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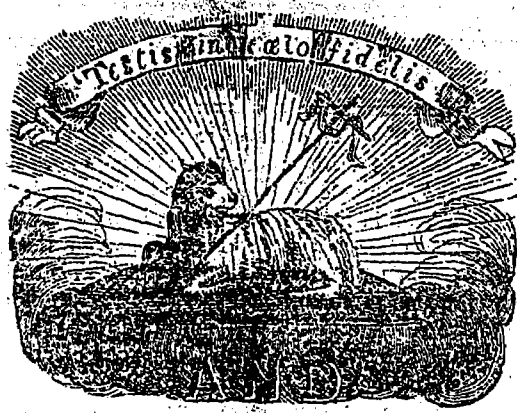
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 24.

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAMILL TO PRINCE ALBERT.

Oxford, Dec. 22, 1853.

Monsieur le Prince—I owe your royal highness an apology for presuming to address you; but the lofty place of imperial honor which, with universal consent, you hold, the confidence which your character has won from all parties, and the interest you are said to have evinced in the prosperity of Ireland have induced me to lay before you, with feelings most profoundly respectful, the present perilous position of this country, and to beg your attentive and friendly condescension whilst I attempt to describe the disastrous condition of Ireland. I presume to consider you as a spectator, not an actor, in British policy; and my respectful views, in the present communication, are intended for your perusal more in the character of a diplomatic essay than of a political discussion. Your temper, or your prudence, or both, have never interfered in any of the party struggles of these countries; and hence it would be unjust and ungenerous to intrude one word which could have even a remote appearance of involving as an accomplice, a prince so detached as you are, in our foreign or domestic policy.

The resignation of Lord Palmerston is coupled, in the minds of many, who think they know him well, with the well-founded suspicion that this measure is a mere ruse to recover his former position in the Foreign Office, from which Lord John Russell was compelled to remove him at the imperative demand of Austria. If this suspicion shall be realised at the opening of Parliament, every Catholic country in Europe will beyond all contradiction, receive his appointment as the commencement of a renewed attack on their respective constitutions; and every revolutionist in the world will hail this event as the signal for universal rebellion. I must beg to tell your royal highness that I know Lord Palmerston very well; and I beg further to inform you that I have precisely the same facilities of observing his diplomatic character, and of knowing his inextinguishable hatred of Catholicity, as the very first minister in the service of the Queen. The Catholic Church has not at the present time, in the whole world, and perhaps has never had in any age or country, a more plausible, a more crafty, or a more determined enemy than Lord Palmerston.

In the present attitude of European politics, such a resumption of office, such a public sentiment of antagonism as it would awaken, must be most disastrous to the interests of England; and while it would arm all nations against our sincerity, in our Turkish policy, it would add a new explosive element to the burning ardor for war which has already ignited the conflict of powerful armaments in the east. Taking it for granted that his absence will derange and weaken the present cabinet, and that in order to propitiate his ambition, and to silence the powerful opposition of his restless supporters, he shall be reinstated in his former career of revolution (for such it decidedly was) of '47 and '48, I undertake to say that in the very hour of his appointment the government of England will kindle a flame in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy, in Hungary, in France, and in Switzerland, which at any time would require the undivided power of England to extinguish, but which in present manifold military and naval serious occupations, may rise into a resistless conflagration, beyond our strength, and which may send its consuming fire nearer to our shores than will be consistent with national security. England is very powerful, no doubt; but she cannot conquer all nations at the same time. She has been, up to this time, more than a match, in field or blood, for several surrounding kingdoms; but she cannot be expected to subdue confederated wankind. The records of history inform us, that the madness and tyranny of long victory have been as often the ruin of nations as the meanness and degradation of long slavery; and the history of Greece, of Rome, and of the late Empire of France, are grave lessons to warn England against the risks of universal empire. England cannot do battle with all the world; she cannot fight China, and at the same time govern India with thirty-six thousand native soldiers, hating her rule, and abhorring her name. She cannot for ever chain down Canada in the borders of a republic which despises her, nor keep this people in subjection, who avow their intention of separation whenever they are able. She cannot always spare regiments and ships for Australia, where every emigrant ship lands a cargo of sworn enemies to her constitution; she cannot permanently maintain thirty thousand military and police in Ireland, to choke the complaints and to silence the cries for bread and justice raised by the poor victims of national morals.—These cries are raised every morning in Ireland, as regularly as the sun rises on the horizon; they have rung in the ears of England during centuries of ceaseless woe; they have been heard all over the earth,

and have ever been silenced by the eloquence of the hulk, the logic of the mock trial, or the terrors of the rope. Great as she has been, she cannot always maintain this Irish army and this obstinate legislation concomitantly with all her other foreign friendly relations. But if the government in the frenzy of long impunity shall add to this perilous policy of ages the appointment of a man, whose name is the very firebrand of European constitutional monarchy, the conduct of England becomes in '53 the undisguised revolution and the infidel anti-Catholic movement of '47. And powerful as England now avowedly is, the time is unquestionably not far distant when indignant Europe will make her repent of the bigotry of Russell, and the relentless anti-Catholic vengeance of Palmerston.

The Emperor of France has declared more than once that he considers himself called to the throne, in order to fulfil three primary duties—namely, to uproot socialism, to advance the glory of France, and to protect the interests of religion. These words are the rigid translation of his expressed sentiments, and the result of this imperial declaration has been, amongst the well disposed classes of all nations, a universal confidence in his character, the progress of national order on the European continent, and a total change in the infidel and revolutionary paroxysms of France. The constitutions of Spain and Portugal, which England forced on these countries through her money and her infidel agents in the Peninsula, have derived unusual temporary stability from the empire of France. These two constitutions were cradled in revolution, and were maintained by violence and treachery and bribery by the well-known English party in these kingdoms. But of late they have enjoyed some national repose [owing to the neighborhood of France] from the distractions, conflicts, oppositions, parliamentary dissolutions, which derange these fine countries, wasted by war, plundered by enemies, betrayed by friends, and treacherously robbed by foreign intrigue of their ancient constitutions. But the hour is fast approaching when the work of England (as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow) the universal population, undismayed and protected from England, will restore their ancient laws by a bloodless but invincible reaction. France, the centre, the heart, the first power in Europe, has thus lent confidence to the neighboring states; and in her protection of those, and in her indirect assistance of Naples and Austria, she has indeed crushed Socialism, raised the fallen glory of her ancient name, and replaced the genius of religion in its former lofty pre-eminence.

But if the Queen of Great Britain, or the minister of the day, should in an evil hour call Lord Palmerston to his former place in the Foreign Office, the Hungarians, the Swiss, the Lombards, the Neapolitans, the Romans, the French, the Red Republicans of all nations, the Spanish and Portuguese infidels, who butchered the priests and expelled the nuns in '33; in a word, all the rebellious spirits and cut-throats of Europe, seeing their friend and correspondent restored to his former career of universal disorder, will of course form new conspiracies against monarchy and constitutional law. The Mazzinis, the Garibaldis, the Ciccerouacchis, the Astrazzis, the Paolis, the Grebeurns, the Kossuths, and all the bibliicals of all the world will again be complimented and feted by their adviser and advocate, Lord Palmerston; and England, in place of being what she ought to be, the refuge of the oppressed, the asylum of wounded liberty, will be, as it has been, the focus of all the rebels, vagabonds, infidels, socialists, and miscreants of the whole world. The character of England, and the honor of the Whigs, will never recover the disgrace which Russell and Palmerston inflicted on this country since the year '47. Only think, Sir, of all our glorious and illustrious embassies being filled with swaddlers called ambassadors; think of our attachés, writers, messengers, servants, and entire suites (men and women) being employed as Bible-mongers and tract-distributors! and old generals, admirals, captains, and decayed old nobility, ordained preachers in Bologna, Modena, Florence, Naples, Madrid, Vienna, Lisbon, and Jerusalem!!!—What an amusing and awful paragraph the future historian of England can write, while he describes Lord Palmerston sending bibles and bullets to Switzerland, piety and powder to Hungary, devotion and daggers to Rome. Let Lord Palmerston resume his former office, and, as a matter of course, we shall soon have the Achilles, the Gavazzis, and all the monks whom crime or bribery can bring to England, to instruct the English people (by preaching in Italian) and to advance the cause of religion by the publication of the grossest immoralities, and the avowal of palpable infidelity. His return to the former office will send correspondents to Lisbon, Madrid, Naples and Vienna, to ridicule kings and queens, bishops, and nobles, and religion; in a word, everything and everybody which

is not English; and in less than six months we shall have the same old European tragedy acted over again, with new actors and actresses, under the same old manager, till the name of England will be again scouted with universal abhorrence; our policy met by universal opposition, and the religion of England unmasked before all mankind as a system of hypocrisy and revolution. If, with all these amiable accompaniments to my Lord Palmerston in the Foreign Office, we shall have withal to fight the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, a second squadron (there is the rub) in the Indian Ocean and at the mouth of the Ganges; and if we shall have to meet the Persians and the old Sikhs on the old Indus; and if we shall have also to watch Canada, to convert Ireland to God by perjury, and a tax of one million sterling a year; and finally, if we shall have to repair our coast defence, and keep an eye on the movements of one million soldiers in France; there can be no doubt that England will have a warfare on her hands in '54 such as had never been contemplated by Marlborough, Nelson, Drake, or Wellington. Your royal highness must not misunderstand me—I am attached to the British throne from duty; a subject loyal from the very obligations of my profession—one of a class that has bled in France, in Spain, in Portugal, and in Ireland, for our undying devotion to the ruling powers of our country; do not misunderstand me—I raise a warning voice against the machinations that have degraded England, and, if persevered in, will reduce this country to the public infamy of being the propounder of infidelity and the disseminator of undisguised revolution.

But, alas! what matters it to the poor Irishman if the whole world were at war, if he could have any relaxation from our hereditary bondage, and the cruel miseries of his ill-fated country. Since the Earl of Aberdeen became our Prime Minister, Ireland has had comparative relief from public insult; and Catholic Europe has been freed from the pest of Biblical diplomacy; Exeter Hall has partially ceased its leucocious harangues to exterminate the Irish for the love of God. Novelists have given up the Biblical literature of executing gross stories of Priests and Nuns; some English Biblical (*i.e.*, lying) newspapers have been expelled by an order in council from Naples, from Spain, and from Portugal; and truth, and justice, and morality have been largely encouraged. Lord Aberdeen is no bigot; he is the friend of toleration; he is opposed to religious persecution; the cause of education and religious liberty owes him much; and the people and the Clergy of Ireland feel towards him a deep and everlasting debt of gratitude. Yet Ireland is only breathing from the woes of ages, and, above all, from the famine, the pestilence, the relentless extermination, and the religious persecution of the last six years. The bigotry which Lord John Russell published on the Continent, through the Mintos, the Howards, the Peels, the Cannings, and the entire *corps diplomatique*, was inflicted with redoubled fury on Ireland, where the Protestant Clergy, and the Protestant landlords, with large funds, and a numerous staff of school masters teachers, readers, tract-distributors, local agents over depots of coals, food, and clothing, set in motion one vast scheme for exterminating, banishing the poor starving Irishman, or compelling to the alternative of forswearing his faith, perjurying his conscience, and with sad despair and dishonor joining the rank of men whom he believed fiends in human shape.

I am far from disputing the right of any Clergyman to preach his own doctrine in his own pulpit, or even in the public places; but I feel confident no Christian, no man of sound, social, or political feeling will defend men standing on tables in the public highways calling the Roman Catholics by the odious names of idolators and Priest-ridden slaves—designating the Roman Catholic worship as encouraging the murder of heretics, perjury to men, and violated allegiance to the throne—offensive tracts pushed into men's pockets, thrust under the doors, public insults in the streets, quarrels, retaliation from the people, arrests by the police, trials in courthouses, fines and imprisonment, have rendered this Biblical system in Ireland the most unendurable of all previous persecutions, and has converted Protestantism into a scheme of falsehood, bribery, hypocrisy, perjury, and social tyranny. The idea of bribing a man into faith, perjurying him into sanctity, doing the acts of the Devil to make him acceptable to God—sinking him down into the lowest depths of infamy to arrive at sanctification—making him hold down his head in shame, and despair, and self-conviction in order to place him before society as an object of Divine grace and public edification—all this devilry is such a monstrous aggregate of incongruous iniquity that unless one saw the case by an evidence clear as noonday it could never be believed by any human being that there could have ever existed a society calling itself Christian capable of such insane and such flagitious frenzy.

The infidel exterminating agents of this unfortunate Bible Society have been hovering over the hovels of the poor Irish, like birds of prey over the field of battle, to see and watch if the poor wretched inmates of the awful cabin could be caught in the last agony of destitution in order to tempt him, with money and food, to betray his creed in a moment of despair and hunger; and this is the Gospel of Redemption—this the scheme which these wretches call charity, and to which the generous English people contribute tens of thousands of pounds annually for this insult to God and man. No one but an Irishman can conceive the entire ruin which the bigotry of the last five years has brought on the universal interests of Ireland. It has pervaded all ranks of Protestant society—has infected all classes, from the peer to the peasant, from the chancellor to the lowest officer of the court, from the grand juror to the parish beadle. It is found on the bench, sits in the jury-box, and preaches from the pulpit. It lives with the landlord, arms the Crowbar Brigade, speaks from the lips of the cruel agent, and draws the ejectionment for the extermination of the poor. You read it on the forehead, observe it on the brow, see it in the looks, notice it in the sneer, and can't mistake it in the carriage and the gait of the oppressor of the poor. It travels on railroads, stands behind counters, is heard in schools, and is found in every office and title, from the duke down to the very scullery maid, in great, civilised, impartial, and free England. Alas! for the nation that encourages such frightful tyranny, and doubly, alas! for the religion that defiles God's Gospel with such sanguinary infidelity.

It is said that it resides in our armies, that it bestows stripes, and sashes, and swords, and epaulettes, and truncheons, and nobility. Can it be believed that there is a difference made between Popish and Protestant courage? As there is no sex in virtue, I never fancied that there could be a *creed in bravery*. Is there such a thing as Protestant cannon—Biblical bayonets—Lutheran swords? or can the commingled blood which has flowed in all our fields of glory be distinguished by its Popish and Protestant color? Alas! the poor Popish soldier can do no more than to pour forth his blood for his king and his country; and the Protestant commander can do no more to stamp that king and that country with dishonor than to reward that Irish devotion with ingratitude and scorn. It is even whispered that this feeling has found its way into the barracks of the Irish constabulary—that these barracks have been used in some instances (as the newspapers stated), the depot for parcels of offensive tracts through the Post Office, and it is even said that the accomplished Scotchman who commands this most useful force finds, from his vast police experience, that while Popery can fit a man very soon for rank and file, it takes a whole life before Popery can take command of a company! Good Prince, just see the list of the officers, and learn at a glance the place which Popery holds in our faithful, gallant, useful loyal Irish constabulary.

Great Prince, when your Royal Highness will next honor this poor, persecuted Ireland with a happy visit, you can trace it with your own educated eye in the deserted village, the silent path, the tenantless fields, and the lonely hills of abandoned and forgotten Ireland. And, Sir, when presidents of societies, chairman of committees, heads of clubs, mayors of corporations, fellows of colleges, and more degraded than all, when the mean, worthless, fawning, Orange aristocracy of Ireland, will point out to you, as the foaming carriage flies in flashing speed, the golden harvest, the rich fields, the cultivated valleys, the bleating and bellowing herds that lie in the way of the royal route, O Prince! will you make one inquiry about the glutted, coffinless churchyard, the obliterated cabins, the evicted poor, who lie in thousands in yonder unconsecrated ditch, sleep at the bottom of the Atlantic, or toil beyond the Mississippi? English bullocks cannot man our navy, Scotch sheep cannot mount the breach, Swedish turnips cannot bleed for the honor and stability of the throne; and the heartlessness of Irish landlords, and the cruel ingratitude of some Irish orators, and the slavery of some Irish writers, cannot be better proved than to hear public applause bestowed on *that new condition of Ireland* which has been brought about by a national extermination, a universal devastation, a reckless expulsion of the Irish population, under circumstances of cruelty which have scarcely a parallel in the history of the civilised world. And what renders this condition of the Irish poor more terrific still is, that *Biblicism* (I don't wish to speak disrespectfully of the Protestant creed) has been the main element in this disastrous national depopulation of our country.

It is not a correct statement to say that this Bible mania is a mere religious question. This is not the fact. It is a question in which every interest in the country is involved; and it is a question of life and

death to all the poor—what matters it what names one gives it if it depopulates Ireland, and paralyses the whole material energies of the nation.

When Cromwell kicked the Commons out of the Senate House, beleaguered Charles, cannonaded Ireland, butchered the women of Wexford and the children of Drogheda, his public declaration, "that all was one for the glory of God," did not render the cannon and the sword less terrible; this sentiment, on the contrary, adds fresh horrors to these atrocities, as it claims, in the name of God, honor for humanity, and commits crime, as an act of virtue, without repentance or shame. It is perjurious assertion to call Biblicalism in Ireland a mere religious question. No, it means everything and anything but religion. It means land, it means capital, it means employment, place, position; it means a house, existence, recognition in the streets; it means the life and death of the poor; nor has this Biblical preaching and Biblical scheme any other meaning affixed to it by the universal burning decision of the country. Every newspaper one reads during the last seven years we see the workings of this persecuting Biblicalism. At one time a noble Biblical determines to clear off his land the Popish vermin, and in his Biblical mercy he shovels them out, as it may happen, in the frosty night of December. Alas! the remaining story is easily told—the poor wretches soon found a home in the friendly grave. A second holy Biblical decides on ejecting the Popish Faith in the sweet breath of smiling summer, and sends away the forlorn wretches to crowd the cellars and the garrets of the towns and villages, generate the burning typhus, and join their winter companions in their shroudless coffins during the golden departure of the calm sun, and thus they have the pleasure of dying and being buried by Biblical mercy, while the thrush and the blackbird chant their funeral songs over their red forgotten graves.

Again, we see announced in the papers, amongst the news from Ireland, that a ship, freighted with the living Irish poor, sailed from an Irish port in the depth of the stormy winter; and in a few days the melancholy news arrives that during the rage of the tempest the hatches were nailed down, and that the poor victims of the Bible perished without relief during the terrors of the night. At another time, a vessel leaves Liverpool, with the ragged emigrants of Great Britain on board; and after several days of incredible sufferings we are told that they are all landed safe, from the foundered ship (not at the port of their destination) on an American island, where nine out of ten die of fatigue, hardship, hunger, despair, and sickness, far, far from home, the unpitied objects of Biblical persecution. At another time we read of an Irish emigrant vessel having struck on a rock in a storm, having lost her way and all on board having perished, with the exception of a mere few who clung to the rigging or swam to the shore, amongst whom was one poor Irishwoman with her two children, one a little fellow two years old, tied on her back with a shawl, the other a baby, six months old, clasped to her heart with one hand, while with the other she firmly held a spar that kept the noble-hearted poor mother afloat, riding on the giant-back of the sea with her helpless little children, and carried to the shore by the foaming and friendly billow. These statements have appeared every week, every day, in the sad records of Irish calamities and national woes; they could be multiplied into thousands and thousands of instances of despair and distress, such as no nation in the world have ever before endured.

Nothing so common, no news so constant, as reading of Irish emigrant ships sailing from our ports with hundreds of poor Irish on board, and then, in months afterwards, hearing that she had never arrived at her destined port, but that her masts and rigging were seen floating with her name and some scattered spars on a foreign coast, every soul on board having perished.

O Prince! the famine has been terrible, when whole families were found dead at their fireside from very hunger; the pestilence was terrific, when the bodies of the poor Irish were left unburied for days—in some cases devoured by the dogs—when the stoutest heart was afraid to cross by the path of the dead. But the Biblical persecution has embodied in its emaciating, crushing form, all the horrors of all the other scourges of God, and has made Protestantism in Ireland to be the signal of vengeance, and the combined concentrated expression of all the curses and all the woes of our ill-fated country. Prince, I am stating facts which I have transcribed from the newspapers and copied, not on paper, but on the indelible undying memories of my heart. And at this moment, at the end of seven years' flight from this Irish Biblicalism, the poor who still remain behind are collecting their scanty earnings, and waiting for the remittances from their friends, to quit a country where the Gospel, they say, is preached by the same Devil in the mountains of Connemara and Clifden who quoted the same Bible heretofore on a high mountain to tempt Our Lord, and where the name of Christ is made a password—not of mercy, but of vengeance. The public ways are crowded, and the emigrant vessels are still filled with the Irish flying from this land of terror, and seeking a home so far from England's laws as human civilisation can carry them. And each man carries with him to his new country the deep, the burning, the insatiable hatred of England; and he will teach it to his offspring, and it will grow with their growth and spread with their numbers, and ripen with their power—and it will yet raise an avenging host in the Far West, which will, in coming time, return to England scourge for scourge for centuries of wrong, and for this long, cruel mockery of the rights of man and the laws of God. Wherever they are placed along the noble valleys of their new country they still turn to their suffering friends at home; and, as the day star rises over Ireland, these

scattered and wandering children, like the captive Jews of old, turn towards their beloved Irish altars, and with a loud cry, which is heard from pole to pole, which nearly encircles the globe, and in their bitter, wild, mournful, fervid agony, they utter this united cry to the God of mankind for mercy and protection, and with uplifted hands, they appeal to the eternal cause of injured justice for future revenge.

Yes, great Prince, there is the rub; there is future work for England along with her other work. I believe it is true that she has never yet made one friendly colony—and all from the insane effort of Protestantising the whole world. America will yet teach her a lesson for her past mad career. There is growing power and overgrown vengeance to England. I utter these words in sorrow, not in joy. I paint this subject in painful conviction, not in wished anticipation. No, I could love England, if she would only do justice to the administration of law in Ireland. I like her noble people, her honesty, her truth, her arts, her science, her commerce, her civilisation. I am no rebel or revolutionist; but I hate tyranny, I abhor injustice, I detest bigotry, and I love my poor, persecuted country. England has been a cruel mistress, making through ages the fatal mistake which no time can cure, trying to Protestantise Ireland, and to preach a thing called the Gospel, but which in reality, is the grossest imposture ever practised on the credulity of mankind, substituting falsehood, and lies, and immorality, and vengeance, and exile, and death, for the merciful laws of Christ, and the eternal charities of God. America and France will yet, in the secrets of a just Providence, be made the scourge of this iniquity. Britannia, now the ruler of the seas, may well address the old genius of her empire, in reference to the future Irish American power, as Juno once bespoke the ancient god of storms to destroy Æneas, and his wandering followers, as the pious hero and his faithful countrymen were proceeding in quest of new settlements, and to found the boundless empire of ancient Rome.

Misa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso
Quidve dolens, regina, Deum, tot volvere casus,
Insignem pietate, virum, tot adire labores
Impulit. Tante animis caelestibus ire.

Progeniem sed enim Trojana a sanguine duci
Audierat ilias, olim que verteret arces;
Hinc populum late regem belloque superbum
Venturum excidit Libye.

But the problem of the iniquitous working of Biblicalism in this country is solved at a glance, when we examine the training of the Clergy at the Protestant universities. When one reads Lord Shaftesbury's report on the morality and the professional education of the Protestant Clergy of this country at Oxford and Cambridge, mingled feelings of indignation and contempt fill the bosom, when we see a class of men let loose on society, under the name of teachers of Christianity, whose loose character and total ignorance of their profession must necessarily eventuate in the infidelity and demoralisation of the community subjected to their control. Eleven fellows, on their oaths, and all Clergymen, have made statements, which I have read, and which are too shocking to be told in the illustrious presence of your Royal Highness. One fellow swears, that for miles round the university it is one continuous den of infamy, where gambling, drunkenness, and crime are the daily practices of the students; where their physical energies are weakened or destroyed; where their mental faculties are prostrated, and where the whole moral character is obliterated. The oaths of other fellows go to prove that one of the most disastrous evils of the university is, that the divinity students have no class of theology, no divinity course; and hence the idleness and want of occupation in this department is the abundant source of the disastrous immoralities and scandalous character of the Clerical aspirants. Can your Royal Highness wonder if men of this stamp and character (which is a recorded and undisputed fact) have rendered the profession of religion in England a mere mockery; have enkindled indifference or infidelity in all classes of the community; have driven all the reasoning portion of their congregations from their pulpits; have made a desert of their churches, and converted God's Gospel into a mere human traffic in the mouths of men, who have learned in college the science of iniquity and not of grace; and who stand before the public in maturer years the accredited libellers of virtue, the apostles of religious rancor, and the professors of national discord? The history of the world affords no instance of such monstrous incongruity as to preach charity while laden with the plunder of the poor, to publish the love of God by promoting universal hatred, to make Christians by acts of infamy, and to convert the cross of Christ, the symbol of redemption, into a hostile standard, to mark the enemy's ranks, and to be followed in the name of God as the signal of vengeance.

I have no wish whatever to utter one word of disrespect towards the Protestant Clergy, many individuals amongst them being men of learning and distinguished virtue. I am drawing my opinions of them as a class from sworn documents of their friends which, of course, admit of no contradiction, and which give the reasons to perfect demonstration why Protestantism has failed as a religion—why the public confidence has been withdrawn from its Ministers why its ritual is split up into hundreds of varying hostile sectaries—and why naked, avowed infidelity is openly taught and professed at the very doors of the Protestant Establishment.

How different the training, the studies, the conduct, and the character of the young Catholic Priest.—Devoted in anticipated hope to the altar, he is dedicated, if I may so speak, from his childhood by the fond prayers of his pious humble parents to the Priestly office. A child of Irish parents called to minister at the altar is their highest ambition, their loftiest point of worldly happiness. All their aspira-

tions, their actions in this regard, are all directed to this one engrossing, paramount accomplishment; their books, words, advice, injunctions are so many daily, hourly, lessons, which make a deep and hourly impression on the young heart of the little, sober aspirant. This training, however, merely predisposes, but cannot, of course, perfect the vocation; but educated for years under the watchful eye of his Bishop, and placed, in a spotless and at an untainted age, in college, he can never be absent a day, an hour, from the discipline of the establishment; while living men, his masters, his professors, his deans, his superiors, practice in his presence every day the perfection of the Gospel they preach—present to his mind Christianity speaking and walking—and, beyond all contradiction, teach him his duties in their own palpable character, by the attractive eloquence of the living, breathing example more than by the accuracy of their scientific knowledge, or the depth of their professional erudition.

I am not painting my subject, Sir, from fancy; I have seen, admired, and steadily studied the very living models of men, from whom I now attempt to make an imperfect copy, for the inspection of your Royal Highness. If you were to honor with your illustrious presence our distinguished Irish Seminary, Carlow College, or visit our national establishment at Maynooth, a feeling is at once impressed of the order, the learning, and the piety of the place—not a vain object to distract, not an unruly passion to be gratified, not an idle moment to be spent in the asylums of piety and letters. Towering massive walls frown on the world outside, which protect the spotless young ardent hearts within from the gaze and converse of the disorders and the pride of the external world. Books and prayer, order and obedience, classes, prizes, rewards, and innocent recreation by an unvarying round, form the entire clerical record, the annual report of the character and the conduct of the young Catholic Priest. He divides the year into two parts—namely, from August to Christmas, and from Christmas to July; These two extreme points are the tropics of his annual motion; and at the end of a collegiate course of seven, eight, and nine years in halls, libraries, chapels, examinations, recreations, and elocutionary accomplishments, he enters the world with a perfect knowledge of every word that Philip spoke at Macedon, or Demosthenes at Athens; he can tell the whole history of the popular struggles on the Palatine Hill; he has a decided recollection of every blow that was struck at Thermopylae, Marathon, and Mycale. He can repeat Locke and Stuardart, and say by heart Fleury and Saint Thomas; but he knows no more about the world, its passions, its intrigues, its deceits, its practical crime, than if he had completed his studies in Jupiter, and belonged to another sphere. His microcosm consisted of books, not men—of rewards, not iniquity; and his companions and masters were edifying students and saintly Priests, and not the withered, blasted, tainted, deep-dyed victims of the iniquity of the world. Classics, languages, rhetoric, history, moral philosophy, physics, Scripture, Hebrew, divinity, are the subjects of their pursuit, not gambling, swearing, drunkenness, and the nameless crimes of the world; while the lessons of Thomas à Kempis, the examples of the Saints, the graces of prayer, the treasures of religion, raise the character of the young Priest to a point of real unaffected piety, in perfect harmony with the beautiful spirit of his Order, the spotless ornaments of his altar, and the sacred vestments of his profession. Why should any one dare to compare the drunken profligacy of Oxford or Cambridge, with the spotless character of our Catholic colleges; or why should any person institute a comparison between the vulgar aristocracy and the insolent ignorance of these dens of infamy (according to the report) and the finished learning, the deep erudition, the graceful literature of the laborious, long-trained, spotless Priests of the Catholic Church; Hence, see the successful results of their spiritual ministrations over the world. The infidel converted, the sinner reclaimed, the poor consoled, and the public confidence from nation to nation, from age to age, more and more confirmed. Churches are built, hospitals established, convents founded, schools maintained, and all the ceremonial of religion carried out, not from state endowments, but from willing contributions of the admiring people. Books are printed, Scriptures published, Catholicity defended, and master-spirits are everywhere called forth when necessary, in every country, to meet the myriad enemies of our Church, and to confound philosophy, to repel scepticism, to banish infidelity, and to stand forth the models of Christian learning in defence of the doctrines which Jerome preached, Chrysostom wrote, and Augustine published.

Great Prince, you will, I trust, excuse this long letter—your name will give it currency all over the world; and all nations shall again understand the position of England, the character of her Gospel, and the condition of Ireland. And, if I may presume to say one word, in reference to yourself personally, it would be to tell you to found a new exhibition in Ireland, more useful and more lasting than the splendid idea which your genius, and your science, and your comprehensive scheme of civilization realised in London in the Crystal Palace. This science is, firstly, to silence the insult of Ribbonism; secondly, to devise some means of inspiring national confidence in the Irish people; and, thirdly, to place some real and substantial industrial attraction, which will tend to stop the wasting emigration of the whole population. England wants every man that Ireland can spare to people her colonies, to purchase her manufactures, to man her fleets, to swell her armies, and to be her steadfast friends and devoted subjects.—England is playing a false, a wrong game in the expulsion of the Irish. The bone and muscle of her

strength, the masters of all her arts, are all going to America, to build up from the neglected or despoiled citadels of our country new cities and new towers of strength in America. We are transferring men and power, and empire, in the transfer of our population.

To remedy this great national evil would be a work worthy of your name, of your position, and your talents. No work so becoming a Prince as to redeem a fallen nation; no achievement so noble as to add vigor, and age, and unrivalled sway to one's country. Your Royal Highness can do it. Your name is the password of non-interference in political strife, and it is the public guarantee of advancement in all the arts of civilisation, peace, and moral and intellectual culture. I am incapable of flattering a prince, even if I could and dared to do it. Millions of men in every part of the world will read this letter of mine to you, and will cry over every word I have uttered. They narrowly inspect me while I defend their cause and my own. They would not allow me to acknowledge my inferiority as their advocate; and therefore, while I stand with becoming humility and modest discretion in your illustrious presence, yet I cannot forget either the position which I am sure I hold in the minds of these applauding millions who would not permit me to lower my honest, frank independence, while pleading their cause in the presence of the Emperor of the world.

Again begging the kind indulgence of your Royal Highness for this long communication, I have the honor to be, Monsieur le Prince, with most profound respect, your obedient humble servant,

D. W. CABELL, D.D.

P.S.—The copy of this letter shall be sent to your Royal Highness by this night's post.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Catholics of Ennis have subscribed £750 for the purpose of opening Christian Brothers and Convent of Mercy Poor Schools in the town, and a Bazaar in behalf of this charitable project will be held there at spring assizes next.

THE INCOME TAX AND THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.—At a recent meeting of the clergy of the deanery of Tuam a series of resolutions were adopted with reference to the operation of the Income Tax upon the Irish clergy; and a subscription was set on foot for the purpose of taking legal advice as to the liability of the clergy to pay the tax in respect of the "alms" received by them from the voluntary contributions of their flocks.

A most respectable parish priest in this diocese living conveniently to Cavan, has been served with a threatening notice.—*Anglo Celt.*

PROSELYTISM IN THE WEST.—The Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, has written a letter to the Editors of the *Univers*, thanking them and their subscribers for a remittance received by him for the poor of his diocese. His lordship states the efforts made by his clergy and religious to establish industrial schools. After referring to the extermination going on in his neighborhood, and the necessity for the amendment of the Landlord and Tenant Laws, his lordship alludes to the proselytising efforts made in his diocese, and their results. From this part of his letter we translate the following:—"With regard to the system of mercenary proselytism, it is still pursued with much activity, but thanks be to God, with as little effect as in the preceding years. I can claim a sad distinction for the diocese of Clonfert. It was attacked several years before the neighboring dioceses were invaded, and in its bosom resides, perhaps, one of the most influential and most active enemies of Catholicity. I speak of a noble Protestant family, who spare neither pains nor trouble to corrupt the education of the Catholic youth, in order to make proselytes. I cannot say that their efforts are barren, for unfortunately they are not so. They have been at work unceasingly for twenty years. I know it for certain, and, considering the means employed, the rank of the person, the dependence of the people, and the corruption of nature, it is astonishing that there has not been more evil done. You can appreciate the hostile spirit of this family, when I tell you that by its active influence the Sisters of Mercy are prevented from visiting Catholic invalids in hospitals, from entering into workhouses for the poor from instructing Catholic females who inhabit these last-mentioned establishments, though of the six hundred poor who are inmates of the house there are but thirty Protestants, all the rest being Catholic. But a very consoling reflection is, that the Sisters of Mercy have lately been established in the teeth of this fanaticism, and that they reckon about three hundred children in their schools. The good that they have produced, and that they will produce, with the blessing of heaven by their holy example, by the education that they will give, and by their visits to the sick, will be an ample reparation for the trials and opposition to which they have been exposed."

The bitterness of division again breaks up our councils. It is not a party but a personal conflict that now disgraces the public. It is not a question of creed but of character—not one of policy but of pique—of national interest but of individual animosity.—The tenants' rights are made a *casus belli*, not between the antagonist powers, but by the confederated friends of those rights, against one another! This civil commotion evokes the angriest passions of men, and stirs up the indecencies of language from the very dogs. Good men sicken, and wise men grow sad over so deplorable a spectacle. And whilst the war of words is hottest, the people, for whose interests it is waged, fly from the shores of a country whose fate it seems to be that her few enemies shall always grow strong, whilst her troops of friends can only agree to disagree.—*Galway Vindicator.*

In consequence of the religious riots which have for some time past occurred in Graigue, the Government has ordered the immediate stationing there of a sub-inspector, a head-constable, and thirty sub-constables of police, for the protection of the public peace. A troop of Hussars also proceeded (says the *Kilkenny Moderator*) on Monday to Graigue. The inspector general has ordered the immediate reduction in the constabulary of the East Riding of Cork, by the reinforcement of 50 men forthwith to the counties of Dublin, Kilkenny, Tipperary, and Waterford, to fill the vacancies there.

MR. JOHN SADLEIR IN THE EXCHEQUER.
(From the Nation.)

One of the most momentous cases on which a civil court in this country ever adjudicated, came to a conclusion since our last publication. The case of Dowling v. Lawler. The reader must bear in mind that it was a "trial of issues" to determine whether certain things were done or were not done—a trial where the jury were not embarrassed by any puzzling principle of law, but had simply to determine on the value and credibility of the evidence before them.—The gravity of the case arises from the fact that Mr. John Sadleir, M.P., who was substantially the defendant, denied the facts sent for trial in the most specific and circumstantial manner, and that a special jury, on their solemn oaths, have refused to credit his testimony.

Mr. Dowling was arrested on the hustings at Carlow in July, '52; he was arrested at the instance of Mr. Sadleir's election agent, for a debt which he did not owe; and conveyed to prison in time to prevent his voting and canvassing his tenants and friends for Clayton Browne. He had previously refused to support Sadleir, though repeatedly solicited to do so—among others, by Thaddeus O'Shea, the Manager of the "Sadleir Bank" in Carlow.

The arrest was made on a bond which he had given to a man named Crotty, as a counter security for putting his name on two bills cashed by O'Shea in the ordinary course of business. The bills had not come to maturity, and there was nothing whatever due on the bond at the time of his arrest. It supersedes all comment to state that counsel on both sides admit this arrest to have been a fraudulent and indefensible transaction.

The bond was procured from Crotty by the Rev. Mr. Dempsey and Edward Lawler, the latter observing that it would be "a good thing to get it for the purpose of having Dowling arrested, in order that he might not vote against Sadleir."

These gentlemen brought the bond to Mr. Sadleir in person, who carried it to Dublin and gave it to his cousin and successor in business, and reputed partner, Mr. Leonard Morrogh. In his office a certificate was fabricated in the name of a dying attorney, whose consent was never obtained, and executions were issued on the bond in two counties simultaneously to make sure of their man.

The parties entrusted with the arrest were the Messrs. Conoran, connections of Morrogh, and the younger an agent of Sadleir in the election. After the arrest the Sheriff of the Queen's County, to whom one of the executions had been sent, was brought to the Sadleir Bank, and introduced to Mr. John Sadleir, and had wine with him there.

On the evening of the arrest Crotty declared it was made without his consent, and that he would discharge Dowling, to avoid responsibilities; but Nicholas Roe and Malachi Fitzpatrick, two Election Agents of Sadleir, besought him not to do so; and the latter advised him if the bank stood between him and Dowling, to be firm. Accordingly Dowling was retained in custody, and deprived of the opportunity of voting, or canvassing his friends.

Thus the transaction was brought in contact with Mr. Sadleir or his Agents, or persons acting on his behalf, from the first conception of the plan to its final and successful execution.

In August Dowling applied by affidavit to a Judge of the Queen's Bench, and was discharged from custody. His first use of freedom was to prosecute an action against his enemies; but they were too cunning for him. His bills in the bank had now come to maturity, and two months after his release they arrested him a second time, and sent him back to cool his courage in the Marshalsea; where he has since lain for upwards of fourteen months. The Solicitor acting against him on this occasion was Mr. Mulhall, Sadleir's Election Agent.

The second arrest, like the first, was made in the name of Crotty; but, like the first, it would be wholly illegal if he did not pay the over-due bills at the bank. That is to say, he could not pursue Dowling for money which he had not paid himself. Crotty, who seems to have been an unwilling agent in the entire transaction, was not prepared to disburse £350, to forward the views of the Sadleir party. Whereupon the Manager, Thaddeus O'Shea (so Lawler swears), suggested a device by which without disbursing a penny Crotty might be put in a legal position to arrest Dowling. He proposed that Lawler, the man who originally procured the bond from Crotty—once a blacksmith and now the owner of a small weighing machine in Carlow—should draw a bill upon a clerk of Crotty's named Ling, living on a salary of £30 a year, and that on this precious security the bank would furnish money to repay itself the £350 due on the bills. Accordingly Lawler carried this money to Crotty who carried it back to the bank, and received his bills, having paid them their claim with their own cash; a process which must be highly satisfactory to the shareholders and depositors in the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank.

To give the transaction a color of reality, Crotty gave Lawler an "I O U" for the £350; but, as if Providence determined that no doubt should rest on the nature of the transaction, Lawler afterwards gave up the "I O U" without getting any consideration for it—and the money of the Bank went nakedly to take up the bill due to the Bank. Shortly after Dowling's second arrest Crotty died, and his executor, Richard Crotty, wrote to the Solicitor of the Bank, Mr. Leonard Morrogh, to inquire if there was any claim against him on the foot of these bills, but no claim was made; the answer, indeed, corresponding with the tricky and equivocal character of the whole business, admitted nothing and denied nothing. It was in these significant terms:—

"Dear Sir—
I have received your letter.
L. Morrogh."

In this state of affairs the present proceedings were taken to procure Dowling's release, and to lay the foundation of an action for false imprisonment against Sadleir. When the facts of a case are in doubt, a Court of Law generally sends them to a jury, and the Barons of the Exchequer accordingly sent the following issues to be tried by twelve special jurors; issues which resolve themselves, as we stated above, into the single questions, whether John Sadleir, or any persons on his behalf, were the real movers and managers in the affair:—

"First, whether there was an agreement between Daniel Crotty and John Sadleir, or any person on behalf of John Sadleir, that Daniel Crotty should be released from all liability on two bills of exchange for

the respective sums of £150 and £200, mentioned in certain affidavits in this matter; secondly, if so, whether the Carlow branch of the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank, or any person on that behalf, in pursuance of such agreement, had discounted a certain bill of exchange, drawn by one Edward Lawler, on and accepted by one William Ling; thirdly, did the bank discount the last mentioned bill of exchange with the bona fide intention of holding Edward Lawler liable thereon; fourthly, whether or not Daniel Crotty was a bona fide trustee for Edward Lawler or for the Tipperary Bank on issuing the execution under which the plaintiff was arrested."

To meet this tremendous case, Mr. Morrogh was not forthcoming, and was reported to have fled to England. Mulhall, who was in court, was not produced. Ling the drawer of the second bill, was not produced. But Mr. Sadleir, in person, mounted the table. As our readers are now familiar with the case proved for the plaintiff, we invoke their careful attention to the material parts of his evidence. We must premise, however, that—to complete the chain of suspicion—Lawler, the nominal defendant, admitted, on cross-examination, that "he did not employ Mr. Mulhall to defend him; that Mr. Mulhall told him he was his attorney;" and that his first intimation of his position was, hearing Mr. Fitzgerald tell the Court, that he was of counsel for Edward Lawler.

Mr. Sadleir denied everything, and disowned everybody. He was unconscious of an arrest made in his own presence; he was ignorant of its object, though he carried the bond to Dublin and instructed Mr. Morrogh how execution would most effectively issue on it; and though he hob-nobbed with a sheriff employed in the transaction. He had no control over the Manager of a bank of which his brother is the chief Director; in which his family are the chief shareholders; which is known in the district as "Sadleir's Bank." He did not know who paid Mr. Mulhall's costs in the proceedings against Dowling. He did not employ, or authorise, or recognise the hired agents of his election. He did not even desire the arrest of Dowling. In short, he was innocent as a babe of all the perilous and damaging proceedings.

It was totally impossible to believe the charge implied in the "four issues," and believe this evidence. But the jury walked out of this dilemma without loss of time; in fifteen minutes they returned to court, having found for the Plaintiff on all the issues.

They seem to have brought the case to that sagacious test suggested by the Roman orator—*qui bono?* who has benefited by the crime? Not Lawler, the weigh master; Not Crotty, the money lender; Not O'Shea, the manager; Not Sadleir's partisans, Fitzpatrick and Roe, who swore they were his agents, and whom he swore were not. None of these were the party benefited—it was the gentleman Attorney who clambered over the prostrate body of Edward Dowling into the English Treasury; and so the jury by their finding have declared.

The electors of Ennis, Clonmel, and Tralee express great indignation at the threat of being disfranchised by Lord John Russell's mis-called Reform Bill.

WARLIKE PRECAUTIONS.—We understand that almost every infantry regiment now stationed in Ireland are under orders for foreign service, whilst orders have been sent to every corps at home, cavalry and infantry, to the whole of their subalterns examined as to their eligibility and fitness for promotion. This savors much of 2nd battalions, and ten troops a cavalry regiment.—*United Service Gazette.*

THE DERRY DEFENDERS.—We find that the annual piece of foolery by which that greatest of historical shams, the "defence of Derry," is celebrated in that town, came off as usual on Sunday. It was a melancholy display, however, as we learn from a correspondent, for whose communication we regret being unable to make room. There was a small muster of unwashed juvenility, which amused itself in firing off shots, and perpetrated various other follies, quite in keeping with the occasion and the spirit that keeps the custom alive. The little ragamuffin crowd, calling themselves the "prentice boys," having done their will by making a great deal of noise and smoke, took themselves off, nobody noticing the small absurdity, not even the magistrates of the town, who, we had thought would, in their veneration for the sanctity of the Sabbath, have prevented this senseless desecration.—*Ulsterman.*

Were the Queen made aware of the act which a really great and wise Minister ought to be the first to recommend as most calculated to rivet to her Throne the devotion of her Irish subjects, she would conclude the year 1853 by granting William Smith O'Brien a full, free, and unconditional pardon—even supposing him to have already escaped from his Antipodean jailers.—*Hull Advertiser.*

FOOD PROSPECTS UNDER FREE TRADE.—We extract the following remarks from the weekly commercial report of the *Northern Whig*:—"Our food prospects present at the present moment matter for every serious consideration, indeed. About a month back we offered some remarks on this subject, and its vast importance compels us again to allude to it; not as we before stated, that we coincide in opinion with those—and they are far from being few—who predict a further and most alarming advance in the value of breadstuffs during the spring and summer; on the contrary, we hope rather to see prices tending downwards; but this broad fact cannot, and indeed should not be overlooked, namely, that as the new cereal and potato crops came into general consumption, prices suddenly increase nearly 50 per cent., and that this advance has been since (now fully three months) not only steadily maintained, but according to appearance this day, is likely to be for a time, at least, still further increased. Now, this is an extraordinary state of things under our free trade system, which has completely put an end to the manœuvring and gambling by which corn speculators and capitalists used to create fictitious prices. That the continental harvest has been deficient, and that the same may be said as regards wheat in England, we believe there can be little doubt; but to what extent is another question, as we receive with caution the figures fixing the deficiency, at a certain given per centage. So early in the season all calculation of the kind must be conjectural. However, let the causes be what they may, it is certain that to the industrious and hamper classes the present price of human food must be felt as enormous, seeing that in some departments the wages of labor are greatly curtailed, and in none is employment so brisk as it was. It is, then, with very great earnestness that we suggest to the classes referred to frugality and extreme care."

The Londonderry and Enniskillen Railway is completed the length of Dromore, 12 miles from Enniskillen. They are fitting up the electric telegraph along the line.

The guardians of the union of Dunshaughlin, county Meath, in Ireland, have made a "religious question" of a proposition to dispense with the Protestant chaplain, inasmuch as he has no duties to perform, and is not likely to have. The opposition contend that there may be Protestants hereafter, and that there has been one—who, however, is, it is said, about to emigrate.

REMITTANCES FROM AMERICA.—A monetary "reaction," it seems, has begun to set in. A Ballinasloe paper (the *Star*) states, that remittances to the peasantry from friends across the Atlantic have of late declined to a great extent. In the town of Gort alone three shupkeepers were in the habit of cashing bank checks for the people of the neighborhood to the weekly amount of £150. Lately, however, the letters of credit had become less numerous, and, in fact, have now almost ceased. The foregoing is not a solitary instance of the "reaction." The registered letters by the American and Australian mails passing through the General Post Office, Dublin, no longer present the formidable bulk which they exhibited in the early part of the year.

"SEVEN HAD HER TO WIFE."—A woman is at present an inmate at Ballyenglish workhouse, who has been married to her seventh husband, and, what is still more remarkable they were all weavers, and worked at the same loom, which is still in operation in her former house. She is in full possession of her mental faculties.—*Munster News.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

ADDRESS OF THE BISHOPS AND CLERGY OF LIVERPOOL TO HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF FREIBOURG AND TO HIS FAITHFUL CLERGY.

"Blessed of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that He hath set His seal of love on you, the elect, to suffer persecution for justice sake." Home onward by the full tide of admiration which swells our breast as we contemplate the noble spectacle of a Prelate claiming for God's people a right of free passage towards the promised land; his Chapter supporting his aged arms as Hur and Aaron uplifted those of Moses; his Clergy faithfully and dauntlessly under his leadership waging the battle of the Lord; we hasten, one and all who stand assembled in this first Diocesan Synod of Liverpool, to transmit to you venerable brother and well beloved fellow-priests, this testimony of the joy with which your heroic constancy has filled us; we proclaim aloud our union of mind and soul with you in this struggle; we condole with you in the sufferings and indignities to which you are subjected.

Like our own glorious St. Thomas, you blend with an even hand and in just measure, submission in the sphere of temporals and independence in the region of spirituals. You have done all homage and fealty to your earthly lord; to Caesar you have ungrudgingly paid obedience in the domain of Cæsar; nay, there are among you, those whose decorations testify their unshaken fidelity to the throne when an electric shock thrilled the Continent of Europe. At the same time you witness to the truth, that there is a domain, the Lordship of which is Christ's; that the spiritual kingdom "to which Christ was born, and for which Christ came into the world," is an *inalienable inheritance*; that weak old age in its guardianship, and lamb-like submission to violence, perfects the power of God in man's infirmity; that the blessed cause of justice can never be lost, which when its defenders suffer, advances when they fall, triumphs. This is the hope laid up in your bosoms, and we hold it; that is your faith, and we teach it; this will be your victory, and by the union of our hearts with yours, we shall claim it for our own; in the Catholic Church there is but one pulse, its action pervading every member.

All honor, then, be to you from man; and from above, the gift of constant fidelity, till the breath of the Omnipotent chase the lowering tempest from your sky. In this season of Grace, we will be ever mindful of you in the Most Holy Sacrifice; and will still further cement the union of our hearts in prayers with yours, that we may gain fresh courage, and Heaven grant that we may be found worthy, if God and Holy Church require it of us, to emulate your generous self-sacrifice.

Accept, Most Rev. Lord and Rev. Brothers in Jesus Christ, from the depths of our hearts this expression of our affectionate sympathy and unqualified admiration.

Signed on behalf of the Synod,
GEORGE BROWN, Bishop of Liverpool.

CANT EXPOSED; OR, A WORD TO THE "TIMES" NEWSPAPER,

AND TO ALL WHO BOAST OF GREAT BRITAIN, AS SO SUPERIOR TO CATHOLIC COUNTRIES IN TOLERATION, CHARITY, RELIGION AND MORALITY.

Amongst nations calling themselves civilised and Protestant,

1. What country, save Protestant England alone, obliges its rulers to swear that one-third of its Christian subjects are damnable idolaters?
2. What country elsewhere has still so many tests and oaths imposed by law to exclude men from posts of honor and emolument merely on religious grounds, as boasting England? So much for the superior toleration!
3. What country, save Protestant England, punishes and brands poverty, by name, by imprisonment, and by separation of man and wife? So much for superior charity!
4. What country, save Protestant England, presents such scenes of drunkenness and debauchery on Sundays and holidays?
5. What Christian country, save Protestant England, can furnish forth its hundreds of grow-up and hard-working men and women who know not even the name of their Redeemer? So much for superior religion!!!
6. What country, save England, can exhibit such brutality on occasion of all public executions?
7. What country, save England, ever produced men to burk others for the value of their dead bodies?—or mothers to murder their own offspring for the sake of the burial fees!
8. What country, save Protestant England (except, perhaps, Protestant Sweden), deluges the streets of its capital with eighty thousand prostitutes?—and the streets of all its other towns in relative proportion?
9. In what country, save England, is contumacy

and morality publicly and universally treated as an impossibility in the young and the unmarried?

10. What country, save Great Britain, treats of drunkenness and immorality as innocent and laughable pastimes, in the men in its employ, provided they are off duty?

11. What country produces so many suicides?

12. What country ever put forth such a stock of fanatics,—as, for example, Joanna Southcote, the Piousites, &c. &c.?

13. What country ever employed its press to a like degree, in the production of lewd and wicked publications, under the pretence of religious controversy? So much for superior morality!!!—*Correspondent of Catholic Standard.*

CONVERSION.—Paul R. Shordiche, Esq, of Ickenham Hall, Middlesex, nephew of Admiral Sir Robert Crown, late *charge d'affaires* to the Court of Russia, was received into the Catholic Church on last Christmas eve, by the Rev James Danaher, St Joseph's, Glasgow.—*Glasgow Free Press.*

On the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, formerly Protestant minister of Leicester, who has lately been ordained Priest by the Bishop of Birmingham (having received the other orders from the Cardinal Archbishop), said his first Mass in the chapel of the Birmingham Oratory.

GOLD MINE IN ENGLAND.—A discovery of gold is reported at East Wheal Russell, near Tavistock. It is said that a series of experiments have proved that the gossan contains from one to two ounces of gold per ton, and as the lode is a very large one (about 35 feet wide), and the gossan holds down to the present bottom of the shaft (72 fathoms) the length of the sett being also several hundred fathoms, an enormous quantity of the auriferous mineral is said to exist at the mine. It is calculated that 630,000 tons of the gossan are already discovered, or laid open, which, at an average of only half an ounce per ton, would give 315,000 ounces, or £1,260,000, and the expenses being taken at £1 per ton, although, it is said, they will not exceed 15s., the clear profit would appear to be £630,000.

At a meeting of the Edinburgh Town-Council, on Tuesday, it was resolved, in compliance with a request from the Association for the Vindication of Scottish Rights, to petition the Queen, "to appoint a Secretary of State for Scotland; who, during the Parliamentary recess, should reside for a considerable portion of the time in Scotland, and should also have an office in Edinburgh." There was only one dissident—Mr. Maitland Heriot.

CHOLERA IN GLASGOW.—The disease seems to have obtained a footing in the west, particularly in Glasgow. On the 16th ult., 20 cases were reported, and on Sunday 17, with a proportionate number of deaths. The *Herald* says that the cases have almost all occurred among the very humblest ranks of society.

The last number of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* contains announcements of twenty-six church livings for sale, of an aggregate annual value of £14,145, and ten livings wanted to purchase of an aggregate annual value of £4, 000, and for exchange twenty-one livings of annual value in the whole of £7,470.

A correspondent of the *Press* writes—"Not having seen the subject alluded to in the public papers, I beg to acquaint you that, when in the Isle of Wight last week, I learnt from a gentleman, who had it from the coast-guard, that the Russian deserters who were delivered up at Portsmouth were hanged soon after they sailed, and some of their bodies were seen by them in the channel floating with the rope round their necks. Comment is superfluous."

Two "Breech-Loading" Cannon, the invention of Dr. Church, have been finally tried at Birmingham, preparatory to their being sent for experimental trial at Woolwich. They were fixed, says the *Birmingham Journal*, fifty times with heavy charges of powder and ball with perfect success. No defect in any respect could be pointed out by the best judges. Upon this plan heavy ship-guns can be loaded and fired and brought into position by two men five times in a minute, and a field-piece eight times in a minute. The gun heats very little.

The *London Times* gives the following graphic description of "Protestant Charitable Societies":—

"There must be a secretary on so liberal a scale of remuneration that he can keep up Polyannus-cottage, St. John's-wood, in a condition of suitable splendor, and his wife has a weakness for charitable tea-parties, which involve a considerable outlay in sponge-cakes. Then there must be a Board-room, and expenses for firing, printing, &c. Above all, the True Samaritans must have their annual whitebait dinner at Greenwich, while, without the usual ball at the *Byre Arms*, the Charitable Twaddlers' Association would fall to the ground."

GERMAN INFLUENCE AT THE COURT.—Under this head the *Morning Advertiser* has the following. We give it a place without expressing any opinion, and merely that our readers may be put in possession of what is said on a very important subject:—"The foreign influences which are at work in high places will not long be able to withstand the exposures of the press. To-day we are in a position to state another 'great fact,' as confirming all that we have said of the confidential, and favored position which the leading German parties resident in London occupy, both at the court and in the cabinet. It will be remembered that not a whisper relative to Lord Palmerston's resignation had been heard until the appearance of the *Times*, on Friday morning, containing the announcement. Now, we have in our possession the means of proving that the fact of the noble lord's secession from the government was known both in Vienna and Berlin early on Thursday. And not only do we state the fact, but it may be as well to add, that Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian Ambassador, telegraphed the important intelligence to his government. It must sound very odd to English ears that early on Thursday the courts of Vienna and Berlin should have given expression to the exuberance of their joy at the resignation of Lord Palmerston, while no one in London, beyond the confines of the Cabinet Council room, had the slightest idea of what had taken place. Chevalier Bunsen, we can further state, is one of the most favored of those German agents through whom German objects are carried out, both at the court and in the cabinet. It is an important fact, and one that wears and wily aspect, that the Prussian Ambassador has been several times with Lord Aberdeen within the last eight days. It is not constitutional for a foreign ambassador to hold official intercourse with the Premier. All his official intercourse ought to be with the Secretary for the Foreign Department. But of this more hereafter."

THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 27, 1854.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The mail, per Niagara, did not arrive in town until we were at press; from the Telegraphic report, we gather the following important particulars:—

In England, public feeling is strongly excited against Prince Albert, who is accused of betraying the secrets of the Cabinet to the Continental Governments of Europe. The Prince is said to be the tool of Russia, and Lord Aberdeen is supposed to be entirely subject to the same influences. The public indignation is loudly expressed, and the conduct of the Prince will yet be made the subject of discussion on the meeting of Parliament, which is to take place on the 31st inst.

All hopes of peace seem now to have been abandoned. France is preparing for the struggle, and is said, by a Report from the War Department, to have an available force of 1,500,000 men. It is also hinted that the Emperor consents not to receive from the Czar the most tempting offers to induce him to abandon the Anglo-Turkish alliance.

No important events have occurred at the seat of war. The allied squadrons were still in the Bosphorus, having been prevented by stress of weather from carrying out their instructions to proceed into the Black Sea. Their orders are, that in the event of meeting any Russian men-of-war, they will request them to return to Sebastopol, and to enforce their request, if necessary. Russia will accept this as a declaration of hostilities, and declares that the entrance of the fleet into the Black Sea will be the signal for simultaneous outbreaks in Turkey and India. In the mean time Russia is increasing her military armaments, and is about to raise her army in the Principalities to 240,000 men. The attitude of Austria is doubtful, and has given rise to some angry remonstrances from the French Government, which has—it is said—threatened to send assistance to Hungary and Lombardy, if Austria should oppose herself to the policy of the Western powers. At Constantinople there have been riots in the streets necessitating the interference of the French and English forces. The Sultan still professes his willingness to negotiate, but insists upon the evacuation of the Principalities. "The hopes of peace," says the London Chronicle, "hang on a slender thread, and the foreign powers have made full preparation for the more probable alternative."

The Protestant press of the United States still continue to circulate their mendacious slanders against Mgr. Bedini. At New York, on the 23rd inst., a Protestant mob assembled near the wharf in the expectation that His Excellency was about to embark for Europe. Fortunately, the ruffians were disappointed on this occasion; but it will not be the fault of the Protestant press, which is ever exciting the rabble to acts of brutality, if Mgr. Bedini escapes with his life from the land of "Civil and Religious Liberty."

Patrick Donohue, the Irish Exile, died at Brooklyn, on the 21st inst., of an attack of dysentery.

PASTORAL OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec has been pleased to issue a Pastoral against the abuses arising from the "Table Turning" mania, from which we make the following extracts:—

"PIERRE FLAVIEN TURGEON, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND FAVOR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC, &c., &c.

"To the Clergy, regular and secular, the Religious Communities, and to all the Faithful of our Diocese. Health and Benediction in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Our Pastoral charge, dearly beloved brethren, compels us to-day to raise our voice to warn you against a novel means of seduction which the spirit of darkness wishes to introduce amongst you, to beguile weak souls, and to lead them into sin. We intend to speak of the criminal abuse that is made of 'Table Turning.'

"Certainly these table movements, even supposing them not to be the effects of illusion, or roguery, are very surprising. The causes thereof, explain them as we will, are certainly obscure, and have hitherto baffled conjecture; they are therefore naturally looked upon with suspicion by prudent persons.

"Nevertheless, as in the opinion of many, these movements may be referred to physical agencies, and looked upon as the result of mere natural causes, strange and obscure though they may be, in spite of our repugnance to the practice which to us seems attended with danger—had it gone no farther, we should still have been inclined to keep silence, waiting until science and experience should have thrown more light upon the subject, and dissipated the illusion, if there be any.

"But these practices have been pushed further. It is now pretended that these 'Turning Tables' can resolve questions; and resource is had to them, to discover the future, and to pry into the profoundest secrets; the spirits of the dead are evoked, to answer questions put to them; to reveal the mysteries of the other world, and to utter whatsoever it may be desired to make them say. Thus do many give in to the most dangerous illusions, yielding to a superstition whose results are most deplorable. This is the abuse that we would denounce; this the evil which we listen to condemn, and against which we would desire to put you on your guard.

"What object can you have in addressing yourselves to these 'Moving Tables,' and in putting questions to them? Can you bring yourselves to believe that they can hear, and understand you? and that, more enlightened than yourselves, they can read your thoughts; and reveal to you that of which you are in ignorance? No; for you know that they are desti-

tute of all feeling, and void of intelligence. Do you pretend by such means to evoke the spirits of the dead? And what are these spirits with whom you desire to put yourselves in communication, and whom, in your presumption, you would compel to reply to your indiscreet questions? Are they the spirits of the damned? Has not God then placed between you, and these wretched spirits, a great gulf which prevents them from hearing you? Are they not bound with the chains of His divine justice, in the thick darkness where He has plunged them, together with the rebel angels, whilst thus awaiting that great day of judgment?

"Can they be the Spirits of God's elect? What then—will you have the impious presumption to believe that you can compel these holy spirits to attend at your bidding, and thus dragging them from the bosom of their God, where they repose, make them the sport of your criminal curiosity? No. 'The souls of the just are in the hand of God.'—Sup. iii., 1; and 'no man shall snatch them out of His hand.'—St. John x., 28. Intimately united with God, in Him they see and hear, and act only as He willeth. They are our brethren, true; and God in His mercy has been pleased, for our consolation and welfare, to permit betwixt us and them a holy communion; but this communion with the souls of the just can only be kept up by the means of religion, which teaches us—to praise God in His Saints—to offer up humble but earnest prayer for the rest of those who still suffer—and to seek the assistance of those who have already entered into the Glory.

"What spirits then can these be, which answer you, and attest their presence by rapping, and moving your tables? Are they the unclean spirits, the angels of Satan? We know that these fallen spirits, who were murderers from the beginning, still go to and fro, seeking whom they may devour; that they cease not to spread their snares; that they still, by their tempting, and subtle devices, seek to lure man to his ruin, and to cause him to fall into the abyss. But we have also learnt from Holy Writ, that Jesus Christ, by the victory of His Cross, has triumphed over the prince of this world—that the oracles are dumb before Him who has destroyed the empire of that old serpent, binding him, and casting him into the pit, that he may no more seduce men, as of old. We know then, that the power of the evil one has been mightily rebuked, and that it is but in rare cases that, in the inscrutable dispensations of God's providence, it is permitted to him to exercise, in a sensible manner, over regenerate man, that power which ordinarily is limited to the souls of the wicked, who, by listening to his seductions, and by consenting to sin, which is the work of the devil, become voluntarily his slaves. It is not then in his power to communicate at will with men for the purpose of seducing them; though he rejoices, and triumphs, when he can find any, foolish and depraved enough to put themselves in communication with him. Be not then lightly led to believe, in his presence, or in his manifestations, in the movements of your furniture beneath the pressure of your hands,—do not accept as oracles the answers which you fancy you obtain. You may, and should, fear him; it is but the fitting punishment, to which arrogant men, who seek from the spirits the knowledge of the past and future are exposed; it is but just that God should give those up to the spirit of falsehood who, not content with the lights which He reveals to them through His Church, have the rashness to look for truth elsewhere than in her bosom. But the God of Mercy, who has redeemed man from the power of Satan at so dear a rate, has pity; He desires that all should be saved, and waits patiently for them to do penance. This is why it is that He does not always punish them as they deserve, and but rarely abandons them to the snares and malice of the enemy of souls.

"We must conclude then, that all these answers, oracles, and revelations, which you fancy that you obtain from tables, moving we know not how, come not from the souls of the departed, the angels of God, nor yet from the angels of darkness; but that they are the effects of your own heated imaginations, the reflection, or echo of your own thoughts; and that, consequently, if you really fancy that you hold converse with the spirit world, you fall into a pagan delusion. We add that if you give way to these practices, with the intention of thereby obtaining veritable answers to your questions, you become guilty of a most criminal superstition, called 'Divination.'

"In what does 'Divination' consist? According to all the Doctors of the Church, it consists in having recourse to the devil, in order to discover things hidden, and of which we can obtain no knowledge by natural means. Now to whom, but to the devil, do you address yourselves when you presume to make use of 'Table Turning' for such a purpose? Is it to the angels of God? No—it would be to insult them? To the Saints in heaven, or the souls of the just in Purgatory? No. None but God has dominion over them; and He will not submit them to your criminal and offensive curiosity. The devil alone would consent to gratify your impious desires.

"But to hold intercourse with the devil! to have recourse to that foe of God and man, and thus to render him a kind of worship! The very thought terrifies you, and chills you with horror, we are sure. Nevertheless, it is the crime of those who, no matter by what means, obstinately persist in seeking to pry into those secrets which it has pleased God to conceal from human ken; because there is no spirit but the evil one, who would give you an answer."

His Grace proceeds to point out the threats which God has denounced upon all enchanters, diviners, and who seek truth from the dead; and all superstitions practices, amongst which must be reckoned this abuse of 'Table Turning.' Without condemning all who have yielded to the practice of turning tables—many of whom have done so from mere curiosity, and without any superstitious intent; whilst others who have gone further may have erred from ignorance—still His Grace cannot acquit the latter of blame; for a moment's reflection should have convinced them of the dangers of the course they were pursuing. His Grace's principal object is however to persuade all the Faithful, of the evil results of this absurd, presumptuous, and impious practice; and he proceeds to enumerate the fearful consequences of the 'Table Rapping' mania in the United States, where it has given rise to a new sect whose religion is demon-worship, and has produced most terrible calamities in all classes of society.

"Upon what times have we fallen!—exclaims the Pastor, alarmed at the progress of this new heresy—'Are we then doomed to see again the abominations of paganism renewed in our midst? Are there in our days men so abandoned as to desire to re-establish

the empire and tyranny of Satan amongst us, which was overthrown by the Cross of Jesus Christ?'

And if they would avoid the punishments with which God chastiseth the impieties of this modern Paganism, let all Catholics avoid its practices.

"Let us tremble, dearly beloved brethren, lest, in imitating their impiety, we draw down upon ourselves those terrible chastisements. Have all superstition in abomination, as a sin against the Holiness of the Lord. Let not even such things be mentioned amongst you, as these consulting of spirits, and invocations of the dead by means of 'Table Turning.' Fear, lest you fall into the snares of Satan, whilst seeking, by such means, to hold such communications, and to enter into such commerce with the angels of darkness.

"Tremble, lest as the penalty of your temerity, God abandon you to the illusions of the devil. And what? this punishment has not already even appeared amongst some of you? Have not blasphemies, and obscenities been heard around these tables of divination? Their pretended answers, have they not outraged the honor of some persons? Is not the hand of the Lord heavy upon some, who, having cast aside reason, have trusted in the answers of the spirits?

"Beware then, lest you still further provoke the anger of a jealous God by these dangerous practices, which lead directly to a criminal intimacy with His enemy, and your's. Remember that you have renounced Satan, and all his works; that you have abjured all communion with him; that by Baptism you have been made children of God, the children of light, and members of Jesus Christ. There can be no fellowship then, betwixt the children of God, and of Satan—betwixt the children of light, and the children of darkness—there can be no concord betwixt Christ and Belial.—3 Cor., vi., 15.

"But you are God's. He is your Creator, your Redeemer, your Father, your only Lord—your light, and your sovereign good. Let then all your faith, all your hope, all your love, be centred in Him. Adore Him only; seek only Him; to Him only, strive to be united. Jesus Christ is your only Lord, Who has redeemed you at so dear a price, and Who hath called you to His Kingdom. Serve then but Him, and let Satan have no part in you.

"For these reasons, having invoked the Holy Name of God—and having called to mind His ordinances, and the menaces of His holy law against all who give themselves up to superstitions, we have DECREED and ORDAINED, and do DECREE and ORDAIN, as follows:—

"1. We renew the prohibitions of the Church against all superstitious practices.

"2. We forbid, as a superstitious practice, all Table Turning, or Rapping, with the intention of evoking the dead, or spirits, or with the design of holding any manner of communication with them.

"3. We recommend all persons, for the future, to abstain altogether from practising experiments of 'Table Turning,' even in jest, or for amusement, as being not without danger to the weak, who might thus be led into superstition.

"This Pastoral Letter shall be read publicly in all Churches, Chapters, and Religious Communities, on the first Sunday, or Festival, after its reception.

"Given at Quebec, under our Seal, on the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. One thousand eight hundred and fifty-four.

"J. F., Archbishop of Quebec.

"By His Grace,

"EDMOND LANGEVIN, Pr., Sec."

WHERE ARE THE MISSIONARIES WANTED?

There are crimes so brutal, so unnaturally brutal, that from the absence of any legislation upon the subject, we may fairly conclude that they were unknown to, or at all events exceedingly rare, even amongst the heathen nations of old. In the code of the Jewish legislator, we find no provision made for them at all; and yet it is against crimes of this description that the Parliament of Protestant England is now called upon to legislate; so frequent have they become, so generally prevalent are they, and so rapidly increasing in that thoroughly Protestantised nation. Yes, the cry in Protestant England is now for more stringent legislation in order to put a check upon the common practice of fathers and mothers killing their offspring, in order to make a trifling profit out of their funeral expences.

We call the Chinese mother, who exposes her child to certain death, rather than be at the trouble of rearing it, an unnatural monster: we shudder as we read in Holy Writ, how, in the agonies of famine, a mother in Israel "boiled her son and did eat him;" and with loathing we turn from the degraded savages of New Holland with whom infanticide is hardly deemed a crime. But there is a country whose mothers are far more degraded than the Chinese women, more thoroughly brutalised than the girls of Australia; and who, without the urgent necessity which drove the woman of Samaria to the perpetration of a deed at which, after the lapse of near 3,000 years humanity still shudders, daily repeat her crime; not indeed to "eat the fruit of their wombs, the flesh of their sons and daughters," but as a matter of business, as a cool and deliberate speculation; who rear children as a profitable investment, and at the proper season kill them off, as they would a litter of pigs, or Spring lamb.

And these women, these mothers, are the women, the mothers of Protestant England—of that highly civilized and thoroughly Protestantised England, whose missionaries are despatched at an enormous expence to Popish Ireland, in order to impart to that benighted region—where an unmarried mother is as rare, as, according to the Edinburgh Review, is a chaste woman amongst the evangelical Methodists of Wales—the blessings of that Protestant religion, and Protestant civilisation, which have born such wondrous fruits at home. Is it not as if Sodom and Gomorrah had sent their missionaries to convert Lot and Abraham from the error of their ways?

This is no exaggeration; this is no invention of a Popish calumniator; it is the plain naked truth, attested by the records of England's criminal courts, and the columns of the Protestant periodicals of the British Empire. It is the best commentary upon the blessings of Protestantism, or Denialism, that we know of. After 300 years of Protestantism, the

British Legislature is called upon to enact laws to prevent married mothers from murdering their children. We recommend this simple fact, and the following article from the London Times, to the consideration of the editor of the Quebec Gazette:—

"The foundation of human society, it is commonly felt, is laid in that deep and almost invincible instinct which leads the mother to watch over the life and wellbeing of her child. Except in those terrible cases where the social existence of the mother is at stake, and, after a fiercer struggle, the fate of the offspring is sealed ere it be born, the spectacle of a parent deliberately allowing, and even compassing, the death of the child, is more unnatural than suicide, more atrocious than murder, more hideous than sacrifice, and more monstrous than any other extravagance of crime. Yet the grand Jury at the Liverpool Assizes, presided over by the enlightened and dispassionate Member for South Lancashire, are unanimously of opinion that the interference of the Legislature is imperatively called on to arrest the frightful progress of this crime—to arrest it by preventing the pecuniary temptation afforded by Burial Clubs. As matters now stand, a parent may insure in one or several of these societies, and by a small weekly subscription secure the payment of several pounds in the event of a child's death, for the vain consolation of a handsome funeral. A payment may be secured far beyond the wants of the occasion, and, in order to procure a few pounds, that must soon be dissipated, as the wages of crime always are, there are found parents who will put a child into several Burial Clubs, carefully pay up for several weeks, and finish this horrible speculation by the murder of the unsuspecting child, and the mockery of a mournful ceremonial. This crime is said to be increasing. The Grand Jury has no doubt that the system of Burial Clubs operates as a direct incentive to murder, and that many of their fellow-beings are year by year hurried into eternity by those most closely united to them by the ties of nature and of blood, if not of affection, for the sake of a few pounds. Such is the state of things, such the tendency, such the new era opening to us in the middle of the nineteenth century, after generations of philanthropy, education, and reform." The worst scandals of barbarism are revived and surpassed by those of civilization. To the brutality of the savage is added the mercenary calculations of a civilized age. The homeless wanderer that deserts the child she can no longer feed or carry, the Spartan parent that sacrifices a maimed and therefore useless progeny, the pagan devotee that offers the blameless victim on the shrine of some hideous deity, and all other forms of infanticide, are surpassed in a new crime, which does all this for the sake of a little money, and the few momentary indulgences it may purchase. In a time of ease, fulness, and security, the worst horror of the besieged city is perpetrated, not to satisfy the ravenous appetite of a delirious mother, but, on a sober calculation, to buy a few days' holiday, a dress or two, and some superfluous comforts. Scores of such cases have been detected and punished; many more are suspected; they are pronounced frequent and increasing; and the Legislature is invoked to withdraw the irresistible pecuniary temptation.

"To stop the practice of Burial Clubs, or to put them under such limitations and rules as shall render the loss of a child no gain to the parent, is a practical measure, which goes to the root of the crime in its actual and developed form. To that there can be no objection, ignominious as it must be to the Senate of this great empire to recognise so hideous a crime, but in a subject tribe, but in its own manufacturing population at home. At the risk of publishing the scandal in the ears of all our enemies and calumniators, this must be done. As to the value of the other suggestion offered by the Grand Jury, there may be different opinions. For our own part, we cannot help fearing that, if Nature proves insufficient to keep the mother from murdering her child, education can do little more. This is not an offence against knowledge, but against instinct, and the first laws of our physical and moral being. Can a mother forget her sucking child? Can she learn more than Nature teaches her? Can she acquire at school a feeling which maternity has failed to generate?

"But, while the Grand Jury of Liverpool are quietly suggesting legislative remedies, another still more serious comment will suggest itself to many a reflective mind. Such a crime is more than a crime; it is a prodigy—a portent—and has its horrid significance. A deed scarcely more hideous, and substantially the same, but with more temptation, marked the character of an awful siege, and the doom of a protected but then abandoned people. When the mother had forgotten her sucking child, then Heaven forgot its chosen race, and surrendered it to the fury of the nations.—The people whose land was thus first defiled, and then profaned, had left their deliverer and the guide of their youth. The general wreck of natural feeling was consummated and represented in one hideous act. But, when we find among ourselves, not one act alone, but a prevailing and still increasing practice of the character thus denounced, ought we not to draw the most fearful surmises as to the general depravation of domestic feeling? Here are children born, nursed, nonished, fed, clothed, taught to meet the mother's smile, to lip the mother's name, to stand upright, and make their first essays in the world, where they might act so great a part. This, the work of years and of such cost and trouble, is all done, as it seems, with no more heart than a woman would plant a row of cabbages, or let a hen hatch a nestful of eggs. It is simply a crop to be planted, watered, and then gathered in,—a useful animal to be bred, and converted into money in due time—a speculation to be wound up at the earliest opportunity. With what amount of heart are families generally reared? What is the inducement? Whose weal, and what weal, is the object of the long toils and sacrifices? When is it a work of nature, and when a mere pecuniary speculation? When for the child, and when for the parents? Certainly it is one of the scandals of civilization that it sacrifices nature to schemes of ambition and aggrandizement, in which the more substantial interests, because the more vital and eternal, are sacrificed.—Is there not some analogy in these sacrifices, to the portentous deeds now so rife, we are told, in the depraved population of the manufacturing districts?—A reflection so painful, so delicate, and yet so suggestive, we gladly leave in the hands of our readers, with no further remark than that there does seem something hideously significant in so extensive and so increasing a horror."

* The Times might well have added, as the explanation of the phenomenon—and after three centuries of Protestantism.

There is indeed; significant of a thoroughly Protestantised, brutalised, and God-abandoned people.

After reading the above, can we wonder at the following language, which we copy from an Irish journal? Can we wonder that the pure daughters and chaste mothers of Catholic Erin, shrink with loathing and disgust from the Missionaries of Protestant England? Ah yes; the Irish do well, in rejecting with contempt the preaching of these hypocritical knaves, whose time would be better employed in giving a few lessons in common humanity to their own degraded countrymen and countrywomen, than in attempting to catechise the Popish peasantry of Ireland:—

“Scripture says that the heathen is devoid of natural affection, and we believe that in no country nor age can there be found a more revolting pack than these Saxon mothers of England. It is a libel on God’s creation to call them human; they are infernal demons, the offspring of the Devil and the Reformation, worthy followers of Harry and Bess—worse than brutes, for the very bears and tigers love their young. Oh God! send us a deliverer, before Ireland loses her virtue and her ancient nationality. Send us famine, plague, war, death—anything but this increasing connection with Protestant England. We ask not vengeance for ages of penal torture, but only separation from England, and the whitewashed hypocrisy of Exeter-hall.”

QUEBEC—COURT OF QUEEN’S BENCH.

The trial of the persons accused of having been engaged in the Gavazzi riots in June last, commenced on Monday; but as yet the Quebec papers give no detailed report of the proceedings. Upwards of seventy witnesses have been summoned on the Crown side. We have heard no complaints of the conduct of the Sheriff in preparing the Jury Lists this term, and conclude therefore that his detection and exposure have given him a lesson to practice his villainy with more caution for the future. But still, with a fellow like this Sewell—convicted of Jury packing as he has been, and plainly told that he could not be believed upon his oath—there are always grounds to fear and suspect the worst; and in no country, save Canada, would a man so infamous be tolerated in a Court of Law; “Court of Justice” we cannot say; for, whilst Mr. Sewell is Sheriff of Quebec, it is vain for Catholics to look for truth or justice from a Court of which he is one of the principal officers.—Even the undoubted integrity of the Judges on the Bench, cannot redeem the Court from the foul disgrace which is brought upon it by the presence of Sheriff Sewell, and his partner in guilt—perhaps it would be more correct to say, his—paltry tool—the Deputy Sheriff, by whose hands the bribe was tendered. Whilst the perjurer and the suborner, stalk unrebuked in our Courts of Law, honor, truth, and justice must veil their heads.

The Quebec Gazette of Tuesday, thus notices the pending trials:—

“The trial of parties accused of riotously demolishing Chalmer’s Church on the evening of June last, was proceeded with yesterday.”

If this be true, the accused must be certain of an acquittal; for no Church was demolished upon the occasion alluded to. Some cowardly ruffians inside the Church having commenced a brutal assault on a solitary, unarmed Papist, a row ensued, during which a crowd was collected outside, who threw a few stones, and smashed a few panes of glass—the whole amount of damage we have heard variously estimated by Protestants, at from £5, to £15. So much for “demolishing” a church.

According to announcement, the Grand Soirée of the Young Men’s St. Patrick’s Association took place on Tuesday evening last, in the City Concert Hall, and more than realised all the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. The proceedings of the evening opened with a short but appropriate address from B. Devlin, Esq., the President of the Society; after which, the entrance of Madame Valliere, one of the Lady Patronesses, was the signal for the commencement of the festivities; we regret to say that, owing to severe indisposition, Mrs. Wilson, the Mayress, was unavoidably absent.

Amongst the guests, we noticed His Honor the Mayor, the Hon. L. P. Drummond, P. Egan, Esq., M.P.P., and a number of our principal citizens of all origins. The music was brilliant, the arrangements unsurpassable, and but one spirit seemed to animate the eight or nine hundred persons who, by their presence, testified to the irresistible attractions of a St. Patrick’s Soirée. The proceeds of the evening will, we understand, be devoted to charitable purposes.

“A PROTESTANT’S APPEAL TO THE DOUAY BIBLE.”

From the fact, which reason suggests and revelation confirms—that God does not always remit to the penitent sinner, all temporal punishment for sins committed after baptism, when He remits the punishment of eternal spiritual death—we are naturally led to the consideration of the doctrines of the Church respecting “Satisfaction, Purgatory, Indulgences,” and “Prayers for the dead.” The best answer that can be given to the objections of the Protestant will be simply to state what is the teaching of the Council of Trent upon these points; for these objections are always based upon a misapprehension of that teaching; and are directed, not so much against what the Church teaches, as against what she condemns.

As for instance in the case of Satisfaction. The Church says to the penitent sinner—“Do penance, and thus shalt you satisfy the Divine justice.” This simple injunction is represented by the Protestant as—“1st., that man, of himself, can atone or satisfy for his sins—2d., that to do so, he has but to inflict upon himself certain bodily austerities, and to comply with certain prescribed ritual observances. The Protestant controversialist always carefully

avoids all allusion to the fact, that, contrition, or sincere sorrow for, and a lively detestation of, all sins committed, together with a firm purpose, through God’s grace, to avoid all sins for the future, and all immediate occasions of it, is the one thing indispensably needful in “penance;” without which no confession, no absolution, no fasting, no quantity of almsgiving, no amount of bodily austerities, can avail; and to which alone, when perfect, or the result of perfect charity, and when the other conditions of penance, viz., confession and satisfaction, are impossible—God accords the remission of all sins. The first error of Protestants consists in this, that they take a part for the whole; and by the word “penance,” understand only the third and last part thereof, to which the Council of Trent applies the term “satisfaction.”

The second error relates to “satisfaction itself. Catholics are represented as believing that they can keep a kind of debtor and creditor account with heaven; and that by means of self-inflicted austerities, they can of themselves atone for their sins, and wipe off the balance of punishment thereon due. The objection of Protestants to “satisfaction,” proceeds from the natural repugnance of the carnal man to the Cross; and the confounding together, the temporal punishment with which God often visits the transgressions even of his pardoned children, and that eternal spiritual death which He has reserved for all impenitent sinners. It is only for the first of these penalties that the Church teaches that man can satisfy by his self-inflicted austerities; which austerities, or self-inflicted punishments again, derive their whole value from, and through, the merits of Christ.

“Neque vero ita nostra est satisfactio hæc, quam pro peccatis nostris exsolvimus, ut non sit per Christum Jesum.—Sess. xiv., c. 8.

Of His infinite mercy, and for His dear Son’s sake, God will accept, in place of the temporal punishment which His Divine Justice exacts for sin, the outward acts, the self-imposed austerities, wherewith the truly penitent sinner will ever strive to express his inward intense hatred of sin; for it is only as proceeding from, and animated by, this penitential spirit, and inward loathing of sin—and only as united to the infinitely meritorious sufferings of Christ—that these self-inflicted austerities are said to satisfy. They are the fruits of true penance, if not penance itself; and when the hatred of sin is deep and sincere, will no more be wanting, than the rich cluster of grapes on the branches of the well tended, and fertile vine.

And, as the fruits of penance, they will be accepted by the Lord. The sentence had gone forth against Godless Nineve. “Yet forty days, and Nineve shall be destroyed.” Then the King of Nineve rose from his throne, and casting away his robes from him, clothed himself in sackcloth, and sat in the dust; he proclaimed a fast; and the people of Nineve, from the greatest to the least, put on sackcloth, and did penance before the Lord saying—“Who can tell if God will turn and forgive; and will turn away His fierce anger, and we shall not perish?”—The men of Nineve chastened their sinful flesh, and macerated their polluted clay—“and God saw their works,” and had mercy on them; neither did He inflict upon them the temporal punishment with which He had threatened them, by the mouth of the prophet Jonas; for He was satisfied with their penance, and their works which He saw. Protestants may condemn the conduct of the Ninivites if they please; and laugh at their “self-inflicted austerities,” at their fasting in sackcloth and ashes. But for all that, the words of our Lord shall yet come true; and “the men of Nineve shall rise up in judgment with this generation and condemn it.”—St. Matt. xii. 41.

For now is the appointed season; now is the acceptable day of the Lord, in which it is granted to us to bring forth fruits of penance; which, if we neglect to do, from sloth or self-indulgence, it shall surely be required of us. If we will not—through too great tenderness for our sinful flesh and polluted clay—avail ourselves of the opportunities which God in His mercy now offers to us, to satisfy the claims of His divine justice, what reason have we to hope—what right have we to expect—that immediately upon our death, the Lord will resign those claims? That great debt, which of ourselves we never could have paid, has been, by Him, for Christ’s sake, remitted; and full opportunity has been given to us, in this life, to bring forth worthy fruits of penance; and if we have neglected to do so, reason alone would seem to dictate the necessity of a future state of expiation, ere we can gain admittance into those realms of bliss, into which nothing defiled, or tainted with sin, can be allowed to enter. The doctrine of Purgatory is at all events reasonable—and consistent with Divine justice, and Divine mercy.

It is also fully confirmed by the teachings of revelation, as handed down to us from the first ages of the Church. To cite passages from Scripture in support of the doctrine would be useless; for, until we shall have—in common with Protestants—some rule, or standard, for their interpretation, the latter can always evade their force by an—“Oh, that is not the way I understand such or such a passage.” We might ask the Protestant, for instance, where was the soul of Lazarus during the three days that his body lay in the grave? Not in heaven certainly; for little would it have accorded with the mercy of God to have sent that soul from heaven, and from its eternal rest, to encounter once again the cares and afflictions of this life, and yet again to be stretched on the rack of this tough world. Nor was the soul of Lazarus in hell, for from hell there is no redemption. We must therefore conclude that, if neither in heaven nor yet in hell, the soul of Lazarus was in some intermediate state; and that therefore there is an intermediate state, spoken of frequently in the Old Testament under the name of *Sheol*, the abode of the *Rephaim*.

Without entering into a controversy on the proper

interpretation of these two Hebrew words, it is sufficient for our purpose to state, on the authority of Gesenius, a Hebraist of no mean note, and who cannot be reproached with any prejudices in favor of Romanism, that—“according to the opinion of the ancient Hebrews”—the doctrine of a purgatory, or intermediate place of abode for departed spirits, in which the shades of the dead languished like sick persons, was contained in the Old Testament. And though Mr. Jenkins may set Gesenius at naught, and disparage the “opinions of the ancient Hebrews,” we, who believe that the latter understood the meaning of their own writings fully as well as any Methodist minister of the XIX century, are inclined to attach much importance to their interpretation of Scripture when, it does not clash with, and so strongly confirms, the doctrines of the Catholic Church from the earliest ages of Christianity. If our opponents object that that the doctrine of Purgatory was, after all, but very vaguely expressed in the Old Testament, we would remark that the same objection has often been made against the doctrine of the Resurrection. By the Sadducees—who were essentially Protestants in their principles, denying the authoritative value of tradition, the authority of the Church as to the Canon of Scripture, and its interpretation—the Resurrection was laughed at, and protested against, as a modern innovation; they called for a text of Scripture explicitly asserting that doctrine; and upon Protestant principles, the Sadducees were decidedly right. Yet did our Lord rebuke them—“You do greatly err”—because, even if the doctrine of the Resurrection, by the Sadducees denied, were no where explicitly laid down, *totidem verbis*, yet might they have deduced it from a careful study of the Scriptures, and learnt it from the tradition of the Church. Now, the doctrine of Purgatory—that is, an intermediate place betwixt heaven and hell, in which the spirits of the dead languish, and in which state they may derive assistance from the prayers and suffrages of the living—is quite as explicitly laid down in the Old Testament, as the doctrine of the Resurrection; and hence is it that the Jews have always, from the earliest ages until now, believed in the existence of such a place: offering sacrifice for the souls of the departed whilst yet there was a sacrifice in Israel; and at the present day praying for their repose. We ask not the Protestant to admit the book of the Maccabees as Canonical—or as inspired Scripture; but only as a credible, and contemporary record of events. As credible history it is admitted by several of the Protestant sects, especially by the Anglicans, by whom it is read in their churches, which it would not be if they did not believe that it contained a true statement of facts. Now by this credible, even if uninspired history, the fact is clearly established that the Jews did offer sacrifice, and pray for the dead. Whether the Jews did right or wrong in so doing, affects not our argument, which is, that the ancient Hebrews, before the coming of our Lord, did pray for the dead—did therefore believe that the souls of those for whom they prayed might be benefited by their prayers, which they could not have been if in heaven, or in hell—and did therefore believe in a Purgatory. To this we may add as significant, that, our Lord—a frequenter of the Temple, and who never failed to reproach the superstitious, and erroneous practices of His people—is never represented as having reproached them with their belief in Purgatory, or as having condemned the practice of praying and offering sacrifice, for the souls of the departed.

But as we never intend to chop Scripture with heretics, and as our reason for believing in Purgatory is the same as that which for we believe in the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked in hell, viz., the teaching of the Catholic Church, we will pursue this part of the argument no farther. Our thesis is, not that the doctrine of Purgatory—though it is the logical sequence of the Catholic doctrine of Justification—is true; but that it was believed by the universal Christian Church, long before “it may be said that the corruptions of the Church of Rome had commenced: and that therefore Protestantism, which rejects, it, is not the OLD RELIGION.” This part of our subject we must defer until next week.

Gesenius, whom no one will suspect of Romanising tendencies thus renders these words, “*Sheol*” and “*Rephaim*.” “*Sheol—Hades*—A subterranean place, full of thick darkness, in which the shades of the dead are gathered together—hell, purgatory, and Limbus Patrum.” “*Rephaim*, [only in the plural form] *manes*, shades living in *Hades*, according to the opinion of the ancient Hebrews, void of blood and animal life, therefore weak and languid like a sick person, but not devoid of powers of mind, such as memory.”—Vide Gesenius.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

SIR,—I beg leave to trouble you with an account of the doing of our Kingstonians, as of late our city has been in a state of great excitement, occasioned by the bigotry of a portion of the Protestant press, conspicuous amongst which stands the liberal *Globe*, seconded by the ravings of the white cravatted gentry of the pulpit. Preparatory to our elections, the Brownite clergy girded up their loins for the fray, buckled on their armour, and well supplied with a heavy artillery of tracts, rushed to the contest, with loud outcries against Popery, Jesuits, Nuns, Popish Schools, &c. With swords drawn, these valiant champions of Protestantism darted frantically through our streets, determined to crush the first benighted and insolent Papist who, in this happy land of equal rights, and of Civil and Religious Liberty, should presume to offer himself as a candidate for any municipal office. Well, after all this bluster and bravado, how did our Protestant citizens behave? On the day of the election they came boldly forward, and despite the bellowing of the Brownites, proposed Catholics for Aldermen and City Councillors; and not only proposed, but succeeded in electing every Catholic that was nominated, with one exception.—This was but a skirmish however; and the great fight

came off on the occasion of the election of the School Trustees. Here again the Brownites mustered strong, and made another desperate onslaught. Poor fellows!—they fairly foamed at the mouth whilst screaming out against the “Scarlet Woman—the Beast with Seven Horns—the Man of Sin,” and “the Number of the Beast.” Brother Burns got up on his tub, and raved away gratis, about the “Je-suits” in disguise, who walk invisibly about our streets, and shake impalpable hands with unsuspecting Protestants. Every artifice was resorted to—free lectures—gratuitous tracts—and no end of preaching. Of our friends it may be said—that they made melody through the nose—and yet what did all their canting, snuffling and nasal eloquence effect? Again Protestants came forward, and proposed Catholics for School Trustees; and again succeeded in electing them. And why did our Protestant fellow-citizens act thus? Because they knew—that Catholics paid school taxes, as well as Protestants—and that Catholics only demanded to get a little money’s worth for their taxes; and because they knew that the Brownites were trying to deprive Catholics of their just rights. Hence the noble conduct of our Protestant fellow-citizens.

The excitement consequent on these elections having cooled down, it was deemed necessary to revive it again by some means or other. So out came great Posters, with a terrible quantity of capital letters, and a most monstrous show of gigantic type—party-colored—announcing the “Annual Missionary Meetings,” at which the public were respectfully invited to assist—to the good of their own souls, and the ministers’ pockets—but to the confusion of Papists, and the Man of Sin, who was to be hurled from his throne by the white chokered army, and trampled upon in a manner terrible to behold. These “Meetings” came off on Monday the 16th, and lasted until the following Friday—quite a Pentecostal season; a regular “pouring forth” there was to be sure, and one old woman has been in fits ever since; doing nothing but shouting out “Glorie, Glorie-ee-ee,” and “To hell with the Pope.” On Friday night the French Canadian Missionary Society were in great force, and made moan over the lost condition of the *bonnets bleus*, who were to be immediately converted, civilised, Christianised, and Protestantised. But then came the tug of war. How was this to be effected? To what sect should this mighty work be entrusted? Some contended that moral, sober Glasgow should be called upon to assist, and that chaste drab hating Scotland might well furnish laborers for the Lord’s vineyard. Others again were in favor of the “Hundred Missionaries” scheme; with a hundred missionaries, and a hundred tubs, they engaged to do the job, right, slick off. “Table Turning, and Spirit Rappings” had their advocates; one lecherous looking old chap, who squinted horribly, wanted to send a deputation to Brigham Young, for a load of Mormon Protestants; whilst another, who had a most barbarous snuffle, seemed inclined to go the entire animal for the Millerite ticket. For my part, Mr. Editor, I would suggest an importation of “Thimble Riggers” from the land of wooden nutmeigs, bowie-knives, and Gospel privileges; who, together with their worthy compeers, the Directors of the Montreal Swindling and Shaving Bank, might accomplish great marvels in the way of converting Jean Baptiste to a purer faith, and inculcating a higher and better moral code. As these fellows are such adepts in swindling poor people out of their money, it is likely that they would be real smart hands at doing them out of their religion. To be sure, the new code would require a great increase of Penitentiary accommodation; but then, this again is, and must always be, the case where Protestantism flourishes. As the cross is the symbol of the old Popish—so the gallows is the fitting emblem of the new Protestant—civilisation.

With this recommendation to the would be evangelisers of Popish Canada, I must conclude for the present.

Yours truly,
CATARAQUI.

We have received the first number of the *Annales de la Temperance*, published by the Catholic Temperance Society of this city, and printed by P. Gendron, St. Gabriel Street. It contains a large quantity of instructive reading. It depicts the awful effects of drunkenness in graphic colors; and powerfully portrays the hideous realities of the grogery. It recommends the establishment of Temperance Hotels, and relies rather on moral suasion and religious culture, than on legislative enactments and legal penalties, for the utter extirpation of intemperance.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY!

MR. G. W. STONE

HAS the honor to inform the Citizens of Montreal and vicinity, that his AMUSING and ASTONISHING EXPERIMENTS upon PERSONS in a PERFECTLY WAKEFUL STATE, (which created so much excitement in this City some four years since, and which, during the past three years, have astonished and interested all classes in Europe.)

WILL BE PERFORMED AT THE ODD FELLOWS’ HALL, GREAT ST. JAMES ST., On MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 30, Also, on WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY EVENINGS, FEBRUARY 1st, 3rd, and 4th. Doors open at half-past SEVEN, to commence at EIGHT o’clock. Admission, 1s 3d. Jan. 26, 1851.

Birth.

At Aylmer, on the 10th inst., the lady of J. J. Roney, Esq., of a son.

Died.

In this city, on the 22nd inst., Mr. Peter Dunn, aged 66 years. At Gesesee, on the 7th of April last, Eleanor Burke, wife of John Corriole, native of the county Kilkenny, Ireland, and formerly of Quebec, aged 50 years. May her soul rest in peace.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The *Times*' Paris correspondent says:—"The rumor of Lord Palmerston's return to office caused a fall in the funds. It was reported in Paris that the English and French Governments had now very little hope of a pacific solution of the Eastern question, and that both France and England were about to make preparations for an expedition to the Baltic early in the spring; Sir Charles Napier was to command the English fleet in that sea."

A Paris correspondent says:—"We have very contradictory accounts here. All the most experienced men in the money-market regard as inevitable a financial crisis before March. The state of trade, too, in France, is bad, and there is great distress in the provinces from the want of work and the high price of bread. Even in Paris there are great complaints as to the state of trade; not one shopkeeper in ten is covering his expenses."

CHARITABLE DONATIONS FROM THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—The Emperor has ordered the sum of 700*l.* to be paid by Messrs. Orsi and Armani, merchants in London, for the benefit of the Dreadnought Hospital establishment in the Thames. Not a day passes at this inclement season of the year, as we learn, without the receipt, by the same gentlemen, of like instructions. Scarcely any of our benevolent institutions appear to have escaped the kindly considerations of the emperor. We could desire to particularize the different objects of his Majesty's munificence, but we fear we may already have said more than we are warranted in doing upon a subject involving so much delicacy.—*Morning Post.*

The Marquis of Turgot has been rewarded by Louis Napoleon with a higher rank in the Legion of Honor, for his chivalrous conduct in the Soule affair. There is no reason for giving credit to the rumor that Mr. Soule had fought another duel with the Duke of Alba, ending in his own death. It is, we trust, entirely untrue.

A correspondent of the *Tablet* gives an interesting account of a visit to the "Séminaire des Missions Étrangères" at Paris. Every year, on an average, twelve of thirteen young Priests, in the heyday of health and strength, go forth from this seminary to preach the Gospel of Christ to the heathen and the savage; and here I must pause for a moment to tell you an anecdote of what befel me while yet a Puseyite, and one so characteristic of the sect that I cannot forbear detailing it. I had accompanied a Clergyman of the Anglo-Pusey school with his wife to show them this institution; the good lady asked me what its aim and plans were. I told her to the best of my ability. "Oh!" said she, "like our St. Augustine's College at Canterbury." Really, Puseyite as I then was, I was fairly disgusted. Conceive comparing the Browns, Jones', and Robinsons, who, accompanied by their wives, and probably small scions of the Brown, Jones, and Robinson stock, go quietly out to countries where the British lion opens his wide and noisy mouth, and roars if a hair is touched of a son of the Establishment, where, if the worthy Minister dies of some fever, which he might as easily have caught at home, he is forthwith canonized by the Gorham or Philpott section to which he may have attached himself, while, on her return to England, the widow of Brown Jones, or Robinson is pensioned; the juvenile Brown, Jones, or Robinson provided for at one of the public schools founded by our Catholic predecessors for Catholic purposes, and this miserable abortion, this contemptible mimicry of God's immutable truth, compared to the glorious career of the blessed Martyrs who have gone forth in God's name, and by the authority of God's Church, to endure hunger, cold, suffering, imprisonment, torture, and death, to promote His glory and advance His holy Word.

AUSTRIA.

It is said in a Vienna letter of the 26th ult., that Russia has offered to connive at Louis Napoleon's taking possession of Albania, and even of a maritime province farther north, if he will break with England. This we can readily believe, but the French Emperor is not the Emperor of Russia; Louis Napoleon is a man of truth and honor.

A new religious sect called the Successors to Christ, rejecting all laws of clerical hierarchy, and adopting the Bible of Luther, has made its appearance in Hungary.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

From undoubted information (says the *Morning Post*) we learn that the Turks are preparing for an expedition against Sebastopol.

WHY RUSSIA WANTS THE PRINCIPALITIES.—At present the Russian and Austrian frontiers are continuous for a distance of 500 miles; and if Russia be allowed to complete her long-cherished designs upon the Danubian Principalities, that extent will be doubled, and for a distance of one thousand miles, or more than one-third of its entire circumference, will Russia clasp in one giant embrace an empire of magnitude nearly equal to the enormous territory of Poland which the last half century has seen absorbed within her vast dominions. Hitherto Russia has possessed only the swampy delta of the Danube, and her frontier is continuous with that of Turkey in Europe for about eighty miles; but, if the contemplated annexation takes place, it will extend along the shores of that river for nearly five hundred miles to this little town of Orsova; and her acquisitions from Turkey since the treaty of Kainardji in 1774, will comprise a greater extent of territory than all that remains in Europe of the ill-fated empire from which they have been successively wrested.—*Oliphant's Russian Shores of the Black Sea.*

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.—When these genies are again, perhaps, about to mingle among the people of other nations, whether in war or peace, it may not be amiss to recall something of their characteristics. Both are stolid and massive machines, to an inconceivable extent; and, in masses, seen to be almost destitute of passions or feelings. Individually they are not cruel; but the absence of active sympathies with their kind renders them regardless of sufferings, merciless, and inhuman. Their habits agree with these dispositions. They will stand like stocks to be mowed down by artillery, but they are inefficient for charges and attacks. Cunning is pre-eminently a trait of marked development, and yet they are nearly as great fatalists as the Turks themselves. In the French invasion (as mentioned in "Jordan's Autobiography") their watering the gardens of their billets was regarded by their unwilling hosts as proof of a kindly nature; but they only resorted to the experiment in order to ascertain, by the ready sinking of the water, if the ground had been recently dug, and aught valuable concealed! In olden times, when a Russian squadron lay at Leith, the inhabitants of Edinburgh were surprised at the extinction of their lamps long before the usual time. A watch was set, and it was discovered that the detachments of the sailors visited the city covertly by night, to enjoy the indulgence of drinking all the oil they could find in these luminaries, and sucking the wicks! Some whale blubber was found and substituted for this nocturnal symposium. Such are the men on whom so much of the fate of Europe now hangs by a thread; they do not invite our love, admiration, or confidence.

We read in *L'Univers* the following curious legend respecting the Polish Martyr, Bobola, lately canonized by Pope Pius IX.:

"Russia has left no means untried to prevent this canonization; and no doubt, here is the reason:—According to a secular legend, highly venerated throughout the country, the martyr Bobola foretold that, within the year of his canonization, a great battle would be fought in the plains of Poland, by the armies of Turkey, France, England, and Poland, which should decide for ever the fate of the civilization of Europe; and in which the double-headed eagle of Russia should be humbled."

CHINA.

MUTINY ON ADMIRAL PELLEW'S FLAGSHIP.—A letter from Hong-Kong says:—"We hear there has been a mutiny on board the flag-ship. It seems that on the 8th November the men, who have not had liberty for eighteen months, sent in a petition on the subject to Admiral Pellew, who immediately ordered the ship to be got ready for sea. In the evening there was a noise below, when the drum was beat to quarters, and some of the men refused to come on deck, upon which the officers were ordered to compel them at the point of the sword, and in doing so some of the men were severely wounded."

AUSTRALIA.

A "BASIN" OF GOLD.—The "Jeweller's Ship" as the newly-discovered strata of gold at Ballarat are called, are of surpassing richness. A Geelong correspondent states that people were arriving, after a month's work, with from 200 to 400 ounces of gold. The rich new discovery is described as being a "basin" of gold. The gold is found in an immense circular patch, or monster pocket, and already about a dozen holes have been sunk into it, every one of which has hit. So uniform is this rich stratum, that its value, wherever tested, has been found to range from £1,200 to £2,000 per superficial foot. From other parts of Ballarat the accounts are little less successful. It is said that the miners earn on an average from £2 to £3 a-day. Grains of gold were found in sinking a well at Emerald Hill, beside Melbourne.—*Melbourne Herald.*

THE CONSEQUENCES OF WAR.

(From the *Times*.)

One of the first of the immediate consequences of the commencement of hostilities is, that all trade whatsoever between the subjects of states at war becomes illegal without the license of their respective governments, and even merchandise purchased from the enemy and conveyed in neutral bottoms becomes liable to seizures. There is no principle of public law more thoroughly established than this; and it has been carried to the extent that goods purchased within an enemy's territory long previous to the declaration of hostilities, and conveyed away on the breaking out of hostilities, have been condemned as prize of war in the American courts, whose Admiralty jurisprudence is the same as our own. It may be of use to some of our mercantile readers to be reminded of this principle, for they must bear in mind that from the moment of a declaration of war individual intercourse between the subjects of the contending states becomes an offence punishable by confiscation in our own prize courts. Another point of immediate interest, in the event of hostilities, is the position of British subjects domiciled in Russia, who are surprised by a rupture between their native country and the empire they are inhabiting. There is reason to believe that a very considerable and important class of British subjects are employed in Russia in manufactories, in the construction and use of machinery, and in steam navigation, having consequently more or less reference to the purposes of war, and we hope that few of these persons who have sought their fortune abroad have so little English feeling as to throw off their allegiance in the hour of danger, or to assist the enemies of their country. The treaties of 1734, 1766, and 1793, between Great Britain and Russia (which seem to have been renewed under the treaty of Orebro, in 1812), provided that in the event of a rupture between the two crowns the subjects of each of them residing in the territories of the other should have a year at least to depart in, and that neither persons, vessels, nor merchandise should be seized. This provision included persons in the land or sea service. No such provision occurs in the commercial treaty of 1840, but we presume that it may be contended that this stipulation is

in force, and, at any rate, all civilized countries concede a period for withdrawal on the declaration of war. It need hardly be added that it is the clear duty of all persons so situated to be no parties, either directly or indirectly, to any act of hostility against their own country, and to return to her assistance when required to do so.

THE TIMES ON THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

In a country where everything finds its level there are not many projects that can be pronounced utterly impracticable. There is nothing politically impossible in an arbitration clause,—nothing, physically, in a railway to Calcutta; nor, as far as we know, in an electric cable from Galway to New York. But there now lies before us the account of a scheme which does seem wholly beyond the range of British possibilities. It is the "First Report of the Executive Committee of the United Kingdom Alliance to procure the Total and Immediate Legislative Suppression of the Traffic in all Intoxicating Liquors, as Beverages." Our readers will excuse the quotation of so lengthily a title. It is necessary to truth in this instance, as a certain wordiness is the uniform characteristic of these moral extravagances. The drunkard has his drawl, the puritan his whine, and the teetotaler, and others of his class, have their long stream of watery prose, trickling so tediously that you never know when you have got to the last drop.

The gentlemen whose names are affixed to the report before us have combined to press upon Parliament the total and immediate closing of all public-houses, gin-shops, and beer-shops, and a prohibition of the traffic altogether, except for what they are pleased to call "medicinal purposes." As beverage, the smallest beer is to be utterly interdicted. The harvestman or the "navy" is not to be permitted to ask for his ale or his pot of porter, unless he comes armed with a certificate from an authorised physician that his health is of so peculiar a nature as to require that degree of artificial stimulus. Nay, more, the number of officers charged with the distribution of the medicine is to be but small,—only one or two in a town, and they are to be closely watched, lest they should dose their patients too largely. Policemen and detectives are to guard the approach to the spirit or malt-liquor dispensary, to see that the unhappy sufferers are duly restricted to their quarter-pint draughts of brown stout or their dessert-spoonfuls of brandy. It is contemplated that the English people—that, for example, the two millions of people in this metropolis—will quietly submit to this new pharmacopœia, and draw their porter in phials across the counter of a druggist's shop, after a proper exhibition of "permits" by the constituted authorities.

We ought to know something about the British public, but we know nothing about them if they will ever consent to such an anti-liquor traffic enactment or obey it, if passed. They will not stand the hypocrisy of their medical certificate,—the distinction between intoxicating liquor as a medicine and as a beverage. Half the ladies in this kingdom are taking porter or pale ale by medical advice; and, as half the doctors in the kingdom advise porter and pale ale, it is quite as easy to get advice to this effect as not. It all depends on your choice of an adviser. We certainly should very much like to see the question discussed rather more fully, carefully, and dispassionately than it has hitherto been done, for we can hardly believe that a young lady, assumed to be of delicate health and liable to depression and weakness, can take a pint of strong ale and two or three glasses of wine a day without some effect on the mental as well as the physical constitution. If, however, it is to be a matter of advice, we beg to suggest a very uniform rule for all patients, whether they be laborers, paupers, or invalidish young ladies. But, how such a rule is to be enforced in the face of money and all kinds of persuasion, we are at a loss to understand. Then, what is to be done with a gentleman's wine-cellar? He wants "a little wine for his stomach's sake," and to assist also the digestion and the spirits of his friends; so he sends his usual order to his wine-merchant, sufficient perhaps for a whole year's festivities on a general scale? Must the order be viced by a medical officer? Must the applicant undergo a medical examination before a temperance board, and must his friends also present themselves at his house with white gloves and licenses to drink on the premises? We cannot see how the prohibition is to work without the alternative of placing every gentleman's cellar and dining-room under the surveillance of the police, or allowing to the luxurious and wealthy a most unfair advantage over the industrious poor. The report does not tell us how the Maine Liquor Law works in Maine itself upon the wealthier classes. It only tells us of the immense decrease of "crime,"—that is of the robberies and other outrages. What we want to know is, not the effect of shutting up grogshops and tipping-houses, but the working of the prohibition upon gentlemen and ladies with plenty of money in their pockets, commodious cellars, and kind-hearted family physicians, themselves fond of good living. If, too, as we have observed, the report had gone a little into the physical bearings of the question, instead of dwelling on the progress of the cause all over the world, we should have been a little more aided towards our own practice at least. After all, the authorities triumphantly paraded for our guidance are neither very winning nor very overpowering. Passing over Maine, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, as well as some provinces of British America, we cannot think the cause very much aided by the fact that at Buenos Ayres no liquor—so we are assured—can be sold in public; that in the Sandwich Islands a prohibitory Liquor Law is part of the permanent constitution of society; that in Madagascar a Maine Law is engrafted on the Constitution, and by an edict from the Throne the use of intoxicating wine is even forbidden in the Sacrament; and that even the much maligned King of Dahomey, in Western Africa, steadily refuses to sanction a traffic in strong drink. His Majesty's revenues it seems, are chiefly derived from the traffic of human beings, and, with the cautious spirit of the breeder, he is not disposed to allow his people to be degraded and destroyed by strong drink. This we can understand, but we don't see how the example of the Royal slave-breeder applies to the free people of this country.

The report appeals to the failure of all attempts to regulate the sale of drinks, and to the comparatively small success of voluntary associations, to prove the necessity of legislation. But what if legislation should be attempted and fail? What a tremendous reaction would ensue from an unsuccessful attempt to deny beer, spirits, and wine, not merely to the tippler and the sot, but to gentlemen, ladies, and hardworking

men? Stolen waters are sweeter, and how much sweeter will these furtive draughts be when they are vinous, spirituous, or strong of the malt! After a short and not very effectual prohibition, with what increased zest will thirsty souls rush to the bar and swallow the dram that will then burn with illegality, and quaff the stout that will then be the stronger for having been once forbidden! The law once obtained, we tremble for the inevitable repeal. But such a law is utterly impossible in this land of liberty. It is the inalienable birthright of every Briton to make a fool or a beast of himself as much as he pleases, so long as it does not directly interfere with the safety, comfort, and morals of others. To be sure, one vice, or one evil, now and then puts a check on another. Our quarrelsome tempers and thirst of dominion have entailed a load of debt; so, to pay that debt and keep ourselves still in fighting trim, we must tax malt liquor, spirits, and wine. This tax has a prohibitory force, so we are now drinking less, and have been drinking less ever since the war, than we should have done otherwise, as a sort of penance, and to chastise our proud spirits to greater sobriety and patience. This is a very legitimate sort of check on our drinking propensities, like that, indeed, felt by the drunkard, who, having spent all his money at the tap, can drink no more till he has returned to his work and replenished his purse. But an act of Parliament to prohibit the use of all strong drink whatever, except under medical advice from constituted authorities, is a chimæra which we can only suppose these gentlemen take up for the very reason that it is a chimæra, and will never be brought to the test of practice. The "United Kingdom Alliance," indeed, as it calls itself, besides aspiring at this last consummation, condescends to hail some minor successes, such as the recent Scotch act forbidding the sale of spirits in the same shop with groceries and provisions. It may, of course, do some good in this way, for there is little doubt the sale of intoxicating liquors may be compelled to assume a much less seductive appearance than it now has, and may be reduced more to the limits of a reasonable demand. To this point these gentlemen would do well to direct their attention,—not wholly giving up their ultimate object, if they will be content not to expect it till the year 2000, or thereabouts, but bestowing their chief labor on some early and feasible improvements. After all, more is to be done by moral means than by legislative enactments. Provide superior attractions,—give the people other places to go to than the gin-shop,—create a strong public opinion in the operative classes, and hard drinking, if it will never wholly disappear, will at least be kept more within compass, and compelled to hide itself from the light of day.

PROTESTANT CONVERSIONS.

English Protestants have a wonderful desire to thrust their religion, by hook or by crook, into every hole and corner abroad, without reflecting what the bad effect may be on the people of the place. It is a well-known fact, that a great deal of the immorality of foreign watering places, where the English are wont to resort, is traceable to the endeavors of English Protestants abroad to destroy the Catholic religion in the minds of those who hold it. Their contemptuous way of speaking of the Church's ceremonies of priests and their office, of fasting, and everything enjoined by the Church upon her members, naturally leads every weak and insincere member, first, to think lightly of his religion, and then, to give it up. They would seem to think they do Catholics good and God service by making them false to their religion; ignorantly imagining (in some cases this may be) that where they have rooted out the Catholic faith they will be able to plant some other in its place. Provided it be but another, they are satisfied, no matter which of the thousand and one Protestant creeds it be; no matter, indeed, whether it be more than a disbelief in the Catholic religion. Such persons go out with a parcel of tracts in their hand, are the real pests and corrupters of the faith and morals of the lower orders of society in almost every continental town of any size. Sir Culling Eardley and Miss Cunningham are but samples of a large class of people who go abroad, burning with an heretical zeal against the Catholic religion, which is always strong in proportion as it is heretical. The harm done by such wretched creatures is very great, as every one who has stayed at any city or town on the Continent discovers. First, immorality of every description finds its way. Taught to disbelieve their religion by ladies and gentlemen who abound in wealth and also are liberal in bestowing it on those who serve them, the servants at hotels are too often easily persuaded to neglect their duties, and, after a time, to renounce it altogether. And, when they have been drawn thus far, it is strange that they should give themselves up to lives of no restraint, and sin? We are often taunted with the disgraceful characters whom the English traveller is wont to meet in France and Italy at hotels. Because these are Catholic countries, it is deemed a reproach and a scandal to the Catholic religion of those countries by English Protestants who fall in with them. That they are a reproach and scandal they are quite right in considering; but that it should be charged upon the Catholic religion is precisely as unjust as if it were charged upon the Almighty Himself. Where the evil is not chargeable upon the wickedness of the human heart, and the ordinary devices of Satan, which have ever had their working, and their victims—and these not a few, within the pale of the Church—it is chargeable on none so much as on these fanatical Protestants, who, like the two above named individuals, go about on the Continent trying to make people false to their religion. In many places their success is truly appalling, in regard to two things in particular—the faith of the male sex, and the chastity of the female. They have helped the former to get rid of their religious belief, who have, as the consequence in many instances, bid farewell to all fear of future punishment, and given themselves up to lives of sensual indulgence and profligacy. The poison of infidelity once infused into the men, could not fail, however uncongenial to the soil, to find its way into the opposite sex; and though it may not, through the restraining power of God, make them abandon themselves to unbelief, as so many men have done, it does undermine their virtue and destroy their character.—*Catholic Standard.*

In striking confirmation of these statements of the *Catholic Standard*, we copy the following from the lately published Report of the French "Bible Society." At Alençon, where their success has been greatest, they have induced 150 persons to leave the Church, of whom we are told that 50 are Christians; and the remainder, it must be concluded, "not having given themselves to Christ," are simply infidels, or ultra Protesters.

"One hundred and fifty persons," says this Report, "may be reckoned as having decidedly left the Church of Rome, of whom about one third have even done more than this—have given themselves to Jesus Christ."

UNITED STATES.

The loss of the steamer San Francisco, and the sufferings of her crew and passengers, have excited a lively feeling of sympathy throughout the United States.

We read in the N. Y. Freeman's Journal the gratifying intelligence, that the health of His Grace the Archbishop of New York has been much improved by his residence at Havana.

Conversion.—Mr. John Kawley, a native of the Isle of Man, residing in Chicago for the past six years, had the happiness of renouncing the errors of the Protestant Church [Presbyterian] and was received into the true fold of Christ, in St. Louis Church of this city, on the day of Epiphany last, by the revered Pastor, Rev. I. A. Lebel.—Shepherd of the Valley.

MONSIGNOR BEDINI.

The following letter has been received from the Nuncio. It is like the flower which, the more it is crushed, the more fragrance it diffuses.

"Dear Archbishop—I need not tell you how deeply I have been affected by the truly affectionate welcome, with which I was greeted by your good Catholics, and particularly the institutions for the education of youth.

"All that malice and hatred against our holy religion had accumulated on my head, to make me odious to this amiable American nation, and thus paralyze the effect of the benedictions of an Envoy of the Holy Father could neither diminish, nor destroy the consolations which my soul enjoyed at each moment in the midst of Catholics so pious and so full of zeal.

"I deplore the evil consequences of the atrocious calumnies propagated with the most hideous effrontery, and believed in spite of the plainest and strongest remonstrances of common sense, as if a puerile credulity could have existed in a nation so enlightened and so full of noble sentiments; but the consequences of evil are only for him who harbors it in his heart, or who seeks to propagate it.

"You are the only one of the Bishops of America to whom I had a visit to repay for that which you had the goodness to make me at Bologna. I am happy not to have failed in that duty.

"I feel, most Rev. Sir, a holy joy in the persecutions I am made to endure, and I bless God for them. It is in veritable gratitude for having been found worthy of the outrages of the world for His Name's sake, that I send you the enclosed little offering (one hundred dollars in gold) for your dear orphans.

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to make the individual yield to them. If he refuse, they ask him—Will you go against your neighbors, will you oppose public opinion? you can never succeed if you adhere to such unpopular principles;—what will the public think of you? &c., &c.

Whoever has watched the tendency of these things knows that, though there is no law against liberty of speech, there is in reality no nation where there is so little freedom of thought and speech as in the United States."

The Tribune, in noticing Mitchell's new paper, remarks that "if liberty for Ireland and the Irish is sought in the spirit evinced, and on the principles avowed by the Citizen, it can hardly be necessary to say that the effort will be fruitless, and the hopes of its champions a mockery."

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—HUMOR OF THE BALLOT BOX.—Rev. Miss Antoinette L. Brown received one vote for Judge of the Court of Appeals, full terms; Miss Lucy Stone received one vote for Secretary of State, 2 for Comptroller and one for Justice of the Supreme Court in the 2d Judicial District; Miss Star, one for Inspector of State Prisons; Helen Tomkins, one for Canal Commissioner; and Elizabeth Fish, one vote for Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

A MARRIAGE AND A MURDER.—It was but a few weeks ago that we published the marriage of George Higginbotham, of Raleigh County, to Miss Rebecca Gwin, of Fayette.

CAN'T GET-AWAY-CLUB.—This is the name of a Club formed at Mobile, Alabama, at the breaking out of the yellow fever, and which did great service during the prevalence of the fever there.

When we look back on the tenor of your brief stay with us, and reflect on the uniform and paternal kindness with which you have fulfilled the duties of your sacred office, we feel that we indeed lose a kind and indulgent Father.

When we remember your devoted attachment to our Holy Religion, combined with your love of our country, your sound and varied learning set forth by humility beyond the power of affectation.

Your ardent zeal for souls committed to your charge, all of us feel convinced that these and such as these are grounds for sorrow for those who address you, and grounds of joy for those whose future you are to guide and direct.

We congratulate our co-religionists of St. Thomas, and we are confident they will have cause to thank from their hearts our good Bishop, not only for his condescension in granting the prayer of their petition for your removal to that part of the Diocese, but also for so special a mark of his high opinion of the worth and fitness of the object of their recommendation.

The undersigned at all events, from their intimacy with you in performing their religious duties, feel confident that the mourner always found in you a comforter—the poor a father and the devoted a friend.

In conclusion, Rev. and Dear Sir, we request you to accept the accompanying gift of a Horse, Harness, and Buggy, as a slight mark of our esteem and gratitude, for your exalted virtues and unbounded attachment to our Holy Church.

May God Grant you a long and happy life to practice and sustain the same.

Signed on behalf of the congregation, Patrick Smith, Harding J. O'Brien, Edward Hillan, C. Colovin, P. J. Norris, J. E. Murphy, William Darbey.

London, January 5, 1854.

REPLY. Gentlemen,—It is with feelings of the deepest emotion, oppressed as I feel my heart is, at the thought of our separation, that I receive from you this kind Address.

CANADA.

A site in the vicinity of the Bishop's Church was been fixed upon, as the common terminus of the "North Shore," and "Montreal and Bytown" railroads.

PROSPERITY OF THE PROVINCE.—Taking the ports of Toronto, Montreal and Hamilton as a criterion, the increase in the customs revenue last year over 1852 must be about £260,000, an increase of nearly 38 per cent; the entire customs revenue of 1852 having been something over £700,000.

The Toronto Mirror has the following notice of the movements of His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto:—"His LORDSHIP BISHOP DECHARBONNEL.—Our indefatigable Chief Pastor is again out on his mission of zeal and charity. Like his Divine Master, he is almost invariably travelling over hills and valleys.

We copy from the Toronto Mirror the following address of the Catholics of London, C.W., to their pastor, the Rev. J. D. Ryan; together with that gentleman's reply:—

TO THE REV. J. D. RYAN, ST. THOMAS, CANADA WEST.

Reverend and Dear Sir,—It is with feelings of the deepest regret we, the Roman Catholic inhabitants of London, have heard of your removal from amongst us.

When we look back on the tenor of your brief stay with us, and reflect on the uniform and paternal kindness with which you have fulfilled the duties of your sacred office, we feel that we indeed lose a kind and indulgent Father.

When we remember your devoted attachment to our Holy Religion, combined with your love of our country, your sound and varied learning set forth by humility beyond the power of affectation.

Your ardent zeal for souls committed to your charge, all of us feel convinced that these and such as these are grounds for sorrow for those who address you, and grounds of joy for those whose future you are to guide and direct.

We congratulate our co-religionists of St. Thomas, and we are confident they will have cause to thank from their hearts our good Bishop, not only for his condescension in granting the prayer of their petition for your removal to that part of the Diocese, but also for so special a mark of his high opinion of the worth and fitness of the object of their recommendation.

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In conclusion, Rev. and Dear Sir, we request you to accept the accompanying gift of a Horse, Harness, and Buggy, as a slight mark of our esteem and gratitude, for your exalted virtues and unbounded attachment to our Holy Church.

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London, January 5, 1854.

REPLY. Gentlemen,—It is with feelings of the deepest emotion, oppressed as I feel my heart is, at the thought of our separation, that I receive from you this kind Address.

The ties that unite the Priest and the people are not of earthly, but of Divine origin, springing from the fountain of grace, of which he is the lowly and humble dispenser to those confided to his care.

It is consoling to me that my humble efforts in discharging the duties of my sacred office have been (far beyond their merits) appreciated by you, though I sought no other reward than the appreciation of God, Whose Will alone I endeavored to fulfil in my daily ministrations.

The interest of the Priest and people are so inseparably entwined that the sorrow or grief, the joy or happiness of which they are sharers, are inseparably his.

If, at any time, I endeavored to dry the widow's tear, or comfort the fatherless, it is to you, generous and liberal Catholics of London, the merit is due, for I was but the dispenser of your liberality and charity.

I feel happy indeed that his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. de Charbonnel has kindly granted to the Catholic inhabitants of St. Thomas the prayer of their petition; and in doing so I feel bound to state the paternal manner in which it was granted, for His Lordship through kind consideration for the delicate state of my health, left it optional with me to accept of the pastoral charge of St. Thomas.

MRS. HANNEN, No. 600 FOURTH ST., SAYS OF DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE: New York, May 15, 1852.

A child of mine showing symptoms of worms, I gave it a bottle of Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, which brought away a bunch of worms, numbering, I should judge, about thirty. The child was very sick during the operation, but is now well and hearty.

Mrs. Twitt, No. 18 Avenue D, writes under date of August 10, 1852, and says she had been troubled with worms for more than a year, and that she took one bottle of Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, which brought away from her over three hundred worms, big and little. She now believes herself to be entirely free from disease.

Mrs. Buggins, a German woman, residing at 204 Rivington street, says, that after using one vial of McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, she passed two large tape worms. The above certificates are all from parties well known in this city. If there are any who doubt, they have the names and addresses, and can satisfy themselves by personal inquiry.

P.S.—Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, also his LIVER PILLS, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in this city.

Purchasers will please be careful to ask for, and take note but Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE. All others, in comparison, are worthless.

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

WANTS A SITUATION.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, who has finished his Collegiate Course in the first Establishments of Ireland, wishes for a Situation as resident, or visiting Tutor; or would accept the charge of a respectable School. He knows both languages—English and French; and is furnished with the highest Testimonials, and Diploma as Academician Teacher from the Catholic Board of Education of Montreal.

NEW CATHOLIC BOOKS, JUST RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Table listing books such as 'The Catechism authorized by the Council of Quebec', 'The Cross and the Shamrock', 'Pastorini's History of the Church', etc.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

Table listing books such as 'Brown's History of the Highland Clans', 'Aytoun's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers', 'Logan's History of the Scottish Gael', etc.

AN EXCELLENT ATLAS.

Table listing atlas books such as 'Tallis' Illustrated Atlas, and Modern History of the World', 'Moore's Irish Melodies', etc.

NEW BOOKS JUST RECEIVED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Table listing books such as 'PRACTICAL PIETY, by St. Francis of Sales', 'PERSONAL SKETCHES, by Sir Jonah Barrington', 'THE RISE AND FALL OF THE IRISH NATION', etc.

P. MUNRO, M. D., Chief Physician of the Hotel-Dieu Hospital, and Professor in the School of M. of M., MOSS' BUILDINGS, 2ND HOUSE BLEURY STREET.

Medicine and Advice to the Poor (gratis) from 8 to 9 A. M. 1 to 2, and 6 to 7 P. M.

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

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

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber being about to leave Montreal, begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public in general, that he has commenced to SELL OFF his entire STOCK, at extremely low prices, much cheaper than can be purchased in any other place in the City.

ROBERT M'ANDREW, No. 154, Notre Dame Street. December 23, 1853.

BRANDY, GIN, WINES, FOR SALE.

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

G. D. STUART, 154, St. Paul Street, Opposite the Hotel-Dieu Church, Montreal, December 16.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

Table with columns for commodity names (Wheat, Oats, Barley, etc.), units (per minot, per bush, etc.), and prices in dollars and cents.

NEW CANTON HOUSE, DALHOUSIE SQUARE.

GROCERIES FOR ONE MILLION

List of grocery items including SUGARS, TEAS, and various oils, with descriptions of quality and pricing.

HONEY.

Also, 200 lbs. of HONEY for Sale at the New Canton House, Dalhousie Square.

GROCERIES, SUGAR, &c. &c.

FRESH TEAS, very Superior JAVA COFFEE, PICKLES, SAUCES, HAMS, BACON, and a good assortment of other articles.

GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON

CAPITAL—£1,000,000 STERLING. All paid up and invested, thereby affording to the Assured, an immediate available fund for the payment of the most extensive losses.

NEW OIL AND COLOR STORE.

WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, GLUE, LINSEED OIL, LAMP BLACK, PARIS GREEN, WHITING, WHITE LEAD, FIREPROOF PAINT, &c., &c.

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

THIS NEW AND MAGNIFICENT HOUSE, is situated on King and William Streets, and from its close proximity to the Banks, the Post Office and the Wharves, and its neighborhood to the different Railroad Terminals, make it a desirable Residence for Men of Business, as well as of pleasure.

THE FURNITURE

Is entirely new, and of superior quality. Will be at all times supplied with the choicest Delicacies the markets can afford.

HORSES and CARRIAGES will be in readiness at the Steamboats and Railway, to carry Passengers to and from the same, free of charge.

NOTICE.

The Undersigned takes this opportunity of returning thanks to his numerous Friends, for the patronage bestowed on him during the past three years, and he hopes, by diligent attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

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.

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:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending, Linen and Stockings, and use of bedding, half-yearly in advance, is \$150.

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in case of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges. No uniform is required.

REV. P. REILLY, President.

CATHOLIC WORKS,

Just Received and for Sale, Wholesale & Retail,

BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:

Hay on Miracles, 2 Vols. in one, s. d. 3 9. The Practice of Christian Perfection, by Rodriguez, 2 6 7. The Clifton Tracts, 3 vols., 5 7 1.

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.

NEW BOOKS IN PRESS.

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—Festival of the Annunciation—Festival of Holy Week—Festival of Easter—Rogation Days—Feast of Pentecost.

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 Lucretia; The Envious Girl Reformed; Divine Providence; Lucy's Pilgrimage; Little Adam the Gardener.

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. SADLER & CO. Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal. Or at H. COSGROVE'S, 24 1/2 St. John Street, Quebec.

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