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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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DR. CAHILL'S LECTURE ON THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.

The Rev. D. W. Cahill, D.D., has lately delivered, for the benefit of St. Augustine's Schools, four lectures at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson st., Liverpool—three on natural philosophy, and the fourth, which is reported as follows, on the social condition of Ireland. The hall was crowded to excess, there being no fewer, perhaps, than 2,500 persons assembled. On the platform were several of the well-known Catholic Clergy of Liverpool and neighborhood. Upon the Rev. Doctor making his appearance successive rounds of the most enthusiastic cheering greeted him.

Dr. Cahill, after thanking the audience for his reception, proceeded—I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, I have a most difficult office to discharge to-night. The statement of my lecture is worded in this way—"The Social Condition of Ireland."—There never was proposed a heavier or more responsible task, yet, to an Irishman, it is a somewhat easy task, as it is his constant study. (Hear, hear.) I don't appear here to-night to inflame your feelings with animosity, to introduce amongst you national discord or anti-national feelings. No, I appear here to-night as counsel for Ireland, and you shall stand over me as a jury. (Cheers.) In the present instance I have a two-fold object in view—I wish to inform the Irish about our country, and to the Englishman, to give a clear and impartial apology for the condition in which my country is placed, on account of the constant and horrid discord into which misgovernment has placed it, and the terrible poverty consequent upon this misgovernment. The charges brought against us are, that we are lazy and won't work; that we are improvident, and won't accumulate capital; that we have no enterprise, and would not engage in commerce; that we are discontented, and would not be propitiated; that we are rebellious, and would not submit to the laws; that we are disloyal, and would not be content with the throne.—Now, my business here to-night is not to make a speech, for my language would be unable to do justice to the subject; but, as a Reverend counsellor, to lay bare and uncover the wounds of Ireland.—I only point out to you the grievous distress our poor country has suffered. I have to go back, not for a century, nor for two centuries, but very near 700 years, before I can do justice to this most distressing case of Ireland, which I promise to lay before you. First, therefore, I begin with the years 1172-7, when Henry II. conquered Ireland through the dissension and treachery of our own countrymen; and from this time down to 1570, for nearly 400 years, there was continual struggling between England and Ireland; and during these 400 years they were never able to conquer Ireland, never able to pass Leinster; so that three other provinces were never conquered. And in these times the most barbarous cruelties were practised on the people.—(Hear.) Amongst other instances, he would mention that the English soldiers were not allowed to deal with us, not to spread even what civilisation they might boast. Never were the conquered treated with greater cruelty than from the reign of Henry II. to that of Henry VIII. The execution of Clare he would allude to, when the British soldiers outraged the wives and daughters of the Irish before their face, and shot them, or tossed them over the rocks if they complained. Five hundred lashes was the punishment if a British soldier married an Irish girl. I could point out to you if I pleased several instances of the most blackened cruelty; but it is not necessary, since I look upon them as dreadful stories; and it is more to the credit of a lecturer to moralize on facts of history, rather than merely to recount them. Now, I ask, what agriculture could have been successfully pursued in a country like ours, which during the four hundred years we have now in view was a scene of perpetual struggles between the oppressing conqueror and the poor conquered? (Hear.)—How could commerce be entered into, while the enemy's camp was at their gates, and they were nearly all occupied in repelling the invaders? (Hear.)—Every honest Englishman will bear me out in these conclusions. In England at the very time commerce was beginning the crusades had begun, and all their opening and kindling influences of chivalry. During those 400 years England was cultivating learning, the arts, and sciences, with the most important characteristic—combination amongst themselves; whilst poor Ireland was learning war, and feeling its fury, which made it a theatre of animosity and dissension.—(Hear.) To you, ladies and gentlemen, my jury, I now appeal, and ask whose fault was it that our country was so wretched? Was it the fault of the Irish? (Cries of "No, no.") No, gentlemen, it was the fault of fate; a strong and foreign enemy was against and pressed us down. (Applause.) And after this,

next came the disastrous period of Henry VIII. He found fault with his Queen; dismissed her; quarrelled with the Pope, because he condemned him; and married a subject in 1533. He was succeeded by two or three young princes, whose career lasted, including Elizabeth, until 1603. Those years were the most disastrous in Irish history. England had changed her national faith, but failed in changing the Irish.—The conquerors took every acre of land, as the law said—"An Irishman must only have an acre of arable land, and half an acre of bog." The laws of Elizabeth were levelled against the three most important things in a nation's welfare—property, education, and the religion of the people—the Catholic Faith. (Hear.) During the seventy years we have now in review, persecution raged to the greatest extent, and Elizabeth contemplated the entire subjugation of Ireland. About the end of her reign, by dint of the cruellest warfare, and the banishment of seventy thousand Irish, she subjugated that country, leaving behind her the most withering, burning destruction and heartrending cruelty that have ever been recorded against any nation! Look, now, at the position of our poor country. No agriculture, no commerce, no learning, no education, no homes, no property, no position! And don't you think, now, that succeeding historians behave very wrongly when they charge and upbraid the Irish with the want of education, when all education in it was by law extinguished? And don't you think that the English historian is a villain to so charge them? (Hear, hear.) But I will say, to the credit of the generous frankness of the English, that I never sat with an Englishman for an hour that would let me go on with my statements, before his generous disposition swelled with indignation at the injustice and iniquity of the treatment of my country. (Applause.) To the glory of my country I tell it, though so persecuted, even the seventy thousand banished Irishmen never gave up their faith.—(Cheers.) England gave it up, but all Ireland remained faithful. She never flinched, but perished at the block sooner than forswear one shred of her ancient faith. (Loud cheers.) I gave you an idea of the fidelity of Ireland. I will give you an instance.—In 1654 nineteen Catholics were seized in Old Leidlun on account of their faith.—They were promised extensive landed property if they would change their faith. Three days were allowed to them in prison to think upon the subject; but when asked on the first day, they all replied "No." The second day, and again the same answer. On the third, when told to prepare for the block, they all answered, as one man, "The sooner the better."—(Enthusiastic cheering.) One of the company, a young lad of eighteen, when brought before the executioner, requested to see the governor. His request was granted, as something important was expected. He humbly asked pardon for being so bold in soliciting the governor's presence, and then begged that he might be beheaded first, as his father was among the others, and he could not bear to see him put to death! (Sensation.) The noble youth's request was granted, and then followed the decapitating of the rest, the nineteen heads being cut off upon the block sooner than say they surrendered the faith of their fathers. (Applause.) And so terribly was the persecution carried on in these days, that to shoot an Irishman was only five pounds penalty! (Cries of "Shame.") I will give you an instance. Some soldiers were passing an hotel, into which they entered. In some difference or frolic, they shot the waiter dead. The landlord, deep in grief, made a statement of the grievous murder to the colonel.—This gentleman treated the matter quite coolly, saying that he must have given some reason, and jocosely said, "Oh, never mind; put him in the bill; I'll make it all right." So, gentlemen, the waiter was put in the bill, which ran as follows:—"Breakfast, 1s 6d; dinner, 2s 6d; shooting a waiter, £5."—And murdering a waiter was only £5! (Groans.) And now, as I have gone over the events of these seventy years, will you allow me again to moralise? How do you think Irishmen could preserve their property, be educated, and maintain their faith under such trying circumstances? (Hear.) Their heroic conduct under these oppressing times was far better and more glorious than was that of the noble Greeks under Leonidas, at the pass of Thermopylae; for they stood bravely under it for seventy years. (Cheers.) It was in these times that the Irish Priest and the Irish people became first perfectly acquainted with each other. The Priest had to put off his vestments, and assume the frieze coat; had to leave his altars, and preach by the hedges; had to roll about himself the chains that bound the people, live in the forest with them, and descend with them into caves; and still more, if necessary, to perish with them. (Loud cheers.) And from that hour to this the people venerate the place called the "Ma's bush" or the "Ma's rock." For the poor Priest, at the risk of

his life, would privately attend at these places; and perhaps, as the morning sun arose, he would uncover the Host of salvation to the people and to God. (Great applause.) No persecution, no event since—not the most refined tyranny, have been able to break those bonds of sympathy between the Clergy and the people, which will go on and strengthen in Ireland to the very end of time. (Hear, hear, and prolonged cheering.) And now we go on to the third period of Irish history, from the reign of James I., 1603, until the beheading of Charles I., in 1649; and how did we fare now? Worse. Poor Ireland was conquered; and now we might naturally suppose that there would be an end to it. But no; we were again subjected to the fresh evils and cruel persecutions by our conquerors under the Scotch monarch. And again I ask, how is it possible, with such evils to contend against, for Ireland to have advanced in those arts which would make her happy, prosperous, and free? ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) We now arrive at 1649, when Charles was beheaded. And what sort of a period now follows? If the Devil himself ever came upon earth, he came in the shape of Cromwell. (Roars of laughter.) He came to Ireland, wrote to the ancestor of the present Marquis of Ormond to the following effect:—"Ormond, I command you under the penalty of death, to surrender to Cromwell; and if you surrender, you shall have £30,000, and do so I advise you." I saw the manuscript of this letter in Trinity College, Dublin. Ormond did surrender; but the Irish Catholics, to the last man, fought for their king. And when the greatest persecutor that ever lived came to our country we resisted him, and yet we got the name of rebels. (Hear, hear.) Tipperary was the most violent in defence of their king. Tipperary previously had been very wealthy, and the most religious people in Ireland. They had more to lose, more to fight for. These two things taken from them—their property and their religion—have made them the most violent of all Ireland from that day to this. ("Hear" and cheers.) Cromwell, in order to curb them, made a plantation here, yet not a man would volunteer to face the Tipperary boys, excepting the most reckless and depraved. (Laughter.) So, the earliest settlers were the wickedest of the troops, and these becoming landlords, had been the most tyrannical, while the people had been the most furious in opposition against them. (Hear, hear.) Again, in reviewing the last period—sixty years of cruel war—I ask what could we do? Could we carry on agriculture? Advance in sciences? Engage in commerce? Was there a moment for Ireland to breathe in the midst of all this? The Reverend lecturer reviewed the historical period down to William the Third, Prince of Orange, who overcame James the Second at the battle of the Boyne. He is usually taken as the representative of Orange principles, but he was far from any such low character. He was a man of wide and tolerant principles, and Orangemen did him much injustice. However, the moment he succeeded in his conquest his party were let loose upon Ireland, and the people never suffered such tyranny. (Hear, hear.) From George the First, 1714, to George the Third, 1760, Ireland was still persecuted. The Catholics were deprived of all their rights, except what was given to them by stealth. But George the Third was a good man, but a stubborn old fellow. (Hear.) The year 1760 is a most important period. George the Third came to the throne in perfect peace, and, having nothing to do, they were determined to tax the American people, from the sole of their foot to the pomatum of their wigs. The Americans remonstrated, and sent Washington to London to state their grievance. He waited on the Prime Minister several times in the outer court, to gain a hearing. He was treated so lightly that, at last, he said to the minister, "I call here frequently, and yet I get no conclusive answer; what shall I do?" The minister laughed at him; and when Washington got into the street, with his hat off, he vowed vengeance before God against England. (Rapturous cheering.) He returned home, fired the zeal of his countrymen. In battle after battle he was victorious over the English, and in 1782 he lifted the flag of American independence. (Applause.) I intend going to America shortly, and I will take a small bottle of Irish potteen and when within the nearest distance of Bunker's Hill I will drink on deck to the American flag. (Cheers.) After these reverses you never saw anything in your life so agreeable as England became to Ireland. Again, the French revolution began in 1789, in which she overturned her altar and her throne, and England, in terror, then gave us the privileges we now enjoy, and which gave us leave to worship God. Maynooth College was founded about this time, 1795 and we also got to vote at elections. England yielded through fear what she would not give to justice. In the language of those great men, Sheil and O'Connell—(great cheering)—England's difficulty is Ire-

land's opportunity. (Renewed cheering.) As Sheil said in one of his parliamentary speeches—"Ireland is like a convicted felon in a convict ship; his only hope of escape and relief is in the wreck of the ship." (Loud cheers.) From the year 1703 to 1830, when the Irish were allowed to have property, and vote at elections, they acquired two twenty-fifths of the whole property of Ireland, by which the industry of the country was encouraged; a clear proof that if we had accomplished so much under a tolerant government, in a few years, we should have done very much under a propitious government. There is no other nation under Heaven that have accumulated money with more honesty, more industry, and more frugality than the Irish. (Hear, hear.) Again, look at the illustrious names that, like stars, burst forth in the firmament of literature, when the ban upon education was removed. We have Milner, Lingard, Sheil, O'Connell, Dr. Doyle, and many others, who stand before all Europe as the most eminent men who have graced the annals of any country. (Cheers.) On the contrary, from 1692 to 1793, we had not a single individual to write in our favor and represent our grievous case in opposition to the lies of English historians, which, like the pediments of a bridge, are the foundations upon which succeeding historians have built their bridges, so that there are lies lying beneath in the very depths of the structure. (Hear, hear.) The 40s. freeholders were created about this time, to carry out a deep-laid plan for the destruction of our national parliament. (Hear, hear.) In eight years, by bribery and intimidation, England succeeded in taking away from us our national parliament. (Disapprobation.) It was a remarkable time; it was on a first day, of a first week, of a first month, of a first year in a new century, on Monday January 1st, 1801. They succeeded by spending four and a half millions, and have left Ireland without a parliament from that day to this. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") Our parliament gone in 1801, what more did England do? She took away our linen trade by putting a duty upon them; she discouraged our trade, beggared our commerce, and made that verdant, beautiful island a desert. Yes it was the Irish landlords sold our birthright, and by their treacherous conduct has come upon us the greatest curse Ireland has ever sustained. Between the years 1793 and 1815 land rose cent per cent, in Ireland; provision rose in equal proportion; the wealthy left it; clothes became dearer, and the young men entered the army, so that the Irish could live no longer in their own country—they had to leave Ireland come to England, and go abroad. The gentry lived upon their incomes, in luxury and waste, so that they sank Ireland into still greater depths of poverty, 14-25ths of the landed property being mortgaged. We have cruel middlemen upon our lands, exacting the highest prices, and the poor tenantry rent-racked, the landlords spending their money and living out of the country; corn cheap, and no money—no manufacture—not a chimney in Ireland except in Belfast. Catholics then got the Emancipation Bill; but what did that do? It introduced elections; but yet, when they elected Roman Catholic friends they were ejected and turned out of their homes the next day. Awful times followed. Mr. O'Connell began to agitate for another parliament; but his professions were doubted, as it was alleged they wanted to separate Ireland from England. A new spirit arose amongst the young men of Cambridge and Oxford, the nursery of statesmen, to look with suspicion upon the movements of Ireland. The press headed the outcry, and scarcely a newspaper appeared in England but what contained something to the discredit of Ireland. The Protestant Church in Ireland was consolidated by law. English feeling was never more jealously manifested. So what did we get by Emancipation? Thus we see we have only had about twenty-three years in which it may be said Ireland could advance in improvement. And now for the charges brought against us. We are idle. Idle? Where is the work to do? There is no work. We are improvident and beggarly. Yes; like a story I heard the other day of a poor fellow that was going to America by one of the emigrant ships at the Waterloo Dock, when he was accosted by a German who sold boxes with—"Buy a box, Sir." "What for?" said our friend. "To put your clothes in," replied the German. "Bedad, if I do then, I'll have to go naked on deck." ("Hear, hear," and loud laughter.) We have no enterprise, and not a single chimney or manufactory. We are dirty; but give us the price of razors and soap, and we will show you that we are clean. I'll tell you a story of a party of Cromwell's soldiers who went into a cabin in Ireland, and demanded the second best bed in the house. "That's bad news for Morgan, Sir," replied a poor fellow sitting at the fire. "Who the deuce is Morgan?" asked one of the party. "Morgan, Sir," answered the owner, "is no other than the pig."

(Laughter.) Not contented! when able-bodied men are laboring for 4d. a day, and some girls, young women, 1 1/2d. a day. I dined with a Scotchman lately, near Limerick, who recently invested much money in Ireland, and this gentleman said, speaking of the laborers, "I never saw such men; I had no idea of them before I came; I give them 18s. a day, with a kind word, and they will lay down their lives for me. I never saw such men. Tell they are called when there is no work to do; what, lazy, upon 1 1/2d. a day!" And now will you allow me to ask you, as my jury, who is to be blamed for all these evils? I don't want to blame the English solely. We call upon the Irish landlords to open the rich and varied mines that are beneath our feet; to open manufactories; to amend their laws of land-letting, and stimulating Irish commerce. Look at our kindred in America; don't we see them there, free from the vice attributed to them here? We have been much maligned by the press and the Protestant Church during late years, when our only crime has been, we have fought for our political privileges and our religious creed. I will conclude with the year 1847, when the potato-rot and famine-fever staggered the living and scourged the land. The poor Priests lived by your side at that time; they did not neglect you. In Liverpool thirteen Priests in their black shrouds lie buried under your feet. (Sensation.) Then came the cholera. The poor tenantry, turned off their farms; and under the burning heat of July, might have been seen without shelter—180 persons living in the fields, lying dying in all the horrors of wretchedness. (Sensation.) The famine and plague were not sufficient, but the exterminating landlord levelled the cottages of his poor tenantry to the earth, and sent them out in emigrant ships, packed, so that it became almost a floating funeral hearse over the broad-waters of the deep. Ten thousand of these poor persons perished in America—(deep sensation)—and others perished through ague. But Ireland now is getting better; she is getting free from all her poverty and ailments. The green grave is closing up over her wounds; labor now begins to look up in Ireland. Manufactories are springing up in large towns; the people are spreading over the earth to improve their condition; and in America, in every village may be found an Irish home. Irish abound from the shores of Canada to the forests of Mexico. I perceive now there is no slander or articles against us in the Times. And do you know why? Because Napoleon III. stands at the head of 500,000 men! (Tremendous cheering.) The Emperor and Empress lately attended a review in France where 100,000 men were present. They attended High Mass in the field, and, in the sight of the whole troops, knelt down humbly before the Priest. One hundred and ten cannons were discharged when the Priest lifted the Sacred Host to the blue vault of Heaven, and 100,000 men bent upon their knees and adored their Lord and God. (Enthusiastic cheering.) When Prince Albert was in Dublin, I thought of writing a letter to him upon the grievances of Ireland. I shall do so yet. The governments of Europe are beginning to stir. Austria has turned the Times newspaper out of her dominions; the Queen of Spain has prohibited it also. Bulwer was turned out at forty-eight hours' notice from Spain, in consequence of his interference with the Catholic worship. We have now seven Catholic thrones: and when Leopold dies, his son having married into a Catholic family, we may expect an eighth. So, as God is just we may expect the triumph of the true faith. And, as all nations come to an end, there may be a time when England shall fall, and receive that retribution attending all injustices. To use the words of Macaulay, whom I don't like to quote, there may be a time when a New Zealander will stand upon London-bridge sketching the ruins of that great city. (Cheers.) Nineveh, with all her beauty, perished; Palmyra, the great seat of learning and architectural splendor, is now crumbling into dust. Babylon the Great, the terror of her times, is now punished for her cruelties. Scarcely a vestige of ancient Rome is now standing. All gone—ruined; and I wish England to take my warning in time, and beware of the wrath of God in persecuting His Church and the faithful Irish people, for in the words of the Scotch poet—

By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We shall drain our dearest veins,
But we shall be free.

The Rev. gentleman then retired amidst the most enthusiastic cheering.

AFFAIRS OF CHINA.

The following most interesting letter we take from the columns of *L'Ami de la Religion*. It first appeared in the *Civiltà Cattolica* of Rome, which was indebted for it to a missionary who left the province of Chang-Hai not more than three months ago, and was, therefore, well acquainted with the theatre of the insurrection and the war. This account contains, not only the latest facts, but also many interesting details regarding the Celestial Empire:—

"Your readers will, doubtless, be pleased to learn some quite recent particulars of the events going on in China. My friends in Chang-Hai, who are especially the civil and military representatives of several European governments, and particularly the French Consul and the Commander of the *Cassini*, have received from me similar details which I gave them without a word of comment. Those friends considered my principle a just one, viz., to leave the inferences to be deduced from the facts themselves.

"I was not much surprised to learn, by a letter of the 22nd June, that a treaty had been concluded between the English and the insurgents of Kuam-Si, when the *Hermes* made her voyage to Nankin. Scarcely had the departure of the *Cassini* and M.

de Montigny taken place, when the English began to manifest their real political sentiments with regard to the rebels. But it is certain that the very day, on which the French steamer raised her anchor to quit Nam-Pon, the English and American vessels, purchased by Tao-Tai, received orders to leave Tchen-Kiam-Fou; two others, who were about to set sail to go to the assistance of the imperials, were threatened with being sunk if they raised anchor; two Junks were also retained in the port of Chang-Hai under the cannon of the *Hermes*. In fact, the British commander seeing that his prohibition was disregarded, placed his artillerymen at their posts, and thus enforced obedience. The English, according to the public rumor, expect to make money by this insurrection, and they go about every where saying that, before two months, the rebels will quietly take possession of Poo-Sé and Poo-Tong, where they hope to see them arrive.

"The Protestant minister, Taylor, returning from the camp of the rebels, spoke confidently of their strength, their good conduct and their sympathy for Europeans. But what is still more certain than the news retailed by Mr. Taylor is the fact that a Canadian, named Richard, and another British subject, set out, on the 10th or 12th of June, from Chang-Hai, in a vessel laden with valuable merchandise; their intention was to barter with the people of Kuam-Si, and to purchase in Nankin, or its vicinity, a lot of land to establish a factory; they carried a written recommendation which had been given them by the interpreter of the English Consul.

"The political opinions of this same interpreter, in favor of the revolution, are manifest from various articles published in the English journal of Chang-Hai. The commander of the *Hermes* displayed a livelier sympathy for the rebels than did most of his officers, or yet the governor of Hong-Kong. This minister (who, in a despatch, gave the title of *Majesty* to the leader of the Kuam-Si revolt) declared, in a less official conversation, that he saw nothing in Nankin but a pack of brigands. So true it is that man is often controlled by circumstances, and obliged to act against his convictions.

"I must not omit to mention one fact which seems to me, at least, of no small importance. It is that the Protestant ministers and their adherents lay great stress on the acts and counsels of the British government. Now, the ideas which they form of a country whose tongue they know not, depend in great part, if not wholly, on their interpreters. Long experience can alone supply their deficiency in this respect, which at present gives rise to many unfounded opinions and false reports.

"But what cause is it that these Bible-missionaries support? on what impulse do they act? For pity's sake, do not judge them too harshly. Their shame on seeing the sterility wherewith the hand of God strikes their preachings, in some measure excuses their vexation and their annoyance of the Catholic missionaries, when we take into account that they have come so far to have nothing to do but eat up the funds of their propaganda and look on in stupid wonder at the real progress made by the holy Catholic faith. You know that the Catholic missionary has to combat amongst the people (as far as is consistent with the law which debar foreigners from entering China), the sect of Fo, an immense development of the Hindoo Buddhism; in the department of letters, the doctrine of Confucius, less rude, but badly interpreted by its votaries; and finally a limited number of Mahometans and Jews who, in the great cities, have mosques and synagogues. We have had the consolation of making the truths of faith known and loved by a great number of persons of the more cultivated classes and to the purest sect now existing in China, viz., that which lives exclusively on vegetables. We have penetrated the disorderly instincts of the secret societies, and especially of the Palin-Kiao, a sect no less political than religious which has been, for a period of two hundred years, seeking to effect a dynastic revolution and the expulsion of the Tartars. There is now, in this Babel of eastern superstitions, announced by preaching and by writing the word of God, a leaven which, with the aid of divine grace, produces a salutary fermentation in the midst, even, of indifference.

"If you ask me what is the total number of heretics, I will give you the same answer that I did last year to another friend: In Kian-Nan, there are no other heretics than the English and American residents, although they have full half a score of churches; and about forty ministers, in the city of Chang-Hai alone. This numerous, but unfruitful legion, has not obtained a single proselyte. To tell the truth, it is not proper to accredit Protestantism with the agents of the ministers, bought over at a golden price, any more than the tens, or even hundreds, of poor people of both sexes to whom the Bible-missionary gives out a certain allowance of copper-money, proportioned to their exactness in coming once or twice a week to the preaching and the distribution. With their sermons, their schools, their temples, their heretical books scattered in profusion (books, which are, for the most part, only wretched translations parodied from the magnificent works due to the old Jesuits) with their constant comings and goings, in every port, these pseudo-apostles succeed—not so much in promoting the object of their own ministry as in impeding ours, by means of the disdain and contempt which they draw down on Europeans. Their version of the Sacred Scriptures is, in great part, the publication of a manuscript of the ancient Jesuits. This manuscript, being lent by an old inhabitant of Macao to the manager of the Protestant propaganda established in that city, was never returned to him. The original is in London, and we are assured that the library of Hong-Kong possesses an exact copy of it. These gentlemen have opened some schools which send out very bad subjects in-

deed, according to the testimony given me by Mrs. Aicock, (who died lately) wife of the English consul, herself a zealous Protestant, and otherwise very intelligent. What idea can be formed of youths of fifteen, twenty, and even older, conducted in their walks by the sister of an American bishop, in sight of the whole Chinese population, without any regard for decency or decorum? It is, perhaps, a good way to save the expence of paying a superintendent; but, as to inducing the Chinese to embrace Protestantism, this about as efficacious as a minister preaching in the open air in Chang-Hai, his wife on one arm, and the other caressing his dog. I must not forget to mention that the lady's dress was an edifying commentary on her husband's sermon.—One day, the English consul addressed me in the following terms:—'You, Roman Catholic missionaries, labor with great success in this country; but our ministers expend a great deal of money in the sea-ports without making any notable progress.' The reason is, that they have not the requisite qualification, viz., the firm resolution of making themselves Chinese with the Chinese, and that they do not practice celibacy, without which that heroic resolution is utterly impracticable.

"Now, whence comes, amongst Protestants, this admiration for the pretended Christianity of the rebels? The descendants of Luther, Calvin, and Henry VIII have an innate desire of assimilation which often scandalizes some worthy people who are Protestants from the geographical position of their country. In this class I place the English and Americans of the consulate and of the principal houses in Chang-Hai which are known to me, and particularly the English consul, nay, even the interpreter, though I sometimes find fault with his mode of interpreting. In consequence of this desire of assimilation, certain missionaries of the Reformed Gospel, and especially those who are infected with the rationalism of the secret societies, have not failed to make an alliance with a horde which advances with Genesis in one hand and a sort of creed in the other; a horde which reads a species of Decalogue, which recites hymns to *Heaven, Father, Brother, and Breath or Spirit* (Tien-fou, Tien-léum, Tien-fum); which observes a calendar; which avenges itself for the desperate resistance of the Bonzes by the burning of pagodas and the slaughter of the people; which tramples on the crucifix; which destroys, burns, assassinate, and fills every place with fire and blood; which threatens or even kills the Catholics whom it cannot induce to join its sect or enter into its projects; which terrifies all women who would preserve their chastity; which, in short—to sum up all in one word—is making a revolution!

"Certain ministers who could not at first perceive the good fortune coming to them from Kuam-Si, feigned to believe that the rebellion was instigated by the Catholics and their missionaries; some even went so far as to write that it must have originated with the Superior of the Jesuits. On the other side, Sili, Viceroy of Canton, thought to excuse his defeat to the Emperor, by informing him that the rebels adored Cham-ti, and that, in battle, they despised death like the worshippers of the Master of Heaven. Such were pretty nearly the means whereby the Viceroy of Nankin sought to turn the monarch's wrath against the Christians. It must be confessed, however, that the latter functionary was somewhat more guarded in his perfidious suggestions; but I will add that his moderation was most probably owing to the presence of M. de Montigny, the French consul in Chang-Hai, together with that of two French men-of-war, the *Capricieuse* and the *Cassini*, in the Chinese Seas. On both has already fallen the chastisement which, in this country, has rarely failed to overtake the persecutor. We must observe that the calumny set afloat by them was still more unwarrantable, in as much as that, of all the Chinese empire, the province of Kuam-Si is the only one that contains no Catholics; the mission of Miao-tze has not yet been attempted. As for Protestantism, it has openly manifested a sympathy for rebellion and the rebels which I dare not conscientiously attribute to the more rational portion of the English, the Americans, or even of the preachers themselves.

"But then comes the question, is the revolution really a Christian movement? I confess I have never been able to understand the discussion going forward in Europe on this subject. I left Chang-Hai on the 2nd of June, Hong-Kong the 7th of the same month; and, all that has since come to my knowledge, has only tended to strengthen my previous convictions, which I will now give in a few words: In forty or fifty of the rebel leaders, there is a mixture of biblical Methodism and Mahometan fatalism. Remember what I have already said of the religions which exist in China, and the innumerable quantity of Protestant books scattered every where; add to this, the proximity of Canton, the traffic with Europeans in the southern ports, the spirit of the secret societies in Europe and their communication with the societies of a similar nature in China, the ancient celebrity of our Catholic books in that country, the compilation of the Koran, the Masonic principles which have glided into the sects of Miao-tze and Palin-Kiao, the hatred inspired by the tyrannical oppression of the government in all its branches; the inundations and the famines which that oppressive government has produced, and does still produce; the feeling of patriotism, really outraged in some, and in others serving as an honorable pretext for revolt, and, lastly, the presence of Europeans in the Chinese ports; such are the elements which, combined and judiciously employed, have drawn together all the disaffected, and produced from their ranks what is called the Christians of Kuam-Si. Such an appellation does not appear misapplied in the mouths of Protestants; in fact, the creed of the insurgents is of such a nature, that the secretaries of Reform have no reason to reject them;—what else is it than a recent schism and confusion in a more ancient schism and confusion. Neither have the Mahometans any sufficient reasons to object to it—for, in this creed of the Kuam-Sians, the idea of the Trinity is very obscure, indeed; they cannot discern whether the second and third persons are God, and their Jesus does not seem to be so. The younger brother of Jesus, Tien-Te, with the inferior personage who rules as king over the four cardinal points, has received from the Heaven-Father, a mission signified in obscure and mysterious terms. Now he descends to

earth, anon he mounts up to heaven; all with the view to drive out the Tartar, to kill Hien-Fum, who is indicated under the most odious names, and to deliver China from the stranger.

"In the opinion of experienced men, there is the hand of a European nation visible in this whole affair, and they will explain to you why and wherefore.—Some think that the free-masons of Hong-Kong are at the bottom of this revolt; others ascribe it to the Hungarian rebels; and there are many who attribute it, either wholly or in part, to the residence of Garibaldi in Hong-Kong or Canton. I may add that a Chinese, who thoroughly understands his own countrymen, told me, seven years ago—'The secret societies are hatching a revolution.'

"But what are the tendencies of the Chinese people? Seeing the inhabitants of the disturbed districts (although the rebels are in possession of three large cities) doing nothing but tremble, fly, abandon their towns and villages, hide their women and secrete all their valuable goods, while continuing to live in subjection to the imperial mandarins, can it be said with any show of probability, that this is a national movement? The Chinese people cannot be persuaded that Tien-Te is the descendant of their ancient princes; the latter is a sort of pseudo Louis XVII, but his fate will, perhaps, be a better one. If the Chinese, one fine morning, should happen to find this inscription over the gates of their capital—'Overthrow of the Tartar dynasty, now quietly replaced by emperors of Chinese blood; diminution of taxes and equality in their distribution; proper administration of justice, and liberty for the citizens to have recourse to the tribunals without damage or expence; abolition of the arbitrary power of the magistrates and the whip of their satellites;'—it is certain that few of the Chinese, perhaps not one, would remain indifferent to such a restoration. But if the first of these articles were erased, the people, notwithstanding the humiliation which they may feel in seeing themselves subject to a Tartar ruler, would not trouble themselves about it.

"As for the Catholic religion, what has it to fear or to hope? It would have to dread the persecution of the rebels if, after their triumph, they persevered in the conduct which they have pursued in Nankin and in Ou-Cham-fou; and, as a matter of course, the intrigues of the bible-missionaries. On the other side, the Catholics had already very little reason to praise the Tartar emperor; but if he came to succeed, he might take revenge on the Catholics, deceived by the mistaken notion that the rebels belong to Christianity. Moreover, there is reason to fear the intervention of Protestants in the struggle, and still worse, that of schismatic Russia, unless the English take advantage of the present confusion to propagate an 'opium' policy; poisonous to soul and body, ruinous to the people and their empire. Woe—seven-fold woe—to that abominable traffic!

"Yet, whatever turn affairs may take, we have sufficient grounds for hope. In the first place, if the English or Americans gain the ascendancy, they will not trample on the liberties of Catholics; if we obtain liberty to preach and to practise our religion, what more do we want, with our faithful and our institutions, in order to effect the conversion of numberless pagans? On the other side, we are accustomed to persecution, and are well convinced that the faith is propagated by martyrdom more than by any other means. The opium trade will also decrease in time, if the English and Americans find means to offer China some merchandise in exchange for her teas and her silks. If we add that France has ministers and ships of war; and that her diplomatists favor Catholic missions, we trust it is no illusion to hope that the influence of France will break the chains which weigh so heavily on the faithful and their missionaries, and propagate the Catholic religion in this far-off East.—But I have not yet spoken of the real foundation of our hopes, viz., the grace and assistance of God which never fail those who trust therein, and which dispose all things *propter electos*. From all these troubles I expect a favorable result, for which we certainly will not be indebted to any party, either Kiam-Sian or Tartar.—China will be thrown open for the free preaching of the Faith; hence, although the Chinese revolution has neither been projected by, nor for Catholicism, it will be more advantageous to it than to any other institution, which ever party may prevail. I have no sympathy for either; my only desire is for the repose and eternal salvation of the Chinese nation.

ALFRED DES ESSARTS."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE AUGUSTINIAN CHURCH IN GALWAY.—Letters have been received in Galway from the Rev. Mr. Page, who is now engaged in collecting subscriptions in America for the above church, announcing that his mission has been most successful. At the time of his writing he had collected over £900 and there is no doubt that this sum will be considerably increased before the close of the year. The Rev. Mr. Kilian is also laboring zealously and indefatigably for the same cause, both in this country and in England.—*Galway Packet*.

The Rev. Richard Everard, for many years Catholic curate of the parish of Togher, has been appointed by his Grace the Lord Primate parish priest of the united parishes of Clogher and Walshestown, vacant by the death of the late Rev. Mr. Markey. The Rev. Mr. Kearney, C.C., Tullyallen, is now the Catholic curate of Tenaven, and the Rev. Mr. Powderley, lately ordained has been appointed C.C., of Tullyallen.—*Dundalk Democrat*.

The Right Rev. Dr. Durcan has appointed the Rev. Mr. O'Rourke, lately Professor of Theology and Belles Lettres in the Irish College, Paris, to the united parishes of Ballisodare and Kilvannet, vacant by his lordship's promotion to the episcopacy. The Rev. Mr. O'Rourke was well known for some years past to the Catholics of the United States as the Paris correspondent of the *Baltimore Catholic Mirror*. His lordship has also appointed the Rev. Mr. Jones to the curacy of these parishes.

On Tuesday night last, the Catholic Chapel of this town was broken into, and the chalice, communion plate, &c., carried off.—*Westmeath Guardian*.

Through Mr. Pollard Urquhart, the Income Tax Commissioners have apologised for the insolent manner in which their officer transmitted the Income Tax form to the Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell; and they express a hope that his lordship will have no further "substantial difficulty" about filling up the return. Dr. Cantwell states, however, that the commissioners have not "at all removed his doubts, or even touched the difficulty."

NEW BISHOP OF DERRY.—The Right Rev. Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Limerick, has been appointed to the vacant Protestant mitre for Derry and Raphoe. The income of the see is about £4,500 a year. Formerly it was so much more valuable, that when, in the late century, the Diocese of Tuam, was offered to the Earl of Bristol, then Bishop of Derry, his lordship's significant reply was—"I prefer meum to tuum."

REJOICINGS AT VALENTIA.—The inhabitants of Valentia had great rejoicings on Saturday evening last, in honor of the Knight of Kerry having purchased in the family estates in that island sold in the Incumbered Estates Court last week. It is with feelings of much gratification, in which we are joined by the people of this County, that we perceive the property of so old and honored a house, as the Knight of Kerry's preserved to the family.—*Kerry Post.*

THE IRISH TENANT LEAGUE.—A public meeting of the Tenant League was held on Wednesday evening in the theatre of the Mechanics' Institute. There was a numerous and influential attendance; every part of the theatre was densely crowded, and the meeting comprised a large number of the respectable and intelligent tradesmen and artisans of Dublin, who evinced a deep interest in the proceedings.

THE RESULT OF TENANT RIGHT.—The venerable Baron Pennefather converted the worst portion of Tipperary into the most peaceable and the most prosperous by his kindly and generous treatment of the tenantry of Knockgraffon. The Aceldama became a smiling garden. After more than fifty years, there is not now a more exemplary number of men to be found in the noble county than those who farm that property; nor are rents better paid, or with greater punctuality, in the most favored counties in England. The excellent baron, we understand, is about to complete the good work by giving leases. The land is to be valued; equity is to decide the valuation.—*Limerick Reporter.*

The *Anglo-Celt* contains the following:—"The proprietor of this journal, Mr. Wallace, left the jail of Cavan at seven o'clock on Saturday morning, the term of his imprisonment having been completed an hour previously. A large bonfire blazed upon Tullymangan hill, and cheers, such as one seldom hears rang from its top for many an hour in the evening."

Waterford has just been the theatre of an interesting contest. During Queen Victoria's visit to this country, the Town Council of Waterford presented her a congratulatory address, which contained a paragraph praying that she would exercise the royal prerogative by ordering the liberation of Smith O'Brien and his companions in exile. This address was adopted by a majority of 12 to 9 after an animated discussion—the appeal on behalf of the Exiles having been advocated by Town Councillor Blake, in a speech of singular ability. Not content with a legitimate opposition to the address in the Council, the loyal minority actually forwarded a Protest to the Government; and one of their number, more zealous than his fellows, directed Lord Palmerston's attention to the "seditious" speech delivered by Mr. Blake during the debate. Whatever little chance the prayer of the memorial previously had of being attended to, it certainly received no extravagant service from this manoeuvre. At the last meeting of the Council, we find that the conduct of these loyal toddlers was visited with a scathing castigation by Mr. Blake, and a formal vote of censure would have been pronounced upon them, had the Liberal party kept together with ordinary skill. As it is, they have earned the scorn and indignation of the entire country: and even the British Government must look upon such sycophancy with disgust.—*Nation.*

Lord St. Germans has held a parley with the bigots of the Protestant Operative Association. On Monday last, a deputation consisting of Messrs. Boyes, Marlin, and Little, proceeded to the Viceregal Lodge, and presented his Excellency a memorial, the modest request of which was, that Mr. O'Callaghan—the magistrate who committed an "operative," two or three weeks ago, for having thrust an offensive tract into the hands of a Catholic gentleman—"having yielded to the suggestions of his Romanist principles," and "severely dealt with an humble-minded citizen for praiseworthy zeal instead of rebuking an intolerant bigot," should be "forthwith dismissed from his office." In reply, his Excellency pronounced a severe censure upon the offensive and unchristian character of the language in which the memorial was couched, and, positively declining to interfere, referred the deputation to the Court of Queen's Bench, if they considered Mr. O'Callaghan's decision a violation of the law. They had previously ascertained that they could claim no legal redress, however; and their last hope failed with this attempt to excite the sympathy of a Protestant executive.—*Nation.*

Mr. Cecil Lawless, second son of Lord Clonerry, and member for Clonmel, died of a brief nervous attack, almost immediately after returning from his father's funeral last week.

"It is currently rumored," says the *Limerick Reporter*, "that Colonel Justin Sheil, late Ambassador at Tehran, Persia, and who has returned to Ireland, and is about to purchase extensively in his native county of Tipperary, is about to present himself as a candidate to the electors of Clonmel, in the room of their late respected member, the Hon. Cecil Lawless. We understand that the gallant colonel is an uncompromising church-reformer—that he is decidedly in private life he is singularly amiable and honorable. He is brother of the late lamented R. L. Sheil."

"The vacancy in Parliament, caused by the death of Mr. Cecil Lawless, late member for Clonmel, will lead to a contest," observes the *Globe*. "Dr. Grey, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, is named as a 'Brigade' candidate; Mr. John Reynolds is mentioned on the same side; and it is rumored that a 'more moderate' candidate is likely to start."

Dr. Grey's journal, the *Freeman*, thus comments upon the preceding paragraph:—"The first 'Brigade' candidate is not among the number of the probable appellants. We can safely vouch for that. Of the 'moderate' gentlemen who are likely to prove more acceptable to the electors, we are as yet ignorant; but of this we are certain, that Clonmel will only support a national, independent Irishman."

The Irish correspondent of the *Morning Herald* states that "a vacancy is likely to take place in the representation of Kermangagh. One of the present members has long been in a delicate state of health, and is said to be anxious to resign. A member of the Crichton family is spoken of as likely to obtain the suffrages of the electors."

CHOLERA IN DUBLIN.—The subjoined communication from a gentleman holding an important official position in the city, appeared in the *Freeman* of Nov. 7. "Three deaths from cholera occurred this day and last night in the rope-walk at the back of the above depot. In Grange-gorman-lane a child died of cholera on Friday, the 4th inst. There was a wake on Saturday night, at which cheap whiskey was circulated.—This was followed on Sunday by another case of cholera, an adult member of the same family having been then attacked, and this terminated in death after ten hours. Other members of the family were attacked successively, and of six cases in all, five have terminated fatally. The adult persons drinking were out of employment on a strike."

CHOLERA ON BOARD SHIP.—The fine ship the *Guiding Star*, which left Liverpool on the 27th ult. for New York with 550 persons on board, put into Belfast on Saturday, cholera having broken out. The fatal cases were thirteen in number, and such as were still laboring under the disease were promptly landed. "The scenes"—says the *Belfast Whig*—"were pitiable in the extreme—husbands holding infants in their arms, with their wives lying stricken and dying at their feet; children about to expire in the embraces of their distracted parents; while terror and despair were depicted in every countenance."

A large American vessel, the *Kossuth*, bound from Liverpool, with emigrants, put into Queenstown on Tuesday, with cholera on board to a frightful extent. She was put into strict quarantine.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—A sad catastrophe occurred at Granagh Bridge, on the river Suir, on Monday night, owing to the flooded state of the district from the heavy rains of the previous few days. Some of the passengers by the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway, which arrives at Dunkitt at eight o'clock p.m., set out from thence for Waterford by a two-horse coach. The inside passengers were Mr. Norwood, a jeweller of Dublin, who had £1,000 worth of jewellery with him; Mrs. Barron, of Waterford; and Mr. Thomas Naylor, commercial traveller to the firm of Binks and Co., Liverpool. The night was extremely dark and wet, and the road being covered with water to the depth of from four to five feet, it was extremely difficult to guide the horses; and, whilst in the deepest portion, one of the wheels got off the road, and upset the vehicle into the ditch. The driver contrived to cut the traces and free the horses, which were kicking furiously. Mr. Norwood forced his way through the window and gained the side of the coach which was uppermost. Mr. Naylor, before thinking of providing for his own safety, assisted Mrs. Barron to follow Mr. Norwood through the window, but lost his life through his generous solicitude for the lady's extrication, as whilst he was attempting to follow her, the vehicle lurched to one side, sank deeper, became filled with water, and the generous fellow was haplessly drowned, his companions having been unable to render him any assistance. Mr. Norwood had recovered a portion of his property, but there were two boxes of jewellery still in the sunken coach. Mr. Naylor has left a widow and nine young children to deplore his untimely fate.

The *Cork Examiner* announces the death, by suicide, of Dr. Bull, one of the most eminent surgeons of that city.

THE LATE FLOODS.—The most melancholy accounts have reached Dublin in reference to the effects of the floods of last week. The provincial papers of Saturday were literally crammed with the details of the injuries to property and the loss of life, consequent on the inundation. North and south, east and west, the rivers have broken their bounds, and carried ruin and devastation along with them. Cattle and sheep, in immense numbers, have been lost, and entire farmsteads, with the stored harvest of the unfortunate owners, swept to destruction. Many of the midland districts are under water, and large tracts in Waterford, Limerick, Leitrim, Kildare, Longford, and Carlow, are submerged. The amount of property destroyed in Cork city and county is enormous. It is creditable, however, to the better classes of citizens that they have adopted the speediest and most effective steps to mitigate the sufferings of their unfortunate fellow townsmen. On Friday a public meeting was held in the Town Hall on requisition of the mayor for the purpose of collecting funds for the relief of the sufferers. The result was in all respects most gratifying, upwards of £100 was subscribed on the spot, and a general collection was organized.

It is calculated that the loss by the late dreadful floods in Cork exceeds £60,000. Over £1000 has been already collected for the relief of the suffering poor.

A respectable farmer, Michael Muleahy, a man of large family, living at Kilmanaghan, within five miles of this town, who had been in paying rent to Mr. Coates, agent to the Right Hon. the Earl of Stradbroke, was on his return home, drowned in a place where the river Suir when in flood crosses the road.—His horse returned without its rider, and the body was found on Tuesday morning.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

The works of the Boyne viaduct are all but suspended—the coffer dam is still nearly full of water—and difficulties appear daily to increase.

Mr. Dargan has contributed, through W. B. Williams, Esq., Chairman of Town Commissioners, the magnificent sum of £100 towards the relief of the sufferers by the late flood in Malloy.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPERITY.—A Belfast paper publishes a table showing the comparative value of breadstuffs on the 1st of November in the years respectively of 1822, 1843, and 1853, by which it appears that at the last mentioned period, the agricultural interest had attained a state of prosperity, as regarded the prices of produce, falling short only of what it enjoyed before the peace of 1815.

IRISH RAILWAYS.—The Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway company have resolved upon constructing a railway to connect the towns of Amagh and Cavan, forming a junction with the company's main line at, or near, the town of Ballibay, passing through, or near, the several towns of Keady, Monaghan, Rieckerry, and Corahill.

Gas and O'Hara, the driver and stoker of the goods train, which caused the recent catastrophe, at Straffan, have been liberated on bail.

The number of emigrant passengers sailed direct from the Port of Limerick this year for Canada was 4,961; and for the United States 2,297. Total, 7,258. Total passenger emigration direct to North America last year was 6,645, showing an increase from 1852 of 613.

SADLERISM.—Mr. Edward Lawler, jun., of Carlow, is appointed through the recommendation of Mr. Sadler, M.P., to a situation in the post-office of Belfast.—*Limerick paper.*

Bryan Rooney, confined in Monaghan prison, on charge of being one of the persons who conspired to murder Mr. Bateson, died there on Saturday, 5th ult.

In the Court of Exchequer, on Saturday last, a conditional order was granted for a new trial in the case of Birch v. the Proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*.

It is in contemplation to remove the troops from several common stations in Ireland; among others from Roscommon, Omagh, and Downpatrick.

The Office of Ulster King-at-Arms has been conferred on the distinguished genealogist, topographer, antiquarian, and general scholar, John Bernard Burke, Esq.

AN IRISH COLONY IN SPAIN.—A Paris letter says:—"It appears, that the Spanish government is expected to issue the order for the establishment of the Irish Colonization Company in the Sierra Morena."

IRELAND IN 1853.—A Belfast journal (the *Mercury*) draws the following sketch of the present condition of Ireland:—"Ireland has at length aroused herself.—The turning point seems to have been passed, and a new era in her history is already commenced. Ten years ago, the cry of over-population rang from Connemara to Coleraine; the political economist read of the 'eight millions,' and ran howling to his gods; and Malthusian senators gazed on the lists of births in Irish papers with the desperation of men about to be jostled out of the world by hosts of Irish adventurers. Since that period thousands and tens of thousands of our people have located themselves amid the valleys of the United States, by the lakes of Canada, and even beyond the far Pacific. In these lands the emigrants found their labor well repaid, and their enterprise fully rewarded. Every mail steamer brings with it some pecuniary aid from the emigrant pioneer to his friends in the old country, and thus the success of one member of a family encourages others, until, in many instances, a dozen householders in one locality follow the track of their leader. Only the other day we met with a man from the county of Artnagh who had been in Belfast to secure his son's passage to New York. Three of his boys had gone thither in March last, and since then they had remitted their father £28. The old man felt proud in relating the filial affection of his children, and said he, too, expected to end his days beyond the Atlantic. Connected with all the various regenerative influences which have been at work in Ireland since the famine year, emigration has done much for those who leave, and at the same time performed great good to such as remain at home. Physical energy, the bone and sinew of our people having had a new value set on their labor, has ceased to be a drug in the market. Every man willing to work finds a ready sale for his exertions. Compulsory idleness no longer finds a place in Ireland's grievance-list, and paragraphs on the 'state of the country' rarely meet the eye in the papers of the day. All these outward and visible signs of the better times lead us to hope that at length the people of Ireland have found out that simple problem in social ethics, that, in the advancement of any class, the members of that class must put their own shoulders to the wheel if they would insure successful operations. Throughout the West of Ireland manufacturers are making satisfactory progress, and we are happy to learn that there is not alone a willingness to labor found among the peasantry, but an advancing skill which speaks highly of the natural abilities of the workers."

IRISH NATIONAL SCHOOL BOOKS.—The Government publishing grievance is likely to come to an end, a notice having been issued from the Treasury, that when the present contract with Thom, the Irish printer, has been completed, it will not be renewed, so those booksellers will have what they have been wishing for with regard to educational works—a clear field and no favor.—*Chamber's Journal.*

TOLERATION.—All the Orangemen in Lisburn, whether electors or non-electors, who took any part in supporting the independence of the borough, at the recent election, have been expelled from the Orange body. The matter, however, will not end here—the Lisburn Independents have already formed a lodge of their own, in which the right of private judgment is established as a fundamental rule, and they will be supported by their brethren in the country districts to a far greater extent than the slavery faction imagine.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE.—A writer in the *Galway Packet* states that—"The Galway College has become a hotbed of sectarian ascendency and intolerance.—Catholic holidays are sneered at in the lecture-room, and upon those days Catholic students have been forced to attend class. The Presbyterian Dean, again and again, assails the Catholic Faith in his official capacity, and openly talks of organizing 'a band of hope' for the perversion of Catholic students, and yet he is unrebuked; whilst students are threatened with the severest penalties if they even sign a memorial in favor of Tenant Right. Such is the inveterate bigotry of some of the professors that one of them cannot patch together an essay from other men's writings without advocating proselytism, while another must have the *Dublin Review* excluded from a public reading-room of which he is a member."

We are very much inclined to think (says the *Tralee Chronicle*) that many of those who have gone from the Dingle district to America "as Protestants" were but hollow professors. We are fortified in this view by the fact that numbers who left that locality for America, and who had made a profession of Protestantism, "bounced the ecclesiastical raven—vulgo, 'Jumped Jim Crow'" in Killarney, on their route.—We have seen the *klara scripta*, and we think we are bound, in honesty to state the fact.

NEW WAY OF GOING TO AMERICA.—On Thursday night, the captain of the *Leibnitz*, which is about to sail for New York, was alarmed by one of his sailors informing him that there was fire in the hold. An examination was made, when it was discovered that there was as many as sixteen persons concealed in a cargo of old rags, with a view to getting a free passage to America. They were supplied with oatmeal and water, on which they were to subsist during the voyage, and were with much difficulty routed from their hiding places. It was fortunate the discovery was so soon made; for, as they were provided with matches and candles, it is more than probable from the dry nature of the rags, a fire would have broken out before they could have got half way across the Atlantic, and which might have ended in the destruction of the vessel.—*Galway Packet.*

CONVICT DEPOT ON THE IRISH COAST.—One of the Inspectors-General of Prisons has been sent to inquire into the fitness of Clare Island to serve as a depot for convicts under the new "Penal Servitude Act." The island, which was lately the property of Sir Samuel O'Malley, Bart., but now belongs to the Law Life Assurance Company, is situated at the entrance of Clew Bay, and contains about 4,000 acres, the greater portion of which is arable.

The *Cork Examiner* very justly observes that "if the same scenes, or anything approaching to the same scenes of violence, occurred in Ireland, as have just taken place at Wigan and other localities in England, we should have our people denounced as a set of savages, who had a natural hatred of law and order, and whose perverse instincts were aggravated by ignorance of the simplest rudiments of political economy. The just consideration that would teach persons to view with compassion the errors of men under such circumstances, would be wholly forgotten in national antipathy, and violence would be pronounced peculiarly Irish. We have had strikes and combinations in this country, but never one, we venture to say, marked by such features as characterized the last outbreak in England, in which the love of destruction seems to have been the predominant feeling."

ARREST OF A MURDERER.—Through the vigilance of Constable McKay and party, of Dangloe, a man named Patrick Sweeney was arrested last week on the Island of Innisfree, county Donegal, for the murder of Shane Doherty, about twenty years ago. Shortly after the perpetration of the murder, Sweeney succeeded in effecting his escape to America, where it is supposed he remained till lately, when he ventured to return to his native home, where the officers of justice at last overtook him. He has been fully identified, and committed to take his trial.

EXTENSIVE ACTIVITY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The *Daily News* remarks:—"How active Catholicism is it is needless to state. On the wild western coasts of Ireland, in the close alleys of London, on the further shore of the Mississippi, at the base of the Alps, and in the palaces of Madrid, the hopes of the Romanists once more comprehend nothing short of renewed and universal sway."

THROWING DUST IN PROTESTANT EYES.—"Thirty-nine persons have recently abjured Roman Catholicism in Geneva, and joined the Protestant church." This paragraph may have been met with in any of the Glasgow newspapers for the last week. Now, it is a very remarkable circumstance, which must have struck Protestants themselves, that "persons" who "abjure Roman Catholicism and join the Protestant church" after this fashion, never seem to have names or to live anywhere. We occasionally alight upon paragraphs of this description in the dull season, in which numbers of "persons"—never less than ten or twenty—are represented as "abjuring Roman Catholicism," but in no single instance are the Christian names or surnames of the interesting crowds of "converts" given, or the numbers of their houses or lodgings, or the streets in which they reside. All the information that is vouchsafed concerning them is the very meagre and unsatisfactory statement that they are "persons," sometimes "parties." Why, surely if they were palpable, living beings, and not fictions of the inventors, nothing could be easier than to furnish their local habitations and their names. The plain truth is that statements, such as the one conveyed in the paragraph above quoted, are transparent falsehoods. Chagrined at the declining influence of Protestantism upon the people—dismayed and alarmed at the constantly recurring secessions from the Protestant ranks of their most illustrious and worthy members who find the secure haven of truth in the Catholic Church; the leaders of the anti-Catholic party resort to the clumsy device of thus parading airy nothings as converts, in order to gratify the most fanatical of their deluded supporters. In point of fact, the celebrated friend of Sarah Gamp—whom Dickens has so humorously described as the visionary Mrs. Harris—was really flesh and blood compared with such anonymous "abjurers." We would swear by the Chelsea ghost any day in preference to them.—*Glasgow Free Press.*

TEMPORAL JUDGMENTS ON BLASPHEMERS.—Commenting on some recent instances of God's sudden visitations upon revilers of sacred things, the *Catholic Miscellany* remarks:—"In connection with the same subject, we might, if necessary or expedient, call attention to many facts, that have happened at no late period, and in our own country, and that give manifest proof of the summary punishment which God at times inflicts on those who insult and blaspheme His Church and holy things. We might show, how those who have been most prominent in their efforts to injure the Catholic Church, its Clergy and its religious institutions, have not unfrequently been made the subjects of Heaven's visible anger and chastisement—some unto repentance, others unto ruin. And, for example's sake, we might adduce the sad end of the unhappy man, who, under the maddening influences of bigotry sacked and burned the Charlestown Convent, and of whom, it is credibly stated, not one died a natural death; or the miserable fate of those men who, in 1844, in a tavern of Philadelphia, undertook, for the amusement of their fellow-carousers, to throw ridicule on the sacred Tribunals of Penance by a blasphemous mimicry of its uses, and perished in a few hours, under horrible convulsions, of a dreadful inexplicable malady, in which even Protestants recognised the avenging hand of an angry God. We might further describe the dying moments of some of those who, during life, were most unscrupulous in their hostility, to the Catholic religion; and who, in that last hour, were left, like Antiochus, to die in despair, in all the bitterness of a forced and fruitless repentance for the evils they had done, or attempted, against the Holy City of God. And descending to individual cases, we might tell of that Presbyterian minister (Boecher of Gallipolis) who, during the prevalence of cholera in the West, mounted one Sunday his pulpit, and with fierce, untimely vituperation, assured his hearers that the disease was certainly sent by Heaven to punish the growth of Popery in the West; and who ere the next Sabbath sun had risen, lay in his grave a victim of that same pestilence, the mission of which he had so rashly and uncharitably misjudged. Above all, we might enlarge on the unhappy career and fearful end of our apostates, 'who are, as a class, branded by heaven, and on whom God seems to have poured out the choicest vials of His wrath.' But we forbear. For such a theme could have no temptation beyond its necessity."

REMITTANCES TO ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND WALES.

RAFTS from £1 upwards, payable at sight, free of charge, at the Bank of Ireland, Dublin, and all its branches; Messrs. Glyn, Mills & Co., Bankers, Lombard-street, London; the National Bank of Scotland, Glasgow; Messrs. Rowman, Grinnell & Co., Liverpool.

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 2, 1853.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

What with—"Latest Intelligence"—and then—"Later Still"—from the seat of war, the relative position of the contending parties on the bank of the Danube, has become perfectly unintelligible. Two-thirds of what we hear being certainly false, and the remainder very doubtful, it is difficult, with such means of information, to arrive at a very certain knowledge of the truth. The last accounts mention a great and decisive battle as having been fought some where, by somebody; but as it is not known to which side the laurels of this decisive battle belong, the information is somewhat of the vaguest; all that can be gathered from it is, that what every body expected, has taken place, and that no body is a bit the wiser. The forces of the Turks across the Danube, are put down at 100,000 men, which is evidently an exaggeration; and as little can the reports of their successes over the Russians be relied upon. A few unimportant skirmishes, and some trifling affairs betwixt outposts, have been apparently magnified into decisive battles; and the concentration of the Russian forces in the vicinity of Bucharest, has been, in a similar manner, represented as a forced retreat before the victorious hosts of Turkey. In the meantime, the Diplomats are busy drawing up new Notes, and satisfactorily arranging the affairs of Europe with pens and paper. The French Government announces its determination to support Turkey; Austria proclaims neutrality; whilst Great Britain vacillates as usual, and becomes a bye-word in the mouth of friends and foes.

Of domestic intelligence, there is little of interest. The public Funds have not been affected by the rumors of fighting, and the price of Breadstuffs has not risen. Cholera, after a short lull, is again making its appearance in several parts of the United Kingdom; a few deaths had occurred in Dublin, and had aroused the attention of the authorities to the filthy condition of many parts of the city. The Catholic Church in England is holding her Diocesan Synods in utter contempt of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; whilst in Ireland, the Bishop of Meath is, by the same admirable law, reduced to a singular dilemma. Called upon by the Commissioners to make a return of his income, and the source from whence it is derived, he must either submit to be fined for making a false return, or, by making a true, incur the penalties which the wise and tolerant Protestant legislators of Great Britain impose upon Catholic Bishops, for the exercise of their functions. A long correspondence has already taken place, but as yet, without any decisive results.

On the Continent of Europe all is quiet. It is indeed reported that Kossuth's agents have been well received at Constantinople—that the language of Turkey towards Austria is threatening—and that another Hungarian outbreak is in contemplation. This, however, wants confirmation.

Mitchell has arrived at New York in the Prometheus steamer. Salutes were fired, and enthusiastic cheers were raised by the crowds assembled on the wharf to greet the arrival of the celebrated stranger.

HOW HIS HEART WAS HARDENED.

The Upper Canada journals contain full particulars of the last moments of John Simpson, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Brockville, on the 17th ult, for the murder of Mr. Fell. How the unhappy wretch looked—what he said, and did—how by the negligence of the executioner, he was kept standing on the scaffold, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and the still more painful gaze of the assembled multitude, to whom the sight of a fellow-creature, about to be choked, afforded intense delight—are detailed at length by our contemporaries, and need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that the unhappy man died professing sentiments of penitence for his sins, and a hope in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ. It is not for men to judge, or to limit that Divine mercy, which we trust he may have found.

Of course such an "occasion"—as the saints term it—could not be allowed to pass "unimproved;" and "improved" it has been with a vengeance, by the evangelical ministers who assisted the convict in his last moments, with such assistance as they could afford, and who have left on record, "A sketch of the life of John Simpson," his early education, his crimes, his frequent imprisonments, and his last confession. The names of these reverend gentlemen are—Jas. Cooper, Baptist minister—John Frazer, Congregationalist and Jas. Elliott, Wesleyan

ministers; and it is to "these confessions"—which the aforesaid worthies assure us—"were taken down from his own lips, and are given as nearly as possible in his own words"—that we would direct the attention of our Catholic readers, as singularly illustrative of Protestant morality.

To what do our readers suppose John Simpson, the murderer, attributed his long career in vice?—We have it in his own words; or rather in the words which, we believe, his spiritual advisers put into his mouth; for we have as little faith in the statements, put forth by Protestant ministers, of the last dying speeches, and confessions of their penitents, as we have in the wonderful confessions of faith which we occasionally meet with in *Missionary Records*—wherein are detailed the blessed experiences of His Majesty King Hoki-Poki of the Cannibal Islands, or the marvellous conversion of his Prime Minister, Wankey-Fum, through the ministrations of that singular and chosen vessel, the Reverend Grimes Washpot. In the spirit of these evangelical documents then, John Simpson is represented as thus accounting for the depravity of his life. "I HAVE OFTEN PLAYED AT BALL ON SABBATH, AND I BELIEVE IT HARDENED MY HEART." The conclusion is inevitable. "Therefore, good people, I stand before you this day, a convicted murderer. Take warning then by my fate. Play not at Ball on Sabbath, lest, like mine, your hearts be hardened, as was Pharaoh's, who also was drowned in the Red Sea."

We have no sympathy for the hardened criminal; we see naught to admire in the brute desperation—call it not courage—which oft prompts the convict to die game—as it is called—in savage defiance of both God and man. But we confess it—rather would we see him die, defying his Maker, than mocking Him; rather would we hear him leave the world with an oath upon his lips, than with a sneaking lie—than with such maudlin cant, and sickening hypocrisy, as the Protestant ministers attribute to their John Simpson—"I have often played at Ball on Sabbath, and I believe it hardened my heart!"

And yet it is but too true that much of the contempt for, and hatred of, religion, which characterize the people of Protestant countries, have been engendered by their being, in early youth, taught to believe, that, to play at ball on Sundays, was a sin against God, nearly approaching in malignity to the Sin against the Holy Ghost. Their moral sense is thus blunted and depraved; and they grow up incapable of distinguishing betwixt right and wrong.—Their hearts are "hardened;" for, with them, drunkenness, theft, impurity, and murder are placed in the same category as "playing at ball on Sabbath." The child—who, on a Sunday, yielding to the natural and harmless impulses of his nature, gambols cheerfully across the green fields, culling the wild flowers beneath his feet, warbling his untaught melodies, rejoicing to have for a moment, got rid of the prosing of some dreary minister, whose interminable "holding forth," presses like a great weight upon his youthful spirits—is at first horrified when he is told, that, by his innocent sports, and healthy exercise, he has mortally offended his loving Father, Who is in Heaven. Poor child! At first he cannot comprehend how his Father can be so stern, and cruel to His little ones; he trembles too, as he thinks that he has incurred the eternal malediction of a Being so powerful, and yet, so implacable, so severe and pitiless, towards little children, as to be offended with their innocent mirth, with their lightsome pranks, their sunny smiles, their jocund laugh, their artless prattle, and their merry game at ball. But soon this feeling wears off; fear of a God, offended at such trifles, is succeeded by hatred of One whom they are thus taught to regard as a cruel tyrant; and the dread of offending Him, gives place to disgust for all religion, and religious observances; but, above all, for a religion which teaches, that it is a mortal sin "to play at ball on a Sabbath." Alas! Their hearts "are soon hardened," and rendered deaf to the voice of Him who loves little children—who, on earth, took them in His arms, and, embracing, blessed them—who rebuked the Puritanical spirit of certain of His disciples, being much displeased thereat, and saying—"Suffer little children to come to me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God"—St. Mark x., 14. Alas! that men should so far misapprehend the teachings of this loving Jesus, as to forbid little children to come to Him. Alas! that they should thus foully misrepresent Him to them, by depicting Him as consigning them, to eternal banishment from His presence, and to everlasting tortures in hell, because of a game "at ball." Out upon such infernal teaching! It has made hypocrites, and infidels, of thousands; it has hardened the hearts, and bedimmed the intellects of numbers, who, but for these detestable doctrines, might have been brought up in the fear and love of God, and the practice of religion; but who have been taught to hate the one, and despise the other, because they have been made to believe that, according to the precepts of Christianity, it is a mortal sin for little children to be merry, or to play at ball, on Sabbath." Out upon the hypocrites, who thus malign our holy religion!

Fearful too is the injury inflicted upon society by these accursed doctrines; because their effect is to obliterate all distinction betwixt right and wrong—betwixt harmless merriment, and crime. Protestantism recognises no difference in sin; as with it no sins are venial, all must be mortal—all therefore equal in malignity. Now, by teaching that for a child "to play at ball" on Sundays, is a mortal sin, and as all mortal sins are equal to one another, it teaches that there is no moral difference betwixt robbing, or killing a fellow-creature, and a game at ball. At first, the moral sense, even of a child, must revolt against such monstrous doctrines; for it is hard to bring rational beings to believe that Almighty God will damn His crea-

tures to tortures for all eternity, for a game at ball. But by constant repetition, by being constantly dinned into the ears of children, who have had the misfortune to be brought up amongst Protestants of the Puritan stamp, little by little; these teachings produce their natural results; and the grown up man retains, too often, the mischievous impressions produced upon the child. Sin is to him but "a game at ball;" and, to such infractions of the law, he has become callous; his heart "has been hardened," and he goes forth to the battle of life, not perhaps with a sense of guilt—for from long playing at ball, and an unconquerable love for cricket, he has learnt to stifle the voice of conscience within him—but with an indifference to all sin, and with a moral obliquity of vision, which can no longer distinguish—as in the case of John Simpson—betwixt the murder of Mr. Fell, and the enormity of "playing at ball on Sabbath." Indeed, if the Protestant system of Ethics be true—if all sins be mortal, and none venial, and if "playing at ball upon Sabbath" be therefore a mortal sin, we see not why, or how, any distinction should be drawn; for "mortal" cannot be more, or less than "mortal."

In the name of religion, and in the interests of society, we are called upon to protest against the blasphemous and immoral doctrines of our Puritanical Sabbatarians. They make religion loathsome, by representing God as a tyrant, and the enemy of innocent mirth; they make the Sabbath a day of beastly immorality and gloomy hypocrisy, and its ordinances they render hateful—and by calling that sin, which is no sin, they obliterate all moral distinctions, and weaken the bonds of society. These fellows are active in our midst, and would revive, if they but had it in their power, the degrading Blue Laws of Connecticut, and it behoves us to be equally vigilant against them. If we wish to see Sunday in Canada free from the foul debauchery, which characterizes a Puritan Sabbath, and converts that holy day of rest into a devil's festival, let us be upon our guard against the encroachments of the Sabbatarians; let us, if we wish to see our children, love God, honor His Church, and thus grow up good members of society, denounce that execrable doctrine which hardened John Simpson's heart, by teaching him that he sinned mortally, when he "played a game at ball on Sabbath." Religion and morality have more to fear—from the canting Puritan, than from the scoffing infidel, or unbridled libertine—from the psalm-singing hypocrite, than from "a game at ball."

VISIT OF THE TRAPPIST FATHERS TO MONTREAL.

Perhaps our readers are not all aware that we have at present amongst us two monks of the celebrated Order of La Trappe. These reverend gentlemen are collecting funds for the erection of a monastery, a church, and two schools, at Gethsemani, in the state of Kentucky; and as they are there located in the midst of a Protestant community, their sphere of usefulness is exceedingly limited, owing to their want of means. They are, therefore, compelled to have recourse to the charity of their brethren in the faith, scattered all over this wide continent, and for so far they have no reason to complain of the result. They have visited some of the American cities, but thought it better to cross the St. Lawrence and test the far-famed charity of Catholic Canada before the ice-king laid his stern seal on the waters. Their hopes with regard to Canada have not been deceived; in Quebec alone they received \$2,100; and though they have, as yet, only collected in the Parish Church and St. Patrick's, they have realised a very considerable amount. On last Sunday, Father Dominick (who is, as our Irish readers will rejoice to hear, a Galway man,) preached at Grand Mass in St. Patrick's and, although the good Father was evidently laboring under a severe cold, his discourse was most eloquent and most effective. In fact, we have seldom listened to a more accomplished orator. The congregation heard him with delight, and when, at the close of his very beautiful sermon, he begged leave to say a few words on the object of his present mission, explaining the nature of the Institute, its utter poverty in America, and the good which it might do with even moderate means, every one present seemed anxious to contribute to so excellent a charity.

In Notre-Dame, the Rev. Father Abbot preached in French; and we have reason to know that his appeal was no less successful than that of Father Dominick. Long may this generous—this glorious rivalry continue! It is the only rivalry we ever wish to see between Irish and French-Canadian Catholics.

On Sunday next, the Reverend Father Abbot will preach in French in St. Peter's Church, and we hope our good people in that end of the town will not let themselves be outdone in charity. We have not yet heard whether our gifted countryman, Father Dominick, will preach in any of the Churches; but we hope he will, for the sake of the noble cause which he and his Reverend Superior so ably advocate, and also for the sake of those who have not yet heard him. All should have an opportunity of giving their mite, where we know that all are so well inclined. Next week we hope to be able to announce the full amount received by the Trappist Fathers in Montreal.

It may be well to mention, for the information of those who have not heard the public announcement, that the Reverend Father Abbot gives letters of Association in all the good works of the community to those persons (and their families) who choose to make private donations, which they can do by calling on him at the Seminary. These letters also entitle the possessors to the prayers of the community after their death, if due notice be sent of their demise.

During Advent, an evening instruction will be given every Sunday, at St. Patrick's Church, commencing at 6, p.m.

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

Were antiquity the test of the truth of doctrine, the controversy betwixt Catholics and Protestants—who, with Mr. Jenkins, interpret our Lord's words in the institution of the Eucharist figuratively—"This represents my body"—would very speedily be decided. We should not be compelled to pore over the annals of the first centuries of the Church, or to disturb the dust from off the massive tomes wherein are contained the wisdom and eloquence of her early Fathers; we should be under no necessity of invoking a St. Chrysostom, a St. Basil, or a St. Augustin, or of asking—how worshipped, how believed, the Saints and Martyrs of the Anti-Nicene Church?—No; we should but have to ask—How taught Luther?—What said Calvin?—How spoke the Fathers of the Protestant Reformation of the XVI century? Did these assign merely a figurative value to the words of our Lord? Did they interpret—"This is my body"—with Mr. Jenkins—"This represents my body"? Can Mr. Jenkins plead even the antiquity of three centuries in favor of his figurative interpretation? History, as written by Protestants, answers—No.

It is well for Mr. Jenkins that his lot was not cast in the days, or in the vicinity, of the foul-mouthed Apostle of Protestantism. Hear how he speaks, of Zuinglius, the first who propounded the "representation" theory, and of the Sacramentarians—"There is no medium"—said he—"either he, or they must be the ministers of Satan." Badly as the Doctors of Louvain fared at the hands of the Saintly Luther, Mr. Jenkins would have fared still worse; and the favorite epithets wherewith the Saxon "Man of God" assailed his opponents—"Downright beasts, hogs, pagans, atheists"—and others, which decency compels us to omit—would have been showered in profusion upon the head of the modern Methodist divine. Mr. Jenkins' Protestantism is not even the "OLD RELIGION" of the days of St. Luther.

Very dangerous too would it have been for Mr. Jenkins to have propounded his Sacramentarian theory in Geneva, in the days of Calvin. Less violent, and obscene in language than Luther, the Draco of Geneva was more prompt, and terrible, in deed; there were dungeons and racks, straps and cords, in those days, for the authors of novel and pernicious heresies; and the groans of a roasting Mr. Jenkins would have sounded as sweet in the ears of Calvin, as did those of the wretched Servetus. An Arminian would have had as little mercy to expect from the author of the "terrible and irresistible decrees," as had the Socinian; and the Sacramentarian and Unitarian would have been sent to bear one another company at the same stake. Could Calvin but have laid his hands upon you, Mr. Jenkins, he would have made roast meat of you.

It is very true that both Luther and Calvin rejected the Catholic doctrine concerning the Eucharist; but neither of them adopted, or would have tolerated the Protestant interpretation laid down by the author of an "Appeal to the Douay Bible." If the first protested against Transubstantiation, it was but to make way for the mystery of "Consubstantiation;" and if Calvin rejected both, he was as little disposed, as was Luther, to degrade the Lord's Supper to a commemorative eating and drinking of bread and wine. If he could not define his meaning, Calvin always insisted upon a "real" presence; and in his *Institutes*, speaks of the body of Christ as being "under the bread; as the Holy Ghost is under the dove." In another place, he speaks of the Eucharist as a great mystery—"a mystery too sublime for me to be able to express, or even to comprehend." Foolish Calvin—to trouble yourself thus with mysteries, when by simply adopting an interpretation such as that proposed by Mr. Jenkins, all mystery is eliminated; and the Lord's Supper becomes at once a simple commemorative rite, as plain, and as easily understood, as the custom of eating roast goose at Michaelmas, or calf's head on the 30th of January.

Antiquity then, even the mongrel antiquity of Protestantism, is dead against Mr. Jenkins, with his fanciful interpretation of the Eucharist mystery. Luther denounces him, and his doctrine, as of the devil. Calvin disclaims him—Melancthon and the signers of the Confession of Augsburg have no sympathy with him—the Fathers of Protestantism, agreeing in scarce ought besides, with one voice proclaim that either they, or the modern Methodist, are "Ministers of Satan"—and for once we are more than half inclined to think they are right. It is certain then, that it was not the general belief of the early Protestant communities that the words—"this is my body"—mean "this represents my body;" equally certain is it that Protestantism, as expounded by Mr. Jenkins, is not the "OLD RELIGION;" it cannot plead the prescription of even three centuries in its behalf.

Hitherto, our enquiries have been limited to ascertaining the meaning which our Lord intended to convey by His words—"this is my body." The Catholic, who places unlimited faith in every word spoken by our Lord, who is firmly persuaded that not one of His divine master's words can ever fail, believes that our Lord meant what He said, and neither more nor less. The Protestant protests against this; and, imputing to Christ a quibble unworthy of an Old Bailey pettifogger, contends that we must interpret His words—"this represents my body"—thinking thereby to evade the difficulties which the unforced, or literal, interpretation presents. And yet, that bread should represent Christ's body, or wine, His blood—is, if we come to consider it, no less a miracle, no less repugnant to our reason, and our senses, than that they should be converted into the very substance of our Lord's body and blood. In the words of Mr. Jenkins—

"We demand that the miracle be submitted to the ordinary test."—p. 161.

Now, by what test can we ascertain whether one thing represents another, save by the test of our reason and our senses. Of this question of representation, they are the sole judges; and to them we must appeal, as to whether bread does indeed represent the body of Christ—that body which He took of the Blessed Virgin—and with which He rose again, glorious, from the dead. Our reason, and our senses, unhesitatingly answer, "No."

For one thing to represent another, it is requisite that there should be some real resemblance betwixt the thing representing, and the thing represented: a resemblance which either our reason or our senses can detect, or, at all events, recognize when pointed out. A portrait or a statue represents a particular person in virtue of its resemblance to the individual whom it is intended to represent: a map or a plan, represents the country, or the works, of which it is the map or plan, by a resemblance of size, relation, and position. A resemblance of some kind is the very essence of representation; and therefore it is for the assertors of the figurative meaning—"this represents my body"—to show how bread resembles Christ's body.

It will not do for them to answer—"we take it" or "we fancy it" to represent Christ's body: for we are disputing—not about subjective phantasies—but about an objective reality. True, children at play, will stick up a chair, or a stool, and say, this represents a horse—this, a ship—but no one, in his senses would dream of asserting that a stool represents a ship, or a chair, a horse; in the same way, the question at issue is—"does bread really represent Christ's body?" and not—does Mr. Jenkins fancy it to represent Christ's body?" We must look for the resemblance, not in the subject, but in the object representing.

And as Mr. Jenkins denies all change in the elements of the Lord's Supper, either in virtue of the consecration, or of the use to which they are applied, it is clear that the bread employed must be precisely the same after, and before, consecration; just as such a "representation" of Christ's body, when it comes fresh from the oven, as on the communion table.—We demand that this bread be submitted to the ordinary test. In the style of Mr. Jenkins—we argue "Do you expect us to believe that a piece of bread, which bears no resemblance whatever to a human body, represents the body of our Lord Jesus Christ? Our reply is—we cannot."—p. 162. As well might you ask us to believe that a baker's shop is a lively image of the kingdom of heaven.

If Mr. Jenkins told us that bread might represent Christ's doctrine—inasmuch as, our bodies are fed, nourished, and strengthened by the one, in [the same way, as our souls are nourished and fitted for life everlasting by the other—we should have no hesitation in admitting the analogy, and, in recognising the propriety of calling bread a representation of Christ's life-giving teaching: as such it is often spoken of, both in the Bible, and by writers of the Catholic Church. It is also no uncommon figure of speech, to say of one man, that he "eagerly devoured another's words"—or that he "had imbibed deeply of his doctrine;" and in this sense we can understand a spiritual eating and drinking, because the objects so "devoured" and "imbibed" are not material.

But, if substituting—"body"—for "words," and—"blood"—for—"doctrine"—the writer were to inform us that the disciples of Plato, "lung greedily on their master's lips, and devoured his body"—or "imbibed his blood"—we should hardly be inclined to admit the propriety of such a mixed metaphor; because we should be unable to comprehend how it is possible to "eat or drink, spiritually," a material substance. Our Lord, in His discourse recorded in the VI chapter of St. John, was very careful to avoid the use of such mixed metaphors. In accordance with the *usus loquendi* of those whom He addressed, He spoke of Wisdom, of doctrine, of the Word which had come down from Heaven, as bread, as food for the soul, as of that meat which "giveth life unto the world."—v. 53. And when the Jews said—Lord, ever more give us this bread.—v. 34, He did not bid them eat Him, or drink His blood; He told them to "come" to Him, and to "believe" on Him.—v. 35; for, as it was a spiritual food of which He spoke, so also, by a spiritual act, did He teach that it was to be appropriated; by an act of faith, and not of manducation. Our Lord's words were therefore, strictly appropriate, and easily understood by the Jews. But how different His language shortly afterwards, when He commenced to speak of His "flesh" (no longer His doctrines,) as the bread, or food, which He intended to give. Then, indeed, as He ceased to speak of a merely spiritual food, so He ceased to speak of a spiritual eating and drinking. His words were no longer—"he that cometh to me—he that believeth on me"—but "he that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood"—because a material food implies the necessity of a corresponding material appropriation, or manducation. The Jews therefore—who had clearly understood, and manifested no surprise, or horror, at the announcement that the words of Jesus—His doctrines—were spiritual bread, which, as food for the soul was to be spiritually appropriated—were naturally scandalized at the novel and inexplicable mystery now propounded by our Lord. They strove amongst themselves—"How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" We can understand—they argued—how we can spiritually eat His doctrines; but how they were to eat, spiritually, a material substance—Christ's flesh—was what they could not comprehend, nor Mr. Jenkins explain. Even the disciples—who had seen their Lord still the raging of the storm, and feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes—who, touched by the sight of these miracles, had but just before confessed Him: "as the prophet indeed, that was to come into the world"—v. 14—were scandalized,

and lost their faith. "This is a hard saying," said they "who can bear it?" And so they went back, and walked with Him no more; and our loving Lord, the Good Shepherd, who had come to save the lost sheep of the house of Israel, allowed them to wander away again into the wilderness, when one simple word of explanation on His part, might have retained them—an explanation which he was bound to give if He were speaking figuratively—an explanation which on every other occasion, when His hearers misapprehended the meaning of His words, He cheerfully gave; and yet this one word of explanation He refused to give! Very strange notions, it must be confessed, do Protestants entertain of the honesty of Him whom they profess to worship as the Son of God.

He left to perish the immortal souls which He came expressly to save, because they understood Him literally; and, confirming His words with an "Amen, Amen," He still took care so to speak that His hearers could not but understand Him literally. For His language was susceptible of but two interpretations—one literal, and the other figurative; but figurative according to the *usus loquendi* of the Jews, and other Oriental nations, then, and at the present day. To "eat a man's flesh" was an ordinary figure of speech amongst the Jews, to which common usage, and the invariable practise of the Sacred writers, had given a certain, definite, meaning; the only meaning therefore, which the Jews, if they rejected the literal interpretation, could by any possibility attach to our Lord's words. To "eat a man's flesh" is a figure frequently employed by the Biblical writers; and it always means, "to calumniate—to persecute—to slander," or to "accuse falsely" him whose flesh is said to be eaten. Thus we read in Daniel iii., 8, that "some Chaldeans came and accused the Jews"—in the original "eat their flesh"—and the men, who, in the 6th chapter, are said to have accused Daniel, are represented as "eating his flesh." In the same sense, the Royal Psalmist complains of the wicked who drew near against him to "eat his flesh."—Ps. xvii., 2.—Protestant version; and the Prophet Micah, in denouncing the cruelty of the princes, speaks of them as "eating the flesh of the people"—iii., 3. Thus, always in the Bible, the only figurative meaning attributable to "eating a man's flesh," is "to accuse falsely, to calumniate, or persecute, him;" and therefore the Jews—accustomed to the phraseology, and metaphors of their sacred bards and prophets—if with Protestants they rejected the literal meaning of our Lord's words—had no possible alternative but to understand them in the ordinary figurative sense; and therefore as asserting the necessity of "falsely accusing, calumniating, and persecuting" Christ, as the one condition upon which they were to enjoy everlasting life. No other mode of interpretation was consistent with the spirit of their language, or the invariable custom of their Sacred writers; and no other meaning could the Jews, by any possibility, have attached to our Lord's words, if, with Mr. Jenkins, they rejected that literal meaning which Catholics assign to them, and against which Protestants protest.

Prepared therefore to admit a resemblance betwixt bread, and the teaching of Christ—a food which, pursuing the metaphor, must be spiritually received, because the spiritual food for our souls—we can see how, with propriety, bread may be said to represent Christ's life-giving doctrines. But Christ's body, and Christ's doctrines are two different things; and it is His body, and not His teaching, that, according to Mr. Jenkins' theory, is represented by the bread; it is this singular, and startling proposition that we call upon him to prove; demanding of him that he shall show, to our reason and senses, that that bread does really represent Christ's body.

This can happen naturally, or by a miracle. If naturally, then must it be susceptible of a sensible demonstration; if by a miracle, we have the assertion of a miracle as stupendous as Transubstantiation.—"Christ," Mr. Jenkins will say, "made bread to represent His body." We admit that the power of Christ is infinite, and that it was therefore in His power to make bread represent His body; but still we ask for sensible proofs that He has done so. Mr. Jenkins' bare word will not suffice to convince us; we must have the miracle corroborated by our reason, and our senses. Scarcely altering a word of our author's argument, we apply the same mode of reasoning to the miracle of "Representation" that he does to the miracle of Transubstantiation; with Mr. Jenkins:—

"We ask to have it submitted to the evidence of our natural senses. To say it is a spiritual matter, and is not therefore to be understood through the medium of the senses will be vain—it is not a spiritual, but a natural doctrine; it relates to matter, to flesh and blood, and bones and sinews."—p. 159.

To continue the same style of argument, in which Mr. Jenkins delights, we would add—"When we see a picture, or statue, and we are told this is, or represents, Queen Victoria, or the Duke of Wellington, we submit the picture, or statue, aforesaid to the ordinary test; but when Mr. Jenkins tells us that a piece of bread, and nothing more, fresh from the baker's shop, represents Christ's body, it is not evident, either to himself, or to us; in one case the resemblance is manifest to the sight; but when the Methodist minister gives us bread, as a representation of Christ's body—the resemblance is not evident either to the taste, or smell, or vision. Where is the evidence, we ask again, that Christ's true and proper body—his flesh, his blood, his bones, his sinews, are represented by bread from the baker's shop? If you analyse the bread, will you find the representation of bones, of flesh, of nerves, &c.? "No." Protestants themselves tell us "No." They acknowledge that the taste, the smell, the form, the color of the bread, and nothing but bread, are still before us; we

say therefore that the bread is not a representation of Christ's body. Do you ask how we know? We reply—there is the shape of bread, the color of bread, the smell of bread, the taste of bread; and more than this, were you to take two pieces of bread precisely similar, and were a Methodist minister to consecrate one as a representation of Christ's body, Mr. Jenkins himself could not detect, by examination, which was the piece of bread that represented the body of Christ. We demand therefore that the miracle, by which bread is made to represent the body of Christ, be submitted to the ordinary test."—pp. 159, 160, 161.

In the above, we have quoted, almost word for word, Mr. Jenkins' argument against Transubstantiation; it is at least as applicable to his "representation" doctrine as to the Romish doctrine, against which he protests; and though we do not put it forth as a specimen of logic, or sound reasoning, it is as good, to say the least, as any which Protestants employ against the "Errors of Popery;" as such we will let it stand.

Were it not impertinent, we should like to ask Mr. Jenkins—"what is the shape of bread?" It seems to us to be as difficult to ascertain as the "size of a piece of chalk."

IMPORTANT FROM THE EAST.

THE BATTLE OF OLTENITZA.

We have now detailed accounts of this first encounter between the Moslem and Russians. It proves to have been an affair of much more importance than at first stated. After a continued cannonade from midnight of November 1st to daybreak of the 3rd, the Turkish ammunition became exhausted—and with the wild cries of Moslem warfare, the entire Turkish force charged the enemy with bayonet and sabre, and scattered them at all points. The Russians left twelve hundred on the field in killed and wounded, and were driven back upon Bucharest, where a heavy fire from the artillery of the place, brought up the pursuing Turks, who then returned to Oltenitza and encamped upon the field, their first care being to fortify the position. The battle was fought within a triangle of land formed by the waters of the Argish and Danube. Only nine thousand Turks were engaged, but they had occupied a strong quarantine building, and an old redoubt situated in the plain near the Danube, as well as the village. From this position they threw shot and shell with great effect up to the very entrance of a village whence General Dannenberg was directing the attack.

A telegraphic dispatch sent to the French Government, and immediately, [on the 13th inst.] communicated to the Turkish Minister at Paris, says that the Russians twice drove the Turks from their position, but that on the third day [by this despatch called November 4] the Turks dispersed the Russians with the loss above stated. The Russian loss in officers was particularly severe, the enemy's marksmen having apparently endeavored to pick off as many as they could. It is particularly noticed, that the disabled officers are almost without exception wounded by the conical balls of the chasseur regiments, organized on the model of the celebrated French chasseurs of Vincennes. The Turkish artillery was beautifully served. The Russians, too, stood manfully to their arms, and the affair had all the features of a pitched battle. Omar Pasha did not command in person. The position of Oltenitza is very strong; the left wing of the Turks being protected by the river Argish, the right by a swamp impassable to horse, and the rear by the fortress of Silistria and the fort of Turtukai. The gunners in Turtukai fired with such precision during the battle, that the shots, passing over the heads of the Turks, did great execution among the Russians. A report says the Russians lost eight guns.

Referring to this engagement, a Vienna letter of the 10th says:—"It is not likely that the following startling news will find its way into our papers, but you may rely implicitly on its truth. The victory of the Turks—which was owing to treachery,—was more complete than is generally supposed. The outposts nearest the river were Poles, and they not only permitted the Turks to cross without giving notice of their approach, but actually assisted them in the work of death. The cannonade lasted, with slight intermission, twenty-eight hours. The date was a mistake,—the affair began in the night between the 1st and 2d, and lasted to the 3rd."

On learning the defeat of Dannenberg at Oltenitza, Prince Gortchakoff, without delay took measures to attack the Turks ere they had time to recover from the casualties of the former action. With this view he left Bucharest on the 8th, at the head of 24,000 fresh troops, and accompanied by his entire staff, advanced upon Oltenitza. The Turks at that position were only 9,000 strong less the *hors de combat* of the previous battle,—probably 1,000 in dead and wounded. This left but 8,000 to oppose the Russian General, but the Turks being in force higher up the river, would no doubt come up in time to take part in the fray.

At the date when our correspondent at Liverpool prepared his despatch, [Tuesday evening, 15th,] rumors were already flying thick that the battle had been fought. One account stated circumstantially that the Turks had been disastrously defeated and driven across the river. Another account asserted, no less positively, that the Russians had met with a terrible repulse. The locality of this battle is vaguely called "the neighborhood of Bucharest." Another report says "between Widdin and Bucharest." And a third despatch promulgated by certain speculators, said, "under the walls of Bucharest," and that "the Russians attribute to themselves the victory." And yet another account states that the fight took place at Krajova—which is the most likely to be correct, as we learn that on the 3d instant, the

Turkish force at Kalefat was awaiting reinforcements to march upon Krajova.

That a battle has been fought appears highly probable. From Vienna we learn that fighting was certainly going on near Bucharest, on the morning of the 11th.—N. Y. Tribune.

FACTS TO BE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED.

There are no men, as a class, whose services are so poorly requited as Newspaper editors; while every article of consumption has risen 20 per cent, the Newspaper alone is furnished on the usual terms. This, subscribers should bear in mind, and pay up their subscriptions punctually.

To ourselves, several thousand dollars are due; and though each individual defaulter may consider his part but of small importance, the immediate payment of all, would be to us a matter of much importance, and would greatly facilitate our operations. We would, therefore, request our good friends to remit to us all arrears, with the least possible delay.

COURT MARTIAL.—On Saturday, Private Wheelan, of the 26th Regiment, was brought before the Court upon the same charge as had previously been exhibited against Private McCullough of the same corps. The prisoner put in a plea against the competency of the Court; and after deliberation it was decided to suspend proceedings until the authorities at home had been consulted upon the points of law raised. The Court then adjourned.

From these proceedings, it is evident that neither the Civil, nor Military, Authorities, seek to shrink from investigation into the occurrences of the melancholy 9th of June: and that, if the trials have ended in smoke, it has not been owing to any want of energy on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, or of the Officers of the gallant Cameronians. We believe that the latter are sincerely desirous that their conduct and that of their men, on the evening in question, should be thoroughly sifted, and the credit of the distinguished corps, to which they belong be thereby vindicated from the aspersions which malice and ignorance have cast upon it: but this, through the interference of the Civil tribunals, has been denied them. What steps the authorities at the Horse Guards will take, remains yet to be seen; perhaps they will consider—that, under all the circumstances, and after the solemn decision pronounced by the Grand Jury that there was no evidence to sustain criminal charges against the military—there is no need to move further in the matter, and that the good conduct, and fair fame, of the Cameronians, require no further vindication. To this at least, every citizen in Montreal—who has witnessed the forbearance of the men of the 26th, under very trying circumstances, and when daily, hourly, exposed to a series of most brutal and cowardly outrages—must bear witness—that such forbearance could not have been shown by any but a gallant, well-behaved, and well-disciplined, body of men: and that it speaks volumes for the authority of the officers, the steadiness of the men, and the morale of the regiment.

We learn from the *Toronto Mirror* of the 25th ult., that his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, was to start on the following day, upon a tour of inspection throughout his diocese. "Always vigilant and attentive"—says our cotemporary—"in the superintendence of his extensive Diocese, his Lordship allows himself little time for indulgence or repose. His success is equal to his exertions, and the Church is everywhere extending and flourishing, under his truly apostolic management."

We read in the *Catholic Messenger* of New Orleans, that the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. A. Martin, Bishop of Natchitoches, was to have taken place in the Cathedral of New Orleans, on the 30th ult.

The steamer *Montreal*, on her passage up from Quebec, on Saturday morning of last week, when about ten leagues below Three Rivers, ran upon a rock, filled, and went down. The passengers had to take shelter in the upper cabin, where they remained suffering from exposure, without fire or provisions, until late in the evening of the same day, when they were taken off by the *Lord Sydneyham*. One man, a lumberer, was drowned below in his berth, being in a state of intoxication.

A fire occurred at Laprairie on Wednesday. Several houses were destroyed.

The *Toronto Leader* says—that the efforts to get up a Mister George Brown demonstration at Guelph were of the most sickly character. People are beginning to find out what a contemptible charlatan the man is.

We have been favored by the publisher with a copy of Scobie's Almanack, for 1854, which, in addition to the general statistics of the Provinces, accurately collected and carefully arranged, contains the Representation, and Registration of Voters' Acts of last Session; with a map of a part of the Upper Province, expressly compiled. For sale at all the general Book-stores.

Messrs. Dalton & Co. have sent us a handsome wood-cut of the Rev. Dr. Cahill, to which is subjoined a short biography of the celebrated Divine. As we have never seen the illustrious Doctor, we cannot vouch for the likeness of the "portrait," but the etching is in Walker's best style, which, we think, is praise superlative. For sale at the office of the *Freeman*, Sadler's Store, and at Flynn's Circulating Library. Price only 3d.

Married.

At Richmond, C. E., on the 26th ult., by the Rev. L. Trahan, Mr. John Benoit, Merchant, son of E. Benoit, Esq., of St. Hyacinthe, to Miss Maria Flynne, eldest daughter of Patrick Flynne, Esq., Richmond, C. E.

Died.

In this city, on the 29th November, Patrick Henry, only child of Mr. M. P. Ryan, Proprietor of the Franklin House.

In this city, on the 29th ult., Maria Webb, aged 36 years and 6 months, wife of Mr. Thomas Morgan.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

It has been asserted, in a quarter often semi-officially informed, that the time for notes and projects of arrangement is rapidly slipping away, and that the Emperor Louis Napoleon, tired and baffled in his repeated attempts in conjunction with England, has made up his mind to a more determined policy from this moment forward, certain as he appears to be that England is with him. One of the first steps which, it is said, will be adopted in case of failure in the negotiation still pending, is the immediate recall of all the diplomatic agents who have been concerned in the Notes, and their substitution by military men, as in the case of M. de la Cour and General Baraguay d'Hilliers. With that view of the matter there will not be much difficulty in understanding the following article in the *Patrie*, which seems to bear the mark of an official hand, and which has excited much attention:—

"France," it says, "has proved since the commencement of the Eastern question, and in the clearest manner, that she wished for peace. She persists more than ever in that policy, so important to the interests of Europe, but she does not wish for a mere ephemeral peace, which permits Russia to recommence, on the first favorable occasion, her ambitious manœuvres, and to agitate the world by again invading the territory of an allied Power, which she desires to suppress—to use the favorite expression of one of her most important statesmen. Now, the Western Powers, who are devoted, with their superior intelligence, to the arts of peace—the only element of the happiness of a people—cannot admit that a nation which has not on this earth more rights than they, and which renders less service to human kind, shall incessantly disturb the others, and destroy the equilibrium of Europe for the simple satisfaction of ambition and pride."

The two government organs, the *Constitutionnel* and *Pays*, concur in admitting with more distinctness than they have hitherto done, the total failure of the efforts of diplomacy to arrange the Eastern question amicably, and are evidently instructed to prepare the public mind for a very serious war.

It is a curious fact, as shewing the state of public opinion on the subject, that the news of the defeat of Russia by our ally the Sultan has created a fall, and that the news of the defeat of our ally would undoubtedly create a rise. The fact is, that it is thought that if the Turks were defeated, Russia would consider her honor satisfied, and would be glad to make peace on easy terms; but that the success of the Turks would lead to a war which would be interminable.

The trial of the persons implicated in the plots to assassinate the Emperor at the Opera Comique, and Hippodrome, commenced on the 7th ult. The proceedings were of a technical nature, and uninteresting to the public. The conspirators resolved to poison the Emperor, and drag his corpse through the streets of Paris, making appeals to the people; in fact, they wished to imitate the vengeance wreaked upon Tiberius.

The Abbe Lamennais is said to be dying in his garret, in the Rue de Valois, in Paris.

AUSTRIA.

The *Presse* states, on the authority of Constantinople letters of the 21st ult., that Redschid Pasha has consented to a fresh draught of a note, proposed by Lord Stratford, and based on the Czar's admissions at Olmutz.

The Austrian government issued, on the 17th ult., a circular to the ministers at foreign courts, giving assurances of its neutrality.

ROME.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is at present on a visit to Rome. Throughout the Papal States His Eminence has been received with the honors due to the Primate of England.

The following appears in the *Messenger de Modena*, written at Rome on the 24th ult:—

"If I am rightly informed, the new Concordat with the imperial Government of Vienna is very nearly concluded. The Very Rev. Father Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus, as been, from what is learned, called on several times by the Pontifical Cabinet to express his opinion on certain points of the convention and to lend his aid in removing several difficulties which naturally arose in an affair, the great object of which is to oppose and destroy, or at the very least to modify and weaken, in its application and effects, the inveterated system which up to the present regulates the relations of the Church and the State in the Austrian monarchy.

RUSSIA.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* of the 1st of November publishes an Imperial manifesto, in which it is said that since Russia has been provoked to war, nothing is left to her but to have recourse to force of arms in order to compel the Ottoman Porte to respect the treaties. The Russian arms must now exact satisfaction for the insults with which Turkey replied to the Czar's most moderate demands and his loyal solicitude for the defence of the orthodox Church in the East.

THE CZAR IN INDIA.—Reports are current that a Russian army is invading Kiva and Bochara, that Russia has entered into an alliance with Dost Mahomed and with Persia, and that a large Persian army has been collected in the valley of Sooltania, for the purpose of co-operating with Russia against Turkey.

TURKEY.

On the 2d and 3d of Nov., the Turks crossed the Danube from Turtukai to Oltenitza, to the number of about 18,000 men.

"On the 4th General Parlof attacked them with 9,000 men, and after a brisk canonade a combat with the bayonet took place between the two armies.

The Turks maintained their positions at Oltenitza, and have fortified them. The combat lasted three hours. In it the Russians lost several officers and 136 privates killed, and 6 superior officers, 18 subalterns, and 479 privates wounded. The loss on the Turkish side is not known.

4,000 Turks occupy Calarache, 2,000 have established themselves on an island in front of Giurgevo, and 12,000 are in Lesser Wallachia.

RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS.—Accounts from Bucharest report a battle, and fourteen superior Russian officers killed. The Turks remained masters of the field and the Russians were retreating on Bucharest.

CONDITION OF THE PRINCIPALITIES.—Prince Gortschakoff has proclaimed martial law throughout Moldo-Wallachia. The Hospodar, Demetri Stirbey, is superseded; he has retired from his principality, and is already in Transylvania. The members of the civil courts are ordered into the interior, and all offences are to be tried by the Russian court martial. All communications with the Turks is declared punishable with death.

The *Gazette* of Bucharest says, that twelve thousand men of the Russian army of occupation are in hospital. The number of combatants is reduced to 85,000. It will take six weeks before the reserve can come up from Bessarabia.

INDIA AND CHINA.

Our troops in Burmah are in a state of siege, and the country in possession of the followers of Meatoon and other chiefs of equal rank, who give out that they are acting under the authority of the King of Ava. Our steamers are fired upon in going up and down the river, and the country is becoming a desert.

Shanghai has been occupied since the 7th September by a band of insurgents.

At Amoy, on the 12th of September, the rebels completely routed a body of Government troops.

GREAT BRITAIN.

DIocese of BIRMINGHAM.—The first Diocesan Synod of the Catholic Church held in this country since the "Reformation," commenced here on the 9th inst., and terminated the following evening, under the presidency of the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham.

The Hon. Everard Arundel, second son of Lord Arundel, of Wardour, has already entered upon his noviciate with the Jesuit Fathers at Stonyhurst. The Hon. Mr. Plunkett, formerly of the 53rd regiment, one of the sons of the Earl of Fingal, has joined the Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham. The Hon. Edward Stoner, third son of Lord Camoys, is at present a student in the Collegio Ecclesiastico at Rome, intending to go hereafter as a priest on the English mission.—*Catholic Standard*.

During the last thirty years there have been 274 Catholic churches and chapels built in England and Wales; and since the year 1840, when the number of bishops was doubled, the increase of priests and religious houses respectively has been 288 and 71. The number of priests in England was first given in the *Catholic Directory* for 1839. There were then 536; and in the following year 542. It appears from some official returns that in the year 1780 the number of priests was 259—48 in the London district, 44 in the western, 30 in the midland, and 167 in the northern district. There are now 875, and 612 churches and chapels.—*Glasgow Free Press*.

THE RECORDITES.—Anglicanism has, it appears, spawned a new sect, and Mr. Conybeare assigns the leadership of these worthies to Hugh McNeile, of Liverpool. The sect are called the "Recordites," and their leading dogma and principle are, that faith alone is sufficient, and that, consequently, immorality is no bar to justification.—*Catholic Standard*.

THE CHOLERA.—The cholera, it is to be feared, is again on the increase. The epidemic has apparently shifted head-quarters further northwards, to Dundee, a town not less inviting in its approach, by all manner of filthy nuisances, than Newcastle.

THE EMPTY FACTORIES.—There before you is a monster creation of capital, a giant which ought to be in the active exercise of all his monstrous powers. The chimney ought to be pouring forth volumes of smoke to Heaven, black, but cheering. Every implement in the court-yard ought to be in the hands of a living agent making a provision for himself, and wealth for the nation. The air ought to be agitated with the ceaseless movement of thousands of wheels. Mount the stairs, and you ought to see all these complicated machines of bright steel and iron which, as we have looked upon them in the Exhibition, seemed instinct with life, performing their functions with a steady perseverance, which puts to shame the convulsive motions of humanity. This is what you "ought" to see; but what do you see? The giant lies dead before you. He gives no signs of motion or vitality. A solitary individual is attending to a fire or two, just sufficient to warm the machinery. You may walk through room after room, and notice nothing but the dust which settles on the looms.—*Letter from Preston*.

No serious disturbances have taken place at Wigan since the riot of Friday se'night. Signs of much distress, however, are visible amongst them. On Wednesday, hundreds of them went round the town in bodies, each drawing a cart, and, either from fear or charity, the shopkeepers of the town were induced to load the carts with bread, potatoes, and other provisions for their relief. This wholesale begging, or intimidation has been stopped by the authorities. In the towns round Wigan no prospect appears of the strikes terminating. At Bury, fifteen additional firms have given notice of a lock-up on Thursday—the object being to cut off the support their men afford to those already on strike. The masters of Glossop have announced their intention of withdrawing their concession of ten per cent. At the meeting of the Preston employers on Friday, it was again unanimously resolved not to accede to any advance to the workmen; and at a meeting of the workmen on Monday, it was again unanimously determined by the men not to give in to the masters. A new feature was presented on this occasion by some of the women addressing the meeting.

SCOTLAND FOR THE SCOTCH.

Scotland is arousing herself, from her long, inglorious, lethargy. She demands that she shall be recognised as Scotland, and not be treated as a mere province of England—she proclaims that she is a nation—that she desires to be united to, but not absorbed by, the southern Kingdom—and without, as yet, asking for "Repeal of the Union," she hints, pretty plainly, that if her just claims be not accorded, she will know how to make them good. The *Times* sneers, but the agitation is becoming serious in spite of its sneers. On the other side of the Channel, however, the voice of Scotland finds a ready echo in the hearts of Irishmen, as may be seen by the following article from the *Dublin Nation* of the 12th ult:—

"Scotland, is standing up for her Rights, and more power to her, say we! How truly did Edmund Burke call a nation 'an indestructible essence!' After wallowing for a century in the obsece prosperity of provincialism, the gallant old nation is slowly rising her banner again. Centuries of combat only made Scottish nationality racier, more concentrated, and more intense. But, after all, fire and sword are not the true crucial test of a country's spirit. Corruption is. For a hundred years, Scotland has been a well-fed slave. Robbed of her birth-right, the mess of pottage, was at least, plentiful. Her young men were drafted by the hundred into Indian cadet-ships. From Heligoland to Hong Kong, every British colony afforded them places. Those who now-a-days propose the corruption of Ireland as the true means of our conquest, point for a precedent to the Dundas policy, which so long succeeded in helping the Scottish nation into a shameful oblivion of its honor. But what a commentary on the Dundas policy, on Bute, and Melville, and Aberdeen,—aye, and on Fletcher, and Bellhaven, and Robert Burns, and Walter Scott, we read in this magnificent meeting of Edinburgh! England and Scotland seemed actually amalgamated at last. We were coming to believe in the correctness of the geographical epithet, 'Great Britain'. The Dundas policy had reached its very climax. A Scotchman is premier of the Empire. The Mac Callum More is a British Cabinet Minister—the Chancellor of the Exchequer is half a Caledonian; and from the Cabinet to the Customs, the service of the Crown is occupied with Scotchmen. Yet at this identical moment, there is such an outburst of true national passion in Scotland, as has not been seen since the Cameronians burned the articles of Union at Dumfries Market Cross. An agitation springs up without any precursory proceedings, that in a moment seems to marshal the whole country, as Ireland was marshalled in '43. It reads like our old Celtic legend of Hugh O'Neill and his knights suddenly starting up *cap a pie* for the fray out of their enchanted sleep.

The list of the General Committee of the National Association for the Vindication of Scottish Rights, lies before us. It is an extraordinary array of political influence ability and virtue. O'Connell never brought so complete a national representation of Ireland into any of his associations. There has not been its like in Ireland since the convention of the Volunteers. It represents every class, from the peerage to the common representative of all, the Press.—To be somewhat more particular: Nine Scottish Peers accompany our late Viceroy into the agitation—the Marquis of Ailsa, the Earl of Errol, (Lord High Constable of Scotland), the Earl of Caithness, the Earl of Dundonald, Lords Grey, Colville, Elibank, Berriedale, and Cochrane. Half of them are Peers of Parliament, and we have little doubt that they speak the sentiments of the entire Scottish nobility. Often and bitterly, must the Irish and Scotch Peer, who has a drop of man's blood in his veins, curse the weakness and corruption of those who alienated the honors of his rank at the Union! Of members of the commons they have yet only two—a narrow beginning for a Scottish Independent Party. But, as Lord Eglinton says, in a style which we suspect he learned during his stay in Ireland, "the other members will soon find themselves constrained to follow." There is the sweetest possible guarantee of that result, in the immense number of Scottish towns which have sent forward their adhesion through their constituted municipal authorities to the movement. We have counted the Provosts and Town Councils of twenty-eight different cities and towns, beginning with Edinburgh and ending with Inverkerthing. Each of those twenty-eight towns is either a constituency in itself, or a considerable section of a constituency; and they may be said to embrace fully one-half of the entire Scottish representation in Parliament. Behind them come a long line of the old Scottish family names, of the merchants of Glasgow and Leith, of the various professions headed by their Syndics, of Bales and Advocates, of Presbyters and Writers of the Signet. Professor Aytoun, Editor of *Blackwood*, and famous for his fine Scottish ballads; Sir Archibald Alison the Historian; H. Miller, the Geologist, and Editor of the *Witness*; J. Buchanan, of the *Caledonian Mercury*; give ample earnest that the movement will be inspired and sustained by the best intellect of Scotland.

"To many in Ireland, the proceedings at the Edinburgh meeting will seem tame, its demands wonderfully moderate. The complaint that Ireland is a favored country, as in comparison with Scotland, we do not care to debate; but we suspect that if our neighbors had our experience of British administration, they would not so long retain even their shadowy, lingering respect for the Union. It seems to us that to obtain all they demand should not be very difficult for a nation containing so many elements of political power. A Chief Secretary for Scotland in place of a Lord Advocate.—A fair increase of the Scottish constituencies in the new Reform Bill.—a decent grant for Holywood—one or two Harbors of Refuge—and the settlement of a point of heraldic etiquette between Lord Lyon King-at-Arms and the English Pursuivants—would almost completely content the agitators.—Why not manage the matter quietly, through Lords Aberdeen and Argyll, without appealing to the spirit of Wallace, and denouncing the infamies of the Union? It is this precisely which has turned the windbag wrath of the *Times* strong against them; and which is making this movement formidable to England. If Scotland would consent to beg for her rights as an integral and contented portion of the Empire, she would get them gradually, and, without grudge.

"But moderate as their demands were, it was impossible for a body of Scottish gentlemen to take council together in their noble old capital, without feeling its ancient, invincible, and unpurchasable nationality, thrilling through their words, and giving a meaning to their acts far sterner and truer than that dull catalogue of trivial grievances imports. It is this 'jargon of nationality,' as the *Times* calls it, which

makes the agitation intolerable. We might well fling back the taunt at Printing House Square, for whatever 'jargon of nationality,' has been spoken or written in these three countries, for many years, nothing Irish or Scotch has matched the absurd glorification of the Anglo-Saxon for which our contemporary is conspicuous. What he regards as false and foolish in the movement, we look to as its salt and salvation. Whatever Scotland is asking, she is asking in virtue of her right as an independent nation. Such an agitation may begin with trifling concessions, but no man can mistake its ultimate tendencies; and, we have some reason for believing, that there are men in its ranks who understand that a nation's rights mean something more than the question of Lord Advocate, or Lord Secretary; and, that a nation's flag is not a mere matter of Lions, couchant or rampant. We bid them God speed!

"We offer them fellowship. There are relations of fosterhood and clanship, old as the hills, between Ireland and Scotland. Our forefathers spoke the same tongue, sung the same music, and told their histories back on branches of the same old Celtic roof-tree. On many a battle plain, our blood flowed together—and many a hunted outlaw, with the Saxon blood-money on his head, in old days crossed the narrow channel at Donaghadee, and found shelter amid the Highlands of Caledonia, or in the Ulster glynnes. Ireland's heart still warms to her old Celtic sister. May we live to see a Covenant between them again."

EXETER HALL FANATICS.

We take the following excellent article on the doings of the Exeter Hall fanatics from the *Morning Chronicle*:—

A poor creature now in confinement in Bedlam believes that he has a special commission to paint the sky blue with a tooth brush. Indefatigably does this madman scrub away at vacancy; but he is sorely perplexed by seeing the London clouds blot out his azure depth as soon as he has completed a patch of purple. A somewhat kindred delusion possesses the Evangelical Alliance. Their vocation is to improve upon the existing Christianity of Christendom, and their instrument is a crazy little scrubbing brush, which they ply indefatigably once a year at Exeter Hall, or some other religious *maison de santé*. It would be hard, judging from the present aspect of this body, to realise what was unquestionably its original object. When the institution was started, some years ago, it was impossible to refuse to its avowed aim the sympathy of respect. We might question the wisdom, but not the charity, of its promoters. The Evangelical Alliance was formed with the view of attempting to unite, upon a wide basis of Christian charity, some whose difference were thought to be unimportant. Common prayer and united devotion were its objects—its end was conciliation—it sought to reconcile and explain differences. Christian union was its watchword, and we well remember how many estimable persons were attracted by its kindly and charitable professions. We might think them sentimental; but they were anything but bigoted. Years have passed on, and we now meet the Evangelical Alliance under a very different aspect. A more fierce and turbulent conclave of aggressive zealots never disgraced the annals of religious incendiarism. They now meet, not to recount what prejudices they have softened, and what misunderstanding they have allayed, but to detail into how many countries they have carried the fiery cross of controversy and fraternal discord. They rejoice at the progress of discussion and schism—they seem to gloat over a riot for religion's sake. They carry out the notion of an Alliance by setting Christians by the ears, and they fulfil the evangelical idea by denouncing the religion of half the Christian world as 'the root of all evil, and the enemy of every good work.' But we do not so much wish to enlarge on their present inconsistency with their former professions, as to ask attention to their lunatic attempts to improve upon 'the blue sky that bends over all.' It is undeniable that the firmament of Christendom is crossed by many a cloud; but who are its painters, and what is their remedy for restoring the tints of heaven? First comes Sir Culling Eardley, of whom it is charitable to hope that he is as little responsible as the Bedlamite to whom we have introduced our readers. Considering the uniform ecclesiastical policy of the French Emperor, the evangelical baronet has need to fall back upon 'a student of prophecy,' who assures him 'that, before the end of 1853, Napoleon III. will proscrib the Roman Catholic religion. But Sir Culling does not stand alone in deriving political consolation from students of prophecy. A maniac has recently forwarded to us a long printed document, in which he calls our notice to 'an ancient prophecy' of Nixon, the famous Cheshire prophet, who predicts—

'Between the sickle and the sick
All England shall have pluck—'

which is, it seems, a clear indication of impending calamities from an alliance between the Protectionists and the West India interests, and of a consequent rise in corn and sugar. Not content with this prophetic denunciation of religious strife in France, the peace ensuing baronet hurries off to Sweden to interfere with its religion—he rejoices in the Italian troubles—he kindles up at the thought of agitating America. And as to Ireland—after he and his friends have let loose a hundred wild foxes, of all denominations, with firebrands of every variety of combustible material, throughout that unhappy land—he complains that 'it is impossible to attack Popery without provoking the most determined opposition.' We learn, then, that Evangelical Alliance is to be forwarded by 'attacking' all other religions; and that the propagandism of 'religious liberty' is to be carried out by allowing no Christian to think or believe otherwise than according to the infallible decision of Eardley and Ewan. The only feat which the Alliance has to boast is, that it despatches a hundred missionaries throughout the length of Ireland, at the very moment when the country was first recovering from its religious rancors and dissensions, for the amiable and evangelical purpose of kindling anew the dying embers of religious strife, and fanning into flame the direst passions of polemical rancor. These hundred heralds of peace discharged their mission by abusing the belief and the clergy of by far the majority of the Irish population. They were saluted universally by 'riots,' 'acrimonious opposition,' 'crowds,' 'yells,' 'shouts,' 'danger of life and limb,' and all these blessed results of an evangelical alliance the Exeter Hall fanatics glorify themselves upon as 'seals of their ministry, and hail as 'fruits of their self-denying labors.' Nay, they go so far as to complain of the local authorities in Ireland for not lending the Town Hall to these meek

apostles of strife; and they actually pester the Foreign Office to instruct the representative of the British nation to interfere in the domestic concerns of Sweden, Italy, and Germany.

STATE OF PROTESTANTISM IN WALES.—The Protestant Bishop of Llandaff, in an address lately delivered by him to the "Church Pastoral Aid Society" at Cardiff, quoted the following evidence as to the state of the Protestant bodies in the principality not in union with the Establishment:—"From a sermon of Mr. D. Jenkin, Methodist Minister of Tredegar, published in the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Magazine:—

A CLEVER DODGE.—A correspondent of the Glasgow Free Press relates the following of a famous Protestant lecturer at Edinburgh, "till lately" in the service of the Free Church:—"This M'Minimy is, I believe, an apostate, who has been for many years engaged in the pestilent work of proselytism amongst the humbler portion of the Catholics of Edinburgh.

JOHN BULL ENTERTAINING UGLY SUSPICION.—Every now and then there occurs some huge startling contradiction to our sanguine estimate of our actual moral and social advances. We are in the habit of talking of our diligent cultivation of the domestic virtues—and then starts up some monstrous form of diabolical evil, to check the national pride.

much of our supposed moral progress may be fictitious; and in the region of social improvement matters seem no better.—Morning Chronicle.

UNITED STATES.

"THE PROTESTANT PRESS AND THE PAPAL NUNCIUS."—The malignity of the attacks, which—since his arrival in America—and at the instigation of Gavazzi, and the low blackguards his friends and admirers—have been made upon the character and person of Monsignor Bedini have aroused the disgust of the more respectable portion of the Protestant press of the United States; they cannot restrain their indignation at the malignant falsehoods daily uttered against their illustrious visitor by Gavazzi, or the still more cowardly attempts at assassination, at the instigation of the same vile renegade, which thank God, have been effectually defeated. We copy from a Protestant journal, the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer:—

"We have never seen Monsignor Bedini. We have no connection or sympathy to interest us in him that does not belong to every Protestant American. But we sincerely believe, and are bold to say that he has received ungenerous and unjust treatment. His history has been misrepresented; his character has been maligned; and even his life assailed. All this has been done, it is true, chiefly by red republican refrigators, but at no time has it excited the rebuke it deserved, and too frequently has it been received with positive favor and encouragement. Mon. Bedini is a distinguished prelate, and has the name where he is best known, of being a remarkably kind, humane and noble-hearted man; and yet he scarcely touches our shores before he is denounced as a blood-thirsty assassin, his feelings outraged, and his life put in jeopardy. The charge brought against him, and so far as we know the only charge is, that while he was governor of Bologna, Ugo Bassi, a priest who had served under Garibaldi, was, with others, there put to death by martial law. Now the truth is that Ugo Bassi was arrested by the Austrian troops of Bologna, among the fragments of Garibaldi's adherents—that he was dressed as a soldier and not as a priest—that his Austrian captors were men of martial law—that although Monsignor Bedini was, according to the Pope's intention civil governor of Bologna, at that time the Austrian General claimed to be, and acted as both military and civil governor—and that not only was Monsignor Bedini not consulted in regard to the disposal of Bassi, but, lest his feelings might become interested in favor of a priest, he was actually kept in ignorance of the names and character of the prisoners until after their condemnation and execution. Now we neither applaud nor approve the execution, though its legality is unquestionable, for treason is by all modern law, except that of France, punishable with death.—But, however much we may sympathize with the unfortunate victims of a rigorous martial law, we cannot countenance the persecution which has been carried on against M. Bedini in this country for an act for which he is not morally responsible. And we cannot but look with the utmost abhorrence upon the attempts which have been made in this city to revenge the death of Ugo Bassi upon the person of Archbishop Bedini."

The New York Mirror asserts the somewhat startling belief, that one half of the fires that occur in that city are the deliberate work of the parties insured! For proof it refers to the statistics of the Fire Records, showing that the frequency of disastrous fires bears a proportion to the tightness of the money market.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Miller doctrine is spreading in Maine. There are thousands who believe the world will be burnt up next Spring.—Boston Pilot.

A correspondent of the Christian Chronicle, writing from Newport, R. I., says of the first Baptist Church in that city: It stands a monument of the preserving care of God; for it is the only church in all New England that has existed for over two hundred and fifteen years, that has not departed from its original faith; every church in New England of the same age has gone over to Unitarianism. Its founder and first pastor was the distinguished John Clark, the man who, in 1651, with Obadiah Holmes and John Crenshaw, was imprisoned in Boston, and condemned to a fine, or to be whipped, for preaching Baptist sentiments in Massachusetts.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.—It is really melancholy to contemplate Protestantism when carried to its full length. There is no species of absurdity, to which human reason if left to itself, will not carry man. We live in an age of boasted enlightenment—freedom of thought is carried to its utmost limit—we have a free press, and what is better we profess and advocate any opinion that comes in our heads. This is nothing more than Protestantism carried out—freedom of opinion and private interpretation pushed to their legitimate conclusions. We had looked on Mormonism as one of the worst forms of heresy—as one of the worst consequences of the revolt of the sixteenth century, but we find that the spiritual heresy or spirit rapping seems to lead more astray and is calculated to do more injury to mankind in general. This absurd theory is every day gaining ground among a people who are devoid of faith; and who are willing and even anxious to catch at any novelty in order to gratify that natural desire that all have after what is good, and of which heresy deprived them. The old proverb is here verified, "that drowning men will catch at straws." And so it is with our people who have been deprived of true faith; they will embrace any new view so that it carries with it the air of novelty. This spirit rapping, whatever it may be, whether involuntary muscular motion, as the learned and judicious Faraday has seemed to prove, or the agency of some supernatural but diabolical influence, has proved the destruction of many among our people.—We can scarcely take up a paper that does not record the facts of some persons either committing suicide or becoming the inmates of insane asylums. Yet all this does not seem to open their eyes; the delusion goes on and the sad effects of this last spawn of Protestantism are every day becoming more evident in the increased number of its victims. Some time ago, an amiable and learned citizen of New York, Judge Edmunds, was in great grief at the death of his wife whom he dearly loved. Whilst almost distracted with sorrow he found vent for his pent up feelings, in the belief that he could converse with his departed wife, and thus he became a spirit-rapper. The accession of so distinguished a man as the learned Judge was hailed with delight by the followers of this new belief. He has since devoted his time to the vindication of the spirit theory and has almost entirely abandoned his learned profession. His best friends look for no-

thing better for him than a cell in an insane asylum ere long. This poor deluded man goes so far as to assert that spiritualism is a new and more advanced form of Christianity; and his associates say that he is, like another St. Paul, the Apostle of this more advanced and more perfect form of the Church of Christ.—Crusader.

HEATHENISM IN THE UNITED STATES.—In every city in the land, there are thousands of these Christian heathens growing up in sin and wickedness. In Cincinnati alone, for instance, there are said to be about sixteen thousand young persons growing up in ignorance of God and religion. In Covington and Newport, mere outskirts of Cincinnati, with 23,000 of population, more than one-half are without any religious instruction. And in many of the country places there will be found, on examination, many places which are unsupplied with religious teaching. In many cities, towns, and country places, there are excellent churches good and industrious preachers, devout Christians, and all the means of grace in full use. But just beside these, in their immediate vicinities there are neglected thousands growing up in ignorance and sin. The congregations must all have great preachers, and preachers are well pleased with good appointments; but the heathen are neglected in their immediate neighborhood.—Christian Guardian, Methodist.

FACTS, WITHOUT COMMENT. THE PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW THEM.

New York, October 10, 1852. Mrs. Hardey, No. 119 Suffolk street, writes us that she has been troubled with worms for some three years, and that she used one vial of DR. M'LANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, which brought away over FIFTY LARGE WORMS. Her usual good health immediately returned.

Mrs. Quigby, No. 182 Essex street, New York, under date of November 23, 1852, writes us that she had a child which had been unwell for better than two months. She procured a bottle of M'LANE'S Vermifuge, and administered it. The child passed a large quantity of worms, and in a few days was as hearty as ever it had been. Parents, with such testimony before them, should not hesitate when there is any reason to suspect worms, and lose no time in procuring and administering Dr. M'LANE'S Vermifuge. It never fails, and is perfectly safe. P. S. This valuable preparation, also Dr. M'LANE'S Celebrated Liver Pills, 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. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE. All others, in comparison, are worthless. WM. LYMAN & Co., St. Paul Street, Wholesale Agents for Montreal.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.



THE MONTHLY MEETING OF THE SOCIETY will be held at St. PATRICK'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, 5th instant, at EIGHT o'clock precisely. By Order, H. J. CLARKE, Sec.

Montreal, December 1.

YOUNG MEN'S ST. PATRICK'S ASSOCIATION



THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the above Association will be held at the MUSIC HALL, Notre Dame Street, on TUESDAY EVENING next, 6th instant, at EIGHT o'clock precisely. By Order, F. DALTON, Secretary.

Montreal, December 1.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS that part of the Act of Incorporation of the College of L'Assomption, which provides, in case of death or resignation, for the election of four of the members of the Corporation of the said College (to replace the deceased or resigned) has become impracticable by the repeal of the Act for the appointing of Parish Officers; an Application will be made to the Legislature, during the next Session of the Provincial Parliament, by the members of the said Corporation, to have the said Act so amended as to provide for the election of the aforesaid members of the Corporation of the College of L'Assomption. N. BARRET, Priest, Secretary.

L'Assomption, Oct. 10, 1853.

EMPORIUM OF FASHION

AND MAMMOTH MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT.

SCHWARZ & CO.

WOULD beg leave to announce to the ladies of Montreal, that they have taken the Store, 131 Notre Dame Street, lately occupied by Wm. BENJAMIN & Co., next door to Mr. Sharpley, which they have fitted up, without regard to expense, in a superior manner, and where they are prepared to show to the Ladies of Montreal and Canada, the Handsomest, and Largest Assortment of BONNETS, DRESS CAPS, HEAD DRESSES, CLOAKS, MANTILLAS, CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, And other articles of Fashion, ever exhibited in this Market. All the Goods being made up by superior hands, expressly procured from Paris and New York at an enormous expense, they are enabled to assure the Public that every article sold in this Establishment, will be of the latest and most Recherche Style, fashion, plates being monthly received, and that prices will be Lower, than at any Store this side of New York. P. S.—TWENTY GOOD MILLINERS and TWO APPRENTICES WANTED IMMEDIATELY—apply as above November 3.

CATHOLIC WORKS, Just Received and for Sale, Wholesale & Retail, BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:

Table listing Catholic works for sale, including 'Hay on Miracles, 2 Vols. in one, s. d. 3 9', 'The Practice of Christian Perfection, by Rodriguez, 3 vols., 12 6', 'The Clifton Tracts, 3 vols., 5 7 1/2', 'The Elevation of the Soul to God, 2 6', 'Papist Represented and Misrepresented, by Gother, 1 0', 'Seven Words of Jesus on the Cross, 0 4', 'Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, with the Life of St. Mary of Egypt, &c., by Bishop Challoner, 3 9', 'An Exposition of the Lamentations of Jeremias, 0 7 1/2', 'The Loving Testament of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, 0 6', 'Butler's Feasts and Fasts of the Catholic Church, 3 9'.

NEW BOOKS IN PRESS.

Will be ready on 1st December.

THE MISSION OF DEATH. A Tale of the New York Penal Laws. By Alf Angelo. 18mo, fine paper, Cloth extra. 2s 6d. Gilt edges, 3s 9d.

THE LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY, by Count de Montalembert, Peer of France. The Life translated from the French, by Mary Hackett. The Introduction translated, by Mrs. J. Sadler. One vol. Royal 12mo, fine paper, with a splendid Portrait after Overbeck, engraved on steel. Cloth extra, 5s. Gilt edges, 7s 6d. English morocco, extra, 10s.

The Introduction, which was omitted in the Dublin edition, is now translated, and restored to its proper place. It is a masterly essay on the times of St. Elizabeth, and is worth the cost of the entire book.

TALES OF THE FESTIVALS, comprising the following Festivals—The Month of Mary—The Feast of Corpus Christi—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—Feast of the Assumption—Feast of the Nativity—Feast of the Purification—Feast of Ash Wednesday—Feast of the Annunciation—Festival of Holy Week—Festival of Easter—Rogation Days—Feast of Pentecost.

One vol. 24mo, fine paper, illustrated with seven fine engravings, cloth extra, 1s 10 1/2d; Gilt edges, 3s 1 1/2d; extra gilt, 3s 9d.

THE LITTLE FLOWER GARDEN, and other Tales for the Young, comprising the following tales—Blanche Leslie, or the Living Rosary; The Little Italians, or the Lost Children of Mount St. Bernard; The Power of Prayer; Ellen's Dream; Easter, or the Two Mothers; the Poor Widow, a Tale of the Ardennes; The Cherries; No Virtue without a Struggle; The Seven Corporal Works of Mercy; Hans the Miser; Perrin and Luccetta; The Envious Girl Reformed; Divine Providence; Lucy's Pilgrimage; Little Adam the Gardener.

One vol. 24mo, fine paper, illustrated with seven fine engravings, Cloth extra, 1s 10 1/2d; Gilt edges, 3s 1 1/2d; Gilt extra, 3s 9d.

The above Tales are admirably adapted for prizes for Sunday Schools, Public Institutions, &c. They will make 12 small volumes, each one complete in itself, illustrated with a fine plate, and they will be sold at the very low price of 4d each.

MANUAL OF DEVOTIONS TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. 32mo, 1s. 3d.

CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTED. By Father Quadrupani; with Selections from the Works of St. Francis de Sales. D. & J. SADDLER & CO. Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal. Or at H. COSGROVE'S, 24 1/2 St. John Street, Quebec.

CHEAP READING FOR THE MILLION.

UPWARDS OF SEVEN HUNDRED (old and new, Volumes on Religion, History, Biography, Voyages, Travel,) Tales, and Novels, by Standard Authors, to which constant additions will be made, for FIVE SHILLINGS, YEARLY, payable in advance, at FLYNN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY, 13, Alexander Street.

Printed Catalogues may be had for threepence November 22.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

THIS INSTITUTION is Catholic; the Students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith, and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the north-western suburbs of this city, so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position, it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best Professors are engaged, and the Students are at all hours under their care, as well during hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August and ends on the last Thursday of June.

TERMS:

Table listing terms for St. Mary's College, including 'The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150', 'For Students not learning Greek or Latin, 125', 'Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra, 15', 'French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each, per annum, 20', 'Music, per annum, 40', 'Use of Piano, per annum, 8'.

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges. No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

Rev. P. REILLY, President.

CARD.

MR. ROBERT McANDREW, No. 154, Notre Dame Street, in returning his grateful acknowledgments for the liberal support extended to him since his commencing business in this city, begs to say that he will keep on hand a choice assortment of DRY GOODS, both Staple and Fancy, Wholesale and Retail; and that his Goods will be placed on the most moderate scale of profits. He trusts he will be enabled, by strict attention, to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

N.B.—For sale by the Subscriber, a choice assortment of STRAW BONNETS, of the latest BRITISH and NEW YORK FASHIONS, LOW FOR CASH. ROBERT McANDREW. Montreal, May 11.

MONTREAL STEAM DYE-WORKS.

JOHN McCLOSKEY, Silk and Woollen Dyer, and Scourer, (FROM BELFAST.)

38, Sanguinet Street, north corner of the Champ de Mars, and a little off Craig Street.

BEGS to return his best thanks to the Public of Montreal, and the surrounding country, for the liberal manner in which he has been patronized for the last nine years, and now craves a continuance of the same. He wishes to inform his customers that he has made extensive improvements in his Establishment to meet the wants of his numerous customers; and, as his place is fitted up by Steam, on the best American Plan, he hopes to be able to attend to his engagements with punctuality. He will dye all kinds of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Crapes, Woollens, &c.; as also, Scouring all kinds of Silk and Woollen Shawls, Moroccan Window Curtains, Bed Hangings, Silks, &c., Dyed and Watered. Gentlemen's Clothes Cleaned and Renovated in the best style. All kinds of Stains, such as Tar, Paint, Oil, Grease, Iron Mould, Wine Stains, &c., carefully extracted. N.B.—Goods kept subject to the claim of the owner twelve months, and no longer. Montreal, June 21, 1853.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

Table of market prices for various goods like Wheat, Oats, Barley, etc., with columns for item name, unit, and price.

EDUCATION.

A TEACHER, of Thirteen Years' experience, would gladly accept of an ENGLISH SCHOOL, having obtained his theory of Teaching at the Model School, Dublin, and furnished with a diploma from the Catholic Board of Montreal...

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SUGARS—Loaf, Crushed, and Bright Muscovado. TEAS—Gunpowder, Old Hyson, Young Hyson, Imperial, and Fine Twankay.

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