ELECTION.—DUBLIN, Saturday, Dec. 24.—The case of "Dowling v. Lawlor," which has been before the Court of Exchequer since Monday last, was brought to a close this evening. It arose out of circumstances connected with the late memorable election for the borough of Carlow, and among the witnesses examined on Wednesday was Mr. John Sadleir, M.P., who denied on oath many allegations and charges made against him, one of which was to the effect that he had caused the imprisonment of Mr. Dowling, for not voting for him. The issues which the jury had to try were these:—"First, whether there was an agreement between Daniel Crotty and John Sadleir, or any person on behalf of John Sadleir, that Daniel Crotty should be released from all liability on two bills of Exchange for the respective sums of £150 and £200, mentioned in certain affidavits in this matter; secondly, if so, whether the Carlow branch of the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank, or any persons on that behalf, in pursuance of such agreement, discounted a certain bill of exchange drawn by one Edward Lawlor on and accepted by one William Ling; thirdly, did the bank discount the last mentioned bill of exchange with the bona fide intention of holding Edward Lawlor liable thereon; fourthly, whether or not Daniel Crotty was a bona fide trustee for Edward Lawlor, or for the Tipperary Bank in issuing the execution under which the plaintiff was arrested."

The Chief Baron having delivered his charge, the jury almost immediately brought in a verdict for the plaintiff on all the counts. The effect of this will be the release of Dowling from duress, free from all liability, as far as the two disputed bills are concerned, and the probable institution of an action for false imprisonment and conspiracy to deprive the plaintiff of his right to vote at the Carlow election.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN.—According to the *Limerick Chronicle*, no intimation whatever has reached the family or friends of Mr. Smith O'Brien of that gentleman's escape from Van Diemen's Land.

The Right Hon. Louis Perrin, second Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, was, on Tuesday, sworn in as one of the commissioners for the custody of the great seal of Ireland.

PROTESTANT LIBERALITY.—LORD ANNESLEY.—A correspondent informs us of a liberal act towards the Catholics of Newcastle, county Down, performed by the Earl of Annesley. The writer states that since the days of Cromwell the Catholics of the district have not been allowed to erect a chapel, and that they have been "obliged to hear Mass either in a stable yard, or as many of them as could crush into a dwelling house, whilst the remainder were obliged to kneel outside, let the weather be fair or foul; nor would they even be permitted the benefit of a national school, for the education of their little ones. On the 30th ult., after the conference with his clergy in Downpatrick, the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir waited on Earl Annesley at the office in Castlewelfan, where he was received by both his lordship and his agent, Mr. Shaw, with the greatest kindness and urbanity. The object of the visit being entered into, his lordship expressed a desire to do anything in his power for the accommodation of his Catholic tenants in Newcastle. He then in the most generous manner, at the nominal rent of one shilling a year for ever, gave half an acre of ground in an eligible situation, as well for a burying place as also to build thereon a chapel and school-house." Our correspondent concludes by writing:—"If this should meet the eye of Captain Jermingham who some years ago was located here, and to whom the Catholics of Newcastle must ever feel grateful for the generous offer to build them a chapel at his own expense if only the ground could be obtained, that gentleman will now be delighted to learn that the poor fishermen of Newcastle will soon have a shelter to cover them when assisting at the tremendous mysteries."—*Dublin Weekly Telegraph*.

Not less than £2,972,000 was remitted from Irish emigrants in America to their friends and relatives at home in 1848, '49, '50, and '51. It is estimated that if the remittances have continued at the same rate, upwards of four millions must have been remitted in the last six years.

The last Australian mail brought to Limerick a number of registered letters covering bank orders for £20, £30, £40, and £50.

SUICIDE OF LIEUT. COL. LAYARD.—Mr. J. E. Hyndman held an inquest on Monday, on the body of Lieutenant Col. Brownlow Villiers Layard, formerly M.P. for the borough of Carlow, who committed suicide at his lodging, Frederick street, Dublin, in a very determined manner. Before he could be overcom he succeeded in inflicting seven dreadful wounds with a razor upon his throat, one of them penetrating almost to the root of the tongue. It was stated that the unfortunate gentleman sold out his commission some time since, and had recently invested a considerable sum of money in the purchase of a place called Riversdale, near Palmerstown, where he had been residing till Wednesday week. These facts having been submitted to the jury, they returned the usual verdict.

It has been finally determined to reduce the levian standing army at present held in Ireland, and the infantry regiments now under orders for foreign service will be relieved in most instances by depots, or at most a troop of cavalry. The cavalry will, however, be kept up to its present strength, although of consequence they will be more dispersed.

In the Limerick corn market, on Friday week, the highest figure of the year was reached for wheat, oats, and barley. The farmers have made up their minds for a joyful Christmas. One of the last Belfast reports states that Irish grown oats have been in very great demand in all the English markets; and immense quantities are in course of transit from our several ports to Liverpool, Bristol, and London. High prices have induced large exportation, and at present the quantities of that grain sent across the Channel are in advance of the greatest average from Ireland since 1846.

THE CHOLERA IN CORK.—The *Cork Examiner* of Tuesday says—"The cessation which was observed a few days past in attacks of this disease, appears to have been only temporary, as we learn that since Sunday last four new cases have occurred, and all in the South district of this city, in the neighborhood of the Lough."

It is estimated that the United Kingdom consumes 1,500,000 eggs yearly, of which Ireland produces nearly a third. The North-Western Railway frequently receives a million eggs in a day at Liverpool from Ireland, to be forwarded to manufacturing towns.

"During the terrible gale which raged in the Irish Channel on the 28th ult., a large vessel supposed to be a screw steamer, bound foreign, from one of the Scotch ports, was struck by a heavy sea, and foundered almost immediately. Only six persons were rescued from the deep; and we believe some of these have since died from the sufferings they had to endure."

CANADA.

COMMANDER OF THE FORCES IN CANADA.—It is stated in the English papers that Major General Wetherall will relieve Major General Rowan in the command of the troops in Canada, and will be succeeded as Deputy Adjutant General at head quarters by Col. Torrens, whose place as Assistant Quarter Master General will be filled by Lieut. Col. Cunyng-hame.

The Bazaar lately held by the Catholic ladies of Quebec, realised the sum of £788 11s. 6d.—*Morning Chronicle*.

LORETO CONVENT.—PROFESSION OF A NUN.—Of all the solemn ceremonies of the Catholic Church, none is more impressive than the Reception of a young lady into a Religious Order. It was our happy lot, some days since, to witness one of these touching spectacles which none but the Catholic Church can exhibit. It was the Solemn Profession of Miss Hannah Donovan into the Religious Order of our Lady of Loretto, at St. Mary's Church, in this city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. M. Bruyere, attended by the Rev. A. Charest, and Rev. J. O'Neill. It opened with a short address by the Officiating Clergyman on the nature and the superior excellency of a Religious life; then followed the blessing of the young Novice and the presentation of the insignia appropriate to the holy state of life she had chosen.—During part of the performance the young lady lay prostrate on the floor as a token of her spiritual death to the world and its empty shadows. This was the heroic sacrifice accomplished: a solemn act, very little known to and appreciated by sensual and carnal men. They alone who have heard and meditated upon the evangelical counsel of the Saviour: "Go, if thou wilt be perfect, sell what thou hast, give to the poor, and come and follow me"—can understand the hidden pleasure of a Religious life. It is granted only to those favored and privileged souls who, forsaking all for God's sake, seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, and choose the better part, by placing themselves, like Mary in the Gospel, at the feet of Our Lord.—Such a favor was granted to the young Novice who, on that day, made her Solemn Profession. At the close of the ceremony we heard her exclaim, "This is the happiest day of my life."—*Toronto Mirror*.

ELECTION OF SEPARATE SCHOOL TRUSTEES, TORONTO.—The election of Catholic Separate School Trustees took place on Wednesday, 12th instant, when the following gentlemen were returned:—St. James' Ward—Dr. King. St. Lawrence Ward—John O'Donohue. St. George's Ward—Wm. Hawkins. St. Andrew's Ward—J. Flanagan. St. Patrick's Ward—J. Lennon. St. David's Ward—Thos. Barry.—*Catholic Citizen*.

FORGERY ON THE BANK OF MONTREAL.—We yesterday saw an extremely well executed forgery of one of the above bank's \$4 bills. It was found, with the plate from which it had been printed, engraver's tool, and a large amount of prepared paper, in the possession of a man named Nathan Adams, residing near Cowanville, in the County of Missisquoi, who has been arrested and committed to our jail, for trial, by Levi Stephens, Esq., J.P., of Dunham, in the same County. It is not believed that any of these forged bills have been circulated, but they are so perfect an imitation of the original that we must recommend caution in receiving these notes from strangers.—*Herald*.

EFFECTS OF INTemperance.—COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS, MONTREAL.—On Friday last, Emilie Charpentier, wife of Charles Quintal, was tried and found guilty on the following charge:—"The charge against the prisoner was for having at the Parish of St. Ours, on the 17th May last, committed the offence charged, on the person of Marie Quintal, her own child, aged eight years. The atrocity under which this offence was committed, exhibits a degree of depravity and cruelty almost unknown in the annals of any Criminal Court. It appeared in evidence, given by most respectable witnesses, that the prisoner and her husband were vagrants and vagabonds who perambulated the country with their children, sleeping in the fields, begging, and most of the time under the influence of liquor; that on the day before that on which the crime is charged to have been committed, they had slept in a house where, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather they had received admittance; that the prisoner maltreated her three children without the slightest cause, and threatened that she would cut the throat of the said Marie Quintal, and put an end to her existence. On the following morning they took refuge in a field, when the father and his daughter went to the village and procured a bottle of rum. The father drank himself asleep, and then it appeared that the prisoner, also laboring under the influence of liquor, had tied her child (the said Marie Quintal) to a fence, and then commenced torturing her, having previously stripped her of her clothes, by lighting matches and burning them upon the body and arms of the child, until the matches were so far consumed as to burn the prisoner's fingers. This was repeated for a long time. The witnesses declared that they had found upon the ground two handfuls of matches so burnt. The cries of the child at last awoke the drunken father, who rescued his child from the hands of the mother. The child at last contrived to make her escape, and ran to the first house, where on arriving she fainted. When she had recovered her senses, she declared all that is above narrated, and was taken under the care of the people of the house. The prisoner and her husband then came up, and being unbraided for their brutal conduct, the prisoner began to swear and abuse the people, and threatened to burn their house and barn.—After the prisoner had recovered herself from the effects of liquor and regained her senses, she was heard to say to her suffering child, "Now don't say that it was I who burnt you," and this she repeated twice. The little child who was lying in a bed and suffering the most excruciating pains, shuddered at the sight of her mother and would call her father and tell him, "Do take care of my little sister, or mamma will burn her also." The child's body from her knees upwards was almost entirely burnt. She has since lost several of her fingers, and her head is now inclined to one side, from the effects of the brutalities exercised upon her by her mother."

We would direct the attention of all interested in the establishment of Catholic settlements, to the following extracts from an article in the *Toronto Catholic Citizen* on the great advantages to Emigrants settling in Upper Canada. The writer justly censures the British Government in not endeavoring to turn the tide of Irish Emigration to Canada, where land of the best quality can be obtained on more favorable terms than in any part of the United States:—

"But, in the matter of Emigration, we are interested on behalf of these any one of the very humblest and most suffering of whom is of infinitely more consequence to us than all the infidel knaves and bigotted fools that ever plotted in villainy or howled in a worse than brutal folly against that Catholicism before which, as every day's experience serves to show, they must eventually bow down in religious conviction or in political extinction. To the Catholics of all Europe, but more especially to the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland, we feel it a sacred and a solemn duty to point out the peril to their temporal interests which is involved in their preference of the United States to Canada as their adopted land.

"Of the enormous extent of land which is to this very hour as untenanted and uncultivated as when its forests were untrod by human foot, save that of the red Indian, in chase of the wild animals that supplied alike his food and his clothing; of the glorious forests, rivers, and those magnificent inland seas, or Canadian lakes, we need not say a word; every intelligent Catholic in Europe knows how highly this colony is favored in those respects, and we consider it the sublime duty of the intelligent Catholics of Europe in general and of trampled Ireland in particular, to make the natural advantages of this country fully and extensively known among their humbler and, thanks to infidel scheming and Protestant bigotry, more imperfectly educated fellow Catholics.

"But to intelligent Catholics, still residing in Europe, and especially to those still residing in Ireland, we beg to offer some information upon which they cannot act either too promptly or too energetically. We know, with all the certainty of a personally acquired knowledge, that a notion exists that Canada offers fewer chances of temporal prosperity than the United States. The direct contrary is the case. We state this as matter of positive knowledge: we have travelled much in the States; we know them alike as to their cities and their rural districts; we have mingled with all ranks of her citizens, and we know that, even as to merely temporal prosperity, this Colony and not the United States, should be the destination alike of British, of Irish, and of Germans, who would really, substantially, and safely better their worldly condition."

After a statistical proof of the rapid progress of Toronto the *Citizen* continues:—

"With this increase of prosperity, in spite of our want of population before us, can any one deem us presumptuous or illogical if we affirm that this Colony, and not Republican America, is the truly desirable refuge of the oppressed Catholics of Europe, and especially of Ireland? Free America; such freedom; can persecute with England herself when her bigotry is stung from sullen brooding and silent hate into overt act. Witness the late murderous ruffianism exhibited by the ruffians of Cincinnati, that Queen City of the beautiful and prosperous West, against the Pope's Nuncio. Here the bigots dare not assail us; our industry, our talent, our wealth, and our numbers forbid it. How will it be, then, if our humble efforts shall cause the intelligent and influential, and wealthy Catholics of Europe to send our poor brethren hither? Agencies, lectures, the leading articles of the *Catholic Press*, all, all lawful means must be exerted to this good end. We are denied space for more than these brief hints for the present; most probably, however, we shall ere long return to this truly important subject."

RAPID PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY.

To the Editor of the *True Witness*.

Winchester, Dundas Co., Upper Canada,
January 6, 1854.

DEAR SIR—Hoping you will pardon me for thus intruding on you, I, as a tourist, beg to offer a few observations and suggestions to the readers of your valuable and interesting paper, showing the many advantages and facilities for our industrious working classes; too many, I am sorry to say, of whom are losing their valuable time in endeavoring to seek a livelihood in the large and crowded cities—Montreal, Quebec, Kingston, and other cities of Canada; their hard earnings scarcely affording them a scanty subsistence. How many such have there been living in these cities for the last ten or fifteen years, and who are still without a homestead for themselves and families. Here is now offered a most excellent opportunity for any well disposed, industrious, enterprising man, to obtain a good farm, which must, in a few years, increase greatly in value, and which may be now had at a mere nominal rate, and on the most reasonable terms. The purchaser will be allowed ten or twelve years to pay for one hundred acres of land, which he may purchase at from two to ten dollars an acre. In the beautiful and picturesque settlement of the Rev. Bernard Coyle, the pious, learned, and indefatigable pastor, who has most arduously devoted the last eight years of his valuable life towards ameliorating the condition of his fellow-man, but more especially the faithful flock committed to his pastoral care. This Reverend gentleman, about eight years ago, immediately after receiving ordination, was appointed by the pious, exemplary, and most worthy Bishop Phelan to this, then, infant mission; for there were but ten or twelve Catholic families residing in this entire county, and these far apart from each other. This section of the county was then in its wildest and rudest state, famous only for its hunting grounds, where land could then have been obtained for a mere nothing; some as low as fifty cents an acre. The few settlers were considered entirely outside the pale of civilization. This saintly and zealous laborer of the vineyard spared not himself in the difficult and arduous duties of his mission; depriving himself up to the present period of all the comforts, and many of the necessities of life; suffering all the privations of a missionary; denying himself the comforts of a home, save a small log hut, destitute of furniture; and truly living as a Saint of the desert: on the plainest and coarsest fare—his raiment scarcely protecting his person from the inclemency of the season—his life entirely and sincerely devoted to the welfare and advancement of his people, and the propagation of the faith; as an evidence of this, I need only refer you to the several churches that have been erected through his indefatigable labors;

the first a very neat church in the central location of Morrisburgh; another in the beautiful village of Matilda; whilst the magnificent edifice, which he has very recently erected, and dedicated to the service of Almighty God in the flourishing town of Winchester, would do credit to those possessed of more ample means, and with less difficulties to encounter.

As an inducement to working men desirous of securing a good homestead in this locality which, through the labors of Father Coyle, has become enviable, I would beg of them to bear in mind the many and great advantages which it offers, apart from the religious ones. The Nation, a noble river, runs directly through it, and possesses a vast amount of resources, and the value of its facilities for floating down timbers to the markets of Quebec and Montreal, is incalculable. Possessed of all those advantages, I would earnestly entreat of every working man to avail himself of those rare opportunities, so as to enable him to become free and independent. To those who are already settlers in this district, much credit is due for the willing co-operation which they have afforded their Pastor at all times; and to which is mainly attributable their present happy condition, and the many comforts which, through God's grace, they now possess. It is evident from the fact, that they have become comparatively wealthy; their log huts are exchanged for comfortable and respectable stone dwellings; the value of their real estate is worth ten fold what they paid for it; besides, at present, being very abundantly stocked with everything that good extensive farmers require. The religious zeal of those good people is worthy of them. Already are they beginning to erect an excellent and a spacious dwelling for their Father Coyle; though I believe it is from no particular wish of his own that they should do so, inasmuch as he feels (from his own expressions) that they have already taxed themselves heavily for other religious purposes.

Catholics have also every opportunity of affording their children a good and thorough Catholic education—there being schools in each district of his mission. There are also many tanneries, grist mills, and saw mills, throughout the county, affording employment to many. The temperature (though not uniform) of this climate is of the most healthy description; and I have no hesitation in declaring that it cannot be even surpassed by poor "ould" Ireland, or by sunny Italy; and its waters too are pure.

VIATOR.

In compliance with the request of a friend, we insert the following letter:—

To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

SIR—The year 1853, just expiring, will be most unpropitiously characterized, in the annals of our country, by two deplorable circumstances; the beginning of Religious discussions and party spirit, carried to a most reckless extent.

A "hue and cry" is raised that, in Canada, Protestantism is not free and that its votaries are molested in the exercise of their worship, by Catholics, whose religion is in consequence made the theme of invective and slander.

This reproach made to Romanism has no foundation; whilst they are ardently and irrevocably attached to their creed, they know how to respect that of others; the intercourse between Catholics and Protestants in Canada, has always been of the most benevolent nature, they meet in all the relations of life on the most agreeable terms, in social meetings, where numbers of both persuasions are always to be met, no distinction is ever perceptible, and the greatest cordiality always prevails; a Protestant might travel alone throughout every part of Catholic Canada, without meeting any thing else but cheerful hospitality. Protestant churches are erected and frequented in the midst of Catholic populations, without the least hindrance or mark of disrespect in fact in no part of the world, not even in London itself, is the exercise of the Protestant religion more free than in Canada.

But because, on a late deplorable occurrence, some Catholics resented the insult (which they believed intentional) against their creed, a most intemperate and injudicious polemic against them took rise, and Catholicism which civilised and moralised the whole world, long before Protestantism was ever thought of, which counts its adepts by millions and in whose ranks have always been found men of the greatest ability, has been assailed with unwarranted vituperation and appeals made to the worst passions of men. Are those who gave occasion to this manifestation quite blameless, was there not some imprudence in calling together all these who chose to give a paltry sum of 1s 3d on an occasion when it was publicly announced that the form of worship of the majority of the population would be derided and despised? happy that it was not worse; the evil is greatly aggravated, from the circumstances that many good men whom we all respect, enlisted in this hostile movement against what they call "Popery;" let them reflect, it is easy to create religious animosities, but once roused they will not tamely submit to control; under the circumstances of the country a religious war would be the most fierce of those sanguinary conflicts; no other results could be anticipated, but that a few individuals, of what party it is impossible to foresee, would be left to contemplate the extermination of the population and the utter ruin and destruction of this hitherto happy country.

The other circumstance to which I have alluded is the violence to which party spirit is carried. It is admitted on all sides, and even foreign papers register the fact with complaisance, that under the management of the men who now rule the destinies of our country, it has attained a degree of prosperity which the most sanguine amongst us, never anticipated. Our finances in a most flourishing condition, whilst commerce is rapidly increasing and industry well rewarded; perfect security to person and property exists, with a freedom of action and speech rarely equalled anywhere, not to speak of the grandest system of railroad, so practicable in its details that it cannot fail to remunerate well its stockholders, whilst it will secure to Canada a trade, the magnitude of which is inconceivable. The ministry comprises men of the brightest characters, of a higher order of intellect, and of tried patriotism; their public measures are not in general found fault with; but every circumstance of their private transactions is laid hold of and interpreted in the most unfavorable way; they are slandered with the most disgusting acrimony; all sorts of accusations brought to their charge, and they are condemned before they can have had an opportunity to be heard; the whole evidently with a view of obtaining a change, which might not, after all, be an improvement.

I have been induced to make these remarks because it appears to me that such conduct can have no other result but to bring discredit on our country and cause much mischief; adulation is not my motive, I have no intercourse with any member of our cabinet, but on business; those from Upper Canada I do not know, even by sight, except the Hon. Mr. Cameron, and I have never asked and feel no inclination to ask any favor from Government.

We have hitherto lived in peace, harmony and contentment. Divine Providence has treated us most kindly, few people enjoy more of the blessings of this world than the Canadians; let us know how to appreciate these solid and real advantages and do nothing that may jeopardize their enjoyments. It will require no great stretch of forbearance and forgiveness to bring back sentiments of kind benevolence, between all parties.

EDWARD GLACKMEYER.

Quebec, 27th Dec., 1853.

HONORABLE?—The *Miege County Telegraph* reports that a man living in Athens County, visited Pomeroy, last week, in company with his father in law. While there, they became intoxicated, and left town with a jug filled with liquor. On reaching the home of the former, they demanded supper. She requested the husband to hold the babe while she prepared the food. The child becoming fretful, these two men, the father and grand-father, "made fiends by alcohol, chopped its head off with an axe."

We had an opportunity of speaking with one of the survivors from an American railway accident, and venturing, as delicately as possible, to inquire if he had any recollection of what was passing in his mind as the car was rolling over, he replied, "Oh, y—eas. I perfectly remember saying 'Lord have mercy upon us, and don't be long about it, for there ain't a minute to spare.'" It reminds one of the prayer of an old negro who was crossing a river one night, on his way home, and having the misfortune to loose both his oars, was within an inch of being drowned. Bethinking himself that the moment had arrived for him to do what he had never done before, he dropped down on both knees, and ejaculated, "Oh, Massa Lord, if you am ebber gwino to help old Sambo, now is de time?"—*Ulsterman*.

In a narrative of travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro, just published, Mr. Wallace describes an extraordinary tree, called the milk tree, which was one of the first wonders he saw near Para. The fruit is eatable and full of a rich and very juicy pulp. But "strangest of all is the vegetable milk, which exudes, in abundance when the bark is cut: it has about the consistency of thick cream, and but for a very slight peculiar taste could scarcely be distinguished from the genuine product of the cow. Mr. Leavens ordered a man to tap some logs that had lain nearly a month in the yard. He cut several notches off the bark with an axe, and in a minute the rich sap was running out in great quantities. It was collected in a basin diluted with a water, strained, and brought up at ten-time and to breakfast next morning. The peculiar flavour of the milk seemed rather to improve the quality of the tea, and gave it as good a color as rich cream; in coffee it is equally good." The milk is also used for glue, and it is said to be as durable as that made use of by carpenters.

INTERESTING TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM HEADACHE. A CERTAIN REMEDY FOUND IN DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.

The following is a sample of certificate received daily from our citizens.

New York, August 1, 1852. This is to certify that I have been subject at times to severe headache; sometimes the pain would be so severe I could rest neither day nor night. Hearing of Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, I sent and got a box, of which I took two pills on going to bed, for two nights. They relieved me entirely. Some time has now elapsed, and I have had no more trouble from sick headache. M. Johnston, 118 Lewis street.

P. S. The above valuable remedy, also Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in this city.

Purchasers will please be careful to ask for, and take none but DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public.

WM. LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, Wholesale Agents for Montreal.

THE Proprietors of the *Montreal Freeman* beg to state, that they will enter into a liberal arrangement with any gentleman qualified to assist in conducting the editorial department of their paper. A writer of known ability, and who is prepared to advocate the principles which guide the *Freeman*, will find this a desirable opportunity for the employment of his talents.

NOTICE.

ANY Parties, in Montreal, desirous of seeing the "CATHOLIC CITIZEN," the new *Toronto Journal*, can obtain a copy of the first number, gratis, at Messrs. D. & J. SADDLER & Co.'s Book Store, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

NEW CATHOLIC BOOKS, JUST RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

The Catechism authorized by the Council of Quebec.	s. d.
The Cross and the Shamrock.	2 6
Pastorini's History of the Church (new edition) muslin	3 9
Sick Calls: from the Diary of a Missionary Priest (new edition)	2 6
The Irish Giant, by Gerald Griffin.	1 3

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

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Aytouri's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.	5 0
Logan's History of the Scottish Gael, with plates.	3 9
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AN EXCELLENT ATLAS.

Tallis' Illustrated Atlas, and Modern History of the World, Geographical, Political, Commercial, and Statistical. Edited by R. Montgomery Martin, with 35 fine engraved Maps on Steel. Price only	60 0
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Czerizny's Piano-forte Instructor, with the addition of 50 pages of popular Songs, Music, &c., only	10 0
D. & J. SADDLER & Co., Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francis Xavier Streets, Montreal.	
January 12, 1854.	

NEW BOOKS JUST RECEIVED

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PRACTICAL PIETY, by St. Francis of Sales, muslin.	s. d.
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GRAND ANNUAL SOIREE!



UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE LADY MAYORESS, AND MADAME VALLIERE DE SAINT REAL.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL SOIREE OF THE YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION, WILL BE HELD IN THE CITY CONCERT HALL, ON TUESDAY, THE 24TH OF JANUARY, THE PROCEEDS OF WHICH WILL BE DEVOTED TO CHARITABLE PURPOSES.

By the kind permission of Colonel HEMPHILL, the splendid BAND of the 26th Regiment will be in attendance.

The Confectionary will be supplied by Mrs. McCONEKEY.

Gentlemen's Tickets, 6s. 3d.; Ladies do, 3s. 9d.; may be had at Sadlier's Book Store, the principal Hotels and Music Stores, John Phelan's Store, Dalhousie Square, D. Carey's McGill Street, the Office of the *Montreal Freeman*, from the Members of Committee, and at the doors on the evening of the Soiree. December 27.



EDWARD FEGAN

Has constantly on hand, a large assortment of BOOTS AND SHOES, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, CHEAP FOR CASH.

A quantity of good SOLE LEATHER for Sale, 232 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber being about to leave Montreal, begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public in general, that he has commenced to SELL OFF his entire STOCK, at extremely low prices, much cheaper than can be purchased in any other place in the City. Purchasers would do well to call and judge for themselves, before buying elsewhere.

ROBERT M'ANDREW, No. 154, Notre Dame Street.

December 23, 1853.

BRANDY, GIN, WINES.

FOR SALE.

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

G. D. STUART, 164 1/2, St. Paul Street, Opposite the Hotel-Dieu Church.

Montreal, December 16.

THE METROPOLITAN,

FOR JANUARY.

A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Religion, Literature, and General Information.

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